



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

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EDITED BY

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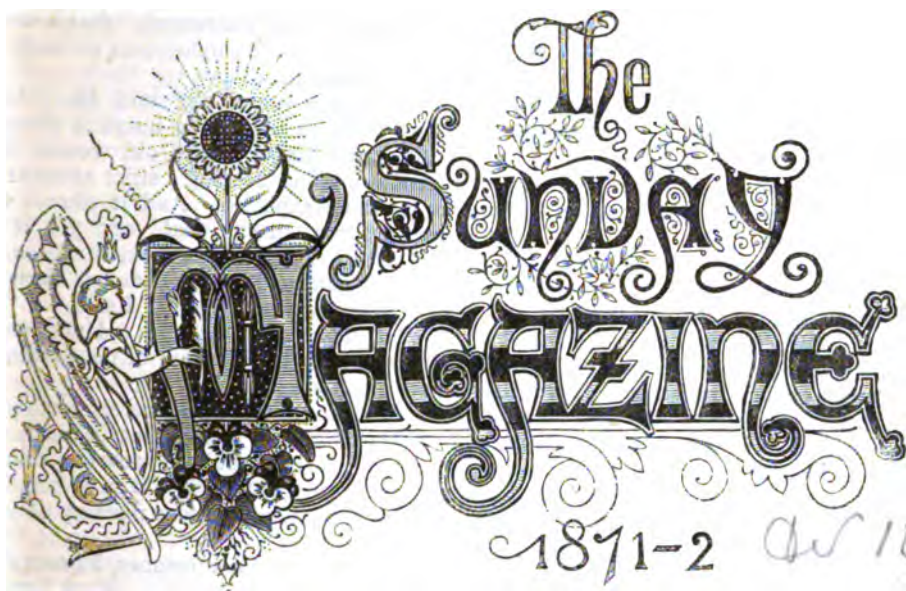
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THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER,

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.



THINK that is the way my father would begin. My name is Ethelwyn Percivale, and used to be Ethelwyn Walton. I always put the Walton in between when I write to my father, for I think it is quite enough to have to leave father and

mother behind for a husband, without leaving their name behind you also. I am fond of lumber rooms, and in some houses consider them far the most interesting spots; but I

I. N.S.

don't choose that my old name should lie about in the one at home.

I am much afraid of writing nonsense, but my father tells me that to see things in print is a great help to recognizing whether they are nonsense or not. And he tells me too that his friend, the publisher, who—but I will speak of him presently—his friend the publisher is not like any other publisher he ever met with before, for he is so fond of good work that he never grumbles at any alterations writers choose to make—at least he never says anything, although it costs a great deal to shift the types again after they are once set up. The other part of my excuse for attempting to write, lies simply in telling how it came about.

Ten days ago, my father came up from Marshmallows, to pay us a visit. He is with us now, but we don't see much of him all day, for he is generally out with a friend of his in the East End, the parson of one of the poorest parishes in London—who thanks God that he wasn't the nephew of any bishop to be put into a good living, for he learns more about the ways of God from having to do with plain—yes, vulgar human nature, than

the thickness of the varnish would ever have permitted him to discover in what are called the higher orders of society. Yet I must say that amongst those I have recognized as nearest the sacred communism of the early church—a phrase of my father's—are two or three people of rank and wealth whose names—are written in heaven, and need not be set down in my poor story.

A few days ago then, my father, coming home to dinner, brought with him the publisher of the two books—called the *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* and *The Seaboard Parish*. The first of these had lain by him for some years before my father could publish it, and then he remodelled it a little for the magazine in which it came out a portion at a time. The second was written at the request of Mr. S., who wanted something more of the same sort; and now, after some years, he had begun again to represent to my father, at intervals, the necessity for another story to complete the *trilogy*, as he called it; insisting, when my father objected the difficulties of growing years and failing judgment, that indeed he owed it to him, for he had left him in the lurch, as it were, with an incomplete story, not to say an uncompleted series. My father still objected, and Mr. S. still urged, until at length my father said—this I learned afterwards of course: “What would you say if I found you a substitute?” “That depends on who the substitute might be, Mr. Walton,” said Mr. S. The result of their talk was that my father brought him home to dinner that day, and hence it comes that, with some real fear and much metaphorical trembling, I am now writing this. I wonder if anybody will ever read it. This my first chapter shall be composed of a little of the talk that passed at our dinner-table that day. Mr. Blackstone was the only other stranger present, and he certainly was not much of a stranger.

“Do you keep a diary, Mrs. Percivale?” asked Mr. S. with a twinkle in his eye, as if he expected an indignant repudiation.

“I would rather keep a rag and bottle shop,” I answered, at which Mr. Blackstone burst into one of his splendid roars of laughter—for if ever a man could laugh like a Christian who believed the world was in a fair way after all, that man was Mr. Blackstone; and even my husband, who seldom laughs at anything I say with more than his eyes, was infected by it and laughed heartily.

“That’s rather a strong assertion, my love,” said my father. “Pray what do you mean by it?”

“I mean, papa,” I answered, “that it would be a more profitable employment to keep the one than the other.”

“I suppose you think,” said Mr. Blackstone, “that the lady who keeps a diary is in the same danger as the old woman who prided herself in keeping a strict account of her personal expenses. And it always was correct, for when she could not get it to balance at the end of the week, she brought it right by putting down the deficit as *charity*.”

“That’s just what I mean,” I said.

“But,” resumed Mr. S., “I did not mean a diary of your feelings, but of the events of the day and hour.”

“Which are never in themselves worth putting down,” I said. “All that is worth remembering will find for itself some convenient cranny to go to sleep in till it is wanted, without being made a poor mummy of in a diary.”

“If you have such a memory, I grant that is better—even for my purpose—much better,” said Mr. S.

“For your purpose!” I repeated, in surprise. “I beg your pardon, but what designs can you have upon my memory?”

“Well, I suppose I had better be as straightforward as I know you would like me to be, Mrs. Percivale. I want you to make up the sum your father owes me. He owed me three books; he has paid me two. I want the third from you.”

I laughed, for the very notion of writing a book seemed preposterous.

“I want you, under feigned names of course,” he went on, “as are all the names in your father’s two books, to give me the further history of the family, and in particular your own experiences in London. I am confident the history of your married life must contain a number of incidents which, without the least danger of indiscretion, might be communicated to the public to the great advantage of all who read them.”

“You forget,” I said, hardly believing him to be in earnest, “that I should be exposing my story to you and Mr. Blackstone at least. If I were to make the absurd attempt—I mean absurd as regards my ability—I should be always thinking of you two as my public, and whether it would be right for me to say this and say that; which, you may see at once, would render it impossible for me to write at all.”

“I think I can suggest a way out of that difficulty, Wynn timer,” said my father. “You must write freely, all you feel inclined to write, and then let your husband see it.

You may be content to let all pass that he passes."

"You don't say you really mean it, papa! The thing is perfectly impossible. I never wrote a book in my life, and——"

"No more did I, my dear, before I began my first."

"But you grew up to it by degrees, papa."

"I have no doubt that will make it the easier for you when you try. I am so far at least a Darwinian as to believe that."

"But, really, Mr. S. ought to have more sense—I beg your pardon, Mr. S., but it is perfectly absurd to suppose me capable of finishing anything my father has begun. I assure you I don't feel flattered by your proposal. I have got a man of more consequence for a father than that would imply."

All this time my tall husband sat silent at the foot of the table, as if he had nothing on earth to do with the affair, instead of coming to my assistance, when, as I thought, I really needed it, especially seeing my own father was of the combination against me. For what can be more miserable than to be taken for wiser or better or cleverer than, you know perfectly well, you are. I looked down the table, straight and sharp at him, thinking to rouse him by the most powerful of silent appeals; and when he opened his mouth very solemnly, staring at me in return down all the length of the table, I thought I had succeeded. But I was not a little surprised, when I heard him say—

"I think, Wynnie, as your father and Mr. S. appear to wish it, you might at least try."

This almost overcame me, and I was very near—never mind what. I bit my lips and tried to smile, but felt as if all my friends had forsaken me, and were about to turn me out to beg my bread. How on earth could I write a book without making a fool of myself?

"You know, Mrs. Percivale," said Mr. S., "you needn't be afraid about the composition, and the spelling, and all that. We can easily set those to rights at the office."

He couldn't have done anything better to send the lump out of my throat, for this made me angry.

"I am not in the least anxious about the spelling," I answered; "and for the rest, pray what is to become of me, if what you print should happen to be praised by somebody who likes my husband or my father, and therefore wants to say a good word for me? That's what a good deal of reviewing comes to, I understand. Am I to receive in silence what doesn't belong to me, or am I to send

a letter to the papers to say that the whole thing was patched and polished at the printing office, and that I have no right to more than perhaps a fourth part of the commendation? How would that do?"

"But you forget it is not to have your name to it," he said; "and so it won't matter a bit. There will be nothing dishonest about it."

"You forget that although nobody knows my real name, everybody will know that I am the daughter of that Mr. Walton who would have thrown his pen in the fire if you had meddled with anything he wrote. They would be praising *me*, if they praised at all. The name is nothing. Of all things, to have praise you don't deserve, and not to be able to reject it, is the most miserable! It is as bad as painting one's face."

"Hardly a case in point," said Mr. Blackstone. "For the artificial complexion would be your own work, and the other would not."

"If you come to discuss that question," said my father, "we must all confess we have had in our day to pocket a good many more praises than we had a right to. I agree with you, however, my child, that we must not connive at anything of the sort. So I will propose this clause in the bargain between you and Mr. S.—namely, that if he finds any fault with your work, he shall send it back to yourself to be set right, and if you cannot do so to his mind, you shall be off the bargain."

"But papa—Percivale—both of you know well enough that nothing ever happened to me worth telling."

"I am sorry your life has been so very uninteresting, wife," said my husband, grimly; for his fun is always so like earnest!

"You know well enough what I mean, husband. It does *not* follow that what has been interesting enough to you and me will be interesting to people who know nothing at all about us to begin with."

"It depends on how it is told," said Mr. S. "Then, I beg leave to say, that I never had an original thought in my life, and that if I were to attempt to tell my history the result would be as silly a narrative as ever one old woman told another by the work-house fire."

"And I only wish I could hear the one old woman tell her story to the other," said my father.

"Ah! but that's because you see ever so much more in it than shows. You always see through the words and the things to something lying behind them," I said.

"Well, if you told the story rightly, other people would see such things behind it too."

"Not enough of people to make it worth while for Mr. S. to print it," I said.

"He's not going to print it except he thinks it worth his while, and you may safely leave that to him," said my husband.

"And so I'm to write a book as big as the *Annals*, and after I've been slaving at it for half a century or so, I'm to be told it won't do, and all my labour must go for nothing? I must say the proposal is rather a cool one to make—to the mother of a family."

"Not at all;—that's not it, I mean," said Mr. S.—"If you will write a dozen pages or so, I shall be able to judge by those well enough—at least I will take all the responsibility on myself after that."

"There's a fair offer!" said my husband. "It seems to me, Wynn timer, that all that is wanted of you is to tell your tale so that other people can recognize the human heart in it—the heart that is like their own, and be able to feel as if they were themselves going through the things you recount."

"You describe the work of a genius, and coolly ask me to do it. Besides, I don't want to be set thinking about my heart, and all that," I said peevishly.

"Now don't be raising objections where none exist," he returned.

"If you mean I am pretending to object, I have only to say that I feel all one great objection to the whole affair, and that I won't touch it."

They were all silent, and I felt as if I had behaved ungraciously. Then first I felt as if I might *have* to do it after all. But I couldn't see my way in the least.

"Now what is there," I asked, "in all my life that is worth setting down—I mean as I should be able to set it down?"

"What do you ladies talk about now, in your morning calls?" suggested Mr. Blackstone, with a humorous glance from his deep black eyes.

"Nothing worth writing about, as I am sure *you* will readily believe, Mr. Blackstone," I answered.

"How comes it to be interesting then?"

"But it isn't. They—we—only talk about the weather and our children and servants, and that sort of thing."

"*Well!*" said Mr. S.—"and I wish I could get anything sensible about the weather and children and servants, and that sort of thing, for my magazine. I have a weakness in the direction of the sensible."

"But there never is anything sensible said about any of them—not that I know of."

"Now, Wynn timer, I am sure you are wrong," said my father. "There is your friend, Mrs. Cromwell: I am certain she, sometimes at least, must say what is worth hearing about such matters."

"Well, but she's an exception. Besides she hasn't any children."

"Then," said my husband, "there's Lady Bernard——"

"Ah—but she was like no one else. Besides, she is almost a public character, and anything said about her, would betray my original."

"It would be no matter. She is beyond caring for that now; and not one of her friends could object to anything you who loved her so much would say about her."

The mention of this lady seemed to put some strength into me. I felt as if I did know something worth telling, and I was silent in my turn.

"Certainly," Mr. S. resumed, "whatever is worth talking about is worth writing about—though not perhaps in the way it is talked about. Besides, Mrs. Percivale, my clients want to know more about your sisters and little Theodora or Dorothea, or what was her name in the book?"

The end of it was that I agreed to try to the extent of a dozen pages or so.

CHAPTER II.—I TRY.

I HOPE no one will think I try to write like my father, for that would be to go against what he always made a great point of—that nobody whatever should imitate any other person whatever, but in modesty and humility allow the seed that God had sown in her to grow. He said all imitation tended to dwarf and distort the plant, if it even allowed the seed to germinate at all. So if I do write like him, it will be because I cannot help it.

I will just look how *The Seaboard Parish* ends, and perhaps that will put into my head how I ought to begin. I see my father does mention that I had then been Mrs. Percivale for many years. Not so very many though—five or six, if I remember rightly, and that is three or four years ago. Yes, I have been married nine years. I may as well say a word as to how it came about, and if Percivale doesn't like it, the remedy lies in his pen. I shall be far more thankful to have anything struck out on suspicion than remain on sufferance.

After our return home from Kilhaven, my father and mother had a good many talks

about me and Percivale, and sometimes they took different sides. I will give a shadow of one of these conversations. I think ladies can write fully as natural talk as gentlemen can, though the bits between mayn't be so good.

Mother.—I am afraid, my dear husband," (This was my mother's most solemn mode of addressing my father.)—"they are too like each other to make a suitable match.

Father.—I am sorry to learn you consider me so very unlike yourself, Ethelwyn. I had hoped there was a very strong resemblance indeed, and that the match had not proved altogether unsuitable.

Mother.—Just think, though, what would have become of me by this time, if you had been half as unbelieving a creature as I was. Indeed I fear sometimes I am not much better now.

Father.—I think I am then; and I know you've done me nothing but good with your unbelief. It was just because I was of the same sort precisely that I was able to understand and help you. My circumstances and education and superior years—

Mother.—Now don't plume yourself on that, Harry, for you know everybody says you look much the younger of the two.

Father.—I had no idea that everybody was so rude. I repeat, that my more years, as well as my severer education, had, no doubt, helped me a little further on before I came to know you; but it was only in virtue of the doubt in me that I was able to understand and appreciate the doubt in you.

Mother.—But then you had at least begun to leave it behind before I knew you, and so had grown able to help me. And Mr. Percivale does not seem, by all I can make out, a bit nearer believing in anything than poor Wynnie herself.

Father.—At least he doesn't fancy he believes when he does not, as so many do, and consider themselves superior persons in consequence. I don't know that it would have done you any great harm, Miss Ethelwyn, to have made my acquaintance when I was in the worst of my doubts concerning the truth of things. Allow me to tell you that I was nearer making shipwreck of my faith at a certain period than I ever was before or have been since.

Mother.—What period was that?

Father.—Just the little while when I had lost all hope of ever marrying you—unbeliever as you counted yourself.

Mother.—You don't mean to say you would have ceased to believe in God if he hadn't

given you your own way? What is faith worth if it depends on being indulged?

Father.—No, my dear. I firmly believe that had I never married you, I should have come in the end to say *Thy will be done*, and to believe that it must be all right however hard to bear. But, oh, what a terrible thing it would have been, and what a frightful valley of the shadow of death I should have had to go through first!

I know my mother *said* nothing more just then, but let my father have it all his own way for a while.

Father.—You see this Percivale is an honest man. I don't exactly know how he has been brought up, and it is quite possible he may have had such evil instruction in Christianity that he attributes to it doctrines which, if I supposed they actually belonged to it, would make me reject it at once as ungodlike and bad. I have found this the case sometimes. I remember once being astonished to hear a certain noble-minded lady utter some indignant words against what I considered a very weighty doctrine of Christianity; but listening I soon found that what she supposed the doctrine to contain was something I considered vastly unchristian. This may be the case with Percivale, though I never heard him say a word of the kind. I think his difficulty comes mainly from seeing so much suffering in the world that he cannot imagine the presence and rule of a good God; and therefore lies with religion rather than with Christianity as yet. I am all but certain, the only thing that will ever make him able to believe in a God at all is meditation on the Christian idea of God—I mean the idea of God *in* Christ reconciling the world to himself. He will then see that suffering is not either wrath or neglect, but sore-hearted love and tenderness. But we must give him time, wife; as God has borne with us, we must believe that he bears with others, and so learn to wait in hopeful patience until they too see as we see.

And as to trusting our Wynnie with Percivale—he seems to be as good as she is. I should for my part have more apprehension in giving her to one who would be called a thoroughly religious man; for not only would the unfitness be greater, but such a man would be more likely to confirm her in doubt, if the phrase be permissible. She wants what some would call homœopathic treatment. And how should they be able to love one another if they are not fit to be married to each other? The fitness seems inherent in the fact.

Mother.—But many a two love each other who would have loved each other a good deal more if they hadn't been married.

Father.—Then it was most desirable they should find out that what they thought a grand affection was not worthy of the name. But I don't think there is much fear of that between those two.

Mother.—I don't however see how that man is to do her any good, when you have tried to make her happy for so long, and all in vain.

Father.—I don't know that it has been all in vain. But it is quite possible she does not understand me. She fancies, I dare say, that I believe everything without any trouble, and therefore cannot enter into her difficulties.

Mother.—But you have told her many and many a time that you do.

Father.—Yes—and I hope I was right; but the same things look so different to different people that the same words won't describe them to both; and it may seem to her that I am talking of something not at all like what she is feeling or thinking of. But when she sees the troubled face of Percivale, she knows that he is suffering; and sympathy being thus established between them, the least word of the one will do more to help the other than oceans of argument. Love is the one great instructor. And each will try to be good and to find out for the sake of the other.

Mother.—I don't like her going from home for the help that lay at her very door.

Father.—You know, my dear, you like the Dean's preaching much better than mine.

Mother.—Now that is unkind of you!

Father.—And why?" (my father went on, taking no heed of my mother's expostulation.) "Because in the first place it is better; because in the second it comes in a newer form to you, for you have got used to all my modes; in the third place it has more force from the fact that it is not subject to the doubt of personal preference; and lastly because he has a large comprehensive way of asserting things, which pleases you better than my more dubitant mode of submitting them—all very sound and good reasons; but still, why be so vexed with Wynnie?"

My mother was now however so vexed with my father for saying she preferred the Dean's preaching to his, although I doubt very much whether it wasn't true, that she actually walked out of the octagon room where they were, and left him to meditate on his unkindness. Vexed with herself the next moment she returned as if nothing had

happened.—I am only telling what my mother told me, for to her grown daughters she is blessedly trusting.

Mother.—Then if you will have them married, husband, will you say how on earth you expect them to live? He just makes both ends meet now: I suppose he doesn't make things out worse than they are, and that is his own account of the state of his affairs.

Father.—Ah, yes! that is—a secondary consideration, my dear. But I have hardly begun to think about it yet. There will be a difficulty there, I can easily imagine; for he is far too independent to let us do anything for him.

Mother.—And you can't do much, if they would. Really they oughtn't to marry yet.

Father.—Really we must leave it to themselves. I don't think you and I need trouble our heads about it. When Percivale considers himself prepared to marry, and Wynnie thinks he is right, you may be sure they see their way to a livelihood without running in hopeless debt to their tradespeople.

Mother.—Oh yes! I daresay!—in some poky little lodging or other!

Father.—For my part, Ethelwyn, I think it better to build castles in the air than huts in the smoke. But seriously, a little poverty, and a little struggling would be a most healthy and healing thing for Wynnie. It hasn't done Percivale much good yet, I confess; for he is far too indifferent to his own comforts to mind it; but it will be quite another thing when he has a young wife and perhaps children depending upon him. Then his poverty may begin to hurt him and so do him good.

It may seem odd that my father and mother should now be taking such opposite sides to those they took when the question of our engagement was first started—as represented by my father in *The Seaboard Parish*. But it will seem inconsistent to none of the family; for it was no unusual thing for them to take opposite sides to those they had previously advocated—each happening at the time, possibly enlightened by the foregone arguments of the other, to be impressed with the correlate truth—as my father calls the other side of a thing. Besides, engagement and marriage are two different things, and although my mother was the first to recognize the good of our being engaged, when it came to marriage she got frightened, I think. Anyhow I have her authority for saying that something like this passed between her and my father on the subject.

Discussion between them differed in this from what I have generally heard between

married people, that it was always founded on a tacit understanding of certain unmentioned principles; and no doubt sometimes, if a stranger had been present, he would have been bewildered as to the very meaning of what they were saying. But we girls generally understood; and I fancy we learned more from their differences than from their agreements; for of course it was the differences that brought out their minds most, and chiefly led us to think that we might understand. In our house there were very few of those mysteries which in some houses seem so to abound; and I think the openness with which every question, for whose concealment there was no special reason, was discussed, did more than even any direct instruction we received to develop what thinking faculty might be in us. Nor was there much reason to dread that my small brothers might repeat anything. I remember hearing Harry say to Charley once—they being then eight and nine years old—"That is mamma's opinion, Charley—not yours, and you know we must not repeat what we hear."

They soon came to be of one mind about Mr. Percivale and me—for indeed the only *real* ground for doubt that had ever existed was—whether I was good enough for him; and for my part I knew then and know now that I was and am dreadfully inferior to him. And notwithstanding the tremendous work women are now making about their rights—(and in as far as they are their rights, I hope to goodness they may get them, if it were only that certain who make me feel ashamed of myself because I too am a woman, might perhaps then drop out of the public regard,)—notwithstanding this, I venture the sweeping assertion that every woman is not as good as every man, and that it is not necessary to the dignity of a wife that she should assert even equality with her husband. Let him assert her equality or superiority if he will; but were it a fact, it would be a poor one for her to assert, seeing her glory is in her husband. To seek the chief place is especially unfitting the marriage feast. Whether I be a Christian or not, and I have good reason to doubt it every day of my life, at least I see that in the New Jerusalem one essential of citizenship consists in knowing how to set the good in others over against the evil in ourselves.

There now—my father might have said that! and no doubt has said so twenty times in my hearing. It is however only since I was married that I have come to see it for myself; and now that I do see it, I have a right to say it.

So we were married at last. My mother believes it was my father's good advice to Percivale concerning the sort of pictures he painted, that brought it about. For certainly soon after we were engaged, he began to have what his artist friends called a run of luck: he sold one picture after another in a very extraordinary and hopeful manner. But Percivale says it was his love for me—indeed he does—which enabled him to see not only much deeper into things, but also to see much better the bloom that hangs about everything, and so to paint much better pictures than before. He felt, he said, that he had a hold now where before he had only a sight. However this may be, he had got on so well for a while that he wrote at last that if I was willing to share his poverty, it would not, he thought, be absolute starvation, and I was, of course, perfectly content. I can't put in words—indeed I dare not, for fear of writing what would be if not unladylike at least uncharitable—my contempt for those women who, loving a man, hesitate to run every risk with him. Of course, if they cannot trust him, it is a different thing. I am not going to say anything about that, for I should be out of my depth—not in the least understanding how a woman can love a man to whom she cannot look up. I believe there are who can; I see some men married whom I don't believe any woman ever did or ever could respect; all I say is, I don't understand it.

My father and mother made no objection, and were evidently at last quite agreed that it would be the best thing for both of us—and so, I say, we were married.

I ought just to mention that, before the day arrived, my mother went up to London at Percivale's request, to help him in getting together the few things absolutely needful for the barest commencement of housekeeping. For the rest, it had been arranged that we should furnish by degrees, buying as we saw what we liked, and could afford it. The greater part of modern fashions in furniture, having both been accustomed to the stateliness of a more artistic period, we detested for their ugliness, and chiefly therefore we desired to look about us at our leisure.

My mother came back more satisfied with the little house he had taken than I had expected. It was not so easy to get one to suit us, for of course he required a large room to paint in, with a good north light. He had however succeeded better than he had hoped.

"You will find things very different from what you have been used to, Wynn timer," said my mother

"Of course, mamma; I know that," I answered. "I hope I am prepared to meet it. If I don't like it, I shall have no one to blame but myself; and I don't see what right people have to expect what they have been used to."

"There is just this advantage," said my father, "in having been used to nice things, that it ought to be easier to keep from sinking into the sordid, however straitened the new circumstances may be, compared with the old."

On the evening before the wedding, my father took me into the octagon room, and there knelt down with me and my mother, and prayed for me in such a wonderful way that I was perfectly astonished and overcome. I had never known him do anything of the kind before. He was not favourable to extempore prayer in public, or even in the family, and indeed had often seemed willing to omit prayers for what I could not always count sufficient reason: he had a horror at their getting to be a matter of course and a form; for then, he said, they ceased to be worship at all, and were a mere pagan rite, better far left alone. I remember also he said, that those, however good they might be, who urged attention to the forms of religion, such as going to church and saying prayers, were, however innocently, just the prophets of Pharisaism; that what men had to be stirred up to was to lay hold upon God, and then they would not fail to find out what religious forms they ought to cherish. "The spirit first and then the flesh," he would say. To put the latter before the former was a falsehood, and therefore a frightful danger, being at the root of all declensions in the church, and making ever recurring earthquakes and persecutions and repentances and reformatations needful. I find what my father used to say coming back so often now that I hear so little of it—especially as he talks much less, accusing himself of having always talked too much—and I understand it so much better now, that I shall be always in danger of interrupting my narrative to say something that he said. But when I commence the next chapter, I shall get on faster, I hope. My story is like a vessel I saw once being launched: it would stick on the stocks, instead of sliding away into the expectant waters.

CHAPTER III.—MY WEDDING.

I CONFESS the first thing I did when I knew myself the next morning was to have a good cry. To leave the place where I had

been born was like forsaking the laws and order of the nature I knew—for some other—nature it might be, but not known to me as such. How, for instance, could one who has been used to our bright white sun, and our pale modest moon, with our soft twilights and far, mysterious skies of night, be willing to fall in with the order of things in a planet such as I have read of somewhere, with three or four suns, one red and another green and another yellow? Only perhaps I've taken it all up wrong—and I do like looking at a landscape for a minute or so through a coloured glass; and if it be so, of course it all blends, and all we want is harmony. What I mean is, that I found it a great wrench to leave the dear old place, and of course loved it more than I had ever loved it. But I would get all my crying about that over beforehand. It would be bad enough afterwards to have to part with my father and mother and Connie and the rest of them. Only it wasn't like leaving them. You can't leave hearts as you do rooms. You can't leave thoughts as you do books. Those you love only come nearer to you when you go away from them. The same rules don't hold with *thinks* and *things*, as my eldest boy distinguished them the other day.

But somehow I couldn't get up and dress. I seemed to have got very fond of my own bed, and the queer old crows, as I had called them from babyhood, on the chintz curtains, and the Chinese paper on the walls with the strangest birds and creeping things on it. It was a lovely spring morning, and the sun was shining gloriously. I knew that the rain of the last night must be glittering on the grass and the young leaves, and I heard the birds singing as if they knew far more than mere human beings, and believed a great deal more than they knew. Nobody will persuade me that the birds don't mean it; that they sing from anything else than gladness of heart. And if they don't think about cats and guns, why should they? Even when they fall on the ground, it is not without our Father. How horribly dull and stupid it seems to say that "without your Father" means without *his knowing it*. The Father's mere *knowledge* of a thing—if that could be, which my father says can't—is not the Father. The father's tenderness and care and love of it all the time—that is the not falling without him. When the cat kills the bird—as I have seen happen so often in our poor little London garden—God yet saves his bird from his cat. There is nothing so bad as it looks to our half-sight, our blinding perceptions. My

father used to say we are all walking in a spiritual twilight, and are all more or less affected with twilight blindness, as some people are physically. Percivale, for one, who is as brave as any wife could wish, is far more timid than I am in crossing a London street in the twilight; he can't see what is coming, and fancies he sees what is not coming. But then he has faith in me, and never starts when I am leading him.

Well, the birds were singing, and Doris and the boys were making a great chatter, like a whole colony of sparrows, under my window.

Still I felt as if I had twenty questions to settle before I could get up comfortably, and so lay on and on till the breakfast bell rang; and I was not more than half dressed when my mother came to see why I was late, for I had not been late for ever so long before.

She comforted me as nobody but a mother can comfort. Oh! I do hope I shall be to my children what my mother has been to me. It would be such a blessed thing to be a well of water whence they may be sure of drawing comfort. And all she said to me has come true.



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Of course, my father gave me away, and Mr. Weir married us.

It had been before agreed that we should have no wedding journey. We all liked the old-fashioned plan of the bride going straight from her father's house to her husband's. The other way seemed a poor invention, just for the sake of something different. So after the wedding, we spent the time as we should have done any other day, wandering about in groups, or sitting and reading, only that we were all more smartly dressed—until it was time for an early dinner, after which we drove

to the station, accompanied only by my father and mother.

After they left us, or rather we left them, my husband did not speak to me for nearly an hour I knew why, and was very grateful. He would not show his new face in the midst of my old loves and their sorrows, but would give me time to rearrange the grouping so as myself to bring him in when all was ready for him. I know that was what he was thinking, or feeling rather; and I understood him perfectly. At last, when I had got things a little tidier inside me, and had got my eyes

to stop, I held out my hand to him, and then—I knew that I was his wife.

This is all I have got to tell, though I have plenty more to keep, till we got to London. There, instead of my father's nice carriage, we got into a jolting, lumbering, horrid cab, with my five boxes and Percivale's little portmanteau on the top of it, and drove away to Camden Town. It was to a part of it near the Regent's Park, and so our letters were always, according to the divisions of the Post Office, addressed to Regent's Park, but for all practical intents we were in Camden Town. It was indeed a change from a fine old house in the country, but the street wasn't much uglier than Belgrave Square, or any other of those heaps of uglinesses, called squares, in the West End; and after what I had been told to expect, I was surprised at the prettiness of the little house when I stepped out of the cab and looked about me. It was stuck on like a swallow's nest to the end of a great row of commonplace houses, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, but itself was not the work of one of those wretched builders who care no more for beauty in what they build than a scavenger in the heap of mud he scrapes from the street. It had been built by a painter for himself—in the Tudor style; and though Percivale says the idea is not very well carried out, I like it much.

I found it a little dreary when I entered though—from its emptiness. The only sitting-room at all prepared had just a table and two or three old-fashioned chairs in it—not even a carpet on the floor. The bedroom and dressing-room were also as scantily furnished as they well could be.

"Don't be dismayed, my darling," said my husband. "Look here"—showing me a bunch of notes—"we shall go out to-morrow and buy all we want—as far as this will go, and then wait for the rest. It will be such a pleasure to buy the things with you, and see them come home, and have you appoint their places. You and Sarah will make the carpets, won't you?—and I will put them down, and we shall be like birds building their nest."

"We have only to line it; the nest is built already."

"Well, neither do the birds build the tree.—I wonder if they ever sit in their old summer nests in the winter nights."

"I am afraid not," I answered; "but I'm ashamed to say I can't tell."

"It is the only pretty house I know in all London," he went on, "with a studio at the back of it. I have had my eye on it for a

long time, but there seemed no sign of a migratory disposition in the bird who had occupied it for three years past. All at once he spread his wings and flew. I count myself very fortunate."

"So do I. But now you must let me see your study," I said. "I hope I may sit in it when you've got nobody there."

"As much as ever you like, my love," he answered. "Only I don't want to make all my women like you, as I've been doing for the last two years. You must get me out of that somehow."

"Easily. I shall be so cross and disagreeable that you will get tired of me, and find no more difficulty in keeping me out of your pictures."

But he got me out of his pictures without that; for when he had me always before him he didn't want to be always producing me.

He led me into the little hall—made lovely by a cast of an unfinished Madonna of Michael Angelo's let into the wall—and then to the back of it, where he opened a small cloth-covered door, when there yawned before me, below me, and above me, a great wide lofty room. Down into it led an almost perpendicular stair.

"So you keep a little private precipice here," I said.

"No, my dear," he returned; "you mistake. It is a Jacob's ladder—or will be in one moment more."

He gave me his hand and led me down.

"This is quite a banqueting-hall, Percivale!" I cried, looking round me.

"It shall be, the first time I get a thousand pounds for a picture," he returned.

"How grand you talk!" I said, looking up at him with some wonder; for big words rarely came out of his mouth.

"Well," he answered merrily, "I had two hundred and seventy-five for the last."

"That's a long way off a thousand," I returned, with a silly sigh.

"Quite right; and, therefore, this study is a long way off a banqueting-hall."

There was literally nothing inside the seventeen feet cube except one chair, one easel, a horrible thing like a huge doll, with no end of joints, called a lay figure, but Percivale called it his bishop; a number of pictures leaning their faces against the walls in attitudes of grief that their beauty was despised and no man would buy them; a few casts of legs and arms and faces, half a dozen murderous-looking weapons, and a couple of yards square of the most exquisite tapestry I ever saw.

"Do you like being read to when you are at work?" I asked him.

"Sometimes—at certain kinds of work, but not by any means always," he answered.—

"Will you shut your eyes for one minute," he went on, "and, whatever I do, not open them till I tell you?"

"You mustn't hurt me, then, or I may open them without being able to help it, you know," I said, closing my eyes tight.

"Hurt you!" he repeated, with a tone I would not put on the paper if I could; and the same moment I found myself in his arms, carried like a baby, for Percivale is one of the strongest of men.

It was only for a few yards, however. He laid me down somewhere, and told me to open my eyes.

I could scarcely believe them when I did. I was lying on a couch in a room—small, indeed, but beyond exception the loveliest I had ever seen. At first I was only aware of an exquisite harmony of colour, and could not have told of what it was composed. The place was lighted by a soft lamp that hung in the middle, and when my eyes went up to see where it was fastened, I found the ceiling marvellous in deep blue, with a suspicion of green, just like some of the shades of a peacock's feathers, with a multitude of gold and red stars upon it. What the walls were I could not for some time tell, they were so covered with pictures and sketches. Against one was a lovely little set of bookshelves filled with books; and on a little carved table stood a vase of white hothouse flowers, with one red camellia. One picture had a curtain of green silk before it, and by its side hung the wounded knight whom his friends were carrying home to die.

"Oh, my Percivale!" I cried, and could say no more.

"Do you like it?" he asked quietly, but with shining eyes.

"Like it?" I repeated. "Shall I like Paradise when I get there? But what a lot of money it must have cost you!"

"Not much," he answered; "not more than thirty pounds or so. Every spot of paint there is from my own brush."

"Oh Percivale!"

I must make a conversation of it to tell it at all; but what I really did say I know no more than the man in the moon.

"The carpet was the only expensive thing. That must be as thick as I could get it, for the floor is of stone, and must not come near your pretty feet. Guess what the place was before."

"I should say—the flower of a prickly pear cactus, full of sunlight from behind, which a fairy took the fancy to swell into a room."

"It was a shed, in which the sculptor who occupied the place before me used to keep his wet clay and blocks of marble."

"Seeing is hardly believing," I said. "Is it to be my room? I know you mean it for my own room, where I can ask you to come when I please, and where I can hide when any one comes you don't want me to see."

"That is just what I meant it for, my Ethelwyn—and to let you know what I *would* do for you if I could."

"I hate the place, Percivale," I said. "What right has it to come poking in between you and me, telling me what I know and have known for—well, I won't say how long—far better than even you can tell me?"

He looked a little troubled.

"Ah, my dear," I said, "let my foolish words breathe and die."

I wonder sometimes to think how seldom I am in that room now. But there it is, and somehow I seem to know it all the time I am busy elsewhere.

He made me shut my eyes again, and carried me into the study.

"Now," he said, "find your way to your own room."

I looked about me, but could see no sign of door. He took up a tall stretcher with a canvass on it, and revealed the door, at the same time showing a likeness of myself—at the top of the Jacob's ladder, as he called it, with one foot on the first step, and the other half way to the second. The light came from the window on my left, which he had turned into a western window, in order to get certain effects from a supposed sunset. I was represented in a white dress, tinged with the rose of the west; and he had managed, attributing the phenomenon to the inequalities of the glass in the window, to suggest one rosy wing behind me, with just the shoulder-root of another visible.

"There!" he said. "It is not finished yet, but that is how I saw you one evening as I was sitting here all alone in the twilight."

"But you didn't really see me like that!" I said. "I hardly know," he answered. "I had been forgetting everything else in dreaming about you, and—how it was I cannot tell, but either in the body or out of the body there I saw you, standing just so at the top of the stair—smiling to me as much as to

say—'Have patience. My foot is on the first step. I'm coming.' I turned at once to my easel, and before the twilight was gone had sketched the vision. To-morrow you must sit to me for an hour or so—for I will do nothing else till I have finished it and sent it off to your father and mother."

I may just add that I hear it is considered a very fine painting. It hangs in the great dining-room at home. I wish I were as good as he has made it look.

The next morning, after I had given him the sitting he wanted, we set out on our furniture-hunt; when, having keen enough eyes, I caught sight of this and of that and of twenty different things in the brokers' shops. We did not agree about the merits of everything by which one or the other was attracted, but an objection by the one always turned the other—a little at least; and we bought nothing we were not agreed about. Yet that evening the hall was piled with things sent home to line our nest. Percivale, as I have said, had saved up some money for the purpose, and I had a hundred pounds my father had given me before we started, which, never having had more than ten of my own at a time, I was eager enough to spend. So we found plenty to do for the fortnight during which time my mother had promised to say nothing to her friends in London of our arrival. Percivale also keeping out of the way of his friends, everybody thought we were on the continent—or somewhere else, and left us to ourselves. And as he had sent in his pictures to the Academy, he was able to take a rest, which rest consisted in working hard at all sorts of upholstery, not to mention painters' and carpenters' work; so that we soon got the little house made into a very warm and very pretty nest. I may mention that Percivale was particularly pleased with a cabinet I bought for him on the sly—to stand in his study, and hold his paints and brushes and sketches, for there were all sorts of drawers in it, and some that it took us a good deal of trouble to find out, though he was clever enough to suspect them from the first, when I hadn't a thought of such a thing; and I have often fancied since that that cabinet was just like himself, for I have been going on finding out things in him that I had no idea were there when I married him. I had no idea that he was a poet, for instance. I wonder to this day why he never showed me any of his verses before we were married. He writes better poetry than my father—at least my father says so. Indeed I soon came to feel very ignorant

and stupid beside him; he could tell me so many things, and especially in art—for he had thought about all kinds of it—making me understand that there is no end to it, any more than to the nature which sets it going, and that the more we see into nature, and try to represent it, the more ignorant and helpless we find ourselves;—until at length I began to wonder whether God might not have made the world so rich and full just to teach his children humility. For a while I felt quite stunned. He very much wanted me to draw; but I thought it was no use trying, and indeed had no heart for it. I spoke to my father about it. He said it was indeed of no use if my object was to be able to think much of myself, for no one could ever succeed in that in the long run; but if my object was to reap the delight of the truth, it was worth while to spend hours and hours on trying to draw a single tree-leaf, or paint the wing of a moth.

CHAPTER IV.—JUDY'S VISIT.

THE very first morning after the expiry of the fortnight, when I was in the kitchen with Sarah, giving her instructions about a certain dish as if I had made it twenty times, whereas I had only just learned how from a shilling cookery-book, there came a double knock at the door. I guessed who it must be.

"Run, Sarah," I said, "and show Mrs. Morley into the drawing-room."

When I entered, there she was—Mrs. Morley, alias, Cousin Judy.

"Well little cozzie!" she cried, as she kissed me three or four times, "I'm glad to see you gone the way of womankind—wooded and married and a'!—Fate, child! inscrutable fate!" and she kissed me again.

She always calls me little coz, though I am a head taller than herself. She is as good as ever, quite as brusque, and at the first word apparently more overbearing. But she is as ready to listen to reason as ever was woman of my acquaintance, and I think the form of her speech is but a somewhat distorted reflex of her perfect honesty. After a little trifling talk, which is sure to come first when people are more than ordinarily glad to meet, I asked after her children. I forget how many there were of them, but they were then pretty far into the plural number.

"Growing like ill weeds," she said—"as anxious as ever their grandfathers and mothers were to get their heads up and do mischief. For my part I wish I was Jove—to start them full grown at once. Or why shouldn't they

be made like Eve out of their father's ribs? It would be a great comfort to their mother."

My father had always been much pleased with the results of Judy's training, as contrasted with those of his sister's. The little ones of my aunt Martha's family were always wanting something, and always looking careworn like their mother, while she was always reading them lectures on their duty, and never making them mind what she said. She would represent the self-same thing to them over and over, until not merely all force, but all sense as well seemed to have forsaken it. Her notion of duty was to tell them yet again the duty which they had been told at least a thousand times already, without the slightest result. They were dull children, wearisome and uninteresting. On the other hand the little Morleys were full of life and eagerness. The fault in them was that they wouldn't take petting, and what's the good of a child that won't be petted? They lacked that something which makes a woman feel motherly.

"When did you arrive, cozzie?" she asked.

"A fortnight ago yesterday."

"Ah, you sly thing! What have you been doing with yourself all the time?"

"Furnishing."

"What! you came into an empty house?"

"Not quite that, but nearly."

"It is very odd I should never have seen your husband. We have crossed each other twenty times."

"Not so *very* odd, seeing he has been my husband only a fortnight."

"What is he like?"

"Like nothing but himself."

"Is he tall?"

"Yes."

"Is he stout?"

"No."

"An Adonis?"

"No."

"A Hercules?"

"No."

"Very clever, I believe."

"Not at all."

For my father had taught me to look down on that word.

"Why did you marry him then?"

"I didn't. He married me."

"What did you marry him for then?"

"For love."

"What did you love him for?"

"Because he was a philosopher."

"That's the oddest reason I ever heard for marrying a man."

"I said for loving him, Judy."

Her bright eyes were twinkling with fun.

"Come, cozzie," she said, "give me a proper reason for falling in love with this husband of yours."

"Well, I'll tell you, then," I said; "only you mustn't tell any other body: he's got such a big shaggy head, just like a lion's."

"And such a huge big foot—just like a bear's?"

"Yes, and such great huge hands! Why the two of them go quite round my waist! And such big eyes, that they look right through me; and such a big heart, that if he saw me doing anything wrong, he would kill me, and bury me in it."

"Well, I must say, it is the most extraordinary description of a husband I ever heard. It sounds to me very like an ogre."

"Yes, I admit, the description is rather ogreish. But then he's poor, and that makes up for a good deal."

I was in the humour for talking nonsense, and of course expected of all people that Judy would understand my fun.

"How does that make up for anything?"

"Because if he is a poor man, he isn't a rich man, and therefore not so likely to be stupid."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because, first of all, the rich man doesn't know what to do with his money, whereas my ogre knows what to do without it. Then the rich man wonders in the morning which waistcoat he shall put on, while my ogre has but one, besides his Sunday one. Then supposing the rich man has slept well, and has done a fair stroke or two of business, he wants nothing but a well-dressed wife, a well-dressed dinner, a few glasses of his favourite wine, and the evening paper, well diluted with a sleep in his easy chair, to be perfectly satisfied that this world is the best of all possible worlds. Now my ogre, on the other hand—"

I was going on to point out how frightfully different from all this my ogre was—how he would devour a half-cooked chop, and drink a pint of ale from the public-house, &c., &c., when she interrupted me, saying with an odd expression of voice—

"You are satirical, cozzie. He's not the worst sort of man you've just described. A woman might be very happy with him. If it weren't such early days, I should doubt if you were as comfortable as you would have people think; for how else should you be so ill-natured?"

It flashed upon me that without the least intention I had been giving a very fair portrait of Mr. Morley. I felt my face grow as red as fire.

"I had no intention of being satirical, Judy," I replied. "I was only describing a man the very opposite of my husband."

"You don't know mine yet," she said. "You may think——"

She actually broke down and cried. I had never in my life seen her cry, and I was miserable at what I had done. Here was a nice beginning of social relations in my married life!

I knelt down, put my arms round her, and looked up in her face.

"Dear Judy," I said, "you mistake me quite. I never thought of Mr. Morley when I said that. How should I have dared to say such things if I had? He is a most kind good man, and papa and every one is glad when he comes to see us. I daresay he does like to sleep well—I know Percivale does; and I don't doubt he likes to get on with what he's at—Percivale does, for he's ever so much better company when he has got on with his picture; and I know he likes to see me well dressed—at least I haven't tried him with anything else yet, for I have plenty of clothes for a while; and then for the dinner, which I believe was one of the points in the description I gave—I wish Percivale cared a little more for his, for then it would be easier to do something for him. As to the newspaper, there I fear I must give him up, for I have never yet seen him with one in his hand. He's so stupid about some things!"

"Oh! you've found that out, have you? Men *are* stupid; there's no doubt of that. But you don't know my Walter yet."

I looked up, and, behold, Percivale was in the room! His face wore such a curious expression that I could hardly help laughing. And no wonder! for here was I on my knees, clasping my first visitor, and to all appearance pouring out the woes of my wedded life in her lap—woes so deep that they drew tears from her as she listened. All this flashed upon me as I started to my feet, but I could give no explanation; I could only make haste to introduce my husband to my cousin Judy.

He behaved of course as if he had heard nothing. But I fancy Judy caught a glimpse of the awkward position, for she plunged into the affair at once.

"Here is my cousin, Mr. Percivale, has been abusing my husband to my face, calling him rich and stupid, and I don't know what all. I confess he is so stupid as to be very fond of me, but that's all I know against him."

And her handkerchief went once more to her eyes.

"Dear Judy!" I expostulated, "you know I didn't say one word about him."

"Of course I do, you silly coz!" she cried, and burst out laughing. "But I won't forgive you except you make amends by dining with us to-morrow."

Thus for the time she carried it off; but I believe, and have since had good reason for believing that she had really mistaken me at first, and been much annoyed.

She and Percivale got on very well. He showed her the portrait he was still working at—even accepted one or two trifling hints as to the likeness, and they parted the best friends in the world.

Glad as I had been to see her, how I longed to see the last of her! The moment she was gone, I threw myself into his arms, and told him how it came about. He laughed heartily.

"I *was* a little puzzled," he said, "to hear you informing a lady I had never seen that I was so very stupid."

"But I wasn't telling a story either, for you know you are *ve-e-ry* stupid, Percivale. You don't know a leg from a shoulder of mutton, and you can't carve a bit. How ever you can draw as you do, is a marvel to me, when you know nothing about the shapes of things. It was very wrong to say it, even for the sake of covering poor Mrs. Morley's husband; but it was quite true, you know."

"Perfectly true, my love," he said, with something else where I've only put commas; "and I mean to remain so, in order that you may always have something to fall back upon when you get yourself into a scrape by forgetting that other people have husbands as well as you."

CHAPTER V.—"GOOD SOCIETY."

WE had agreed, rather against the inclination of both of us, to dine the next evening with the Morleys. We should have preferred our own society, but we could not refuse.

They will be talking to me about my pictures," said my husband, "and that is just what I hate. People that know nothing of art, that can't distinguish purple from black, will yet parade their ignorance, and expect me to be pleased."

"Mr. Morley is a well-bred man, Percivale," I said.

"That's the worst of it—they do it for good manners; I know the kind of people perfectly. I hate to have my pictures praised



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

It is as bad as talking to one's face about the nose upon it."

I wonder if all ladies keep their husbands waiting. I did that night, I know, and, I am afraid, a good many times after—not, however, since Percivale told me very seriously that being late for dinner was the only fault of mine the blame of which he would not take on his own shoulders. The fact on this occasion was, that I could not get my hair right. It was the first time I missed what I had been used to, and longed for the deft fingers of my mother's maid to help me. When I told him the cause, he said he would do my hair for me next time, if I would teach him how. But I have managed very well since without either him or a lady's maid.

When we reached Bolivar Square, we found the company waiting; and as if for a rebuke to us, the butler announced dinner the moment we entered. I was seated between Mr. Morley and a friend of his who took me down, Mr. Baddeley, a portly gentleman, with an expanse of snowy shirt from which flashed three diamond studs. A huge gold chain reposed upon his front, and on his finger shone a brilliant of great size. Everything about him seemed to say, "Look how real I am! No shoddy about me!" His hands were plump and white, and looked as if they did not know what dust was. His talk sounded very rich, and yet there was no pretence in it. His wife looked less of a lady than he of a gentleman, for she betrayed conscious importance. I found afterwards that he was the only son of a railway contractor, who had himself handled the spade, but at last died enormously rich. He spoke blandly, but with a certain quiet authority which I disliked.

"Are you fond of the opera, Mrs. Percivale?" he asked me, in order to make talk.

"I have never been to the opera," I answered.

"Never been to the opera? Ain't you fond of music?"

"Did you ever know a lady that wasn't?"

"Then you must go to the opera."

"But it is just because I fancy myself fond of music that I don't think I should like the opera."

"You can't hear such music anywhere else."

"But the antics of the singers, pretending to be in such furies of passion, yet modulating every note with the cunning of a carver in ivory, seems to me so preposterous! For surely song springs from a brooding over past feeling—I do not mean lost feeling—never from present emotion."

"Ah! you would change your mind after having once been. I should strongly advise you to go, if only for once. You ought now, really."

"An artist's wife must do without such expensive amusements—except her husband's pictures be very popular indeed. I might as well cry for the moon. The cost of a box at the opera for a single night would keep my little household for a fortnight."

"Ah, well—but you should see 'The Barber,'" he said.

"Perhaps if I could hear without seeing, I should like it better," I answered.

He fell silent, busying himself with his fish, and when he spoke again turned to the lady on his left. I went on with my dinner. I knew that our host had heard what I said, for I saw him turn rather hastily to his butler.

Mr. Morley is a man difficult to describe, stiff in the back, and long and loose in the neck, reminding me of those toy birds that bob head and tail up and down alternately. When he agrees with anything you say, down comes his head with a rectangular nod; when he does not agree with you, he is so silent and motionless that he leaves you in doubt whether he has heard a word of what you have been saying. His face is hard, and was to me then inscrutable; while what he said always seemed to have little or nothing to do with what he was thinking; and I had not then learned whether he had a heart or not. His features were well-formed, but they and his head and face too small for his body. He seldom smiled except when in doubt. He had, I understood, been very successful in business, and always looked full of schemes.

"Have you been to the Academy yet?" he asked.

"No; this is only the first day of it."

"Are your husband's pictures well hung?"

"As high as Haman," I answered; "—skied, in fact. That is the right word, I believe."

"I would advise you to avoid slang, my dear cousin—*professional* slang especially; and to remember that in London there are no professions after six o'clock."

"Indeed!" I returned. "As we came along in the carriage—cabbage, I mean—I saw no end of shops open."

"I mean in society—at dinner—amongst friends, you know."

"My dear Mr. Morley, you have just done asking me about my husband's pictures, and if you listen a moment you will hear that lady next my husband talking to him about Leslie and Turner, and I don't know who more—all in the trade."

"Hush! hush! I beg," he almost whispered, looking agonized. "That's Mrs. Baddeley. Her husband, next to you, is a great picture-buyer. That's why I asked him to meet you."

"I thought there were no professions in London after six o'clock."

"I am afraid I have not made my meaning quite clear to you."

"Not quite. Yet I think I understand you."

"We'll have a talk about it another time."

"With pleasure."

It irritated me rather that he should talk to me, a married woman, as to a little girl who did not know how to behave herself; but his patronage of my husband displeased me far more, and I was on the point of committing the terrible blunder of asking Mr. Baddeley if he had any poor relations; but I checked myself in time, and prayed to know whether he was a member of Parliament. He answered that he was not in the house at present, and asked in return why I had wished to know. I answered that I wanted a bill brought in for the punishment of fraudulent milkmen, for I couldn't get a decent pennyworth of milk in all Camden Town. He laughed, and said it would be a very desirable measure, only too great an interference with the liberty of the subject. I told him that kind of liberty was just what law in general owed its existence to, and was there on purpose to interfere with; but he did not seem to see it.

The fact is I was very silly. Proud of being the wife of an artist, I resented the social injustice which I thought gave artists no place but one of sufferance. Proud also of being poor for Percivale's sake, I made a show of my poverty before people whom I supposed, rightly enough in many cases, to be proud of their riches. But I knew nothing of what poverty really meant, and was as yet only playing at being poor; cherishing a foolish, though unacknowledged notion of protecting my husband's poverty with theegis of my position as the daughter of a man of consequence in his county. I was thus

wronging the dignity of my husband's position, and complimenting wealth by making so much of its absence. Poverty or wealth ought to have been in my eyes such a trifle, that I never thought of publishing whether I was rich or poor. I ought to have taken my position without wasting a thought on what it might appear in the eyes of those about me, meeting them on the mere level of humanity, and leaving them to settle with themselves how they were to think of me, and where they were to place me. I suspect also, now that I think of it, that I looked down upon my cousin Judy because she had a mere man of business for her husband; forgetting that our Lord had found a collector of conquered taxes, a man, I presume, with little enough of the artistic about him, one of the fittest in his nation to bear the message of his redemption to the hearts of his countrymen. It is his loves and his hopes, not his visions and intentions, by which a man is to be judged. My father had taught me all this, but I did not understand it then, nor until years after I had left him.

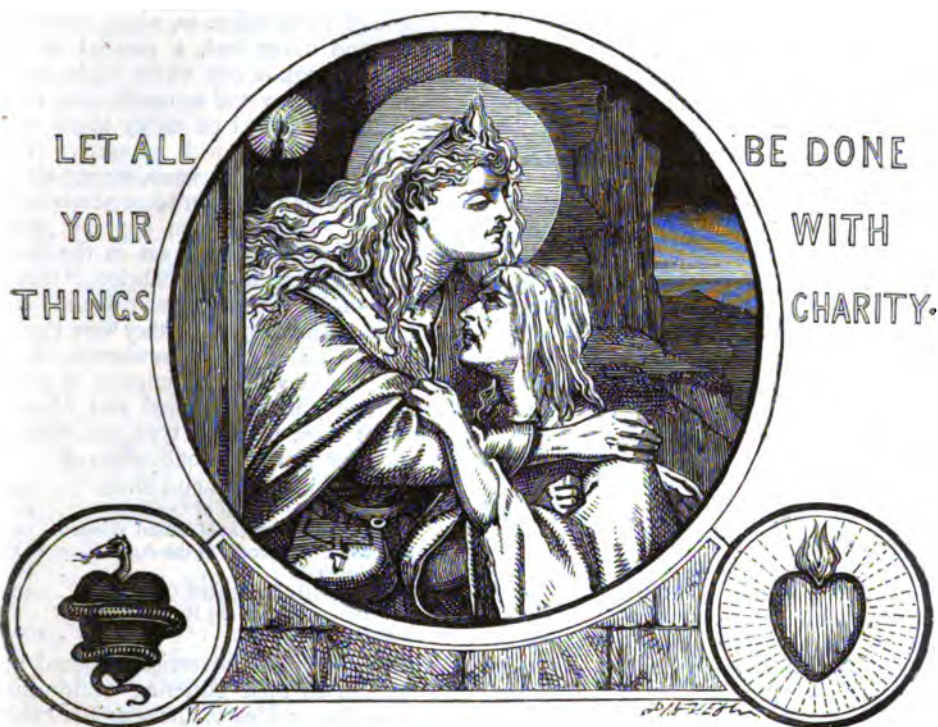
"Is Mrs. Percivale a lady of fortune?" asked Mr. Baddeley of my cousin Judy when we were gone, for we were the first to leave.

"Certainly not. Why do you ask?" she returned.

"Because, from her talk, I thought she must be," he answered.

Cousin Judy told me this the next day, and I could see she thought I had been bragging of my family. So I recounted all the conversation I had had with him, as nearly as I could recollect, and set down the question to an impertinent irony. But I have since changed my mind: I now judge that he could not believe any poor person would joke about poverty. I never found one of those people who go about begging for charities believe me when I told him the simple truth that I could not afford to subscribe. None but a rich person, they seem to think, would dare such an excuse, and that only in the just expectation that its very assertion must render it incredible.





CHARITY IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—SOUNDING THE WELL.

THE charities of London, besides the Poor Rates which in 1868 amounted to £1,317,000, provide the munificent sum of Two Millions a year to relieve want and suffering in the metropolis. Could one forget the original application of the word, we should say the name of these charities is "Legion." Nor is it their number only, but more especially the soil out of which they have sprung, and by whose bountiful resources they continue to be vigorously maintained, that reflects great honour on England and its metropolis. Not to philosophers—still less to sceptics, or politicians, or statesmen, but to the zealous efforts and humanity of pious men, whether ministers of religion or, to use Cowper's words, "citizens of credit and renown," most of them owe their being. A fact *that* worthy of notice. It furnishes the best reply to the cant that nowadays sneers at the pulpit, and would persuade the world to exchange its faith in the glorious Gospel of the blessed God for systems of cold moralities or the crude speculations of "philosophy, falsely so called"—as if that would be for its advantage.

I. N.S.

The sources by which most of these charities are sustained are not less honourable to England than their origin. In other countries by much the greater number of such institutions depend for their support on government; and form, as much as its navies, army, and police, part of its machinery. They may reflect credit on the humanity or sagacity of the kings or statesmen by whom they were instituted; but, neither originating with the people nor supported by them, they reflect no honour on them. It is quite otherwise with much the largest number of the charities of London. Broad on their front one reads that silent appeal to the piety and generosity of its citizens which, more than anything else he saw there, excited the admiration of Guizot, these words, SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

London is the scene of many awful crimes. Among the higher as well as the lower classes, in Belgravia as in Ratcliff Highway, there are elements of evil at work enough to make one tremble for their native land; vast masses of the people professing the boldest infidelity

and practising the foulest immoralities. Nor any wonder when it is a fact as well as ascertained as it is alarming and indeed appalling, that more than One Million of its inhabitants have thrown off the profession and all the restraints of religion, nor ever set foot within the House of God.

Amid so much to call down the righteous judgments of God on that great city, may not these charities be its safety?—standing up in its streets their *decus et tutamen*, their protection as well as their glory: each contributing, as a lightning conductor, to avert the wrath of heaven from its guilty sinners. Among them we seem to feel as secure as we have felt in Zurich, whose most remarkable feature is not so much its lovely lake or the picturesque ranges of the neighbouring Alps, as that almost every dwelling-house, as well as its spires, and towers, and public buildings, is armed with a lightning rod; imparting to one a sense of security when the heaviest peals of thunder are reverberating among the mountains and rolling above the town. Few, perhaps, who go to see the sights of London visit its charities. Yet they offer to every humane and Christian patriot the most agreeable and hopeful aspects of the city—showing how much precious salt is there; if there is much evil, how much good is there; how many of its teeming thousands fear God and love mankind—the devoted followers of Him who, living not for Himself, scattered blessings around Him wherever He went; going about continually doing good. They remind us of the reply a shrewd Scotchman made to one of those scoffers who sneer at our Sabbaths, Churches, and Bibles—wishing to make them appear useless, and that we, with all our professions of religion, are after all no better than others. Taunted with the drunkenness and immorality to be found at home, I do find, said our countryman (who had just returned from paying a visit to the Continent), the evils here I saw abroad; but then, I did not find abroad the good I find at home; here as there the mass presents much corruption, but not there as here is the preserving element present in anything like the same proportion—in a pious and God-fearing people, “the salt” to check and correct it.

Those charities which reflect such honour on the piety and humanity of London, and prove how much of good exists and is at work there, are, as we have already said, “Legion.” They seem to offer an alleviation, or a cure, to every ill, spiritual, moral, and physical, that afflicts humanity. We have a

catalogue of them before us, which certainly has not, and never had, a parallel in the world. The book is one which might strike foreigners with envy and astonishment; over whose pages an angel of mercy might fold his wings and linger with pleasure. The Library of the British Museum, among all its treasures, contains none in some respects so remarkable. Here London appears in an aspect that had no counterpart in the most famous cities of antiquity, Babylon, Athens, or Rome—a difference no doubt due to this, that she is a Christian, while they were Pagan cities. The Catalogue of these charities, their names, and a very brief description of each, fills no fewer than a hundred and fifty-six pages of a book of small type, and closely printed. For example, London has of

Institutions for the benefit of the Blind	19
Institutions for the benefit of Orphans	46
Institutions for the benefit of Fallen Women	18
Institutions for the benefit of the Aged Poor	111
General Hospitals	16
Medical Hospitals for Special Objects	49
Homes, Refuges, including Ragged Schools and Reformatories	100

A thousand golden sovereigns, spread out on a table in all their glittering wealth, give us a much better idea of the sum total than if it were merely expressed in figures; and though it occupy some considerable space, it will gratify the curiosity of some, and certainly give all an ampler and more vivid idea of the Christian benevolence of London, to present, by way of specimen, the list of one of these charities. Take, for example, the last mentioned, Homes and Refuges, including Ragged Schools and Reformatories:—

Boys' Home, 2,
Boys' Home & Reformatory,
Boys' Refuge,
Bridewell Schools,
British Penitent Female Refuge,
Brockham Home,
Brook Green,
Brook Street,
Central Office of Girls' Homes,
Charles Street,
Chelsea Home,
Chichester Ship School,
Children's Home,
Church Penitentiary,
City of London,
Coburg Home,
Cornwall Ship School,
Cottage Road,
Crippled Boys' Industrial,
Cripples' Home,
Cripples' Nursery,
Deserted Infants and Children,
Dudley Stuart Night Refuge,
East London Refuge,
Elizabeth Fry Refuge,
Eltham Industrial School,
Female Aid Society,
Female Orphans' Society,
Female Servants' Society,

Female Temporary Home,
Field Lane Night Refuge,
Fitzroy Market Ragged School,
Foundling Hospital,
Fox Court Ragged School,
George Yard Ragged School,
Destitute Girls' Refuge,
Girls' Home,
Girls' Industrial Home,
Mrs. Gladstone's Home,
Golden Lane Ragged School,
Governess' Home,
Grotto Passage Refuge,
Guilt Garden's Shelter,
Hans Town Indus. School,
Home in the East,
Homes of Hope,
House of Charity,
House of Occupation,
Houseless Poor,
Home for Boys and Girls,
Creche or Infant Nursery, 2,
Islington Reformatory,
Ladies' Home,
Little Boys' Home,
Maiden Hill Industrial School,
Middlesex Industrial School,
Motherless Girls' Home,
Nazareth House,
Newport Market Refuge,
North-West London Home,

Paddington House,
Philanthropic Society,
Providence Row Night Re-
fuge,
Quebec Chapel Home,
Quebec Cripples' Nursery,
Ragged School Shocblack
Society,
Ragged School Union,
Ratcliff Cross Night Re-
fuge,
Reformatory and Relief
Union,
Refuge for the Destitute,
Royal Female Philanthropic,
St. Andrew's Home for Boys,
St. Giles's Reformatory,
St. James's Home,
St. Luke's Home,
St. Margaret's,

St. Marylebone Female
Home,
St. Matthew's Home,
St. Pancras,
St. Peter's Home,
St. Saviour's Hospital and
Refuge,
St. Stephen's Home,
School of Discipline,
Spitalfields Ragged School,
Harley House Servants'
Home,
South London Night Refuge,
Strangers' Home,
Surrey Reformatory,
Training Refuge for Girls,
Truinity Home,
Westminster Female Refuge,
Working Boys' Home,
Young Women's Home,

Ex uno disce omnes.

We propose, in a series of articles, to make our readers better acquainted with these charities. The whole are so numerous, and most of them can establish such claims on our notice, that the difficulty is to know where to begin and when to end. Our object in an undertaking where we are embarrassed by the wealth of matter is not to glorify man; nor so much to render a tribute of admiration and praise to the zeal, piety, and benevolence which, like the leaven the woman put into the lump of meal, are at work in London—with God's blessing we trust to finally permeate and change the whole mass. Convinced that the remedies, great and costly as they are, fall far short of what the disease requires, our object is to stir up the piety and patriotism of London to further efforts, and at the same time stir up other cities to follow in her majestic wake—to "go and do likewise."

Preliminary to this it may be useful to raise a corner of the veil, and give our readers some, though but an imperfect, idea of the evils these charities are intended to meet. This will form a dark and gloomy background, against which, however, the charities will stand out in brighter prominence, to the honour of the city and the glory of God; for let us never forget that it is He, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, who maketh his sun to arise on the evil and the good, and his rain to fall on the just and the unjust, that puts it into our hearts to seek and save the lost; to sympathise with the sorrows, relieve the wants, and heal the bleeding wounds of humanity.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," says the wise man, "and when he is old he will not depart from it." This, the converse of that, is equally true, "Train up a child in the way he should *not* go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. No wonder, therefore, when we look at the

number of its children that grow up without any kind of Christian guardianship; who pine in cold, hunger, and nakedness; who are trained in its streets to crime—the girls by-and-by to eat the bread of infamy, and the boys to walk the treadmill or pick oakum in the solitary cells of a prison—that London presents a terrible and ghastly amount of sin and misery. Within the city and its suburbs it is calculated that the number of these destitute and neglected children is not much short of One Hundred Thousand. If our readers knew, as we who have spent many weary years of labour among that class do, the miseries these creatures have to suffer, the bitter privations and brutal usage under which—happier than their companions who survive—they sink by thousands into an untimely grave, it would wring their hearts. They would be ready to weep with the prophet, and exclaim, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

No one accepting the late Lord Palmerston's theory of human nature, this, namely, that children are born without any bias to evil, far less those who believe with us that the Psalmist spoke for all others, as well as for himself, when he said, "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," will be astonished that in London, with so many neglected children and such temptations to evil as belong to all large cities, and invariably follow in the train of wealth, criminals swarm like locusts. We need not ask to quote a phrase much in vogue since the Tichborne case appeared in court—Would it surprise our readers very much to be told, that there is an army of men and women there who live by plunder, whose only occupation is stealing, who never earn, or attempt to earn, a crust of honest bread by the labour of their hands and the sweat of their brow? Its thieves—not those who commit occasional acts of dishonesty on their masters' tills or other people's goods, but its professional thieves—reach the amazing number of Twenty Thousand. A proportion of these, sinning against light and knowledge, may be justly handed over to the utmost severity of the law. It is certain, however, that many have become thieves because their childhood was culpably and cruelly neglected, and that not a few had their type in the boy whom a friend of ours brought off in triumph from the clutches of the law—of *justice* so called. Having proved that the mother of the culprit he was defend-

ing, and whose unkempt head hardly reached the top of the bar where he stood, had compelled him to steal, beating him within an inch of his life, and thrusting him in at the window of the house which had been robbed, he took up the puny, emaciated, ragged urchin in his arms, and setting him on a table before the jury, made no speech but this—"Gentlemen, find that creature guilty, if you can!" They had not the face to do it; to do such a wrong.

There is another and still darker phase of London life which it were vain, and worse than vain, to ignore. The Spanish king who sat by a blazing fire till he was roasted alive, burned to a cinder, because it was contrary to etiquette that a king should move his chair, only sacrificed his own life—probably a useless one—to dignity. But they commit a greater folly, or rather crime, who, by shutting their eyes to evils that are raging around them like a moral plague, sacrifice to delicacy, a false delicacy, the virtues—to speak of nothing else—that form the strength, and happiness, and very life of our nation. The surest way to cure a deep-seated, festering, putrid sore, or make a foul sewer innocuous, which has been breeding the germs of deadly fever, is to lay them open. The poor ostrich, which is said, when hard pressed by its pursuers, to thrust its head into a bush, and lose the sense when it loses the sight of its danger, we may regard with pity; but not so those who shut their own eyes, and would keep the eyes of others shut to the greatest of our social evils. Leaving these to destroy the virtues, and households, and morals, and religion of our country, they are the enemies of the commonwealth. Many, no doubt, do not intend to be so. Nevertheless they are so: while others, there is as little doubt, get up the cry of "delicacy" lest their deeds of darkness should be brought to light.

Now, let it be proclaimed on the housetops, rather than concealed, that there is an appalling amount of licentiousness in London. Nor need that, however it may distress, surprise any one. Man throws but one shadow: but towering wealth, such as London presents, has been found, in all ages and countries of the world, to throw two; great poverty on this hand, and great wickedness on that. The curse of Sodom was "fulness of bread and abundance of idleness," and seeing how in all ages the same causes produce the same effects, it is not surprising that there should be much immorality in London. The circumstances of many of its inhabitants closely resemble those of "the cities of the plain." Thousands there have "fulness of

bread and abundance of idleness." In the large number of soldiers—7,000 men—who, by the unrighteous arrangements of the army, are doomed to a life of celibacy, in the crowds of sailors of all nations who throng its port, in the host of "idlers on town" who have more money in their pockets, and time on their hands, than sense and principle to use them well, virtue has to encounter greater temptations there than in any other city in the kingdom. A very serious evil this to the whole country. London is not the United Kingdom in the same sense as Paris is France; yet as the home of Royalty, the seat of Parliament, the ruler of fashion, the centre of literature and the arts, it may, in an important sense, be regarded as the heart of the nation. Besides those already specified, and all the temptations to immorality which it presents in common with every other overgrown town, the metropolis has temptations peculiar to itself. One is the vast number of women who earn their bread by the needle. Their employment is precarious. Screwed down by excessive competition, their wages are in many instances miserably poor—hardly enough to keep body and soul together: and who cannot fancy, and that without pity, the terrible temptations to eke out a scanty subsistence, or indulge a little female vanity, her indigent and almost desperate circumstances present to many a young, giddy, thoughtless, uneducated, uncared-for girl? While condemning the sin, let us have compassion on the sinner.

A danger to the interests of virtue still more peculiar to London is due to what is called "the season." Little may they who hurry up from their castles and lordly mansions in the country to pass three or four months there, amid the blaze and whirl of balls and banquets, think of the sad results that follow the subsidence of this stream of fashion—how unlike this flood of gaiety to the overflowings of the Nile which leave a blessing behind them, fertilising all the fields over which they have spread. No doubt this annual flow of fashion enriches shopkeepers, the conductors of operas, the managers of theatres, the heads of millinery houses, and those of other houses not to be mentioned: but what of the vast numbers of servant girls, of dressmakers, of needlewomen whom the requirements of "the season" have drawn to London, and who, when the tide ebbs back into the country, are left high and dry, to rot on the beach? One of our greatest statesmen, and a true Christian besides, who knows very much more of London fashionable life

than we do, or can be supposed to do, directed our attention to this as a great social evil, the cause of much sin and many sorrows. Thrown out of work, without friends to counsel or a home to receive them, or even bread to eat, many a poor girl, driven to despair, falls an easy prey to syrens, harridans, and seducers. Whether wiled into houses in the fashionable parts of the city, which pay a rental of three or four hundred pounds a year, or crouching in the foul dens of some low lane or court, the victims of hunger, and cold, and brutal usage, they ought to be regarded with the deepest sorrow; wept for, and with God's blessing saved. We say not but that these fallen women, by whatever cause made so, are the cause of enormous mischief. But who made them what they are? The pity is, and the injustice is, that the least guilty has to bear all the *scath* and scorn; while the seducer, the tempter, the briber, the buyer, the serpent who crept into some unsuspecting, too trusting bosom to leave there an incurable and deadly wound, is received into society as if he had not resorted to baser arts than a sneaking thief, and committed a crime worse than many a murder—destroying both soul and body together. Of these poor wretched women there is a very host in London. Besides thousands who, though maintaining an appearance of decency, and in many instances occupying respectable situations, are not of virtuous habits, a Royal Commission has roughly reckoned that there are no fewer than 18,000 women within the bounds of the metropolitan police living openly on the bread of infamy. The bitter bread of a vile profession—how often has it been soaked with tears? what sad thoughts theirs of the homes they have filled with shame, of the fathers and mothers whose hearts they have broken, and whose grey hairs they have brought with sorrow to the grave? what abominable acts were employed to ensnare them? how cruel the wrongs, how brutal the usage they suffer? May He who knows all that have mercy on them! Under the eye of the Searcher of hearts who dare to thrust them back into the gutter, saying, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou?" It is once said of Jesus on earth that "He looked round Him with anger:" and were not such *Pharisaisms* enough to make Him angry even in heaven who, in the house of Simon, threw the shield of his protection over "a woman that was a sinner"—giving the blessed feet that were nailed to the cross to her kisses; to be washed with her flowing tears, and wiped with the hairs of her head?

It has been said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It were well they did. There were more brotherhood, human and Christian brotherhood, among us if they did. Would many of the good people of London go and see with their own eyes what we have seen there, what sins are festering, what sufferings are borne within a few minutes' or an hour's walk of their own doors, they would stand appalled, as men who hear the ground sounding hollow, see it cracking and opening beneath their feet. While many sleep on quietly in their berths, and others on deck thread the mazes of the dance, and at tables where beauty shines and wine flows, mirth and song abound, "the sins and sorrows of the city" are rising on them like water that, pouring in through a hundred gaping leaks, threatens to sink the ship. This is known to many noble labourers in London, women as well as men, women we would say more than men; but it should be more widely known, and for that purpose—confining our attention meanwhile to the East End of the City—we will close this introductory article with a brief account of a night spent there, in what, to use a seaman's phraseology, we may call "sounding the well."

Having obtained an order from the Head of the Police, directing an inspector to attend us and two or three friends on a visit to Ratchiff Highway and its neighbourhood, we reached Whitechapel police-office about ten o'clock at night. We found it astir with constables, a fine-looking set of men; some passing out on missions, some coming in with reports. While the inspector who was to be our guide and guardian was receiving instructions from the presiding genius of the place, we took the opportunity of looking into some of the cells. In one here, and another there, a drunken fellow lay snoring off his debauch. Turning away in disgust from these, we came, on the warder unlocking another door, to a cell that arrested our steps. Inside, on the wooden board, was stretched a poor boy, beneath a policeman's great-coat; all his sorrows buried in sleep so profound that the flash of the bull's-eye lantern thrown on his pale, emaciated face never stirred him. After contemplating for a moment that sad sight, and silently blessing the policeman who had kindly thrown his great-coat over that unhappy child, we turned away to examine the police night-book, and find out who he was, and why he was there. He was but twelve years old. One of the many uncared-for children of the low purlieus of the City, the "head and front

of his offending" had been pilfering a little sugar from a cart as it passed along the street. The value of the sugar, as entered in the charge on the police books, was fourpence! Strange to say, as I read next day in the newspapers, the magistrate before whom he appeared, instead of at once sentencing this urchin to a whipping, or, better still, committing him to a reformatory or ragged-school, as if the case presented any difficulty whatever, remanded him for ten or eleven days. Putting a foolscap on the law, and taking the surest way of turning this child into a hardened and confirmed criminal, he could not have done more, though the case, instead of four pennyworth of sugar, had been an atrocious and mysterious murder.

On leaving the police-office, we were conducted by our guide and guardian to the great school, as I may call it, of the district. This was a penny gaff theatre, where they taught "the young idea how to shoot." Directing us to follow close on his heels, the inspector passed the bar for money and that also for drink—the presiding genius at each making an obsequious bow as, followed by us, he swept by them with a word or nod. A long, narrow passage, where we brushed some villainous-looking persons of both sexes, conducted us to a door; and on this being opened at a sign from our guide, we suddenly and unexpectedly found ourselves close by the stage, the footlights, and fiddlers of a low theatre. With a sprinkling of grown men and women of the lowest type and meanest attire, the audience consisted of boys and girls, who talked, and laughed, and flirted with one another, in spite of an official, who ever and anon shouted out with a stentorian voice, "Order there!" This person paid great respect to the inspector, and attention to us as under his wing; volunteering to tell us of a brazen-faced woman, painted up to the eyes and dressed as a sailor, "That, sir, is our principal lady!" and "This, sir," pointing to a player, who stamped, and roared, and foamed, and sawed the air, "is our principal gentleman!" A few minutes' stay was sufficient to show us that the place, the players, and the play were all in keeping. We pitied but could not find it in our hearts to blame the children there, horrible training-school as it was. An evening at the Penny Gaff is the only pleasure that sheds a gleam on their hard and miserable lives. We blamed the government that licensed such schools of crime, or permitted them to exist; and left, blessing God for the prospect the English Education Bill affords of other schools for

Ratcliff Highway, and better days for the next generation of classes long and cruelly neglected, who could no more help growing up criminals than tares to grow up tares, or thorns thorns.

A few steps further on, and the inspector halts before a door, which he pushes open, but not till we had some chaffing and insolence from a drunk ruffian, who stood among a group of wretched-looking men and women that hung by the door; too poor in their rags to buy a dram. The door opens on an apartment where the keepers of the saloon preside at the bar—a bloated and horrible-looking pair, who however show the greatest deference to the representative of the police, as, nodding to them, and followed close by us, he passes on to push aside here a staggering man, and there a bedizened, besotted woman, and get to another door at the end of a pretty long and dimly-lighted passage. Inside we hear such sounds as caught the ear of the elder brother of the parable: but the dancing and music here were to make prodigals, not celebrate their return from vice to peace and a life of virtue. On entering, we find ourselves in a hall, with wooden benches ranged along the begrimed walls. These seats are occupied by representatives of all ages—from grey-headed harridans to boys and girls, and of all degrees of vice and blackguardism. Rustics were there from the country, thieves from jail, sailors from ships, labourers from the docks, and, constituting more than half the company, women of the coarsest type and worst character. The last, with some exceptions, were keeping sober, the better to decoy the prey into their dens, and plunder them of their money, of their very clothes perhaps. The inspector told us in what strange plight he had seen them come out of the hands of these harpies to lodge their complaints at his office—one stark naked, but that his lower extremities were hid from public view in a woman's crinoline; another coming there, to the amusement of the boys and the amazement of the passengers, clothed in the *Times*—its sheets pinned together around him for lack of better raiment.

It might evidently have been said of us, as of the man who went down to Jericho, that we had "fallen among thieves;" only we suffered no harm, thanks to the well-known presence of the inspector. Well known, indeed; for I observed here, and in some half-dozen more such dens we visited, that, so soon as he appeared, a bell, communicating with the inner temple, was rung. A signal well understood—then, not as Robert Burns

says, "all was dark," but all was decent. Thus warned, the company fell into order; and even those who were *deased* (half drunk) tried, on our entering, to look sober; while the dancers, suddenly vacating the floor, demurely resumed their seats. But that did not last long. Up rose some faded girls with painted faces, monstrous chignons, glaring stockings, and brief skirts, to pirouette and waltz, and these being joined at once by half-drunk men and boys, the floor swam with dancers: and now, as in Alloway's ruined kirk, where the devil was piper, and the dancers were witches, and the lights were held in the cold hands of corpses, each in his shroud and open coffin, "the fun grew fast and furious."

It was a melancholy, indeed horrible, spectacle; utterly and especially disgraceful when we consider that this, and scores of other such places in that neighbourhood, where such orgies are celebrated night after night, are licensed by the authorities, and in a sense under the patronage of government. We visited that night nearly a dozen of these saloons; some licensed for dancing, others for singing, and all for drink. One was kept by an Italian, another by a German, a third by a Brechman, — the last two mourning over the war, then raging, because, forsooth, detaining many of their countrymen, it had reduced their gains. The company was much the same in all; made up of old hags, girls and boys, women with countenances of a horrible expression, simpletons, sailors, labourers, and thieves.

The scenes we saw corresponded too well with the character of the night. We were surrounded by a darkness like that of Egypt, "a darkness that might be felt." London was shrouded in one of its celebrated fogs, and had not seen such a fog for many years. Such was its density that you could descry only the nearest lamp; and, like Campbell's sun of the world's last day, its "eye had a sickly glare." We often followed the inspector less by sight than by the sound of his feet; and nothing but a sense of duty in our work would have induced us to pass, at such an hour and in such a night, through streets where he informed us every house was a den of prostitutes and thieves. That night, so full of scenes of sin and misery, closed with our

diving, about one o'clock in the morning, under a low-browed arch, into a very narrow, cut-throat like lane: the inspector, before our plunge into it, turning suddenly round to say, "Keep close by me!" On emerging we stood, to the best of our sight and judgment, amid some of the lowest slums. Going up to a door there, our guide and guardian calls out "Eliza!" No answer; nor any when thundering on the door with his stick, he calls, "Eliza! Eliza!" again and again. The nest seemed to be empty, into whatever scene he meant to usher us. Stepping over to the other side, he beats on another door; and now cries "Johnstone!" A little delay, and we hear a door opened in an upper story, and by-and-by see a Chinaman (who, in compliment to his wife, had assumed her good Scandinavian name) descending the narrowest of narrow stairs, candle in hand, with his long black tail twisted round his head. Peering at us with his almond eyes, he grins and bows to the inspector, who, followed by us, follows him up-stairs, to introduce us into an opium-smoking establishment. The room was of small dimensions and abominably dirty. By the hearth sat, in his full national attire, a son of the Celestial Empire, reading a Chinese book on the late war between his countrymen and ours. The usual frequenters of the place, chiefly sailors from the East, had all gone for the night: their place being occupied by Johnstone himself, who resumed the enjoyment he had left to let us in. A large bed, with a centre pillar made up of cushions, on which a dozen opium-smokers might be accommodated at once, filled the middle of the room. There, leaning back on the upright cushions, Johnstone soon stretched himself out, and with his glittering eyes fixed on the bowl of the pipe into which he had put a small bit of the drug, holding it the while over a burning lamp, he resumed his smoking. We left him at this employment—he to dream of happiness in the midst of misery, and we, as we took our sad and weary way home, to think of that passage of God's Word, so descriptive at once of the character of the night and of the scenes of misery and wickedness which our eyes had seen: "DARKNESS SHALL COVER THE EARTH, AND GROSS DARKNESS THE PEOPLE."





SUNDAY MUSINGS.

I.

COME hither, friends! Come hither,
friends!

So great the joy Our Father sends,
I want to share with you.
For He hath made the blind receive
New sight! Come, help me to believe
The miracle is true.

"O what the joy? and whence the beam,
That lights your look as with the gleam
Of waters in the waste?"

Come kneel by me, on bended knee;
Ye must stoop low if ye would see,—
Lower, if ye would taste!

Sweet friends, ye know the little grave
To which my heart would crawl, and crave,
As 'twere a worm o' the dust?

I writhed so low, it rose so high,
The mound that shut out all the sky:
So broken was my trust.

This morn I sought it!—hardly one
Of all my unshed tears would run;
Instead—from out the sod—
A spring had gusht through dust and weeds,
And in the light of God it feeds
My life, direct from God.

II.

WE are not only where we seem,
But, lighted by some mystic gleam,
Live also in a world of dream!
Some heavenward Window opes above
The shut-up soul, to lean out of,
Or let in waiting wings of love.

And thence we pass out of our night
A little nearer to the light;
Transfigured in the eternal sight.

And oft when darkness fills the place,
I kneel with dawn upon my face:
I feel the infinite embrace.

Beyond the clouds 'tis golden day,
Soft airs of heaven about me play,
They waft all weariness away.

Dear friends I see no longer here
Are with me: I can feel them near;
So tenderly they come to cheer!

And there in secret life is fed,
Till full in flower it lifts the head,
With all its leaves to heaven outspread.

And by the peace within my breast;
All stormy passions rock to rest;
I know that God hath been my guest.

GERALD MASSEY.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in My Business Life.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

PROLOGUE.

HOW often one hears people say, "If I had my time over again, how differently would I act!" But life is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another. Only, if we keep our eye ever on our great Exemplar, we shall find that when He finishes off our work, and smooths out its rumples, and cuts away its frayed ends, then even its spots and mistakes fall into a purpose in its plan.

It is very curious for an old man to look back over his past life, and to realise that there is perhaps no being in the whole world more unlike his present self than the boy or the young man he once was. Outward circumstances alone present strange changes. I, Edward Garrett, growing very old and feeble, sitting at my bow window looking over the fair fields of Mallowe, and surrounded by every comfort and luxury that a moderate man can desire,—am I the same with nimble little Ned Garrett, earning forty pounds a year, owning a back attic in a Stratford "Terrace," and putting himself on a thrifty allowance of clean shirts and stocks? There is a long, long way between then and now. But inner changes are stranger still. I don't think any Christian man, honestly recalling his youth, need join in the poet's lament—

"I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy."

I think the older a good man grows the nearer he gets to that immortal childhood which always beholds the face of the Father which is in heaven. I am sure I was harder and more worldly at sixteen than I am at sixty. Nobody can teach us Christianity but the Holy Spirit himself. From unaided human lips, how evangelical soever, it comes simply as the law, and like the typical nation of old, we break its spirit that we may keep its letter.

Well, well, after all, we can only learn by Experience. And verily she is a teacher that crieth without, and uttereth her voice in the streets, though there are many who set at nought all her counsel and will none of her reproof. We must all pay the fees of her school, whether or no we will learn her les-

sons, and she charges most to those who learn least. You cannot make an idiot clever by explaining to him all the wonders of nature and art. You cannot make a spendthrift rich, though you give him a mine of Peru. And though you bray a fool in a mortar, you cannot make his folly depart from him. Solomon says "the Lord giveth wisdom," and "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." And if there can be anything like a natural sign of God's elect, I think it is surely the teachable, open mind. Wherever you find a man who can receive a truth that does not fit in with his foregone conclusions, and can follow a new chain of reasoning without a dead weight of prejudices dragging him back, you may have hope of that man. He may be weak, he may be wicked, but God's Spirit, which is always stirring the atmosphere of life, will find the windows of his heart open, though it may be as late as it was with the thief on the cross. And this becomes more apparent when we reflect what it is that shuts minds and hearts. It is sin. Not so much sin merely committed, as sin hypocritically hidden or obstinately justified. Many a poor prodigal heartily believes in, and longs for, the virtue that he has lost and despairs to regain, and prefers to keep such faith and appreciation, even at the price of fits of remorse and despair which are unknown alike to the man who draws the veil of hypocrisy over his secret sins, and then counts all others to be as insincere as himself, or to the bold and blind sinner, who unblushingly dubs his vice a virtue. These last must close up their whole natures, as a man who wishes to keep the contagion of a fever must shut his window, lest the gracious influence of God's air and sunshine should purify unawares. To be sure, His fierce north wind may force an entrance after all, but His fierce north wind does not blow always or often. Let us pray Him to help us to keep our hearts open. It is easier to oil the bolts than to force them when they are rusty.

It strikes me that when it is so interesting to read the adventures of men who have travelled to far countries, it may not be uninteresting to hear of the adventures of one who has travelled the long journey of seventy years. It cannot practically matter to most of us what stores we should lay in, or what route we should take for the

Great Sahara, since few of us will go there. But Life is a road some of whose milestones we must all pass. And there are hints which may be given concerning places where the road breaks, and where that which looks most like the thoroughfare proves but a by-path whence we can only return to the main route through a gate with a heavy toll-fee; and concerning arbours which promise repose and enjoyment, but have a covered pit-fall set right in the path thereto. There may be also sundry directions about certain rocky hollows, in whose darkness flow bright streams of living water. Other hints, too, of spots where, by beating away the thorns of the hedge, and waiting awhile, if need be, for the sunshine, one gets glorious views of the delectable mountains beyond, and even of a pinnacle or two of the Celestial City.

I can scarcely hope that many of my readers will learn the lessons I wish to teach them till they, too, have paid the price of experience. Each man's life must furnish its own hand-book; but it has some ciphers in it, to which an old man's loving counsel may serve as a key, and "the wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way." It is something to know how and where one has been wrong, even when it is too late to redeem that particular error. We must spoil a few copy-books before we can write our own name legibly. Even if a mistake costs you something which you can never regain in this life, do not imitate the poor lady who made it a special clause in her grief for her daughter's death, that now all her costly music and dancing and painting were quite thrown away. "Madam," said a friend, "it must have been a poor education that was not for eternity." If you buy a bit of wisdom at any price, it is a good bargain. Only, if you have no harvest this autumn, don't waste next spring by fretting over it. Many a pathway to heaven hath been deluged and carried away by the flood of regret and despair. The devil chalks up "Too late!" wherever he thinks anybody will stand to read it. But God has only written it once,—and that is on the inside of the door of hell.

Some of you will come to sit some day, as I am sitting now, with the last page of life's book turned down, and so little to add, that it does not much matter whether Death adds his "finis" to-day or to-morrow. And I only pray that towards God, and towards the generation that you must leave marching on behind you, your heart may be as the heart of the patriarch Jacob, when the slow root of

his life's sorrow burst into double bloom at last, and he blessed the sons of the son he had mourned as lost, saying, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day,—the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

I.—A WELL WITHOUT WATER.

My first home in London was in a prim stuccoed row in Stratford. I was placed there by the old managing clerk of our firm, to whom its head, Mr. Lambert, entrusted the social direction of such youngsters as had no immediate ties in the great city.

There were three of us thus lodged at No. 8, Calvert Terrace. We were recommended there partly because our cashier, an elderly bachelor, rented the first floor, and because our worthy managing-clerk—a kindly sponable man, who could not himself have been neutral where it was possible to be active—considered that Mr. Bartram's presence and supervision would be a wholesome check on our youthful indiscretions. But Mr. Bartram's own idea of his duty towards us did not go beyond the faithful administration of a chronic snub. We were never invited into his snug sitting-room, nor asked to accompany him to church, and afterwards to partake of his cold Sunday-dinner, that used to look so tempting with its snowy linen and bright glass as it was carried past the oil-clothed stuffy little hall-room, where we were expected to discuss our neck of mutton and tough pickles.

I know that our landlady, Mrs. Summers, made us as comfortable as she could for the small sum we paid her. Had she been able to invest in better appointments and daintier attendance, she must have charged more. I will never join in an unmeaning philippic against landladies. I have known three or four, chosen in no special way, and I record that I found among them more real kindness and hospitality than is possessed by many a polite dinner-giving hostess. People seem to forget that landladies must have a profit, and that they have as much right to remember the ounce of tea they "lent" you, or the twopence they paid on your behalf, as your wine merchant, Mr. Million, has to send you in his fifty-pounds bill. I know that my landladies of later days had a tendency to tell me that "such a gentleman" ought never to use a coloured quilt or a darned sock. But I remember also that the landladies of my boyhood—and notably Mrs. Summers—spurned the poor little pence I proffered for a repaired waistcoat,

prescribed gratis for my colds, and drew the sting from these little charities by declaring they were only "tit for tat" for my help in casting up the tradesmen's bills and filling-up the census-paper! And thus my experience leads me to feel that in many and many a mean house, not a few toiling, ill-paid women daily offer those kindly cups of cold water which shall by no means lose their reward in some sort.

But yet No. 8, Calvert Terrace, was not altogether a wholesome atmosphere for us. Mrs. Summers herself was like a vigorous sunflower that can grow healthily almost anywhere. But to us, the unavoidable disorder and irregularity were demoralising. The ascetics of the Roman Church seem to regard voluntary dirt and negligence as chief elements in their sanctity; but certainly when they are involuntary, they are the severest discipline of saintship. If your hands are soiled, you are tempted to take up the penny journal or shilling novel, which won't spoil, rather than your morocco Bible or your well-bound volumes of history or biography. If the table is untidy, you can play cards on it better than you can write a letter home, or copy out a Latin exercise. If all arrangements around you are coarsely rough-and-ready, you are likely to forget your polite manners. And after the first disgust wears off, you are apt to find a dangerous, easy charm in this way of life, and to think it was a mistake to be so fussy and particular as you used to be. And then you begin to wonder whether that mistake of yours does not extend to the morals as well as the manners of life. And then, by-and-by, God help you!

And here, let me say, that worth more than many a costly charity or ponderous Institution, is the gentle Christian hospitality that will keep open something like a home for the lad beginning life in the wilderness of a strange city. Good men and women, do not draw your bar against Sabbath visitors so hard and fast, that you shut out such an one as this. Spare him a corner in your pew and the use of your Sunday bookshelf. Make him brightly welcome too, now and again of a week night. Let him know the look of your chessboard and the taste of your double Gloucester. Grudge it not, friend. For comfort unshared is like meat unsalted, it will not keep. It was the woman who took in the stranger, whose barrel of meal and cruise of oil wasted not in the time of the famine in Israel. Do not disregard the poor clumsy half-grown lad,—he may prove a fine man

by-and-by, if he is not trodden down while he is in chrysalis. Do not make too sure that "he must have somewhere better to go,"—that supposition has left many a poor fellow to a dull evening or a lonely Christmas. Don't ask him once, and say it is his own fault if he does not choose to come again,—for he has generally a great pride and touchiness, and if you are apt sometimes to think him a little in the way, he is apt always to feel himself very much so. I speak feelingly, knowing the heart of a stranger, since I was a stranger myself.

My two fellow-lodgers were named respectively Frederick Godfrey and David Wills. They were both much older than me, and in receipt of higher salaries. Wills was at least twenty-two, and Godfrey not more than two years younger. David Wills owned the attic alongside of mine. But Frederick Godfrey occupied what was substantially the best bedroom in the house,—the second-floor chamber above Mr. Bartram's drawing-room. He volunteered to walk home with me, after my first day in the counting-house, David Wills having stayed behind to do a little overwork. I was rather flattered to be taken notice of by such a fine young man, for he was quite grown up, had a handsome face, a dashing manner, and a gay gold chain to match.

"I'm glad you're billeted at No. 8," he said, as he went along, "for I'm the same as alone with only Wills. Old Bartram is nearly as good a companion as he, and that is, none at all. Just fancy, he's staying late, grubbing in that counting-house entirely of his own accord. I call it taking a mean advantage of other fellows."

"How does it interfere with anybody else?" I asked.

"Makes the governors fancy we ought all to be willing to do the same," he replied. "Let them hire more clerks if they want them. I don't believe in keeping bread out of other people's mouths. Live and let live, is my motto. But they needn't think that Wills does it out of disinterested industry and devotion to the house. He only wants to get a good bonus at Christmas. He's a regular screw."

"Perhaps he is forced to be," I suggested timidly.

"Nonsense," said young Godfrey. "He gets more than I do. And yet he chooses to live in a pokey cock-loft, knocking his head against the slanting walls."

"It's the same kind of room as mine," I observed, a little nettled.

"My dear fellow, don't you suppose it's the room I object to! Why, I shouldn't mind sleeping in a beer-barrel for a month together to serve a friend. I rather like roughing it when there is an object in view. But it's on the same principle that a man who would not mind a bit crossing a moor in a hail-storm, would not always choose to go about town without an umbrella. But I believe Wills thinks it's a sin to be comfortable. I don't believe he is a pennyworth of profit to poor Mrs. Summers, and she has to cheat the rest of us to make up for it. But I'll protect your interests, and you'll be somebody on my side, too."

I felt myself fortunate in having secured such a frank and gallant champion, and looked up with boyish admiration at his tall, stalwart figure and fine-featured face, all aglow with health and animal energy.

Tea finished, he asked me to go with him for a walk, but I was reluctantly obliged to decline, as I had my boxes to unpack, when he instantly volunteered to help me, and to give me hints on the best way to arrange my drawers, and to fold my garments, so that they should come out with no unseemly creases. I was quite overcome by such condescension. He spent the evening seated on my only chair; and as he manifested great interest in seeing the contents of every little packet, and I was only too glad to turn over possessions with the aroma of my dear home about them, the time passed so quickly and pleasantly, that though we had emptied the trunk, we had not put one article into the drawers when our supper was announced. For, at Godfrey's suggestion, we were going to have supper, though it was not the rule of the house, and would be charged as an extra. We left the things strewn over bed and toilet-table, and went down-stairs, where David Wills was sitting on a corner of the sofa, reading.

He looked up, and made some kindly observation to me, which I hope I answered with civility; but I was at that age when prepossessions are quickly formed, and there is a proneness to adopt all the prejudices of our idols, even with exaggeration. He was of a slighter build than Frederick Godfrey, and had irregular features, rather pale and thin. He was not to join in our repast; and after a few quiet answers to some bantering talk of Godfrey's concerning his assiduity in the counting-house, he bade us both good-night, and took his book to his own room up-stairs.

"I'm glad he's gone," said my new friend,

forking up his broiled kidney. "But that's his way of showing that he doesn't think one good enough for him."

"Perhaps he thought it seemed rude to sit aside whilst we were eating," I suggested.

Godfrey laughed heartily. "You'll soon learn not to expect that people here are governed by those good rules of old-fashioned etiquette," he said. "Mind, they are the right thing in the right place, but this isn't there. And don't ever try to find excuses for nasty people. It's an aggravating habit. And it makes others think you are on their side in a sneaking way. I always set them down as all of a piece, though I'm the very first to forgive anything in a downright good fellow who means well in the main."

After supper he said carelessly that he should go out and smoke a cigar round the squares, and as perhaps I would be in bed before he returned, he would bid me good-night at once. I could not venture to remind him of his promised aid, which of course he had forgotten. I remember that Mrs. Summers, shrewdly guessing that my bed-room routine would not take more than a quarter of an hour, allowed me that measure of candle, and my light dropped out just as I was counting over my socks, and I had to huddle in the rest of my things in the dark, the result being that next morning I found my best waistcoat crumpled up at the bottom of my bed, and a great clot of tallow on my only pair of kid gloves.

But I was fascinated with Frederick Godfrey, and when we were all three gathered in the counting-house next day, I coolly put aside David Wills's quiet offer to explain anything I did not understand by saying that Mr. Godfrey had promised to see me through everything. To be sure, when I applied to Godfrey, he was generally not to be found, or too busy to attend to me; but he had always a liberal promise for next time, and I had to solve my difficulties by myself, or even, in one or two instances, to apply to Wills, who always responded with a grave, good nature, which, to my foolishness, seemed too business-like to require much gratitude.

How easily some people would pay their way if cheques could be dishonoured with as much impunity as promises are broken!

Wills and I sat to breakfast alone on Sunday. Godfrey had not come down. I remember as I looked at Wills, cutting off our thick slices of bread and butter (he cut for both of us), I could not help wishing that Godfrey liked him better, for then I thought I should. I felt that without Godfrey's warn-

ing, I should have been so sadly mistaken as to think him a very kind and winning person. He talked about the preacher whose ministry I had been advised to attend, spoke warmly of the good man to hear whom he walked all across London, and offered to lend me some books written by him, and, in fact, we got on so pleasantly, that I almost blushed when Godfrey sauntered in, just as it was time for Wills to start chapel-wards.

"That's the last we shall see of him till night," said my friend, as Wills departed. "Sometimes, I suppose, he lives off friends; others, I dare say, he starves. I never knew him to have anything but bread and butter and tea for breakfast since we have lived here. And he dines at a smutty little ordinary of one shilling a-head. And yet he is getting a great deal more money than I am."

I had dutifully obeyed Godfrey's suggestion that I should "never make excuses for nasty people;" but Wills had given me so pleasing an impression that morning, that I could not help saying—

"Perhaps he has to help a father or mother."

"That he hasn't," Godfrey retorted. "Somehow I got to know that his mother, who lives in the country, has fifty pounds a-year of her own. No, Garrett, he's just one of those fellows who find such a pleasure in hoarding that they need no other, and look down on anybody else who does."

"He never says a word against you," I ventured to say.

"Has he any reason?" Godfrey asked, with a fierceness that half frightened me. "Besides, he's a coward. He can pull a long face and keep an insulting silence, because he knows I can't punch his head for that. And he'd like to curry favour with everybody, for enemies are dangerous, and friends may be profitable. Give me a man who says what he thinks, fearlessly. I may quarrel with such, but I can shake hands afterwards."

I did not notice the broken logic of his first sentences, but I admired the sentiment of the last.

Godfrey told me he would come to church with me, only he had a very particular reason to go somewhere else. So he returned to his room, but presently called me down from mine, to ask me to lend him a handkerchief. He had neglected putting his up for wash till he had only two or three very common ones left. I ran to my drawer and fetched one, and he received it with many thanks

and assurances that everything of his was at my disposal—life went so much more easily when two people worked together in a brotherly way.

So Frederick Godfrey and I became constant companions. David Wills asked me if I wouldn't like to hear a series of very able historical lectures about to be delivered at an institute to which he belonged. As a member, he could get me a ticket free. The offer tempted me, but I had a foolish idea of honour that would not let me accept without consulting Godfrey, who promptly pooh-poohed the thing. The institute was a set of old fogies, he said. David Wills would think he had conferred a boundless favour upon me, and would want twenty times its value in return. Besides, if he might take the liberty of saying so, I would do better to devote myself to a lighter kind of learning than the institute patronised. He himself wanted to read up in fiction and poetry during the ensuing winter, and we could do it together. And he believed Wills was taking upon himself to think that he ought to look after me as an inexperienced greenhorn among the dangers of a great city. It was just like his impudence!

Consequently, Wills's invitation was refused, with very cool thanks.

Godfrey and I had many a ramble together in the grey evenings of that autumn. I began to learn something of his history. He had a widowed mother and two elder sisters, who kept a small boarding-school in a quiet country town. They had to work very hard, he said. He wished he could make a lot of money, and then he would help them. Perhaps he should get into business for himself some day, and then he should send for them to London, and they should keep his house. We were wandering about Finsbury while he talked of them, and he spoke touchingly of the bitterness he felt in seeing other men's mothers in their new silks and satins, while he always found his in her old black bombazine and grey shawl. Presently we emerged upon the Pavement, and happening to see some fine lobsters exposed for sale, he paid a shilling for one and took it home for his supper.

Another night he told me that he was engaged. My simple heart quite beat with the sense of coming years and responsibilities, to find myself on friendly terms with a man who dared to be engaged. Frederick Godfrey spoke of the subject in a strain of sorrowful sentiment which stirred my youthful sensibilities. The lady of his love

was Ellen Wyman, the only daughter of a merchant, whose house was in Bloomsbury, where he occasionally visited. She was just a year younger than himself, and a sweet, pretty girl, he said. Her parents knew nothing about it, because the misguided pair knew that they would not approve. Frederick fancied the mother suspected something, because she was cooling towards him. He said moodily that Ellen would have plenty of money. They would say that was what he wanted. He wished she had not a penny. They would say he ought to have been too honourable to engage her affections; but, at any rate, he had begged her over and over again to think no more of him, but to let him drop from her bright path, as the cloud drops from the sun, and to move on in beauty and happiness, as if no such Being of Agony and Despair had ever existed. His heart must take her image down to the silent grave; but no matter, he besought her to hold herself free and unprejudiced whenever young Tilson, the stockbroker—who her mother was always lauding to the skies—should make that offer for which (this in parenthesis) Godfrey believed Mrs. Wyman was always scheming. Only the more he thus exhorted her, the more the darling little simpleton clung to him, vowing that she could not give up such a noble and disinterested lover for all the fathers, mothers, and Mr. Tilsons in the world! But he never hoped to marry her. It was the fiat of the Fates that they should walk apart, blighted.

Some evenings he spoke in a different strain. Poorer men than he had been jilted by richer girls than Ellen Wyman, and had lived to make them repent it. A man's life was not ended, like a woman's, when the love fell out of it. He was not sure, after all, whether he might not prefer a roving life abroad—say in the Bush, with a few jolly companions and plenty of sport and adventure—to existence in London on two or three hundred a-year, spending one's evenings with one's wife and babies. He would laugh boisterously when he was in this mood. I set it down as the bitterness of a breaking heart; for the course of poetry and fiction on which we had already entered, was teaching me that saturnine sophistry, which, though it doubts feeling where emotion is patiently restrained, credits it most largely where there is a forced and brutal display of its absence. I had not then learned that if the sincerest mourner does

not always weep the most at a funeral, neither does he masquerade there in a clown's motley.

In the course of those wanderings, we had other conversations, not wholly personal. We had both been brought up in serious homes. There were mutual childish reminiscences of religious habit and training. If it had not been so, even I should have been more mistrustful when my companion began to discuss views which had never before been brought specifically before my young mind, but which I had been taught to regard generally as infidel and destructive. He put them forth at first in a very tentative way, as what other people said, and he wondered whether there was any truth in them. They were religious doubts and mystifications of all sorts, physical and metaphysical, from the geology of Genesis to the theology of the Epistle to the Romans. I don't remember more of them now, than that they were of the flimsiest material worn threadbare, and that anybody honestly seeking their solution need not have appealed to the higher and more abstruse canons of Biblical criticism, but would have found them satisfactorily answered by most of the humbler text-books on the subject. But at the time they gave me a painful sense of confusion and uncertainty—a sort of restless craving that sent me back again and again to the same subject, as a man returns to a stimulant that at first nauseated him.

Frederick Godfrey led me on and on. He could read my uneasiness, but overruled it. It was a man's duty to inquire, he said. It was a poor faith that dared not ask a question. I might have retorted that it was a querulous doubt which would not wait for a reply, but then I did not notice that peculiarity in his style of argument.

I have often thought of those days when I have heard people say that it cannot matter much what a man believes, so long as he lives up to right moral principles. They might as well remark that it does not matter if the beams of a house are rotten, so long as the door-plate is bright. Where will be the door-plate, when the house falls? A hazy creed means a mazy life. A man's faith is the mainspring of his actions. He who believes nothing will do nothing, till the devil finds him work. I record as my own experience that when the foundations of faith rocked, the superstructure of practice reeled.

I wonder to what I might not have been tempted in those days but for the vivid memory of my quiet country home and my

brave patient sister, who trusted me so much. What I felt almost daring enough to risk for my own sake I somehow could not risk for hers. Even with this restraint I fell far enough to make me shudder at every reminiscence of that dangerous way. A man who has narrowly escaped death over a precipice will scarcely care to try again how close he can venture to the edge.

But God kept a good influence yet nearer to me in those dangerous days. When I, too, began to come down late to breakfast on Sundays, I quailed before David Wills's quiet glance. My tea was poured out and my bread buttered in readiness. He never made more than a cheerful remark that if I didn't make haste I should be late for service, as if he would not in the least suppose that I did not care whether I was early or late. It made me ashamed to say so. It made me mumble some excuse and make haste. I thought to myself what a sly poltroon he was not to speak out plainer, and did not notice that the utmost object of plainest speech was evidently attained without it!

But I soon found he could speak out boldly enough, and that too in the presence of my doughty friend. He might not wish to alienate Godfrey still further, and he might conclude that any actual personal interference with me would defeat itself. But a book was a fair field for discussion.

It was the work of a man who has gone to his account long since, but his name was in everybody's mouth in those days. For there was a sparkle on the top of the poisoned cup which he held out, and there was an intoxication in it which made those who partook ready to believe that it was wholesome to the dregs. Under the pretence of unconventionality, he would attribute to robbers and demireps those highest virtues whose possible existence in reputable people he treated with scornful incredulity and denial. He had a wonderful eye for the beauties of nature, but he had the devil's own opinion of human nature. His life was a contagion, and he has left to the world a memory like the trail of a serpent.

Frederick Godfrey had lent me one of this man's worst books. It was not his own, but borrowed from an acquaintance. This was his utmost fulfilment of his grand proffer of all that was his. True, I never asked him for any loan but once, and that was for a pair of sleeve-links, mine inopportunely breaking while we were dressing to go to tea with our head clerk. But he had put off dressing till the last minute, was flustered by a pair of

tight boots, had but a very common set to spare, and they were at the very bottom of his trunk; if it had been anything else, my dear fellow, &c., &c.

I was sitting in our common room, reading this book while I waited for Frederick Godfrey. A play by the same writer was then being acted at one of the theatres, and Godfrey had gone somewhere to see if he could procure tickets, having at last overcome my scruples, and persuaded me to accompany him. And I felt very uncomfortable, for my conscience was ill at ease.

Wills came in. He knew what I was reading, for the volume had been lying about at breakfast time. He poured out a cup of tea for himself, and then said—

"That book doesn't belong to you, does it?"

"No," I replied, "it belongs to some friend of Godfrey's."

"I am sorry to see you reading it, Garrett," he observed gravely.

At another time I should have remembered my crony's instructions, and in his words "given the sneak no chance to show off" by keeping silence. But I was off my guard. I was so terribly self-accused, that I was eagerly defensive, as kings will try to avert civil strife by foreign war.

"I want to see what it is like for myself," I said, using an argument of Godfrey's concerning the theatre which was still uppermost in my mind. "It is uncharitable and thoughtless to condemn on hearsay." For I must remark that warning voices had already gone forth respecting this author.

"Will you not believe that arsenic and prussic acid are poison without tasting them?" he asked.

"Then are we to take for granted all that is told us?" I retorted. "How can we tell when criticism is sincere and disinterested? Are we to have no judgment of our own unless we are parsons?" I almost blushed to feel with what effrontery I was quoting arguments which I had been faintly combating only an hour or two earlier. I never felt so helplessly young and puerile, as in this my defiant claim to self-dependent manhood.

David Wills looked at me with sorrowful eyes, and paused before his reply.

"Without being chemists we may all test poison, and try experiments with dangerous gases," he said, "provided we have a certain amount of knowledge to begin with, and a suitable apparatus. Under similar conditions we may all be fit to handle error."

"What conditions?" I asked.

"You can't define them so easily as a crucible or a battery can do," he said, smiling, "but they are to be defined. Given a sufficient knowledge of oneself, a thorough acquaintance with the Bible, a constant prayer for God's help and guidance, and last of all, a habit of self-restrained earnest life—and the man becomes in things spiritual like an expert in things material. He does not need to constantly apply weight and measure, but swiftly detects the fraudulent and rejects the adulterated."

"And unless we can come up to this wonderful standard are we to keep our judgments in slavish submission?" I asked. Poor little me, I had heard a good deal of talk in heroics lately, and there is no measure so easy to catch!

"No," he said, with that little dimple at the corner of his mouth which made him look so aggravatingly pleasant, "we must always be growing towards it. And there is one simple rule which will help us wonderfully while we are so doing. Never to be fascinated by the originalities of a writer whose life is immoral."

At that moment Frederick Godfrey burst in hastily. He looked worn and haggard,—indeed, for some time he had not seemed well or cheerful, but whereas he had formerly rushed to the chemist's for some decoction for every headache or indisposition, latterly he had repudiated my suggestion of a doctor's aid, saying that doctors could do him no good.

"Are you ready, Ned? What, not done your tea! I've got two pit tickets. My chum could only get me gallery ones, but I paid the difference."

"I thought you never went to the theatre, Garrett," said David Wills.

"I've never been before," I answered, terribly uneasy,—*"I'm just going for once."*

"I can treat you to a gallery ticket if you'd like one, Wills," said Godfrey pertly. "I've got another in my pocket, and I shall only throw it into the gutter."

Wills just glanced at him, but did not answer. Somehow I felt ashamed of my friend. Why was he so coarsely insolent? There seemed a difference in his face too, like that which a new light will give a picture. He looked vulgar and sensual. Perhaps when a scale is taken from a man's eye he thinks a mist has melted from the world.

"If you go, Garrett," said Wills very quietly, "you must tell them at home, or it will be acting a lie. Don't go."

I looked at Godfrey. I had raised this difficulty myself, but he had silenced it by saying that nobody expected a fellow to tell friends everything, but that I could tell them if I liked, for they could not help themselves, only it would be kinder to spare their feelings. An old woman and a girl buried in the country could not be judges of what was fit and proper for a young man in London, and then he had hummed an impromptu stanza:

"Pretty baby, when it fell
Did its sissy make it well;
Pretty baby, did it cry,
Let its mammy wipe its eye."

Against which magnificent sarcasm I could not contend.

"Come along if you're coming," was now Godfrey's only response to my appealing glance, speaking in an injured tone. "If you had not made up your mind to come, you should not have let me go hunting all over the town, making a fool of myself, to get tickets."

It was a voice which I had grown accustomed to obey, though it had not spoken before in that tone. I went off to my room to make some trifling alteration in my dress. As I left the parlour, Godfrey threw himself on the sofa, and made some remark, between a taunt and a jeer, to David. I did not hear the words of his reply, but I heard its tone—calm and decided. On my return from my chamber, I met him on the stairs. He put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "There's time to change your mind yet."

"I can't disappoint Godfrey," I answered, half-shaking off his touch. "It can't do me any harm for once."

He looked at me, and there was a quiet humility in his sorrowful eyes, as they softly met mine.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

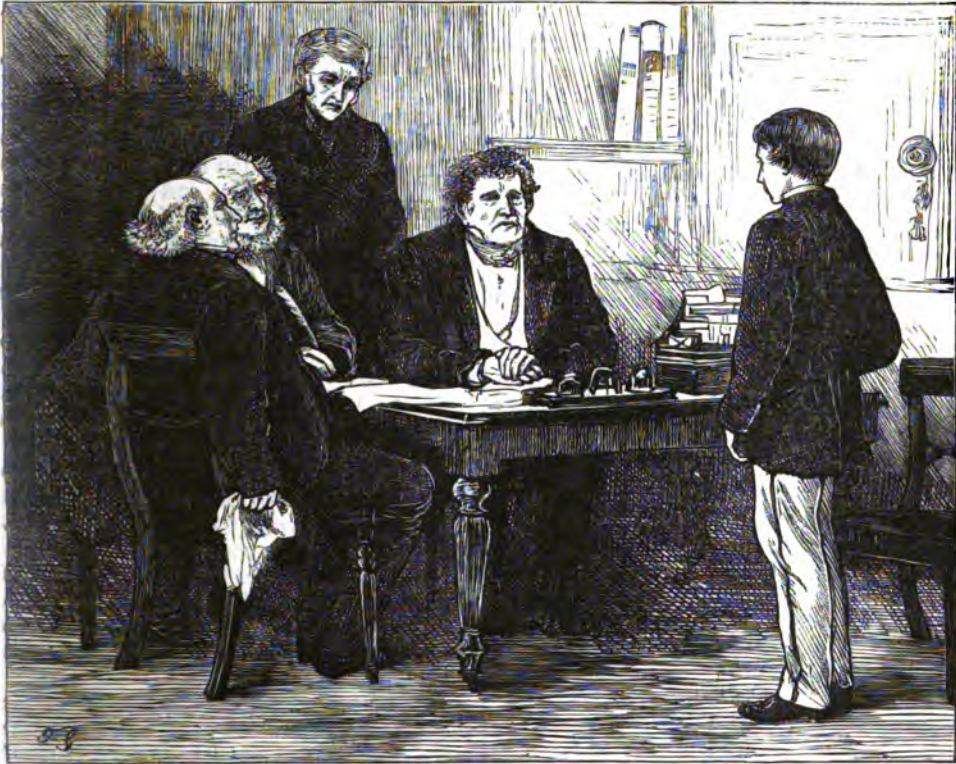
That was all he said. Those words and no more. I must go to my stolen pleasure with them ringing in my ears.

Godfrey sprang from his couch and joined me. He had recovered from his annoyance, and was now in boisterous spirits. But I could not join in the ridicule he heaped on David Wills; and when he made such remarks as that Mrs. Summers "had taken the very looking-glass out of the miser's room, which showed he must be either paying her so little that he daren't interfere whatever she did, or else that he permitted her to do it in consideration of the deduction of another sixpence a week from his rent,"—it gave me a positive jar, just as if a low

street song had broken in on the sweet melody of a psalm.

That is the only time I ever entered a play-house. I have a confused remembrance of brilliant scenery and extravagantly luxuriant dresses, and of a drama with impossible incidents, where the scapegrace hero was washed into an angel in disguise, by being wrecked on a desert coast with a coffer of gold, which comfortably provided for him ever afterwards, when he married the girl who had been engaged without any love to his stupid brother, who was contented to plod in the bank of

their old uncle. I remember that all the elderly people of the piece were great criminals or perfect idiots, and it was treated as the natural duty of their juniors to thwart and out-general them, and to empty their purses. I have a more distinct recollection of a wretched heat in the eyes and dryness of the lips. Then Godfrey grew sulky and pettish again in the course of the evening, and began to stand upon his rights with the people about us, and quarrelled with a man in front who had brought a cushion to sit upon, which raised him to an abnormal



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height, and positively obscured about half an inch of our view. And the man answered back, and offered an appeal to the pit-attendant, and his wife and two other female companions muttered and scowled at me. And when it was over, it was too late to expect to find bread and cheese waiting us at Calvert Terrace, and Frederick Godfrey remarking that he had left his purse at home, there was nothing for it but for me to take out mine, and politely understand that in consideration of the value of my ticket I must spend three times its price on refreshments.

I. N.S.

This was especially inconvenient as it forced me to break half-a-sovereign which I had set aside to purchase a birthday present for my mother.

I had a bad night. I dreamed that I myself was wrecked on a desert coast, but, instead of the coffer of gold, there was only a black monkey, who grinned and made game of me. And when I woke in the morning it came to me, with a bitter sting, that this was the day when I usually began my weekly letter home. I generally dallied with it for two evenings, because it was pleasant com-

pany. But now I said to myself that at any rate I need not begin it till to-morrow.

I was late for breakfast, and did not want any, and the weak dregs of the tea-pot nearly made me sick. David Wills had already started for the counting-house. I was glad of that, for I did not want to confront him. Godfrey was in high but fitful spirits. He said he had just received a remittance from a paternal uncle, but the worst of it was it must nearly all go to wipe out old scores. How could a fellow live on eighty pounds a-year? He laughed, rather cruelly I thought, at my pale face and sickly appetite, saying it was only because I was not used to it. When I had gone five or six times it would become quite a matter of course.

But that was my first and last visit to the theatre. I am not going to discuss this matter. This is not a record of opinions, but a diary of experience. I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen. And what I know is, that all the pleasure I derived was of a mocking, feverish character, only to be called pleasure by me, as some unsophisticated diners-out will call Indian condiments savoury whilst they are choking and blinding them; that the companion who had invited me there had never seemed so neglectful and ungenial as when I had accepted his offer; and that the revelations of closely-following events wrote across that boyish temptation such stern and solemn warnings that beneath them it became utterly illegible.

I can never forget the morning, only two days after this, when a rumour was whispered through the counting-house that something was wrong. My letter to my mother, for the first time delayed, still lay unfinished in my desk, and I felt so utterly anchorless and miserable that I was almost glad even of a sinister excitement from without.

It was a sweet April day. The dusky place was full of fresh spring sunlight. It glittered on the silvery head of the firm's old solicitor as he passed through to the master's private room, where presently the clerks were summoned one by one, and as each examination closed, instead of being allowed to return to the counting-house, they were remitted to an ante-chamber beyond the principal's sanctum. At last there remained only Godfrey and me. His seniority made it natural that he should be summoned first, but the cashier called my name instead, and Godfrey's face looked pale in the sunshine as I went out.

I found Mr. Lambert, another partner, the solicitor, and the head-clerk seated in con-

clave. They were kindly, elderly men, and all known to me. But the strange majesty of the law was about them now, and innocent as I knew myself to be—I trembled. Their library-table had become judicial, and the chair on which I sat was but a private dock.

Mr. Lambert spoke encouragingly. "They were about to ask me a few questions," he said. "I must well consider my answers, but need not be afraid, so long as I spoke the whole truth."

He believed I lodged in the same house with Mr. Godfrey. Did I know whether Mr. Godfrey paid his rent regularly, or had lately been in debt of any sort?

I hesitated. I knew nothing about the rent, for Godfrey always merged all particulars in the general term of "difficulties." At most I could only testify to their recent existence; but it pained me even to do this, for he was my friend; and though I had begun to suspect that he might go too far in some ways, I was indignant that he should be thus suspected.

I think the head-clerk would have spoken sharply, but Mr. Lambert checked him.

"You have lived on friendly terms," he said gently, "and this seems to you a betrayal of confidence. It is really not so. Innocence has nothing to fear, and is best proved by the truth."

I admitted almost inaudibly that Godfrey had been in difficulty, nervously adding, as I thought in his favour, that I believed he had felt very distressed about it.

"Doubtless he was very distressed," said the solicitor drily. "And now, young gentleman, can you tell us the history of the evening of the 18th instant—not yesterday, the day before?"

It was harder to answer him than Mr. Lambert. There was a peculiar emphasis in his way of calling me "young gentleman." My old master was looking at me anxiously, and I felt my face colour to the roots of my hair.

"We went to the theatre together," I stammered. And Mr. Lambert leaned suddenly back on his chair.

"Did he pay for you?" asked the solicitor, who was making notes.

"He had gallery tickets given to him," I answered; "but he paid the difference, and we went to the pit."

"Do you know who gave him the tickets?" inquired somebody.

I knew the person's name, and where he lodged or did business. Godfrey had spoken

of him as a friend of his. I had never seen him.

"That's a low money-lender and theatrical agent," said the solicitor, as he jotted down the address I gave. "Do you know when he got the tickets?"

"That same evening, after office-hours," I replied.

"Who left the office first that evening, you or he?"

I did. I had been the very first clerk to leave. I had gone straight home, and Mr. Wills had followed presently, and Godfrey had come in about three quarters of an hour later.

"Did we speak to anybody at the play?"

"No," I answered, in perfect good faith, but recollected and corrected myself. "Yes, we did—at least, Godfrey did; but it was only to a stranger, casually."

I must tell all about it.

With a burning sense of ignominy I did so, relating the episode of the man with the cushion, and how words had run so high between him and Godfrey, that they had stepped aside with a view to exchanging cards. I had not watched them during that interview, being forced to own that I had been so ashamed of Godfrey, that I had tried as well as I could not to appear connected with him.

"What was the man like?"

"Tall, and dark, and sallow. An ugly man, with some fault in his left eye."

And I had never seen him, before or since?

"Never before. But, oddly enough, I had happened to see him again next day, yesterday, in Broad Street. I did not think he noticed me. He had a short, fair man with him."

"Eh, indeed! Did I recollect anything else about the appearance or dress of this short, fair man?"

"He had reddish hair, and a soft, grey hat. I did not notice more particularly."

The junior partner gave a long, low whistle, and the others looked at each other significantly.

"Do you know if Mr. Godfrey has in any way got out of his difficulties?" the head clerk asked.

"No, I only knew he would do so, as he had a remittance from his uncle yesterday morning, with which he was going to pay his debts." I spoke with the ardour of a special pleader.

"Dear, dear, dear!" sighed good old Mr. Lambert, "how can you account for a man's

making such an admission as that, under such circumstances?"

"The natural imbecility of crime," said the solicitor coolly.

And I was dismissed.

In less than half an hour Frederick Godfrey was in custody, on a charge of stealing notes of the value of £100 from his masters. He had found an opportunity of putting his hands upon them on the evening when he remained late at the office, and had hoped to pass them quickly off to the man who gave him the tickets. But so direct a clue was too dangerous for that worthy. He would have nothing to do with the affair. And he got off scot free, though there was no moral doubt that he arranged the meeting with the other confederate in the theatre, where the notes were transferred, to be cashed next morning by the "fair man" the moment the bank doors were opened, and before they were missed. It was elicited that my wretched companion had received but thirty pounds as his share of the transaction.

I shall never forget that miserable time. Mr. Lambert's words of warning were trustful and kind. But the head-clerk spoke sharply, and the juniors stood aloof. Those who were nearest my danger were the severest on me, whilst he who was safest from my mistakes, though he had suffered under them, was gentlest, and kindest, and most appreciative of my temptation. I was almost ashamed of the thankfulness with which I now accepted David Wills's long-sighted companionship.

What true, tender, sympathetic words he spoke! He would not let me be afraid to tell the whole story to my mother and sister. He even helped me to tell it. I was willing enough to go to chapel with him now, and to read his books. I could even confide to him the straits I was in for the money and comforts I had lent to Godfrey. And much as I afterwards found he just then needed all his own, he found something to spare for me.

Godfrey was tried at last. But before his trial he made an attempt at suicide, and was brought up for that as well. It was a singularly abortive and insincere attempt, though he had arranged all preliminaries most methodically,—down to a high-flown letter to "darling Ellen,"—full of "for her dear sake," and "is it in heaven a crime to love too well?"—with the poor girl's surname, and her father's address subscribed in full. It was suggested in our counting-house that this letter was the ruling motive of the attempted suicide, in the hope that, for his daughter's

sake, old Mr. Wyman might repay the stolen money, and induce the prosecution to stay its hand. If so, it was doubly defeated. The letter was very properly suppressed without publication in the newspapers, but it so enraged the young lady's father that when he heard Messrs. Lambert & Co. were inclined to be merciful out of pity for Godfrey's poor mother and sisters, he came to them and urged justice to its utmost limit. How the unhappy Ellen felt was not to be discovered. Her parents professed to forgive her duplicity, but her household happiness may be imagined. About three years later I saw the announcement of her death. She died in an hotel at Ventnor. That told its own story.

So the trial went on, and the sentence proved unexpectedly severe. All the dainty luxuries and winged liberties were to be exchanged for the convict's cup of skilly and shot-exercise. Mr. Lambert visited him once or twice in his cell during the earlier stage of durance. I ventured timidly to request my master to ask Godfrey if he would like to see me. We had been friends anyhow, I said, with something very like a sob, for it is a curious fact that while genuine kindnesses are often remembered with a grudging reluctance, mere professions are generally recalled with stormy and unreasonable tenderness. Mr. Lambert consented to take my message, though he looked grave, and when he returned I am sure he only delivered Godfrey's words in full, because he thought they were the best medicine for my case—"He did not want to see me. I might be well enough in my way, but as weak as water—a regular little fool."

Only a week after Godfrey's sentence we all discovered the reason of David Wills's strict economy. He was going to be married. The young lady was an orphan nursery governess, with nothing to add to his savings but her own, still smaller. "But our wants are but simple," said David brightly, "and Kate's life is very hard now, and lonely into the bargain. So we think we can venture, especially as my salary is rising, though slowly."

I was not invited to the wedding, which was so quiet as to have but one guest, the

bride's old aunt, who lived in some guild almshouse at Holloway, and with whom the young couple had been accustomed to take tea between services on Sundays. They were married at their old chapel, David Wills quietly walking out from Calvert Terrace at just about the same time as he usually started for the counting-house.

"But I would throw an old shoe after him for all that," said Mrs. Summers, between laughing and crying, "for he's been a real gentleman all through, and has let me take all sorts of advantage of him that I never need have done if it had not been for that palaver-ing young scamp of a Godfrey. Why, only the week before he got his deserts he'd promised that faithful to pay me that I left myself so short on Saturday night I had to ask that dear good creature to let me have the loan of his looking-glass till Monday, which was to raise a little money on, and he said yes as good-natured as could be, thinking it was through some trouble of my own, for I kept that monkey's secret, knowing as Mr. Wills never owed me one shilling under another, and wouldn't hold with such ways. And now I've seen Mr. Wills look that grave for a minute this morning, that I'm bound to say he was thinking about him that's in the dismal prison. Bother him, I say, and all such, for they make trouble, and it's the only thing they give away."

If ever I have occasion to thank God for his restraining mercies, it is for those days. He saved me in spite of myself. It seems to me that there is no depth of folly, no blackness of wickedness to which I might not have been led. But there were earnest prayers rising for me, and God heard them, even while I was puzzling my empty head "whether prayer might not be a mere mesmeric action of the will." Verily it is of His mercies that I was not consumed; truly His compassions fail not.

It taught me not to take people at their own or others' valuation. It warned me to beware of those who promise liberty while they themselves are the servants of corruption. And it, taught me the everlasting truth that whoever will be a friend of the world must be the enemy of God.



THE SEALED BOOK.

ST. JOHN'S Last Book is in every respect the richest in Holy Writ. Full to overflowing with men's highest, because eternal, interest. Full of glad tidings, and priceless promises, and heavenly blessings, to a suffering and fast perishing world. Sublime even in letter; but marvellously sublime in symbol, in figure, and above all, in spirit! Soaring to the highest mountain peaks of poetry, and thence rising even to heaven itself; yet exact, precise, and truthful in every word! Spanning the alpha and omega of Scripture, like a beautiful rainbow, illuminating every page! Earnestly and solemnly, then, would we inquire why so great a book is so little read? How comes perishing man to have lost interest in that book, wherein all his deepest and most lasting interests centre, and are complete?

It may clear our way to consider the matter in the form of three questions:—

First. Is the study of Revelation popular?

Second. Why is it not so?

Third. How can we make it so?

The first question is not hard to answer. In course of conversation I lately mentioned to a devout and studious friend that I had been studying Revelation for thirty years. The reply was—"What a very unprofitable study!" The words struck me more, because the same remark had been made to me a year before in Germany. I replied that Revelation was so interwoven with all Holy Writ, and that to attempt to study Scripture without it was tantamount to studying anatomy without the head—where every nerve centred, giving us reason, brain, sight, and voice. In Revelation every nerve of Scripture centres, giving us its reason and motive powers, crowning and consummating the whole structure.

Turning from individuals to the press, we find very similar remarks, even in Church papers, while others ridicule the subject, and tax its students with a prurient curiosity; so that research—a merit in all other sciences—is here a reproach.

Turning to the pulpit, we find one very popular preacher in America characterising this study as "Prophecy-mongering;" while another in England classes unfulfilled prophecy among those "foolish questions" which the Apostle cautions us to avoid. Alas! how many thousand souls, who never study Revelation at all, find in these expressions a grateful opiate for disobedience and neglect! Dr. Vaughan says, "For most Christians Revela-

tion consists of five chapters;" while he adds, "which of us has not regarded it as a mystical, unintelligible, and therefore unprofitable book?"

Revelation is inscribed upon a roll! And this is man's estimate of that roll, over which St. John wept, when he beheld it unopened. Christ has opened it to us by his long years of suffering in the flesh, by his long hours of agony and death upon the accursed tree. He conquered on the cross, *so as to open* this roll (for that is the correct rendering). He there died, that through death He might "destroy him that had the power of death." He there died to redeem us and our lost inheritance; that He might acquire a legal right to the possession lost by our transgression; and that as rightful heir He might open the title-deed of his and our new inheritance. He died that He might "break in pieces the oppressor," open our prison-gates, and release us from bondage. In this roll, or title-deed, he rehearses in brief the whole process of acquisition and redemption. He shows whom He has conquered and how He has conquered. He announces to us that his victory is ours, and He addresses a sevenfold earnest exhortation to all of us, to "overcome"—like Him.

In this roll, He unveils to us all the prolonged warfare, all the varying strategy, whereby He restores all things, avenges the fall, fulfils every jot and tittle of Holy Writ, "destroys the destroyer," eliminates the curse, makes all things new, and comes personally to reign among us in his regained inheritance. The very hosts of heaven shout, exalt, and praise Him for the visions and promises of this roll. But man! poor sin-blinded, error-mazed man!—who is most concerned in the roll, calls this vast group of sacred wonders on which he is called to gaze—"unprofitable study."

II. This brings us to the second question—Why is the study of Revelation unpopular and deemed unprofitable? I answer unhesitatingly—because its spiritual drift, purport, substance, and meaning, have been lost in the mists and endless diversities of historic interpretation. Many have said to me "I began the study of Revelation in earnest—I read deeply—I found every commentator differed—I became bewildered, and I closed the book, waiting for God's revelation of it." But God has closed the canon of Scripture, we can expect no other revelation save the

one, "Surely I come quickly:" and with the premonitory signs thereof, earth seems now to shake, and the heavens to tremble!

As regards historic interpretation, I may briefly state, that there are three schools, each viewing the Apocalypse differently—the Præterist, the Protestant, and the Futurist.*

The Præterists consider the prophecy past, and fulfilled in the Jewish nation and in Pagan Rome. The Futurists consider it unfulfilled, relating to events yet future, to take place at the Second Advent.

The Protestant school apply the several apocalyptic visions to the great events affecting the Church and Christendom, from St. John's time to the consummation. Mr. Elliott is the *facile princeps* in this school, and he describes the system as a "chronologically consecutive scheme of historic interpretation."

One main feature pervades all these systems—*disunion*. Numerous as are the works (there are upwards of a thousand in the British Museum) we shall scarcely find two wherein perfect harmony prevails. On the other hand, one main feature pervades all Scripture—*unity*. Numerous as are its writers, we defy any one to find two portions not in perfect harmony.

Disunion, then, and discord are the characteristics of our commentaries; unity and harmony those of the subject commented on.

The inference is obvious, we are NOT in the path of truth.

I would by no means disparage the practical application of Scripture to history. We should strive to read God's Word in every page of history, and in every event of life. The world is the book wherein we read God's Word; history, the book wherein we may read the daily and hourly accomplishment of God's prophetic word.

There exists, therefore, necessarily a continuous agreement between history and Scripture. The one authenticates the other. The hand that wrote the Word, directs the world, consequently Scripture and history have one common author, end, and aim; while the same laws so govern both, that their unity of plan is as marked as their infinite variety of phenomena. Their very themes agree—the one in human language, the other in divine—tell and retell the same old story—sin, and God's remedy for sin. God is in Christ, working to reconcile heaven and earth; gradually repairing the great breach made between them by the Adversary; eradicating evil, breaking its colossal powers in

pieces, and laying, deep on their ruins, the foundations of that kingdom which shall never be moved. To this end He holds the rudder of the nations, and steereth them whithersoever He wills, in accordance with the laws, principles, and declarations of his Word, and in full accord with his purpose as therein set forth. History, therefore, is but the dilated annals of the great King, going forth to his work of restoration and repair, conquering and to conquer, every difficulty and every foe. Thus viewed, it must ever be in accord with Holy Writ. Moreover, as Scripture is framed for yesterday, to-day, and for ever, it necessarily touches history at every salient point, while its events and teachings severally become examples and illustrations of the Divine Word.

But these agreements between God's work and God's Word, have been deemed fulfillments of prophecy—when striking or when aptly fitting into some chronological scheme of interpretation. Here is our error—we have called agreements fulfillments.

The historic view of Revelation is not profitable. What is described as long since past can have little edification for us. What can it profit us to know, beyond all shadow of doubt, that Trajan, Nerva, Caracalla, and other Roman emperors, are the riders in the seals, and that the horse is the badge of Rome?

I appeal to common sense. Is it possible that Revelation is a book standing *per se* in Scripture, telling us of emperors and battles, mainly Roman? of times, and seasons, and churches, mainly papal? Can it be, that while all Scripture is world-wide, Revelation, the sum total of Scripture, is purely Continental?

Moreover, by thus reading Revelation historically, we lose that deep hidden wisdom, and those deep spiritual lessons, which characterise inspiration. "Let us then prophesy according to" (what St. Paul calls) "the proportion of faith" (Rom. xii. 6); and not according to what Froude calls "the passive irony of history," which will, he adds, "bear you out in any theory you like to start."

Even admitting that history has served us in the past, will it in the future? Events now follow each other so unexpectedly, and in such rapid succession, that what seemed incredible yesterday is matter of history to-day; while past experience and human inference are alike set at naught. In the day, then, of the Lamb's wrath, when events come like a hail-storm upon earth, will not history prove utterly futile? Not so Scripture!

* This summary is taken from Elliott's valuable "History of Apocalyptic Interpretation."

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's Word abideth for ever.

From this undue use of history, as an exponent of Revelation, men have come to confound human commentaries with the divine text, and the crudities, uncertainties, and endless diversities of the former, they have attributed unjustly to the latter, until at last they dare, in their blindness, to call this wondrous book of God "unprofitable." Let us wipe out this reproach. The historic view, treated as it has been, bewilders men. The scriptural view will enlighten, attract, interest, edify. Briefly stated, the issue simply is Scripture *versus* History. And herein lies the main difficulty. A huge historic barrier has been carefully and laboriously built up during many centuries between us and scriptural interpretation. How many ponderous tomes, how many fine-spun historic theories, how many pet schemes, how many rashly hazarded prophecies must yield, and be abandoned, before scriptural interpretation can have full sway—may I not add—fair play? It is very trying to the pride of human nature, especially trying to literary and intellectual pride, to say, "All we like sheep have gone astray:" yet we must make this confession, and turn to Scripture with a pure heart fervently, or we shall make little progress in apocalyptic interpretation. There is, moreover, an inherent weakness in human nature, which leads us, not to make God's Word our sole standard, or test of spiritual things; but to erect a standard of our own, and fit spiritual things to it. Under any circumstances, historic interpretation having been tried for so many centuries and found wanting, we should now in all fairness devote some years of research to scriptural interpretation.

III. This brings us to our third question:—How can we best popularise Revelation, and render it profitable and edifying?

One thing is needful—that we should interpret Scripture by Scripture—"comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

There is but one true *Clavis Apocalyptica*, and that is—"THUS SAITH THE LORD."

On this foundation let us build, as on a rock. The moment we leave this rock we are like men launched on the great ocean of truth, without a rudder, and without the breath of the Holy Spirit to fill our sails.

Let us, then, inquire what clue Holy Writ affords us as to the mysteries of Revelation.

In the first place, it gives us a different idea of "prophecy" to the current one. It does not say that it is the office of prophecy to foretell future historic events; but it states

pointedly that "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." It also tells us to "compare spiritual things with spiritual," and not with human historians. And when our Lord wished to explain to his disciples "all that the prophets had spoken," He did not turn to secular history, but "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them, *in all the Scriptures*, the things concerning Himself."

Here, then, we have two important clues furnished by the Holy Spirit: "prophecy is the testimony of Jesus;" and it is to be "expounded in all the Scriptures, beginning at Moses and all the prophets."

Let us here follow this golden rule, and briefly scan Scripture from Moses to St. John; in other words, from the cradle of the human race to the glorious and perfected city of God. Having done this, with the Holy Spirit for our guide and counsellor, let us calmly and dispassionately inquire what portion of Holy Writ was left for the last surviving Apostle to complete. With that portion we may naturally expect to find St. John wholly occupied.

However brief and imperfect our survey of Holy Writ may be, the faithful and intelligent believer will not fail to see in it a progressive scheme of divine teaching, formed on the constructive rather than on the historic principle, replete from first to last with "the testimony of Jesus:" perfect from the fall, yet ever amplifying with man's growing faith and power, and advancing with an ever-brightening and widening perspective through Moses and all the prophets, through the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles, where we are finally introduced by St. Paul to two all-important mysteries. But so brief is the introduction, and so few, dark, and mysterious the words used, that had our Divine Teacher stopped here, the Bible would, so to speak, have remained incomplete. It was, therefore, graciously reserved for the last beloved disciple to take up and complete the Scripture narrative precisely where the previous writers had left off. This all-important task St. John so fully performs that he may be said to describe these two mysteries, *ab ovo usque ad finem*. Hence we find him at the very opening of the seven seals going back to the gates of Eden, and with the four cherubim there first shown to man in "testimony of Jesus," evoking the four "spirits of the heavens," who are the riders in the first four seals, and who exercise so vast a sway over man's destiny, that it is at our peril we neglect their study.

It will now be asked, What are these two

mysteries? St. Paul terms the first "The mystery of Christ," wherein of twain He is to make in Himself "One New Man" (Eph. ii, iii.).

"A mystery—making in Himself of twain, One New Man." These verily are dark words, but St. John reveals their meaning most fully in his "unveiling."

Again, St. Paul with similar brevity introduces us to another great mystery. He terms it "the mystery of Iniquity;" and he briefly, and almost fitfully, refers to certain "principalities and powers" as forming some of its elements, and to a certain "Man of Sin" as its offspring or offshoot.

But there he stops, as if remembering his Master's words, "Ye cannot bear them now." Not so St. John. He would have deprived the Church of a most necessary armour, and would have left her unforewarned and unarmed, had he not, along with "the mystery of Christ," also revealed its dread antagonist—the mystery of Antichrist. This he does with similar fulness of detail, tracing this dread Adversary of Christ and his Church *ab ovo* (in the second, third, and fourth seals) throughout his unholy career down to the second death.

St. Paul had told us that "the mystery of Iniquity" did already work, but adds that its last development as Antichrist had yet to be "revealed" (2 Thess. ii. 8).

This promised revelation St. John gives, and it is to these two great militant mysteries that his entire book is devoted. In it the "mystery of godliness" advances into its final phase, "the mystery of Christ;" and the "mystery of Iniquity" into its last phase, the mystery of Antichrist; while both are finally and fully detailed by the Seer, through all their changing phases, and in all their varying fulness and power.

St. John authenticates this view by using St. Paul's very language, for he says, "In the days of the voice of the seventh angel the mystery of God shall be finished;" while the last head of iniquity is named "mystery." And many parities are traceable between St. John's two mysteries and St. Paul's.

I have said that these two mysteries are militant. And observe how conspicuous war is throughout Revelation. St. John is the Apostle of love, but he is also "the Son of Thunder," and he brings more vividly to light than any other writer in Holy Writ the militant phase of the Church. There is war in heaven, war in the seals, war in the trumpets, war in the vials; while each of the seven exhortations to the seven churches,

as well as the book itself, closes with precious promises of reward to "him that overcometh."

Let us here note other salient features of the Apocalypse. First, its vast sweep. It opens with Paradise lost; it closes with Paradise restored. The words Alpha and Omega repeatedly recur, as if to warn us that such is the scope of the book. Hence springs one of the great difficulties of Revelation. Our vision is so narrow and its compass so vast!

All the old prophecies are revived in this book. There is scarcely a symbol, type, figure, prophecy, or event in previous Holy Writ that has not its final issue in Revelation. Hence its infinite value to us all. It is so thoroughly interwoven with all Scripture, that to study it is to study all the inspired books.

No book so fully proves the intimate relations and perfect unity of all Holy Writ. It rehearses, summarises, amplifies, and adds all that had been omitted by the previous writers.

The book, moreover, is thoroughly ocumenical. It is full of fulness; seven pervades it.

All the allusions in the Apocalypse are wholly Biblical. Such being the case, should not its interpretation be so also? When history is selected by the Holy Spirit, it is that it may bear an ulterior and distant lesson, and an angelic commentator usually explains it. Whereas the spiritual interpretation being already afforded throughout Holy Writ (though seemingly to our view in a scattered and broken manner), needs no interpreter.

Now in the two great mysteries of St. Paul, as well as throughout Revelation, we find two spiritual agencies at work; and, subordinated to them, peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues. Scripture terms these agencies, "The Spirit of Truth" and "The Spirit of Error." And amid the many wondrous features of Revelation there is none more remarkable than the sustained contrast and duality of these two Spirits and their subordinates that run throughout. For every act of Truth, Error has a counteract, and where he can a counterfeit. Let us take only a very few examples:—

On the side of Godliness we have—

The Mystery of Christ.
The Man of God.
The Throne of Righteousness.
The Mother of Churches.
The two Witnesses or lamb-like Prophets.
The Redeemer of Man, in his fourfold Character.

On the side of Iniquity we have—

The Mystery of Antichrist.
The Man of Sin.
The Throne of Iniquity.
The Mother of Harlots.
The two horned lamb-like False Prophets.
The Deceiver of Man, in his fourfold Character.

The Image of God.
The Holy City.
The Opened Roll; Christ's
Title Deed to the Renewed
Earth.
The Adorned Bride.
The Great Wonder.
The Woman clothed with the
Sun, seated on the True
Church or Moon.
The Supper of the Lamb.

The Image of the Beasts.
The Great City.
The flying Roll; "the curse
that goeth over the face of
the whole earth."
The Adorned Harlot.
The World Wonder.
The Woman arrayed in scar-
let and gold, seated on the
False Church or Beast.
The Supper of the Great God.

Herein we have a very valuable exponent of most of the difficulties of Revelation. Imitation of and approximation to truth, are at once the law and strength of the great Enemies of Christ. Hence each act of Truth points to, throws light on, and illustrates, each act of Error. While the Apocalypse thus becomes "the unveiling" of the spirit of Error in its war with Truth.

Indeed, just as the great work of Christ, with all its constituent elements, and in all its varying phases, runs throughout Revelation, from its first appearance in the cherubim at the gates of Eden down to the removal of the curse and the marriage supper of the Lamb; so does the great counterfeit and antagonistic work of his Enemies run parallel therewith. All their insidious designs, all their mysterious strategy, all their protean forms, and powers, and phases, together with the "throne of Iniquity" itself, masked in the garb of righteousness, are unveiled to us.

Now these two spiritual mysteries of Truth and Error so thoroughly pervade Scripture from first to last, that we might expect St. John when he unveils them to give us in some measure a brief rehearsal of Scripture. And it is precisely such a rehearsal that we have in Revelation, for we find in it the tree of paradise; that old Serpent the Devil; the Cherubim and flaming Sword of Eden; the ten plagues of Egypt; the bondage and oppression, the wilderness and warfare, of the early Church; the Song of Moses; Enoch's ten thousand saints; Judah's Lion; Job's marine monsters, his Leviathan, his Accuser; David's Prosperous Rider, and "The Oppressor" He is "to break in pieces;" his "Throne of Iniquity," and "the Law whereby that throne frameth mischief;" his triumphant Bride and Bridegroom, and his marriage songs; Daniel's Images and his four Kingdoms, his ten horns, his wilful king, his many times and seasons, his Lion, Leopard, Bear, and little horn; Isaiah's "Dragon that is in the sea," and his spiritual Sodom; Jeremiah's Babylon, "a dwelling for Dragons," and his great City; Ezekiel's Cherubim and Temple; his four sore judgments, and his Roll, with "Pharaoh," the great Dragon, in the midst of his rivers;" the ascension of Enoch and

Elijah; the great Earthquake of Zechariah, and other prophets, his flying Roll, "the curse that goeth over the face of the whole earth;" his chariots and his horses—resembling St. John's even in colour; his "Woman Wickedness," and her Land of Shinar, or Babylon; Joel's Day of darkness, wherein his "armies cause the earth to quake and heaven to tremble, the sun and moon to be dark, and all faces to gather blackness;" the siege of Jericho, the doom of Babylon; the great tribulation of our Lord; the Sabbatism of St. Paul; in a word, all the earliest and all the latest prophecies of Holy Writ, thus making revelation what Scripture terms it, "The effect of every vision."

It would almost seem as if The Prosperous Rider, at this stage of his career, gathered up into his wounded palm all the tangled reins of Scripture—tightening them into that Gordian knot of Holy Writ, the Seven Seals—only that he might the more methodically again expand, unravel, and re-arrange them on the face of the Roll, and thereby conduct each thread of Scripture, clearly and separately, to its destined issue.

Certain it is that all the threads of Scripture are re-arranged upon the Roll with all the precision of the woof and warp, and are there worked—albeit with wounded palm—into the golden texture of Holy Writ.

And it becomes man's pleasant task, nay, his imperative duty, not to read Scripture in fragments, but to trace these Lines from their source in Genesis to their final issue in the Day of the Lamb's Wrath. Thus only shall we fully understand the perfect unity of Holy Writ.

If St. John does not briefly rehearse Scripture in order to depict its two all-pervading mysteries, that is, if his glance be not retrospective as well as prospective, how comes he to reverse Daniel's kingdoms? Daniel looking forward gives one order, St. John looking back exactly inverts that order. Each gives the true and correct order from his point of view.

So much for the salient features of Revelation; but there is a very important scriptural fact connected with the seven seals, which the consecutive historic schemes must of necessity ignore. Admit it, and their schemes at once fall to pieces.

It is this: the seven seals are clearly a full and compendious outline of the entire Apocalypse. This their own language and the whole bearing of Scripture clearly proves. This view was held by the Church before historic interpretation obtained sway, and we must return

to it if we are to interpret revelation by Scripture.

This fact greatly simplifies the study of revelation, because when we have arrived at the scope and burden of the seven seals, we have attained to the scope and burden of Revelation. I need hardly say that it is consistent with the frequent practice and structure of Holy Writ, where important matter is to be revealed, first briefly to preintimate or outline, and subsequently to enlarge and amplify again and again, line upon line, precept upon precept, until the whole matter is fully detailed.

Let me recapitulate that we may see our exact position.

St. John takes up the Scripture narrative precisely where St. Paul left off.

St. Paul briefly preintimated two great mysteries—that of Christ, and its counterfeit, that of Iniquity. St. John resumes the broken narrative and unveils these two great mysteries.

Thus the seven Epistles prepare the seven Churches, and through them, the Church universal, by a compendious and godlike exhortation for her warfare.*

This in the region of events.

Then heaven opens, and we are shown the region of influence. An endless, complicated, and godlike mechanism is required to conduct the vast train of earth's events to their destined issue: hence we have unveiled to us the Moving Spring of all creation.†

Then the first four seals, with their common war horse, depict the battle-field, and marshal the contending hosts under their several "leaders and commanders." Their riders, we learn from Scripture, are "the Spirits of the heavens," their horses are militant human hosts.‡

The first rides forth because of Truth, and is subsequently called the Faithful and True Witness.

The next three riders form what David calls "the throne of Iniquity," and ride forth in behalf of Error, "placing a bridle in the jaws of the people and causing them to err."

With the opening of the first four seals, the language of symbol ceases. The battle-field and contending hosts having been depicted, we are in the fifth seal shown all the personal, and in the sixth seal all the political, results of this great battle-field down to the great day of the Lamb's wrath.

Then amid this wreck of earth and wrath of the Lamb, we are shown "the hiding-place

of His power." We see a vast multitude: they are sealed, that "the destroyer may not smite them,"* they are the "elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other" (Matt. xxiv. 31). They are the "sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. iv. 30). They are the palm-bearing host rejoicing in the day of "very great gladness" (Neh. viii. 17); for the harvest and vintage are done, and all their labours are o'er, and it is "the last day, the great day of the feast" (John vii. 37) of tabernacles. It is the well-known type of the great Sabbatism, the millennial rest, the marriage supper of the Lamb. And lest we mistake the antitype, it is named "Silence," *initium æternæ quietis*, while it is added, God tabernacles with men.

Such is the outline of the seven seals, and they contain in brief the sum and substance of the Apocalypse.

We may now see why the closing book of Scripture is appropriately entitled "the unveiling." It lifts the veil from off two great militant mysteries, narrates their long and arduous strife, the ultimate triumph of the one and the complete subjugation of the other. And without Revelation the Bible narrative is a broken and unfinished story.

Next in importance to the seals stands the roll. The seals give the outline, purport, and substance of Revelation. The roll gives us its structure. It furnishes the framework or scaffolding† of the whole Apocalypse, puts it into shape and adjusts every vision.

As we peruse the apocalyptic narrative, we are carried by rapid transition from vision to vision: the thread of each is constantly broken and as constantly resumed, the language seems as changeful and dazzling as the visions, the whole web appears entangled, and we involuntarily exclaim, "Who shall adjust the visions?"

In this dilemma, felt by all who approach Revelation, God has not left us without a guide. He tells us that these seemingly scattered and unconnected visions are contained in a roll, written within and without. The form laid down for our guidance—that of a title-deed of inheritance, or purchased possession, which the heir alone could open—leaves no room for adjusting the several visions at will, or according to any human theory. It admits of one, and only one construction or form, and that form is definite, specific, and cogent, for it forces us into one fixed arrangement and admits of no other.

* Rev. vii., viii. 1.

† A *bona fide* Eastern roll will be found in "The Seals and Roll of St. John," published by Hamilton and Adams, London; Johnstone and Hunter, Edinburgh.

* Rev. i.—iii.

† Rev. iv., v.

‡ Rev. vi.

Consequently, so soon as the seemingly tangled visions of St. John are placed in their prescribed form of a roll, they at once assume adjustment and coherency, while harmony takes the place of seeming confusion.

Another singular result ensues. No sooner is Revelation placed on the roll than it is found to contain a "Second Exodus," forming an exact parallel with "the First Exodus" in its ten plagues, and agreeing therewith in number, in substance, in character, in order, in letter, and in spirit!

What marvellous testimony to inspiration have we here! Moses clearly gave us, in exact and precise miniature, the entire Apocalypse of St. John many centuries before St. John wrote.

The roll is a heaven-sent interpreter of Revelation! I beseech you study it! Hitherto it has been wholly overlooked.

The views of Revelation thus briefly given are based on evidence of a fourfold nature.*

1. The intrinsic evidence afforded by a detailed verbal examination of the symbols, figures, and language of the seven seals.

2. The evidence deducible from the subsequent chapters of the Apocalypse.

* This evidence is given *in extenso* in "The Seals and Roll of St. John."

3. The evidence afforded by all previous Holy Writ.

4. The process of induction briefly sketched in this paper.

Thus viewed, St. John completes, confirms, and seals the whole scheme of doctrine dimly delivered by patriarchs and prophets, by our Lord and his apostles, and this gives us a consistent scheme of Scriptural interpretation.

Having thus first deciphered Revelation through the light of Scripture, we shall have no difficulty in determining when, how, and where it should be applied to history.

I hope, before the seven papers proposed on this subject close, to show that a true scriptural view of prophecy greatly harmonises all the existing systems; and that the excuse their diversities have hitherto afforded to so many for their neglect of Revelation is groundless and untrue.

We must, however, first obtain the meaning of Scripture from Scripture: having done this, we can apply it to history (personal or national) *ad libitum*, each according to his own views of scriptural application and his knowledge of history. But the historic schools of interpretation should remember that multitudes who read the Bible take no interest in historic theories, and those who do usually prefer their own.

C. E. FRASER-TYTTLER.

PERFECT PEACE.

HEIR of sorrow, child of dust,
Tell me where is now thy trust?
Perils, hourly multiplied,
Hem thee in on every side;
Hell triumphant rides the sky;
Wanderer, lay thee down and die!

Depths of horror yawn below
Yonder glimmering fields of snow;
Standing on their very brink,
One more stride, and thou shalt sink
Evermore from human eye;
Wanderer, lay thee down and die!

Listen! how the hungry pack
Gathers on thy scented track;
Distant is the dawning day,
Help is very far away;
None can hear thy piteous cry;
Wanderer, lay thee down and die!

Cursed Mentor! get thee hence;
Faith, to-night, is all my sense:
Stricken by the sling of Prayer,

Falls the Giant of Despair;
Jesus is my panoply;
God be praised—I shall not die!

He who trod the stormy sea
Is at hand to succour me;
Everlasting arms below,
Every pitfall in the snow,
Bear my sinking head on high;
God be praised—I shall not die!

It is written, lions wild
Feared to harm God's faithful child,
As on him, his Father's mark
Gleamed, through all that midnight dark;
He who shut their mouths is nigh;
God be praised—I shall not die!

When the Lord has closed the door,
When his mercies are no more;
When He spurns the mighty plea,
"Save him, for Thou lovest ME;"
Then, and not till then, will I
Lie despairing down and die!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

A DAY WITH CHRIST.

I.—THE HEALING OF THE PARALYTIC.

Luke viii. 40; v. 17—26: Matt. ii. 1—12: Mark ix. 1—8.

WE read the Sacred Narrative so disjointedly, taking now a few verses from this Scripture, and now a few verses from that, that we often fail to get any clear and large conception of what our Lord's life was like. We do not link on word to word, event to event, and study them in their true sequence; and hence we do not see how they illustrate each other, and, above all, how full of gracious activity his life was from whom we have our life. If we could learn all that He said and did in a single day, and were patiently to search out the meaning of every deed and every word; and if we were then to take that one day as a fair sample of all his days on earth, we should be astonished to find how full his life was, how rich in instruction, how replete with works of healing and grace. We should no longer marvel at St. John's hyperbole, but should feel with him that, if all the things which Jesus did were to be written every one, it would take a book bigger than the world itself to hold them.

It is quite impossible for us to recover the complete history of even a single day of our Lord's earthly ministry. But there are days in it of which we have a more complete story than we commonly suppose. It cannot but be helpful and instructive to us that we should study the events of one such day in their connection with each other, and endeavour to form as vivid and complete a conception of them as we can. And if our conception of this day is to help us to imagine what the life of Christ was like, obviously we must not select a day crowded above most with momentous incident, or distinguished by the utterance of his profoundest discourses. For exceptional days such as these, days of which we have the fullest record, because they were signalized by their wealth of event, we must turn to the last week of his ministry in Jerusalem. No day in that sacred week, however, could be taken as fairly representing the "days of the Son of Man on the earth." For these representative days we must revert to an early period of his ministry; we must note how he spent the hours in Galilee, where most of his life was passed, and while the catastrophe of the Cross was yet distant.

Accordingly I have selected a day from his life in Galilee, during the first year of his manifestation to Israel, a day like many others and of which, as of others we have

only an imperfect record. It was a day which he spent in "his own city," the morning and night of which He spent in his own house—a day, therefore, on which He was emphatically *at home*. And where else could we hope to see Him more clearly in his true character, in his habit as He lived?

We join Him, then, in his own house very early in the morning. Here He receives the greetings and welcome of his neighbours on his return from the other shore of Gennesaret; He "speaks the word to them," and, as He was teaching, "the power of the Lord wrought in Him to heal:" He gives of his saving health to a paralytic, who is let down by his neighbours through the broken roof: He "disputes" with the doctors who had "come out of every town of Galilee and Judea," and even "from Jerusalem" itself, to hear and ask Him questions. Then, He goes out into the streets of Capernaum; and as He passes "the receipt of custom," He calls his cousin Matthew, a publican, to rise and follow Him. Matthew rises, and bidding his fellow-publicans to dine with him that evening, goes after the Friend of publicans and sinners. Christ passes through the streets of the city to the shore of the Lake, and once more teaches the multitude, who once more gather round Him. Toward evening—sunset being the dinner-hour of the Jews—He enters Matthew's house, to partake the "great feast" which Matthew has made in his honour, to join the "great company of publicans and of others" whom Matthew has invited to meet Him. The Pharisees of Capernaum gather round the room, and are amazed to see a prophet in such vile company; and to these grave censors Jesus addresses words than which few are more dear to the Christian heart, telling them that He has come to heal, not the hale, but the sick; to call, not righteous men, but sinners to repentance. The disciples of John the Baptist are also present; and these are amazed, not at the company He keeps, but at his occupation. They think a prophet should "fast" rather than "feast." And to them Jesus utters the three exquisite parables about the children of the bride-chamber, the old garment with the new patch, the new wine put into old wine-skins. As the feast and talk go on, a singular and pathetic interruption occurs. Jairus, the chief man of the city, the ruler of the syna-

gogue, the head of the college, the supreme judge of Capernaum—Jairus, a devout Pharisee, rushes into the publican's house, flings himself at the feet of Jesus, and beseeches Him to heal his little daughter, who is at the point of death. Jesus rises to go with him, leaving the house of mirth for the house of mourning, and much people follow Him. But as they go, another interruption occurs. A woman, favoured by the dusk of evening, has stolen through the excited throng, laid her hand on the hem of Christ's garment, and been made whole of a disease which had resisted all the resources of medical art. And the anxious father, who knows every moment to be precious, has to curb his impatience while Christ discovers the woman, and adds his blessing to the virtue she has filched from Him. Messengers arrive from the house of Jairus. All is over now. The little daughter is dead. Jesus may go back to his feast. He will not go back. He proceeds with the bereaved father. When they reach the ruler's house, they find that, with Oriental haste, "the mourners" are already in the chamber of death, making the night hideous with their professional outcries. Jesus raises the ruler's darling from her mortal sleep, sees that food is set before her, and bids the grateful and astonished parents take heed that they "tell no man what was done." As He goes out from the house of Jairus, weary and spent with the exhausting labours of the day, two blind men salute Him as "Son of David," and implore Him to have mercy on them. He passes on his way, hearing as though He heard not, conceding no sign of courtesy, uttering no word of grace, and even enters his own house without yielding any response to their passionate entreaty. Undeterred by his apparent indifference, or, rather, urged by it to a desperate eagerness, the blind men follow Him, uninvited, into his house, and by the boldness of their faith extort from Him the boon He seems, but only *seems*, unwilling to grant. "While these were going out," a dumb man possessed by a demon is brought in, followed by a crowd of friends and neighbours; and once more the weary Healer has to gird Himself to a supreme effort, and to give forth a "virtue" which compels the evil spirit to abandon its prey.

This, in bare outline, is the story—obviously an incomplete story, since it gives details only of the early morning and of the evening—of a single day. But what a wonderful story it is! And what a wonderful life must Christ's have been, when every day was at least as full of exhausting labour and travail as this! What

a Gospel there must have been in that laborious marvellous life, as compared with the four brief memoirs, called Gospels, which we hold in our hands! How many of his mighty works, how many of his exquisite and pathetic parables may yet be made known to us in the heavenly world, if we should ever reach it! As yet we know Him but in part. Shall we ever know Him as He is, as we are known by Him?

The first recorded incident of this memorable day was itself a most memorable work. For in healing the paralytic, the Lord Jesus, for the first time, asserted and proved his power to forgive sins. Before this, He had shown Himself to be the Friend, the Teacher, the Healer of men; now He declares Himself to be their Saviour.

The miracle was wrought, as St. Matthew tells us, in Christ's *own* city. Now Jesus was born at Bethlehem, bred at Nazareth; but, during his public ministry in Galilee, He lived mainly in Capernaum. Capernaum rose out of the rich busy plain, then one of the most crowded and prosperous districts of Palestine, which fringes the western shore of Lake Gennesaret. The town stood on a pile of rocks overlooking the lake, and was even thus "exalted toward heaven." Peter and Andrew dwelt here; and probably, it was on the adjacent beach that they heard the call which made them "fishers of men." This little but thriving town—once only "the village of Nahum," whence its name *Capernaum*, was of sufficient importance to be called "a city." It had its own synagogue, in which our Lord often worshipped and taught. For this synagogue it was indebted to the Roman centurion who did not think himself worthy to receive Jesus under his roof. Besides being a garrison town, it was also a customs station, where the dues were collected both by stationary and itinerant officers. But high above all its other claims to distinction stands this, that it was Christ's "own city,"—that when He was here, He was, as St. Mark says, "at home"—a phrase not without pathos when we remember that, for the most part, Jesus had not where to lay his head.

That the city, which simply by being "at home" in it, He has in very deed "exalted to heaven," should be thrust down to Hades; that it should now lie rotting, an indistinguishable ruin, at the foot of its own rocks, may well suggest to us, that "judgment begins at the house of God," that privilege is but another name for responsibility.

What our Lord's home in Capernaum was

like we cannot tell. Probably it was just such a house as his poorer neighbours had. And, as a rule, the houses of the Jews had a large upper room, which was devoted to prayer, to religious worship, to the celebration of the monthly and annual feasts. Above this room, which commonly ran the whole length and breadth of the walls of the structure, would be the roof on which its tenants might walk or sleep in the hot months—an uncovered apartment, accessible by an external stair.

On the day with which we are concerned, then, we have to conceive of the Lord Jesus as at home, as living in his own house, in his own city. It is morning: and soon after 'the hour of prayer,' nine o'clock, before which no Jew might break his fast, his neighbours call on Him. They have "heard that He is at home;" and they are glad to have Him back, to know that He is once more among them. St. Luke tells us that "they *gladly* received Him" on his return from the Gadarean side of the Lake: "*for they were all waiting for Him.*" They come in such numbers that even the large upper chamber is crowded with them, insomuch that there is no room for more, no possibility of approaching Him, no standing-place even "about the door."

Among those who had waited and longed for the return of Christ was a certain man whose career of vice had been cut short by paralysis. Whatever his vice may have been, and however it may have alienated others from him, he had at least four neighbours who were his staunch friends. These four men had determined to bring him to the Healer; and when they found that they could not get nigh to Christ for the multitude, nor even so much as mount the covered stair, they turned aside to the outer staircase, and climbed, with their burden, to the roof. These roofs were substantially built, as they had need to be, since the whole family habitually walked and slept on them. And one should have thought that when these men were on the roof they were as far from Christ as ever. It must have required a daring faith to conceive and carry out the course they took. They broke up and uncovered part of the roof. They slung their neighbour's bed to ropes. They let it down into the room into which Jesus was talking with his fellow townsmen and with grave learned rabbis of all the schools. They uttered no request. Was not their action prayer enough? And Christ saw what they meant, what they wanted Him to do. Nay, He even saw what it was that animated them, which impelled them to

venture on so bold a course. "Jesus *saw their thoughts*," says St. Matthew: "Jesus *saw their faith*," say St. Mark and St. Luke. He saw that they had the most entire conviction of his power to heal, the profoundest assurance that He would pardon their intrusion, and do what He could to help and serve them.

He not only saw their faith; He responded to it: for He healed the sick man of his palsy, thus granting their dumb, yet most expressive, prayer. Nay, He outwent their prayer, outdid their hopes. He not only healed the sick man; He also forgave his sins—responding to their great faith by the greatest of benedictions.

One would like to know the names of those four good men, good neighbours, good friends,—men whose faith was so great and bold. But we are not told what their names were. And there is some comfort for us even in that disappointing fact. For it suggests that Christ cares for men whose names the world has never heard, and never will hear; for the lowly and inconspicuous no less than for the famous and the great. Though the world be ignorant of us, we may bring our sick hearts to Christ, and be quite sure that, if we ask in faith, He will grant us all that we ask, and more than we ask. We may not be of those who stand near to Him; we may hold ourselves to be so unworthy that we can only stand a great way off. Many obstacles may seem to hinder our access to Him; and, worst of all, our own hearts may hinder us, so that we cannot put our spiritual emotion and desire into clear fluent words, cannot even tell Him what it is we want or think we want. But if we look to Him in trust and hope, believing both that He can help us and that He will help us, He will interpret our thoughts; He will see our faith; He will forgive our sins, and infuse his saving health into our sick and weary souls. Indeed, to pray in our actions, as the four Galileans did, is even better than to pray in the most voluble and eloquent words. To break through whatever veils of habit or prejudice hide Christ from us, to resolve to get to Him at all hazards,—this is the most pathetic and effectual supplication we can offer.

"Seek thou thy God alone by prayer,
And thou shalt doubt, perchance despair;
But seek Him also by endeavour,
And thou shalt find Him gracious ever."

But observe exactly how far the faith of these four men could go. It availed only to bring their palsied neighbour to Jesus, and to incline Jesus in his favour. Vicarious faith may avail for children, for slaves, for

those who have no mental health and vigour. In the Gospel we often find the Lord Jesus healing children for the faith of their parents, or servants for the faith of their masters, or the helplessly weak for the faith of their friends. A certain hard theology will not admit that our faith will avail for any one save ourselves; but Christ tells us that it will. He teaches us that we may take little children to Him, or the utterly ignorant, or the hopelessly infirm, and trust that He will do them good because of our faith in Him and our prayers for them. If we doubted that, how could we make our supplication for "all sorts and conditions of men?" with what hope could we intercede for the heathen at home and abroad?

But, on the other hand, whenever men were brought to Him who could believe, the Lord Jesus demanded that they should believe, and dealt with them "according to their faith." So, here, it is not till He has quickened faith in the paralytic himself that Christ responds to the faith of his kind neighbours. And to quicken this faith seems to have been by no means an easy task. The paralytic appears to have come into Christ's presence with feelings other than those of his four neighbours. *He* is not full of eager trust and hope. If he has any hope, it is shadowed with many fears. The whole structure of the sacred narrative, and, above all, our Lord's first words to him—"Be of good courage, my child, thy sins are forgiven thee"—shew that the man's uppermost feelings were a deep sense of sin, and the doubt and fear which the sense of sin inspires. There can be little question that his paralysis was the result of vicious excess: why else did our Lord lay such emphasis on his "sins?" And, possibly, as he had lain, crippled and weary, on the bed to which his sins had conducted him, he had grown more sensitive to the guilt of his career; for it is when men suffer, directly and heavily, from their vices that they learn to recognise their vices as sins against God and against themselves.

Jesus, who saw the faith of his neighbours, also saw the miserable struggle between shame and hope, between the oppressive sense of unworthiness and the faint flickering trust that, despite his unworthiness, mercy might be shown him, which agitated the heart of the paralytic as he lay and gazed into that pure gracious Face.

He sees this struggle, this conflict of thought and desire, and He responds to it. Nothing surely could be more tender than the words with which He greets the sufferer.

He calls him τέκνον, which means not simply "son," but "child" or "little one," using a diminutive of endearment such as parents address to their children. And, then, he proceeds to reassure his troubled and downcast spirit. In effect, Christ says to him: "My child, do not let those ugly fears distract and terrify you. There is no need. You have sinned; and your fears are the dark shadows which dog your sins. But *thy sins are forgiven thee*; let the shadows pass away with the sins that bred them. See, I, whom thou fearest as wiser and holier than thyself, I absolve thee from thy guilt. I bring thee the absolution of God, my Father and your Father. Be of good courage, then, and replace doubt with trust, fear with confidence.

We cannot doubt that these tender words sufficed to dispel the man's shame and fear, to quicken a dawning faith in his soul. Faith being quickened, the element in which Christ's healing power can work is generated. And now, at once to prove and to confirm the man's incipient faith, and to shew that He has power to absolve him from his sins, the Lord adds the command: "Arise, take up thy bed, and go thy way unto thine house." He hears the words, and new life kindles in his wasted and decrepit frame. The cripple rises from his couch, pushes his way through the crowd through which his bearers could find no passage, and goes to his house—to make merry, let us hope, with the four kind neighbours who had brought him to Christ.

The whole story is an admirable commentary on the Psalmist's words, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." With what infinite delicacy does Christ adjust Himself to the man's needs! forgiving his sins, removing his fears, quickening his faith, awakening hope, conferring health! As we follow the steps of the narrative, we feel how, by his gentleness, by the wise gradations of his approach to the paralytic's true needs, Christ is gradually raising him into his best moods, making him his best self, and thus preparing him both to recover, and to use for worthy ends, the vigour which he has lost in the pursuit of vicious indulgence. Is there not hope for us all in such a story as this, however weak and crippled our spirits may be, however dejected with the sense of sin, and with the shame and fear it breeds? If Christ will deal thus with us—as He will; if He will thus delicately and graciously apply Himself to our state and needs; is there not in his gentleness the promise that we too shall

become "great," that we shall be lifted out of our infirmities, our fears, our sins, into our best moods, our highest frame, and be enabled to "glorify the God who has given such power to men?"

Again: this pathetic story reminds us that, in his grace, Christ rewards the very moods of faith and hope which He Himself has produced. He says, "Be of good courage;" and, at the word, courage springs up in our fearful hearts. He says, "Thy sins are forgiven;" and we are able to believe that He, who can forgive sins, can do for us whatever we may need. And then, having inspired faith and courage, He rewards them as though they were our virtues rather than his gifts: He bids us "Arise and walk," to prove our victory over sin, to shew that we have found new life in Him. So that the reward He bestows is new and happier service. We are no longer simply to lie waiting for his help, to look at Him with growing hope; we are to rise, to enter on a life of holy obedience and activity. For a time we may still have to carry with us the bed on which we once lay; that is, we may still bear about in us the enfeebling traces and restraints of past sins: but, if our sins are in very deed forgiven, we shall not murmur; the bed will be no unendurable burden to us, so strong and joyful will be our hearts: we shall not grow weary of the path we are commanded to take, for we love Him whom we serve, and the path leads home. Like the Galilean, when once we have been quickened by Christ and are enlisted in his service, we go each man to his own house, to the special place and task assigned us. And, unlike the Galilean, far happier than he in this, we have not to leave Christ's house to reach our own, nor to leave his presence that we may do our task. Rather, He goes with us to every task He ordains for us: and whatever the path we take, we travel to the house which, because it is his, is also ours, the house of many mansions, the house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

The story also teaches us that Christ often crosses our wish to supply our want. No doubt the first and supreme desire of the Galilean paralytic was deliverance from the palsy. But that is not the first thing Christ grants him; nor could it be. There must be faith before there can be healing; the man's sins must be forgiven before he can be

made whole from his disease. His uppermost wish cannot be gratified till his deepest want has been met. He did not know, probably, what his deepest want was till Christ shewed it him: nor do we. We want to be raised from our bed before we are delivered from the sins which laid us on it. We ask for redemption from pain, from weakness, from loss, from penury, from shame—from any or all the ills which result from our violations of the divine law. And if our prayer were granted, granted at once, how could God teach us to hate sin with a perfect hatred, and to mourn over a heart alienated from Him rather than over the miseries which oppress an alienated heart? How can He redeem us from sin, except by making us hate and renounce it? And how shall we learn to hate and renounce it save as we suffer from it? We say, "Let us rise from our bed;" and often the answer is, "Lie still on thy bed, that thou mayest come to know what sin really is, that thou mayst fear and loathe it, that by-and-by thou mayst be so redeemed from it as never again to come under its power." Thus God crosses our wills to supply our wants, and leaves us to feel the pain of sin that our redemption from sin may be complete.

But *then*, when our sins are really forgiven us, forgiveness implies a full restoration to health. When we are redeemed, not only is the haunting consciousness of guilt removed, and the fear which keeps us from the Divine Presence, but the debasing and enfeebling traces of our sins are gradually obliterated, the palsy of the soul is banished by a saving health and vigour. Not at once indeed, not, for the most part, here and now, do we rise into the fulness of this great benediction. But this is the meaning, this the promise, of the divine forgiveness, that some day, and as soon as we are ready for it, we shall be delivered from all infirmity, raised into a perfect spiritual health, and have this corruption clothed upon with incorruption, this mortal with immortality.

In the strength of this great hope, let us draw near to the great Healer of men, and say, "O Lord, in whom we live, grant us the power of Thine endless life, that we may thereby be redeemed from the sins by which we have been enfeebled, and prepared to serve Thee in sinlessness and joy for ever and ever.

SAMUEL COX.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."



THIS is the story of one who stood and waited.

Whether she has served aright, and whom, the pages to come would wish to tell you.

If their purpose fail in part, know that the fault is in the narrative, and not in the life it speaks of. Faultless

she is not, being human; weak she may be, being a woman: but the purpose of a pure life cannot fail. How should it, being most entirely one of the great purposes of God?

Sermons are preached to us week by week, and week by week we listen—and forget.

But the sermon of a holy life cannot thus pass from us.

Judging no man, condemning no man, from the majestic *silence* of the lesson comes its power. Day by day to see is so much better than week by week to hear.

Sermons in stones, God's voice in the cedar-trees of Lebanon—why not in one made after His own image?

This is the life of a girl called Margaret.

I.

"Judge her love by her life. For our life is but love in act."—OWEN MEREDITH.

"Then you cannot come to-day, Gaspar?"

"No, not to-day. I feel in a happy humour for this divine drudgery, and I would rather you did not talk to me just at present, Margaret—unless, of course, your business is imperative."

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," was the rejoinder. "I thought perhaps as it is the only day in the week that I can see—but it does not matter;" and, untying her bonnet strings, the girl went out softly, and as softly closed the door.

Her bedroom adjoined the sitting-room she had left, and (not unnaturally in a lodging) a door opened from one to the other. But

L. N. S.

of this entrance but little use was made; for Gaspar Marshall had expressed in the choicest of language his strong disapproval of the rush of cold air which was the inevitable though very momentary consequence of making a thoroughfare of his sanctum. He occupied, indeed, the one public room of that tiny suite of scantily-furnished apartments, and properly it was as much at the service of his sister as himself; but possession is nine-tenths of the law, and to do Mr. Marshall justice, we must admit that when it did not in any way incommode him, he was willing to cede to his sister a small portion at least of his supreme right and territory, and on a few rare occasions a comfortable arm-chair.

Margaret made a slight *détour* to reach her room.

It was a keen January day; the air, though still, was grey; and the sun had not even attempted its frequent struggle with the London smoke and the English atmosphere of winter in a town. The few unhappy foreigners who reared pale and melancholy faces out of English great-coats and English comforters, and who crept out by gaslight, to be driven in by snow or fog, had long ceased to hope for anything but this "vilain temps." Madame de Staël, indeed, had said, "*Répondez, étrangers—la nature est-elle chez vous belle et bienfaisante?*" But her compatriots, or the natives of even more favoured climes, who saw London (as Margaret did from her window), and for the first time, had never been guilty of repeating the question.

A thin and iron-mould stained blind was drawn half over the one window of which I speak. This the owner of the room hastily drew up, and lifting an easel with some difficulty into the recess, she threw her bonnet on the bed, and sat herself down before a half-finished sketch.

Her look was not that of a happy woman settling to a busy day's work; rather did she wear a somewhat distressed and anxious expression as, leaning back in her chair and unbuttoning a pair of very worn and rubbed kid gloves, she kept her eyes and her mind fixedly on the board before her.

Small hands, and very white they were, to be clothed so poorly; but there are little hands that can do great things, and a mean covering has sometimes held a great spirit. These little hands seemed to wield a very

effective pencil ; and, with a sigh, she disemburdened herself of a large share of her anxieties, whatever those might be. In a quarter of an hour's time she was fully as engrossed as she had found her brother.

Presently there was a pause. She laid down the pencil, held up the board, and surveyed it carefully ; her head a little on one side, the arched eyebrows raised, half critically, half wearily. "I think it will do," she said, replacing it on the easel.

"It will do." Poor words, with which we have so often to satisfy ourselves. Not, "It is right," or, "I am content," only, "It will do." I suppose the words will be said until time is over—till we can awake up in God's likeness, and be satisfied with that.

The paint-box lay beyond Margaret's reach as she sat there ; to reach it she must move the easel and her hair. Then there was a piece of drapery needed ; only a very little bit, for it was the portrait of a man at which she worked. But suppose the lines should be wrong? Yes, she had better have a copy. And Gaspar had wished there should be something over the left shoulder. A flannel dressing-gown hung over a chair answered the purpose capitably ; and she was not going to copy the faded colour or the threadbare sleeve. Gaspar Marshall was to have a deep crimson fold across his portrait, and across the portrait's heart. He would have liked a purple better, I think—purple is suggestive of kingly blood and of laurels, and neither of these does he despise.

Margaret was a wise girl, but I think she was foolish enough really to believe and to think as she arranged the flannel folds that no crimson and no purple were too good for Gaspar. If he were appreciated—if his great talents were only developed and made known! Ah, when would that be—when?

"Do you mind making a little less noise?" called a voice from the next room. "Can't you have wheels put on your furniture, Margaret? or, at least, lay down a soft pile carpet?"

We cannot control our thoughts, and for an instant Margaret said to herself that her brother was not exactly very practical, in his suggestions especially. "A soft pile carpet!"—she unconsciously fingered the thin cloak she had not discarded when the bonnet was laid aside, and the few shillings she had put away for the week's expenditure danced before her mind's eye. Practical—no, Gaspar was hardly that ; but what great man ever was practical? at least, what man like Gaspar, with talents such as Gaspar had?

What would the article be like? When should she see it in print? Would Gaspar remember that Elspet's wages had been a month due, and that the ten pounds he could earn by the few strokes of his ready pen would just pay them? She could not remind him of this, she knew ; it was bad enough to hoard and pinch and save herself, without dragging him down to the same level and hardening him with the same cares. And would he write at all if he knew he were paying "*wages*?" I do not think genius would commonly be stimulated by such a knowledge, and it certainly would not move Gaspar into activity. So Margaret thought.

The paints were by this time on the palette, and the few first touches had been put in. It was just as well she had not gone to Mr. Pickering's after all ; she did not know that he could have helped her very materially ; perhaps she would only have come home disgusted, as she had so often done before ; disgusted with herself, her work, with everything but the great art itself—sunk even below the "it will do" state of mind, very nearly despairing. Then what a long morning's work she would have missed.

"Margaret!"—there was a knock at the door, and it opened slightly. "Good gracious, my dear girl! Come in here and speak to me. Make haste, my room is getting so cold ; can't breathe this atmosphere—conglomerate of frost and turpentine."

She rose and went to him immediately.

"I can go now to Pickering's. Get on your things, will you?"

"I suppose next Tuesday would not do so well, Gaspar? because—"

"No ; I shall not be here next week in all probability. I have a new plan *en train*—a literary speculation, in fact. Come, I can unfold it to you as we go along, that is, if I am in the humour and can remember it. Not a match here!" (taking out a cigar). "Get on your things, will you? What does that woman do all day?"

What does that woman not do, rather? At this moment she is cleaning master's Parisian boots. "With milk, remember," had been his orders. "I won't have blacking put on them." And there is so very little milk in the house to-day.

"There ain't so much as 'll do your cup o' tea, miss!" Elspet had expostulated to Margaret. "Won't I get a drop in more?"

"No, no ; never mind, Elspet. I have taken it black before now, and I can't have my accounts put out by extra supplies, remember!" And a smile had followed on the light words.

Old Elspet shook her head and rubbed the backs of her hands against each other, and groped in a fathomless pocket for a stray copper of her own. It was not there, as it happened, but in the kitchen-table drawer, and that answered the purpose quite as well.

But whether it ever reaches the milkman, and whether Margaret has her "black tea" or not, only Elspet will know, for Gaspar Marshall never dines at home. It is an old established rule now, and Margaret is the last person to protest. Elspet is no great cook, and her dinners had never pleased her master. Then of course tea was not to be thought of; who ever heard of a genius taking tea?

"Only God can satisfy a woman," says a writer of our day.

When He shows Himself twofold to us, giving a human love to satisfy the human in us, besides a divine to satisfy the divine, how content we women ought to be!

Some souls I suppose there are, or have been, who leaning upon God have little need of earthly comfort, or stoop to it merely, from above.

But to the weak among us I think He gives a footstool whereby to reach the Love Divine.

II.

"Warum will sich Geschmack und Genie so selten vereinen?"—SCHILLER.

"Walk in, sir; walk in, if you please!" was Mr. Pickering's greeting, as after half an hour's walk and a long climb up a dark staircase Margaret and her brother reached his studio door. "No objection to smoke, miss, I hope? We was having a bit o' baccy this cold morning. The lady Mrs. Armytage and Mr. Carew mentioned, I think? Very happy to make your acquaintance, miss, I'm sure; and your brother?—to you the same, sir"—and the artist held out a large and not over-clean hand fresh from the mysteries of a besmeared painting rag.

Margaret returned the proffered shake, but her brother with evident reluctance gave the first two fingers of his well-gloved hand, and robbed the act of whatever grace it might have boasted by a distant bow.

Mr. Pickering raised a pair of sharp brown eyes, shaded by coarse and bushy brows, and scanned his visitors over the top of his spectacles.

"It's you I think, miss," he said, "that was so good as wish to see me? Most happy I'm sure if I can be of any service—have a fellow-feeling, I have, for all my brothers and sisters, miss, in art and misfortune." (Here

Mr. Pickering burst into a loud laugh.) "No child's-play is it, miss?

Does the road wind uphill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

So sings a lady-poet, miss, of our day, and what she sings I applies to art—art of dabbling especially. We're in the same boat, I think, miss? Heads and figures in your line? Now, what'll you give to see Sappho? she's a girl now that'll break more hearts than any in England! Come into her boudoir—receives to-day, she does, a few favoured friends. Walk in, sir! walk in, if you please—I'm no house-painter, sir" (he saw that Mr. Marshall stepped gingerly past the many wet canvases that were laid against the wall). "You'll find no varnish, or nothing on the door as you pass through. No, no; the 'human form divine'—that's my line." And he flattened such human form as he had been endowed with against the panel, to let his visitors pass into the adjoining room.

Sappho was depicted as a woman of large, almost masculine proportions, seated in a low chair, in which she reclined in a posture of marvellous ease and beauty. A scroll was in her hand and lay half unrolled across her knees, and the drapery about her figure hung in rich, soft folds. But, without doubt, the chief beauty of the picture lay in the expression of the eyes: such a full, contemplative, half-tender, half-commanding look shone through them, such dignity without assumption, such superiority unmarred by consciousness.

"Very fine," said Gaspar coldly. Mr. Pickering tapped his pipe against a frame, over a little pile of accumulated ashes. Margaret did not speak.

"Been at Rome, miss? Been at Rome, sir?" Gaspar shook his head.

"Ah! well, you haven't lived half your life yet, and what's more, you haven't eaten half your cake. When you go to those parts you'll probably see a place known to some few learned folk as the Vatican" (Mr. Pickering laughed loudly, and Gaspar Marshall turned impatiently on his heel to some sketches on the wall); "and if you'll step into the Hall of the Muses in that same building, which is, by the way, a thought larger than this house, you know—four thousand four hundred and twenty-four rooms, that's all—and two hundred-odd staircases to get to 'em by,—that's about it: well, if you'll step in there you'll find (if you're lucky and open your eyes wide) a Sappho that was parent, so to speak, of mine here. Not alike in every particular, you know—but the same idea."

"But the eyes," said Margaret, "you have not taken those from the statue?"

"Not altogether; because, as I presume you know, miss, in the best sculpture the eyeballs are mostly left round and fine, without marking of pupil or anything else. And when you've seen a deal of specimens, you'll find for yourself that this is less displeasing (vacant, as you may fancy it would be) than the attempt at representation with the chisel. It is in the eyes that we painters have the advantage over sculptors. And now I think we've stared this poor lady of Greece out of countenance. Look at some landscapes? They're not much in my line, but find a smart sale, and that's the great thing, after all," he added, looking keenly into Margaret's perplexed face, and smiling. "What would Mrs. P. say, I wonder, if I didn't bring her her twenty-five to thirty pounds a day? Shakespeare says——"

"I fear we must be moving on now, Margaret," broke in Mr. Marshall. "I am sure, sir, my sister is obliged to you for the kind trouble you have taken on her behalf."

"*Trouble*, sir! Are you a Saturday Reviewer? Help her! I've done nothing more than show her another pretty woman like herself. Where do you stop, miss? If I can step in and be of any use at any time——"

"We shall not be at home for some little time to come, I fear," broke in Gaspar again.

At the "we" a little colour mounted into Margaret's face. She was very sensitive about the exact truth, especially from the lips of Gaspar. She said nothing, however. Mr. Marshall bowed a cold farewell, while she again held out her hand. A woman's instinct told her that the man, coarse and eccentric as he might appear, was not ignoble. When they found themselves on the dark staircase, feeling more than seeing their way down,

"By all the powers!" ejaculated Gaspar in an injured tone, "who have you to thank for so select an introduction?"

"He is very coarse and rough, certainly," said Margaret; "but the Sappho, Gaspar! What an artist he is! He will be able to help me too. Did you hear what he makes a day?" Then, with a gulp, "Did you finish the article, Gaspar?"

"No, not yet."

"But they wanted it at latest to-day, they said; the February number comes out directly."

Mr. Marshall stepped out of the mud on to the pavement, and gave the least touch of adjustment to his tie.

"I am no penny-a-liner, Margaret, thank heaven! I cannot quite look upon things in the same light as you. It had certainly escaped my memory that this was the day; but had I remembered it, it would probably have made but little difference. I was engaged on other work this morning more congenial to my tastes. I cannot demean myself by writing to order."

"But you had made an agreement, had you not, to supply an article each month?" It occurred to Margaret that what there was of degradation in the matter, if such existed, must have lain in the making of that agreement, and not in the punctual fulfilment of it.

Gaspar was clever enough to divine her meaning, but he evaded a direct reply.

"I have almost decided to throw up all my engagements at home, and to go abroad at once. A sphere is what I want. The intellectual capacity is there, I know, but will you tell me where is Inspiration in this country? Where is repose for a cultured mind in this quibbling, fighting, restless place? I will be bound by no trammels; my spirit must be unfettered if it is to soar."

For a time they walked on in silence; then Margaret said,

"The hard thing, Gaspar, is to soar to any height while we must always return to earth for the crumbs we live by. It for ever weighs upon me that our poverty is the great burden that bows down your genius; that is the worst trammel that binds you. While you are looking for other spheres and grander themes, you will loose your hold of the only means you have of living. Dear Gaspar, I would do anything for you; that is why I wanted Mr. Pickering's help. I think I may do something still, though I have none of your genius." And the eager tears started into her large eyes.

Gaspar was touched. He laid his hand upon his sister's arm, and said more kindly, because smiling,

"You are of the earth earthy, my dear girl! You are always wasting yourself on trifling cares. I feel the desire for better things, the power is within me. I cannot sacrifice my fame, our future, our everything, to the sordid calls of to-day. I have not time to tell you more now; you can go home alone from here, can you not? I will speak to you when my plan is riper. An ode to a sooty sparrow, forsooth! a description of the bawling of rain in a gutter! Suggestive subjects, eh, Margaret?"

They parted at a crossing, the brother with steps quickened by the new scheme that filled

his soul; the sister more slowly, and with a troubled face, making her way to the cheerless home so soon to be more dreary still. For Margaret would not go abroad with her brother—he had many friends of whom she knew nothing; and it would not be the first time she had been left alone. It would be a long absence, however, and how would it end for Gaspar? For herself she had but little thought, beyond the knowledge that she should sadly miss what she dearly loved. Gaspar had “trammels” enough already—had he not spoken of them to-day? Besides, a genius on a quest for inspiration never takes a sister with him. She could only act housekeeper after all, and geniuses need no housekeeping. If the dinners at home are bad, they just dine out.

Margaret watched her brother till the mist that had begun to creep over the city hid him from her sight. Then she fell to thinking of his words, of Sappho, and of Mr. Pickering; and not being a genius of the most approved pattern, she was able at the same time to remember to pick up her dress.

“I am of the earth earthy,” she said to herself; “but that is no reason my skirt should be the same.”

Gaspar Marshall, cannot you learn the lesson her placid face teaches you, as she hears you speak so unconcernedly words that are messengers of ill-tidings to her, without a sigh, a murmur, without even one distressed look?

You will never learn till you have found her secret; till you look elsewhere for the directing finger; till you hear a voice saying, “This is the way, walk ye in it!”

Perhaps you hear no voice. That well may be. The voice comes after the secret, not before.

III.

“Chaque chose est vraie en partie, et fautive en partie. Nous n'avons ni vrai ni bien qu'en partie, et mêlé de mal et de faux.”—PASCAL.

Surprise or vexation at the idea of her brother's possible absence and impracticable scheme was not, however, the paramount cause of the troubled expression which (immediately that he had turned his back) came upon Margaret Marshall's face.

To her any scheme of Gaspar's did not appear impracticable, though she told herself that as great men had failed before, so might it be the will of God that Gaspar should fail now. Then she was still young, and so hopeful; and, after all, had he not said the plan was not fully ripe? Many green plans had fallen already, never to come to fruition, and Margaret had received them in her lap pa-

tiently and willingly, disappointed at first that they should have attained to no greater perfection, but still raising hopeful eyes for that one which should. Rosy apples are better than green, thought she, but green ones prove that the tree can bear.

But, it may be asked, had this woman, with her implicit faith in God, her patience in all things, because that in all things she saw His hand—had she found no lack in Gaspar? no unsoundness at the core of this life that was lived before her and at her side?

To this I say, that in despite of herself such thoughts *had* crossed her mind. But very rarely; for the same faith that was toward God descended like a mantle upon men. She believed in truth until she found a lie.

And, lest her faith in this matter should by daily contact be weakened, was there not her love to bind and blind her? She had that love “whose love includes all loves;” was it strange that it cast its halo around one that was not worthy?

“Too wholly pure to dream untruth” in aught, she was, moreover, too humble far to judge. Did Gaspar know her inmost soul, her struggles, her prayers, her temptations? How should she know his? To him, therefore, her trouble of to-day could not wholly be attributed.

That morning's visit to Mr. Pickering's studio had given a death-blow to one of the strongest articles of her faith.

Have we not all experienced a similar discomfiture when some preconceived and deeply-rooted notion has received a violent shock? when we look into our mind and find it in a turmoil because the firmest of its convictions has been proved a lie? We have such boundless faith in our own “convictions;” we are so ready to judge and to condemn by them; and when we have boundless faith, the wrench, when it comes, must be all the more severe.

Margaret's strongest conviction, next to her belief in Gaspar (and always excepting her religious faith, which reigned supreme, and influenced every action of her life), was that great genius must to some extent be accompanied by and inseparable from refinement. Joshua Pickering's pictures had seemed to her to speak from the soul of a great man. They had been, for many years back, the delight of her eyes; in the wildest flights of her ambition she had never soared above the level of that to which Mr. Pickering had attained. Landscapes, figures, conception, execution, what living artist could excel him? And no mere girl's fancy was this; or, at least, if it was so, it was shared by middle-aged men

and grey-headed artists. They proved their admiration, it is true, in different ways, for Mr. Pickering excited necessarily as much envy as admiration. His pictures could not be kept out of the Academy indeed; but the man of all others who should have himself been received into the magic circle, made it his special boast that never should he be able to add the R.A. after his well-known name. It mattered but little, truly; Joshua Pickering would have gained nothing by it himself, and the withholding of the prize when it should have been bestowed detracted not a little from the glory and good name of his enemies. The world had ceased to ask why so great genius was left unacknowledged, because all the world knew the answer.

It is not strange, therefore, that Margaret's first interview with the great man of her imagination and admiration should have been more than disappointing. The fruit of his genius rose multiform before her; the jasper sunsets, the rosy sunrise, the dawn at sea, the Niobe that all the world had marvelled at, beauty in all her sorrow, and sorrow in every line of beauty. The Sappho she had seen to-day! And such pictures had emanated from such a soul! Had he a soul?

Nor was it only the art to which he particularly addicted himself (Margaret could find no word save addicted that would not be wronged by application to Mr. Pickering) that seemed to come to him by nature. Had he not quoted aptly? Had not Mr. Armytage told Margaret that he was no poor performer on the violin, the piano, and the organ? And had it not been apparent all through that he cared for none of these?

There are, perhaps, few things more conflicting than instances of this kind. Genius without taste, cultivation without refinement, divine gifts conferred upon satyrs. I can find nothing at all analogous to it in nature, or otherwise. It is enough to know that what Margaret encountered is not an impossible, though happily an unusual case. We come sometimes upon one endowed with the noblest gifts, the highest powers that are known to man, to whom, as far as we can see, neither opportunity, circumstance, nor education has been adverse, and who yet remains untouched, unpurified by the divine flame. It would seem as if it were possible that gifts and powers can be held wholly apart from, and in no way affecting, the holder. That great genius and littleness of mind are compatible is a truth (disagreeable enough) that has been forced upon us by history and by experience; but it seems more unaccountable by far, that

great genius and extreme coarseness of manner, of life, and of outward appearance should meet in one being: we can reconcile in some measure to our reasoning faculties the fact that genius (cultivated) may create a refinement which shall be intellectual only, that is, affecting the mind, the tastes, and habits, but not the actual or spiritual life; but that genius (cultivated) should bring with it *no* refinement is more difficult of digestion. The difficulty, however, cannot make us doubt the too apparent fact.

Such were Margaret's meditations, when they were brought abruptly to a close by her encounter with Elspet not a yard from their own door. The good woman looked a little put out, or more technically, put *about*.

"Where are you going, Elspet?" asked her mistress.

"To see my cousin that has the toothache, my dear; I'll be back presently."

Elspet had a mythical cousin, who had served her many a good turn. "She never comes to see you, does she?" Margaret had once said, laughing; but no blush of shame had come to Elspet's withered cheek.

"Poor dear heart of her!" said she, as she shuffled down a by-street, making straight for the milkman's to order the forbidden supply. "Poor dear heart of her! The Lord knows I don't tell no useless lies; not except just to keep her mind easy."

The fire had been kept up in the sitting-room, and Margaret's frugal dinner awaited her on the fender. The cold morning's walk had made her more hungry than was usual, and she lifted the plates with some satisfaction on to the table. Her appetite was not sharpened, however, by the discovery of a letter upon the table. It was addressed to her brother, and bore the name of the magazine he the most regularly supplied.

What could it be? Had they written to say they would not trouble him further? It was nothing more than she expected, for this was the latest day allowed him, and there lay the unfinished manuscript upon the table.

Poor Gaspar! it was hard for him to have to write regularly, but still harder for him would it be to lack the gains a little exertion would have insured.

Margaret lifted her easel and canvas from the next room, and sat down to make use of the hour of daylight that remained.

She was hardly even so hopeful as she had been in the morning. Art seemed to her to have lost a little of its divinity.

Mr. Pickering's words were more vivid still than the face of Sappho—

"What would Mrs. P. say if I didn't bring her her twenty-five to thirty pounds a day?"

Perhaps the problem will be solved. At least I think that Margaret may trust her instinct rather than the judgment of her taste. That instinct, I mean, which whispered to her that Mr. Pickering was not merely what he seemed.

It is not every woman, nor every man either, that can discern the lustre of the diamond in the dull uncut stone and beneath the rough surface.

But if it is to go by guesswork—and what guesswork is better than instinct?—I think the woman will, in most cases, have the advantage.

IV.

"Il y a des ménagements que l'esprit même et l'usage du monde n'apprennent pas, et sans manquer à la plus parfaite politesse on blesse souvent le cœur."—MADAME DE STAËL.

The dull afternoon quickly waned, and shades crept closer and thicker over Margaret's easel. They had reached the fold across Gaspar's heart; they had strayed into his red-brown beard. The artist had had no need to improve on nature; the lifelike head portrayed a more than usually handsome man.

Margaret had for some moments laid by her brush; she was watching the effect of the fast passing light on the different parts of her picture. Now that the shadow touched the beard, she rose hastily, and, pushing back her chair, turned to the fire she had quite neglected.

Women have strange fancies, imaginative women especially; and Margaret had the gift and its consequences in large share, though she might be of the earth earthy. At this moment her fancy was to avoid seeing the evening shadows pass over Gaspar's painted face.

I suppose men are not troubled by such whims, but a woman (if she be alone especially) is haunted by them perpetually, and at every turn. Is it the weakness of a weaker mind, or is it the life that is by circumstances so often forced upon her? Left at home to brood over little troubles, seeing small things near, and so believing them to be large, is it strange that she should not shake off all that is in the eyes of men absurd and unreasonable? I think, too, that with women, as with children, imagination takes the lead. Reason asserts its claim, to be sure (unless they are very foolish women), but what child that is naturally nervous can be reasoned out of a fear of the dark? Imagination has

peopled the silence and the darkness with eyrie forms, and reason has no power to drive them forth.

These whims are, let it be said, generally but momentary. Margaret poked the fire, went to her brother's room to do the same kind office there, and left the easel and the picture to be devoured by shadows.

When she returned to the sitting-room she took a match from the bundle on the mantelpiece, so as to be in readiness when Gaspar's footstep should be heard on the stairs. She was too weary to read or work; the cheerful crackle of the fire and the dark stillness of the remainder of the room were very grateful to her; and then the saving of gas was a consideration. Gaspar was in the habit of returning home for a cup of tea or coffee, and to dress for dinner in the not uncommon event of his being asked to dine with friends, or at a friend's house.

Margaret had not long enjoyed the fire and quiet when the familiar footstep was heard. Almost at the same instant she rang the bell, and lighted the gas. But Gaspar came upstairs with unusual speed, and he was in the room before she could throw away the match.

"Look out, Margaret!" he said, excitedly (and Gaspar is seldom excited), "a friend has come in with me. Your hair is not very—and you have paint on your hands—you don't mind just going to your room, I suppose? He will not stay long."

Margaret left the door open behind her, and a stream of light enabled her to see her way to a chair; it would hardly do to move till the visitor was gone, now that she had made what seemed to her a rather unnecessary flight. But scarcely was she seated when the door was closed, and she was left in darkness.

Five minutes seemed a long time in that cold dark room; ten minutes like an hour; when twenty had passed she groped her way to the bed, and wrapping herself in her cloak, drew her chair close beside it and laid her head on the pillow. If there had been light there, it would have fallen on a subject for a better picture than Mr. Pickering had ever painted: a pale face, a wealth of heavy brown hair, not—as Gaspar had suggested—very tidy, but all the more picturesque for that, on closed eyelids very like marble, and lashes that would have been more beautiful had they not been bedewed, and so a little displaced.

Poor eyes! they would have been fuller, and poor cheeks, you would be paler or more flushed if the pillow and the closed door had not been merciful to you, and closed the

ears, half hidden in the hair, from learning the smallness of one you hold so great.

"Nice room, Marshall; very artistic! By Jove! I'd no idea you painted! Where's the end to your accomplishments?"

"Seen the last number of the *Contemporary*? Some good things in it."

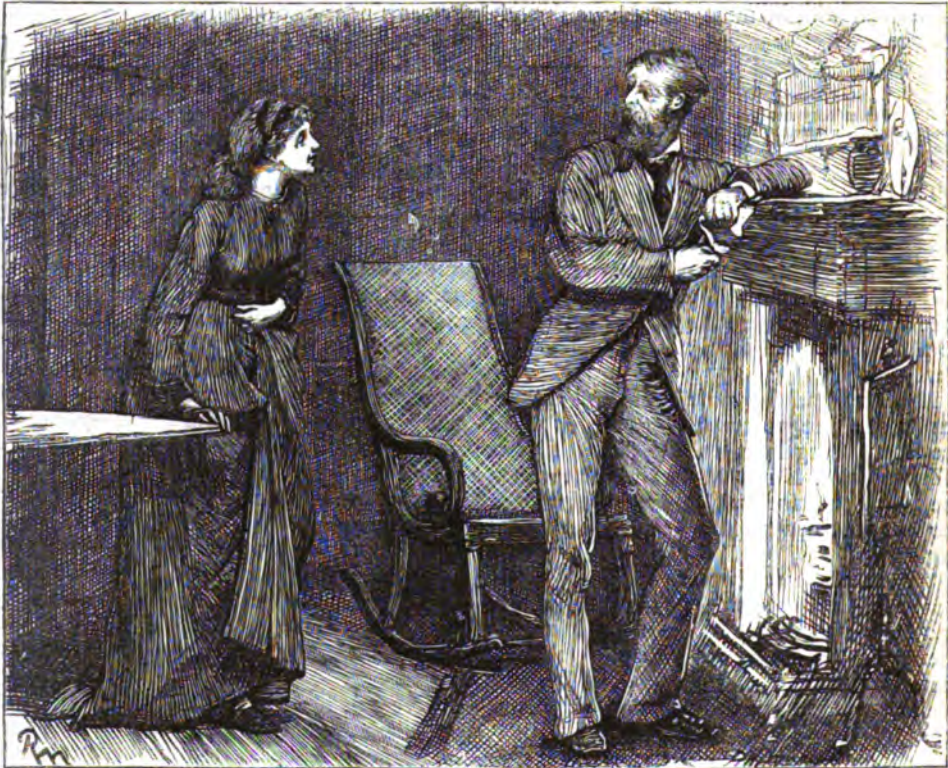
"But I want to look at this head, if you please. Charming room, I declare, Marshall!"

"Good enough for bachelor's quarters," replied Gaspar in an off-hand tone, trying to turn his friend from the subject of the portrait.

But he was not to be foiled, the canvas was lifted and brought to the light.

"By Jove!" said his friend again. "Well, I never! Awfully hard, isn't it, to draw one's self like that? But you have it to a T, I declare! Uncommonly grand! You're a born genius. Wish I had some of your talent, Marshall—haven't even a good eye for a horse! Well, now I must be off. I shall look you up again in this jolly den. And so you cannot dine with us on Tuesday?"

When Margaret re-entered the room her



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brother was reading his letter. He threw it into the fire with a smile.

"You have heard from the Editor, Gaspar?"

"From Lewis," he said. "I am going abroad to-morrow, so *that* business is settled."

The note that was curling itself thin and red-hot on the coals had been as follows:—

"Sir,—This being the last day our February number can remain open, I have been obliged, in default of your promised article, to supply another. According to the terms of our agreement, this irregularity cancels it, and we shall not again trouble you to furnish us with papers.—I am, sir," &c.

Margaret guessed the purport of the letter from her brother's manner more than from his words.

"Then you really are off to-morrow?" she inquired.

"Yes; and get that woman to see that my things are all right. She must pack, too, some parcels from my tailor, which will come to-night. I must be off now, but I will see you to-morrow. Send some tea into my room. Sit down by the fire, won't you? Poor girl, how you shiver! I hope you'll come in another day, and see young Goodfellow—you would not care for him though, he's an as-

tounding ass. I thought he would only bore you."

So saying, he took his candle and went to dress; and Margaret rang the bell to give orders about the tailor's parcels. As to Gaspar's present wardrobe, she superintended that herself; and an hour later the room was strewn with stockings and shirts. Twenty-eight pairs of boots—he could hardly need them all; she must ask in the morning which were to be packed.

By the same hour on the succeeding day (with his boots and the tailor's parcels) a genius had left London.

The great city, however, took but little notice of the facts. Mr. Lewis, in the publisher's office, was shaking hands with Gaspar's literary successor; while the sun set, the muffin-boy called, and the shadows crept as yesterday.

Only in one room of one poor lodging the lack was felt. No footstep on the stair to-night; no tea to prepare; no answer, kind or impatient, to break the silence.

But Margaret was very patient: it is a lesson that women mostly learn.

V.

"The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature; and what nature will be honour who honours not the human?"—LAVATER.

The portrait, though so nearly finished, must now be at a stand-still. When would it be completed? thought Margaret, as she laid it away.

She worked busily, however, at other subjects; her ambition being to produce something worthy of exhibition and of sale.

Not that she was careless for the art itself; her love for it increased day by day as she worked. But was it unnatural that she should be desirous of adding to the scanty allowance upon which she and Gaspar and old Elspet lived? And now that he had gone from her, was there less ground for this desire? I think not. The very uncertainty which must attend such a scheme and its issue was an incentive to her industry.

And is it not the mission of poets—I use the word in its widest sense, not speaking only of a maker of verses—of true souls, to elevate other souls? And if they are to be elevated, how else than by first administering to the body? Was Gaspar to be great and good while poverty kept him in the dust? Was Elspet to be taught truth-telling when economy, that verged on meanness, and a thousand consequent temptations, pervaded the very atmosphere around her? So Mar-

garet's thirst for pecuniary remuneration for her work was not so soulless and low as it may appear.

One picture was almost ready, at least for criticism. An interview with Mr. Pickering Margaret could not help shrinking from; yet how else should she find her way to the public eye and notice? A chance, as it appeared to be (but what is chance?), made the way plain.

Going out with Elspet for half an hour's shopping, Margaret came (as is so often the case) upon the one person in London to whom she might have applied the name of *friend*. It was very pleasant to see that bright, cheery face, to hear the refined, crisp accents, after Elspet's broad dialect; yet when they met, Margaret had not felt wholly pleased.

Mrs. Armytage, with a warm heart, had a quick temper; and then, of all people in the world, she least of all seemed to appreciate Gaspar. Would she ask for him? And, hearing of his whereabouts, would she approve his absence?

"Dear girl," said Mrs. Armytage, taking hold of both of Margaret's hands, and looking very much as if she would have liked to kiss her. "Dear girl! what an age it is since I have seen you!"

"It is a long time," said Margaret, for lack of something better to say.

They then walked down the street together, Elspet keeping a steady pace behind, and making a mental memorandum of the cut of Mrs. Armytage's cloak.

"I have meant to come to you every day this month, Margaret; but now that I am alone I find it hard to move about. I only walked so far this morning because I was obliged. And now I am so glad because I have seen you. Dear Margaret, you are looking a little better than when I saw you last, I think. What have you been doing, and where is your brother?"

"I have been painting, Mrs. Armytage."

"But where is your brother?" reiterated that little lady impatiently, almost imperiously.

The truth had to be told; and a quiet "humph!" was the reply.

It was soon settled that they should go together to Mr. Pickering's, and that Mrs. Armytage should broach the subject of exhibition, or of some means of disposing of Margaret's pictures. When they parted, her friend pressed her to change her mind about going home, and to come and spend the remainder of the day with her—"Or I will send the brougham for you this afternoon—come, Mar-

garet, do! it will be very dull. Luke is away, you know, and I am off to the country on Wednesday, so the house does not even look *pretty*, but if you will come, dear—"

Margaret could not spare the time; if she was to go to-morrow to Mr. Pickering's, she must finish her picture.

"But I am sorry you are going away, Mrs. Armytage," she said.

"But, my dear, I don't like London in Lent, or rather Lent in London. I am going to Bournemouth for six weeks. I shall leave a room ready for Luke though, in case he comes up to town. And I will tell him to come and see you, Margaret—"

"Oh, thank you; but I don't know—"

"I forgot; I suppose it would not do—well, I shall be back soon, and then you must come and stay with us for a good *long* visit."

So they parted. And next day they found themselves at Mr. Pickering's.

"Walk in, ladies!" he cried lustily; and then the half apology for smoking was repeated.

He criticised Margaret's picture, a study of a girl's head, pretty severely. But it was evident that it pleased him not a little.

"Goodish bit of talent, and *no* mistake!" he said; "you'll be making a noise yet, miss, and what's more to the point, a handsome living." Then he advised her to try the subject again, treating it in a different way. "And look at yourself a bit, miss, while you're doing it!" he added, laughing heartily.

"We disturbed you in an inexcusable way, Mr. Pickering, at *your* lovely picture," said Mrs. Armytage, stooping, with a raised eyeglass, over his easel.

"Disturb! dear no, madam—only making a few pot-boilers, you see! Had two orders for that this morning. Says I, 'Bother your orders! I'll do ten new subjects, but never a copy.'"

"Where is this, Mr. Pickering?"

"Coast of Cornwall—goodish bit of stuff, ain't it? But this is only second to t'other one, taken near the same spot. Poetical subject, miss—perhaps you're acquainted with it?"

Enoch Arden was the subject; and the man who painted the picture had surely loved the poem.

"Not so good, is it?" he said, and his words jarred upon Margaret, who had forgotten for a time the artist in his picture. "Not so good, the first one, I mean, as this? So the first one he says to me,—"

"*"I am content," he answer'd, "to be lov'd
A little after Enoch."*

That's what he says. Wish other folks was so obliging, miss—wish they'd be so easy pleased, that's all."

"Heaven made him," said Margaret to herself, catching from Mr. Pickering the infection of quoting, "and therefore let him pass for a man!"

When she reached home she sat down and wrote a long letter to Gaspar; there was also one to be enclosed, and it was with some regret that she sent it away unopened. For one near-belonging had these two in India—a brother who had been married and settled there for ten years past: the letter was addressed by him, and he was no frequent correspondent. Margaret would have liked to hear poor James was well.

But to open a letter to Gaspar was a thing not to be thought of. It was enclosed, and the budget addressed as he had directed—"Poste Restante, Paris."

After which Margaret had some tea, and fell to work re-sketching the girl's head, and in a different position.

Then, as she sat silently before her easel, the active mind wandered again and again to the pictures and the artist she had seen that day.

Then for the first time it occurred to her what might be (I do not say what *was*) the refining influence that Mr. Pickering lacked.

She did not use to herself the word "religion," nor the cant phrases of "conversion" and the like. To her the influence had never clothed itself in similar forms. She could not look upon it as a sudden gift of something from above to man, but rather as an opening of man's eyes to a changeless, majestic, all-absorbing truth. To those still blinded she longed to speak of what she felt and knew that she could see; and yet the sacredness of the revelation would often make her dumb.

What use to say, when all the world harangued of "chance," and "luck," and "accident," and "misfortune," there is no luck and no misfortune? God is above everything; if you will love Him, He will teach you his secrets.

What use for a young girl to oppose the practical faithlessness that so often accompanies a theoretic faith?

What use indeed, thought Margaret, to show what only God Himself can teach?

"Oh, Gaspar, my darling brother!" she sighed, "if *you* don't know, He will teach you some day. We must wait for his own good time."

And in the meantime, God being a living God to her, she could pray.



"MARGARET."

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

I.

1 COR. XV. 1-11.

HAD we read through this Epistle in the form in which it was first written, without any divisions into chapters and verses, we could not fail to have been struck with the change of tone and style that marks the introduction of that great theme with which this fifteenth chapter is throughout occupied. It is not merely that a new and quite different topic comes to be handled by the writer, but the formality, the solemnity, the emphasis with which the transition is made, all show us how strongly the writer felt that he was passing on to the consideration of a far more sacred subject, one touching far more deeply the vital truths of Christianity than any which he had previously been discussing.

And even so it was. The Apostle had learned that there were some among the Corinthian converts to Christianity who affirmed that there was to be no resurrection of the dead. A belief in that resurrection has so long, so universally, and so strongly been established in the breasts of all calling themselves by the Christian name, it is so thoroughly recognised as an integral part of the Christian faith, that we find some difficulty in conceiving that at any time any who professed themselves to be believers in Christ should have doubted or denied it. Let us remember, however, that even among the Jews, up to the time of the resurrection of our Lord himself, the doctrine of the future and general resurrection of the dead had not been revealed with such plainness as to prevent the whole sect of Sadducees from openly denying it. They accepted the Mosaic revelation; their title to be regarded as holders of the Jewish faith was not questioned; and yet they repudiated the belief that the dead were to rise again. Outside Judea the notion of a future resurrection of all the dead was so novel and so startling, that we are not to wonder that a difficulty should have been felt in admitting, or a disposition displayed, even by those who otherwise lent a favourable ear to the first teachers of Christianity, to reject it. In that broad Gentile world which those first evangelists of the cross invaded and sought to win over to Christianity, there were two elements that rose up in strong antagonism to the idea of the resurrection of the dead. There was the materialistic Epicurean form of infidelity, twin-sister

of the Sadducean spirit among the Jews, which refused to believe in anything beyond what sense or consciousness made known. That spirit was rife at Athens. Paul had already found it there. The men of Athens listened to him patiently enough for a time, till he spake of the resurrection of the dead, when they turned mockingly and impatiently away: the very notion of a future embodiment of the spirit, which at death passed they knew not whither or into what, being far too gross and too tangible for them to receive. Then there was another and very opposite spirit, begotten in the school of oriental speculation, with which the doctrine of the resurrection came into the sharpest and most direct collision,—the spirit of those teachers of the Gnostic philosophy, who asserted that the source of all evil lay in matter; the source of all sin in the soul's connection with the body. Liberation from the body with them was emancipation from all evil; reunion with the body would be a reduction of the soul once more into the bondage of corruption. Many who cherished this deep abhorrence of matter joined the Christian ranks, and struggled hard to retain as much as they could of their old impressions and beliefs, in conjunction with their new faith in Jesus Christ. Of such, in all likelihood, were Hymeneus and Philetus, referred to by Paul some years afterwards in his Second Epistle to Timothy as having erred concerning the faith, saying that the resurrection was past already. Seeking to spiritualise everything, they said that the only resurrection was the regeneration of the soul, the moral renewal of the inner man of the heart, which was already over with all who were made new men in Jesus Christ.

It is impossible now to tell which of the three leavens—the Jewish Sadducean, the Greek Epicurean, or the oriental Gnostic—first infected at so early a period the church of Corinth. We only have the fact before us that there were some within that church who said that there was to be no resurrection of the dead; otherwise they had received, in all its simplicity and in all its fulness, the Gospel that Paul taught. He had not to complain of them as having ever felt or expressed any doubt as to that eternal life held out to them in Christ, neither had they questioned the fact of Christ's own

resurrection as an incident in his history that had often been recounted to them. But animated by one or other of the tendencies that already have been alluded to, they had put away from them a belief in the general resurrection of the dead. They saw and felt no inconsistency in doing so. They thought that they could be as good Christians as ever, and yet give up that one belief. They did not see how unbelief on that one topic would, if admitted and cherished, spread itself around—how it went to sap and undermine the entire fabric of Christianity, to overturn the very trust and hope that they themselves were clinging to. To convince them of all this, and by working such conviction to eradicate the rising error, is the main object of the Apostle in the fifteenth chapter of this Epistle.

And first, as laying the firmest foundation for that close dealing which he purposes having with them, Paul reminds them of what that Gospel was which he had preached and which they had received. In doing so, he presents us, in the third and fourth verses, with the creed of the Early Church reduced to something like a formula—the first specimen of a confession of faith—short, simple, succinct, compendious. First of all, most prominent of all, as containing within itself the sum and substance of that Gospel which he was commissioned to announce, he had taught them how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures. One is struck, in reading this statement, how much it deals with facts, how little comparatively with doctrines. It is not, indeed, a mere dry recital of the death and burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Of itself such recital might form an interesting enough narrative, but could form no Gospel by which men might be saved. A motive, meaning, object, end, must be assigned to the death and resurrection before they can be regarded as constituting such a Gospel. But how simply yet effectively is that done by the declaration, Christ *died for our sins*! To explain all that lies comprehended in that saying, to exhaust all that the Scriptures have taught, or our great thinkers have conceived, of the relations between our sins and the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, would take us hours, and land us here and there in many an obscure and difficult inquiry. Instead of attempting any such laborious task, or offering any dogmatic deliverances on all the various questions that might be raised, let me

ask you rather to put yourself in the position of an intelligent, honest, earnest man, deeply convinced of his guilt before God; and as deeply sensible of his manifold moral and spiritual infirmities, when told for the first time that Christ, the Son of God, came down from heaven and *died for his sins*. What meaning could such a man attach to such an expression before he began to speculate upon it, or deal with it as anything else than a declaration intended to relieve the felt wants and the awakened anxieties of his soul? Should he not at once conclude that whatever obstacle his guilt had raised in the way of his being forgiven and accepted of the Most High had been done away by the death of Jesus Christ—that somehow through that death there was for him the free remission of his sins? Would he not think of the death of Jesus thus set forth to him as a death endured by Him, not for his own sins, but for the sins of others—endured for the sins of others in order that in the first instance they might be forgiven? And if his own faith in that death as so endured were instant, cordial, and entire, would he not rest upon it complacently and confidently as the good and sufficient, because heaven-appointed and heaven-accepted, ground of his pardon and acceptance with God? Such, I take it, was the faith with which the first Christians met the first teachings of the Apostles as to the death of Christ. They rested on that death as having removed all difficulties, met all requirements, making it as honourable and glorious to God as it was needful and blessed for them,—the blotting out of all their transgressions. How exactly, in what way, and to what extent the death of Christ did this—how it vindicated the character of God as a God of holiness and justice—how it sustained the honour of a law whose precepts had been broken, and whose penalty had been righteously incurred—how it protected all the interests of that great spiritual dominion of the Most High which had been so seriously invaded—they may not have very clearly seen, or very carefully investigated. Enough for them that they had the assurance of the great Lawgiver Himself that an all-sufficient atonement had been made. Let that assurance be enough still for each of us. It may conduce to our growing comfort, our growing stability in the faith, that we reach to clearer and fuller notions of the manner in which the death of our Redeemer effected its great ends. But first and above all things let us try to have a simple-minded, simple-hearted trust in the

entire sufficiency of that death as the ground of forgiveness implanted in our breast.

"Christ died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*. He was buried and He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." In such a compendious account of the facts of the Gospel history, it is remarkable that twice over it should have been repeated thus—that all that took place, and all that was taught about it, took place and was taught in strict accordance with the prophecies of the Old Testament Scriptures. It shows how anxious Paul was that this accordance should steadily and continually be kept in view. Nor is this a solitary instance in which such anxiety on his part was manifested. It had characterised the whole currency of his apostolic ministry. "Having therefore obtained help of God"—such was the language he employed before Agrippa—"I continue unto this day, witnessing to both small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: That Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles." In acting so—in keeping so continually before the mind of those he spoke to the concurrence between the facts that he had to tell and the predictions that had long before been uttered—Paul was but copying the great example of our Lord Himself, who on that first day after his own resurrection began, as it were, in his own person to execute the same office—when, in the journey out to Emmaus, beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to the two disciples "in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." What a voucher for the Messianic references of so many of those ancient types and ancient prophecies! Not in vain do we go back to these Old Testament Scriptures to find in the offerings and sacrifices of the Levitical economy the shadows of that offering up of Himself as the one great sacrifice for sin which Jesus made upon the cross. Not in vain do we go back to the pages of Moses and all the prophets, to read there of One who was to be cut off, but not for Himself—who was to finish transgression, make an end of sin, bring in an everlasting righteousness—who was to be wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities—upon whom the iniquities of all were to be laid—who was to bear the sin of many, and make intercession for the transgressors,—and see in Him of whom all this had been said none other than that Saviour of mankind whom God hath set forth to be a propitia-

tion through faith in his blood—to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past—that He might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. In the Corinthian church there were both Jewish and Gentile converts. Let not those Jews, then, who had taken on this new faith in Jesus think that they were casting aside their ancient Scriptures, or asked to believe anything that was not in strict accordance with that earlier revelation of the Divine will. And let not those Gentiles think that this religion of Jesus Christ was a wholly new religion, as different from Judaism as was their first pagan faith. No; let Jew and Gentile alike take up into their hands these venerable records, in which are preserved the manner of God's dealings with that once favoured people whom He selected as the medium of his divine intercourse with mankind, and through whom the world was to be prepared for the advent of the Son of God.

"And that He rose again the third day, and that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that He was seen of James, then of all the Apostles. And last of all He was seen of me also."

This statement is interesting as containing the earliest account extant of the resurrection of Christ; given between twenty and thirty years after that event. At the time when this Epistle to the Corinthians was written none of the four Gospels were yet in existence. An interesting inquiry is thus opened as to the evidence, direct and indirect, furnished by St. Paul to the facts of the Gospel history. The inquiry has an additional interest thrown around it from the separate and independent attitude that St. Paul assumed as compared with the other Apostles, as well as from the fact that he declared that he had himself seen the Lord, and derived his knowledge of his history by direct revelation from Himself. In the narrative of the institution of the Lord's Supper contained in the eleventh chapter of this Epistle, we have the earliest written account of that event. We notice there the exact and substantial, though not literal agreement of the Apostle's narrative with that of the Evangelists. In the instance now before us this correspondence, though not so precise, is perhaps, from its very diversity, still more instructive.

Nine different appearances of our Lord, after his resurrection, are mentioned in the Gospels. The first to Mary Magdalene; the

second to the women returning from the sepulchre; the third to Peter; the fourth to the two disciples going out to Emmaus; the fifth to the Apostles assembled in the evening in the upper chamber; these five all occurring on the day of the resurrection; the sixth to the Apostles, Thomas being now with the others, eight days after the resurrection; the seventh to the Apostles and disciples on the shores of the Sea of Galilee; the eighth to eleven disciples and others on the mountain side in Galilee, where Jesus had appointed to meet them; the ninth to the Apostles collectively, immediately before the ascension. Paul mentions here six appearances of our Lord, four of which we can identify with one or other of those recorded in the Gospels. As he appears to place them in the order of time, the first two—that to Cephas and that to the twelve—we may regard as the same with two of the four recorded by the Evangelists as occurring on the resurrection day. The other three—to Mary, to the women, and to the two disciples—he may not have known, or as happening to persons of comparatively little note, and as less available for the general object he has in view, they may have been intentionally omitted by him, even as he passes by one of the three appearances to the Apostles collectively, and that to the seven upon the lake side. Had not Paul told us that there was an appearance to above five hundred brethren at once, we should not have known that there ever had been brought together so many eye-witnesses of the fact of the resurrection. This may have happened in the interview on the Galilean mountain side, or it might have happened at Jerusalem before the dispersion of the people assembled at the Passover, where it is quite as likely that five hundred disciples could have been congregated as on a mountain side of Galilee. There are still two, however, of the appearances mentioned by Paul of which no trace is to be found in the Gospels—that to James and that to himself—the omission of the latter due obviously to the circumstance that with Paul's life and labours the evangelistic narrative had nothing to do; but the omission of the former sufficient to assure us that it was not the design of the Evangelists to record every incident in their Master's history, but such only as the Divine wisdom under which they acted should deem sufficient for the instruction of the Church.

But why did Paul recite so carefully these proofs of the resurrection of Christ? Why did he, at the opening of that pleading which he meant to have with the Corinthians on the

subject of the resurrection of the dead, show such anxiety to have that fact established upon evidence that they could not gainsay? Because it was the fact which authenticated that Gospel which he had preached, and because it was upon that fact, and upon that Gospel—as once received and still not denied by them—he meant to take his stand in the reasoning he was about to institute. The death of Christ of itself proved nothing—threw but little light upon the character or object of his mission. There was no need of adducing evidence to substantiate it. Very different was his resurrection. That, if true, was a supernatural event, the crowning miracle that gave credibility to all the other miracles of his life. That, if true, was the seal of Heaven's acceptance and approval put upon that sacrifice which in dying for our sins Jesus had offered up. Paul felt this so strongly, that you find him opening his Epistle to the Romans thus:—"Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an Apostle, separated unto the Gospel of God which He had promised afore by his prophets in the holy Scriptures, concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh; and declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead." Paul felt this so strongly, that when, in the course of that same epistle he puts the question, "Who is He that condemneth?" his answer is, "It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

It is around the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ that the battle of supernaturalism in Christianity has been so often fought. It is a fact (none can deny) as capable of historical proof as any event of the past. And it is a fact so thoroughly substantiated, upon such competent evidence, that if we are to give up our faith in it we must consistently give up our faith in all historic records, all the past must be blank to us. It is upon this fact, so securely established, that the entire fabric of our Christian faith reposes. Believing that Jesus rose again from the dead, and in the body He ascended up to heaven, we are prepared to receive all that the Scriptures have taught us of the glories of his person, of the design of his ministry, of the efficacy of his death. Let us be devoutly grateful for it that our faith in Him who has redeemed our souls unto God, in union with whom standeth our eternal life, has such a solid historic foundation to rest upon—often as-

sailed, yet never shaken ; so firmly embedded among those other foundations upon which our knowledge of the past reposes, that to overturn it would be to overturn them all.

The last witness for the resurrection cited here by Paul is himself—"Last of all He was seen of me also. Am I not an Apostle as truly as any of the others? Have I not seen the Lord?" was the question that in a preceding part of this epistle he had put with some degree of indignation to those who were disposed to disparage his title to the apostleship. Perhaps Paul alluded thus to that sight of the risen Saviour given him at his conversion, or perhaps—and that would liken it the more to the other manifestations with which it is here ranked—perhaps he alluded to some after interview in which he received from the Lord the Gospel that he taught. He cannot, however, even allude to the honour that was thus conferred on him without a sense of his own unworthiness filling his heart ; without alluding at the same time to the humiliating circumstances that distinguished his call to the apostleship from that of the other twelve. "Seen of me as of one born out of due time, for I am the least of the Apostles, that am not worthy to be called an Apostle because I persecuted the Church of God." A like digression, occasioned by his ranking himself among the holy apostles and prophets to whom the mystery of Christ was revealed, you find in his Epistle to the Ephesians, where he exclaims, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Another like digression, occasioned by his reference to that glorious Gospel of the blessed God committed to his trust, occurs in his First Epistle to Timothy, when he says,

"And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry ; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious ; but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief." That passage in his bygone life, when beyond measure he had persecuted the Church of God and made havoc of it, he desired never to forget. Most willing was he at all times to magnify the grace so undeserved that had selected one so unworthy and so unlikely to be an Apostle of the Lord. But however deeply conscious of his individual demerit, however ready to acknowledge his original personal disqualifications for so high an office, let not those Corinthian cavillers make any improper use of such admissions on his part, for the grace that had conferred the office had fully qualified for its work. "By the grace of God I am what I am ; and his grace which was bestowed on me was not in vain ; but I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." In reading his epistles we have often occasion to recognise in Paul one of the rarest unions of the devotional and the practical, the deepest piety and the soundest discretion. Here we recognise almost as rare a union—that of the profoundest humility and the readiest acknowledgment of all that the grace of God had enabled him to be and to do. A humility this free of all affectation, of all fictitiousness, that laid itself down in the dust, not to grovel there in those pitiful bemoanings and confessions in which so much of self and so much of pride is so often wont in covert disguise to enter, but which laid itself down in the dust to magnify that grace of God which had stooped to lift one even so unworthy, and to make of him an instrument of such great good to his fellow-men.

W. HANNA.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

BY the grave, where rarely mourners
More than for a moment stay,
And to which are no returners
When they've wept their griefs away :
Shadowing its silent sleep,
There I stand, and watch and weep !
Over many swelling waters,
Rolling silently along,
On which Pleasure's sons and daughters
Glide with merry laugh and song ;
For the joys I cannot keep,
I stretch out my arms, and weep !
In the forest, where the royal
Rulers of the land lie low,
Under which, with love most loyal

Up from childhood I did grow :
When their long processions sweep
By me to their graves, I weep !
For the wild deer on the mountain,
Bounding past me up the glade,
For the traveller by the fountain
As he stoop'd and drank, and pray'd ;
I who cannot bound or creep
Only stay behind and weep !
Only when my life is over,
And, like interwoven nest,
I, to gentle friends or lover,
Offer calm repose and rest,
Or to babe its soft-sway'd sleep,
Only then I cease to weep.

JOHN S. MONSELL.

JOHN KEBLE AND HIS HYMNS.*



Keble College, Oxford.



It is so lately gone from amongst us; the familiar sunshine of to-day is on his face; the ranks of battle have scarcely closed up where he fell; the echo of his farewell has hardly died away from over the river. He is still so present with us; he has so completely made over his religious personality to us in the "Christian Year," that we are in some danger of forgetting that he was anything more than a devout man and a poet. But of all else that went to make the man, and of the influences which formed his youth, the measure of his intellect, his position in the Church, and his bearing towards his fellow-men, his poems leave us profoundly ignorant. There are no allusions to his many and strong friendships, his splendid university honours, his abiding literary labours, or his intimate connection with that Oxford movement amidst the upheavings of which we dwell. At once most confidential and most reserved, the most deeply personal and the most impersonal of volumes, it seems likely that the "Christian Year" will bequeath Keble to posterity rather than that it should descend as his bequest. His was truly an uneventful life. Neither Church nor Crown regarded the author of the "Christian Year" as worthy of any honours within their keep-

ing. He is seldom found during his long life elsewhere than in his college rooms, his father's house, his beautiful vicarage on the borders of the loveliest sylvan scenery in England, or at some quiet sea-side village in search of health. He hated publicity, and lived in great measure aloof from the tumult which he had done much to create.

Keble's father was vicar of Coln St. Aldwyns, in Gloucestershire, and his son John was born in 1792, at Fairford, in the neighbourhood. In his father's house he saw religion under that pure and quiet aspect, which, thank God, it wears still in thousands of our rectory homes. Both father and mother divided their labours between their four children and Coln, and as regarded the first they lived to reap that harvest which is seldom denied to prayerful piety accompanied by watchful consistency. The love, happiness, and unworldliness of this rural home wrought themselves deeply into Keble's character. Home influence surrounded his whole boyhood, for his father's study was his school-room, his father his teacher, and his brother Tom his sole rival. The stirring emulations of the "sixth-form" boys at our public schools, their strong *esprit de corps*, their hearty friendships, and soaring ambitions were to him all unknown. Not only was he thus segregated from his boyish kind, but he never worked but when he chose, in order to carry out an educational theory of his father's. But this mode of education, imperfect and hap-hazard as it seems, enabled Keble not only to compete successfully for a Corpus Christi Scholarship in his fifteenth year, but to enter on his college course with signal credit. Nor only this, but the home-taught,

* "Life of Keble," by Sir J. T. Coleridge; "Memoir of Keble," by Rev. J. Frewen Moor; "Remains of Hurrell Froude;" Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua;" "Memoir of the Rev. F. W. Faber."

home-bred boy went up to Oxford, leaving behind him among his family and friends a reputation for purity and excellence which procured for him the title of "John the Good."



Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

And "John the Good" he remained; the pure home atmosphere encircling him like a halo amidst the seductive influences of a life of comparative unrestraint. By the force of affinity he fell into a reading set. The atmosphere of Corpus was stimulating, the scholar was surrounded by men who have since become famous, and before long the stirrings of ambition, and the desire to do credit to his father's training, moved him to read for first-class honours, both in classics and mathematics. At this time he was morbidly shy, and so afraid of his project being discovered, that he carried on his studies on a chair conveniently near a cupboard, into which he used to thrust his *Principia* hastily on the first alarm of an intruder.

In 1810 he passed his final examination, and won a "Double First," an honour which, in that form, no one hitherto had attained, except the late Sir R. Peel. For this splendid triumph of a reserved youth, who had never been trained by the fierce emulations of a public school, neither Keble's college nor his friends were prepared. His success opened the way to the distinction of a fellowship at Oriel, and at the age of eighteen he took his place at the High Table of the Senior Common Room, among that remarkable body of men which even then gave the intellectual tone to the university, and which afterwards, by the gradual accretion of men of marked ability and kindred thought, became a focus of opinion which went far to revolutionise the Church of England. Copleston and Davison

I. N. S.

were the leaders in the endless discussions in the common room when Keble entered almost simultaneously with Whately; Newman, Arnold, and Pusey, with many other lesser lights, were afterwards added. Keble at eighteen, less shy than formerly, but otherwise little changed, found himself compelled to take part in arguments on some of the most agitating topics of thought, and was even then in antagonism to Whately, the great questioner of the prevailing creed—High Toryism in Church and State. Keble is described at this time and afterwards by the friend who knew him best and loved him most, as affectionate, home-loving, easily impressed by scenery and society, given to hearty enjoyment of morning and evening parties, concerts, and dances, as well as to long rambles amidst the green ruralities of the west of England, full of fun and humour (qualities which never totally deserted him, even in the most anxious days of his after life), and with a profound reverence, which distinguished him at once from the other men of his age. At this time, and throughout life, his veneration for his father was one of his marked characteristics. He received his beliefs and opinions with almost the unquestioning obedience of childhood, as though from an infallible authority. His domestic affections were intense. To the surprise, and often the vexation, of his friends, he made more than once what they called "sacrifices" of positions of honour and emolument, in order that he might remain in the vicinity



Oriel College, Oxford.

of Fairford, or actually in his father's house, to attend upon his mother, or to cheer and nurse his sisters. At twenty he gained the chancellor's prize for both "The Bachelors'

Essays," in English and Latin, then an unprecedented feat, and only accomplished twice since, the prize man on one of these occasions being the late Dean Milman.

Keble had grown up a pious man. He had a great deal of "natural religion," and circumstances had been favourable to the production of something more. For such piety as his, the ministry of the Church of England was the only attractive career. To this service he had early consecrated himself, and he does not appear ever to have swerved even in thought from his purpose, nor in maturer life was any attraction powerful enough to divert him from his strong bent for parochial work. His solemnity in view of the responsibilities of the ministerial office became more and more intense as his ordination drew near. In writing to Coleridge on the brilliant future which lay before him at the bar, he says that nothing, even the saving of health and life, would make him forego such possibilities, "but for visions far more brilliant and more certain too, more brilliant in their results, as the salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing of the *Magna Charta* of a thousand worlds—more certain to take place, since temptations are fewer, and opportunities everywhere to be found." In another letter a few days before taking holy orders, he wrote, "Pray earnestly, my dear best friend, that I may not be altogether unworthy of the sacred office on which I am rashly, as I fear, even now entering, but that some souls may have cause to bless me. Pray that I may be freed from vanity, envy, and discontent, from impure imaginations, that I may not be weary or wandering in heart from God's service; that I may not be judging others uncharitably, or vainly dreaming how they will judge me at the very moment when I seem most religiously and charitably employed." He was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday, 1815, and priest on Trinity Sunday, 1816, and in the interim the ministry among holy things, which so often produces negligence or careless familiarity, had only increased his reverence and his sense of responsibility. In writing to the same friend sixteen months after his ordination, he said, "I want your prayers very much, I want them for every day. I feel the dangers and anxieties of my profession increase upon me. Pray for me that I may not pollute God's altar with irregular worldly-minded complacency."

We require this knowledge of Keble's deepest views on the ministry to explain the tone of his allusions to it throughout the

"Christian Year." If they were hereafter tinged by an unwholesome sacerdotalism, there was nothing at this early period, during which his poems were written, which ought not to be the inmost thought and wish of every honest man who takes upon him the office of preaching Christ crucified. Keble's solemn sincerity on this subject gives a sanctity to the force and reiteration with which throughout the "Christian Year" he dwells upon the ideal of a true pastor of the flock. It is probably to the period of his ordination that we may refer his hymn for St. Matthias' Day.*

His first parochial duties were the services of two small parishes, to which a third was afterwards added, the united emolument of his curacies being about £100 a year. For twenty years more or less of this quiet ministry his father's house continued to be his home, and much of his time was spent in attendance on a suffering sister, home duties in his opinion taking precedence of all others. There were, however, university intervals of great importance, inasmuch as they both kept Keble from passing away from university associations, and placed him in contact with men who as largely influenced him as they were influenced by him. The Oriel, to which he returned as tutor, was more brilliant even than the one he had left, and in the five years of his tutorship came before the country as a recognised focus of thought, gathering into its common room most of what was remark-

* Who is God's chosen priest?

He who on Christ stands waiting day and night,
Who traced His holy steps, nor ever ceased,
From Jordan banks to Bethphage height:

Who hath learned lowliness
From his Lord's cradle, patience from His Cross;
Whom poor men's eyes and hearts content to bless:
To whom, for Christ the world is loss;

Who both in agony
Hath seen Him and in glory; and in both
Owned Him divine, and yielded, nothing loth,
Body and soul, to live and die,

In witness of his Lord,
In humble following of his Saviour dear:
This is the man to wield th' unearthly sword,
Warring unharmed with sin and fear.

But who can e'er suffice—
What mortal—for this more than angel's task,
Winning or losing souls, Thy life-blood's price?
The gift were too divine to ask.

But Thou hast made it sure
By Thy dear promise to Thy Church and Bride,
That Thou, on earth, wouldst aye with her endure,
Till earth to heaven be purified.

Thou art her only spouse
Whose arm supports her, on whose faithful breast
Her persecuted head she meekly bows,
Sure pledge of her eternal rest.

Who then, uncalled by Thee,
Dare touch Thy spouse, Thy very self below?
Or who dare count him summoned worthily,
Except Thine hand and seal he show?

Dread searcher of the hearts,
Thou who didst seal by Thy descending Dove
Thy servant's choice, O help us in our parts,
Else helpless found, to learn and teach Thy love.

able at Oxford, and effervescing with discussions on those points on which the disputants were hereafter to differ as widely as Whately from Newman, or Arnold from Pusey. The elements of future antagonism indeed already became clearly defined, especially as regarded Keble and Whately, natures between which it was not possible that any cordial amity could exist. During this period the acquaintance between Keble and Newman began.

Newman thus writes of Keble after half a lifetime had passed, bringing with it the keenest disappointment and the bitterest separation:—"The first time that I was alone with him (Keble) was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel. I was sent for into the Tower to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years! I had to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of sinking into the ground. His had been the first name which I had heard spoken with reverence when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking

in High Street with my dear earliest friend (Bowden), with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble,' and with what awe did I look at him!" After stating how the men whose reputations were made, and those who were afterwards to eclipse them, admired Keble for his intellectual prowess, and loved him for his gentleness, humility, and unaffectedness, Newman writes, "However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828. It is one of the sayings preserved in his 'Remains,'* 'Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well, if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Newman and Keble to understand each other.'"

* Concerning this very book and Keble's share in it, Newman says, "So, too, is that early-venerated, long-loved friend with whom I edited a work, which, more perhaps than any other, caused disturbance and annoyance in the Anglican world, yet, however judgment might run as to the prudence of publishing it, I never heard any one impute to Mr. Keble the shadow of dishonesty or treachery towards his Church in so acting."

ISABELLA L. BIRD.

(To be continued.)

THE PROVERBS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

L—"THE AXE IS LAID UNTO THE ROOT OF THE TREES."

EVERY careful reader of the New Testament must have been struck by the fact that a large part of its teaching, for the prudential conduct of daily life, and for the inculcation of great religious principles too, is given in the form of Proverbs.

By Proverbs we mean short, pointed, emphatic, animated sentences, evidently adapted for general use and immediate application.

Proverbs, in fact, are like our current coins—having a worth that is recognised at first sight—conveniently passing from hand to hand—facilitating the business of every day—frequently containing much value in a small compass—and available for ready use on various emergencies.

That the New Testament is full of sayings that satisfy these conditions might be made evident immediately, by turning over its pages rapidly, and by beginning to draw up a list, which would contain such sentences as the following:—*It is more blessed to give than to receive: Owe no man anything, but to love*

one another: The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: The time is short: Evil communications corrupt good manners: He that loveth his brother abideth in the light: God will have mercy and not sacrifice: and the like.

But among Proverbs, whether they be human or Divine, those are the most interesting and attractive which are not mere abstract assertions of recognized truth or bare literal directions for our behaviour, but which contain either an expressed or a latent comparison. In such cases the moral truth or precept is presented under the form of an image; and the image gives a charm to the truth or the precept, which makes it persuasive. Such proverbs are gilded, so to speak, with a touch of poetry. They have in them something, too, of the nature of a riddle. Thus they please our fancy and excite our curiosity.

The meaning and the justice of this distinction will be seen at once by such an

enumeration as the following: *A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Make to yourselves bags which wax not old. Behold how much fuel a little fire kindleth. The light of the body is the eye. Let the dead bury their dead. One soweth and another reapeth. Where the carcase is, thither will the vultures be gathered together. Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. No man, having tasted old wine, straightway desireth new.* Proverbs of this class, even in the Bible, have always a far greater force than could be possessed by mere abstract statements of truth, or by simple precepts, saying literally what they mean. Containing within them a comparison, they seem to have, and indeed they have, a greater richness and depth than they would otherwise possess. Any one such proverb really does contain two or three different meanings; or, at least, can be made applicable to several varying sides of human life. It is like a light in the hand, which, by a judicious turn, can be thrown on several objects in succession.

It would be easy to furnish illustrations of what is here meant from our abundant supply of merely human proverbs. Here we are occupied with the Divine; and of course reverence withholds us from dealing with such sayings of the Bible in a merely critical spirit. Two Biblical examples, however, may be given, one from the Old Testament, and another which may be said to belong equally to the Old Testament and the New. Such are our most natural and appropriate illustrations in such a case; and they will furnish opportunity for some other remarks introductory to the papers which are to follow.

There is a proverb of singular force and vivacity, which we find both in Jeremiah and in Ezekiel: * "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge;" and from the manner in which these two prophets adduce the saying it seems evident that it was current among the Jews generally at the time of the Captivity. They then had terrible experience of the truth that "God visits upon the children the iniquity of their fathers." But they so used the proverb as to cast a reproach upon God, to forget the limitations within which the proverb was true, to lose sight of the encouragement which God gave them in the midst of their suffering, and of the responsibility which it was their duty to feel in regard to their own sins.

That the proverb does express a truth is most certain, and a truth conspicuous alike in

the course of Providence and on the pages of Scripture. This truth had a marked place in the utterance of the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai; and the experience of every day attests the fact that, in a multitude of ways, "when the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children's teeth are set on edge." This is indeed a proverb with many sides.* We see how it may be applied to inherited disadvantages of all kinds—to the impaired health, which reappears in the next generation; to the broken circumstances, which make children paupers; to the neglect of opportunities, the harmful result of which falls heaviest on those who have been least guilty. It is, however, in the prolonged and propagated consequences of sin that this inevitable law is seen to be most disastrously operative. As the Chaldee Paraphrast explains the proverb in question: "The fathers have sinned, and the sons are smitten;" or, as we find it expressed in the Book of Lamentations: "Our fathers have sinned, and are not; and we have borne their iniquities."†

But here we have an opportunity of marking a principle, to which reference will be made again in the papers which follow. No proverb, not even a Biblical proverb, expresses the whole truth, but only a partial truth, or at least one side of some truth, which, to be apprehended fully, must be viewed on many sides. Still less can we expect any full exhibition of truth in a merely human proverb, brought into existence under the influence of wrong feelings. In this current saying of the Jews during the Captivity there was clearly a mixture of profaneness and wit. The comparison was ingenious; but it indicated an impenitent state of mind. The Jews complained of their condition as if they suffered entirely for their fathers' sins, and as if they had no sins of their own to regret.‡ It is to this state of mind that the two great prophets address themselves, Jeremiah in Jerusalem, Ezekiel by the Chebar. They tell the Jewish people, in substance,

* "Whatever may be the case in regard to other matters, there is no question whatever that in sanitary matters that which the French call *solidarité* exists between one generation and another. The old saying comes true that the shortcomings of the fathers are visited upon the children. That is a theory which may be looked at from two points of view. On the one hand it points to the cause of the evil, and on the other it points to the remedy; and I am sanguine enough to believe that if you could enforce—I don't say you can, that is quite another story—sanitary and hygienic laws, it would be within the power of society to all but eradicate idiocy in three or four generations."—*Speech of the Earl of Derby at a meeting in Manchester for the Albert Idiot Asylum.*

† Lam. v. 7.

‡ "This proverb," says Lowth, "had likewise a profane sense implied in it, and insinuated that the present age was not remarkably worse than those that had gone before it, and so did not deserve to be made an extraordinary example of God's vengeance."

this, that with the removal of the national judgment, the occasion for the use of the proverb will be taken away; but that, to each separate sinner, his own personal responsibility will remain. Jeremiah uses the language of hope and promise; and while he says that "every one shall die for his own iniquity," that "every man that eateth the sour grape, *his* teeth shall be set on edge," he adds that the use of their own proverb shall cease, because as God had watched over them "to pluck up, and to break down, and to destroy, and to afflict," so He would watch over them "to build and to plant," that He would restore them, and make "a new covenant" with them, putting His law within them, and writing it in their hearts. Ezekiel, with characteristic severity, lays down sternly the Divine principles of immutable justice, and adduces some of those counter-proverbs, which, as we shall see, must always be taken into account in estimating the amount of truth really contained in any current maxim: "As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine: as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die. Are not my ways equal? Are not your ways unequal? Make you a new heart and a new spirit: why will ye die?"

But now, to turn to the other illustration, which, as has been remarked, may be said to belong equally to the Old Testament and the New, it will be admitted that any sentence in the Old Testament, which is quoted more than once in the New, has peculiar claims on our attention. This is the case, for instance, with two proverbial sayings, each of which is twice adduced by St. Paul, one from Habakkuk, "*The just shall live by his faith,*"* the other from the Book of Proverbs, "*Provide things honest in the sight of all men.*"† Those may be truly called henceforward Proverbs of the New Testament, the one enunciating the true principle of all religious life, the other containing a precept of extreme importance, which even religious people are too apt to neglect. Under the same class we may rank that phrase from Deuteronomy, which, in like manner, the same Apostle adduces twice: *Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*‡ It is this sentence to which reference is here made, as illustrating well the fact that a proverb containing a comparison admits of many applications.

"Does God take care for oxen?" asks St. Paul. Certainly He does. But He cares for man much more; and when He tells us that it is a duty to be considerate of the former, He reminds us that it is a still more urgent duty to feel sympathy for the latter. By thus inculcating the duty of considerately caring for dumb animals, the Jewish law really enforces the general principle, the wider duty, which embraces all things, both great and small; and, indeed, this considerate care in the minor instance is itself a training for humanity and kindness in reference to the greater. Such a suggestion as that of this little precept in the Pentateuch, furnished to a thoughtful, devout, and feeling mind, spreads out into a thousand instances, and finds its opportunities in all the relations of life. St. Paul sees in the merciful precept of the Mosaic code, which provided that the ox, in the midst of his toil, might solace himself with a share of the food he was preparing for man—and we, with the Apostle, ought likewise to see—the expression of a moral and religious truth with many applications. This considerate care, due to all, is especially due to those to whom we are under obligations, those from whom we have received labour and service. As a mere matter of policy, the law of kindness here recommends itself. The ox or the ass cannot work for us unless it is well treated. But this is not the main point. It is a shame to be unkind to the dumb animals if they are our servants. And is it not a shame, is it not bad policy, so to treat men who labour for us as to cause them to feel that our sympathy is denied to them? The instances to which this might be applied are many and various—punctual payment of wages, justice and fairness towards tradesmen, considerate treatment of domestic servants, and the like. That to which the Apostle applies the principle is the claim of Christian ministers upon the Christian people for sympathy and support in consideration of their anxiety and toil. There may possibly be, as one of the Early Fathers says, a hint to the Clergy themselves, to this effect, that they do labour diligently, that they be not impatient under the irksome monotony of routine, and that they be content with, it may be, a very scanty proportion of the profuse wealth that surrounds them.* If this be so, we have here only an additional illustration of the richness of meaning that resides in the proverbs of the Old and New Testaments.

* Hab. ii. 4; Rom. i. 7; Gal. iii. 12.

† Prov. iii. 4 (LXX.); Rom. xii. 7; 2 Cor. viii. 21.

‡ Deut. xxv. 4; 1 Cor. ix. 9, 10; 1 Tim. v. 18.

* Some sentences are here reprinted from a sermon by the writer, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral at the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in 1868.

The true meeting-point of the Old and New Testaments is found in the mission and character of John the Baptist. He is the living link between the earlier and the later parts of the Bible. Without him those two great sections of our Holy Book would be in a great measure dis severed from one another. In the mention of him the stream of prophecy disappears—runs underground, as it were; and then reappears in the earliest utterances of the Evangelists. Moreover, in his personality and in the style of his teaching he seems to belong alike to both dispensations. The manner of his appearance, the sententious severity of his words, remind us of the old Prophets; while yet we see in him all that loving, personal, intelligent devotion to Christ which is the mark of the Christian saint. Thus, for every reason, in proceeding now to comment upon some selected Proverbs of the New Testament, it is natural to begin with one of the utterances of John the Baptist.

Among the strong brief sentences which he used in addressing those who came to listen to his preaching, one has been selected, which is striking on account of the image it contains, which was singularly faithful and true at the time when it was spoken, which is "a faithful saying"* for us still, and may easily be recognised as true on various sides and from very different points of view. We need not inquire whether he is quoting a proverbial phrase in common use among the Jews, or simply, like one of the old Prophets, employing the imagery of his own characteristic inspiration. Practically these words constitute for us, and for all future generations, a Proverb of the New Testament. Every proverb must have a beginning. We know the history of many sententious sayings, which, starting suddenly from a definite point, have become rapidly popular, and have thenceforward, under many shades of meaning, carried wisdom with them for all subsequent times. And what is true, in this respect, of merely human wit, is eminently true of the Scriptures.

"*The axe is laid unto the root of the trees.*" How lively is the image! How serious is the lesson it conveys! Here are the trees of the orchard, which ought to be fruitful, but some of which are too evidently "cumbering the ground." The axe is laid ready. The keeper of the orchard is gone away for a time. But he will return.

(1) In its primary meaning, of course, this refers to the Jewish nation, just then in

the crisis of their history, just then about to lose that exclusive pre-eminence in religious and moral opportunities, which had been wasted and abused. And, by virtue of the uniformity of God's moral government of the world, this sentence has become applicable to other nations since. History informs us that, again and again, *national judgments* have come, in a greater or less degree, not only severely, but also very suddenly. Sometimes it has been an entire uprooting, sometimes a comparative decay of power and a loss of dignity among the nations of the earth. Sometimes the causes may have been long at work: and then at last comes some catastrophe, as with the sharp edge and heavy blow of an axe, revealing the change and making it palpable to all.

Very lately we have seen, to our great grief, such things happening in a country not far from our own shores; nor is it difficult to trace some of the causes which led to this calamity. Certainly it came very suddenly. A few months previously no one could have suspected the crash which was close at hand. I cannot easily forget the few days which I myself happened to spend in Paris, about the time of Palm Sunday,* some three months before the war broke out. Never was any city—with its long avenues of lofty buildings, its sumptuous palaces, its open spaces, its clear sky overhead, its population without care—never was any city so bright, so busy, so beautiful, so obviously complete in all its equipments for fashion, for art, and for amusement. But the axe just then was "laid unto the root." The blow came unexpectedly: it was terrible when it came; and we see the results.

This, however, is not the most salutary employment of our thoughts with such a subject before us. Rather we should turn to ourselves, and ask whether there be not amongst us some of the moral precursors of great calamities. Several very bad symptoms are visible in our social state. Can we not mark a low standard of commercial morality? Is there not frivolity and effeminacy where there ought to be manliness? Are not multitudes mere slaves to fashion? Is not parental dis-

* See 1 Tim. i. 15, iii. 1, iv. 9; 2 Tim. ii. 1; Tit. iii. 8; which passages will be made the subject of a subsequent paper in this series.

* In many countries there is some old-fashioned custom of making Palm Sunday gay and bright, in correspondence with the transient gleam in the Gospel History which the day commemorates. In the northern parts of England the children still go out on this day to gather the catkins of the willow, "which they palmes do wont to call." Most travellers on the Corniche Road are familiar with the pretty story which connects the rich growth of palms near Bordighera with St. Peter's at Rome. In Paris it is the custom on that day to use the fresh green leaves of the Box. Trains full of these tufts of bright foliage come from the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees; and not only are the churches decorated with them, but the domestic animals; so that Paris on Palm Sunday is like London on May-day.

cipline weaker than it ought to be? And are we not debilitated by luxury, extravagance, intemperance, and worse? If "our summer" of prosperity breeds "no increase" in any high and noble sense, the axe will justly be "set to our usurping root."* We must not be too confident that no sudden change is coming. Our customary boasting bears far too much resemblance to the old boasting of the Jews. They were in the habit of leaning on the reputation of the past. They gloried in being "the sons of Abraham." But John the Baptist said, pointing to the stones that lay about him in the desert, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." And this is true in more senses than one. Some abrupt and terrible blow might come, that would bring down the great English name into the dust, and transfer to others the influence of which we are so proud.

And it is incumbent on us to remember that each one of us is a constituent part of the nation. It is true, indeed, that the nation is more than the sum of its parts. Still, as we are severally, so will the nation in its aggregate be: so that the voice of John the Baptist, in the sermon, only two short sentences of which have hitherto been quoted, speaks to each one of us, loud and distinct, calling on us to "repent," and to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

(2) But the Baptist's proverb concerning the axe at the root of the tree, has, as I have said, like all such Scripture proverbs, many applications. It tells us that in *all* human things there is a liability to sudden change and sudden calamity. Let us take the case of *domestic happiness*. At present, it may be, the circle is unbroken. The father and the mother are there, and the children whom God has given them: and they love one another: and, due allowance being made for human infirmity, all is cheerfulness, and bright contentment, and peace. But who knows how soon a change, startling in its suddenness, and quite irreparable in its consequences, *might* come to this house? A short alarm—a hopeless sinking of the heart—and a place is empty—empty for ever—and all that remains is a longing

"for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

And, if one must go, we cannot tell *which* of them it will be. We might perhaps safely say that it will be that one whom it seemed most difficult to spare. It may be the youngest. It may be one who is just reach-

ing the threshold of manhood or womanhood. It may be the father. It may be the mother. Oh! how we shudder and tremble when we think of this household as it is now, with its merry voices and its unsuspecting happiness, and of the silent blank, which may be very soon, when the sharp sudden blow is over—when the grave has been closed—and the mourners come back from the funeral.

(3) Let us turn to another side of our subject. The axe may be "laid unto the root of the trees" in regard to *our plans for the future*. At present our minds may be brimful of satisfaction because something has been well arranged. There is eager expectation, or at least there is cheerful and contented hope, because plans have been well laid for some considerable time in prospect. Now, there is no harm in so arranging for time to come. On the contrary, it is a duty to look steadily at the future and definitely to prepare for it. But then we should remember that all this may be abruptly cut short, or at least, that our part and share in the transaction may be abruptly terminated. "Man proposes, God disposes." This proverb, in that alliterative form which always promotes the currency of such a saying, seems to have found a place instinctively in all languages.*

A good exemplification of this risk is found in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. There had been a long continuance of stormy weather. The ship, perhaps, had already been observed to be not very sea-worthy. The winter was close at hand, when, under the ordinary circumstances of ancient navigation, it was desirable to remain in harbour as much as possible. There was a port not far off, named Phœnix, which was known to possess the requisite advantages. A favourable change took place in the weather. "The south wind blew softly;" and the sailors "supposed that they had obtained their purpose." Clearly they anticipated no danger, for their boat was towing behind. The sea was calm, the wind was fair, the sky made no threatening sign, the rising ground above Phœnix was becoming nearer and more distinctly visible every moment; when suddenly there came down from those lofty mountains, into which this part of Crete towers up, a black and furious storm, which caught the ship, and whirled her out of her course. The gale lasted a fortnight, with terror and fatigue, sleeplessness and hunger,

* We should not be surprised at this in languages derived from the Latin, such as Italian, Spanish, and French; but we have in German also, "Der Mensch denkt's, Gott lenkt's,"

to those on board; and in the end the ship was wrecked and the cargo lost.

Similar is the risk and uncertainty which attends on our most cherished, most careful, plans for the future. "Go to now," writes St. James, "ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow: for that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that. But now ye rejoice in your boastings: all such rejoicing is evil." A very slight amount of reflection shows us that such rejoicing must be "evil." And yet it must be added that, amid all these uncertainties, there is, in regard to matters of this kind, a "rejoicing" which is thoroughly good, namely, when we make all our plans conscientiously, religiously, modestly, in dependence on, and in submission to, God—when we thankfully feel that, so far as we see, He invites to an opportunity of "working together with Him"—when we are resolved to do our best, and to leave the result in His hands.

(4) St. James, in this passage, is speaking specially of "buying, selling, and getting gain;" and we can hardly leave out of view that side of our subject, which is concerned with the uncertainties under which we hold *our property*. The sudden crash of great mercantile houses, the unexpected collapse of estates connected with old feudal names, are topics of frequent experience. And sadder still, perhaps, is the ruin of small tradesmen and honest farmers for causes over which they have little control. It is needless here to dwell on that which is so familiar and obvious. But to some men, the thought of losing their possessions is indescribably wretched: and they do wisely to remember that possibly, in their own case, even now, "the axe is laid unto the root."

(5) Finally, there is that other serious aspect of the question, to which we are now naturally brought. Everything must depend upon *the continuance of our life*: and life is uncertain. "If the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that." Man "knoweth not that which shall be: and who can tell him when it shall be?"* There may be fatal illness at this moment in your bodily frame. You may have observed some things in your state of health which have made you uneasy. So did others, who are now in their graves. They died suddenly: and such may be your case. But indeed all death is sudden death. We pray in our Litany against "sudden death," when we simply mean death that

finds us unprepared. But the change from life to death must be instantaneous. The tree may be old and half dried up before it is cut down; but, when it is cut down, it falls suddenly. So is it when the old man dies. One moment his breath is rising and falling, the next it is gone; one moment his pulse is beating, the next it is still; one moment, whatever consciousness remains belongs to this world; the next, he beholds what neither I nor any man living can describe to you. And this sudden change of mental, moral, spiritual experience *may* at any instant be yours or it *may* be mine.

But I have been writing, and you have been reading of all these things, as if they were precarious, contingent, doubtful. I have been asking you to think of risk, of possibility, of uncertainty, as if these things might be, or might not be. But in truth they are all absolutely fixed and certain. They are all sure to happen. "Now *also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees.*" It is only a question of time; and time is in the hands of God. The axe is there. Its sharp edge is touching the bark. The strong muscle of the woodman's arm is ready to be called into active exercise, and he will infallibly lay hold soon, in every one of these cases, of the handle of the axe.

Let us go rapidly over our ground once more, and look separately at each one of these topics of thought again.

(1) The *national greatness* of England, even if it has been great in the highest sense, *must* come to an end some time. Whatever is noblest and best in a nation's life is very far below the ideal of the City of God. All that is good here is intermingled with much that is bad. And whatsoever is not good must pass away into the "outer darkness." The light in the City of God is perfect and pure. "There is no night there." All this social, political, diplomatic, military, commercial system, by which we are surrounded, will dissolve. These eager debates in Parliament—the excitement of contested elections—wars and treaties with foreign countries—fleets and standing armies—all will pass away like a dream. And at last, when we stand face to face with the Judge, the question will be asked of each: "What didst thou do to make thy country better than it was? Thou hadst an opportunity. Thou hadst a place in that English nation: and it was the best place, for it was the place that I assigned to thee. What didst thou do to make England better?" Various answers will be given to such questions in that day. And, when the

* Eccles. viii. 7.

Judge speaks, to one it will be said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, be thou ruler over many cities." Concerning another it will be said, "He had but one talent, but he never used it: he lived and died, and left the world no better than he found it: hence he is unfit for the responsibility and the honour of the Heavenly Kingdom." Such are some of the serious thoughts that arise from the reflection that the axe is most certainly at the root of our national greatness.

(2) And now we turn again to *domestic happiness*. How we speak of it, as if it might *possibly* be interrupted! We say, "*Perhaps* the circle will be broken: who knows?" So we looked at the matter just now. Yes; but *we do know*. The circle *will* be broken. We say, "How dreadful it would be, if he were to die!" Yes: but he *will* die. We say, "How terrible it would be, if she were to go! how could we live without her?" Yes; but she *will* go. At this moment "the axe is laid unto the root." Every family group is sure to be resolved into its elements. "The graves of a household"—take any large family in this busy age—where are those graves? Not all together under the trees in a village churchyard, as might have been the case in the older time. Two or three may lie there among their kindred and their neighbours. But others are "parted far and wide." One sleeps, it may be, in a forest of the far west. One has died in battle. Another was buried at sea. Oh! let us cherish our domestic love, not because it is perpetual in its present form, but because it is preparatory to a better love. Let Christ be in the centre of the circle here; and then there will be reunion round the same centre hereafter. There is home in our hearts, if our hearts are with Christ. In His Father's house are "many mansions." "If it were not so, He would have told us."

(3) And, thirdly, *our plans for the future*. There is no reason, as I have said, why those plans should not be formed. They must be formed; and they must be pursued too with spirit and perseverance. But to each energetic, aspiring, tenacious constructor of plans for the future something will be cut short, and cut short suddenly. He will certainly not live to see all accomplished that he longs to behold. At the best he will go up like Moses to Mount Nebo to gaze over the land which he may not enter—the land, rich and beautiful, "on the other side of Jordan." To every one of us there is some Jordan which he may not cross—some hope unrealised. And this, let us sternly remind ourselves, is

not a possible contingency, but an absolute certainty. How good it is for us to feel this—to be conscious, as it were, of the sharp edge of the axe; while to the eyes of man all that we are doing wears the appearance of a strong and prosperous growth! It helps us to remember that the work in which we are engaged is not our work, but God's; it helps us to place ourselves in His hands, and to be very thankful if we may have the high honour of building a house in which others may live, and sowing the seed of a harvest which others may reap.

(4) As regards *our property and possessions*, all the richest profusion, all the strongest tenure, must be absolutely cut down; the trunk, the branches, the foliage, must come to the ground, so that absolutely nothing remains. "We brought nothing into the world, and *it is certain* that we can carry nothing out." We are familiar with that custom which the ancients had of interring a coin with the remains of the dead. Whatever superstitious or poetical meaning might be involved in the practice, we cannot help seeing in it an instructive irony. Hardly anything could display more decisively that absolute separation from all worldly interests, which must come at last, than a coin among the burnt ashes, or among the dry bones, of one who is no longer living. A few years since a Roman skeleton was disinterred just outside the City Walls of Chester, on the south-western escarpment, which faces the setting sun. From the mode in which the body had been placed, unburnt, in the tiled grave, it has been conjectured, not only that he was a soldier of distinction who was laid there, but a Christian.* And in this grave was found a silver denarius, minted very soon after the death of St. Paul. This might have been one of those very soldiers in the midst of whom the Apostle declared at Rome that he "counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ."† Who does not feel the force of the double lesson inculcated by the opening of such a grave—the certainty that we shall be separated from all that we possessed here on earth—the sure hope which belongs to those who have "their treasure in heaven?"

(5) For, finally, to turn from our manifold associations with this world to our own separate personality, *our life* must come to an end. *We must die*. This is certain. Just

* "The Colony of Deva," a paper read (May 24, 1871) before the Chester Archaeological and Historic Society, by T. Hughes, F.S.A.

† Phil. iii. 7, 8; see i. 13 and iv. 23, with Acts xxviii. 16.

now we spoke of the *possibility* of having a fatal illness upon us, as a serious matter. We spoke of symptoms about which we might or might not be mistaken. But now we are speaking of that concerning which there can be no mistake. You *have* a fatal illness: and that illness began on the day when you were born. The longest life must come to an end; and the end, when it is reached, will be abrupt. I know hardly a more impressive verse in Scripture, than one which relates to the time before the flood, and which says of the man that lived the longest: "All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: *and he died.*" We may add with perfect truth that, when he did die, he died suddenly. Till that moment he belonged to this world: of the mode of his existence since that moment we know nothing.

When we thus turn the light of this sentence of John the Baptist inward upon our own consciousness and upon our separate standing before God, it is evidently wise to mark very carefully what he says in close connection with that sentence: "Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees:

good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth fire."

Fruit—good fruit—there must be such fruit. But how to bear fruit? To this point we shall return when we come to the discussion of one of the proverbs given by our Lord Himself in the Sermon on the Mount. Meantime one principle of vital importance may be laid down. We cannot make fruit: it must *grow*; nor can it be too strongly stated that true Christian living is not a result of human manufacture, but a product of Divine grace. "*Either make the tree good and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt.*" We cannot make ourselves good by doing good. We must be good; and then we shall do good. And God only can make us good: but He can. We must come then to Him with a cry for help: and still, as life goes on, with a stronger cry for more help: and He will grant our prayer for Christ's sake. So will there be "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

JOHN S. HOWSON.

THE GLASGOW FOUNDRY BOYS' RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

IT will be remembered that in a former number of this Journal* a very vivid sketch was given by the Editor of the earlier operations of this remarkable and most beneficent organization, and a hint at the same time thrown out of a probable recurrence to the subject. Four years, however, have since then passed without any fulfilment of that promise; and, indeed, it would not be possible for any one to do so at all adequately who did not possess the means of full and familiar acquaintance with facts and documents. My residence here in the midst of the community in which the society is at work, gives me this advantage; and however inadequate to the task in other respects, I am sure that all who remember Dr. Guthrie's touching and stirring pictures of the devoted Mary Ann Clough—of the march of the youthful artizan host, orderly and prompt as a military battalion, from the dust and roar of Glasgow foundry life into the very depths of the quiet Highlands—of their encampment there for six days together, and of the glorious succession of rural festivals, religious, intellectual, social, beneath the greenwood tree,—will be glad to hear something of the further history of the movement

from any one who can tell them anything authentic about it.

The society, founded in 1865, was thus necessarily only in its infancy in the summer of 1866, to which Dr. Guthrie's description refers. It consisted then of a rank and file of some three hundred boys, duly marshalled and disciplined under a competent staff of officers in the shape of religious and educational instructors, and leaders of social and economic improvement. Since then it has grown into an army some twelve thousand strong, but with an organization quite undiminished in completeness, in efficiency, and in power of prompt and united action. The mustard-seed of 1865 has grown into the goodly spreading tree of to-day, overshadowing a city of half a million souls, and gathering month after month beneath its sheltering covert hundreds of young immortal beings, otherwise exposed, wholly unprotected and uncared-for, to the fiercest storms of life.

In one respect the name of the society has, as the result of the same progressive and, as one might almost say, inevitable development, become somewhat of a misnomer. At first the scope of its operations was confined strictly to the class of foundry boys and those of kindred occupation, who alike by

* Feb., 1867, p. 318.

their brawny energy and their wild, untutored, almost savage, life seem to have strongly attracted the sympathy of a few noble-hearted Christian gentlemen, who, in the course of other philanthropic labours, had been brought much in contact with them, and had been struck by their case as in some respects quite peculiar, and presenting to the hero of charity something of a distinct and singularly arduous moral problem to battle with. In the graphic words of the first annual report :—

"As a class they are poor and uneducated, wild, thoughtless, reckless; a large number of them are the sons of vicious parents, reared in homes blasted by drink, with its train of penury, wickedness, and disease. In their streets and lanes where their early days are mostly spent, they are surrounded by countless temptations, and soon they become fluent in profanity, proficient in lying, adepts in petty crime, and precocious in their knowledge of vice. Between ten and twelve years of age, they enter the foundries, where they are employed at hard, rough work. Here the many evil companionships and associations into which they are introduced are completely in the ascendant, and their whole juvenile rivalry is to outvie the roughest and most degraded of their men-models in words and deeds of wickedness." The Saturday evening, which brings their week's toil to a close, only gives a fresh stimulus to their evil propensities, and in the low singing saloons and lower spirit shops, they, young as they are, sink deeper and deeper in the mire of sin. The Sabbath has for them no holy calm and blessed engagements; you will find them sleeping off their late debauch or lounging at the close mouth, or back courts, spending the day in idleness and profanity. They have been the subject of much solicitude to the masters, to whose wealth their busy hands minister, and several efforts have been made towards their moral and spiritual reclamation, all of which have been in vain, and there they remain uncared for, but not unthought of, at the most critical time of their lives, when they are too great men in their own eyes to attend a Sabbath school, and too young to be identified with adult organization."

With this class, then, the society's work began, but the directors soon found that they could not stop there. First it soon became evident that the same means of religious and moral improvement which had proved so singularly successful with working boys of one class were equally adapted to working boys of every other class; and then, next, what was suitable for working boys might, with obvious modifications, be equally suitable to working girls, their future companions in the work and struggle of life. So it is now really, though not as yet in name, the working boys' and girls' religious society, and its ranks are recruited in not very unequal proportions from either sex.

The scene described by Dr. Guthrie may be said to have been the first grand review of the little army, and certainly, when we consider the brief space that had elapsed during which the elevating influences of the movement had been at work upon them, the transformation already wrought was something wonderful. It is all, however, simple fact as he states it, and owes nothing of its substance, however much it may be indebted for charm and pathos, to his fascinating pen.

The result, however, was not attained without much toil, patience, and skilfully directed effort on the part of the devoted band of labourers. It was the reward of a two years' continuous fight against all the powers of barbarism and sin. The scenes of confusion and wild uproar at some of the first meetings of what we may call the raw recruits were something fearful, and the first and most arduous step was to obtain the semblance of order. I remember many years ago a graphic story told by Mr. Tasker, of Edinburgh, of one of the early passages in his Westport experience in the good days of Dr. Chalmers, which has been vividly recalled to me by parallel snatches of wild life in the Reports now before me. It was on the occasion, I think, of the first meeting of the Sunday-school, in obedience to a public intimation inviting all comers. The Babel of confusion and high riot was fearful, and at first wholly paralysed the philanthropic strangers. All at once a happy thought occurred to the missionary. Observing that amid the blind medley there were one or two natural leaders, who seemed to have some control over the rest, he went up to the brawniest and most energetic among them, and accosted him as a man and a brother. "John," he said, "this will never do: we shall get nothing done at this rate." The wild youth looked in his face and said, "Sir, is it *order* you want?" "Yes," said the missionary; "we can do nothing, you know, without order." Without waiting to hear another word, John went straight up to another of the ringleaders—perhaps his own second in command—and with one blow of his strong hand laid him on the ground. There was a general hush, and nascent feeling of the supremacy of law—for John probably was well known. At all events he had proved the Cavaignac of the occasion, and it was that night at the Westport school as in Paris the day after the stern soldier's victory, when all the newspapers bore the uniform and pregnant telegram—"The great event of the day is the restoration of order." I think John's own after career was highly satisfactory. I am happy to say the foundry boys' authorities have never had to have recourse to such stern methods of government. What was gained in the one case by a violent *coup-d'état*, has been accomplished in the other by moral power and Christian tact and love; but the elements of disorder to be combated have sometimes been not less formidable. Take an instance or two from the annual Reports of the Society :—

"Our first Sabbath meeting with the boys was held in a dingy, deserted singing saloon, in the Cowcaddens, known as the Olympic Hall, which, though very unsuitable, was the best accommodation we could obtain at the time. In the general appearance of the place there was everything to dispel any serious feelings, but the boys seemed in no need of any incitement to, noise and misbehaviour. We need not speak of their conduct outside the hall, as that was rather beyond our control; but what it was may be gathered from the fact that a clergyman, who had long successfully conducted a mission in close proximity to our place of meeting, wrote us, threatening to complain to the police of our nightly assembling such a disorderly rabble, and many a time thereafter the police found abundance of work in preserving a reasonable degree of quiet around the place. And then, when the doors were opened, in a style that would have petrified most people, and which even astonished those long used to deal with such rough boys, about a hundred of them assembled, more as if some comic piece were to be acted which would be much improved by a little by-play on their part. The clatter of clogs—the promiscuous shouts of 'Haw Jock,'—'Wull,'—'Come 'ere, Tam,'—the diving under the gallery seats into the vacancy below, and the successful practical jokes thereby possible, made a most appalling beginning. The chairman on the stage, striving to reduce the chaos to order, was more like a captain shouting orders from the gangway in a hurricane; but, eventually, order was obtained, though of a most brittle kind at first. A strange cough, any extra noise from some late comer, a dog barking outside, or such unforeseen circumstances, set our friends up in a moment, either to join in the disturbance, or, with mock desire for order, roaring 'Pit him oot, pit him oot,' 'Hear him noo.'"

The opening scene in the Anderston district, which seems at that time to have attained a bad pre-eminence in juvenile lawlessness, was, if possible, still more stormy:—

"The Director who was deputed to look after a meeting-place, was informed by the hall-keeper that one who had attempted something of the same kind of society as was proposed, had been obliged to leave it six months ago with 'a black eye and two teeth out.' If this was not a cheering prospect, it at any rate demonstrated the clamant necessity of the case. The hall was accordingly taken, and a forlorn hope detailed to commence the section. The meeting was announced to the boys by bills posted up in the various works, and in a few nights it was quite overcrowded with a motley ragged gathering of boys, whom it was a task of no ordinary nature to keep in order. The door of the hall opened to the lane, and thus commanded a view of the channel, and it savoured somewhat of high life below stairs to hear the front benches announcing, to those occupying less commanding seats, the approach of their companions:—'Here's Tam's gang.'—'Here comes North Street anes.'—'Mind this queer lot.' And so they assembled, or rather tumbled in, rough, unkempt, and unwashed. When a moderate degree of decorum was obtained, it was as frequently rudely dispelled. If the speaker made a natural pause in his address, it would be instantly filled up by such a cry as 'Next for shavin'.'—'Gie him a drink,' from some one whom of course it was impossible to find out. On one occasion, a dead rabbit was kept skipping from one part of the meeting to another in a more lively manner than it ever did in former days; on another, a large cod's head, thrown through the window, fell heavily at the speaker's feet; and again, a poor unfledged sparrow was found drowned in the water jug. These and many other annoying tricks were done with so much secrecy and alertness, that it was seldom possible to detect the perpetrators. Perhaps the most daring and dangerous of these was one which was attempted on the Sabbath evening succeeding the Queen's birthday. During the silence while the address was being delivered, one of the gentlemen present, observing a boy lighting a match, went forward to check him, and found that a long train of gunpowder had been laid on the book-board behind the boys' heads on the bench before the 'Guy Fawkes,' who was just going to set it off. It was the hurried act of a moment to scatter the powder, but one which the disappointed conspirators were nearly resenting with personal violence. With such boys it will easily be seen that the work was arduous."

But the genial influences of order and discipline, and ultimately of a higher and holier culture everywhere prevailed; and latterly the society seems to have succeeded by dint of Christian tact, and approved methods of organization and discipline, in commencing operations even in the most degraded districts, without any such initial struggle be-

tween the party of order and a juvenile commune.

The two master ideas of the society are discipline and breadth of moral culture—discipline the most exact and almost military, and culture which appeals not to one only but to all the elements of human nature and human life. Of the first of these, illustrations will constantly appear in the course of the following paragraphs; but the latter will require a few words of explanation here.

The operations of the society, then, are divided into four great branches, which together form the remedial system on which they rely, and which are as far as possible everywhere carried on *pari passu* together. The first, and by far the most prominent and pervasive, is the *religious* department, aiming directly and incessantly at the highest life of the rising race for time and eternity; in plain words, at their conversion and salvation. The second is the *educational* department, gathering the children together for gratuitous training in the three necessary branches of primary instruction, with sewing for the girls, and sometimes a lesson in drawing for the more advanced boys. The third, or *social reform* department, deals with such matters as drill exercises, flute bands, singing classes, Saturday-evening entertainments, excursions into the country *en masse*, on the Saturday afternoons, and on one great annual festival for a whole week at a time, and in short with all manner of innocent and rational amusements, however exuberant and hilarious. The last is the *provident* department, and labours quietly and unobtrusively at such prosaic matters as savings-banks, cheap clothing schemes, and the like, forming in the minds of the girls and boys the habits of honest thrift and forethought, and at the same time doing a great deal to supply the sinews of war for the more popular and attractive parts of the programme.*

The *peculiarity* of the society's plan is that it combines all these different lines of operation, elsewhere employed in a more or less isolated and fragmentary way, *into one system or circle* of beneficial influences. It aims to occupy as far as possible the whole of its youthful wards' idle time, and to cover the whole breadth of their nature. Instead of fighting the devil only on one day of the week at a single point, and leaving him the other six days to have it all his own way, it maintains

* It may be mentioned as a pregnant fact, that the expense of the entertainments and excursions is always defrayed by the provident savings thus effected by the boys and girls themselves, and that sometimes there is a balance to carry over to the other departments of the society's work.

the war continuously, and along all the lines, from the first day of the week to the last.

For the first, or religious, department, the great field-day, of course, is the Sunday, on the morning of which, at present, no fewer than 12,000* boys and girls are regularly assembled for public worship, in a manner most orderly and becoming, and engaged in a service which, by its liveliness and variety, is eminently adapted to interest and impress the young. This Sabbath-morning service, regarded with some misgiving by timid well-wishers of the movement as withdrawing so many useful members from their ordinary places of worship in the forenoon of the Lord's day, is singularly enough the very sheet-anchor of the society's strength, and in the conviction of all its members the essential condition of its success. Held at the usual canonical hour, at the sound of the Sabbath bells, and amid all the other sacred associations, not wholly alien even to these neglected children, of the Christian hour of prayer, it has a wonderful tendency to promote those habits of "reverence for the Sabbath and love for the sanctuary" which lie at the foundation of everything good, and at the same time to form the most natural and easy transition to the regular services of the Church. Besides, as it is about that time that the houses in which the children live will be found in order, and their members dressed and ready for anything that may turn up, and yet before other currents have set in to bear them away amid other scenes and influences, you must strike in *then*, or lose them altogether. Go an hour earlier, and you find them in bed; go an hour later, and you will not find them at all. This then is the starting-point of the religious work, and, indeed, of all the society's work, but it is only the starting-point. At other hours of the sacred day, and frequently on week evenings, there are services of an evangelistic kind, held in some neighbouring church, and addressed by various ministers and friends of the society in an animated and winning manner. At these meetings the spiritual impression is often very deep, and the fruits salutary; so that the directors have by experience found it often desirable to continue them on successive evenings for a week or a fortnight together. Of course, in every Christian sowing there are many seeds thrown away for one that brings forth fruit unto life eternal, and no one will suppose that it would be otherwise here.

* That is the total number in regular attendance; the average number actually present at one time is about 7,000, as high an average as will be found to exist in any well-ordered Christian congregation.

At the same time I have not the shadow of a doubt that a goodly harvest of souls is really being gathered in under these humble instrumentalities, which will be found in the great Master's garner at the final day.

So much for the Sunday morning service, regular attendance at which duly attested in the way to be afterwards mentioned constitutes membership, and admits to the whole circle of the society's other privileges and advantages. The rest of the programme for the week is as follows:—*Sunday evening*: Meeting especially for those not at Sabbath-schools. *Monday and Tuesday*: Education classes for working boys and girls. *Wednesday evening*: Prayer-meeting for all. *Thursday evening*: Singing, drill, &c. *Friday evening*: Flute bands, committee meeting. *Saturday evening*: Bank, musical entertainment for all.

Such then is a general outline of the society's scheme or plan of working. Let us now, however, look at some of its more salient features somewhat more in detail and in their actual operation. Let us drop in, for instance, on one of those Sunday forenoon meetings, in one of the society's halls, or, as we might almost call them in allusion to the old guilds, lodges, and mark particularly the manner and course of procedure. Let it be the great City Hall meeting, which I select from the circumstance of having myself visited and addressed it, very shortly after its establishment. You are at the appointed rendezvous sharp at a quarter to eleven, and find the whole staff of workers already at their posts and the young people beginning to arrive. They are admitted one by one at one or more entrances, and are immediately in presence of one of the inferior but important functionaries of the society called the "stamper," to whom they present a little book to receive the society's attestation of attendance—a black stamp if they come punctually at the time, and a red stamp if they are fifteen minutes late. These little books—with a gay red cover in the case of a girl and a black one in the case of a boy—are preserved by the children with jealous care, and the greatest solicitude felt as to the regularity of the stamping. Here the military precision of the system and its salutary effect begins to appear, the inevitable presentation of the book and its unerring record keeping the young and fickle will up to the point, and acting as a sort of artificial conscience. Passed the stamper, the young recruit goes straight up to his appointed pew, where he finds a second officer of the society called the "monitor," the com-

mander of the pew and his own special counsellor and friend, ready to receive and welcome him. Meantime the voice of hymns is heard, at first faint and thin, but growing in clearness and fulness as the newcomers enter the hall, and one by one take up the strain. By eleven o'clock the process of assembling is complete, and the whole youthful congregation settled quietly in their seats. Then the service proper begins with the repetition of the Lord's Prayer by the whole assembly together. Then an intimation is made of all intended proceedings during the week, some snatches of missionary or other interesting intelligence given, and a small collecting box, in charge of the monitor, passed quietly round each pew.* Next follows praise—a lively hymn or chanted psalm sung with great unanimity and life. Then a brief Scripture lesson taken from a scheme prepared annually by the society. Prayer and praise again, and then the "memory exercise," one of the most characteristic features of the whole proceedings, consisting of the repetition aloud by all the children, until thoroughly mastered, of some golden Bible text, taken from the same scheme, and explained and enforced in a brief address, often with singular tact and point by some one of a selected list of speakers, who are named in a quarterly programme of work, and are varied every week. Then praise and prayer again, a dismissal hymn, and the whole is over, the officers, monitors, and visitors alone remaining for a few moments longer for a parting prayer.

It may not be out of place to mention that the quick and animated movement, and consequent attractiveness of this juvenile service, is considerably aided by the use of a time bill, which some of my readers, who know too well by experience the dreary effects of *dragging*, might perhaps like to see. Here then it is:—

1. Opening Prayer (the Lord's Prayer)	Begin at	11.0
2. Intimations	"	11.3
3. Mission Intelligence and Collection	"	11.7
4. Praise	"	11.12
5. Scripture Reading	"	11.18
6. Prayer	"	11.38
7. Praise	"	11.40
8. Memory Exercise	"	11.45
9. Address	"	11.50
10. Praise	"	12.10
11. Prayer	"	12.15
12. Parting Hymn	"	12.20
13. Dismissal of Boys and Girls	"	12.22
14. Closing Prayer (Officers, Monitors, and Visitors)	"	12.25
15. Meeting closed not later than	"	12.30

Witnessing this scene but a few weeks after the opening of this hall, it was diffi-

* Each month there is a distinct object, to which all the intimation given refers, and the contributions of the young people devoted.

cult for me to believe that the vast assembly I had seen before me, demeaning themselves in a manner so orderly and in many cases apparently so devout, had been as but yesterday a savage horde of city Arabs drawn from some of the lowest slums of the Gallowgate and the High Street. Such, however, was the case, and the transformation was brought about in a manner which my Christian readers, I am sure, will be glad to learn. Here then is the unvarnished statement given by the directors of the origin and first beginnings of this very meeting:—

"The need of the district and the suitability of the hall being well known, the directors laid the scheme before the minister of a neighbouring church.* He warmly entered into the plan; and a pulpit invitation to those in the church ready to engage in the work, to meet with the directors, was responded to by two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen.† Meantime, the Town Council, on being informed of the desire of the Society and the efficient staff ready to undertake the work, cordially granted the use of the hall. 'All things are now ready,' and we now prepare to invite all in. So on Sabbath forenoon (6th June), upwards of two hundred ladies and gentlemen met in the City Hall, when, after each one had his future sphere in the meeting assigned, all were supplied with small handbills, inviting the boys and girls to 'come on Sabbath next.' The blessing of God was implored on these means, and on the future meetings; after which all separated to their respective closes or parts of streets to distribute the bills—the district having previously been divided for this purpose. The selection of Sabbath forenoon for this work was the result of special conference and prayer. It is found to be the best time for finding the houses ready, and the inmates not yet away; it prevents the canvass from competing with any other meeting, or the church, as the people attending them are then away; the bills also stating, 'Do not leave any other meeting for this one.' The scenes witnessed that Sabbath forenoon gave an insight into the street and home life of the boys and girls of the city, which will not soon be forgotten, and which must surely incite to earnestness and diligence in the work. The following Sabbath forenoon the distributors called at their districts at half-past ten o'clock, to conduct as many to the meeting as they had been able to interest. That Sabbath forenoon upwards of five hundred were at the meeting; and last Sabbath (3rd October), the number was a thousand and twenty-seven."

Then the process of assembling was effected substantially in the manner above described, except that, as in the case of all entrants, their presence was marked on a monthly attendance card—a sort of probationary document—instead of the regular attendance book, and the first religious service began, with tolerable order and decorum, which these poor wanderers had ever attended on earth. The simple plan of the admission one by one through the attendance card and process of stamping, and the orderly arrangement of the meeting under appointed monitors in little groups of eight or ten strong, together with the greater sobriety and tractableness incident to the morning of the day, seem wholly to preclude that tendency to a riotous beginning with which the society had to contend in their

* The Rev. Robert Howie, M.A., of Trinity Church, Charlotte Street.

† It should be stated, however, that though thus described, the great bulk of these noble volunteers who thus freely devote a part of their day of rest to this work of charity, are working men and women, earning their bread by hard toil all the week through. In other districts of the city, of course, the case is otherwise.

vening space, winding up with a grand illumination of magnesium and lime lights, making a momentary day in the dark woods. Thus, with the religious exercises on the Sunday in one or other of the churches, or at the "craggs," or beneath the great "marriage tree," and on each week evening in the "Church Square," the swift hours pass, till the evening of the fifth day sounds the signal for retreat. At dawn on the morrow they are up and away, to dream of those fair woods and shores, and of the kind faces of their friends there, until another year of toil has run its course.

It is only needful further to explain the general organization of the society and its officers. In each hall there are four great officers—the chairman, charged with the general conduct of the meeting, and supervision of its affairs; the secretary, and if necessary, a staff of assistant secretaries, looking after the admission and enrolment of members, attendance books, monitors' books, the regular attendance of office-bearers, timely notice to appointed speakers, and the like; the treasurer, supplying and taking care of the collection-boxes, registering with minute exactness the pecuniary result for every pew on each Sabbath-day, examining the money page of the monitor's roll-book, selling Bibles, Testaments, Hymn and Text-books, and all the other functions of a vigilant finance minister; and, lastly, the leader of praise, giving lessons in singing, on week-days, and leading the young voices on the Sunday. In this last department alone it has struck me that a little legitimate development is possible. Besides the effective rendering of the melody of the hymn, with now and then a faint touch of harmony, I see no reason why some of these young worshippers might not be brought both to execute and enjoy choral strains of a higher kind. Why should a grand *Te Deum* be a thing impossible to these young and unbought voices any more than in a college chapel or a cathedral choir?

These, with the requisite number of monitors and stampers, constitute the complete staff of each separate hall and local organization of the society. Of these halls there are at present thirty-five,* scattered over the various districts of the city; and these again are grouped into various sections, or territorial districts, at present seven in number, each under the presidency and control of a superintendent, or sort of bishop, for each

department of work,* who is responsible for the good order and effective working of all the halls within his bounds. Lastly, the whole edifice is crowned and the whole organization held together in unity and strength by four "general superintendents," or archbishops, one also for each department, and having the special superintendents of his own department as his suffragans and council, a secretary and treasurer for each department, a general secretary and general treasurer, and a committee of eighteen directors, with whom all final authority, whether legislative or administrative, lies.†

Of definite results it were unwise minutely and confidently to speak. I have, not, however, the smallest doubt that these are both great and continuous—in moral culture and discipline of life, very extensive, in spiritual blessing of course less so. I had myself, as a clergyman, the rare honour of presiding at the carrying home of the first flower of the society's ingathering. He was a noble youth, gathered out from the darkest haunts of temptation and sin, but living long enough to live a pure and heroic life of faith and patience, and bequeath to his companions in arms who bore him to his grave, clad in the soldier-like uniform of the society, a bright example, and I know there are at this moment in many of our city congregations honoured members or office-bearers who owe their first heavenward impulse to the agencies of this true society of the Good Samaritan. The movement is rapidly spreading into other districts, and is already doing good work amid such teeming populations as those of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Greenock, and Dundee.

While I write these lines the society are within a few days of their great annual summer festival. May they have bright skies and fresh pure breezes, spend an unbroken week of healthful and improving enjoyment, and return to their brave, honest work in the great city, refreshed, and not disheartened by the remembrance of the fair fields and shores which they have left behind.

ISLAY BURNS.

* In reality thus there are in a fully equipped section four superintendents, i.e., one for each of the departments of religion, education, social reform, and providence, respectively; but as each keeps strictly to his own business there is always with reference to the special work in hand, but *one* head.

† I have been obliged necessarily to summarise these details; but any one who desires fuller information with a view to practical action, would do well to apply for the following documents to the Secretary of the Society, No. 108, West George Street, Glasgow: viz., (1) Paper on the Object and Operations of the [Foundry Boy] Society, read at the National Convention of Scottish Sabbath School Teachers; (2) Index to the Sabbath Forenoon Meetings, Sabbath Evening, and Week Evening Evangelistic Meetings, and Week Evening Prayer Meeting, &c.; (3) Sabbath Services in Churches for the Young; (4) Scripture Text-Book for the Year; (5) Quarterly Paper exhibiting the arrangement of Work and Speakers at all the Stations.

* That is to say directly under the management of the Society. There are many other meetings conducted by other parties on precisely similar principles, and according to the Society's methods and programme of lessons, &c.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

NEARLY from the commencement of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE its last three or four pages have been filled with brief jottings of passing events in the Christian world under the title of "Notes for Readers out of the Way." The Editor has often been told by readers *not* out of the way that they have found these columns worthy of a glance, and sometimes it has been hinted that it would be better to withdraw the limitation, and invite the whole constituency of the magazine, and so many of them as chose, into the circle which is thus addressed. Accordingly, in the new series now begun, the conductors have resolved not only to make the "notes" more comprehensive and diversified than formerly, but to add some new features in this department. They hope in this way to furnish what shall be more worthy to be a permanent record of the manifold activity of the Christian Church, and of the progress of the kingdom of God in these days of marvellous change and development. At the same time, they have no intention of changing the free and informal style hitherto followed in this department, and would rather aim at an easy and familiar chat with their readers than at a formal or exhaustive narrative. They have a strong feeling that one of the great aims of this magazine will in no small degree be accomplished if, by God's blessing, they succeed in inspiring their readers with an interest in the great warfare of the kingdom of God—that which is waged in Christ's name against the devil and all his works, and which seeks to turn the waste places of the earth into the garden of the Lord.

I.—WORK AT HOME.

LORD SHAFTESBURY IN GLASGOW.

It is the holiday season, and it is less easy than at other times to fix on definite movements, and tell what is doing in connection with them. Only, by following some men in their holidays, one may get glimpses of work that to ordinary men would make good employment for the best and longest of their working days. If LORD SHAFTESBURY intended the visit which he has just paid to Glasgow to be a holiday, it may well raise the question, What would his Lordship consider to be work? Three or four speeches a day, sometimes to an audience of tens of thousands; conferences with the promoters of many of the great philanthropic enterprises of the day; opinions asked and given on many very difficult questions; the hurry and excitement of making numberless acquaintances, and undergoing receptions without end—would, at the close of a week, have reduced most men to a state of complete exhaustion.

Lord Shaftesbury was both delighted and surprised at the cordiality of his reception, and the whole press of the country has been commenting on it. Since the days of Wilberforce—to whose eloquence, however, and rich genial nature, his lordship can lay no claim—no man has attained such influence, and

I. N.S.

secured such respect among all ranks of people. Of the sincerity of his interest in the welfare of the people he has given them ample proof in the devotion of his whole life to movements often unpopular at first, but clearly fitted to promote their good. His earnest Christianity has kept him in cordial alliance with all who believe that godliness, and godliness alone, has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. Though he has taken a leading part in ecclesiastical movements, and in other movements that have not the support of the whole community, it is with social objects that his name is conspicuously connected—the ten hours' bill, industrial schools, better houses for the people, the elevation of the sunken masses. These are objects so popular and so well thought of by all, that in the remembrance of what he has done in connection with them, all political and ecclesiastical differences have been lost sight of. It is really one of the best and most hopeful sights a country can present—the working classes rallying round a nobleman who has been to them so true and trusty a friend, but who has not allowed his friendship to interfere with his sense of duty in other great departments of exertion. To the people he has said emphatically that what is most essential to fit them for the exercise of political power is self-control, or the power of governing themselves. Without this, they can only, like the French, jump from one blunder and excess to another. For the production of this quality, education and religious influence must combine. If the people should grow in this quality, as they come to exercise their political rights, all will be well: if otherwise, woe-worth the day! In his Lordship's view, the working man's fireside is a peculiarly sacred and blessed institution, and he has sent his love to all their Jeanies and Jessies, beseeching them to make it bright and cheerful, and attract their husbands and sons to its genial glow. Everywhere the impression has been produced that a score or two of such noblemen would at once preserve the constitution of the country from the perils that threaten it, bind the different classes of society in a happy union, and effect a wonderful improvement on the condition and comfort of the masses.

RITUALISM AND CHURCH UNION.

It is not a little remarkable that the ritual section of the English Church is that which has been most impressed with her isolated condition, and which has most cordially entertained the proposal of Church union. The Society for Promoting the Union of Christendom has, as is well known, published and encouraged the project of a union between the Anglican Church and the Eastern Churches in the first place, in the hope that the Church of Rome likewise will eventually come into the arrangement. To those who had been fondly cherishing this hope the decree of Infallibility was a heavy blow and great discouragement, appearing to interpose an obstacle to union

which no ingenuity would be able to surmount. But quite recently the hopes that had been crushed have begun to revive. Strong expectations are now entertained that the opposition to the decree of Infallibility in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and other countries, will issue in the formation of a Church holding Romish doctrines, but denying the authority of the Bishop of Rome. This Church would in almost every respect fraternise with the Anglican. Or if matters should not come to so serious an issue, it is believed that the attitude of the anti-infallibilists must cause the pope who may next fill the chair after Pius IX. to modify the decree of infallibility, and thus take away the great stumbling-block to a union with Anglicans. Some even entertain the belief that if once a union should take place between the Anglican, Old Catholic, and Eastern Churches, the representatives of Rome would be constrained in self-defence to seek admission.

Union is in itself so good and desirable a thing that one would gladly encourage it if one might consistently. But we find some of the very organs that plead for these changes conjuring their adherents never on any account, or under any pretext, "to countenance a Lutheran service in Sweden, Denmark, or Prussia, or a Calvinist service in Scotland, Holland, or Switzerland." Even the chaplaincies of the Continental Society must be avoided, being "a disgrace and scandal to the Church of England." Laud was the last Archbishop of Canterbury that had any idea of his duty. It is but too plain that the union sought is not that of those who love the Lord, delight in his worship, and encourage one another to labour in his cause; but a union based on apostolic succession, sacramental grace, and other corruptions, which would assure the kingdom of heaven to all who believe in religious magic, and abandon many of the purest and noblest Christians to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

A recent publication by the "Open-Air Mission" gives us some interesting glimpses of work done, in the bright summer days, not under ecclesiastical roofs, but where our Lord required it to be done also—in the highways and hedges, under the dome of heaven. The society are alive to the great unsuitableness of many who roar out the Gospel in the streets, but at the same time they feel that the work is of infinite importance, if suitable agents could only be induced to undertake it. In some localities it is found indispensable to resort to peculiar methods of rousing the attention of the people. A very common method is singing hymns, and sometimes a concertina or an American organ has proved a useful pioneer. One gentleman has sent round the public crier bidding him cry out, "Good news, good news," and directing the people to the hour and place. In some of the low slums of London—George Yard, for example, the famous "Guilt Gardens" of Mr. Dickens—many services are held, attended perhaps each by some thirty or forty persons, sitting at their windows to hear the

message. Fairs, races, shows, exhibitions, and regattas have a large share of the society's attention. At Cambridge there is a University Open-Air Mission. The results of these services have on the whole been encouraging. In George Yard, for example, "some now engaged in preaching formerly lived in the neighbourhood. Among the converts, two are now Scripture-readers. A third is the superintendent of a large Sunday-school. Others are heard of in far distant lands engaged in preaching the Gospel." It is felt to be at once unfair and scandalous that preaching should be prohibited in the public parks of London, while political meetings are allowed in them, and profane wretches are even tolerated chanting a blasphemous litany. It is easy to cry out against those who are unsuitable for the work of open-air preaching, but to men with the proper gifts few modes of usefulness have a wider or more interesting field. How many an ear may in this way hear its only snatch of heavenly music, how many a sick dull heart be regaled by the message of peace! The sense of God's great love in Christ may come on many a wandering prodigal, and send him back to his Father's house, a blessing instead of a curse to society. Why should so few of those who give themselves to the ministry try to preach in the open air? Can it be because it is not counted respectable? or, worse still, because it does not pay?

PEOPLE'S HOLIDAYS.

A good deal of attention has naturally been turned at this season of the year to the manner in which holidays are turned to account by the people. At Glasgow, Lord Shaftesbury spoke very warmly in favour of the Saturday half-holiday, saying that he ascribed a kind of sanctity to it, and that he believed that on the whole it had been turned to good account by the people. Probably his lordship was rather too sanguine on the subject of holidays generally, and he might have spoken more guardedly had he been in Glasgow during "the Fair." The Bishop of Manchester, at a tea party of the workmen of the Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway, contrasted the heavy style of holiday recreation among English workmen with the lighter and brighter tone of their brethren on the Continent. The Englishman generally looked as if he did not know what to do with himself, and at the beginning of the holiday he seemed to wish it were done. "What a Frenchman or German would do was this—he would go out and have a pleasant day and go home sober. This was what the working men of England had to learn—how to enjoy a holiday without its leaving a derangement of the stomach and a headache next morning, and probably something a good deal worse—that pricking of the conscience which a man felt when he knew that he had enjoyed himself selfishly, leaving his wife and children at home. Intemperance was increasing. It was spreading in directions where above others it was most fatal. It was spreading among women, among young girls, among Sunday-school scholars. . . . The principle of filial reverence and obedience, too, such as he had been brought up in, was very much lessened in these

latter days, and in Lancashire particularly he had noticed a diminution of filial respect." These are alarming statements, very alarming, if characteristic of the manufacturing population generally, and they are worthy of deep and earnest consideration. But to confine ourselves to the holiday, it is surely a most painfully instructive fact that the mass of the people have so little idea how to spend a leisure day. When released from the routine of toil, they have hardly a thought of pleasure without sensual excitement, and drink alone can enable them to get through the day! How many of the common sources of enjoyment are utterly dormant,—have never been called into exercise at all! The society of friends, the pleasures of talking and walking, the observation of nature, the manifold aspects of the sea, the land, and the sky, choral singing, such as the Germans practise; trials of the physical powers, and numberless other such sources of enjoyment, seem absolutely dried up when they go from home for a holiday. There is surely a great opportunity here for the pulpit, the school, the press, and many humbler instrumentalities, to try to remedy so glaring a want in their education. There are few things the people need more to be taught than that God has furnished them with numberless sources of pleasure within themselves, if they would but exercise them, and that these, on holiday occasions, are amply sufficient to make the day as bright and cheerful as heart could desire.

II.—OTHER COUNTRIES.

FRANCE.—PROSPECTS AND FEARS.

Distrust and fear continue to prevail, notwithstanding that M. Thiers has been appointed President of the Republic. Every one feels that he is only a stop-gap, that the arrangement is only resorted to, to enable the country to right itself, get rid of the occupation of a foreign foe, and consider how effect is to be given permanently to its wishes on the subject of government. The warlike spirit is far from subdued, and according to the measure of ignorance or the intensity of sanguine feeling, a period varying from one year to ten years is set for retrieving the late disasters, and making France greater than ever. M. de Pressensé, the well-known Protestant pastor and writer, who has recently been elected one of the representatives for Paris by a vote of nearly 200,000, has published a pamphlet entitled "*Les Leçons du 18 Mars*," in which he adverts to the lamentable spirit and aims of the Commune. According to its official journal, it fears not God, and it knows how to subdue man! "In the way of *bons dieux*," says another of its prints, "we know only of one, and that is Man! And we'll soon show you what he is!" "In short," says M. Pressensé, "the programme is this—Man making himself God; no country; no national sovereignty; no liberty; no God; immediate dispossession, without compensation, of the classes possessing property; confiscation of the rich for the benefit of the *prolétariat*; annihilation of universal suffrage. Such is the motto written on the *drapeau rouge*."

Anxiously though we scan the horizon in search of evidence betokening the advent of a better spirit in France, we can find as yet but the merest scraps of encouragement. To her, emphatically, the fear of God would be the beginning of wisdom, but it is the very beginning of which so few traces are to be seen. Many is the complaint which France has made of the conduct of this country towards her in the time of her trial. Most of these complaints we believe to be quite baseless; but if we cannot help her in the way she desires, we may render more effectual service in a way she does not care for:—by supplicating for her that light and grace from heaven which would strengthen her foundations, restore her national spirit, and make her greater and more powerful than she has ever been.

GERMANY.—THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT SPREADING.

The opposition to the Infallibilists,—or as they are now commonly called, Kurialists,—increases steadily and becomes more and more a great German movement. Prussia, Bavaria, Switzerland, and Austria all present interesting and decided indications of a determination not to submit to the yoke of Infallibility. The party of the Old Catholics becomes more consolidated, and by its union it naturally attracts those who, though convinced of the soundness of its position, hesitated at first to commit themselves to it. In Austria especially, the movement is taking the form not of mere opposition to the decree of 1870 but of a demand for the reform of the Church. Eleven reforms have been specified at meetings held at Linz, Heidelberg, and elsewhere. These are as follows:—

1. Each community shall have the right to choose its own priest; and priests are no longer to be named by the bishops.
 2. Priests must be sufficiently paid by the community to enable them to live respectably.
 3. Compulsory celibacy must cease. Priests shall be allowed to marry as in the early times of Christianity.
 4. The Chapters shall be dissolved.
 5. Masses and the service of the Church must be spoken and read in German, or in the common language of the province.
 6. There shall be no separate payments for masses at burials, baptisms, &c. The priest's salary shall be sufficient to enable him to live without charging additional fees.
 7. Inequalities between the burials of rich and poor must cease. There shall be no pomp or external ceremony. One priest only shall officiate on such occasions.
 8. Auricular confession must cease.
 9. Pilgrimages, processions, and begging missions must cease.
 10. The worship of pictures, statues, and images must cease.
 11. The traffic in relics must be discontinued, and be proceeded against by the State.
- These propositions are to be more thoroughly discussed.

cussed; and a great meeting summoned to be held at Munich for this purpose on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th September will probably have disposed of them before these notes are in the hands of our readers. One is inevitably reminded again and again of the days of Luther. Discussing proposals for the reform of the Church was long and eagerly practised, and fain would Luther and his friends at first have accepted a few reforms as the method of terminating their controversy. But no reforms could they obtain. No human sagacity can foretell what will be the issue of the discussions now commencing on the old topics and grounds of complaint. One's comfort is in thinking that the movement is in the hands of Him who knows best how to guide his bark in the tempest, and who can so readily lead men on from step to step, when once they are in motion, till they are led to occupy ground they never dreamt of at first. The Old Catholics have great hopes of support from the High Church party in England, and express themselves very cordially towards them. Some of that party, however, cannot accept their programme of reforms; it is too sweeping; and in particular they object to the proposal to abolish auricular confession. Such confession they hold quite essential to absolution, and generally to the working of the priestly system.

The Bavarian government have deliberately and decidedly refused the request of the bishops to sanction the promulgation of the decree of Infallibility, and have thus taken the side of the Old Catholic party. It is said that the Hungarian minister has forbidden in the strictest manner the publication of the Vatican decrees.

RUSSIA.—A NEW VIEW OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

It is well known that in the German provinces of the Russian empire, many persons who, after having once conformed to the Greek Church, wished to return to their original German communion, have been forcibly prevented from carrying out their wishes. Our readers must have observed in the newspapers the account of a recent visit to Prince Gortschakoff on that subject paid by a committee of the Evangelical Alliance. Unfortunately the matter has not been settled according to the wishes of the deputation, and this is our reason for calling attention to it. The merits of the case are substantially these:—The Russian Government being desirous of promoting unity in the Russian empire, brought considerable pressure to bear on the inhabitants of what were once German provinces with a view to their conforming to the national Greek Church. Many were induced to do so, but on more mature consideration, some wished to return to their former communion. In this they were defeated by the government. The deputation desired to remonstrate with the Emperor against this arrangement, and to secure for these persons liberty of conscience. The reply given to them was a very strange one. The Russian Church, it was said, was not an aggressive one, it compelled no one to enter its pale; but once in, it never allowed them to get

out! The singular thing was, that the Prince could not for the life of him see that there was any persecution or even hardship in this! The deputation have got their formal answer to this effect, and are hardly in a position to continue the controversy. It is the more necessary that public opinion should be brought to bear on the Russian government. Their remoteness from the countries where public opinion is most free makes it difficult to move them; but if they can be made to feel that such persecution is regarded as a relic of barbarism, and as utterly inconsistent with the rights of freedom, they might be moved by a regard to their own credit when higher considerations have failed to influence them.

III.—MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

SYRIA.—THREE THOUSAND MAHOMETANS SEEKING THE LIGHT.

The Ladies' Society for the social and religious improvement of Syrian females have received a most interesting communication from Mr. Waldmeir, a Basle missionary, formerly one of the Abyssinian captives, and now associated with the Ladies' Society. In publishing his letter, the secretary of the Society attests his full trustworthiness. The letter, which is dated Damascus, July 24, 1871, is printed with its foreign idioms uncorrected:—

"... You will be astonished and surprised when I tell you that here in Damascus, there is a wonderful movements among the Mahomedans, so that not less than 3,000 desire to become Christians. They have regular prayer meetings, and they pray to our Lord Jesus Christ that He might reveal himself to them, as their Saviour, and lead them out from darkness, into light and truth. This is not a mere story without any foundation and proofs—no it is a fact indeed. The matter has been already brought before H.M. Consul Captain Burton, and he took the greatest interest in this wonderful appearance. The old law of this empire pronouns death to every one who become a Christian; this could be easily executed in individual cases, but how can it be upon 3,000? and the missionaries (missionaries) told me it encreases very rapetly every day. What may be the end of such surprising thing among the Mahomedans? There is also a mouvement among the Jews, many Nicodemus, and faithful enquirers are coming to Mr. Frankel asking him to guid them to the Saviour the true Messiah. The Druses are anxiously expecting their Saviour's coming from China. In Persia is also great spiritual mouvement in looking forward to the coming Saviour. In all these wonderful things compared with the Holy Bible marks the daybreak of a better time for the East. In consequence of it let us (*ora et labora*) pray and work because these are golden days in which we are preveliged to be employed in the Lord's work."

INDIA.—NUMBER OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

In a recent address on "The Native Christians of India as a Community and a Church," now issued in the form of a pamphlet, Dr. George Smith, Editor of

the *Friend of India*, gives the following estimate of Indian population and creeds :—

Hindoos Proper	160,000,000	
Sikhs	2,500,000	
Buddhists and Jains	5,000,000	
Mussulmans	30,000,000	
Aborigines and Outcasts	14,000,000	
Parsees	85,000	
Jews	15,000	
Christians :—		
Protestants	350,000	
Roman Catholics	760,000	
Syrian	135,000	
Armenian, &c.	5,000	1,250,000
		212,850,000

In one point of view the number of Christians is so small as to be hardly appreciable under the shadow of so many millions. In the sight of such a multitude they are indeed like grasshoppers. But, notwithstanding the insignificance of its numbers, the Native Church is becoming conscious of power, and questions concerning its organisation are attracting considerable attention. It is gratifying, too, to learn that the Native Ministers of the various churches are actuated by a strong desire for union, and that in Western India, many of them have formed an Alliance for the purpose of concentrating their strength and manifesting their unity to the world.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ AND THE SECLUSION OF WOMEN.

A bill is now before the Indian Legislature on the subject of marriage, tending to do away with certain pernicious marriage customs which have had the effect of dooming many women to perpetual seclusion. The *Times* Calcutta correspondent deems the measure a great social reform in the direction most dreaded by the orthodox Hindus. But, strange to say, the Brahmo Somaj, the great reforming and advancing society of India, though unable to defend the seclusion of women, has not attempted to break it up. "Their views," says the writer in the *Times*, "are progressive enough, but they allege the impossibility of breaking down so gigantic an institution as the seclusion of women. A very intelligent man told me one day that a Hindoo lady who went unveiled to the Somaj would be accounted disgraced. Yet of the Brahmins of the progressive school can be said what certainly does not apply to any other class of men in India, save to the Christians,—that they have no defence for this seclusion, and are warm advocates for female education. When they are charged with their shortcomings their virtual reply is, 'We must do our work in our own way: we know our countrymen better than you do, and we must follow our perceptions.'"

CEYLON.—A WESLEYAN COMPARISON.

At a recent monthly meeting of missionaries at Tillipally, Ceylon, the Rev. John Kilner, after touch-

ing on the dark and miserable state of things when the mission began, drew the opposite picture in the following terms :—

"The cause of Christ here has not been a failure. I see progress here and there, ay, everywhere! Most astonishing progress greets us on every hand.

"Let the *four Girls' Boarding Schools* testify to success! Mrs. Spaulding can remember the first few gathered in. Oodooville can afford a swarm or two. God is blessing this work in his own way; and He will bless it.

"Our *Bible-women*' shall tell us of a marvellous change in them! What a contrast is a pious Bible-woman, to the timid, unthinking victim of lustful tyranny, which our fathers found in every woman of the land!

"In *Literature*, let the lexicons, handbooks, treatises on technical science, embracing the yet unfinished project of the indefatigable Doctor at Manepy, testify to progress.

"In *Theology* let the 'Union Version,' for all the Tamil world, stand alone as a monument of glorious success; if not, let this centre sun gather round it the planets of theological works, tracts, &c. &c., which have so largely been produced.

"In *Churches*, let the 1,200 or 1,500, more or less, of living professors of Christianity be counted as something when success is estimated.

"Let the fourteen *native Ministers and Pastors* who now do the principal pastoral work in the churches have a voice. O my friends, if God had not been with our fathers and with us, could these things have happened so? 'It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' We devoutly exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'

"I am told that the first Tamil man converted still lives, and labours in the cause of Christ. And in his day some 2,000 at least have been baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Can we wonder that the old missionary does not lose heart at the panic which alarms the younger man? Do we feel surprised that the veteran does not grow faint and weary? Marvel we that *they* hold on, during the squall, who have outlived so many and so fierce tempests for fifty years past?"

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—A VISIT TO THE LAGOONS

The Lagoon islands are a series of groups, of coral formation, in the shape of a ring enclosing water, their peculiar formation, according to Sir Charles Lyell, being due to a subsidence of the land. They are mostly small, containing each a population of a few hundreds. A few years ago, the London Missionary Society sent one of their missionaries, Mr. Murfay, to visit them, and nothing could have been more gratifying than the eagerness their people showed for Christian teaching, arising from the faint rumours that had reached them of the benefits of Christianity in other islands. A number of teachers were left among them, chiefly native Christians of Samoa. Last year, it was resolved to send the Rev. J. S. Whitmee, of Upola, on a similar visit of inquiry and edification.

Mr. Whitmee's Report is one of the most interesting missionary documents we have met with for a very long time. In almost every little island where teachers had been at work he found Christianity prospering, and many catechumens applying to be added to the roll of the Church. The admission of those deemed to be suitable was followed by the Lord's Supper, and the Communion thus observed were often most touching. Even in the case of an island (Funafuti) which had been two years without a teacher, things were found in a wonderfully prosperous state. Before his departure, the teacher had taught the people to read, and when he left, four of the most intelligent of them had been chosen by the rest to conduct the ordinary services and classes. "With the Bible in their hand, and by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, many," says Mr. Whitmee, "have been brought, I believe, to a saving knowledge of the truth; and the whole population of the island has advanced to a state which would put to shame many a village in England. . . . I have often noticed in these young Christian Societies in the mission field, that public opinion is far more strict than in England." In another island it was necessary to remove the teacher, who had not been getting on judiciously. In another, Nui, the civilising benefits of Christianity were strikingly shown, the people, a few years ago, having been naked savages, while now, they were clothed and orderly. When Mr. Whitmee was leaving, the teacher handed him a bag of money for the London Missionary Society, consisting of upwards of 200 dollars, the gift of 212 people, being the entire population of the island. In the course of the tour, other islands were visited which had not had any Christian instruction. Whenever the natives (commonly naked) were able to overcome their dread that the missionary ship was a slaver, they received the missionary and his party kindly, having heard something from other islands in favour of Christianity. One chief was quite satisfied, and his people too, on getting an answer to his inquiry, "Is Victoria your King?" Another said that the Christians should have leave to worship God, but he knew that the people who worshipped the old gods would die, *because the Christian God was stronger than their gods!* We regret that we cannot give more particulars of this tour of visitation among a simple and for the most part quiet people, soon, we trust, to be brought wholly under the influence of God's Word.

JAMAICA—THE OBEAH SPELL.

A recent visit to Jamaica, by a Fellow of the Geographical Society, has brought to light a miserable species of witchcraft that still continues to be practised. If one has a grudge against another, he sends for the Obeah-man, who, on a sufficient payment, proceeds to curse the object of his hatred. A few feathers of a white cock, some cats' teeth, possibly a few hairs of the person intended to be cursed, are put into a glass bottle, with a little dirty water, and placed in the ground before his door when he is known to be coming out. But

this way of acting on the imagination is not all. Very commonly the Obeah-man mixes poison, or causes it to be mixed with the food of the victim, sometimes carrying the poison under the nail of his thumb, and if he be a servant, dropping it into his master's coffee. The number of persons poisoned in such ways is large beyond all supposition. One person is said to have lately confessed when dying that he had been concerned in poisoning a hundred persons. Canon Kingsley mentions the case in Trinidad of an old woman who acknowledged having poisoned eleven. These relics of a superstition that has almost disappeared may still show us the hideousness of the system under which it flourished.

IV.—BOOKS.

THEOLOGY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

A most valuable and important addition to our church histories has been made by Dr. Edmund de Pressensé, of Paris, under the title of *The Martyrs and Apologists* (Hodder and Stoughton). It is one of a series of volumes designed to illustrate the rise and progress of Christianity, in opposition to the speculations of M. Renan and others. The volume now before us may be said to consist of three parts—1st. An account of the early missions of the Church; 2. Its persecutions under the Empire; and, 3. The attacks made on Christianity, and the replies of the Apologists. The work is written with so great liveliness of style, and such an interesting selection of topics, as to make the reading of it at once most pleasant and profitable. Neander, in his church history, has gone over nearly all the ground, and probably stated by much the greater number of the facts; but notwithstanding approaching the fascination of style of the present writer. In these times when so many false theories are afloat on the origin of Christianity, it is of the utmost importance that the real facts be made extensively known, especially among educated young persons. This very valuable service, the present volume is remarkably well fitted to render. Besides this, the delineation of the holy Christian life of the early Church, the noble steadfastness of the martyrs, the holy zeal of the missionaries, the subduing influence of the truth and the life of the Church on the pagan world, is as impressive a lesson for God and Christ as we can anywhere receive.

It is now a good many years since Mr. Ruskin wrote his "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds." People wondered at first what had drawn the great art-critic to sheep-farming, till a glance at his brochure showed that it was the ecclesiastical sheepfold he was contemplating. And truly of all departments of architecture, civil or ecclesiastical, the sheepfold presents the greatest diversities and, we may add, the greatest difficulties. We have them of all sorts and sizes, high, low, and broad. We have the sheepfold Evangelical, the sheepfold Anglican, the sheepfold Roman, the sheepfold Latitudinarian, the sheepfold Nonconformist, the sheepfold Presbyterian. People

are getting more bewildered and mystified than ever, and many are saying, "If we cannot agree to have a good, plain, comfortable sheepfold, better let us have none." Dr. Jacob, formerly Head Master of Christ's Hospital, a gentleman in a high position, has made one of the best contributions to the solution of the question. In *The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament: a Study for the Present Crisis in the Church of England* (Strahan & Co.) he has drawn a sheepfold on the model of the Apostolical, as delineated in Scripture, with such modifications and adaptations to modern times as he conceives to be legitimate and useful. There might be some question whether there is quite as much latitude allowed in Scripture as Dr. Jacob claims; but on that we are not disposed to raise a controversy here. Dr. Jacob has built his sheepfold on the true foundation—the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. He maintains forcibly and firmly that what we have got to do is not to make our Church like the Church of the third and fourth centuries, but like the Church of the Apostles. So early as the third or fourth century, there were some corruptions fully blown, and many more were in germ, and to make that church our model would be utterly wrong. Yet this is what the High Church party are now doing, to the great injury of the Church and the country. Especially are they striving to introduce sacerdotalism and sacramentarianism, and to change the spiritual service required by God into the service of superstition and formality. The subject is argued with great calmness and temper, and throughout, as we read, we have the impression of an able, judicious, serious writer. We could hardly expect that persons far gone in the fever of ritualism would be converted by his calm, sober, scriptural views; but for those who, without being as yet committed, desire to know something of the Scripture idea of the Church, Dr. Jacob's Lectures are exceedingly fitted to be useful.

Another ecclesiastical architect, but of a much more daring and dashing genius, has given us his notion of the true sheepfold under the title of *Churches and their Creeds*, by the Rev. Sir Philip Perring, Bart. (Longmans). Sir Philip evidently feels that it will be hard for him to obtain a fair and serious hearing. He is too conscious of Ishmaelite blood—knows that, in a sense, his hand is against every man, and dreads that every man's hand will be against him. His book treats of at least three several subjects. First, the actual state of the English Churches, Established and Nonconformist—in fact, Mr. Ruskin's subject, the construction of sheepfolds. Second, a discussion of certain doctrines, particularly that of eternal punishment. And third, a specimen of a revised translation of the New Testament. Obviously this is too miscellaneous a treatise, and the views which are advocated in one part are, we apprehend, fitted to prevent due weight being given to those advanced in the other parts. We refer especially to the introduction of that awful subject, the duration of punishment. Apart from this, and looking to what Sir Philip Perring has written

upon Church matters, it is impossible not to commend the honesty, straightforwardness, and in many instances wholesomeness of his views. He is more plain than pleasant in his dealings both with Churchmen and Nonconformists. Churchmen have shown a very unchristlike spirit in their contempt of Dissenters, in their always taking the first place at the feast, and treating their Dissenting brother as if he belonged to an inferior caste. All this and much more is utterly condemned. But then the Nonconformist has also shown an unchristlike spirit in being so hurt at this treatment, so much distressed about it, in resenting it, and in struggling to get for himself a better place at the feast, instead of waiting patiently till he is told to come up higher. Sir Philip is strong in favour of the work of the Church being done by all who are fitted for any part of the ministry of the Gospel. He is very much dissatisfied with the prevailing custom to ordain ministers because they have got human education, instead of choosing them for divine inspiration—that is, because God's Spirit has fired them with a desire to save, or otherwise to benefit, souls. He would have the collecting of money for support of ordinances abolished, would have the servants of God to perform their duties either gratuitously, or for very small salaries. These hints will show the mixture of what is wholesome with what is extreme, and, we fear, somewhat visionary in this treatise. On one thing, on which the author dwells much, we thoroughly agree with him—the desirableness of the Christian Church having a more winning, self-commending, aromatic character—drawing people into its fellowship because of the heavenly atmosphere that pervades it, and the sensible help heavenwards they will derive from it. There is really little difference between a scripturally constructed Sheepfold, and the Palace Beautiful.

In carrying us back to the times of Chrysostom, and giving us a sketch of his life, Dr. MacGilvray makes a highly legitimate and wholesome use of the patristic times. (*John of the Golden Mouth, Preacher of Antioch, and Primate of Constantinople*. By W. MacGilvray, D.D. Nisbet.) To all ecclesiastical scholars, the name of Chrysostom is one of the most familiar; but general readers, we apprehend, know but little either of his marvellous oratory, or of the events of his life. In this volume Dr. MacGilvray aims at acquainting them with both. We get from it a very good view of the great preacher, his conversion to Christ, through the influence of his mother, his early ascetic tendencies, his noble work in the pulpit at Antioch, his fearless opposition to the vices of the world and the inconsistencies and corruptions of the professing Church, his services to the community of Antioch, when under the imperial ban, his work at Constantinople, the opposition raised to him, and its sad results. Of all the ancient Christian preachers, Chrysostom was probably the most eloquent and effective, and the fearless and prophet-like tone in which he dealt with the sins of his day, make him a most useful study for preachers now. His opposition to the school of the Rhetoricians, who sought to make the pulpit a mere arena for arti-

ficial declamation, was the more remarkable and the more telling that he himself had made a profound study of oratory, and was familiar with all its rules and methods. The volume before us is somewhat deficient in artistic power, the writer has not much of the faculty of reproducing a past age, and sometimes he allows himself to run into the controversial vein. But he has done a service worthy of hearty acknowledgment, especially in his own circle, by sinking his shaft in an unusual stratum, and bringing up material that supplies a fresh element to the Christian thought and feeling of his country.

BIOGRAPHY.

The life of William Cunningham, one of the fathers and founders of the Free Church of Scotland, has the misfortune, or possibly the good fortune to be the work of two hands. (*Life of William Cunningham, D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology and Church History, New College, Edinburgh.* By Robert Rainy, D.D., and late Rev. James Mackenzie. Nelson.) It had been committed first to Mr. Mackenzie, by whom nearly half of the volume was written, and on Mr. Mackenzie's death, it was transferred to Dr. Cunningham's successor in his chair, Dr. Rainy. Mr. Mackenzie's piece is picturesque and sketchy, Dr. Rainy's is solid and massive. Dr. Rainy's style both of thinking and of writing is much more like that of the subject of the Memoir, though fitted to interest a comparatively small circle of readers. Cunningham was a thorough Scot, with all the *perferendum ingenium*, a mind inevitably logical, a hard head, a manner plain and uncourtly, but a warm heart and a transparently simple and honest nature. The memoir introduces him to us as a big, burly schoolboy, refusing when a mere child to tell the Duke of Hamilton the names of some companions who had been making free of a field of turnips, and suffering a flogging rather than name the boy who had been guilty of cutting the benches. Next he is a student at Edinburgh College, and then, through the instrumentality of the late Dr. Gordon and others, he undergoes a great spiritual change. He is a wonderful devourer, and at the same time digester of books. His first charge as a minister was at Greenock, where he was intensely loved. Coming to Edinburgh in the very heat and height of the non-intrusion controversy, he threw himself into it heart and soul, and got into many troubles. He was wonderfully outspoken, and had a habit of saying what he thought of men and things, though, to his surprise, actions for damages would sometimes emerge from his words. The world thought of him as fierce, reckless, fanatical—one of the wildest of the wild. But he lived to become the subject of an estimate almost diametrically opposite. He had fought for anti-patronage and spiritual independence, fought against Popery, fought for the Bible, fought in Moderatorship controversies, and education controversies, and college controversies, till he got utterly tired of fighting, and almost hated the name of theologian. The process had a wonderfully mellowing, maturing, and broadening effect. Before he died, it

was acknowledged on all sides that he held no opinions without good grounds, and he was rapidly becoming the Nestor of his Church. Without being demonstrative in his piety, he was thoroughly Scriptural and spiritual, and seemed to grow in grace, and to be preparing to enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child. His death was sudden, and at the age (we think) of fifty-six (the biographer has not given the year of his birth); it took place in the same week as that of the Prince Consort; and what is very interesting, like the Prince, he found comfort as a dying man in those Evangelical hymns where the sinner, poor and empty, hangs on the grace of the Saviour. There was little of incident in his life; letters he hardly ever wrote, and the biographers have had a somewhat difficult task. How far the details will interest readers beyond his own circle, we hardly know; but the character is one of singular interest, and the combination of great learning, great logic, great power, with simplicity and godly sincerity, is one of the most beautiful ever found.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the fanciful title, *The Rift in the Clouds* (Macintosh), Miss Marsh has given to the public three or four true stories, being the cases of persons brought under the power of the Gospel, while in sickness or sorrow, through the kind and earnest words which she was led to speak to them. The first of the series, "The Crimson Azalea," is perhaps the most striking of them all. The flower preaches the Gospel to a youth, almost in *articulo mortis*. We have seldom met with a more touching or a more instructive incident. What blessed lessons might there not be hung around flowers and other objects of nature, if, as our Lord directed us, we would a little more "consider the lilies of the field!"

A Missionary's Wife among the Wild Tribes of South Bengal (Nisbet) consists of some extracts from the journal of Mrs. Murray Mitchell during a visit to some of these tribes, supplemented by Dr. Smith, of the *Friend of India*. Besides its great Hindu and its great Mussulman population, India possesses about twelve millions of people, once civilised, but now rude and wild, and till lately hardly ever thought of. It is remarkable, however, that it is from among these wild tribes that the greatest number of converts has been obtained in India. The German mission to the Koles of Chota Magpore has, like the mission to the Karens in Burmah, been by far the most successful numerically of Indian missions. In the view of aiding to extend missionary operations, especially among the Santals, Dr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell in 1869 undertook the tour of which Mrs. Mitchell's little volume now gives us an account. The interesting character of the people, the very favourable climate of the country, the success already attained in missionary operations—such things make Mrs. Mitchell's narrative intrinsically most interesting; while the charm of a lively narrative and a fluent, easy style contributes to make the little volume a valuable addition to our missionary literature.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—A REFUGE FROM THE HEAT.



HERE was a little garden, one side enclosed by the house, another by the studio, and the remaining two by walls, evidently built for the nightly convenience of promenading cats. There was one pear-tree in the grass plot which occupied the centre, and a few small fruit trees, which, I may now safely say, never bore anything, upon the walls. But the last occupant had cared for his garden, and when I came to the cottage, it was, although you would hardly believe it now that my garden is inside the house, a pretty little spot—only if you stop thinking about a garden, it begins at once to go to the bad. Used although I had been to great wide lawns and park and gardens and wilderness, the tiny enclosure soon became to me the type of the boundless universe. The streets roared about me with ugly omnibuses and uglier cabs, fine carriages, huge earth-shaking drays, and, worse far, with the cries of all the tribe of costermongers—one especially offensive which soon began to haunt me. I almost hated the man who sent it forth to fill the summer air with disgust. He always put his hollowed hand to his jaw, as if it were loose and he had to hold it in its place, before he uttered his hideous howl, which would send me hurrying up the stairs to bury my head under all the pillows of my bed until, coming back across the wilderness of streets and lanes like the cry of a jackal growing fainter and fainter upon the wind, it should pass and die away in the distance. Suburban London, I say, was roar-

I. N.S.

ing about me, and I was confined to a few square yards of grass and gravel walk and flower plot; but above was the depth of the sky, and thence at night the hosts of heaven looked in upon me with the same calm assured glance with which they shone upon southern forests, swarming with great butterflies and creatures that go flaming through the tropic darkness; and there the moon would come and cast her lovely shadows; and there was room enough to feel alone and to try to pray. And what was strange, the room seemed greater, though the loneliness was gone, when my husband walked up and down in it with me. True, the greater part of the walk seemed to be the turnings, for they always came just when you wanted to go on and on; but even with the scope of the world for your walk, you must turn and come back sometime. At first, when he was smoking his great brown meerschaum, he and I would walk in opposite directions, passing each other in the middle, and so make the space double the size, for he had all the garden to himself, and I had it all to myself; and so I had his garden and mine too. That is how by degrees I got able to bear the smoke of tobacco, for I had never been used to it, and found it a small trial at first, but now I have got actually to like it, and greet a stray whiff from the study like a message from my husband. I fancy I could tell the smoke of that old black and red meerschaum from the smoke of any other pipe in creation.

"You *must* cure him of that bad habit," said cousin Judy to me once.

It made me angry. What right had she to call anything my husband did a bad habit? and to expect me to agree with her was ten times worse. I am saving my money now to buy him a grand new pipe; and I may just mention here, that once I spent ninepence out of my last shilling to get him a packet of Bristol bird's-eye, for he was on the point of giving up smoking altogether because of—well, because of what will appear by and by.

England is getting dreadfully crowded with mean, ugly houses. If they were those of the poor and struggling, and not of the rich and comfortable, one might be consoled. But rich barbarism, in the shape of ugliness, is again pushing us to the sea. There, how-

ever, its "control stops;" and since I lived in London the sea has grown more precious to me than it was even in those lovely days at Kilhaven—merely because no one can build upon it. Ocean and sky remain as God made them. He must love space for us, though it be needless for himself; seeing that in all the magnificent notions of creation afforded us by astronomers—shoal upon shoal of suns, each the centre of complicated and infinitely varied systems—the spaces between are yet more overwhelming in their vast inconceivableness. I thank God for the room he thus gives us, and hence can endure to see the fair face of his England disfigured by the mud-pies of his children.

There was in the garden a little summer-house, of which I was very fond, chiefly because, knowing my passion for the flower, Percivale had surrounded it with a multitude of sweet-peas, which as they grew, he had trained over the trellis-work of its sides. Through them filtered the sweet airs of the summer as through an Æolian harp of unheard harmonies. To sit there in a warm evening, when the moth-airs just woke and gave two or three wafts of their wings and ceased, was like sitting in the midst of a small gospel.

The summer had come on, and the days were very hot—so hot and changeless, with their unclouded skies and their glowing centre, that they seemed to grow stupid with their own heat. It was as if—like a hen brooding over her chickens—the day, brooding over its coming harvests, grew dull and sleepy, living only in what was to come. Notwithstanding the feelings I have just recorded, I began to long for a wider horizon, whence some wind might come and blow upon me, and wake me up, not merely to live, but to know that I lived.

One afternoon, I left my little summer-seat, where I had been sitting at work, and went through the house, and down the precipice, into my husband's study.

"It is so hot," I said, "I will try my little grotto; it may be cooler."

He opened the door for me, and, with his palette on his thumb, and a brush in his hand, sat down for a moment beside me.

"This heat is too much for you, darling," he said.

"I do feel it. I wish I could get from the garden into my nest without going up through the house and down the Jacob's ladder," I said. "It is so hot! I never felt heat like it before."

He sat silent for awhile, and then said:

"I've been thinking I must get you into the country for a few weeks. It would do you no end of good."

"I suppose the wind does blow somewhere," I returned. "But—"

"You don't want to leave me?" he said.

"I don't. And I know with that ugly portrait on hand you can't go with me."

He happened to be painting the portrait of a plain red-faced lady, in a delicate lace cap—a very unfit subject for art—much needing to be made over again first, it seemed to me. Only there she was, with a right to have her portrait painted if she wished it; and there was Percivale, with time on his hands and room in his pockets, and the faith that whatever God had thought worth making could not be unworthy of representation. Hence he had willingly undertaken a likeness of her, to be finished within a certain time, and was now working at it as conscientiously as if it had been the portrait of a lovely young duchess or peasant girl. I was only afraid he would make it too like to please the lady herself. His time was now getting short, and he could not leave home before fulfilling his engagement.

"But," he returned, "why shouldn't you go to the Hall for a week or two without me? I will take you down and come and fetch you."

"I'm so stupid you want to get rid of me!" I said.

I did not in the least believe it, and yet was on the edge of crying, which is not a habit with me.

"You know better than that, my Wynn timer," he answered gravely. "You want your mother to comfort you. And there must be some air in the country. So tell Sarah to put up your things, and I'll take you down to-morrow morning. When I get this portrait done, I will come and stay a few days, if they will have me, and then take you home."

The thought of seeing my mother and my father, and the old place, came over me with a rush. I felt all at once as if I had been absent for years instead of weeks. I cried in earnest now—with delight though—and there is no shame in that. So it was all arranged, and next afternoon I was lying on a couch in the yellow drawing-room, with my mother seated beside me, and Connie in an easy chair by the open window, through which came every now and then such a sweet wave of air as bathed me with hope, and seemed to wash all the noises, even the loose-jawed man's hateful howl, from my brain.

Yet, glad as I was to be once more at home, I felt, when Percivale left me the next morn-

ing to return by a third-class train to his ugly portrait, for the lady was to sit to him that same afternoon, that the idea of home was already leaving Oldcastle Hall, and fitting back to the suburban cottage haunted by the bawling voice of the costermonger.

But I soon felt better, for here there was plenty of shadow, and in the hottest days my father could always tell where any wind would be stirring; for he knew every out and in of the place like his own pockets, as Dora said, who took a little after cousin Judy in her way. It will give a notion of his tenderness if I set down just one tiniest instance of his attention to me. The forenoon was oppressive. I was sitting under a tree, trying to read when he came up to me. There was a wooden gate, with open bars near. He went and set it wide, saying—

"There, my love! You will fancy yourself cooler if I leave the gate open."

Will my reader laugh at me for mentioning such a trifle? I think not, for it went deep to my heart, and I seemed to know God better for it ever after. A father is a great and marvellous truth, and one you can never get at the depth of, try how you may.

Then my mother! She was if possible yet more to me than my father. I could tell her anything and everything without fear, while I confess to a little dread of my father still. He is too like my own conscience to allow of my being quite confident with him. But Connie is just as comfortable with him as I am with my mother. If in my childhood I was ever tempted to conceal anything from her, the very thought of it made me miserable until I had told her. And now she would watch me with her gentle dove-like eyes, and seemed to know at once, without being told, what was the matter with me. She never asked me what I should like, but went and brought something, and if she saw that I didn't care for it, wouldn't press me, or offer anything instead, but chat for a minute or two, carry it away, and return with something else. My heart was like to break at times with the swelling of the love that was in it. My eldest child, my Ethelwyn—for my husband would have her called the same name as me, only I insisted it should be after my mother and not after me—has her very eyes, and for years has been trying to mother me over again to the best of her sweet ability.

CHAPTER VII.—CONNIE.

It is high time though that I dropped writing about myself for a while. I don't find myself so interesting as it used to be.

The worst of some kinds especially of small illnesses is that they make you think a great deal too much about yourself. Connie's, which was a great and terrible one, never made her do so. She was always forgetting herself in her interest about others. I think I was made more selfish to begin with; and yet I have a hope that a too-much-thinking about yourself may not *always* be pure selfishness. It may be something else wrong in you that makes you uncomfortable, and keeps drawing your eyes towards the aching place. I will hope so till I get rid of the whole business, and then I shall not care much how it came or what it was.

Connie was now a thin, pale, delicate-looking—not handsome, but lovely girl. Her eyes, some people said, were too big for her face, but that seemed to me no more to the discredit of her beauty than it would have been a reproach to say that her soul was too big for her body. She had been early ripened by the hot sun of suffering, and the self-restraint which pain had taught her. Patience had mossed her over, and made her warm and soft and sweet. She never looked for attention, but accepted all that was offered with a smile which seemed to say—"It is more than I need, but you are so good I mustn't spoil it." She was not confined to her sofa now, though she needed to lie down often, but could walk about pretty well, only you must give her time. You could always make her merry by saying she walked like an old woman; and it was the only way we could get rid of the sadness of seeing it. We betook ourselves to her to laugh *her* sadness away from us.

Once, as I lay on a couch on the lawn, she came towards me carrying a bunch of grapes from the greenhouse—a great bunch, each individual grape ready to burst with the sunlight it had bottled up in its swollen purple skin.

"They are too heavy for you, old lady," I cried.

"Yes; I *am* an old lady," she answered. "Think what good use of my time I have made compared with you! I have got ever so far before you: I've nearly forgotten how to walk!"

The tears gathered in my eyes as she left me with the bunch, for how could one help being sad to think of the time when she used to bound like a fawn over the grass, her slender figure borne like a feather on its own slight yet firm muscles, which used to knot so much harder than any of ours. She turned

to say something, and, perceiving my emotion, came slowly back.

"Dear Wynn timer," she said, "you wouldn't have me back with my old foolishness, would you? Believe me life is ten times more precious than it was before. I feel, and enjoy, and love so much more! I don't know how often I thank God for what befell me."

I could only smile an answer, unable to speak, not now from pity, but from shame of my own petulant restlessness and impatient helplessness.

I believe she had a special affection for poor Sprite, the pony which threw her—special I mean since the accident—regarding him as in some sense the angel which had driven her out of paradise into a better world. If ever he got loose, and Connie was anywhere about, he was sure to find her: he was an omnivorous animal, and she had always something he would eat when his favourite apples were unattainable. More than once she had been roused from her sleep on the lawn by the lips and the breath of Sprite upon her face; but, although one painful sign of her weakness was, that she started at the least noise or sudden discovery of a presence, she never started at the most unexpected intrusion of Sprite, any more than at the voice of my father or mother. Need I say there was one more whose voice or presence never startled her?

The relation between them was lovely to see. Turner was a fine, healthy, broad-shouldered fellow, of bold carriage and frank manners, above the middle height, with rather large features, keen black eyes, and great personal strength. Yet to such a man, poor little wan-faced big-eyed Connie assumed imperious airs, mostly, but perhaps not entirely, for the fun of it; while he looked only enchanted every time she honoured him with a little tyranny.

"There! I'm tired," she would say, holding out her arms like a baby. "Carry me in."

And the great strong man would stoop with a worshipping look in his eyes, and taking her carefully would carry her in as lightly, and gently, and steadily, as if she had been but the baby whose manners she had for the moment assumed. This began, of course, when she was unable to walk, but it did not stop then, for she would occasionally tell him to carry her after she was quite capable of crawling at least. They had now been engaged for some months, and before me, as a newly married woman, they did not mind talking a little.

One day she was lying on a rug on the lawn, with him on the grass beside her, leaning on his elbow, and looking down into her sky-like eyes. She lifted her hand and stroked his moustache with a forefinger, while he kept as still as a statue, or one who fears to scare the bird that is picking up the crumbs at his feet.

"Poor, poor man!" she said; and from the tone I knew the tears had begun to gather in those eyes.

"Why do you pity me, Connie?" he asked.

"Because you will have such a wretched little creature for a wife some day—or perhaps never—which would be best after all."

He answered cheerily:

"If you will kindly allow me my choice, I prefer just *such* a wretched little creature to any one else in the world."

"And why, pray? Give a good reason, and I will forgive your bad taste."

"Because she won't be able to hurt me much when she beats me."

"A better reason, or she will."

"Because I can punish her if she isn't good by taking her up in my arms and carrying her about until she gives in."

"A better reason, or I shall be naughty directly."

"Because I shall always know where to find her."

"Ah, yes; she must leave *you* to find *her*. But that's a silly reason. If you don't give me a better, I'll get up and walk into the house."

"Because there won't be any waste of me. Will that do?"

"What do you mean?" she asked with mock imperiousness.

"I mean that I shall be able to lay not only my heart but my brute strength at her feet. I shall be allowed to be her beast of burden, to carry her whither she would; and so with my body her to worship more than most husbands have a chance of worshipping their wives."

"There! take me, take me!" she said, stretching up her arms to him. "How good you are! I don't deserve such a great man one bit. But I *will* love him. Take me directly, for there's Wynn timer listening to every word we say to each other, and laughing at us. She can laugh without looking like it."

The fact is I was crying, and the creature knew it. Turner brought her to me, and held her down for me to kiss; then carried her in to her mother.

I believe the county people round considered our family far gone on the in-

clined plane of degeneracy. First, my mother, the heiress, had married a clergyman of no high family; then they had given their eldest daughter to a poor artist, something of the same standing as—well, I will be rude to no order of humanity, and therefore avoid comparisons; and now it was generally known that Connie was engaged to a country practitioner, a man who made up his own prescriptions. We talked and laughed over certain remarks of the kind that reached us, and compared our two with the gentlemen about us—in no way to the advantage of any of the latter, you may be sure. It was silly work; but we were only two loving girls with the best possible reasons for being proud of the men who had honoured us with their love.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONNIE'S BABY.

It is time I told my readers something about the little Theodora. She was now nearly four years old, I think—a dark-skinned, lithe-limbed, wild little creature, very pretty—at least most people said so, while others insisted that she had a common look. I admit she was not like a lady's child—only one has seen ladies' children look common enough; neither did she look like the child of working people—though amongst such again one sees sometimes a child the oldest family in England might be proud of. The fact is, she had a certain tinge of the savage about her, specially manifest in a certain furtive look of her black eyes, with which she seemed now and then to be measuring you, and her prospects in relation to you. I have seen the child of cultivated parents sit and stare at a stranger from her stool in the most persistent manner, never withdrawing her eyes, as if she would pierce to his soul, and understand by very force of insight whether he was or was not one to be honoured with her confidence; and I have often seen the sidelong glance of sly merriment, or loving shyness, or small coquetry; but I have never, in any other child, seen *that* look of self-protective speculation; and it used to make me uneasy, for of course, like every one else in the house, I loved the child. She was a wayward, often unmanageable creature, but affectionate—sometimes after an insane, or, at least, very ape-like fashion. Every now and then she would take an unaccountable preference for some one of the family or household, at one time for the old house-keeper, at another for the stable-boy, at another for one of us; in which fits of partiality she would always turn a blind and

deaf side upon every one else, actually seeming to imagine she showed the strength of her love to the one by the paraded exclusion of the others. I cannot tell how much of this was natural to her, and how much the result of the foolish and injurious jealousy of the servants. I say *servants*, because I know such an influencing was all but impossible in the family itself. If my father heard any one utter such a phrase as "Don't you love me best"—or, "better than" such a one? or, "Ain't I your favourite?"—well, you all know my father, and know him really, for he never wrote a word he did not believe—but you would have been astonished, I venture to think, and perhaps at first bewildered as well, by the look of indignation flashed from his eyes. He was not the gentle, all-excusing man some readers, I know, fancy him from his writings. He was gentle even to tenderness when he had time to think a moment, and in any quiet judgment he always took as much the side of the offender as was possible with any likelihood of justice; but in the first moments of contact with what he thought bad in principle, and that in the smallest trifle, he would speak words that made even those who were not included in the condemnation tremble with sympathetic fear. "There, Harry, you take it—quick, or Charley will have it," said the nurse one day, little thinking who overheard her. "Woman!" cried a voice of wrath from the corridor, "do you know what you are doing? Would you make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourself?" An hour after, she was sent for to the study; and when she came out her eyes were very red. My father was unusually silent at dinner; and after the younger ones were gone, he turned to my mother, and said:—"Ethel, I spoke the truth. All *that* is of the devil—horribly bad; and yet I am more to blame in my condemnation of them than she for the words themselves. The thought of so polluting the mind of a child makes me fierce, and the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. The old Adam is only too glad to get a word in, if even in behalf of his supplanting successor." Then he rose, and taking my mother by the arm, walked away with her. I confess I honoured him for his self-condemnation the most. I must add that the offending nurse had been ten years in the family, and ought to have known better.

But to return to Theodora. She was subject to attacks of the most furious passion, especially when anything occurred to thwart

the indulgence of the ephemeral partiality I have just described. Then, wherever she was, she would throw herself down at once—on the floor, on the walk or lawn, or, as happened on one occasion, in the water—and kick and scream. At such times she cared nothing even for my father, of whom generally she stood in considerable awe—a feeling he rather encouraged. "She has plenty of people about her to represent the gospel," he said once; "I will keep the department of the law, without which she will never appreciate the gospel. My part will, I trust, vanish in due time, and the law turn out to have been, after all, only the imperfect gospel, just as the leaf is the imperfect flower. But the gospel is no gospel till it gets into the heart, and it sometimes wants a torpedo to blow the gates of that open." For no torpedo or Krupp gun, however, did Theodora care at such times; and after repeated experience of the inefficacy of coaxing, my father gave orders that, when a fit occurred, every one, without exception, should not merely leave her alone, but go out of sight, and if possible out of hearing—at least out of her hearing—that she might know she had driven her friends far from her, and be brought to a sense of loneliness and need. I am pretty sure that if she had been one of us, that is, one of his own, he would have taken sharper measures with her; but he said we must never attempt to treat other people's children as our own, for they are not our own. We did not love them enough, he said, to make severity safe either for them or for us.

The plan worked so far well, that, after a time varied in length according to causes inscrutable, she would always reappear smiling; but as to any conscience of wrong, she seemed to have no more than nature herself, who looks out with *her* smiling face after hours of thunder, lightning, and rain; and, although this treatment brought her out of them sooner, the fits themselves came quite as frequently as before.

But she had another habit, more alarming, and more troublesome as well: she would not unfrequently vanish, and have to be long sought, for in such case she never reappeared of herself. What made it so alarming was that there were dangerous places about our house; but she would generally be found seated, perfectly quiet, in some out-of-the-way nook where she had never been before, playing, not with any of her toys, but with something she had picked up and appropriated, finding in it some shadowy

amusement which no one understood but herself.

She was very fond of bright colours, especially in dress; and if she found a brilliant or gorgeous fragment of any substance, would be sure to hide it away in some hole or corner, perhaps known only to herself. Her love of approbation was strong, and her affection demonstrative, but she had not yet learned to speak the truth. In a word she must, we thought, have come of wild parentage, so many of her ways were like those of a forest animal.

In our design of training her for a maid to Connie, we seemed already likely enough to be frustrated; at all events there was nothing to encourage the attempt, seeing she had some sort of aversion to Connie, amounting almost to dread. We could rarely persuade her to go near her. Perhaps it was a dislike to her helplessness—some vague impression that her lying all day on the sofa indicated an unnatural condition of being, with which she could have no sympathy. Those of us who had the highest spirits, the greatest exuberance of animal life, were evidently those whose society was most attractive to her. Connie tried all she could to conquer her dislike, and entice the wayward thing to her heart, but nothing would do. Sometimes she would seem to soften for a moment, but all at once, with a wriggle and a backward spasm in the arms of the person who carried her, she would manifest such a fresh access of repulsion, that for fear of an outburst of fierce and objurgatory wailing which might upset poor Connie altogether, she would be borne off hurriedly—sometimes, I confess, rather ungently as well. I have seen Connie cry because of the child's treatment of her.

You could not interest her so much in any story but that if the buzzing of a fly, the flutter of a bird, reached eye or ear, away she would dart on the instant, leaving the discomfited narrator in lonely disgrace. External nature and almost nothing else had free access to her mind: at the suddenest sight or sound, she was alive on the instant. She was a most amusing and sometimes almost bewitching little companion, but the delight in her would be not unfrequently quenched by some altogether unforeseen outbreak of heartless petulance or turbulent rebellion. Indeed her resistance to authority grew as she grew older, and occasioned my father and mother, and indeed all of us, no little anxiety. Even Charley and Harry would stand with open mouths contemplating

aghast the unheard-of atrocity of resistance to the will of the unquestioned authorities. It was what they could not understand, being to them an impossibility. Such resistance was almost always accompanied by storm and tempest, and the treatment which carried away the latter, generally carried away the former with it: after the passion had come and gone, she would obey. Had it been otherwise—had she been sullen and obstinate as well—I do not know what would have come of it, or how we could have got on at all. Miss Bowdler, I am afraid, would have had a very satisfactory crow over papa. I have seen him sit for minutes in silent contemplation of the little puzzle, trying no doubt to fit her into his theories, or as my mother said, to find her a three-legged stool and a corner somewhere in the kingdom of heaven; and we were certain something or other would come out of that pondering, though whether the same night or a twelve-month after, no one could tell. I believe the main result of his thinking was that he did less and less with her.

"Why do you take so little notice of the child?" my mother said to him one evening. "It is all your doing that she is here, you know. You mustn't cast her off now."

"Cast her off!" exclaimed my father: "what *do* you mean, Ethel?"

"You never speak to her now."

"Oh yes I do, sometimes."

"Why only sometimes?"

"Because—I believe because I am a little afraid of her. I don't know how to attack the small enemy. She seems to be bomb-proof, and generally impregnable."

"But you mustn't therefore make *her* afraid of *you*."

"I don't know that. I suspect it is my only chance with her. She wants a little of Mount Sinai, in order that she may know where the manna comes from. But indeed I am laying myself out only to catch the little soul. I am but watching and pondering how to reach her. I am biding my time to come in with my small stone for the building up of this temple of the Holy Ghost."

At that very moment—in the last fold of the twilight, with the moon rising above the wooded brow of Gorman Slope—the nurse came through the darkening air, her figure hardly distinguishable from the dusk, saying—

"Please, ma'am, have you seen Miss Theodora?"

"I don't want you to call her *Miss*," said my father.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the nurse; "I forgot."

"I have not seen her for an hour or more," said my mother.

"I declare," said my father, "I'll get a retriever pup, and train him to find Theodora. He will be capable in a few months, and she will be foolish for years."

Upon this occasion the truant was found in the apple-loft, sitting in a corner upon a heap of straw, quite in the dark. She was discovered only by the munching of her little teeth, for she had found some wizened apples, and was busy devouring them. But my father actually did what he had said: a favourite spaniel had pups a few days after, and he took one of them in hand. In an incredibly short space of time, the long-drawn nose of Wagtail, as the children had named him, in which, doubtless, was gathered the experience of many thoughtful generations, had learned to track Theodora to whatever retreat she might have chosen; and very amusing it was to watch the course of the proceedings. Some one would come running to my father with the news that Theo was in hiding. Then my father would give a peculiar whistle, and Wagtail, who (I must say *rule*) very seldom failed to respond, would come bounding to his side. It was necessary that my father should *lay him on* (is that the phrase?), for he would heed no directions from any one else. It was not necessary to follow him, however, which would have involved a tortuous and fatiguing pursuit; but in a little while a joyous barking would be heard, always kept up until the ready pursuers were guided by the sound to the place. There Theo was certain to be found hugging the animal, without the least notion of the traitorous character of his blandishments: it was long before she began to discover that there was danger in that dog's nose. Thus Wagtail became a very important member of the family—a bond of union, in fact, between its parts. Theo's disappearances, however, became less and less frequent—not that she made fewer attempts to abscond, but that, everyone knowing how likely she was to vanish, whoever she was with had come to feel the necessity of keeping both eyes upon her.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FOUNDLING RE-FOUND.

ONE evening, during this my first visit to my home, we had gone to take tea with the widow of an old servant, who lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the home farm—Connie and I in the pony carriage, and my

father and mother on foot. It was quite dark when we returned, for the moon was late. Connie and I got home first, though we had a good round to make and the path across the fields was but a third of the distance, for my father and mother were lovers, and sure to be late when left out by themselves. When we arrived, there was no one to take the pony, and when I rung the bell, no one answered. I could not leave Connie in the carriage to go and look, so we waited and waited till we were getting very tired, and glad indeed we were to hear the voices of my father and mother as they came through the shrubbery. My mother went to the rear to make inquiry, and came back with the news that Theo was missing, and that they had been searching for her in vain for nearly an hour. My father instantly called Wagtail, and sent him after her. We then got Connie in, and laid her on the sofa, where I kept her company while the rest went in different directions, listening from what quarter would come the welcome voice of the dog. This was so long delayed, however, that my father began to get alarmed. At last he whistled very loud, and in a little while Wagtail came creeping to his feet, with his tail between his legs—no wag left in it—clearly ashamed of himself. My father was now thoroughly frightened, and began questioning the household as to the latest knowledge of the child. It then occurred to one of the servants to mention that a strange-looking woman had been seen about the place in the morning—a tall, dark woman, with a gipsy look. She had come begging, but my father's orders were so strict concerning such cases that nothing had been given her, and she had gone away in anger. As soon as he heard this my father ordered his horse, and told two of the men to get ready to accompany him. In the meantime, he came to us in the little drawing-room, trying to look calm, but evidently in much perturbation. He said he had little doubt the woman had taken her.

"Could it be her mother?" said my mother.

"Who can tell?" returned my father. "It is the less likely that the deed seems to have been prompted by revenge."

"If she be a gipsy's child,——" said my mother.

"The gipsies," interrupted my father, "have always been more given to taking other people's children than forsaking their own. But one of them might have had reason for being ashamed of her child, and,

dreading the severity of her family, might have abandoned it, with the intention of re-possessing herself of it, and passing it off as the child of gentlefolks she had picked up. I don't know their habits and ways sufficiently; but, from what I have heard, that seems possible. However, it is not so easy as it might have been once to succeed in such an attempt. If we should fail in finding her to-night, the police all over the country can be apprised of the fact in a few hours, and the thief can hardly escape."

"But if she *should* be the mother?" suggested my mother.

"She will have to *prove* that."

"And then?"

"What then?" returned my father, and began pacing up and down the room, stopping now and then to listen for the horses' hoofs.

"Would you give her up?" persisted my mother.

Still my father made no reply. He was evidently much agitated—more, I fancied, by my mother's question than by the present trouble. He left the room, and presently his whistle for Wagtail pierced the still air. A moment more, and we heard them all ride out of the paved yard. I had never known him leave my mother without an answer before.

We who were left behind were in evil plight. There was not a dry eye amongst the women, I am certain, while Harry was in floods of tears, and Charley was howling. We could not send them to bed in such a state, so we kept them with us in the drawing-room, where they soon fell fast asleep, one in an easy chair, the other on a sheepskin mat. Connie lay quite still, and my mother talked so sweetly and gently that she soon made me quiet too. But I was haunted with the idea somehow—I think I must have been wandering a little, for I was not well—that it was a child of my own that was lost out in the dark night, and that I could not anyhow reach her. I cannot explain the odd kind of feeling it was—as if a dream had wandered out of the region of sleep, and half-possessed my waking brain. Every now and then my mother's voice would bring me back to my senses, and I would understand it all perfectly; but in a few moments I would be involved once more in a mazy search after my child. Perhaps, however, as it was by that time late, sleep had, if such a thing be possible, invaded a part of my brain, leaving another part able to receive the impressions of the external about

me. I can recall some of the things my mother said—one in particular.

"It is more absurd," she said, "to trust God by halves, than it is not to believe in him at all. Your papa taught me that before one of you was born."

When my mother said anything in the way of teaching us, which was not often, she would generally add, "Your papa taught me that," as if she would take refuge from the assumption of teaching even her own girls. But we set a good deal of such assertion down to her modesty, and the evidently

inextricable blending of the thought of my father with every movement of her mental life.

"I remember quite well," she went on, "how he made that truth dawn upon me one night as we sat together beside the old mill. Ah! you don't remember the old mill; it was pulled down while Wynn timer was a mere baby."

"No, mamma; I remember it perfectly," I said.

"Do you really?—Well, we were sitting beside the mill one Sunday evening after



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service; for we always had a walk before going home from church. You would hardly think it now, but after preaching he was then always depressed, and the more eloquently he had spoken, the more he felt as if he had made an utter failure. At first I thought it came only from fatigue, and wanted him to go home and rest; but he would say he needed nature to come before supper, for nature restored him by telling him that it was not of the slightest consequence if he had failed, whereas his supper only made him feel that he would do better next time. Well,

that night, you will easily believe he startled me when he said, after sitting for some time silent, 'Ethel, if that yellow-hammer were to drop down dead now, and God not care, God would not be God any longer.' Doubtless I showed myself something between puzzled and shocked, for he proceeded with some haste to explain to me how what he had said was true. 'Whatever belongs to God is essential to God,' he said. 'He is one pure, clean essence of being, to use our poor words to describe the indescribable. Nothing hangs about him that does not belong to him—that

he could part with and be nothing the worse. Still less is there anything he could part with and be the worse. Whatever belongs to him is of his own kind, is part of himself, so to speak. Therefore there is nothing indifferent to his character to be found in him; and therefore when our Lord says not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father, that, being a fact with regard to God, must be an essential fact—one, namely, without which he could be no God.' I understood him, I thought; but many a time since, when a fresh light has broken in upon me, I have thought I understood him then only for the first time. I told him so once, and he said he thought that would be the way for ever with all truth—we should never get to the bottom of any truth, because it was a vital portion of the all of truth, which is God."

I had never heard so much philosophy from my mother before. I believe she was led into it by her fear of the effect our anxiety about the child might have upon us: with what had quieted her heart in the old time she sought now to quiet ours, helping us to trust in the great love that never ceases to watch. And she did make us quiet. But the time glided so slowly past that it seemed immovable.

When twelve struck, we heard in the stillness every clock in the house, and it seemed as if they would never have done. My mother left the room and came back with three shawls, with which, having first laid Harry on the rug, she covered the boys, and Dora, who also was by this time fast asleep, curled up at Connie's feet.

Still the time went on, and there was no sound of horses, or anything to break the silence, except the faint murmur which now and then the trees will make in the quietest night, as if they were dreaming, and talked in their sleep; for the motion does not seem to pass beyond them, but to swell up and die again in the heart of them. This and the occasional cry of an owl was all that broke the silent flow of the undivided moments—glacier-like flowing none can tell how. We seldom spoke, and at length the house within seemed possessed by the silence from without; but we were all ear—one hungry ear, whose famine was silence—listening intently.

We were not so far from the high road but that on a night like this the penetrating sound of a horse's hoofs might reach us. Hence, when my mother, who was keener of hearing than any of her daughters, at

length started up, saying, "I hear them! They're coming!" the doubt remained whether it might not be the sound of some night-traveller hurrying along that high road that she had heard. But when we also heard the sound of horses, we knew they must belong to our company; for except the riders were within the gates, their noises could not have come nearer to the house. My mother hurried down to the hall. I would have stayed with Connie; but she begged me to go too, and come back as soon as I knew the result; so I followed my mother. As I descended the stairs, notwithstanding my anxiety, I could not help seeing what a picture lay before me, for I had learned already to regard things from the picturesque point of view—the dim light of the low-burning lamp on the forward-bent heads of the listening, anxious group of women, my mother at the open door with the housekeeper and her maid, and the men-servants visible through the door in the moonlight beyond.

The first news that reached me was my father's shout the moment he rounded the sweep that brought him in sight of the house.

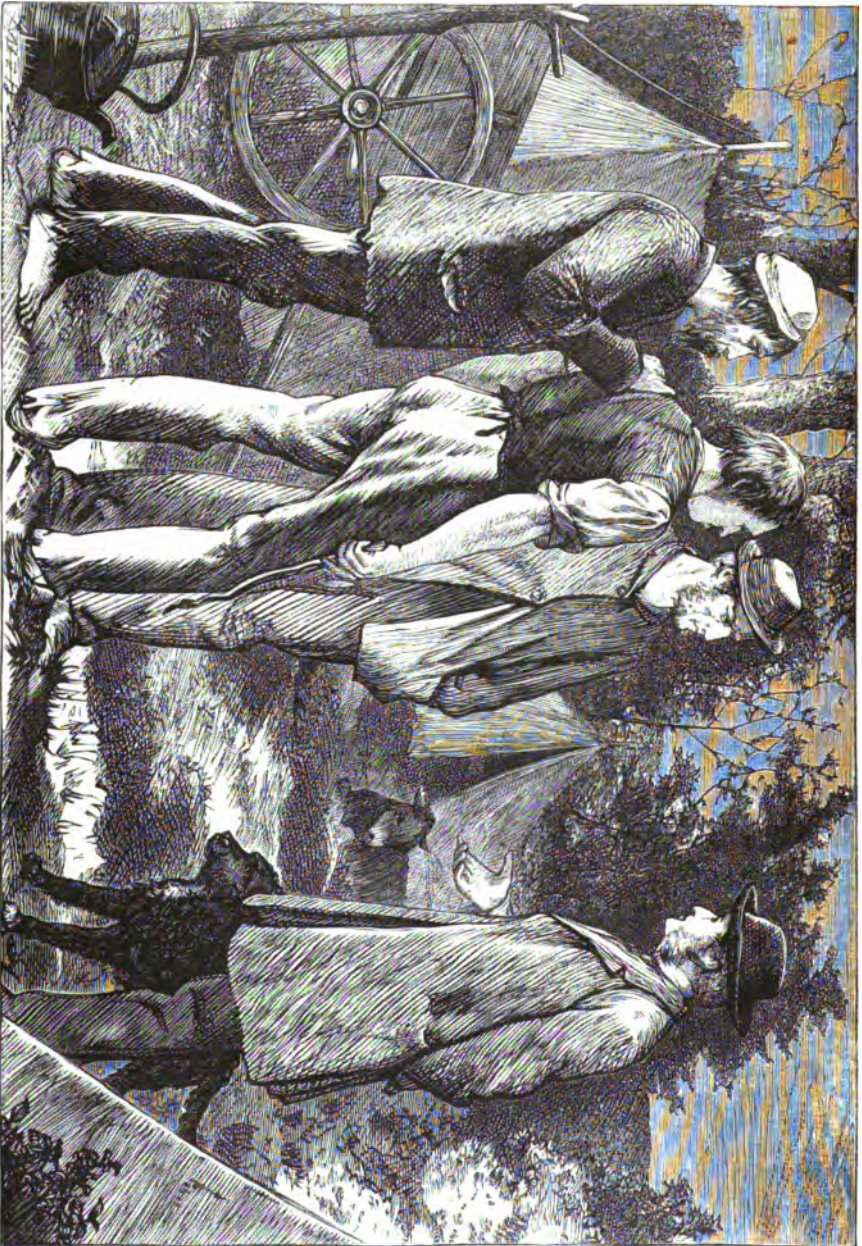
"All right! Here she is!" he cried.

And ere I could reach the stair to run up to Connie, Wagtail was jumping upon me and barking furiously. He rushed up before me with the scramble of twenty feet, licked Connie's face all over in spite of her efforts at self-defence, then rushed at Dora and the boys one after the other, and woke them all up. He was satisfied enough with himself now; his tail was doing the wagging of forty; there was no tucking of it away now—no drooping of the head in mute confession of conscious worthlessness; he was a dog self-satisfied because his master was well pleased with him.

But here I am talking about the dog, and forgetting what was going on below.

My father cantered up to the door, followed by the two men. My mother hurried to meet him, and then only saw the little lost lamb asleep in his bosom. He gave her up, and my mother ran in with her, while he dismounted, and walked merrily but wearily up the stair after her. The first thing he did was to quiet the dog; the next, to sit down beside Connie; the third, to say, "Thank God!" and the next, "God bless Wagtail!" My mother was already undressing the little darling, and her maid was gone to fetch her night things. Tumbled hither and thither, she did not wake, but was carried off stone-sleeping to her crib.

Then my father—for whom some supper,



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

of which he was in great need, had been brought—as soon as he had had a glass of wine and a mouthful or two of cold chicken, began to tell us the whole story.

CHAPTER X.—WAGTAIL COMES TO HONOUR.

As they rode out of the gate, one of the men, a trustworthy man, who cared for his horses like his children, and knew all their individualities as few men know those of their children, rode up alongside of my father, and told him that there was an encampment of gipsies on the moor about five miles away, just over Gorman Slope, remarking that, if the woman had taken the child, and belonged to them, she would certainly carry her thither. My father thought, in the absence of other indication, they ought to follow the suggestion, and told Burton to guide them to the place as rapidly as possible. After half an hour's sharp riding, they came in view of the camp—or rather of a rising ground behind which it lay in the hollow. The other servant was an old man who had been whipper-in to a baronet in the next county, and knew as much of the ways of wild animals as Burton did of those of his horses: it was his turn now to address my father, who had halted for a moment to think what ought to be done next.

"She can't well have got here before us, sir, with that child to carry. But it's wonderful what the likes of her can do. I think I had better have a peep over the brow first. She may be there already or she may not; but if we find out, we shall know better what to do."

"I'll go with you," said my father.

"No, sir; excuse me; that won't do. You can't creep like a serpent. I can. They'll never know I'm a stalking of them. No more you couldn't show fight if need was, you know, sir."

"How did you find that out, Sim?" asked my father, a little amused notwithstanding the weight at his heart.

"Why, sir, they do say a clergyman mustn't show fight."

"Who told you that, Sim?" he persisted.

"Well, I can't say, sir. Only it wouldn't be respectable—would it, sir?"

"There's nothing respectable but what's right, Sim, and what's right always is respectable, though it mayn't *look* so one bit."

"Suppose you was to get a black eye, sr?"

"Did you ever hear of the martyrs, Sim?"

"Yes, sir. I've heerd you talk on 'em in the pulpit, sir."

"Well, they didn't get black eyes only—they got black all over, you know—burnt black; and what for, do you think, now?"

"Don't know, sir, except it was for doing right."

"That's just it. Was it any disgrace to them?"

"No, sure, sir."

"Well, if I were to get a black eye for the sake of the child, would that be any disgrace to me, Sim?"

"None that I knows on, sir. Only it'd *look* bad."

"Yes, no doubt. People might think I had got into a row at the Griffin. And yet I shouldn't be ashamed of it. I should count my black eye the more respectable of the two. I should also regard the evil judgment much as another black eye, and wait till they both came round again. Lead on, Sim."

They left their horses with Burton, and went towards the camp. But when they reached the slope behind which it lay, much to Sim's discomfiture, my father, instead of lying down at the foot of it, as he expected, and creeping up the side of it, after the doom of the serpent, walked right up over the brow, and straight into the camp, followed by Wagtail. There was nothing going on—neither tinkering nor cooking; all seemed asleep; but presently out of two or three of the tents, the dingy squalor of which no moonshine could silver over, came three or four men, half undressed, who demanded of my father, in no gentle tones, what he wanted there.

"I'll tell you all about it," he answered. "I'm the parson of this parish, and therefore you're my own people, you see."

"We don't go to *your* church, parson," said one of them.

"I don't care; you're my own people for all that, and I want your help."

"Well, what's the matter? Whose cow's dead?" said the same man.

"This evening," returned my father, "one of my children is missing; and a woman who might be one of your clan—mind, I say *might be*; I don't know, and I mean no offence—but such a woman was seen about the place. All I want is the child, and if I don't find her, I shall have to raise the county. I should be very sorry to disturb you; but I'm afraid, in that case, whether the woman be one of you or not, the place will be too hot for you. I'm no enemy to honest gipsies, but you know there is a set of tramps that call themselves gipsies who

are nothing of the sort—only thieves. Tell me what I had better do to find my child. You know all about such things."

The men turned to each other, and began talking in undertones, and in a language of which what my father heard he could not understand. At length the spokesman of the party addressed him again.

"We'll give you our word, sir, if that will satisfy you," he said, more respectfully than he had spoken before, "to send the child home directly if any one should bring her to our camp. That's all we can say."

My father saw that his best chance lay in accepting the offer.

"Thank you," he said. "Perhaps I may have an opportunity of serving you some day."

They in their turn thanked him politely enough, and my father and Sim left the camp.

Upon this side the moor was skirted by a plantation which had been gradually creeping up the hill from the more sheltered hollow. It was here bordered by a deep trench, the bottom of which was full of young firs. Through the plantation there was a succession of green rides, by which the outskirts of my father's property could be reached. But, the moon being now up, my father resolved to cross the trench, and halt for a time, watching the moor from the shelter of the firs, on the chance of the woman's making her appearance; for if she belonged to the camp, she would most probably approach it from the plantation, and might be overtaken before she could cross the moor to reach it.

They had lain ensconced in the firs for about half an hour, when suddenly, without any warning, Wagtail rushed into the under-wood and vanished. They listened with all their ears, and in a few moments heard his joyous bark, followed instantly however by a howl of pain; and before they had got many yards in pursuit, he came cowering to my father's feet, who, patting his side, found it bleeding. He bound his handkerchief round him, and fastening the lash of Sim's whip to his collar that he might not go too fast for them, told him to find Theodora. Instantly he pulled away through the brushwood, giving a little yelp now and then as the stiff remnant of some broken twig or stem hurt his wounded side.

Before we reached the spot for which he was making, however, my father heard a rustling, nearer to the outskirts of the wood, and the same moment Wagtail turned and tugged fiercely in that direction. The figure

of a woman rose up against the sky, and began to run for the open space beyond. Wagtail and my father pursued at speed, my father crying out that if she did not stop, he would loose the dog on her. She paid no heed but ran on.

"Mount and head her, Sim. Mount, Burton. Ride over everything!" cried my father, as he slipped Wagtail, who shot through the under-wood like a bird, just as she reached the trench, and in an instant had her by the gown. My father saw something gleam in the moonlight, and again a howl broke from Wagtail, who was evidently once more wounded. But he held on. And now the horsemen having crossed the trench, were approaching her in front, and my father was hard upon her behind. She gave a peculiar cry, half a shriek, and half a howl, clasped the child to her bosom, and stood rooted like a tree, evidently in the hope that her friends, hearing her signal, would come to her rescue. But it was too late. My father rushed upon her the instant she cried out. The dog was holding her by the poor ragged skirt, and the horses were reined snorting on the bank above her. She heaved up the child over her head, but whether in appeal to heaven, or about to dash her to the earth in the rage of frustration, she was not allowed time to show; for my father caught both her uplifted arms with his, so that she could not lower them, and Burton, having flung himself from his horse and come behind her, easily took Theodora from them, for from their position they were almost powerless. Then my father called off Wagtail, and the poor creature sunk down in the bottom of the trench amongst the young firs without a sound, and there lay. My father went up to her, but she only stared at him with big blank black eyes, and such a lost look on her young, handsome, yet gaunt face, as almost convinced him she was the mother of the child. But whatever might be her rights, she could not be allowed to recover possession, without those who had saved and tended the child having a word in the matter of her fate.

As he was thinking what he could say to her, Sim's voice reached his ear.

"They're coming over the brow, sir—five or six from the camp. We'd better be off."

"The child is safe," he said, as he turned to leave her.

"From me," she rejoined, in a pitiful tone; and this ambiguous utterance was all that fell from her.

My father mounted hurriedly, took the child from Burton, and rode away, followed

by the two men and Wagtail. Through the green rides they galloped in the moonlight, and were soon beyond all danger of pursuit. When they slackened pace, my father instructed Sim to find out all he could about the gipsies—if possible to learn their names and to what tribe or community they belonged. Sim promised to do what was in his power, but said he did not expect much success.

The children had listened to the story wide awake. Wagtail was lying at my father's

feet, licking his wounds, which were not very serious, and had stopped bleeding.

"It's all your doing, Wagtail," said Harry, patting the dog.

"I think he deserves to be called *Mr. Wagtail*," said Charley.

And from that day he was no more called bare Wagtail, but *Mr. Wagtail*—much to the amusement of visitors, who, hearing the name gravely uttered, as it soon came to be, saw the owner of it approach on all fours, with a tireless pendulum in his rear.

CHARITY IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.—THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

AMID our numerous benevolent institutions, it is strange that the country has so few hospitals for those who are pining away their days under incurable diseases. How great their claim to our sympathy and pity! They have long years of suffering in prospect, and to them the grave presents the only hope of relief. Turning what were otherwise but uncomfortable feelings into pain, and pains which might otherwise be patiently borne into agony, that makes the greatest imaginable difference between a curable and an incurable disease. Hence the unspeakable horror of the inscription which Dante places over the door of hell—"Let those who enter here leave hope behind!"—and hence, also, in view of there being a limit fixed to his sufferings, the famous saying of Earl Crawford, one of the old, bloody barons of Scotland, who thought nothing of stringing up any who offended him to the nearest tree, and, indeed, had the trees around his now mouldering castle hung thick with bodies of dead men. This savage, who went by the appropriate *sobriquet* of "The Tiger Beardie," on being defeated in battle by the Earl of Huntly, is said to have exclaimed, "Rather than have lost the day, I would have stood ten years of hell!"

It is astonishing what people will stand; how much pain, if it is to be followed by relief, will be bravely borne by men, and especially by women, who, if they possess less active, often display more passive courage than the other sex. We once saw a memorable example of this; all the more remarkable that the hero of the hour, being a Frenchman, belonged to a race more volatile, sensitive, æsthetic than our own, and much less distinguished for powers of patient endurance.

We had gone to the hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu for the purpose of seeing the celebrated Duputryn, and how that prince of surgeons handled the knife. Before the graver cases were taken up, an *ouvrier*, entering the operating theatre, came limping forward on his naked feet; and, at a signal from a dresser, placed one of them on a stool. Taking up a pair of scissors, Duputryn thrust one of their long narrow blades under the nail of the great toe into the quick, up to the very root; then closed the blades; then, with a pair of pincers, seizing that half of the nail which had produced disease by growing into the flesh, he tore it away with a sudden wrench. There is no doubt the sufferings of the patient, though brief, taking up shorter time than we have taken in describing them, must have been equal to the cruellest torture ever invented by Indian savage or popish inquisitor. Yet neither shriek nor groan was heard. More extraordinary still, the man stood as if he had been cut out of marble. He not only uttered no sound, but never moved a muscle of his face; and crowned our astonishment when, withdrawing the right foot, he offered the left to the same torture, and suffered it with the same magnanimity. The disease was curable; the pain, though exquisitely acute, was temporary, was durable just because it was not enduring. Sustained by the hope, or rather certainty of this, the patient bore the operation with as much *sang froid* as the surgeon performed it; leaving us to read, with less wonder than before, of the heroism which martyrs, and even savages, have displayed at the stake,—the fortitude of both due, in good measure, to the transitory nature of their sufferings; the dying Christian sustained by the hope of ascending to heaven, the Indian,

as he offers his head to the scalping knife, by the hope of joining his fathers in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land.

To be "incurable" is, however, to bid farewell to all hope of relief in time; along the far extended vista of days and years no prospect before them but pain; waking and falling asleep under a sense of pain. Unless supported by the grace of God, and light falls on them from that upper world where the inhabitant never says that he is sick, and they cease as well from sorrow as from sin, we should think the incurable to be "of all men most miserable." Here one is ready to say, with the wisest of men, "The spirit of a man will bear his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?"

This is proved by the statistics of suicide among our French neighbours. At home a considerable proportion of our suicides are committed by the old; old men who cut their throats, or old women who, with the ruling passion strong in death, in hanging and drowning resort to less ghastly methods. It may be, in some of these instances, that that which turned life into an intolerable burden was the pressure on the spirits of a painful and incurable disease. But what may occur in some cases among ourselves, happens often on the other side the Channel. There, having given themselves up to infidelity, regarding death—to use the words they inscribed on the cemetery of Père la Chaise—as "An Eternal Sleep," without God and hope in the world, many of them fly for relief from suffering to the arms of death. The grave is their Asylum for Incurables: and considering how men love life, how tenaciously, in many instances, the aged, the sick, and even the dying cling to it, and how that which is dear to all must be doubly dear to such as have no hope beyond the grave, we may imagine what a terrible calamity is an incurable disease; what claims they who are suffering it have on our sympathy, on every effort on our part to alleviate its lingering pains, and raise the languid eye to that better world where Jesus wipes every tear from every eye, and sorrow and sighing are for ever fled away.

The number of incurables in the country we know not, but it certainly is much greater than many might suppose. We had two cases in our first parish, where—with only one public-house—rural virtues flourished, the whole population did not amount to one thousand souls, and fresh breezes from the ocean that washed its shore carried health to every home. These cases first

awoke our interest in the incurable. Whether regarded in its physical or moral aspect, the first was a very sad case; leaving such an impression on our mind that, though forty years have come and gone, we still see, as if we had seen her yesterday, the miserable object to whose dying-bed we were summoned. Her home was a humble cottage, meanly and scantily furnished; with a roof of thatch and a floor of clay. Much need there was of spiritual, for there were few or no earthly comforts there. By the feeble light of a small begrimed window, so soon as our eyes got used to the gloom within, we saw a woman lying on a bed, in a strange posture; her form emaciated to a skeleton, and a mass of long, iron-grey hair, dirty, and already damp with the sweat of death, hanging over her haggard face. In point of fact she was not lying, nor sitting either, but resting on her hands and knees; and in that unnatural posture—the only one which made her sufferings tolerable—she had continued by night and day, sleeping and waking, for three long weary years. In those lovely grounds of the Royal Hospital, where parterres of flowers please the eye, and magnificent trees offer their grateful shade, within its bright and spacious wards, where we were happy witnesses of the scrupulous cleanliness, comforts, even luxuries, kind attentions, and religious services, with which its patrons and officials seek to bless and cheer the unhappy lot of the incurable, we were reminded, by way of contrast, of the privations, the wretchedness, the spiritual as well as material darkness amid which our poor parishioner closed her life. It was, we must add, the shocking ignorance she showed, as much as the physical sufferings she endured, which weighed on our spirits as we left the door where death stood knocking. On having bidden her farewell, once more we returned to her bedside, called back by hearing her say, in thick and faltering speech, *I'm no feared to dee!* Having heard nothing of her or from her at this our first and last interview which appeared to warrant such a confident expression, we returned to ask her, Why she was not afraid to die? Her reply amazed and shocked us. *How*, she said, *could I be feared to dee, after hearing so many gude words from sic a gude man!*

We never learned the nature of her malady, nor how she had been left to live in such popish, or worse than popish ignorance; but, new to the work, this we learned then and there, to deal hereafter, if not more tenderly, more plainly with the divine—to see that they

were looking to Jesus only, and nesting all their hopes on the Rock of Ages.

The second case was one of which the Royal Asylum offers many examples. The lower extremities, the result of paralysis or rheumatic-gout, were perfectly powerless, and in this helpless condition the sufferer, an aged woman, had lived for many years. An example of filial piety more and more rare in these degenerate days, when the Poor Laws are undermining the best foundations of society, offering a rebuke to those who, forgetful of the veneration and respect due to parents, are not ashamed to throw them on the rates, her son and daughter did their utmost to maintain her. Their kind attentions sweetened the bitterness of her lot. Her cottage, with roses and woodbines clothing its naked walls, stood in a bosky dell, through which, after leaping a rock, and forming a pretty waterfall, and sweeping under a cliff crowned by an old baronial ruin, a stream found its way to the neighbouring sea, that often filled the solitude with the glorious music of its rollers as they broke and foamed upon the beach. This stream served to turn the wheel of a small flax mill; and there by dint of daily toil the daughter earned her own and helped to win her mother's bread. Notwithstanding the employment she found in her knitting needles and the enjoyment she found in her Bible, the day was long to the infirm and aged woman. She was often left, save at meal times, to pass the lonely hours by herself—no footfall nor sound of human voice to break the tedious silence. How different from this dreary solitude, we thought at our visit there, the luxurious apartments, and lively chatting, and attentive nurses and cheerful music, and rich store of newspapers, magazines, and books in the Royal Asylum for Incurables? They reminded us of the saying of a little grandson of ours, "I would like to be ill again, mamma; I got so much attention, and so many good things!"

How impotent, besides being incurable, our aged parishioner was, and to what perils as well as privations they are exposed who have not the good fortune to cast anchor in the Royal, or some other such asylum, the following incident illustrates:—It was our practice to visit this invalid from time to time—the benefit ours as well as hers—seeing how happy a pious soul could be with no other company but God's; and how He, when his providence had made a solitude, could make it peace—not a Roman but a real peace. Though believing not only with theo-

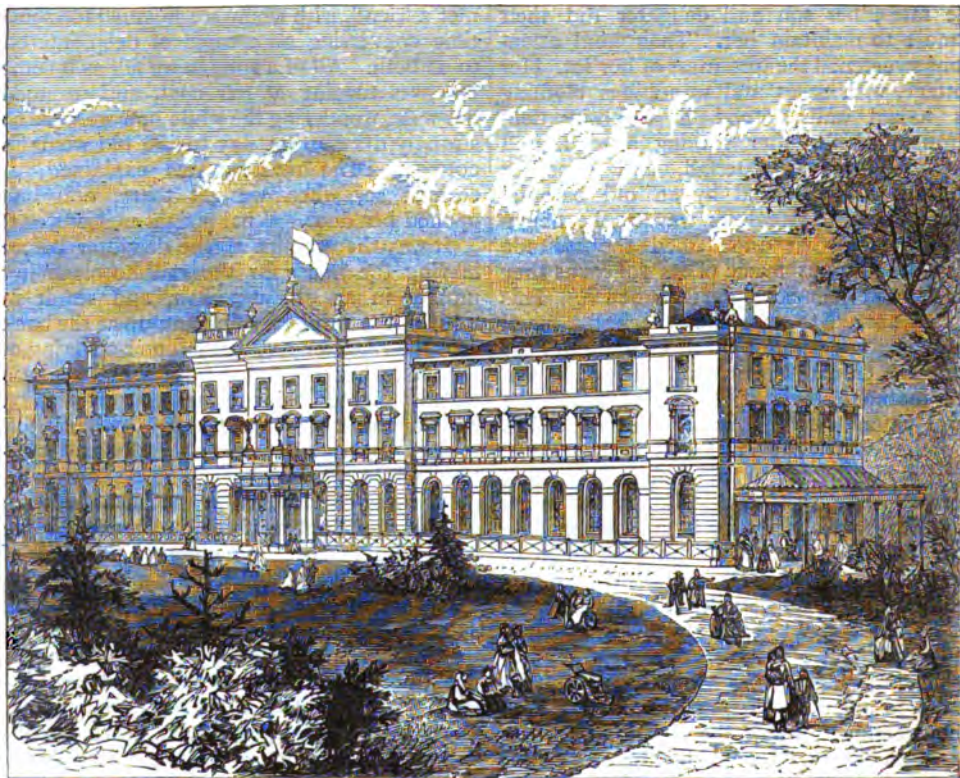
logians, but with such men, the bravest of the brave, as Parry, and Franklin, and Kane, in what is called a "particular providence," we are slow in setting down events as proving that doctrine. Still a number of circumstances have occurred in the course of our life it would be otherwise difficult to explain; and among these we find a place for what happened in the visit we have referred to. Though other duties called us elsewhere that day, a strong inclination to visit her took possession of us. Yielding at length to that impulse, we turned our steps to the dell where she lived, and on our way met a friend, with whom we lingered for some time conversing on a topic of deep interest to us both. All of a sudden we felt as if some one was tugging at our coat, and resumed our walk, wondering the while how we were so strongly drawn that day to the old woman's cottage. The mystery was explained, or seemed so, when we got there, and had opened her door. What a sight met our eye!

It was the practice of the daughter before leaving the house for the mill to place her mother in an old arm-chair, and set it in front of the fireplace; heaping up at the back of it the *shoos*, or *pob*, as the outer-covering of the flax, when separated from the fibres, was called. Lighted, this substance burned slowly, and smouldering away, kept the frail old woman warm and comfortable till her daughter's return. This she had done, as usual, on the day of what we cannot but describe as our providential visit; and a short while before we reached the cottage, this wall of burning stuff, not built, perhaps, with the usual care, became top-heavy, and throwing itself beyond the hearth-stone, forward on the floor, surrounded the poor woman with a circle of flames. A more dreadful predicament to be in, it were not easy to imagine. She could not rise, nor even move a foot; and it was vain to cry—none was near to help. So there she sat, pale and speechless, with her eyes, like a bird the serpent fascinates, fixed on the fire, that, steadily advancing, crawled nearer and nearer, and in a few moments more had reached her clothes, and enveloping her helpless form in flames had burned her to a cinder. Such the spectacle that met our astonished eyes! Another minute, and we had been too late—to take the floor at one leap, and seizing her, chair and all, place her out of danger, and with her praise Him who, in sending us, at the nick of time, to pluck her from the jaws of death, was "a very present help in the time of trouble."

If two such cases were met by us in the course of the seven years we passed in a healthy country parish with less than a thousand people, how many incurables must there be among the more than thirty millions of our home population ; pining away their unhappy lives under diseases we can do nothing to remove, but may do much to alleviate ? That can easily be calculated by the Rule of Three ; and nothing else is needed to convince our readers that every town of any consequence should have at least one such institution as that Royal Asylum for In-

curables, into which we now proceed to introduce them.

Showing, as we remarked at the beginning of this article, how much the world owes to the Gospel, this noble institution has its origin in the humanity and zeal of one of its ministers. Its founder was the Rev. Andrew Reed. He belonged to the Congregational or Independent denomination, and had a chapel in the East-end of London. A man of ardent piety and unwearied activity, sound in the faith but not narrow-minded, combining genius with geniality and a tender



The Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney.

heart with great practical wisdom, he—though labouring under the disadvantage of being a Nonconformist—was a man to do great things ; and with God's blessing did them. Ere he set a-going this institution, he had taken the orphan and the idiot under his care ; and having established no less than three asylums for the former and two for the latter, he secured for these, as for this Royal Hospital for Incurables, the co-operation of all denominations of Christians, the highest patronage, and the hearty support of all classes of the community. Few men have

lived to such good purpose as Andrew Reed. His life is a grand lesson of what one man can do ; and having known him, though but slightly, it is a gratification to the feelings with which we cherish his memory to cast this stone on his cairn. The memory of the just, says God's word, is blessed—the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance—and with all admiration of the genius that in St. Paul's, in London, raised an edifice in some respects more imposing than St. Peter's, at Rome, we felt with how much propriety its famous inscription might be transferred to the

walls of this Royal Asylum, and these words applied to Andrew Reed,

"Si queris monumentum—circumspice."

Another great and good lesson this institution teaches is expressed in these words of Holy Writ, "Despise not the day of small things." Illustrated by rivers which have their origin in tiny fountains, and increase in volume till they bear the navies of nations on their bosom, and most of all by that Church of the living God which once contained in an upper room, is now spread over half the earth, and is destined at length to cover the whole, as the waters do the channel of the deep, that truth is also illustrated by this institution. Its commencement in 1855 was a humble one; its first site being in the small suburban village of Carshalton, and the number of its inmates not half a dozen. By-and-by it demanded larger accommodation, and was removed to Putney, where it filled two houses with the objects of its charity. What it has grown to now in 1871, let those who "do London," go and see; and perhaps—for the asylum itself is its own most powerful advocate—they may return in one sense poorer, but in another richer than they went. So it fell out with one who was induced to visit it last year by reading an article on the subject in the *Daily News*. He went, he saw, and was conquered: calling on his return at the office in London to enrich its funds with a donation of £500.

It was on a bright October day of last year that we left the dust and din of London to visit this institution, and accustomed as we had been to find hospitals in dull and dingy quarters of large towns, their walls black with smoke, no green trees or flowers to please the eye, nor birds but songless, sooty sparrows, how were we delighted with the beautiful locality of this asylum! Driving over Putney Heath, along pleasant green lanes, under the shadow of stately trees richly tinted with autumn colours, our cabman at length drew up before the gate of a white-washed lodge. Entering we were rolled along over a smooth path that wound through a wooded park, on each side a lawn green as an emerald and soft as velvet, and overhead a brilliant sun lighting up a glorious Surrey landscape. We drew up by-and-by before a noble, palatial-looking mansion. This was the Royal Hospital for Incurables—as was plainly enough indicated by certain objects outside—some here sitting on chairs, who had been carried out to enjoy the scene and the sunshine of that bright October day,

I. N. S.

and yonder others whom kind and careful servants were wheeling through the grounds.

The house itself, now greatly enlarged, was formerly called Melrose Hall. It was once the residence of the late Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, a history that enhanced our interest in the place. With the exquisite taste that adorned whatever it touched, to use an old classical expression, they had hearts to sympathise with all who suffered—whether the pains of disease, or the wrongs of slavery, or the privations of exiled patriotism. And I could not but think they would have been more gratified to see their old home turned to such a blessed use, than when it received such distinguished guests as Sir Humphry Davy, Lockhart, Moore, Walter Scott, and others, the *élite* of the [country in point of rank, literature, and science.

A green, wooded Surrey landscape, with the sunlit vault of the Crystal Palace blazing like a golden shield on one side, stretches away from the hospital grounds. Three gardeners are employed to keep the lawns velvety and flower-spangled, and the paths well-rolled. The staff of servants, of one kind or another, engaged to minister to the wants of the hospital patients amounts to fifty. One nurse is assigned to every five patients, and throughout the night a night-nurse makes the round of the wards, ready to call up the matron or the doctor if any patient be in need of special care.

On entering the Home we received a most courteous welcome from the matron, Mrs. Darbyshire, who with her husband presides over the establishment, and reigns in the hearts of all its inmates—being the incarnation of cheerful, constant, and unfussy kindness. Her very appearance, as she conducted us from patient to patient and ward to ward, fell like a sunbeam on every face; banishing for the time that sad expression which constant suffering stamps on the countenance.

The first room into which she ushered us was that where the female inmates sit during the day, who are able to leave their bedroom. It was a vast and noble apartment, the walls of which were adorned with rich mouldings, and the beautiful ceiling supported by graceful columns.

What an assemblage is here!—lying prostrate on couches, or reclining on chairs, or seated at the tables that are scattered up and down the spacious hall—some working, some reading, some quietly chatting with each other, some doing nothing but silently

enduring pain. Most have constant, not a few extreme sufferings to bear. Many are so helpless that they have to be carried about; not a few to be dressed and fed like infants, who could not move out of the spot though the house were on fire around them. All are incurable; and—saddening and solemn thought—all there are waiting for death. Into other hospitals people go to be cured, health their aim and hope their cheerful company; but here they come because they cannot be cured—to remain within these walls till they are carried out, feet foremost, to the long home where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Such are the first impressions the scene makes on one’s mind; and these are enhanced and intensified by the strange silence which reigns over the room, and which is due to this, that many of them are entirely engrossed with their own troubles, while long years of suffering have so weakened the rest that their voices are low and gentle. But these melancholy feelings give way to others, when we see how much is done to alleviate their sufferings; how very cheerful on the whole many of them are; and with what overflowing gratitude they express their sense of the kindness and care bestowed on them.

Spinal affections, epilepsy, heart-disease, rheumatic-gout are the most common maladies, and the world has few sights more interesting and touching than, with their cheerful resignation, the efforts they make to turn their time, and what little power is left them, to profitable and useful purposes. We remember our astonishment at seeing in the Louvre a man who had been born without either hands or arms painting with his feet. His empty sleeves were stuck into his coat-pockets. The easel with its canvas stood before him. He sat on a low chair, and with the brush held between the great and next toe of the right foot and the pallet with its different colours held by the toes of the left, he was making a beautiful and very perfect copy of a work of one of the great masters. Talk of “the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!”—there was the pursuit of art under difficulties; surpassed, however, by what we see in this Royal Asylum for Incurables.

♫ A piano stands at one end of the sitting-room, and an organ, the gift of Mr. Huth, the most generously kind Treasurer, at the other. A bright-eyed, intelligent-faced gentlewoman, the daughter of a Peninsular dragoon-officer, and once a governess, is the organist. She is so lively, that at first

it is hard to believe that she is incurably ill. She is full of fun. “This is the refractory corner,” she says, “is it not, Mrs. Darbyshire? We will *not* submit to rules.” She is asked whether her nearest companion has also been put in the corner for being naughty. “Oh, no,” she answers, “she has not spirit enough—I have to rouse her up.” And then she rises and walks about the room, in which so many who cannot walk are seated, as if she must work off a superfluity of nervous energy. “Quarrel?” she says. “Oh, yes, we quarrel desperately—do we not, Mrs. Darbyshire?” Overhearing an inquiry as to whether the majority of the occupants of the room are married or single, she says, with a merry smile, “Oh, most of us are Misses, but a good many have taken out *brevet-rank*.” After we have left, she laughingly tells the matron that she believes she has given us the impression that she is mad. High spirits like hers are exceptional; but cheerful gratitude is the tone of the look and language of every patient we see and speak to. “Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,” is literally the burden of their speech. They smile, and say that their lives before they entered the hospital were too uneventful to give material for notes. The event of their life appears to be their admission to the resting-place in which they are quietly waiting for their beckoning to the everlasting rest. A deep religious feeling characterizes their talk. They like a little joke, and answer in an interested way the matron’s kind inquiries as to their success in selling their work at the bazaar which has just come off; but if the conversation does not soon turn, without their suggestion, on the “rest that remaineth,” they give it that turn.

Some are reading: *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, and the *Quiver* being apparently the favourite periodicals. Others are simply sitting still, so far as their pain will allow them, with that “waiting” look which has struck all who have visited the hospital. Others are at work for the next year’s bazaar. A good-humoured, portly Windsor woman is knitting with hands so rheumatic that she has to use a little stick to raise her pocket-handkerchief. She is one of those who cannot take their meals in the pretty green and white ladies’ dining-room. Her dinner, amongst others, is brought by one of the neat-handed Phillises on a nicely-appointed little tray. Her tumbler has to be lifted to her lips; her meat has been cut up for her, but she manages to feed

herself by tipping up a long fork that has been made for her accommodation. In spite of her affliction, though she can neither walk nor stand, she is quite bright and cheerful. She chats gaily about the old times in which the Bristol and Bath coaches used to roll past the top of the Long Walk in Windsor Park; she describes the cheerful way in which Christmas is kept at the hospital—rooms decorated with evergreens, and male and female patients forgathering—and shakes with laughter when she is asked whether any flirtations then take place. She is accused by the secretary of having introduced the *chignon* into the hospital, and so the inquiry has by chance personal point. "Ah, no, sir," she adds, with pathetic fun, "I left all that behind me long before I came in here." Although she has to have her food cut up for her, she made wool-mats, and an antimacassar, and a silk-and-paper cot-cover for the bazaar; she could manage to cut the silk, but less-disabled fellow-inmates cut out the paper for her.

In this sitting-room the Sunday services are held. The incumbent of Putney has one every Sunday afternoon, and comes once or twice a week to administer the Lord's Supper. On the Sunday evening other volunteer evangelists, of various denominations, pray and preach. The patients speak most gratefully of both their Church and Dissenting pastors, although as the former visits them regularly, and the latter are now this minister and now that, the Churchman naturally has the greatest personal hold on their affections. In this sitting-room also concerts are given; the Hackney and Dalston Choral Union, and Putney Musical Amateurs, kindly giving their services for the entertainment of the patients.

Nearly half of the inmates are confined, more or less, to their beds, or, at any rate, bedrooms. Some of these are wards, endowed, at a cost of from £500 to £1,000, by the benefactors whose names they bear. There is an Allcroft ward, an Elliott ward, a Huth ward, a Magniac ward, a Westminster ward, a Three Sisters' ward.

A white-handled "maple" wardrobe is provided for every patient. Shelves are also provided for their books, and tables on which are piled the other little articles of personal property—flower-glasses, photographs, work-boxes, and so on—that give, as they say, "a home-look" to the place.

Seated by herself in the middle of a bedroom, we find an old lady from Oxfordshire, for whom even the quiet sitting-room is too exciting. She has been fifteen years in the

institution, during which she has gone out for a ride in the grounds, perhaps, about twice a-year. She is seventy years of age, and her only surviving relatives are a brother and a sister still older, whom she very seldom sees. She has lost her right arm: "Three operations in ten months," she remarks proudly. Her distorted left hand shakes like an aspen-leaf, she can only move one finger and the thumb, and yet, with a weight to steady her frame, she manages to work very pretty worsted slippers.

Next we speak to a good woman, who for thirty years had a house in which she let lodgings "to very superior people, sir." But ten years ago she was disabled by illness, and obliged to sell her lease. "And thankful to God I was, sir, when I got in here four years ago."

"Glad of so good a home" is the phrase with which our next friend, lying on a sofa, also ends her little story. Thirty years she has been a cripple; she fell down stairs before she was twenty. There is no one belonging to her left to look after her. All her brothers are dead or gone abroad. "But, then, sir, there's the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and, thank God, I've got Him."

Here is a poor lady from Devonshire, who for twenty-three years has been racked by rheumatism—her twisted, swollen, and yet wasted, hands look more like gnarled knobs of firewood than flesh and blood; and there, in a wheeled chair, sits a paralytic from Leamington, who never spent a day free from pain in all her life. Twelve years the latter has spent in the institution. "It wasn't until the fourth election, though, that I got in," she adds, giving just such another sigh of relief as, no doubt, she gave when she found that she had fought her way in at last to her "stately palace, beautiful to behold." And next we speak to a sufferer from spinal disease. Twenty-three years ago she fell down-stairs backwards with a kettle of boiling water in her hand. She has been five years in the hospital, and has partially regained the use of her limbs. She can wheel herself about in her chair, crochets very nicely, and dresses dolls very prettily. One of her dolls sold at the bazaar for 25s. It is in her room, packed up for its purchaser; but she insists on cracking the seals and cutting the string in order that we may see the gaily-garbed waxen miss, *all* of whose pretty clothes, we are informed in solemn confidence, are "made to take off." The doll-dresser's father comes to see her every Saturday. A little joke goes a long way in a

sick-room: her face brightens into a broad smile when the matron tells her that it is a saying in the hospital that her father makes fifty-three weeks out of the year.

Spinal affection and heart-disease have combined to wreck the next poor creature we see. She is an orphan, who has been ill for eighteen years. A kind old lady adopted her, but, on the old lady's death, she would have been destitute, had she not obtained one of the hospital's outdoor pensions. She was afterwards transferred from the pension-list to the house. She has not spoken for nine years, but she nods and smiles intelligently in answer to remarks, and manages to make us understand how grateful she is to the Treasurer for ordering a twenty-guinea chair for her. She has given the matron her photograph, to be added to a numerous collection of patients' portraits displayed in the matron's album. The poor thing looks delighted when we at once recognise it, and smiles again when, in reply to the matron's question as to whether she is behaving better in the way of eating, her kindly nurse takes off a plate-cover, and shows the clean-picked skeleton of a sole.

"And I mean to get *my* photograph done the next time I go out, ma'am," says a girl of nineteen, who has never walked. She is suffering from curvature of the spine. Her father is a Scripture-reader, or city missionary. "Oh yes, of course, sir," she answers, with proud love lighting up her big eyes, when we ask her whether her father often comes to see her.

A bright-eyed gentlewoman from the north of England, next tells her touching little tale. Early in life she met with an accident that crippled her. She lived with a widowed sister until the sister lost her property. Tears just well up in the bright eyes as she says, "That accident blighted my life. I don't think I ever told you before, Mrs. Darbyshire, that, but for that, I should have been living at a rectory not forty miles from here."

Fervent friendships are common amongst the patients, but perhaps the Three Sisters' Ward is *the* most loving corner of the hospital. Of the five occupants, only one is able to go down-stairs. They are all as fond of one another as a dove or a love-bird of its mate. "Carry" is a Suffolk woman, as her talk plainly shows—hard as it is for her to bring it out. Carry insists that every one who visits her shall smell her scent-bottle. Carry is never contented unless she can get hospital linen to mend. Carry has seen the matron's little boy since his return from school, and is afraid that he has been

allowed to "dislocate his health" by overwork. "Carry puts her words the wrong way," smilingly explains her nearest ward-mate—a neat old woman, with a pink-ribboned cap on a huge, hydrocephalic head of the shape of a peg-top. The poor old woman has to sit bolt upright; the least inclination of that heavy head, backwards or forwards, right or left, brings on excruciating pain. In the Three Sisters' Ward—as, indeed, in every room we enter—we hear anxious inquiries after the matron's little girl, a wee toddler who is the prattling pet of the whole hospital. She has been suffering from a boil. Great is the joy expressed at hearing that her boil has burst, and that she will soon be running about amongst her old friends once more. "Julia" is not only the veteran of the Three Sisters' Ward, but also the first inmate of the hospital. She entered it when it was located at Carshalton, and her sister was the first subscriber to the charity. Julia has just returned from a visit to this sister at the sea-side, the sister having paid for the services of a temporary nurse at the hospital in order that Julia's own nurse might accompany her. Julia has brought back little presents for all her ward-mates and the matron's children. She is quite glad to get back. "I feel this like my home," she at last manages to stammer out from her paralysed and yet smiling mouth, with its upper tooth overlapping the lower lip.

We see another paralytic who never walked; a case of cramp which ends in fits unless the patient's wrists be tightly pressed; and a smiling young woman who explains that she has to be strapped into her chair, since otherwise she "would fly out of it like a bit of watch-spring." A mournfully deformed, pathetically smiling, little woman, the daughter of an ex-mayor of a midland county town, who has a brother and a sister similarly deformed, sits low down behind her table, crocheting, and ever and anon feasting her eyes on the big, beautiful rose in her flower-glass. An ex-schoolmistress in St. Sepulchre's parish lies on her bed, tortured with rheumatic-gout in every limb. She is perfectly helpless, but yet she tries hard to chat cheerfully and to seem interested when she is told that the graveyard of her old church has been turned into a garden with gilt-headed palisades; but there is far more interest in her look and tone when she eagerly corroborates the matron's remark that she is rapidly getting worse. Death has no terrors for the poor tortured creature—she looks forward to it as a boon.

"Your father was the captain of a vessel, was he not, dear?" the matron asks of an asthmatic patient of eight years' standing.

"Oh, no," she answers—"in the navy—all my friends were in the navy. The Royal Navy and the Merchant Service are so different, you know, dear Mrs. Darbyshire."

A spinal patient, who has not walked for ten years, but who can walk a very little now, busies herself in begging votes to get people into all kinds of charities. A penny subscription box for some charitable purpose stands beside her bed. A well-educated, intelligent Scotch lady, who has just tastefully dressed dolls in Russian and Swiss costume, half sits up, with red and white roses in a green glass at her side, books about her, and her goldfinch in a cage upon her bed. Dick gets a merry scolding for his rudeness in persisting in pecking his sugar, chirping, scattering his seed, and trying to take a bath in his water-glass, whilst we talk to her. We are told, in a tone of three-parts serious apology, that such bad behaviour is quite exceptional on the part of her pet. This cheerful lady is one of the greatest sufferers in the hospital,—a little time ago she had to be temporarily removed to St. George's Hospital for the amputation of a foot. In the same room with the Scotch lady sleeps a poor blind girl with glass eyes. In spite of her blindness she can find her way to any part of the hospital, and delights to be sent on messages. "I am very glad to see you," she says when any one speaks to her. She managed to make a counterpane which sold for £3 10s. at the bazaar, but she cannot make her clothes, and so, as she has no friends to clothe her, her Scotch room-mate kindly takes entire charge of her wardrobe—and helps her, too, in many other ways. One old lady is very proud of a patchwork quilt a friend has given her. On every patch a text of Scripture has been embroidered. Half of the texts are legible from the head, and half from the foot of the bed, and therefore, whether the old lady be in bed or out of it, she can still read her quilt. Another old lady has constructed a many-pocketed hold-everything to hang on her bed-furniture; in its centre she has worked in red marking cotton "God is Love" and "Love the Lord." A dark-haired, dark-eyed girl in a blue frock sits up in her bed, knitting. She is one of three sisters all spinally affected—another is in receipt at home of the hospital's pension of £20 per annum. This smiling girl has been in the hospital a fortnight. She says that it already feels like home to her, and she is knitting

away briskly on something that is to be exhibited at next year's bazaar. A gracefully-figured young woman turns away her face as we go into the room in which she stands. She is an orphan whose face is disfigured by lupus. "Poor dear," whispers an old woman in the same ward, "she thinks strangers wouldn't like to see her, but they wouldn't mind, would they, Mrs. Darbyshire?" This is another cheery old woman. She did not sell all the articles that she worked for the bazaar, but she is unaffectedly delighted to hear that the proceeds amounted to the unprecedented sum of £255. She was wheeled to the window that she might see the crowd of visitors who came to the bazaar, and is still full of her memories of their gay bustle and the police-band music. She laughs heartily when the matron tells us of the speech she made when she first looked out of the window—"Oh, there's a man walking across the grass—it's a treat to see a man like that."

"Go and speak to her—she'd like you to speak to her," the old woman says, when she sees us looking at a little thing lying on a couch close by. The little thing at first sight does not look more than sixteen, but she turns out to be twenty-seven. She has been blind since she was six years old; and she has an incurable spinal complaint. "Kind Mr. Huth got me my couch," she says in a triumphantly grateful little voice. She has had to give up reading her "blind books," she adds, because they "excited her so," but she amuses herself with music now and then; a worn concertina lies on the rug that covers her feet.

An old lady whose deafness compels us to trouble her with repeated questions, and who then inverts the order of things by apologising anxiously for troubling us, tells us that in and out of the hospital she has been confined to bed for thirty-two years. "But that is not my heaviest trouble," she goes on to say. "I have three dear daughters. One of them is in a consumption, and the other two have heart disease."

A dignified-looking white-haired widow, who sits near the open window, looking out on the richly green tall trees, in the same room, remarks that, though it is a great trouble to dress and undress, she likes to sit up as long as she can, since otherwise she cannot sleep at night. On the window-seat in a wooden pot stands a fuchsia, trained on a fan frame. "Ah," she says with a smile, "that is a very old Incurable. Those are shoots from a plant I have had in here for fourteen years."

One of the most painfully interesting cases

in the hospital is the last we visit. A young creature with a beautiful face, large intelligent eyes, a cloud of rich silky brown hair, brushed off her face on to the pillow, and a mauve satin neck-bow on her snowy night dress, lies in bed, as rigid from the neck downward as if her body had been turned to stone. Nevertheless, to have the pleasure of writing without an amanuensis to her friends, she has taught herself to write with her teeth. A desk made expressly for this writing hangs beside her bed. Over the bed hangs a slanting mirror, to enable her to see the landscape which one window of her room commands, and at the foot of her bed stands a movable framed looking-glass, kindly ordered by the Committee to be made from her own tooth-drawn design, which reflects the landscape which the other window commands. "Slant it a little," she says, "and you will see the Crystal Palace—there, that's it. I can see the fireworks at night—at least, the rockets, and the coloured fires, and so on."

She speaks as cheerfully as if she were in the full flush of youthful health. She wants to know when baby is next coming to see her. She is afraid that the matron fatigued herself at the bazaar. "Mrs. Darbyshire is our mother, you know. A young mother, isn't she?" she says with a smile. The conversation somehow turns on crying. "Oh, when I want to cry," she says, "I *do* cry, and have done with it. I couldn't help crying the other day, when my little niece was here. 'What are you doing, Aunt Maria?' she said. 'Go back, naughty tears!' The little thing seemed to think that I couldn't even cry of my own accord."

We left the female department to hold brief intercourse with the male inmates, whose cases were no less hopeless, and many of them hardly less touching, than those we had already seen. It may be mentioned, as a proof of how thoroughly this hospital is entitled to be called an asylum for Incurables, that during all the years of its existence only one case has been received that has proved not to be incurable.

In walking along a corridor of the quarter where the inmates are confined to bed, we started to hear our name called out from an open door. It was a most unexpected *rencontre* and renewal of old acquaintanceship. The patient was a scholar and a gentleman, who, till he was stricken down by an incurable malady, had maintained himself for many years by teaching and the pursuits of literature. Unable any longer to fight his battle in the world, as well as

stretched on a bed of pain, no wonder that, lying there surrounded by books, kindly nursed, and supplied with everything that could alleviate his sufferings and minister to his comfort, he was full of thankfulness to God and man for having found a Harbour of Refuge in this noble institution. Nor was he the only sort of acquaintance we met with there. Strange to say, we found another on entering the dining-hall. "Thy speech bewrayeth thee," said they to Peter who charged him with being one of Christ's disciples. So did ours, in the case referred to. While talking to one of the patients we observed the face of a man who lay in a couch near by, paralysed in the lower extremities and totally blind, suddenly light up with an expression of eager attention. In our tongue, the poor fellow had recognised his mother's. Our northern accent fell on his ear like music, and through his ear went to his heart; and on another addressing us by name, as if electrified, he sprang up from his recumbent position, and spreading out his hands to get hold of ours, eagerly seized and very heartily shook them—telling us, with a face flushing with joy, and a voice tremulous with emotion, that he was a native of our native town. A pleasant talk followed—for we remembered his family and friends—of old men, and bygone times, the companions and scenes of his boyhood. He was very happy, as were we, at having made him so; nor had we any cause to be ashamed of our countryman and townsman. Along with him there were in this room professional men—among others a blind and paralytic clergyman with a dutiful daughter at his side, then paying one of her frequent visits to her poor father; commercial men who had been once in affluence, or been stricken down in the race for riches through over-wrought brains; a number also from the class of skilled labourers, whose "right hand had forgot its cunning."

A little group of male patients are sunning themselves in their chairs outside the door. The matron pats one of them, a paralytic, on the cheek. The poor fellow purs and rubs his face against her hand, just like a pleased cat. Another looks so happy as he sits basking that, for a jest, he is accused of shamming ill. "Ah, I expected that was coming," he says, laughing back. He cannot put a foot to the ground, but he can play at croquet in his chair with the kind Putney ladies that come to the hospital, he tells us proudly. The male attendants, manly-looking old soldiers, in a uniform of blue, turned up with red, come out to wheel the baskers in to dinner.

Within doors Robert, an indistinctly-speaking epileptic patient in spectacles, is deftly knitting a window-curtain for the matron. "I know I'm doing it beautiful," he says proudly, when she pats his cheek and praises his work. "They told me I mustn't let the fishes get through." Robert learnt to knit of a fisherman when sent by the institution to the sea-side. His fits are not so frequent as they used to be, the poor fellow stutters; he used to be always falling down and biting his tongue through. Mesmerism, electricity, everything was tried for him, but it was no use, he adds, as if he were boasting of the stubbornness of his disorder.

The pleasant-spoken librarian of the institution is one of the male patients. His black crutches lie upon the library table. He has taken the honorary post because he is fond of reading, but he has no ambition to see himself in print, he says, with a good-humoured smile, when the matron asks him whether he would like to furnish any incidents in his life for publication.

The next male patient we visit is a grey-haired bedridden old gentleman, formerly a captain in the army and the Hon. Artillery Company. "I'm going to find fault with you," he says to the matron, when she lays her hand upon his forehead. He is devotedly fond of his wife, and has erroneously got it into his head that some little present he wished to have sent her has not been forwarded. When he has been assured that it was sent, the poor old gentleman, who is getting childish, begins to whimper because, as he thinks, his wife is not told that he is fast failing. "Come again soon," he pleads, like a child that wants its mother to hush it off to sleep, when the kindly matron has quieted his anxieties, and bids him good-bye for the present.

Our space does not allow us to enter into further details, but these things may be noted in recommendation of this charity and for the information of our readers. The Royal Asylum is thoroughly catholic in its character, and the atmosphere that pervades it is thoroughly religious; a happy circumstance, to which we attribute the resignation and even cheerfulness which characterise its inmates. It is national, not local; opening its doors to patients from all parts of the country. Nor is it obnoxious to what had been otherwise a valid objection, this, namely, that many who are incurable have kind friends and families willing, if they had the means, to nurse them at home. For such we admit "there is no place like home;" but for such

cases this institution well and wisely provides, having even a larger number of out-pensioners than inmates. The out-pensioners, who receive an allowance of £20 a year, number 267, while the inmates of the asylum are 136, making a total of 403. The election of both is vested in the hands of the governors, and determined by a majority of votes. Whoever subscribes half a guinea annually is reckoned a governor, and has an additional vote for every additional half guinea he contributes to the funds of the institution. All classes of the community are eligible for election but paupers, those whom the poor-rates should properly provide for; and how its charity reaches upwards, blessing those who never dreamed of being reduced to straits, and, bred in the lap of luxury, feel them most keenly of all, our readers may learn from this copy of a card of application which we found in the house of a friend in London:—

The favour of your vote and interest is earnestly solicited on behalf of

J— E. F. W—,

AGED TWENTY-NINE.

Her father, the late Colonel W—, C.B., served in the Sutlej and Crimean campaigns, and was present at the battles of Aliwal and Soobraon, also at Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol; but having sold his commission, his three daughters have no claims on Government. The candidate is quite blind, her right arm is paralysed, and her means are quite inadequate for her support.

A sad and touching case! We leave it, no unfair specimen of many others, to plead the cause of this asylum,* thanking God that there is such an institution in the land, and above all thanking Him for what the case of these incurables, by way of contrast, reminds us of, that for sin—the most inveterate, loathsome, fatal, and to human skill incurable of all diseases—a remedy has been found. There is "balm in Gilead and a physician there." No case can baffle the skill and power of Jesus, the Great Physician. Who enlists under his banner follows a Captain that never lost a battle—who puts their case into his hands commits it to an Advocate that never lost a cause—who repairs to him for healing is in the hands of a Physician that never asked a fee, nor lost a patient. He is able to save them to the uttermost that come to God by Him, and whosoever cometh unto Him, he will in nowise cast out.

* As the best means of recommending the Royal Hospital for Incurables, let us advise as many of our readers as can do so, to go and see it for themselves. Every week-day, from 2 to 5 P.M., is a visiting day. The officials say that the visitors cheer the patients, and also keep themselves up to their work. The hospital has met with munificent support, but it is in need of more. At the last election there were three hundred and nineteen candidates for admission, but only fifteen could be admitted.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

II.

1 COR. XV. 12-19.

WE have a good specimen here of that rapid, condensed, impassioned kind of reasoning in which Paul so frequently indulged. There were some at Corinth, he had been informed, who, having made public profession of their faith in Christ, were nevertheless disposed to deny that there would be a resurrection of the dead. At once the incompatibility of the general faith with the particular denial rises before the Apostle's thoughts. That incompatibility he hastens to expose. Have they thought, —these deniers of a resurrection from the dead—of all which that denial fairly and directly involves? Have they thought of the inconsistencies, the absurdities, the incredibilities that by necessary and immediate implication flow out of it? These he presses on their regard, not in the way of laboured or lengthened argument, but in brief emphatic declarations, well fitted to confound as well as to convince, to stir the conscience and the heart, too, as by the voice of a trumpet. I am very conscious how much such a series of short, terse statements must suffer by any attempt to expand them. But as some incidental benefits may perhaps accompany the attempt, let us take up in their order thus the fatal consequences charged here by Paul upon a denial of the resurrection of the dead. "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen" (ver. 13). "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised" (ver. 16). The resurrection of the dead and the resurrection of Christ are, in the Apostle's judgment, so inseparably connected, that they must stand or fall together. If you believe one, you must believe both; if you reject one, you must reject both. But how is this? What is the link of connection between the two events that necessitates this common acceptance or common rejection of them both? What is it that makes it anything like a direct and inevitable conclusion from the dead not rising that Christ had not risen? One can readily enough see that if the resurrection of the dead generally were denied upon the ground of its strangeness, its undesirableness, its alleged impossibility, then it must be denied in every instance; to be consistent you must carry your denial round the whole circle of humanity, and take in the man Christ Jesus with all the rest. More than

this, however, seems to be indicated here. The Apostle points to some other more hidden nexus or bond of union between the two events that he so knits together than that of their being alike mysterious in their character, alike difficult of accomplishment.

As serving to bring out to view what that nexus is, let us notice it is not of the resurrection of all the dead promiscuously, it is of the resurrection of believers; it is of that resurrection unto life which involves the deliverance of the soul at death from all the fruits and consequences of its transgressions, and its reunion afterwards with the body from which it was to suffer a temporary separation; it is of that kind of resurrection, and of it exclusively, that the Apostle speaks. It was to obtain and secure for all true believers in Him the benefits and blessedness of such a resurrection, that Christ both died and rose and revived again. He rose from the sepulchre on their account. He rose not as an isolated member of the human family to whom it might be given to burst the barriers of the tomb, whilst all the others remained within its hold. Were no other connection looked at as existing between Christ and those who were to rise again, than that of their being joint partakers of the same human nature, it would be difficult to perceive any great force in the argument, that if they were not to rise, He could not have risen. There seems no such tie existing between the entire membership of the human family as to shut out the possibility that there might have been that one solitary instance of a resurrection from the dead. But bring in the idea of a vital union between Christ and his own—bring in the idea that He is the resurrection and the life in the sense that he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he rise again; —that whosoever liveth by believing in Him shall never die—bring in the idea that Jesus rose not from the dead in his individual capacity, but as the head and representative of all those whom he was to redeem from death and ransom from the power of the grave—and then it is that a meaning and a force is given to the declaration, if *they* rise not, then is He not risen. His resurrection, in its true significance, in its great design, never can have taken place, if it draw not that other resurrection of all his people in its train.

But "if Christ be not thus risen, then is our preaching vain" (ver. 14). It is an idle, empty tale this Gospel that we have been proclaiming. You not only deprive it of its closing, crowning evidence, you take out of it its very pith and marrow, if you cast away from you the truth that Jesus rose again from the dead; for is it not upon that rising of his to God's right hand as the accepted and prevailing Mediator, that faith builds its hope of pardon and acceptance before God? Had our Gospel stopped there, that Christ died for our sins—had we had nothing more to tell you, than that He sank beneath the load of our iniquities that pressed Him down to death—where was there evidence to rebut the allegation, that beneath that load He still was lying; where the proof that that death of his for our transgressions, in the Father's judgment was sufficient, and had by Him been accepted as such? It is that rising again of the great Sin-bearer; his triumphant enthronement of Him by the side of his Father in heaven, which proclaims the sacrifice complete, the atonement adequate. It is because it embraces this within the glad tidings that it proclaims that this Gospel which we preach is indeed a Gospel whereon all may sincerely stand, and by which the very chief of sinners may be saved. Vain, all-powerless as an instrument of comfort, would the Gospel be if it pointed only to the death and the burial; the shrouded cross and the sealed sepulchre, leaving the body of the crucified within that grave wherein man had never lain before, but leaving it to share the common fate of all the buried inmates of the tomb. And as vain in that case would be your faith as was our preaching; vain because wanting that solid substantial basis to rest upon which the resurrection of Christ supplies. Take that foundation from under it, and then see how unsettled and insecure your faith in Christ, as the Redeemer of the lost, the Saviour of your soul, would be.

"Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God: because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not" (ver. 15).

False witnesses—not beduped, mistaken, deceived witnesses—but false witnesses, testifiers to that which was not true, and testifying to its being true themselves knowing it to be false. There was here, as to that fact of the resurrection, no room for mistake. It was a fact, or it was a falsehood. Peter, James, the twelve, the five hundred all said that they had seen the Lord; that He

had spoken with them, ate with them, showed them his hands and his side, been at pains to prove to them that it was no shadowy form of their own imaginations, that it was his true and real self emerged from Joseph's sepulchre that they looked upon. Either all that was true or they were wilful, intentional deceivers, trying to palm a falsehood upon the world. Twenty years had passed since the alleged event had happened. These twenty years had sifted that testimony, had searched it more thoroughly than the most rigorous cross-examination of the Court House. The witnesses were numerous enough, scattered enough, independent enough, they had repeated their evidence often enough, and in circumstances varied enough to have brought out any inconsistency, to have detected any attempted collusion. Had any signs or token of imposition ever been discovered in any of them? Could any motive for imposition be conceived? What had they made of it, what were they ever likely to make of it, by proclaiming and repeating it, that Jesus had risen from the grave?

Yea, and among these men branded thus as false witnesses if Christ did not really rise Paul himself must be reckoned. That *he* should ever have such a brand affixed to him, that he should ever once be thought of as an impostor or deceiver, is there not something in the very manner of Paul's speech here that tells us how monstrous to himself, and surely as incredible to others, the very supposition seemed? So far as it is, or can be, a mere matter of human testimony, we would be willing to peril the whole fate of Christianity upon the evidence of that one witness, Paul—that evidence, as it lies here before us in these letters of his—written at different times, from different places, in different circumstances, to different persons—so frank, so full, so overflowing—the whole thought, the whole heart of the man so unrestrainedly poured forth. Read these letters, and say is it possible that you could have got a man more thoroughly qualified by his intelligence and his clear-sightedness, and early acquaintance both with the Jewish and Gentile faiths, to decide upon the matter—his birth, his education, his position, his earthly prospects, all tending to create a bias against, and not in favour of, the new faith? How are you to account for it that there upon the spot—there, within so short a time after the crucifixion of our Lord—there, with every means lying open to him of examining into the truth of all the facts and miracles of our Lord's history—such a man became a convert

to Christianity? We have his own account of his conversion—an account which, if we accept as true, determines the whole matter. But, even setting that account aside, look at the after life, and labours, toiling, and sufferings of this man—crowned at last with the martyr's death. How are we to account for them on any other supposition than that of the truth of Christianity? If anything that the other apostles testified as to the facts of the Saviour's life had been false, Paul must have found it out; and had he found it out, would he not have been the first and the loudest in proclaiming it? If ever there was an honest seeker after the truth—if ever there was an ardent lover of the truth—if ever there was a devoted adherent to the truth—a man who would do all and dare all to get at it, and would lose all and sacrifice all rather than part with or deny it—that man was Paul. Can any one read these letters of his with the shadow of a doubt as to the truthfulness, earnestness, integrity of thought and purpose? Paul a false witness! Do we not now scout the very idea of it as promptly and almost as indignantly as eighteen hundred years ago, when he first penned the fifteenth verse of this chapter, Paul scouted it himself?

"And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain. Ye are yet in your sins." Those sins of yours Jesus took upon Him, made them virtually his own, bare them in his own body on the tree. It was for those sins He died—died that He might redeem or deliver you from all their bitter fruits; that He might ransom you from the power of the grave. But if He have not risen, if death still hold Him in its stiff and unrelaxed embrace, if the grave still keep in its stern custody that body which was wounded for your transgressions, then, brethren, the sting has not been taken from the last enemy—the victory has not been wrested from the grave—that death of Christ has failed in realising its announced predicted issue. Instead of triumphing in your stead and on your behalf over death, death has triumphed over Him, leaving thus your deliverance unaccomplished. And if so, then are ye yet in your sins, the whole weight of their guilt still lieth upon you, the whole burden of their penalty remains yet to be borne. It is a strange, let us even say an incredible or impossible hypothesis, that Paul puts—that Christ should have taken on Him our sins, yet sink beneath the burden thus voluntarily assumed. But do not the very form in which that hypothesis is here presented, and especially the conclusion drawn from the

temporary assumption of its truth—namely, that in that case these Corinthian believers would still be in their sins—do they not necessarily enfold within them the great truth that Christ's death was designed to be a vicarious atoning sacrifice, whereby the whole guilt of all those sins that we truly repent of and truly lay by faith on Him was to be lifted off us—to be removed by Him? Refuse that character to the Saviour's death, and what meaning do you leave to the language, what force to the reasoning, that the Apostle here employs? The whole passage, indeed, here before us is stripped (as it seems to me) of significance, of coherence, of all argumentative might and power, if such a sacrificial or sin-bearing character be not attached to that great deace accomplished at Jerusalem. You may convince yourselves of this by just trying how the passage would read, how the inferences it contains would hold upon any view of the death of our Redeemer which rejects the idea of a true and sufficient atonement having been thereby made for the sins of the world.

Paul's object is to overset that unbelief in the resurrection of the dead by heaping one upon another the conclusions to which, if fully and legitimately carried out, that unbelief would lead. It would involve, in the first instance, a rejection of the resurrection of Christ Himself; and the denial of that resurrection would in its turn lead us to the conclusion that those who had been looking to the Saviour's death for the remission of their sins, had been looking in vain, that they were yet in their sins. But a still further and still sadder inference would follow, "Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." Your dead in Christ, your fathers, your brethren who have fallen asleep, resting for the forgiveness of their sins on the completed and accepted sacrifice—what of them, what of their present state, what of their eternal destiny, if Jesus has not risen from the grave? For them there could be no future resurrection of the body. That *you*, ye deniers of all such resurrection, may deem no loss, as you desire it not for yourselves, neither may it pain you to think that your departed friends shall not share in it. But have you reflected upon this—that if Jesus be not raised, and if that leave you, the living, who are trusting in Him with your sins still on you, their guilt uncanceled—it leaves them, the dead, with their sins still on them in that world into which they have passed; it leaves them lost; it consigns them to perdition; the second

death has come upon them, and from it who shall deliver? Such seems to have been the train of thought in the Apostle's mind (binding the seventeenth and eighteenth verses together). The imagined perishing at last of those who had fallen asleep in Jesus that Paul here has for the moment in his eye, could not have been their annihilation at death, their ceasing then to exist; for how in any possible way of conceiving of it or employing it, could the fact that Christ had not risen from the tomb be made to draw after it the conclusion that those who had died trusting in the efficacy of his atoning death, at that death ceased altogether and for ever to have any existence. It is a far worse, far darker fate than that of annihilation that the Apostle points to as awaiting those who, though they had fallen asleep in Jesus, yet if He had not risen were yet in their sins even when they so died. Were the Corinthians then ready to harbour or give any countenance to speculations and incredulities which, driven to their last logical issues, would represent their departed brethren as going down into the dark valley with a lie in their right hand, or awaken on the other side of death to the terrible consciousness that they had believed in vain.

And truly, adds the Apostle, if it be in this life only that we have hope in Christ, if that hope be doomed at death to perish, then we of all men are most miserable. Not that the Apostle is here calmly instituting a comparison between himself and his brother believers in Christ on the one hand, and the rest of mankind on the other, and as the result of such comparison declaring that during this present life he and they were unhappier men than the others, the only thing going to mitigate their greater misery the hope they had in Jesus. We may say it boldly, that even though it should turn out hereafter that all his present faith and hope in Christ were vain, the true Christian man is not more miserable, but made all the happier by his faith and hope. The utterance of the eighteenth verse we regard not as a didactic statement to be logically analysed by us, but as a passionate exclamation bursting from the Apostle's lips as the imagination starts up before his thoughts, that for him no Saviour had risen triumphant from the grave, for him no satisfying atonement had been offered up on Calvary, that he too and also his fellow-believers were yet in their sins, that he too and they must perish. "If that be so," he says, "if after all that I have seen and felt of my great sinfulness before

God—after all I have seen and felt of my need of a Redeemer—after all I have seen and felt of the power and preciousness of the death of Christ—after all that I have given up—all that I have done and suffered for Him whom I have counted to be my resurrection and my life—you tell me now that it is in this life only that my hope of acceptance and of the divine favour through Him can stand, then truly, of all men, I am the most miserable. From that great hope fling me down into that great despair, and you'll not find a man on earth so miserable as I. It lightened my labours, it comforted my griefs, it bore me through all my conflicts. I was thrice beaten with rods, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a day and a night I was on the deep; but in all kinds of perils—in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in watchings, in fastings, in cold, in nakedness, so brightly shone that hope within my soul, that I could look back on twenty years so spent, filled up above all common measure with all sorts of suffering, and say, Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; for I reckoned that the sufferings of the present life were not worthy to be compared with the glory that was to be revealed. But now, cut away from me that hope, fling me, a sinful man, adrift on those troubled waters; quench all my lights; put out that opening glory beyond the grave—no cross for me to steer by, no haven of eternal rest to reach—in all the wide ocean was ever mariner in such a wretched plight?"

But, blessed be God, that cannot be done. Christ hath risen. It is not in this life only we have hope in Him. Instead of being of all men the most miserable, of all men we Christians are the most blessed. Christ hath risen; and that rising of our Lord seals our hope in Him as sure, and points us to the heavenly places that He has entered, as to the regions where, in an eternity of blessedness, that hope shall be fulfilled. Christ hath risen: then they also which have fallen asleep in Him have not perished. He was dead, but He is alive again, and they live with Him for evermore. Christ hath risen, and ye are no longer in your sins. He has taken them, He has atoned for them, He has buried them far out of sight and reach of the avenger; as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed them from you. Christ hath risen, and in rising left behind the pledge and token that to them that are in Him there is, and shall be, no condemnation—for who is he that condemneth?—it is

Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

The Lord is risen indeed! Such, we are told, were the joy-inspiring words with which each Lord's-day morning, as they met for worship, the early Christians were wont to salute one another. And when we, counting

over, as brought out in this wonderful chapter, all the benefits and blessings which that rising of the Lord secured, could they, we ask ourselves, have fixed upon a fitter phrase to express at once how rich their heritage, how full their joy, how bright their hope, how firm the foundation of their trust?

WM. HANNA.

JOHN KEBLE AND HIS HYMNS.

(Concluded from p. 67.)

IN 1827, after Keble had retired to Fairford, the "Christian Year" was published. Many of the poems of which it is composed had been for several years in the hands of friends, but if their author ever thought seriously of publishing them, it was in the form of a posthumous volume to be emended and improved up to his life's end. But the entreaties of his friends prevailed over his humility and timidity. Silently as the leaven works, these hymns, hardly one of which can bear severe criticism, permeated our Church. The authorship was anonymous. Mixed metaphors, obscurities of language, and even forced rhyme and imperfect and inharmonious rhythm abounded. There were no bright views of man and his destiny to captivate the young and sanguine, no broadening of the old paths, no easier way to heaven indicated than that which already appalled men by its self-denials and difficulties. Yet with these and many other disadvantages the book soon came to be in everybody's hands and in everybody's thoughts. The pious but fantastic symbolism of Herbert had passed out of fashion, the symbolical interpretations of the new poet touched men's souls more deeply. The church services, vestments, and architecture under his teaching became full of unthought-of meanings, the waters of baptism acquired a new significance, the dear ties of life received a consecrating touch, the solemnity of an awful mystery grew imperceptibly over the communion elements; a deeper awe filled the minds of Churchmen, accompanied with many questionings, tremblings, and anxieties, which gradually learned to shelter themselves under a new word *authority*. Those whose spirits became imbued with the latent sacerdotalism and sacramentarianism of the "Christian Year," and who found in it that sacred symbolism for which one part of their natures craved, and the higher devotion which met the aspirations of the other, became much drawn to each

other, and the religious opinions as well as the ecclesiastical vocabulary of many devout and learning souls underwent a change. The table became an Altar, involving necessarily the idea of a Priesthood, and the crowning mystery of the Sacrifice became the centre of all worship and devotion. The rites and ceremonies befitting the dignity of such high mysteries came to be considered as of the very essence of Christianity. The reaction was natural, for in a large majority of the parish churches of this country the services had been conducted with an irreverence, slovenliness, or coldness which had provoked the disgust or contempt of all other bodies of Christians. Though we lament the superstitions which have been the latest growth of the Oxford movement, we are bound to remember that it is to Keble and his friends that we owe our deliverance from these hideous scandals, and our restored churches and orderly worship,—a revival which probably may endure when all the extravagances of ritual which at present discredit it shall have passed away.

In Oxford itself few men who thought at all, from the dons downwards, were altogether unaffected by the questions which had come to the surface mainly by the instrumentality of the "Christian Year." By 1833 two antagonistic tendencies had become manifest,—the High Church, with its docility to authority, represented by Keble, Newman, and Pusey; and the broad or liberalising tendency, fitly represented by Whately. To the last the dons and most of the older Fellows and tutors adhered in the main. The first attracted the younger Fellows and most of the leading men among the undergraduates, and embraced the rising life of the University, much of its enthusiasm, and the larger part of its devotional spirit. This party resembled very closely, at least in its externals, that little band led by John Wesley, which the Oxford of a century before had baptized by the

names of "Sacramentarians" and "Methodists." In a lesser measure throughout the land the new leaven was at work, fermenting, seething, simmering. Of this "Oxford Movement," which has since blossomed into ritualism, and has filled England with an external religious activity hitherto unthought of, Newman writes, "The true and primary author of it, as is usual with great motive forces, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction, in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?"

The crisis came in 1833. Three Irish bishoprics were suppressed, and the Ministry of the day, flushed with success, admonished the bishops to "set their houses in order." Keble was by nature a quiet, domestic, contemplative man. The din of controversy deafened him, its dust blinded him. We regard him as a gentle man, but was ever a man of strong convictions gentle when those convictions were trampled on? His very gentleness lent strength to his arm when he came forward as a Churchman, to break a lance with the assailants of that Church which was to him the embodiment of all that was lovely and true—his "mother," as he called her tenderly—and her treatment by the State roused in him an indignation as concentrated as it was enduring. Was the establishment principle, Keble asked, the Rock on which Christ said He would build his church? Had not the Church higher claims? Was she not a branch of the Church Catholic and Apostolic, divine alike in her origin and prerogative? Was it fitting that he or any other of her priests should stand calmly by while the Bride of Christ was treated as a vassal of the State or a mere appendage of the Throne? On the 14th July, 1833, Keble (who had been appointed Professor of Poetry two years before) came up to Oxford and preached the sermon, afterwards published under the title of "National Apostasy," from the University pulpit. The views there put forward served as a rallying cry for the large forces of enthusiastic young men who were burning to defend the Church's claims, and who in doing so, along with their leaders, went farther than they at first intended. Newman, whose authority on the dates connected with the movement will not be questioned, writes that he "ever considered and kept that day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." Keble had led the way as the

poetic exponent of the new ideas; Newman sought to place those ideas on a strictly logical basis. The "Tracts for the Times," several of the most important of which were written by Keble, followed in rapid succession, aided in their work by poems from his pen, since published under the title of "Lyra Innocentium." Then came Tract No. 90. The "religious world," which had been indifferent to the inevitably Romanizing tendencies of the supporters of ancient ecclesiastical authority, was scandalized and horrified, perhaps as much at the "vulgar zeal" of the new party, as at its doctrines. A portion of the High Church party not having been educated up to Newman's stand-point, became alarmed and uneasy; the Evangelical party was stunned and helpless. In the midst of the storm came Newman's retirement to Littlemore Vicarage, and that solemn pondering of duty narrated in his "Apologia," which resulted in his secession to the Church of Rome. The period of this "pondering," which lasted for two years, was to Keble one of "desolating anxiety." Sir John Coleridge writes that the secession of Newman was "the great sorrow of his life, from which he never fully recovered." It does not appear that he ever debated with himself the question of remaining in the English Church, although multitudes expected him to follow his friend's course; he regarded that first secession and those which followed it, with mingled regret and horror, and remained throughout his whole life faithfully attached to the Church of England. Those to whom the hymn for Gunpowder Treason is familiar will recall his views upon the "fall" of the "sister" church.

On the death of Keble's father, in 1835, he was appointed to the living of Hursley, of which he had formerly been curate for a brief season, and made a most happy marriage in the same year. It was at Hursley that he received the fatal news of Newman's secession, an event which placed the leadership of the party in the hands of himself and Pusey. It is needless to recall the bitter memories of those woeful days—the party rancour, the settled distrust, the unfounded suspicions, and the severed friendships, among the saddest of which was the breach, never fully healed, between Keble and Arnold.* The "Chris-

* In an unpublished letter of Arnold's, in the possession of the writer of this paper, Arnold says of the "Christian Year," just published—"Keble's 'Christian Year' is to me quite equal to my expectations. I never saw a more beautiful display of Christian feelings and principles than is there contained:—it is like looking at everything in life with the view of a true Christian, that is, with the view of the Spirit of God. You know, I daresay, that the first edition has been all sold for some time past." Fourteen years later Arnold wrote to Coleridge concerning this grievous estrangement. "I learned from Cornish, what I never knew before, the ground of Keble's alienation from me. It appears that he says that I

tian Year," which, on its first appearance, had been welcomed by all devout spirits in the English Church as an invaluable aid to the spiritual interpretation of her formularies, now was so identified with the Oxford movement as to "be included by the Evangelical party in the condemnation under which its author fell." Its sacerdotalism was pointed out, its sentimentalism exaggerated, and its affinity with "tractarian" error exposed with merciless severity. But it does not appear that Keble was at all sensitive to the attacks made upon him in this quarter, for his dislike of "Puritan" principles was intense, and his opinion of his Puritan assailants was very low.

After his presentation to Hursley, Keble's life was devoid of incident. Although he was associated with Pusey in the leadership of the movement which he had originated, and though much of his time was occupied in giving advice on difficult Church questions, his dislike to public appearances was so great, and his sense of the needs of his parish so strong, that he was seldom to be seen in great gatherings either at Oxford or London. In the lovely seclusion of Hursley, if that could be called seclusion which was thronged with visitors from all parts of the world, with the embarrassed seeking advice, with mourners seeking sympathy, and with friends seeking sweet counsel, he performed most laboriously and conscientiously the duties of a parish clergyman, going in and out among his people as one who should give account. He carried himself towards his parishioners as minister, father, friend, adviser, sympathiser, benefactor, and not all the anxieties which were crowded into his later years ever diverted him from his "cure of souls." The childless man was intensely fond of children, entering into their amusements with childlike joyousness, winning their confidence, and catering for their enjoyment so successfully that the Hursley children were the envy of all Hampshire. On the only occasion on which the writer of this paper saw Mr. Keble, he was standing outside the rectory conversing, when a ruddy, fair-haired child brought a message from a sick mother. The perfect confidence of the child, the solicitude of her white-haired pastor to find the finest rose in the garden for her, and the burst of sunshine over her face as she received it, were a very touching picture. It was as a parish priest and in domestic life that Keble's character

peculiarly shone. One who had unusual opportunities of knowing his home life, and who moreover was opposed to his High Churchism, said before his death that the holiness and consistency of his daily life were so marvellous, that it was impossible to live under his roof without receiving profounder impressions of the power of religion. The numerous friends who used to go to him for the Sunday not only left Hursley with a deeper comprehension of the glorious meanings of our Liturgy, but with a new sense of the beauty of holiness.

Keble was one of the most charitable of men. He was never betrayed into bitterness of speech, but his charity largely exceeded his sympathies. For the last were not only bounded by the limits of the Church of England, but excluded the whole of the Evangelical and Liberal parties, for which he had less love even than for the Dissenters, of whom he said, "they should be dealt with lovingly and forbearingly, as being, alas! the wronged party in bygone times." Certainly his views were narrow, and the constitution of his mind unfitted him altogether for occupying the stand-point of men who thought differently from himself. If we judge his doctrinal views by the "Christian Year," we find him on all but a few points strictly "orthodox." Doubtless his creed was a gloomier one than that of some Christians, for it appears as if the doom of the impenitent were more perpetually present to his mind than "the redemption of the world through our Lord Jesus Christ." We know from an after publication, the "Litany of our Lord's Warnings," that he adhered firmly to the most rigid views concerning eternal punishment. It is true that in his poems there are to be found here and there somewhat advanced hints as to the efficacy of the sacraments, but in spite of the explanation which he gave near his death-bed of two lines on the Eucharist, which have since been rendered famous by the controversy concerning them, it cannot reasonably be inferred from anything in the "Christian Year" that the author at the time of its publication believed in the "real presence" any more than in the propriety of prayers for the dead, in which in his later years he found extreme comfort.

The painful atmosphere of controversy in which Keble's later years were spent, his forebodings as to the future of his Church, his grief as one and another of his old friends and pupils went over to Rome, and his incessant anxieties about his wife's health, imparted a gravity almost amounting to pensiveness to his originally sportive nature.

do not believe in the Holy Catholic Church. Now that I do not believe in it in Keble's sense is most true. I would just as soon worship Jupiter; and Jupiter's idolatry is scarcely further from Christianity, in my judgment, than idolatry of the priesthood."

He was also overpressed with the amount of work entailed on him by Church affairs, and with the correspondence on other matters which grew out of his readiness to give advice, and the scrupulous conscientiousness with which he gave it. The furtherance of religion was the great object of his life, and his manner of furthering it raised up for him an influence very rare among men. The publication of the "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*," and the subsequent meeting of Newman and Pusey under the roof of Hursley Rectory, in 1865, removed one cause of grief and bitterness ere the last shadows fell. A few weeks afterwards he left with his dying wife for Bournemouth, where, five months afterwards, worn out at last by anxiety and watching, his trembling, lowly spirit entered into rest at the age of seventy-four, and a few weeks later Mrs. Keble was laid in her grave beside him in his own churchyard at Hursley. Broken sentences about the upper chamber at Jerusalem and the unity of the Church, mingled with fragments of Latin prayers, fell strangely upon the listener's ears, as the holy man lay in the semi-consciousness of dissolution. Long had he prayed for the peace of Jerusalem, long had he trembled for the ark of God, long had he desired with his whole heart the fulfilment of the dream of saints and persecutors alike, the visible unity of the Church. Vainest of all vain dreams! Not so indeed shall the good Shepherd's prayer be fulfilled!

Besides the "*Christian Year*," now in its 153rd edition, and "*Lyra Innocentium*," Keble was the author of several prose works; but his fame rests, and will rest, on the "*Christian Year*." Neither Keble, nor the friends who urged him to its publication, were aware of the magnitude of the step he was taking, or estimated its possible results. To aid Churchmen who were already groping after a fuller enjoyment of the Church services, and to promote "a sober standard of feeling in matters of religion," was the author's aim. But he achieved more than he had intended. It is certain that the chord which Keble struck had never vibrated before under the touch of a master. There had been Christian poets of the highest order, like Cowper, and Christian hymn-writers, like Watts and Wesley, Doddridge, Toplady, Ken, and Hart; but a Church of England poet distinctively, who wrote to and for Churchmen, who aided them to the comprehension of her exquisite symbolism, stimulating inquiry by an incessant undertone of reference to ancient ecclesiastical usage, and raising them perpetually from a blind to an intelligent love of her

ritual, had not yet arisen. He is the poet of our Church pre-eminently, and his pre-eminence is all the more remarkable because his hymns, with two or three exceptions, by their utter unsuitability for public worship, and their continual archaic reference, have never gained, and can never gain, acceptance with the masses, although they have done as much as anything else to train the thought and manner of those by whom the masses are influenced. They are distinctively the hymns of a Church, and outside of that Church many of them are meaningless or mysterious, as, for instance, the exquisite hymn on "*Holy Communion*," which can only be interpreted by reference to the Communion Office. Yet, while no man can thoroughly appreciate the "*Christian Year*" who is not a loving child of the English Church, there are many on whose brows her baptismal cross has never been signed, who mock her ritual, who believe that she is "toppling over under the weight of her own corruptions," and are doing their best to accelerate the catastrophe, whose stillest and most pious hours are irradiated by the soft light of the "*Christian Year*." Its exquisite tenderness, its sanctification of human relations and affections, its reverent devotion, its personal love to a Christ both crucified and reigning, its magnificent realisation of our communion in Him with the living and the dead,* its aspirations after a life of higher fellowship and holier self-denial, are in themselves a Catholicism stronger than the bonds of sect and the associations of party.†

Much criticism‡ has been expended on these poems, but it has done nothing either

* As in the Communion Hymn in reference to the chorus, "Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven," &c.

"The eye of faith that waxes bright
Each moment by Thine altar's light,
Sees them e'en now: they still abide
In mystery kneeling at our side:

"And with them every spirit blest,
From realms of triumph or of rest,
From him who saw creation's morn'
Of all Thine angels eldest born,

"To the poor babe who died to-day,
Take part in our thanksgiving lay,
Watching the twofold joy and calm
While sinners taste the heavenly balm."

† The venerable Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, amidst breathless stillness, concluded his address at the close of the Assembly in May last, with a stanza from the Evening Hymn:—

"Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee."

‡ Any further remarks of mine on the "*Christian Year*" would be superfluous. Principal Shairp, in his exquisite essay on "Keble and the '*Christian Year*,'" has analysed the spirit of the volume with a reverence and discrimination which leave nothing more to be desired.

to make or mar their popularity, if we may apply such a rude and flaring word to a volume which we handle tenderly, and ponder lovingly, and which has been the treasured companion of the saintly of all schools within the Church. Keble is most truly the poet of the finer religious instincts, the poet of solitude and of devotional hours. Where, in all religious poetry, do we find the magic charm to which we yield in his; where reverence so profound, self-denial so unhesitating, tenderness so exquisite, devotion so lowly, reserve so delicate, the intensely human and intensely religious feelings so invisibly and yet so surely linked?

There are many reasons now for wide differences of opinion concerning the teaching of the "Christian Year." The views of Keble on the priesthood, on the eucharist, on prayers for the dead, and on several cognate subjects, surely underwent a change, which it may not be unfair to call development, in the last thirty years of his life. The poet of the "Lyra Innocentium" was further from Protestant simplicity than the poet of the "Christian Year;" the writer of "The Mother out of Sight" outstripped the writer of "The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The mere facts that Keble inaugurated the "Oxford Movement," which, after working much good and much evil, is still the most powerful and aggressive force in our Church; that of his intimate friends several joined

the Roman communion; and that to the last his writings placed *authority* in a position which should only be accorded to the Divine Word, are sufficient to warrant at first sight a distrust of poetry which is supposed by many to contain the seeds of all that is now known as Ritualism. But it was not so judged and condemned even by the fathers of evangelicalism. It was the constant companion of William Wilberforce on his way to church. The first readers of it read and rejoiced in it without a knowledge of any of the circumstances which prejudice us either for or against it, and with them it met a hitherto unsuspected want—that of a hymn-book for the private devotions of members of the Church of England, which should satisfy the most refined as well as the most pious tastes. In this sphere it is likely to remain without a rival. We, to whom it has come down among the good and precious things bequeathed us by the fathers, may rejoice in this our heritage like them, without controversy or fear of evil, only praying that the spirit the volume breathes may be also in us, and that in all coming time we, and they who come after us, may be by it aided to walk more humbly and reverently, till we have with the poet fully learned—

"Lowliness
From the Lord's cradle, patience from His cross."

ISABELLA L. BIRD.



Hursley Church.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

VI.

"Art is much, but love is more.
 'O Art, my Art, thou'rt much, but love is more!
 Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God,
 And makes heaven."

ELIZABETH BARRETT-BROWNING.



ANY days passed each other in slow, even, monotonous procession.

The weather continued miserable as before, and the days seemed hardly as yet to have sensibly lengthened.

An hour and a half's painting after her

early dinner was the most that Margaret could accomplish. But the "Girl's Head" had been put into Mr. Pickering's hands, and its fate, together with the hope of a letter from Gaspar, gave to her changeless life a colouring, and to her energy a stimulus. How we go chasing hope from day to day! and how often, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it keeps its even dance before us, never nearer, never reached, but still holding out its alluring beacon, and still drawing us on! Children after butterflies are not more eager, children after butterflies are not more easily turned aside to follow some gaudier creature of larger wings.

Mrs. Armytage had left town; Elspet was now Margaret's only companion. In the long evenings the good woman would bring her work, and, sure of a welcome, seat herself on a low stool by her mistress's side. The familiarity of her conversation belied the humility of her position, yet she always stoutly refused to take a chair.

Presently an evening came when Elspet had to devote herself to washing instead of to Margaret, and the latter was left alone. She had worked very hard all day: besides the usual amount of painting, there had been the small weekly accounts to be made up;

I. N. S.

now with the darkness a reaction had come on, all the stronger for the ray of gladness and of hope that that day's post had brought. No letter from Gaspar; no cheque from Mr. Pickering; but a copy of the *Times* with a favourable notice of the "Girl's Head." Margaret had not even heard that it had been exhibited; now she saw it in the long column devoted to the Society of Female Artists, and her heart leapt.

"Miss Marshall's study of a 'Girl's Head' is a striking contrast to its neighbour. The natural, and yet by no means facile, pose of the head does the artist great credit. The touch of a young artist, and some of the crudeness consequent on that fact, are indeed apparent. But we shall be surprised if Miss Marshall does not before long outdo the ordinary run of female artists."

Margaret covered her face with her hands when the precious *Times* had been twice read. To us it matters little what at that moment passed through her mind: those who think that there is a divine hand interposing in the most trivial matters of our daily life will understand: those who say "I believe in God" once a week, but drop the belief on week-days, or make a God after their own devising, who enters not at all into all their thoughts—these would laugh were I to tell them more—and I do not want Margaret to be laughed at.

Sometimes I think when she, and such as she, are held in derision, when the life of Christ is regarded as a woman's foolish dream—I think, will it be your turn to be mocked hereafter, O fools and blind? Too clever to accept that which finds its way to the hearts of greater ones than you, as well as to women and little children, will you have to learn the lesson and the truth when it is too late? They may laugh who win.

To send the paragraph to Gaspar: that was Margaret's next thought. How proud he would be! Very silent he was, very reserved, but this time he *would* be proud.

She drew her blotting-book out, and wrote to him on the spot. "Poste Restante, Paris," again; she had had no later address, no letter from Gaspar.

Then the afternoon had drawn to a close, and there was no need to light the gas. Margaret sat on in the twilight and through the dusk, and when Elspet brought in her

tea, and would have let in a little light upon the scene, Margaret rebelled, and said she liked the darkness.

Elspet, suspicious, stirred up the fire and peered into her mistress's face. It was very pale, but that was nothing new. Elspet was rather blind, and had forgotten her spectacles, so her devices were foiled. Indeed, she would have looked at any rate in vain for tears; they had been there an hour or two before, but heaviness had overcome poor Margaret, and dreamland had carried her away.

Elspet knelt down on the rug, and took the hands that had grown very cold in hers.

She had little wisdom, but she had a large heart. The tears coursed themselves down her old cheek as she knelt, looking into the face of her darling, and reading easily enough the lines written there.

No definite sorrow, no disappointment even; only the utter loneliness of a young strong life whose youth and whose strength seemed wasting away.

The notice of her picture had raised Margaret's spirits to an unsafe height. When the darkness and Gaspar's absence came freshly upon her, a despondency she had never before experienced overpowered her.

Gaspar had been away for nearly a fortnight. Had he ever thought of her? *Could* he have thought and yet never written?

What was art in comparison with the love of Gaspar? What were the words which told her she would "outdo" other women, if, unlike other women, she were left to stand alone, to fight her fight alone? What was this to one word of Gaspar's?

Did he care for her? She was unworthy of his love, she knew, but love is sometimes lavished on unworthy objects.

Yes, Margaret, so it is.

Why did her thoughts go back now to a time when another love had laid itself at her feet, when she had turned aside from it for the love of Gaspar? Had it been a sacrifice, and should she have tried, at least, to take the love that was pressed upon her, and leave the love she so desired, but that seemed, as ever, far away?

Elspet's hand, soft from washing, passed to and fro over the smaller, softer hands she held. And keeping time to the regular swing of the strong arm, Margaret's thoughts ran thus (it was an old lesson, and she repeated it from memory):—

"How can I, when I don't love you?"

"Are you quite sure of that, Margaret?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"And you don't care for some one else? If I waited on——"

"I do love some one else—I love Gaspar. I can never leave him. I don't care for you half as much as for him; and I do not want to marry."

That was a year ago. And to-night she repeated to herself what she had said then:—"I don't love him as I love Gaspar." It had not been a sacrifice, then, after all.

So it was the old threadbare story again—love given where it was not prized, and withheld where it would have been treasured.

Yet I am so glad she is Margaret Marshall still, until the blessing comes largely, abundantly, as it should to her.

But it is not strange that, sitting over the red falling fire, there should rise from her woman's heart "the cry of the human." Her love for God had not been so great, did it not open her heart to loves human.

She did not think it wrong to ask God for such a blessing now. Gaspar's love, if it might be possible! but if not, something to take into her heart. She did not fear that an idol should arise between her and heaven: a lonely life makes a woman hold very fast to God. And if later she should learn to fear, what then? Could she not pray again?

He who held the beloved disciple to His breast has taught us a nobler, a grander, broader, and more human lesson than any that have followed in his steps.

Sanctifying loves earthly by His presence and His blessing, He bids us love Him in and through all of these. They are not veils to hide Him from us, but rather the noblest revelations of Himself.

Yet when the eye of faith has grown strong to see Him without these, it sometimes pleases Him to show Himself in naked glory for a while. And then is His strength sufficient for us, ours being made perfect through weakness.

VTL

"Good Christian people, here lies for you an inestimable loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it; with high recompense or else with heavy penalty will it one day be required back."—CARLYLE.

"SAY 'How do you do?' my dear. This is your aunt Margaret, who sent you the pretty pelisse. Oh, Miss Dolly! fie, for shame! Don't cry, there's a dear. Give a sweet kiss to Aunt Margaret."

Aunt Margaret—for the first time so addressed—opened her eyes to be sure she saw rightly. Had she fallen asleep, and was this a dream? Were these children from fairy-land?



"MARGARET."

They hardly looked so. A little boy of six years old, a little girl of about four, dressed in large red and white check; small, pale faces, in which great blue eyes were the most prominent features, framed in round beaver hats, and tied with large bows under the chin; and on each side of each pale face large green rosettes of ribbon protruding, either for ornament or to protect the little ears.

A fringe of fair brown hair peeping under the upturned brim of the hats put the finishing touch to the quaint picture; and as Margaret looked at the little boy, the truth flashed upon her—James's children, come from India; the "Toto" and "Dolly" whom she had heard of, whose wardrobes she had sometimes had to choose and send out. They had never seemed realities to her until now, though she was not ignorant of their existence. Her sister-in-law was a stranger to her, James nearly as much so, and neither a good correspondent. Their lives and the lives of the brother and sister in England were so different, their interests so widely apart, and James had been away since Margaret was a little girl. This must have been the news the letter had brought. What would Gaspar think of it?

They were real enough now, these little pale travellers. Dolly, with her thumb, glove and all, in her mouth, was roaring lustily, and burying her face in the nurse's gown; and Toto had made himself at home, and already found an amusement.

Up on the arm of the arm-chair, down with a bound on all fours on the carpet; a scramble up again by the seat, a climb on to the arm, a moment to balance himself, then all fours on the floor again. Was this the way little boys always went on? After a journey, too! What would it be to-morrow?

"Look here, Dolly," he cried, poising himself with both arms wide spread, and trying to make himself heard over the screaming of his sister; "look here what I'm going to do. Once, twice, thrice" (bang!—he had descended). "Don't cry, Dolly; see, I *never* cry when I tumble."

Dolly's screams continued in great force, and the jumping too; while the nurse, vainly attempting to stop both, gave, at the same time, an explanation of the unexpected arrival. She was not their nurse. Her mistress had consented to bring home Mr. Marshall's children with her own. He was in great distress, for Mrs. Marshall had died suddenly. There was nothing to be done with the children but to send them home, and a good opportunity had offered a week after Mr. Marshall had

written. The nurse was very sorry that Miss Marshall had been so taken by surprise; but, indeed, her mistress had expected the children to be met at Southampton; and it had put her to some inconvenience to spare her (the nurse) even to drive across London with them. She must return at once.

Margaret involuntarily heaved a sigh of relief. What was the care of the children in comparison with the expense and inconvenience, the almost impossibility of keeping a nurse?

"But you will say good-bye to them, and have something before you go, will you not?" she said.

The tears started into the woman's honest, kindly eyes. She threw her arms round Dolly, and kissed her violently. Then Toto was seized in like manner. He resisted gallantly, however; for was he not in the very middle of his scramble into the seat of the chair, lying on his face, dragging his legs up after him?

"Oh, oh! let me go! don't you see the other train's passin', and I've got to jump from the ingin on to the other ingin, like the man did? Oh, oh! let me go, please! I'm saying 'please,' so you must let me go."

"And you won't say good-bye to poor 'Nanny,' Master Toto?" and the poor woman's voice shook as she made the appeal.

The boy seemed a little touched. His headlong career was for a moment stopped, and he stood up on the seat of the chair twirling the buttons on the nurse's cloak, and very meditative.

"When will I see you again, Master Toto?"

"Scarcely ever. We've got a house now at London, and Aunt Margaret's going to stop with us, because mamma's dead. I'll be as tall as this when you come back. No, I'll be a big man then, and I am going back to my papa in Inja—he said so. But Dolly won't go. You may come and see Dolly, 'cos she's only a gurl. Oh! a cat! a cat!" and he flung himself head foremost over the arm of the chair, and disappeared in an instant out of the room, in chase of Elspet's old puss.

Elspet had prepared two large bowls of bread and milk, and now she undertook to take off the boy's hat and comforter and to brush his hair, while Margaret, with little Dolly on her lap by the fire, succeeded in stopping the screaming, though the poor little body was still convulsed by the effects of a tremendous fit of sobbing. By degrees she became quieter, and pouted out her little lips to be fed.

Margaret had never had to do with chil-

dren, but she had loved those she had seen, and instinctively she chose the best way of winning little Dolly's heart. For a time she fed her in silence, only stooping now and then to kiss the silky little head within her arm. Then, by degrees, she drew her attention to little things in the room, a doll-pen-wiper on the table, or whatever was at hand; and the child began to look up confidently in her face, nodding assent, or making a little sign that she was listening, and approved, never forgetting to pout out the little mouth again for the welcome spoon and its contents. Such large blue eyes; such a trustful, speaking, pale little face; what woman's heart would not have been led captive?

In the next room, over a basin of warm water, a struggle for supremacy was being carried on.

"But I had my face washed after lunchin'. I never have it washed so often. Yes, Dolly's had her face washed, I *dare—say*" (drawing out the words to double their length, and emphasizing them reproachfully), "but she's only a gurl! Boys should wash their faces themselves—Nanny said so. You're an ugly old woman, that's what you are; and you've got an ugly, ugly, ugly name. And, oh! let me go! I want to drum on the water-pan." "Rum, tum, tum—rum, tum, tum—r-rum, r-rum, rum, tum, tum," went the hair-brush on the water-pan, in imitation of the band at Chundapore.

"Master, look here—(what ever's the child's name?) Master Charles, look here, there's a good boy."

"Oh, you old story! I amn't a good boy. You said I was a *bad* boy just a minit before. And why do you call me 'Master Charles?'"

"Charles," repeated Margaret from the next room, "are you ready? Come in here."

He walked in sedately, with an indignant and ill-used air.

"Why do you call me *Charles*?" he said again. "I'll call you Anna-Maria, and that's a *much* uglier name."

Then, changing his tone, which had never been more than one of reproach, he came up to Dolly, and, looking at her compassionately,

"Poor Dolly!" he said. "Isn't that *nice*, darling? Please give me some too, Aunt Margaret. I'm saying 'please.'"

"Don't you always say 'please,' Toto?"

"Not in Inja, never; but papa said at London we must say 'please.' I wish London was never found on the map! No I don't, though; there's a arm-chair, and a water-pan, and there's jolly bread-and-milk, isn't there, Aunt Margaret?"

Margaret admitted that London furnished all these luxuries.

VIII.

"But I want one to play with—O I want A little yellow duck to take to bed."—JEAN INGLOW.

"WHERE's the man?" inquired Toto, looking up from his footstool by the fire, and making wrong shots (with the spoonful of bread-and-milk) into his cheek.

"What man?" asked Margaret.

"Papa said there was a man at London; papa said the man would show me a gun, and show me how to shoot it: where's the man?"

"Do you mean Uncle Gaspar, Toto?"

"Yes, yes, that's the man. Dolly and me was to come to *London*, and there was a man at London what has guns, and whips, and things; and there was a lady—that's *you*, Aunt Margaret, isn't it? and we was to say 'please' always, wasn't we, Dolly?"

"Es, we was," responded Dolly.

"And we was to get everything we wanted when we jest said 'please,' wasn't we, Dolly?"

"Did papa always give you everything when you said 'please?'" asked Margaret, smiling.

"Not always, nearly always, sometimes. Once when I was a little boy, before we came out of Inja, you know, I asked to have mamma back again, and I said 'please' ever so often, but we didn't get her, did we, Dolly? Now I'm a big boy, you know, and I don't want her back." Then (seeing that Margaret looked up surprised), "I mean I know she'll never come back any more, but papa'll come back, won't he, Aunt Margaret? Dolly thinks she'll come back"—he whispered loudly in his aunt's ear—"but then Dolly's only a *gurl*."

The whisper was lost upon poor little Dolly; her head had fallen back upon Margaret's arm, and she was fast asleep. She was undressed as she lay there; and even when her little nightgown was put on, and the hands lifted and pushed through the sleeves, she did not awake.

But when she was laid down in Gaspar's room in Gaspar's bed (what desecration, a genius's room become a nursery!) the blue eyes opened wide, the under lip contracted and quivered, and there was another loud cry.

In vain Margaret tried to soothe her, in vain she patted her, sang to her, laid herself on the bed beside her: Dolly refused to be comforted.

"Oh! Toto," at last said Margaret, driven to despair, and rather afraid of the child's going into a fit; "what *is* the matter? Do you know what she wants?"

Toto was sitting on the rug, a candle beside him on the floor, and Elspet's cat under his arm. He had taken advantage of Elspet and Margaret's attention being distracted by his sister's screams to burn the unfortunate animal's whiskers in the flames.

"There's jest half a one left now; don't you jump away now, Mister Cat, because you shan't go even if you say 'please.' I'm the barber, and you're papa, only I haven't any razors, and so—oh! yes, Aunt Margaret, I know what'll stop her crying—stuff something in her mouth; she always stops directly."

Margaret and Elspet stood aghast. "It's a cooshie you want, isn't it, darling? It's comin' now, darlin'. Aunt Margaret, get her a cooshie, and then you'll stop, won't you, Dolly? It's her cooshie she wants."

"What is a cooshie, Toto?"

"That's a cooshie—this is a cooshie, my comforter's a cooshie, but her own cooshie's in the cabin—I mean it's in the boxes."

He was led off captive to the open boxes.

"There," he said in triumph, whisking out a tumbled piece of faded pink flannel; "there's her cooshie!" And before Margaret could rescue it, or divine its purpose, Toto had rolled it in a ball, had placed himself a few feet from the bed, and was taking aim at Dolly's head.

"There, don't cry, darlin', there's the cooshie!" he said, a little remorseful at having made so good and telling a shot, for Dolly's head was quite hidden in flannel. But to the no small surprise of the lookers-on, the crying had suddenly been stilled, and the flannel as suddenly disappeared.

A few minutes later, when Margaret stepped softly towards the child, she found the eyes fast shut, and heard the heavy regular breathing of sleep. A corner of the pink flannel peeped out, and Margaret drew the sheet down ever so little to discover its use. Dolly's tiny hands clasped it closely, and one thumb wrapped in its folds was in her mouth. She cooed over it in her placid sleep as only a very little child can.

Margaret inwardly resolved that henceforth the luxury of a "cooshie" should always be provided for Dolly's bedtime.

And now Toto's time had come. At first he was very skittish and restless, but when Margaret found that a story or any trifling incident seemed to rivet his attention, and that he was eager for information on all subjects, the task of undressing him became easy. He insensibly pulled his arms out of everything, lost in the recital of the wonderful things Uncle Gaspar had done.

"And now you have to say your prayers, Toto; do you know them by yourself, or shall I make some for you?"

"Oh, I know some," and kicking his boots to the other end of the room he prepared to kneel. He was up again before he was down.

"Aunt Margaret, let me try again, *please*. I wanted my boot to go into the bath. There isn't *any* water in it."

He was off to the other end, and back again in an instant. Margaret did not as yet pretend to manage him.

It was a successful shot this time; the boot clattered satisfactorily in the bath, and Toto with a smile of triumph knelt down at Margaret's lap.

"Please God bless papa and mamma (no, not mamma, she's dead). Please God bless papa, and make me and Dolly a good boy. No, make me and Dolly good girls and boys" (in a stage whisper, "That's not right, Aunt Margaret. I've got my prayers so bungled"). "And please God forgive all oursins, and bring us safe home to London. (Oh, we've come to London. What shall I say? I must have a new prayer now, Aunt Margaret.) Amen."

And then he sprang up like a shot, and pulled his little shirt up to his knees to warm them.

Margaret drew him to her, and kissed his forehead. "You are very like the 'man,' Toto—very like Uncle Gaspar."

"And he's a big man, *isn't* he, Aunt Margaret?" said he, opening his eyes wide, and contemplating a leap on to the bed, to the certain destruction of the sleeping Dolly.

IX.

"God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

ELIZABETH BARRETT-BROWNING.

MARGARET had but little time for reading now; but weary one day from painting, she took a favourite book of poems from the table, and sat down by the fire. Her eyes fell upon the lines which head this chapter.

Had it not been true for her, this saying of the great poet? I will not call her poetess, for hardly yet has the term ceased to be associated with a certain feebleness, and nothing that is feeble must approach the name of Elizabeth Barrett-Browning. Moreover, is it not conceivable, poets in their sphere being most especially and essentially of the *soul*, that there should be no distinction of sex, any more than of caste, among them? The pathos and tenderness of the woman, the power and energy of the man defined and separate as ever—who would lack either?—but each a *poet*, speaking to souls in the individual

language of the soul that utters, striving for none of the other's individualities, because that would be to lose their own.

Was it not true for Margaret, that God's gifts had come to her, putting her dreams to shame? She had dreamt of love to be hers, not of a life to be lived for a great purpose, as she brooded sorrowfully over the fire alone.

Now that a purpose had come to her, she shamed indeed. God had given her what she should not herself have chosen, because in her blindness she could never have conceived the extent of the blessing conferred, and to be conferred by her again. Hitherto she had only thought of putting her trust in God, of holding to Him in good reproach and evil reproach, of praying Him to show Gaspar more of himself, of protesting when Elspet prevaricated, and then of turning to her own heart with a condemnation of what she found there, and a "judge not" uttered to herself.

Hitherto it seemed to her that she had stood at the portals of the kingdom of heaven, and that she had not even besieged the gates. Now on a sudden they had been opened to her; nay, was she not "a doorkeeper in the house of God?"

Two souls had been committed to her keeping; two child-souls moreover, impressionable, trustful, and as yet unspoiled. There was something to be lived for after all. Care they would bring upon her; maybe things worse than care; but what was that to the life of selfishness which before had been forced, as it were, upon her? It seemed to Margaret that these two children had come to be the saving of her soul.

It was a little more than a week after their arrival that the ring of the postman heralded the important advent of a letter.

"Dear Margaret," it ran, "business still detains me here, but I find much in Paris to gratify my peculiar tastes. My literary labours have not, as you may easily understand, progressed, but I lay up, if I mistake not, much seed for future harvests.

"By the way, can you help me temporarily with a small sum? £15 or £20 would meet my present wants and a sudden call. I hope soon to refund it to you with interest; or, if you like, I might perhaps manage to invest it in my speculation. Do not delay remitting this trifle, for I may soon leave Paris. I shall return to England when I cry *Eureka!*—'I have found it.'

"Your affectionate brother,

"GASPAR MARSHALL.

"P.S.—So you have James's children to keep you company. Have you drawn upon his bank yet for their maintenance? If not, do so now, and £20 of his will do as well as yours; it is only for a week or so that I shall want it. Yours again, "G. M."

So wrote the brother, as buttoning a pair of faultless lavender gloves, and smoothing his hat with his sleeve, he took a minikin umbrella between his first finger and thumb, and sauntered carelessly towards the "Trois Frères," where (on the strength, be it supposed, of Margaret's "trifle") he ordered a regal dinner from a regal *menu*.

And so read the sister, with a flushed face and a loud beating at her heart. Twenty pounds—it was not in the bank! Certainly it was not in the house. As yet James's deposit was not available—"not payable," she had been told, "at present." And Gaspar's demand was imperative; fifteen pounds, at the very least, must be sent to him to-day. Where was she to turn in her perplexity, ah! where?

"God," said Dolly from the hearthrug, innocent of Margaret's trouble, and answering some question of her brother's.

Women are imaginative, I have said; Margaret took the unconscious answer of the child humbly to her heart. She rose from her seat, knelt on the floor beside her, and kissed the soft, pale face.

"What were you saying, children?" she asked.

"Dolly was saying the angels must have built heaven, Aunt Margaret—is that true?"

"No, darling, God made heaven."

"But where did He live while it was being made, Aunt Margaret?"

"God lives everywhere, Toto."

"Well, if He lives everywhere, I wonder why He ever wanted a heaven—don't you, Aunt Margaret? if He lives everywhere heaven must be a teeny place when He gets in, mustn't it, Aunt Margaret?"

"We don't know what heaven is like, Toto," she answered, averting her face a little from his earnest gaze, and rather puzzled by the wholly new ideas which the child brought before her.

"No, we can't never know 'cept we go and see, and then we can't ever get out again, can we? Mamma's stayed in ever so long, hasn't she, Dolly? But it can't be a little wee place, Aunt Margaret, cos it wouldn't hold all the angels, would it, Aunt Margaret? And it can't be a large big place, it can't be everywhere, like God is, cos then the angels

would be everywhere, wouldn't they? There'd be an angel on my drum here, and an angel up the chimney, and an angel in the waste-basket, and——"

"Hush, Toto! don't speak so, darling. I will tell you more about angels to-night when you are going to bed, because I have no time to stop now. Do you know I think there are angels nearly everywhere, sent by God to take care of us; perhaps there are some in the room now; so we mustn't speak of them the same way we speak of toys and other things. They are God's messengers, you know."

Oh! little children, "so fresh from God," may you not sometimes be his messengers? Is it not your mission to diffuse the rich fragrance of innocence, of wondering, curious, yet unquestioning faith on hearts on whom contact with a cold world must needs have left its hardening traces?

Margaret was not yet hardened, but she rose from the hearthrug that morning feeling herself a better woman. No actual word could she recall which had let flow the balm upon her heart, a moment before so anxious; the heart of a little child only had reflected itself in her own. She fancied that a child's lips might, after all, be the nearest thing on earth to the portals of that heaven over which she had left them marvelling. The something to love and be loved by had come to her at last.

An hour later she had put on her cloak and bonnet and sallied forth into the street. Elspet was not to be her companion to-day, even could she have left the little philosophers on the hearthrug.

A shop at the corner of the street was Margaret's destination.

"Five pounds! is that the most you can give me? it cost three times that."

It was the least they could give her, but she was forced to be content. The one handsome piece of jewellery Margaret had ever possessed passed over the counter. But what mattered it? Five pounds passed into her pocket, and ten could be made up at home. That afternoon's post carried the "trifle" Gaspar had demanded to Paris.

For the rest? herself and the children till the speculation should answer, till "Eureka" should be the cry?

"He that feedeth the ravens," said Margaret, as she sat down to write to Mr. Pickering.

"Am I fit to give lessons?—in the very first elements of drawing even? Tell me the truth, please, but tell me quickly if you can, and how I am to set about it. I am ashamed so

to trouble you, but I am at a loss where else to turn, and you are so kind; and surely I may do something, though I am a woman; other women are doing great things every day. I do not want to do great things now; I want to do a small thing to some purpose."

X.

"O to be a-roaming
In an English dell."

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DULL February had passed into March; spring was bursting from winter with the catkins upon the willow, and the red full shoots upon the birch. And a great commotion was going on in the little lodging that had heretofore been Margaret's home.

For before the spring was a day older, her glad entry was to be watched eagerly by two pairs of little curious eyes: not through the scanty medium of a lime-tree here, and a dusky beech there, railed round in what are satirically called the "gardens" of the squares, but in its fullest beauty, as it rises over God's green fields and mossy banks, and makes the fecund earth to awake and testify of One who doeth all things well.

Even in London, in the heart of the great city, with all its sufferings and with all its sins, the spring makes its glad advent to be heard. For when the first basket of primrose roots, buried in moss that has not yet lost its wintry yellow, makes its appearance in the duskiest by-street, does it not speak of the regeneration that is going on in the blessed country? Do we not hear very plainly indeed the echoes of those footsteps which press violets and all their fragrant company from the warm damp Mother Earth?

Now, more than primroses had come to gladden the eyes of weary Londoners. Low carts drawn by picturesque shaggy ponies, with bright brass harness, wended their way in the early forenoons, bearing burdens that must set the hearts of all artists, poets, and lovers of God and his nature aglow. Tall white arum lilies in the front, standing out majestically from a bed of feathery green; next to them cinerarias of many hues, deep lustrous blue, or crimson, or dappled with white; hyacinths that scented all the street—only a shilling apiece! Tulips red and tulips white, primulas in a coronal of leaves, cyclamens trembling under even the easy motion of the easy cart and docile pony, and crocuses shooting out lusty spikes of green to herald the full pale buds within their heart: buds that too often attain to nothing further, O sanguine buyer! but shrivel up with all their

golden secrets undisclosed, like many hopes, and many resolves, and much that is earthly.

"Flowers! pretty flowers! all kinds of flowers!" The cry called Margaret from the monotonous labours of packing.

Not so the children. Their toil, prolonged over many days, was still all-absorbing. So many things had to be three times packed, so many that had been thus looked after were in the end not meant to go at all. Time after time had Margaret rescued a knitted

mat, a tidy from a chair, a penwiper, that were most entirely the property of the landlady and her lodging.

The change had come suddenly upon them all. Instead of Gaspar's return, the news of an intended journey to the East had forced upon Margaret the necessity for economy more strict than it had ever been. Some days she had considered upon the subject, and then, hardly had she settled that a lodging in the country would be alike cheaper and more healthy for her pale children, than



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the illness of little Dolly came to confirm her resolution.

To the East! What did that mean? An absence quite limitless. And London without her brother had become very desolate. Moreover, its disadvantages were numerous now. The children had no freedom, and anything like a park or garden was too far to be accessible for them. If Elspet went out with them, household matters, the plain homely dinner for instance, must fare very badly; and if Margaret devoted herself entirely to them, her painting could not be carried on. And how much depended on

that painting and its success, she was now beginning fully to learn.

The "few days" of the loan to Gaspar had multiplied tenfold, and no £15 had been returned. The bank refused to make any advance of money on her brother James's account, and gave her to understand that the amount once in their hands had been already overdrawn. No letter from India came to remove or lessen the difficulty, and trouble and anxiety had begun to tell upon Margaret's quiet face.

For it was a very patient face still. She had not lived so long without having a hun-

dred experiences of what God had done for her. A hundred times she had been on the verge of despair, as one by one Gaspar's schemes had failed and brought them to the brink of ruin; and a hundred times she had risen and stood upright, she had lifted up her face and said, "Thou hast set my feet in a large room."

The flesh truly was still weak; weak it would remain while it remained flesh. But the spirit being willing, and a greater spirit of Love being willing, could not the flesh be combated and overcome?

So while trouble pencilled her face with its hard finger, the peace which passeth all understanding reigned there too. They are not incongruous, these traces and this peace. God loves to set apart his children, and to set on them his seal. Sometimes He stamps them with his right hand, full of gifts, and sometimes in his left He reaches out a martyr's crown. For there are martyrs nowadays great as any that have lived and died of old. I often think there will not be diverse mansions up in heaven for these and those. For both, at least, the cry of the poet-king is true—"They that fear Him lack nothing."

Margaret stood at the window, and feasted on the sight before her. Too often she had murmured in her soul at the poverty which debarred her from the innocent pleasure of possessing a few flowers. A doubt of God's justice had, perhaps, crossed her mind at times; for the purer the soul the more eager is the Spirit of all Evil to enter in and mar its blamelessness. Why had He drawn his line between them, saying, "O rich, be happy, and possess all things!" and, "O poor, be satisfied with—?" With what, Margaret? The Spirit of God made answer, "With Me!"

So the disloyal thought had passed away.

Margaret had but few friends now—she had never known many that were rich—but she thought of those she knew, and was compelled to acknowledge to herself that their competency had not satisfied them.

Mrs. Armytage was rich—rich in the eyes of Margaret. Was she not restless, giddy even, good-natured perhaps, but lonely, and so selfish? Luke Carew, her brother, was rich. Had he not failed in his love, and was not his life purposeless?

"It must be a good thing in some ways to be poor," said Margaret, "because, at least, it makes us very prayerful. One can hardly be very poor, and yet very worldly; for the world has no bait to offer to such as me.

"We must be satisfied somewhere. If the world fails, what then? We must turn else where. And there is no middle-ground, that I can hear of, between heaven and the world."

A little blessing had come to lighten Margaret's cares; a little tangible blessing, I mean, over and above the patient, trusting spirit. The "Girl's Head" had sold for twenty pounds, and that sum had enabled her to pay off every farthing she owed in London, to set aside a small portion for the first week's rent in the new home, and for the journey thither.

Now, as she looked out, she planned another picture in her mind. It should be just this—the low cart, with its gay nodding load, the rough pony, the pale poor man beside it in the shovel hat.

What a pity that she could not give the monotonous cry that accompanied them:—

"Flowers! Pretty flowers! All a-growing and a-blowing!"

"But I am not a poet," she said, "else I would. I would make my picture speak."

I am not at all sure of that, Margaret. Say rather, hopefully, with that woman-poet you revere—

"At least I am a poet in being poor, thank God!"

XI.

"Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens, where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ALL partings, even the most trivial—if such an adjective can be applied to noun so solemn in its suggestions—savour of sadness.

The last long parting, of which all the lesser appear to us as harbingers, and from which they consequently borrow their gloom, partakes perhaps least of all of real sadness.

Or should partake, rather. For is there not in the final separation a lack of that miserable element of *uncertainty*, for those at least who have not drifted pilotless on the sea of life? Partings for times and seasons are fraught with fears of what may happen before we meet again; above all are they laden with anxieties for the veiled path upon which the beloved one takes his course alone. But once satisfied that the Creator has recalled to Himself the created, the work of his own hands, all apprehensions and all suspense must be at an end for evermore. The sorrow will remain truly, keen and poignant; an arrow may be entered into the soul; but, without fear, grief loses its bitterest sting. It is like love, of which it has been

said that ceasing to hope and ceasing to fear, it ceases to exist.

A last look at a dreary, dingy lodging brought the tears into poor Margaret's eyes. She had known much sorrow there, much care, and very little love. Yet had the bare, smoke-streaked walls endeared themselves to her; perhaps because so often they had kept her company when other friends, and kinder, more yielding faces failed.

The children naturally shared in no way her feelings. New faces, new cats, new flowers, a journey in the train, a change—that was the vista which opened before them. The poor landlady, who came to assist in the migration and its preparations, and whose tears were far more profuse and nearer to the surface than Margaret's, met with no sympathy from the elated little couple. "Oh no! we won't see you again! You'll be dead before we come back!" Or, "We won't come to London till we're *big*. Aunt Marg'ret's got a house at the country now." Or, "*No!* you mustn't come with us, 'cos there wouldn't be any room for you! Aunt Marg'ret, isn't it time to go? Isn't it time to go, Aunt Marg'ret? Please, Aunt Marg'ret, when is it time to go?"

"Have you got everything ready, Toto?" he was asked.

"Oh yes—I'm just *tired* of being ready."

"Is the cab there, Master Toto?" inquired Elspet, by way of passing the time while she strapped the little bundle of wraps.

"*There!*" he cried scornfully; "I dare say he's gone away now! I dare say other people is driving him now!"

"I dare say they is!" echoed little Dolly pouting, standing the picture of injured innocence on a chair by the window, her green rosettes adjusted to her ears, and her hands in a minikin muff, which hid a little ragged but much-beloved penny doll, from her brother's scorn and irony.

At length they started: canary, cage, and all; handboxes, trunks, and many parcels were piled up outside and stuffed within, and with a sigh of hope fulfilled, Dolly settled herself on Margaret's knee.

Toto held determinedly to two precious burdens—the cat minus the points of its whiskers, which had been the poor lodging-keeper's parting gift, and a long black cotton bag, very cobbled, and apparently very empty, which was suspended from his arm.

"What have you got there, Toto?" Margaret asked, as her eyes fell on the mysterious appendage.

"It's mine and Dolly's tooth-brush, Aunt

Marg'ret, and look here!" He plunged his arm into the depths of the black bag, and brought out a bottle of clear liquid, carefully corked. "This is water what we'll wash them with: there isn't any time to stop and wash in the trains, is there, Aunt Marg'ret? And then we'll be nice and clean when we come to the country, Aunt Marg'ret—and won't that be nice, Aunt Marg'ret?"

"Very nice, darling," she answered laughing.

Much nicer and cleaner than they had been for many a day certainly: comfortably settled within easy reach of water at home, Toto and Dolly had never thought of this important and imperative duty. "But their pleasures are few," said Margaret; "let them enjoy them while they can, and such as they can have. Poor little ones! God knows how soon they will have cares to fret them; He cannot wish us to come between them and their little happiness now."

The closely-packed houses at first, the clouds of smoke behind them as they left the city, the flying trees and fields and hedges, were cause to them of unceasing interest.

A dog running beside the train, and barking lustily, raised a scream of excitement from them both.

And when these things began to pall, there was a long tunnel, and Dolly was taken upon her aunt's knees, where her fears at the unnatural darkness were quickly dispelled, while Toto had recourse to the black bag, and plied his hard, unused tooth-brush vigorously.

It amused Margaret not a little to find that the system of all things in common (all, except a sword, which could *never* do for a "gurl," and a Bible, which she could not read—nor he either, for that matter, as yet) was carried to such lengths that even the tooth-brush was the property of both.

"Here, darlin'," said the little man to his sister when daylight had once more burst upon them, scrubbing the brush with the palm of his hand, and then on the outside of the black bag. "Here, darlin', you can do it now; it's so nice to do!"

Before the novelty of the journey had worn off, their destination was reached.

A lodging, tiny enough, but clean and cheery, bright fires burning (a luxury not to be continued on so extensive a scale, but very cheering to the new-comers), clean beds, and the kind face of another good-hearted landlady. There are many good hearts in the world nowadays, in spite of the cry of the degeneracy of the age; and so Margaret thought that night.

In the morning, fresh pleasures. The sun

flooding the little rooms, and taking away nothing from the pervading look of cleanliness; a little garden, where rings of crocuses were springing up; and a fresh March wind carousing in the trees.

The children were early at the window, in clean pinafores and high spirits. The idea of playing all alone, and on the nice green grass too!

When Margaret joined them, a shower of questions was rained upon her.

"Who left those big baskets in the garden, Aunt Marg'ret?"

They were the flower-beds, marked out with wicker-work and handles. He must have been a strong man who left them there; but I do not think Toto and Dolly would have been the least surprised, in their present state of mind, to have seen a giant emerge from a crocus, and carry off the "left" baskets on his head.

Everything was like fairy-land at Fernhill.

HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BOOKS OF KINGS—NOTES ON PARTICULAR PASSAGES.

1 KINGS i. 9. The places here mentioned, En-rogel and the stone Zoheleth, have been variously identified. Von Raumer (Pal., p. 302, not. 76) fixes on the Virgin's Fountain, the Ain Sitti Mariam on the eastern slope of the elevation on which Jerusalem stands, as the site of En-rogel. Dr. Robinson fixes it further down the valley at Bir Eyûb or well of Job; and with this most subsequent writers have concurred. Recently, however, the judgment of Von Raumer has been confirmed by the identification of the stone Zoheleth with the rock nearly opposite the Virgin's Fountain, by which the inhabitants of the village of Selwan (Siloam) descend into the valley of the Kedron, and which still bears the name of Zehwele or Zehoele. If this be the stone Zoheleth, then the Virgin's Fountain is undoubtedly the En-rogel of the Bible. By this identification great light is thrown on the topographical delineations of this part of the country in the Bible.*

Ch. iv. 2. The word here rendered "priest" is in verse 5 rendered "principal officer," and in the margin it is in this verse rendered "chief officer." It cannot in either place mean "priest," for neither Azariah nor Zabud was a priest; and the word is elsewhere used of persons who were not priests, as, for instance, of David's sons (2 Sam. viii. 18, English Version, "chief rulers"). Usually the word means "priest;" but as the priest was a medium of communication between God and man, so the term came to be applied to officers of state who were the representatives of the king and the medium of communication between him, the vicegerent of God, and the people of the theocracy.

24. "On this side the river:" *beyond the river.*

* See Captain Warren's paper on the Recovery of Jerusalem, p. 306, and the letter of M. Clermont-Gaudeau in the "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund," No. 5.

26. "And Solomon had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots." In 2 Chron. ix. 25 the number is given as "four thousand." This is doubtless correct, and the reading in Kings must be put down as a clerical error (*arba'im* for *arba'ath*).

28. "Dromedaries," with the alternative reading in the margin, "mules, or swift beasts." The last of these renderings approaches the primary meaning of the word. The animals intended were probably horses of a superior kind, used for the rapid transmission of messages or despatches.

28. "Unto the place where the officers were:" *unto the place where he [the king] was*; so the LXX., Vulgate, &c.; or *unto the place where they [the animals] were*. The latter seems the preferable rendering. The horses were distributed in different places (comp. x. 26), and the fodder was conveyed to where they were.

Ch. vi. 4. "And for the house he made windows of narrow lights:" . . . *windows of fixed beams, i.e., the lattices of which could not be opened and closed at pleasure.*

5, 6. "And against the wall of the house he built chambers round about," &c.: *And against the wall of the house he built stories [a wing of a number of stories] round about, round the walls of the house, against the holy place and against the most holy place, and so made chambers around. The lowest story was five cubits broad, the middle was six cubits broad, and the third was seven cubits broad; for he made rebates in the house round about, on the outside, that [the beams] might not be fastened in the walls of the house.*

The rendering "oracle" in vers. 5, 16, 19, and throughout the chapter, is incorrect. The original word (רִבְרִי *d'vir*) denotes the innermost part of the house, and designates the most holy place.

17. "And the house, that is, the temple

before it, was forty cubits long:" *And the house, that is, the outer sanctuary, was forty cubits long.*

18. "Knops," margin "gourds." The marginal rendering is to be preferred. The original word is the Hebrew name for the bitter gourd.

20. "And the oracle in the forepart," &c. : *And the interior of the most holy place, &c.*

Ch. vii. 2. "He built also:" *He built, that is, the house, &c.* The "also" might suggest that "the house of the forest of Lebanon" was different from the house which Solomon built for himself. But Solomon built only one palace for himself, which was called "the house of the forest of Lebanon" probably because of the number of pillars of cedar-wood that were in it. The first verse is merely the superscription of the chapter; with verse 2 begins the account of the building.

4. "And there were windows in three rows, and light was against light in three ranks:" *And beams in three rows, and sight over against sight three times, i.e.,* there were three stories of galleries and in these opening to the interior corresponding to similar openings on the other side.

21. "And he set up the pillars in the porch of the temple," &c. : *And he set up the pillars towards [i.e., before] the portico of the temple, &c.* Comp. 2 Chron. iii. 15. The names given to these pillars have a symbolical significance. In the margin of the Authorised Version the first, *Jachin*, is rightly rendered "He shall establish," but the second, *Boaz*, is "In Him is strength," not "in it," &c. According to Kimchi the first expressed Solomon's desire or expectation that the temple should continue for ever, the second that God would give it strength and subsistence.

24. "Knops:" *bitter gourds.* In 2 Chron. iv. 3 the same ornament is described as "the similitude of oxen." Some have sought to reconcile the two statements by supposing that the gourds placed perpendicularly had some resemblance to the heads of oxen. But the chronicler does not speak of *ox-heads*, but of *oxen*, and the gourd could never resemble an ox. There is probably in Chronicles a clerical error of בקרים (*b'qarim*) for פקעים (*p'qa'im*).

Ch. ix. 8. "And at this house which is high," &c. : *And this house shall be high, &c., i.e.,* it shall be a conspicuous object, and in the sight of all men will appear as an example of punishment. Our translators have followed the reading in 2 Chron. vii. 21, but the Hebrew text in the passage before us

cannot be so rendered, and there is no reason to suspect its genuineness. Perhaps in the original document from which both the writer of Kings and the writer of Chronicles drew their materials, the passage may have stood, "And this house which is high shall be high," and each transcribed only a part of it.

13. "And he called them the land of Cabul unto this day." In the margin Cabul is explained as "*displeasing* or *dirty*." The meaning of the word is uncertain; but that it does not mean either "displeasing" or "dirty," is generally agreed among scholars. The former meaning is purely conjectural, being suggested by the statement that the cities did not please Hiram; and the latter is based on a derivation of the word from a verb signifying *to bind* or *hold fast*, which is supposed to justify the rendering "dirty," because mud or clay holds fast the foot that sinks in it—a marvellous explanation! and one, besides, wholly at variance with the character of the district described, which is rocky and hilly, not marshy and muddy. The most probable explanation of the word is that Cābul, or Kābul (כבול), is a contraction of *Kehābul* (כְּהָבִיל from כָּ, *as*, and the participle of the verb *הביל*, signifying *to be vain* or *evanescent*), which would have the meaning *as that which is vain or worth nothing*. The name given by Hiram, then, to the district assigned to him by Solomon, indicated that he thought it of little worth, and therefore he was displeased.

Ch. x. 5. "The sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers," &c. : *The seat [literally the sitting place] of his servants, and the stance [or standing place] of his ministers, and their apparel, and his drinking apparatus, &c.*

28. "And Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt, and linen yarn: the king's merchants received the linen yarn at a price:" *And as to the transport of the horses which Solomon had from Egypt, a company of the king's merchants brought a troop at a certain price.*

Ch. xiv. 14. "... who shall cut off the house of Jeroboam that day; but what? even now." The concluding words of this verse are very obscure, and have been very variously translated by interpreters. The Chaldee Targum gives the meaning, "the house of Jeroboam, him who to-day lives, and also him who shall be begotten hereafter." The Vulgate has "in this day and in this time;" De Dieu "in this very day; and what? even now;" Maurer: "this is the day [on which, namely, my prediction shall be fulfilled]; and

what even now [is happening]?" Keil: "this to-day; and what even now [is happening]?" This last is, on the whole, to be preferred. The prophet tells the wife of Jeroboam that the prediction shall be fulfilled that very day, and then in reference to the death of her son adds there reflection, "what may not even at this very moment be happening?"

23. The word rendered "images" in this verse properly means "monumental pillars" set up for idolatrous purposes; and the word rendered "groves" probably means idols of wood." There could not be *groves* "under every green tree."

Ch. xv. 10. Maachah was the grandmother of Asa; but until deposed by him she occupied the place of queen mother.

Ch. xix. 20. "... Go back again: for what have I done unto thee?" The margin has "go, return." This is the better rendering. The injunction of the prophet was, "Go; but be sure to return, considering the great thing I have done to thee in appointing thee my successor."

Ch. xx. 14. "... even by the young men of the princes of the provinces"—margin *servants*. The military attendants or armour-bearers of the princes are probably intended.

30. "And Ben-hadad fled and came into the city, into an inner chamber; margin, *from chamber to chamber*."

33. "Now the men did diligently observe whether anything would come from him, and did hastily catch it." *And the men took it as a good omen, and hastened and caused him to declare whether it was from himself; i.e., they sought to draw from him assurance that what he had said was really from the heart.*

38. "Disguised himself with ashes on his face:" *disguised himself by means of the head-band [or turban] over his eyes*. Our translators have followed the Vulgate, and so have Luther and others. But they have confounded *פָּתַח אֶפְרָיִם*, a fillet or head-band here, with *פָּתַח אֶפְרָיִם*, ashes. The rendering of the passage by the LXX. is *κατεδύσατο ἐν τελαμῶνι τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς αὐτοῦ*, "he bound his eyes with a band [or fillet]."

41. "And he hastened and took the ashes away from his face," &c. . . . *and took the band from upon his eyes*.

Ch. xxi. 7. "And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel?" . . . *Thou, administer now thy kingdom [i.e., play the king, use thy sovereign power] over Israel*.

Ch. xxii. 38. "And they washed his armour." The literal rendering of this passage is, "and the harlots washed;" but whether they

washed the chariot, or washed themselves in the pool in which the chariot was cleansed, admits of question. The latter is the more probable. R. Levi ben Gerson notes that it pertained to the contempt of Ahab that the harlots bathed in the pool with which his blood was mingled (Pfeiffer, *Dubia Vexata*, in loc., Opp. i., p. 233). One does not see exactly how this should have added to Ahab's disgrace, or how it formed any part of what the word of the Lord had threatened him with. The rendering in the Authorised Version, however, is wholly unauthorised.

2 Kings ii. 19. "The water is naught, and the ground barren:" *The water is bad, and the land causes miscarrying*.

21. "There shall not be found from thence any more death or barren land:" *there shall not be thence any more death or miscarrying*.

Ch. iv. 10. "A little chamber on the wall." This seems to have been a balcony on the wall of the house, projecting over the inner court of the house.

16. "About this season, according to the time of life:" *About this time next year*.

Ch. vi. 9. "Beware that thou pass not such a place, for thither the Syrians are come down:" *Beware of overlooking [or neglecting] this place, for the Syrians are coming down on it [intend to make a descent upon it]*.

22. "Wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow?" To such a question Jehoram might have answered, "Certainly, and that in accordance with custom, and in obedience to the divine law" (Deut. xx. 13). The passage should be rendered, *Those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow [i.e., in battle] thou mayest slay [but not those whom I have delivered to thee]*.

Ch. vii. 11. "And he called the porters; and they told it to the king's house within." Who is the "he" here? The verse should be rendered, *And the porters called and told it to the king's house within*. The first verb, it is true, is in the singular, but in Hebrew, when the verb precedes the nominative (as is the case here), it is often put in the singular, though a plural subject follows.

Ch. viii. 10. "And Elisha said to him, Go say to him, Thou mayest certainly recover: howbeit the Lord hath shewed me that he shall surely die:" . . . *Go say to him, Thou shalt surely live. But the Lord hath showed me that he shall surely die*. This is according to the marginal reading (the K^ri); the textual reading (Chetibh) is, *Go say, Thou shalt not surely live*, &c. Some interpreters follow this, but the majority, with our trans-

lators, follow the K'ri. Elisha told Hazael to tell his master that he would not die of the disease under which he was labouring; but at the same time he intimated to him that Ben-hadad's life would not be spared, referring in this to his being murdered by Hazael.

Ch. ix. 4. "So the young man, even the young man the prophet," &c.: *So the young man, the prophet's young man, &c.*

31. "And as Jehu entered in at the gate she said, Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" . . . *She said, Is it peace, Zimri, murderer of his master?* This is the literal rendering of the words; but some scholars think the rendering in the Authorised Version may be retained. The initial words are the same as those used by Joram to Jehu (ver. 22), and it seems imperative to translate them in both places in the same way. Jezebel tauntingly calls Jehu "Zimri," in allusion to his having slain Jehoram, as Zimri slew Elah.

Ch. xi. 2. The word "bedchamber" here may mislead. A bedchamber with us means a dormitory or sleeping place; but the place here designated was the lumber-room where the mattresses and other bed furniture were kept till required.

Ch. xvii. 10. See note on 1 Kings xiv. 23.

Ch. xix. 7. "Behold, I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumour, and shall return to his own land:" *Lo, I am putting a spirit in him, so that he hears a rumour and returns to his own land.* The "spirit" is not, as our translators and others take it, a pestilential wind; but an uneasy, agitated state of mind, that takes alarm at the least rumour.

23. "With the multitude of my chariots I am come up to the height of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon, and will cut down the tall cedar trees thereof, and the choice fir trees thereof, and I will enter into the lodgings of his borders, and into the forest of his Carmel:" . . . *With chariots of my chariots [i.e., with my multitude of chariots] have I surmounted the heights of the mountains, the utmost of Lebanon [i.e., its extreme or loftiest peak], that I may hew down its tallest cedars and its choicest cypresses, and come to the lodging place of its summit, to the forest of its garden [or its forest garden].*

24. "I have digged and drunk strange waters, and with the sole of my feet have I dried up all the rivers of besieged places:" . . . *all the streams of Egypt.*

25. "Hast thou not heard long ago how I have done it, and of ancient times that I have formed it?" *Hast thou not heard that long ago I have made it, and of ancient times have determined it?* Sennacherib boasted of what he had been doing by his own might; but Jehovah tells him that he was but the predestined instrument of accomplishing the purposes of God.

Ch. xxi. 7. "A graven image of the grove" should be "the image of the Asherah," i.e., the idol representing the female Baal.

13. "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down:" *I will wipe out Jerusalem as one wipes out a dish; he wipes it out and turns it over on its face.*

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

THE THOROUGH BUSINESS MAN.

IF a writer of fiction were to delineate in a novel a man of business who never pushed an enterprise without thoughts of benefiting others; who never found an opportunity where others had missed it, without bending down on his knees and begging God to direct him how best to use the results for His glory; who did not aim at enriching himself, but at being influential in noble ministries of improvement; who, while the sharpest of observers, did not lose faith in men; and who, never straying from the straightest path of rectitude though engaged in large transactions, made his home circle happy, was constant in his friendships, and was as active in matters pertaining to his church as though he had had no other interests in life—if a novelist, we say, were to paint such a man,

he would be accused of foisting upon us a purely imaginative creation. And yet here is a book* which tells, mostly by means of his own words and actions, how a man in our own day rose from a comparatively low position to wealth and to influence, and how he won the love and esteem of all who knew him sheerly by the beauty of his Christian character and the elevated consistency of his life. The Life of Walter Powell is a rich gift to us in the present day. Our young men need to be brought under the savour of such a bright example.

His father was a London merchant, who had fallen into straits, and who emigrated

* The Thorough Business Man: Memoirs of Walter Powell, Merchant, Melbourne and London. By Benjamin Gregory. Strahan & Co.

to Van Diemen's Land when his son was still but an infant. He settled on the Macquarie Plains, but fortune did not follow him into the new country. He was soon prostrated by rheumatic fever; and the station, left at the mercy of convicts become bushrangers, was speedily despoiled of what little of value it held. The wife opened a school for the children of the settlers round about, and by this means contrived for a while to make ends meet. But their difficulties and trials were great. They were in terror from the natives, in terror from the white man, and daily dreaded fresh attacks. The young Walter, who early showed a great love for nature, and a liking to roam freely amid the beautiful scenery, soon learned a remarkable degree of agility and self-help in these circumstances. He and his brothers had even to make their own toys. "Having no smooth 'stonies' or polished 'alleys,' they were fain to make to themselves common *taws* of clay, rounded by the hand and hardened in the fire. One day, while superintending the latter process, Walter, then only five years old, watched his work too closely, and one of the heated pellets flew out of the fire and hit him in the wide-open eye, depriving it, for this life, of all power of vision." He had no playfellows save his own brothers and sisters; and, as the only servants that could be procured were *convicts*, the anxiety of the mother as to the morals of her children may easily be conceived. She herself undertook Walter's education, and well did she fulfil her self-allotted task. He grew up a thoughtful, active, but high-spirited boy. What he regarded as one of his greatest causes for thankfulness in after years was, that on one occasion, when he had actually levelled his gun to shoot a man who had insulted and injured him, it missed fire, thus sparing him the remorse of having been guilty of actual homicide.

Before he was ten he had formed the fixed resolution to retrieve the fortunes of the family; and at twelve, being then able to write a good hand, he went as a clerk to Mr. Evans, at Launceston, some short distance from his father's settlement. Here, as his master was often absent, he was left much to himself, his sole society being that of an old man-servant—a convict. The only incident, it seems, which broke the monotony of his desk work was the accusation of having embezzled a missing five-pound note. It is very characteristic, as showing his keen sense of honour and the high place which his mother held in his thoughts and his esteem, that, "*without waiting to deny the charge*, he ran

home to his mother, who, returning with him, was met by an apology, and the information that in her son's absence the misplaced sum had reappeared." He had by this time learned some self-control.

Three years he was kept at this solitary work, and then he went to another office, that of Mr. Bell, an auctioneer. Many fine traits showed themselves whilst he was here. For one thing, he now moved in a more congenial atmosphere. Mrs. Bell was a member of the Wesleyan Church, and the household was pervaded by pious influences. He had derived religious impressions from his mother, and now he desires to join the meeting for family worship. A resolution and considerateness, as well as a remarkably clear insight into character, begin now to show themselves. He is thoughtful, yet far from morose; serious, yet kindly.

"The first payment he received from Mr. Bell was devoted to purchasing for his mother a sack of flour and a chest of tea. On another occasion, receiving a letter from his married sister, describing the distressing difficulties of herself and husband as pioneer settlers at Port Philip, he at once laid out the whole of his savings in procuring for them a dray and a pair of horses, and in defraying the cost of shipment. Nor was his sympathy confined within the circle of his own relationship. A poor man lamenting to him the straitness of his means and the largeness of his family, Walter suggested the possibility of improving his circumstances by starting as a dealer. The man replied hopelessly that the *start* required ten pounds—a sum which, in his state of hand-to-mouth dependence, he had no prospect of ever possessing. Walter, seeing that his well-meant advice had only served to make the poor fellow more painfully sensible of his utter helplessness, immediately gave him the ten pounds, although his own salary was but one hundred pounds a year."

An accident which his own courage and ambition had led to, began to develop results likely to prove serious, and he went, sick, into the country. He returned, it was feared, only to die. He was visited by the Rev. John Turner, a Wesleyan, then ministering at Launceston; and the great change came. Though hitherto serious, and unexceptionally correct in his conduct, he had not yet come decisively under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Under Mr. Turner's preaching, Launceston was then undergoing a "revival," which had been signalled by the conversion of many notoriously evil characters. Walter Powell was in one respect a fruit of the Launceston revival. The sedulous anxiety for souls, and the fervour of spirit, which went to produce the revival, when brought to bear upon his heart and conscience, made him a true Christian. The ground had been carefully prepared, and when the seed was cast in, it soon struck root and

grew. After his unexpected recovery, he had for a while moments of deep doubt and despondency; but by-and-by they vanished, and left him a strong and well-equipped worker for God, and for the good of his fellow-men.

He joined the Wesleyan Church, and at once began that system of dedicating to God's service a due proportion of all his gains, which he unwaveringly practised to the end. Mrs. Bell says that, "shortly after his union with the church, he commenced reading the Bible through consecutively. On reaching the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, he was struck with Jacob's dedication of a tenth of all the Lord might bless him with to His own service. He told me that he had determined to do the same." The colony at this time experienced great depression: many merchants failed, some had to leave for other places. Mr. Bell was no exception to the general rule, but Powell stuck firmly by his employer. "He worked like a slave in the quantity, though not in the spirit, of his work. He would toil far into the night. He even went so far as to insist on the reduction of his own salary, as he saw that the business could not justify its present amount." At this time he began to keep a journal, which till the last he persevered in, so that, although he was one of the least self-conscious of Christians, he has himself given us a faithful record of the state of his heart from day to day, the books he read, and the influences which were most powerful. One or two extracts may be not unfitly given here:—

"*Tuesday, January 16th (1844).*—Attended as clerk Mr. Bell's sale of land. Was struck with the covetousness which exhibited itself in my heart, in wishing to obtain that which could have proved of no use to me. Thomas Blackleach roused me from my dream by reminding me that we should soon have to part with all our earthly possessions. I know that my life is especially uncertain."

"*Wednesday, 17th.*—Was at Longford, having set out on the Tuesday evening. I felt great confidence in the God of Providence while riding, for I knew that the hairs of my head were all numbered. I felt that a horse is a vain thing for safety."

And again:—

"*Saturday, 21st.*—During the past week I have been led to examine myself minutely, but I fear very imperfectly, from the fact of my memory being confused, and from a dull, trying pain which always dwells in my head, to a greater or less degree. Nevertheless I have been able to discover, that if my hours were differently arranged, I should have much more time to attend to those duties which would enable me, to a far greater extent, to discharge my obligations to God and man. I grieve to find myself such a slave to habits thoughtlessly acquired. I do not retire to rest at the proper time; consequently I do not rise early enough to commune with God, and then take the necessary bodily exercise. The result is I am each hour striving to catch up arrears of work left by the

preceding; and thus body and mind are unduly, unnecessarily, and injuriously strained, burdened, and excited, and unfitted for the vigorous discharge of the duties incumbent upon me, and I am not able to maintain that serene, steady, faithful, thoughtful, fervent walk with God which befits the believer in Jesus. I sincerely trust, and pray with great anguish of heart, that this my mourning may not be in vain, but that my conduct may show that, by his grace reinforcing my resolutions, I have been enabled to break through this cruel bondage of habitual procrastination. Lord, have mercy upon me, and upon all in the like slavery, for the Saviour's sake."

It will be noticed how practical is the drift of these jottings; how free they are from the mere morbidity of sickly self-analysis with nothing whatever beyond it. He is always driving at some practical end—some means of real self-improvement by which he may become more useful in the church and in the world. And as we shall see, this trait becomes more and more marked in him as time goes on.

At this period, Powell was only in his twenty-third year. Active in business, and taking on himself ever new burdens, he yet had more time than most young men to devote to the special institutions and enterprises of the community to which he belonged. The love-feast, the watch-night, and the early morning prayer-meeting were prized by him as unspeakable privileges. It is strange, and it is as suggestive as it is strange, to find a young man in such circumstances severely dealing with himself in private for sometimes failing to rise at the early hour which he had fixed. But his ideal of duty was high. He was one of those men who, though they never dream, yet do not seem to realise fully beforehand the tax Time lays on the man who will faithfully persist in putting down a firm foot on every step of the way. He was not strong in constitution; and there can be little doubt that his faithfulness and personal zeal, which did not permit him to take when young the rest which is then so imperatively required, did much, judging naturally, to shorten his days. While reading the early part of this biography, we have had over and over again to remove a persistent impression by a conscious reference to dates. "Are these the words and the sentiments of a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two?" we have asked ourselves. Here they are so wise and forbearing; there so far-sighted and sensible; now they are so pure and spiritual and full of ripe experience; and then again so shrewd, and practical, and decided. It seems as though Walter Powell scarce enjoyed any youth. The boy steps, as it were, at one bound, into manhood. There are no records of vain schemes,

of vague plans, or ambitious purposes, such as we generally denominate youthful. He will raise his family out of the slough of depressing misfortune into which they have fallen; he will work hard, very hard, for this end; but it must be in such a way that at every point he can earnestly ask God's blessing on his success. And his success was largely due to this fact. Walter Powell had no harassing and haunting fears. His every day was so filled with its proper duties, and each of these was performed with such a sustained sense of dependence upon God, that, even though miscarriage should come, he had already got the best sort of profit out of his endeavours that could possibly be obtained. If wealth came—well; it was beforehand dedicated; for one principle ran through all his actions—love to God and warm desire to serve his fellow-creatures. Not much was ever done by any man if the strong tie of a guiding principle did not hold together the energies, ever tending to disperse themselves; Walter Powell seized his guiding principle firmly; and with results that prove once again the truth of the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Walter Powell was successful; but even from the worldly point of view he deserved to be so. He never sank down under reverses, and of reverses and difficulties he certainly had his full share. It was never all sunshine with him. The great hopefulness with which he put forth fresh efforts when one thing had failed him is indeed very noticeable. We have seen how cold and backward were the circumstances of his childhood and youth; how he was launched on the world, as one would have fancied, only half-furnished with tools; how he even then delighted in aiding the worthy; and how he generously shared the burden of Mr. Bell's misfortunes; and now we are to see him bravely bear himself after he has taken upon himself the burdens of wedded life. He married in the beginning of 1845. Scarcely was he settled, when the trade of Tasmania began to ebb away from it, to flow into the infant settlement of Victoria. There was nothing for it but that he must follow the tide of trade.

"At present, honest bread-getting was all he could aspire to. His impecuniosity was almost as absolute as when, at twelve years old, he entered the office of the auctioneer, with the deep resolve to retrieve the fortunes of his family. He had now the responsibilities and the counterbalancing supports of wedded life. But the most disheartening aspect of his affairs was his shattered state of health. He had, not long before, been utterly disabled by a succession of sharp and threatening sicknesses."

L. N.S.

The strength and beauty of his character came out all the more clearly for the trying nature of the circumstances in which he was placed.

The Melbourne of those days was very different from what it is now. It was then only nine years old, and in a rough, rudimental state. But it promised soon to become an important seat of commerce. Mr. Powell speedily secured the respect of the townspeople, and what he still more rejoiced in, a congenial religious circle. Even amid all the struggles incident to forming a new business in such a place, and though his health was far from robust, we find that he did not forget the claims of the church upon his time and means. He was first secretary, then superintendent, of the large Sunday-school, and besides held several church offices. He visited Geelong and other places to speak in favour of total abstinence, drunkenness being then the great vice of Australia. For fully two years he went on thus industriously, faithfully; laying, though without much apparent result, the solid foundations of future prosperity. He lost a little daughter of twenty-three months, to whom he was very tenderly attached. His grief at her departure seems to have been kept from becoming overwhelming only by the thought that "she was with the Redeemer; that He had opened the kingdom of heaven for her, and she was now singing the song of the redeemed."

An idea, which had for some time been presenting itself to his mind, he now resolved to carry out. He would see England, the old country; visit his maternal aunt, to whom he was much attached; and at the same time he would try to open up advantageous connections with some of the wholesale houses in England.

He remained six months in England, having accomplished the main objects of his visit. He returned to Melbourne with a selection of goods such as he felt sure would command the market. But it is very characteristic of him, both as respects sagacity and moral principle, that he took a situation for a year in order that he might start free of debt. What an amount of jealous self-respect and faithfulness this implied, especially in a young colony where rash adventure and speculation are sure very speedily to become the fashion! He had made up his mind that, if this effort did not succeed, he would retreat into a subordinate position, and content himself with that for life. Scarcely had he got a start made, when the cry of *gold* arose; the "yellow fever" spread quickly;

and Melbourne was almost deserted. But as Mr. Powell's purchases had been to a large extent in iron, he very soon found that his "diggings" lay at home. Picks and spades were the two things in demand; and he could supply them. It was a time of success, but it soon became to him a season of sorrow. Two sons had been born to him and had been buried within two years. A sister and a brother now died, leaving large families; and he assumed the charge of both of them. Then Mr. Powell himself was laid down with scarlet fever. No sooner was he recovered than he had to bury another child—his first-born son. But he bore up wonderfully. Into all his worldly affairs he carried a singular prudence. Knowing how precarious was the continuance of the *gold rush*, he made judicious investments, purchasing land, building stores in new neighbourhoods, and extending his business connections. "But his habits of systematic beneficence and spontaneous generosity were strengthened, not impaired, by the sudden influx of success."

Having secured a residence a few miles out of town, he threw himself all the more unre-servedly into "good works"—re-establishing schools and churches, and helping the needy. The Rev. Mr. Butters thus notes the principal movements in which Mr. Powell took a leading part at this critical period of the religious history of Victoria:—

"1. Our Sunday-schools, which he was very ready to help both by personal service and by his purse.

"2. Increased ministerial strength to overtake the rapidly growing wants of the community.

"3. The establishment of the Wesleyan Immigrants' Home.

"4. Additional church accommodation for the thousands who were constantly pouring into the colony.

"5. Ministerial and church provision for the gold fields, which threatened, unless immediate and effective measures were taken, to deluge the colony with vice and crime.

"6. The formation of the Australian Wesleyan Mission Churches into a distinct and independent communion, with a Conference of its own.

"7. The establishment of a book depôt in Melbourne.

"8. The erection and furnishing of Wesley College."

Of the Immigrants' Home and the Book Depôt, if he was not the founder, he was the chief promoter. He gave liberally to both. The cost of the building for the Home was £3,500; but this soon gave place to a more extensive institution, which arose out of the stimulus which the general public had received from the efforts and example of the Wesleyans. Mr. Powell was one of the most active administrators of this society. It would be

simply impossible to reckon up his aids to good objects. While he was making such magnificent gifts as £1,500 to Wesley College, £150 to the Book Depôt, and subscribing hundreds to church schemes, the "little cottage at South Yarra, with its verandah festooned with honeysuckle and jasmine, was unchanged, excepting that a few pictures beautified the walls, and rather better furniture filled the rooms. The habits of the household were not appreciably altered. . . . One instance of his generosity, which gives a glimpse of his nobility of character, must not be omitted. Learning that Mr. Hargreave, the discoverer of the Australian gold-fields, was very little advantaged by a scientific revelation which had enriched so many thousands, Mr. Powell sent to him anonymously, through the editor of the *Argus* newspaper, £250, as an acknowledgment of his own personal indebtedness and his sense of Mr. Hargreave's claim on the public gratitude." And this was only in accord with one of his rules. Unless where it seemed desirous to provoke others to good works, his left hand knew not what his right hand did.

In 1856, he undertook a second voyage to England on account of Mrs. Powell's health, which was declining. His notes on the life on ship-board are very graphic and incisive. He has a fine instinct for human character, and enjoys life with zest. In spite of his constitutional weakness he is no valetudinarian. There is nothing of the recluse about him. "Ship-life," he avers, "is an admirable discipline, if one has but the sense and the heart to profit by it." He visited America on this occasion, and saw much to excite thought, catching readily the good side of the people, as he always faithfully tried to do.

He returned to Australia; but, as he had formed a scheme of a more lengthened residence in England, it was only to arrange matters for his return, when he proposed to spend two or three years there. He was again on English soil in the end of 1860, and it was God's will that he should not see Australia more. He took a partner and settled as a London merchant, meaning, of course, to maintain his interest in the Melbourne business. As in Australia, so in England, he was ever active in good works. He joined societies; he gave readily of his means and of his time; and sought to be the friend of good men, and to increase the circle of his friends by making others like unto himself. He winds up a letter full of serious words and counsels to a young friend thus:—"Pray earnestly for direction as to what course to

take, the best course will soon appear. . . . Do not go among a small community. If you want to do business, get to one of the centres of population. Do not trouble about my account. Pay me only when you can afford it; and should you get into extremity use the enclosed £100 draft. Do without it if you can, as I have plenty to do." Walter Powell's character is more completely written there than it can possibly be else. Sensible, shrewd, broad-minded, generous; never acting without reference to religious principle. On money, for its own sake, he never set any store. When he came into possession of a considerable property through the death of a relative who died intestate, he had reasons for thinking that had there been a will, the property would have gone to more necessitous friends, and he devoted the whole to the maintenance and education of some young relatives. Yet he did his kindnesses with wisdom. He did not think it prudent to give money freely. He always had regard to the probable effect on the moral and spiritual nature of the recipients. In this spirit of integrity, religious devotion, and indefatigable industry, he spent these years in London; often wishing to return to Australia, yet constrained to remain. He had a hungry heart. His keen desire to see and to master many things linked him to London. It was the centre of the commercial world; and he felt he was in his right place in it. Even so early as 1861 he had written:—"I cannot help sighing for Australia." But in the end of 1863 his constitution, which had never fully recovered from the shock received from the accident in his youth, began to give ominous signs of breaking up.

He limited his interests. He refrained from extending his business, refusing orders to the extent of £30,000 a year. He visited Belgium and Germany, and tried to find relief in change of scene and change of project. In vain; he did not recover strength. He went over to Germany again, tried some of the spas, with no marked good results; went here and there in hope, but found no real strengthening. He lingered on till the beginning of 1868, having died on the 21st of January. His medical adviser, who was present at his death, said:—"I have attended men of rank and men of genius, men who have made a stir and noise in the world; but no man ever impressed me as that man. Occupied as I am, the remembrance of his holy expression of countenance and his beautiful character is continually before me."

Walter Powell takes rank with a noble class. He had much to struggle against and overcome; but he succeeded; and his character was very perfect. At basis of it lay a strong faith in the divine help and guidance, which gave harmony to his whole character. As his biographer well says:—"All Mr. Powell's business qualities grew out of this root—all radiated from this centre, regard to the will of God and the interests of the eternal future." So his spiritual life leavened his character, and through that flowed out on everything that he did. There was, in his case, no sharp-drawn line of separation between the business man and the Christian. In this consists the value of his example, as in it will lie the influence of his biography. His religion was genial, hopeful, great-hearted; and so was he in every sphere which he was called on to occupy. Such a man ennobles trade.

B. ORME.

RENOVATION.*

A Temple Sermon.

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

"IN the beginning God created"—thus opens the first half of the Holy Volume. "Behold, I make all things new"—thus ends the second.

Between the two utterances lie ages and dispensations, sins and provocations, providences and judgments, worlds of experience, of suffering, of patience, of discipline; Fall and Flood, Call and Exodus, Law and Prophets, Gospel and Sacraments, Faith and Antichrist, Love and Hate. At last the mystery of God is accomplished, and He that sitteth upon the throne saith—

* January 1, 1871.

"Behold, I make all things new."

We listen, not unmoved, on the first morning of a New Year, to a strain so opportune, so harmonious, so sympathetic. The thought of God making all things new is as a magnet to our best affections—and we would listen, with all our hearing, before we complete our devotion at the holy Table, to a few brief words, spoken in feebleness of flesh and spirit, upon a text not more mysterious in its sense, not more majestic in its surroundings, than it is pregnant with exhortation, and instinct with hope.

Observe, then, first of all, that the scene of

the utterance is laid beyond time. Already, when God shall say, "I make all things new," the life of this present is for ever ended. Resurrection, judgment itself, is come and gone. All the strange unearthly transactions which shall precede, accompany, follow the Advent, have had their course and their consummation. Satan has been loosed, seized, executed. The last giant rising, against God and his Christ, has been made and has been frustrated. Earth has gathered, at the summons of hell, against the camp of the saints, and the fatal fire of God has fallen, and has devoured. The devil that deceived is cast into the lake of fire, with the wild beast, which is the world-power, and with the false prophet, which is the world-wisdom; at last the throne is set, and the books are opened; the dead, small and great, have stood before God—death and hell, the sea itself, giving up each their own—and have been judged out of the things written, according to their works. The mighty drama of time has reached its catastrophe: that which follows, if there be yet a disclosure beyond, must belong to that dread undiscoverable, which, for lack of a more expressive name, we summarise into Eternity.

"I make all things new."

Two conflicting forces maintain the battle of politics: Church and State alike form their arena. The one of these we call the force of conservation, the other the force of innovation. All history is the record of their strife: each constitution is the result, the remainder, the deposit, of their conflict.

Nature herself is the subject of it. Order never stagnating into monotony—change never luxuriating into riot—these two influences, antagonistic, but (in God's hand) never hostile, lend to outward things all their life, all their variety, all their beauty; secure succession, promote progress, repair waste, guarantee stability; keep worlds in their place, and make philosophical problems not a guess but a calculation.

We doubt not that even the revolutions accompanying the end shall have in the mind of their Author a conservatism of their own. Scripture rightly interpreted nowhere foretells, as characteristic of the great consummation, a general wreck and wild havoc of the thing made. Even the expression, "A new heaven and a new earth," has an inspired commentator in St. Peter, when he speaks in his second Epistle of the Deluge as having brought in a like change, and of "the heavens and the earth which are now" as different from those of the world Antediluvian. It is

not of the material, but of the form—not of the body, but of the face, of creation—that the sure word of prophecy tells in such records. A mighty change shall pass over this sin-stained earth; the very sky which has looked down upon it shall need its laver of purification. St. Peter tells us that, as the element of water was once, so the element of fire shall then be, the instrument and implement of the cleansing: but there is no particular left unfulfilled if the process spoken of be less than one of destruction—if Earth shall still remain one of the planets of a solar system, or if He who "formed it to be inhabited" shall still people it with creatures of his hand and of his image.

Even the remarkable saying, "And there was no more sea," may be read, in such a connection, with some regard to the style and scenery of this Apocalypse. It may be rather the figure of union than the prediction of annihilation. This sea, which divides and insulates nations; this sea, which has witnessed, like earth, so many deeds of violence, and been the vehicle, yet more than earth, of an unrighteous traffic, and an inhuman, a murderous merchandise—"slaves and souls of men"—this sea, in this its emblematical character, shall be no longer; there shall then be peace on earth, unity and good-will amongst men. Ocean may still spread itself, still lift its waves and order its tides, for purposes of lawful commerce or sanitary blessing; but it shall be ocean no longer in its discords, its cruelties, or its isolations. As the first heaven and the first earth are passed away, so also, in that day of refreshing and of restitution, there shall be no more sea.

In all these matters we are incapable interpreters, because we are utterly lost and bewildered in our conception of what St. Paul has made the fundamental idea of all—that of "spiritual bodies." In his anxiety to caution us against carnal inferences from the great Christian revelation of a resurrection-life, he has introduced a combination, so strange, so mysterious, that it serves chiefly the negative purpose of excluding all dogmatism as to *that world*. What shall be the conditions, the circumstances, the necessities, and capacities, of beings thus perfected, thus glorified; how far space, how far time, shall limit or circumscribe them; what shall be the nature of their communication with each other, or with a universe without and beyond; whether in any sense with them, as with their Lord for forty days after His resurrection, there shall be the possibility of

sensible manifestation, of sight and touch and discourse, for purposes of ministry or of enjoyment: and, if so, whether this earth, purified from stain and evil memory, may be, in any manner, and in what manner, the scene (as some Scriptures seem to tell) of an abode occasional or in perpetuity; these are all questions of deep interest, but of small practical profiting, inasmuch as we know nothing of the terms involved or of the very existences spoken of.

This we know—that, when the word shall be finally spoken, “Behold, I make all things new,” it will have at least a twofold significance, “whereunto we do well if we give heed.”

(1) First, it will be the death-blow of evil.

Who says that suffering is no evil? Who professes to be so raised above humanity, that he can look down upon the things here enumerated as then to be abolished—tears, sorrow and crying, pain, death? Moloch is not our God, nor Stoicism our religion. Indifference to these things in another is inhumanity—in myself, mere ignorance, stupidity, or affectation. God calls them evils. Christ spent his life in ministering to them. I know they may be made educational, disciplinary, medicinal; they may be made to heal where they wound; but why? In large part because they are temporary; because they are connected with a state temporal and transitory; because they are mementos of a Fall from which there is also a Redemption; because they direct the soul’s eye upward and onward, because they exercise faith in One who has promised in the end to say, “Behold, I make all things new.”

Oh, it is no small part of the revelation of the great New Year’s Day, that, whatever be the woes and the miseries of this being, they shall cease then. Death, and all its shadows cast before and after—sickness and weakness, feebleness of hand and step; toil far beyond health, yet to be diminished only through want; old age, solitary and begrudged and despised; bereavement, stripping bare the home and separating chief friends; sorrow and crying, not to be comforted because the loved one is not—tell us not that it is a small thing to be assured from heaven that these tears shall be wiped from faithful eyes, because God has promised one day to make all things new!

These things are evils. The Gospel, which is all wholesome and true, calls them so—and, while making them endurable here, promises their obliteration hereafter. But why are they? Whence come they in the

present? How are they accounted for as having place or room in God’s world? And what must go when they go?

The question answers itself in the asking. The great New Year’s Day will be a renovation of all things—of pain and tears and death—because it will be the execution-day of Sin.

And we dare not hide, we dare not palliate, the solemn, we will say the formidable, fact, that St. John, taught of God, speaks here of the execution-day not of abstract qualities—as some men love to paint some future washing out and cancelling of faults and sins, which shall leave the man, the person, not damaged but perfected—the execution-day which St. John speaks of is an execution-day (the word must be spoken) not of sins, but of sinners. You can read the condemned list for yourselves,—it is written out here on the same page which tells of the new heaven and earth and the “no more sea”—and you must enquire, as you read, whether, seeing that persons are named, any one of them may be you. Faithfulness demands the warning: honesty aided by prayer shall apply it.

There is a point—so we read the dread parable—beyond which the sin and the sinner become, so to say, one and indivisible. The man who might once have conquered has been what St. John here calls “fearful,” that is, a coward. He has not dared to face the devil in his own sin. He has yielded day after day; and when the sin, as its manner is, has changed its front or its name, it has not changed its kind nor its nature; so that the old war has been still waging, the war which forfeited Paradise and has filled hell, and this man has been a renegade and a deserter in heart all his days, so that now, when *sin* is looked for, *he* is found. “This is the second death.” This final extirpation of the “sin unto death” is the condition of God making all things new. The day of grace has its end. If we would keep the Bible open, we must hear and fear.

(2) The other feature of the renovation is, the re-instatement, the re-installation of God.

Mark how St. John repeats and reiterates this particular.

“Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men.” “He will dwell with them.” “God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.” It is “God” who shall himself “wipe away all tears.” Presently the Evangelist, to whose young eyes the temple had been everything, in whose earlier *Christian* thoughts a temple had been a necessity, is struck with this feature of the fair city out-

spread before him in vision—"I saw no temple therein:" why? "for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof." And what next? The city has no sun, no moon, and no need of either: why? "for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

There are souls in this congregation capable of the revelation. What is the want, the dearth, the famine, which wrings from you your bitterest, your most disconsolate cry? Is it not the absence, the distance, of God? Is it not the daily hungering and thirsting after a Presence? "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory." "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Life, the real life, is lived, as to conscious strength, conscious companionship, in a separate chamber, under a separate roof from God. Prayer itself rather cries out after Him from a desert than whispers to Him as beside you. The worship of this holy day, of this solemn Church, is offered more as a tribute of duty, as a condition of discipleship, as a peradventure of edification, than as in the very shrine and sanctuary of the true Tabernacle, Christ the High Priest officiating full in view as your Lord, and Life, and Propitiation.

To you therefore, seeking, waiting, watching souls—not yet satisfied, not yet enjoying conscious ingress and egress where God Himself is, not yet refreshed and gladdened day by day with the very hearing of His voice and sight of His countenance—how blessed, how delightful the inspired message, that on the great New Year's Day you shall once and for ever see God! You shall no more hunger nor thirst, no more sigh and cry, no more find prayer a difficulty, holy place and sacred form a hindrance more than a help to spiritual communion—"thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty"—thy prayer and thy praises shall be offered for ever in the very shrine and sanctuary which is God Himself! "The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof."

"Behold, I make all things new."

Is there any sense in which we may hear these words as addressed not to the Church only of the great day, quickened from death and acquitted in the judgment—but to us, even us ourselves, present here in the body on the first day of a still undeveloped, still occult and mysterious, human earthly year?

I think, I believe, I know, that there is. God give us grace aright to read it.

I will not speak of nations. I will not presume upon prophetic ground, and hear

positively in the text—though we would fain all do so—the comforting promise that this opening year shall not have run half its round ere the God of battles shall say decisively to warning peoples—

"Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace." God grant it. The prayer is righteous, if the prophecy were presumptuous. May He say, in this sense, "I will make all things new!"

But there are matters—it is true—more urgent yet than wars and rumours of wars. These last may be compensated by, do not directly enter into, the issues of the great Day. Does God say to men, individual men, here present, to-day—

"Behold, I make all things new?"

I know that there must be many here present dissatisfied with the thing that is. Whatever they may be in politics—national, ecclesiastical, social, educational—I know that for themselves—in heart and soul—they are Revolutionists. Oh, this past—out of which is compounded this present—this guilty, this comfortless, this wasted, lost, yet still living, past! Oh, this year that is gone! How disappointing, how daunting, how depressing, how deadening, in things of the soul! How it hangs about me! I am in a prison, I am in a vault, I am in a charnel-house! Oh for one breath of God's air to disperse and dissipate these noxious vapours, these choking damps! Where have I been? Where am I? My sins have taken such hold upon me, that I can neither move nor breathe! Shall I begin and continue and end another year thus? And yet what is there in a New Year's first Day, what is there in the festival of Christ's Circumcision, different at all from other days? These marks of time are all conventional, all factitious, all fantastic. Tomorrow will be as this day—yesterday was as this day—let me eat and drink, let me work, suffer, trifle on, as I may—to-morrow we die, and there is one end, after all, to righteous and wicked!

Brother, is there not a voice in thine ear, saying,

"Behold, I make all things new?"

Yes, I have heard that voice often. Once I heeded it, but nothing came of it.

What! can God make new again the jaded spirit, the disconsolate life, the disappointed affections, the sin-blurred conscience? Can God give me back the years that the locust hath eaten? Can He make the seed grow again which I sowed in my youth—the seed of good resolution, honest prayer, pure desire, holy aspiration? Can He restore to me the

wasted strength, the spent toil, the ill-directed soul's love?

Even this—He can!

Thy day is far spent, yet He has not suffered thy sun to go down at noonday; He has kept thee alive until now, on purpose—yes, we repeat, we emphasize, the words—on purpose that He may make thine “all things new.” He will blot out as a cloud thy transgressions, as a thick cloud thy sins; He will wash thee, and thou shalt be whiter than this snow; He will put within thee new desires, and also help thee to bring them to good effect. These things He will do for thee—and is not this making “all things new?”

Only forsake Him not. Return to Him in sorrow, in sadness, in self-misgiving. Bring not to Him a part of thyself—bring thine all. Worthless, wasted, parched, dead—come as

thou art. If thou hast never knelt at those rails, kneel now. It will do thee good. It will say to thee—thine own act will say to thee—I want a Sacrifice, I want a Saviour, I want a life and a strength not mine. Find it, find each, find all, in Jesus Christ! He instituted that Supper on purpose—we will emphasize the word again—on purpose that it might be a perpetual, a world-wide Sermon, not preached by man's voice, but preached to man's eye, of the sinner's need and the sinner's hope. He, Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, Son of the Father, Himself very God, will say to thee there—to thee—there—

Thy wasted life, thy squandered powers, thy disconsolate soul, thy cowardly courage, thy lost hope, thy forfeited heaven—“Behold, I make ALL things new!”

C. J. VAUGHAN.

CONVERSATIONS WITH DR. DÖLLINGER AND OTHER MUNICH PROFESSORS.

I TOOK the old-fashioned road to Germany, if a river can be called a road, and went up the Rhine to Wiesbaden. A desire to avoid travelling on Sunday caused me to stop one Saturday evening at a quiet country town called Gunzenhausen, about midway between Würzburg and Munich. At half-past eight next morning the church bells were ringing, and the inhabitants of Gunzenhausen were hastening to their morning service. I followed their example, and found the great old church in every corner full. The people sang lustily, as only Germans can sing. In the centre of the church, over an altar, was a huge crucifix. On the walls were the two familiar portraits of Luther and Melancthon, and beneath Melancthon's portrait, in an opening in the wall, the statue of an old crusader. Two clergymen in black gowns read prayers, mostly with their backs to the people, and crossed themselves as frequently as if they had been Roman Catholic priests. The service was unmistakably Protestant, and yet it cut with sharp angles into all the peculiarities of English Protestantism. The prayers were read, yet the people had no prayer-books. The service therefore was not common prayer as in the Church of England, while the interest of extemporaneous or unread prayer was wanting. The sermon was followed by the communion. The question of the “north side” does not seem ever to have disturbed the German Protestant. The

minister consecrated standing before the high altar, with his back to the people; the crossings were frequent, but he never knelt. The people came up in threes, made a bow to the minister, knelt on the north side and received the bread. They then walked behind the altar to the south side, bowed to the other minister, and kneeling, received the wine. There were no rails in front. After the service I went over the church. The sacristan told me that the great crucifix had been allowed to stand at the Reformation, and had not since been removed. The altar was stone, the same high altar which had been in the church time out of mind. The wine used was the ordinary white wine of the district. This I thought must be a Protestant innovation, but I was wrong. The same white wine, a Catholic priest told me, only mixed with a few drops of water, was used in the Catholic churches.

On reaching Munich I ascertained that the Professors whom I wished to visit were all out of town. Frohschammer, whom I knew best, was spending his college vacation at Kreuth “Bad,” in the Bavarian Highlands. He is not immediately connected with the present Catholic movement in Bavaria. He was excommunicated seven years ago for maintaining the independence of science and the right of free inquiry, as opposed to Church authority. He represents a tendency which has always distinguished



DR. VON DÖLLINGER.

German Catholics from other Catholics—the tendency or disposition to find the grounds of Christianity, and even of Catholicism, in reason itself. The Catholic intellect of Germany has really been created by the Protestantism of Germany, and it has clung to Catholicism on supposed grounds of reason. But with these reasoning Catholics the authorities of Rome have ever been in conflict. The Church is founded on obedience to authority, or what is called faith, in opposition to reason. That reason should ever lead to Catholic doctrines is a thesis which no Protestant could possibly maintain. And in this judgment those who rule the Church of Rome entirely agree with Protestants. Frohschammer was logical, and his logic led him to positions which the Church of Rome does not allow any priest to maintain. The open advocacy of the freedom of science by German priests and professors was one of the causes which led to the Vatican Council, which has determined with indisputable clearness that divine knowledge is not revealed through the intellect of man, but that it comes infallibly from the mouth of the Bishop of Rome.

Frohschammer is really at the head of a great but unorganised movement, which is anterior to Döllinger's, and to which at one time Döllinger was greatly opposed. He is at present in feeble health, and has almost lost his eyesight through close study. He has had to fight single-handed against a powerful hierarchy, and seems to bear the marks of one who has had a severe conflict. Before his excommunication he was preacher to the university and a popular professor, but after the frown of the Church fell upon him all candidates for the priesthood were forbidden to attend his lectures. In England persecution generally creates sympathy, but that stage of civilisation has not yet been reached in Catholic Bavaria. The professorship which Frohschammer holds is that of philosophy, and his theology is that which in England would be called the theology of a very advanced liberal. He maintains that the Church of Rome has erred in its verdicts on mere matters of science, and has therefore disproved its claims to infallibility. He believes, also, that the leading dogmas of the Church of Rome, as well as many doctrines held by Protestants, are untenable in the face of modern science. In the *Contemporary Review* for August, the same month in which I was in Bavaria, there was an article by Father Dalgairns, written from the side of English Ultramontanism, in which his theo-

logy was compared to that of Professor Maurice. Frohschammer described the article as mere rhetoric, intimating that the English priest had yet to study the subject.

I spent a week at the Bad, and had many conversations with all kinds of people on the events which are now agitating Catholic Bavaria. Among the visitors were Prussian ministers of state, professors from various universities, officers of the army, Protestant ministers, and Catholic priests. Our favourite place of meeting was the Rauch-Saal. The hilarity was sometimes redundant, as German mirth often is, but not always disagreeable after quiet wanderings over the tops of mountains and up sequestered valleys.

I embraced every opportunity of making acquaintance with the priests. They are generally men of simple manners, within certain limits intelligent, and always willing to converse on subjects relating to the Church. They have nothing of that reserve or distrust of Protestants which priests in England seem to have. It was gratifying altogether to see the cordiality with which all parties conversed, the freedom with which they expressed their opinions, and the entire absence of everything like passion or bad feeling. On making a new acquaintance among the priests I generally asked if he was an old Catholic or a new Catholic. The answer invariably was an old Catholic. "You are then," I would say, "a follower of Döllinger." "No, no," was sure to follow. "Döllinger is not Catholic. He is a heretic, condemned and excommunicated by the Church."

The "Beneficiat" of Kreuth, like most of the young priests in Bavaria, was a thorough Ultramontane. He always sat next to me in the Rauch-Saal, to make sure, as he said, that I got correct information concerning the Catholic Church. He was a very intelligent man, with an open generous face, and a high sense of his duty as a Catholic priest. He had been a pupil of Döllinger's, but could only lament the "sad" aberration of his master. I could not despise the sincerity, nor in every case the logic of those who took the Ultramontane side. From the stand-point of what I always understood to be Catholicism they seemed to be right. The Catholic Church, they said, is committed to the new dogma, and before all things it is necessary to abide by the Catholic Church. I could not help admitting that if I were a Catholic I would go in for the new dogma, and for every new dogma which the Church decreed. Of Döllinger's movement the priests spoke as of the movement of any other heretic.

It disturbed men's minds for a time, but the Catholic Church could afford to wait. It outlives all heresies and all heretics. The new dogma, one priest said to me, is strange at first, but it is not strange when it is explained. The Catholic mind, he added, must accept it as soon as it regains its Catholic balance. From this he concluded that Döllinger's movement, as regards Catholics, was virtually at an end. The blind believing tendency of the Catholic mind was to me only too obvious. The priests themselves seemed to be all of the character of simple believers. All parties testified that their lives were irreproachable, and in the main their influence good; but their believing was of that kind which has no foundation. A liberal priest, who had ceased to believe in the Pope, said to me that he regarded the faith of the multitude of the priests as unbelief, for they take it as a matter of course, and think nothing at all about it.

* Next day I was back in Munich, and on Tuesday morning I had some conversation with Professor Friedrich, who gave me all the information I desired concerning his part in the "old Catholic" movement. Friedrich is a young man, with a remarkably bright and intelligent face. In my judgment the future of the movement rests in a great measure with him. He has less of Döllinger's cautious diplomacy, but more of the eagerness and decision which are necessary to make a successful reformer. When the Archbishop of Munich pronounced the excommunications, Friedrich's counsel was to disregard them, and continue their clerical duties as before. Part of them, I believe, he has continued. It was reported while I was in Bavaria that he had performed the marriage service under the protection of the chief magistrate, who had caused the door of the church to be forced open, the archbishop having taken possession of the keys.

My interview with Professor Friedrich was short. I rose in haste, saying that I must go to Tutzing to find Dr. Döllinger. "He is here," said the Professor; "he returned yesterday." I was glad to hear these words, and glad that I had not already started for Tutzing. Dr. Döllinger, whose reputation at the present moment is not merely European, but as extensive as Christendom, does not live in a palace; he has no fine deanery or rectory house; he has not even a lodge, like our "heads of houses" in Oxford and Cambridge. He lives up a stair, in what is called in Scotland a "flat." I am not sure that he occupies the whole flat, I rather think that he

does not. Professor Friedrich lives above him in the third story. In a few minutes after leaving Professor Friedrich I was in the presence of Dr. Döllinger. I happened to have in my hand a copy of the August number of the *Contemporary Review*, of which I requested his acceptance. He took it gladly, expressing his thanks, and saying that he was glad to see it. "I have heard," he continued, "that it contains an article, by Father Dalgairns, on Papal Infallibility, and abusing us poor Germans." He had evidently heard of the article from some one who had not read it. I said that the article had no immediate reference to him; it was rather intended for Professor Frohschammer and the liberal theologians. There was of course the further inference that the free exercise of reason which Frohschammer demanded for science Döllinger demanded for history, and so they were both in the same category as rebels against the authority of the Church. I merely intimated this inference without putting it so as to evoke an answer. Döllinger asked if I was a *collaborateur* on the *Review*, which I answered in the affirmative. He then inquired for the Dean of Westminster, calling him with apparent pride his friend, and saying that he understood he also wrote for the *Contemporary Review*. He then spoke of the late Dean Alford, and, noticing an article by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, he spoke of Dr. Ellicott's works as if he were familiar with them.

I told him that in England we were in great darkness as to his position, that all sects and parties took an immense interest in the movement with which he was connected, but that we could not get any authoritative or reliable account of what he intended to do. He answered, that the position he had taken up was a very difficult one. The Catholic mind was trained to cling to the Church, and to sacrifice all for unity. He would not form a sect, he would not leave the Church, but the protest which had been made would stand in history as a witness that the new dogma was not the doctrine of the Catholic Church. "But how," I said, "can you defend the œcumenicity of Trent and deny that of the Vatican?" The answer was, that all the bishops did not vote for the dogma of infallibility. "But," I said, "they have since all, or almost all, submitted. The voice of the Episcopate is the voice of the Church on the 'Old Catholic' theory of the Church, and now that the bishops of the opposition have submitted, the 'infallible Church' has declared

for the infallibility of the Pope." I said that Dr. Dorner, of Berlin, had recently written an article for the *Contemporary Review*, in which he demonstrates that on the very principles of Gallicanism the new dogma must be received. The Church itself has voted for it. Döllinger said that he had not seen Dorner's article, but that he knew the Protestants did not wish him success. The bishops who had submitted were not to be reckoned. They submitted as Catholics for the sake of peace and unity, but they have not declared for papal infallibility.

I was certainly not prepared for this argument; but as my object was to learn, I listened. I however intimated that Protestants did wish him success, but they could not see that he had sufficient ground on which to stand. If the dogma was a false dogma, and yet was received to the extent it is by the Catholic hierarchy, then most assuredly the gates of hell have prevailed against the Catholic Church. The opposition to the dogma which at one time seemed to be formidable is now almost nothing. I expressed a wish to see the "Old Catholics" more decided in their opposition to the Church of Rome. It was now in the hands of the Ultramontanes; in fact, had become Ultramontane. It was no longer the Catholic Church which "Old Catholics" had supposed it to be. I expressed doubts if by adhering to the Church they were not supporting that very Ultramontanism which they meant to oppose. Dr. Döllinger answered that the human mind craved rest in religion. It must lean upon something objective. Protestantism was too subjective. The mind of the worshipper was always liable to be disturbed by the individuality of the minister. This want in Protestantism, he said, had given rise to the powerful party in the Church of England, at the head of which was Dr. Pusey. I admitted that in religion the multitude are more often governed by feeling than by reason. From this I argued that they are thus very liable to become an easy prey to the Ultramontane powers. These powers will train the priests even more than they do now to absolute obedience, and segregate them more than ever from the influences of secular life and secular learning. Without a decided opposition to the Church of Rome the breach between reason and religion, already far too wide, will widen every day. The party of whom he spoke in the Church of England did not probably themselves see it, but they were among the best supporters of Ultramontanism. Dr. Döl-

linger admitted the truth of a great deal that I said; but from his own stand-point he made a long and clear answer. He contended that the opposition to Ultramontanism would be more effective by their continuing in the Church. He said that in Germany the consequences which I anticipated were impossible. The education of the people is in the hands of the State, so that Ultramontanism can never have even that power which it has among the Catholics in England. He spoke of the indifference of the educated laity as one of the greatest hindrances in his way. Those who could not reason regarded him as a destroyer of the Church, and those who could reason did nothing. He was not disposed to measure the success of his cause by the number of priests either for it or against it. He illustrated this by the case of the English priests at the time of the Reformation. They were Protestants under Edward, Catholics under Mary, and again Protestants under Elizabeth. When the tide set in with the laity, the priests would go with the stream.

I drew arguments from the very facts which Döllinger had mentioned. The influence of the schoolmaster is only negative. It creates that very indifference which looks on and does nothing. The only effectual opposition to the Church of Rome must be a religious opposition. The religious element in man must be satisfied with a rational religion, otherwise it will feed on superstition.

These views I expressed freely, but with the consciousness that I was in the presence of a man who had weighed well the words which he uttered. He was fighting with his own sword, clad in his own armour, and with the discretion and caution for which he is renowned, in agreement with his own motto—"Nil temere, nil timide, sed omnia concilio et virtute." Yet to a Protestant, Dr. Döllinger can only appear as one whose eyes are but half opened, and who as yet can only see men as trees walking. The multitude of his supporters, I was told, are even now beyond him. The rational Catholics who agree with Frohschammer hail him only in expectation that he will and must take up a more decided position. The policy of staying in has been tried by all reformers, but unexpected circumstances have determined their action. Luther wished to remain in the Catholic Church. His demand was a free general council which would represent the Church. The same demand is made by the "Old Catholics," but where is the council to come from if the bishops go with the Pope? Our own Re-

formers wished to remain in the Catholic Church. Even under Elizabeth they complained that they had been excluded from the Council of Trent; but Rome was resolute, and their only choice was separation or annihilation. Fénelon, Quesnel, and in later times La Mennais, remained in the Church, but only to give the Church more power of boasting how thoroughly their heresies had been crushed, and, I may add, the men too, especially when I think of the sad end of the great La Mennais.

My interview with Dr. Döllinger had a sudden, almost a ludicrous, ending. I had just begun to think about leaving, when the door-bell rang, and the servant brought in a card. The old professor adjusted his spectacles, but failed to be able to read the name. "Some of your countrymen," he said; and handing me the card asked if I could read the name. But even at the request of Dr. Döllinger I could not utter it. It was the name of an English Ritualist who has made himself vile by reviling the Reformers. There are many strange delusions in this world, but surely one of the oddest is the supposition that there is really anything in common between the English Ritualists and the excommunicated professors of Munich. They are like men who have met each other on a highway. For a moment they are on the same spot, but their faces are in opposite directions. The Ritualist is the Ultramontane of the Church of England. His spirit is that of the Ultramontane. He has turned his back on light and reason, and is gone in search of darkness and authority. He is opposed to the very influences which have put the Munich professors where they are.

After leaving Dr. Döllinger I visited the churches and public places of Munich. There were not many people in the churches, and to me the worship was not edifying. The priest in every church was going through that strange performance which is called the mass,

"And muckle Latin he did mumble,
But I heard nought but hummel bummel."

The wonder in my mind was not that Frohschammer, Döllinger, and Friedrich had opposed the dogma of papal infallibility, but that they had ever encouraged such superstition as I saw in the Munich churches. In some of them the "idols" are more grotesque and more hideous than those which the missionaries bring from China and Hindostan.

In the "Theatiner Kirche" there were several women bowing and crossing themselves like lunatics before a mulatto image of the Virgin Mary, which had a round laughing face like the full moon. Did Dr. Döllinger, I asked myself, ever witness the like of this without a fiercer indignation than he has manifested against the new dogma of infallibility? Did Professor Frohschammer, with his clear reasoning intellect, ever go to and fro before an altar making odd mutterings, as if he had converted bread and wine into the Deity? Is the new dogma more irrational than transubstantiation? Is it more irrational than the dogma of the immaculate conception? It is to me inexplicable that any Catholic can receive the decrees of Trent and stumble at those of the Vatican. But surely now the consummation has been reached. I rejoiced that the new dogma had been proclaimed, for by it the whole Church system is stultified, and every pretence to Catholicism in any intelligible sense logically annihilated.

Dr. Döllinger told me of a great congress that was soon to be held in Munich, when the movement would take a more definite form. That congress has since been held, and its proceedings published, but they do not yet point to any definite course of action. The "Old Catholics" still dream of reforming the Church of Rome, of making it the true home of pure and undefiled religion, and of adapting it to the necessities of this age of the world. To make the great communion which goes by the name of the Roman Catholic Church the teacher of a rational theology, and the champion of "science, freedom, and the truth in Christ," is indeed a glorious dream. There is not a Protestant living, worthy of the name, who does not in this wish them the utmost success. But we separated from the Church of Rome at the Reformation, and we remain separate from it still, just because we believe that the whole tendency, character, constitution, and all which really makes the Church of Rome what it is, as distinct from other Churches, is totally opposed to all which the "Old Catholics" wish it to be. The stand-point of the Reformation was a true one, and multitudes of Catholics who opposed the Reformation would have been on its side had the real character of the Church of Rome been as definite as it is to-day.

JOHN HUNT.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL, THE MIRACLE-WORKER OF ZURICH.

IN GOOD WORDS for March, 1868, there appeared a short notice of the "Peculiar People of Switzerland," who hold with singular simplicity to a form of religion which is decidedly peculiar and different from conventional views and practice.

Since then more particulars concerning Dorothea Trudel, and her celebrated establishment at Männedorf, have been obtained, and we have little doubt that many of our readers will be interested by making a closer acquaintance with her life and views.

She was brought up in great poverty by an excellent and self-denying mother. Her mysticism was no offspring of idle moments, no emanation of an over-excited brain and an over-wrought nervous system. Her patience was the result of a long struggle with hardship, her faith had been tried in the rough school of every-day life.

From earliest youth Dorothea had two striking examples before her eyes in the widely differing characters of her parents. The weak, selfish father, living for himself, wasting the family substance, and bringing misery on all around, and the patient, gentle, cheerful mother, whose industry kept a home for her children, whose courage never flagged, whose spirit never quailed under injustice, and who seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of things she had never learned.

Self-dependent would be the ordinary term given to a character so strong as was that of Madame Trudel; but she deemed it far otherwise, and in her homely language thanked God for having led her to lean only on Him, by depriving her of all earthly advice or aid.

Accustomed to hard work from early childhood, Dorothea had but little education: her only book was the Bible, her views concerning it were founded on her mother's practice.

Were any of the children ill, Madame Trudel called no doctor, she only prayed for the child. On one occasion one of the children was seized with epileptic fits—he lay on the ground and foamed at the mouth.

"I know this terrible malady, my children. Jesus, who cured the lunatic, can cure this dear one." She knelt and prayed, and the attack passed off.

When the father came home, he laughed at the whole affair, and called his wife and children fools and idiots; but a few days later the same symptoms reappeared, and he was as frightened as his wife was calm. Again

the mother knelt and prayed that this attack might be the last one; and so it was, the child was cured.

This simple faith seemed to many ridiculous, and Madame Trudel had to endure not only the hard contempt of her husband, but the well-meant remonstrances of those who believed themselves to be better acquainted with truth and religion. On one occasion, when the family were in the greatest distress and poverty, a clergyman spoke to the eldest daughter, and reproached her with suffering matters to go on in such a way. "You should," said he, "bring a complaint against your father before the tribunal."

"Mother never complains," said the girl, "so we have no right to do so. She says nothing happens in this world except by God's permission, and that we are only to look upon our sorrows as God's will, of which father is but the instrument. Should it be his will to deprive us of an earthly home, He can provide shelter for us elsewhere. Mother often says, 'As long as you pray you will have no need to beg.'"

"I do not agree with you at all," said the pastor. "God permitted Napoleon to do many unjust things. What does your mother hope for?"

"She trusts in God alone. My mother never says in what manner she will be helped, only that she knows at the right time she will be helped."

"But, my child, one must make use of one's reason."

"There is nothing like that in the Bible. It is only written, 'He that believeth shall not be confounded.'"

When this was repeated to Madame Trudel she said, "Oh, my children, follow my example, trust in no creature, only in God. How stupid are they who seek counsel from men, and put not their trust in God only! You will find that those who can look beyond present oppressive circumstances, believing firmly that help will be given them, will receive help."

Soon after this M. Trudel departed for a time into another country, leaving his wife to work for and train her eleven children according to her own views.

When he returned home Dorothea was grown into a pretty active maiden, and had already become a first-rate silk weaver, which proved of great assistance to the family purse.

She was of a cheerful disposition, and fond of dancing with a girl of her own age who lived in the house. The girl, to whom she was much attached, died suddenly, and the impression made on Dorothea by her death was as strong as that made on Luther when his friend was struck by lightning at his side.

She could no longer endure the foolish compliments of the lads, whom her father encouraged to come to the house, and trying to escape a boorish caress from a rustic admirer, she sprained her back severely.

Soon after she became so ill that her father called in a doctor, who assured him that she would die of decline. Dorothea begged her parents to consult him no more—"Let me die without a doctor in attendance, especially as I long to go home." But so it was not to be. After an illness of fifteen years Dorothea recovered strength, but youth and beauty were fled for ever, and the light, active form was bent and distorted. In spite of the impossibility of stooping, Dorothea toiled on at her silk weaving, peaceful in herself and a cause of peace amongst others.

Most unexpectedly the great difficulties as to material means were brought to a close in 1840. Dr. Trudel, who had passed his life in Holland, determined, in his declining years, to seek out his sister and adopt her children. He was well off, and could offer them a home.

Soon after this the good mother died, rich in the devoted love of the children she had so faithfully trained. The ten following years Dorothea lived with her aged uncle, and at his death went to her nephew, who had a large business, employing many people.

While there, some of the work-people fell ill; in vain did the doctor prescribe remedy after remedy, they seemed to be in a dying state. Dorothea reflected deeply on the apostolic injunction, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." Kneeling in fervent prayer, she implored that she should be permitted to lay hands on the sick. She went, prayed, and laid her hand on them. They recovered.

Her own words best convey her state of mind:—

"From that moment the sin of disobedience to God's word became clear to me, and a new and real life of simple faith in the teaching of the Gospel animated my being. I then recognised that illness and pain do not unite us to the Saviour, even when we endure them patiently; it is only the outpouring of his love in the heart which does so. Until then I had believed myself converted" [at that moment

Dorothea was an active member of the Moravian Church], "but the Lord opened my eyes and showed me that the grief which oppressed me when I had annoyances and trials, was but the workings of an evil nature, and that when I had love to Him sufficient to endure all injustice without irritation, then my grief would cease. And so it was."

In 1852 she joined her brothers and sister, who lived at Männedorf, in the house left by the uncle. Having taken a vow to devote her life to the benefit of her neighbours, she visited all who were afflicted in mind or body, and laid hands on them with fervent prayer. Amongst her first patients was the widow of a pastor, whom grief had deprived of reason. After trying several asylums, at all of which the poor woman's malady increased, the relations besought Dorothea to undertake the case. In a short time the poor sufferer was restored to her family, perfectly well, and has remained so ever since.

Soon after Dorothea was urged to open a house for the sick and insane. After much hesitation she did so, and it was rapidly filled.

Her system was but prayer, and anointing with oil, according to Scripture precept. She believed that all illness was a trial caused by the Evil One, a trial which must be resisted spiritually. With this view, she explained to her patients the truth as it appeared to her to be laid down in the Gospel—that the object of our Lord's dealings with all his people is to restore them to his image, and give them strength to walk in a new life. She analysed the characters of her patients with a startling exactness, and exposed to their view the mental evil which they had individually to struggle with.

Some who came to her, struck to the heart by her exhortations, confessed their faults, repented, and, to their joy, felt their sufferings lessen, and finally abate entirely. It would be tedious to enter into the minutiae of the cases; some recovered from consumption, cancer, tumours, and many from madness.

With all, she was firm, and yet loving and tender. The days passed in frequent prayer-meetings. Three and four times a day Dorothea prayed with her patients; the rest of her time she devoted to the care of their bodies. The insane were objects of her special interest. She never yielded to their caprices, and strove to engage them to surrender their own wills, and, by complete resignation, seek for a cure from God.

A pastor came one day to her and asked, "How is it that all these miracles take place here? What power have you?"

"I have no power," Dorothea replied;

"these cures take place solely by faith in the influence of the blood of Christ."

"I do not believe in the blood of Christ," said the pastor.

Dorothea replied, "It is too little to say I believe in the blood of Christ. No, his blood is the element of life to me; it is because Christ gave his life for my sins that I live, and that these things are accomplished."

In 1856 Dorothea received an order from the tribunal of the district to send away her patients, as she was breaking the law by practising medicine without legal authorisation. Though, in consequence of this, the inmates of Dorothea's Home were dispersed, the house rapidly filled with blind, deaf, and paralytic persons, all seeking for aid and help.

So rapidly did the numbers increase, that Dorothea was forced to open a second house to receive those who came. This did not fail to attract attention, and create much opposition. Many said that Dorothea's influence was but a form of magnetism; others derided and scoffed at her; others, again, were bitterly jealous. Amongst these was the doctor of Männedorf, who appealed to the inspector of health as to whether such an establishment should be tolerated in the Canton of Zurich. In consequence, Dorothea was fined a hundred and fifty francs, and again ordered to clear her houses.

Unable to submit to such a decision, she appealed to the Supreme Tribunal of Zurich. It seemed likely that her appeal would be rejected. Her friends were anxious and dispirited; but Dorothea retired to pray. This was her prayer:—"See, Lord, the Council of Health orders me to send away my sick ones; but I know that I must only obey Thee: show me in Thy Word what is Thy will." She then opened her Bible, and took as an answer the words contained in Daniel vi. 26, 27. From that moment she awaited the issue of the trial with calm courage.

At last M. Spondlin, the advocate who had undertaken the case, was successful, and Dorothea was acquitted unanimously. The formal decree of the Supreme Tribunal, after reciting the facts of the case, held that Mdlle. Trudel had not infringed the Medical Law which forbids the practice of medicine without a legal authorisation, inasmuch as she had not administered any internal or external remedy, all her practices having merely a symbolical meaning. The conclusion was:—

1st. That Mademoiselle Trudel is acquitted. 2nd. That the expenses of the first and second trials be borne by the State. 3rdly. That the present decree be communicated to the Tribunal of the District of Meilen."

Dorothea heard this decision with joy, and continued with fresh energy to devote herself to her patients. Her efforts were unremitting to preserve in the house an atmosphere of prayerful peace. Three times a day did the household unite for instruction and prayer, and Mademoiselle Trudel was ceaseless in her devotion to the individual griefs and hidden sorrows of those who came to her. She believed intensely that the spirit is superior to the body, and can, by union with a heavenly spirit, quell not only all the evil desires of the heart, and the temptations of the devil, but also drive out of the body the sicknesses and diseases which she believed were engendered by want of faith.

Some came to her, hoping that by a subtle mesmeric influence she would banish their bodily sufferings: her honestly outspoken views soon convinced such seekers that Dorothea's system was not one which would suit either their views or inclinations. Until three weeks before her death she worked unremittingly, never sparing herself in any way, living a simple life of devotion to duty and self-sacrifice. Her views will be best seen by a few extracts from her letters and discourses:—

"It seems to me that the greatest happiness is to be delivered from self, to serve the Lord in his vineyard, to be like Paul, all things to all men. I desire with all my heart that we may all annihilate our self-love. Let the love of Christ and the kingdom be the spring of our lives."

"The regenerated Christian should have no passions, especially neither envy nor anger, for they nailed the Christ on the Cross."

"With a new heart, all self-interest is gone; we do no longer ask, are we kindly treated? are we hardly used? are we neglected? All that belongs to the old nature."

"God will certainly not inhabit a menagerie. As long as we obey our own desires He will not abide with us, but a heart transformed by grace is as a bed of flowers."

"Repeating our Lord's words merely is no imitation of his life."

"There are sentimental Christians, fair-weather Christians, imaginative Christians, talkative Christians, fashionable Christians, automaton Christians, and half Christians. Strive to be faithful, biblical, apostolic, authentic, sincere Christians."

"Whence comes the mortal languor which oppresses Christianity? There are assemblies, not of saints, but of people talking on religious subjects, people who bring themselves to the meeting who cannot give up self."

"He who has a spirit of contradiction has not the Spirit of God."

"The piety which hates not the sin, but the sinner, is a comedy for the devil."

"Is it surprising that we do not find peace when we will not learn to conquer ourselves?"

"Some people are charmed when they are called cunning, but the serpent was very adroit."

"The art of educating children is to pray again and again for them."

"If the Bible taught the glory esteemed by the world, you would all know it by heart."

"Before the Lord can make use of us we must be empty of self."

"I know households of Christians, where peace is only kept by the precaution of never speaking with sincerity one to the other. When the nerves are in a shattered state, every one around is guilty of cruelty. The guilty party is the old nature."

"Nothing is more odious than a woman who rules her husband. If a woman is cleverer than her husband, her duty is to let no one perceive it."

The tone of Dorothea's writing recalls that of Thomas à Kempis, resignation and self-sacrifice are the key-notes. She studiously taught all who came to her that she could do nothing; that no power was hers, that she could only direct them to Him who was truth and life.

On the 20th of August, 1862, she died, after a short attack of fever. She had a presentiment of approaching death, which led



her to take leave of all the inmates of her house, ere she retired to her room, which she was never to leave again alive. With her last words she exhorted those whom she had so long termed her children to obey the word of God faithfully. "Disobedience fascinates the understanding and dazzles the eyes, persevere in simplicity and faith, for he who has not the simplicity of a child sees everything falsely." Only one cry of sadness ever escaped her lips, when, during a paroxysm of

pain, she exclaimed, "O faithlessness, how hast thou deceived me, and I never even perceived thy workings!"

Her children were gathered round her praying when she breathed her last. A strange, deep calm settled on the house; there were no tears, no cries, no violent emotion; those who loved Dorothea and Dorothea's Lord felt that she had but gone home, to the home she had so often longed to enter.

H.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—HOME-WORK.

WE have been long accustomed to think of the Railway as a great power in social life, but we have hardly begun to realise its silent but remarkable influence in the region of the moral and spiritual. "There goes the last of the feudal system!" exclaimed Dr. Arnold, as the first train rolled past Rugby; but it never occurred to him to think how much the operations even of Churches were destined to be influenced by the new mode of travelling. Probably no part of the year exemplifies this so well as September and October. While tourists are borne hither and thither by the ever-rushing engine, men interested in the kingdom of God are carried to the Union, the Conference, or the Congress; there they exchange their thoughts on the state and aspects of the kingdom, send up their united petitions to the throne, and encourage one another to continued faith and effort; while through the journal or newspaper the railway takes up their thoughts and words, scatters them in every direction, and brings congenial souls, however distant, within the sphere of their influence. We could easily fill our whole space with a digest of their proceedings. In Scotland we have had an Evangelistic Conference at Perth, and a Sabbath School Convention at Aberdeen; in England there has been the meeting of the Baptist Union at Northampton, of the Congregational Union at Swansea, of the Church Congress at Nottingham, and of the United Presbyterian Synod at London. The large number of the friends who have come together at these meetings has been quite remarkable. The Railway, besides making the meetings possible, has been one of the causes of their success. A mere glance at some of the more prominent of these meetings is all that we can afford, and anything that we can say of them can give little more notion of their character than a brick can give of a house.

BAPTIST GATHERING AT NORTHAMPTON.

To Northampton the Baptists seem to have been drawn as the place for the autumnal meeting of their Union, very much through the force of bright associations of the past. Northampton, according to the late Dr. Hamilton, is the Mecca of English Non-conformity, and if we remember that Watts began his song and that Doddridge answered the strain from the woods of Northamptonshire, and that Carey, Fuller, and Ryland, were all more or less identified with the district, we may see that Dr. Hamilton's appellation was not inappropriate. Mr. Birrell, in his opening address, seems to have sought to

"Snatch from the ashes of the fires
A portion of their former fires,"

and urge his brethren to exhibit brighter than ever the torch which they held up to the world. "They steadily held to the work which lay nearest to them, and to which they judged that they had been specially

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summoned, until it was their happiness to witness in their own communion an extensive change in the style of thinking of divine truth; an immense elevation of general religious intelligence, and the occupation of a place in the invading army of heathendom which has not been deserted to the present hour. This work could only have been done by men who never lost sympathy with the people in the struggle of their daily lives; who were as deeply read in the lore of the humblest families which gathered round them as in the dissertations of the writers who filled their libraries; and who, in consequence, gave to all their descriptions such an air of reality as made every man feel that it might be his own, and that of all piety, *that was* the loftiest which could be most intimately interwoven in the web of common life." Among the subjects that occupied the attention of the Union, we may note, missions to the heathen; a proposed Board of Arbitration for settling Ecclesiastical Quarrels; the Education of the Ministry; the Temperance Question; and Educational Legislation. At public meetings, foreign and home missions, including village work, Sunday-schools, and the state of the masses, were the subjects of addresses. Mr. Mursell of London spoke very freely of the officious way in which the working man was often treated to a religious doctor whom he did not want, in place of a human brother whom he did; and declared that outside the Church nothing did more harm than religious dissensions; they came between the Christian Church and the people, and made plain men feel quite bewildered when they were exhorted to lay hold of the truth.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION AT SWANSEA.

Under a Welsh president, the Congregational Union met in a Welsh town. The president was the Rev. Thomas Jones, one of the ministers of that town, a gentleman who holds a high position among the Welsh people. The subject of his opening address was the relation of the Church to the scepticism of the age. So earnest was the speaker, that at one part of his address he passed, whether on purpose or not we do not know, from English to Welsh, letting out a burst of thought and feeling in the latter tongue, to the great delight of the Celtic part of his audience. The great point in his address was, that the scepticism of the age must be met by deeds even more than by words, by the life more than by logic. He did not undervalue argument, but it was not enough. The press teemed with most able books in defence of Christianity, and yet our scepticism remained. What was needed to destroy scepticism now was the same force that destroyed it in the time of the primitive Church. "Scepticism," he remarked, "is a genius, a spirit, and it must be met by a spirit and a genius stronger than its own. Scepticism is a poisoned mental atmosphere: arguments will not purify it. Scepticism is a time of winter frost and snow: a summer of God alone can melt it. The grand reply

II

of the Church must be moral, not intellectual. Christianity, like all other things, is on its trial, and we must reply as Christ did. He proved by his life that He was the Son of God, that He came from the Father; and the Church must give exactly the same reply. Christianity will go to pieces if the Church of God does not become a holy Church. There must be no cowardice, no hesitation. The Church that sees farthest into divine truth; the Church that believes with a faith calm and strong as the flow of a river; the Church that will be brave enough to put on righteousness as a garment and holiness as a robe and a diadem—that will be the grand reality of the future, and for that we ought to work. That will be the answer to the scepticism of the time. Men will say 'the religion which formed such characters must be true; the cause that produced such an effect must be Divine.' "

An able discourse was preached by Mr. Dale, of Birmingham, in which he endeavoured to show that what ought to attract us to public worship, and make it precious in our eyes, was not merely the sermons that are to be heard, as used to be thought, nor the worship of God, as was often said now—for that we might do equally in our closets—but rather the glorious influence of Christ's presence, as it was specially manifested there. "There is a special manifestation of God in the Church, and this consists in the mysterious presence of Christ. Spiritual worshippers are members of his body; his spirit penetrates them. Without the suppression of their separate personality, they realise a transcendent union with the personality of Christ. His relationship to the Father is theirs; they are conscious that the great words in his last prayer are being already fulfilled, 'The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them,'—the glory of access to God, more intimate and more blessed than is possible to any except the eternal Son, and to those who are near with Him. If this be true, a strong love for the Church, and a great delight in communion with the Church, are inseparable from a healthy and vigorous spiritual life."

CHURCH CONGRESS AT NOTTINGHAM.

All sections of the Church of England being more or less fully represented at this meeting, the topics for consideration were nearly all of a practical nature. Before the opening of the Congress, there was, as on former occasions, a public meeting for the working classes—for them rather than of them—in which the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Manchester, and other clergymen spoke to that class in the Church's name. The Bishop of Manchester said he knew that the clergy, and especially the bishops, were not popular among the working classes, but he did not think that the antipathy to them was just. They tried to get them educated, they did not oppress them in any way, they wished them to come to their churches, they sought to minister to them in all the offices of Christian edification and charity—why should there be an antipathy towards them? For himself, he said, he wished to be among them as a brother rather than

a priest, and he wished his clergy would be the same, and would speak to them in plain language, as Englishmen to Englishmen, trying to find a road to their hearts, and wishing to do them good if they would only let them. Among the subjects of discussion in the Congress itself one of the most interesting was, the relation of the Church to the State. Canon Gregory pled for thorough independence, while Mr. Ryle and others urged strongly the *status quo*. Mr. Ryle, however, urged very strenuously that it would be found impossible to retain the connection between the Church and State, unless very considerable reforms were effected in the Church. Of the more practical subjects two had special interest—Parochial Councils, and the Moral and Religious State of Society. Parochial Councils are proposed in order that the laity of a parish may be associated with the incumbent in the administration of its affairs. The speeches were for the most part strongly opposed to the Bill introduced last year by Lord Sandon, but strongly in favour of some more spontaneous method of getting the clergy and laity associated together. Lord Harrowby adverted to the usefulness of such co-operation in the Presbyterian and Dissenting churches, among whom political opposition between clergy and people was seldom seen. On the relation of the Church to society, Mr. Farrar, head master of Marlborough, read a paper, the burden of which was—"More holy enthusiasm is needed in the Church. Self-sacrifice is the secret of the regeneration of the world. We may well echo the cry of the great French writer, O Lord, give us saints." The Bishop of Manchester denounced the luxuriousness of the age, and proclaimed his purpose to do all that he could in Manchester to secure greater simplicity of life. Discussions of an interesting nature took place on the subject of Christian Evidences, Missions, Patronage, Endowments, Spiritual Life of the Clergy, Hymnology, Church Music, Intercourse with Christians, and other topics of a similar kind.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD—ENGLISH BRANCH.

That section of the United Presbyterian Church which have their charges in England met in London. Their most interesting discussion was on the question whether they ought now to unite at once with the other branch of English Presbyterians. Recent events in Scotland had thrown so much doubt on the issue, at least for some time, of the negotiations for union there, that it was thought best not to wait for the more slow movements on the North side of the border, but to unite in the South at once. A resolution in favour of this course was carried by a considerable majority, and as many of the minority signified their acquiescence, it is probable that this union will be very speedily carried into effect.

THE SCHOOL-BOARDS IN ENGLAND.

It is much to be regretted that an obstacle has arisen to the smooth working of the educational machinery so lately set up in England. The difficulty

has been occasioned by the question, Are school-boards to pay the fees of neglected children whom they may order to be sent to school, and whether are the school-boards or the parents of the children to choose the school to which they are to be sent? It is objected on the one side that the ratepayers ought not to be obliged to pay the fees of children who may be sent to denominational schools, and there taught a faith which the ratepayers perhaps believe to be erroneous. On the other side it is affirmed that if the children are to be sent to school, it is the part of the parents, not of the school-board, to determine, if there be denominational schools, to what denomination their children shall be sent. The Nonconformists are, for the most part, the keen opponents of the proposal to make the ratepayers pay for children sent to denominational schools, as they object to the payment of religious teaching out of the public funds. It is likely that this question will give rise to not a little keen contention for some time to come.

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

We shall only advert to the very widespread and deep sympathy which has been elicited from all parts of this country by the mournful event that has laid in ashes the greater part of the city of Chicago. It is one of the blessed alleviations of deep afflictions that they are the means of calling out and deepening those tender, kindly feelings which, in ordinary times, are often allowed to slumber in men's bosoms. To Englishmen, as well as to Americans, Chicago was a place of unusual interest. The great city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, with its miles of streets and avenues, its churches and schools, colleges and hospitals, banks and public buildings, its fourteen or fifteen railways, its huge "elevators" (granaries that look as if they had been built by Pharaoh to provide for the seven years of famine), and all the other features of a large, substantial, flourishing city, reared in the space of a single generation, was a wonder almost equally on both sides of the Atlantic. Throughout the whole extent of these islands one feeling of distress prevails at the calamity which has befallen it, and at the condition of the many thousands of its houseless inhabitants. That sympathy has been expressed by substantial contributions, and a new and beautiful proof has been given that if one member suffers, the other members suffer along with it. The prayer rises that this grievous event may be overruled for good. Chicago has its daily prayer-meeting, and there are Christian men and women in it that for zeal, earnestness, and devotion, are not surpassed either in America or elsewhere; such persons must feel intensely that there can be no evil in a city which the Lord hath not done; and under the influence of that feeling are now doubtless striving to impress their views on others, and get the whole community to unite in acknowledging the Hand that has smitten them, and turning again to the Lord their God.

II.—OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE ALT-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

The Conference at Munich, to which we adverted in our last number, of the representatives from all parts of Germany of the opponents of the Infallibility dogma, proved a great success. Some five or six hundred delegates attended, and some of the public meetings held in connection with the Conference were crowded by an audience of six thousand. The Conference was enthusiastic and unanimous in declaring its opposition to the infallibility, and in affirming its adherence in other respects to the doctrines and the constitution of the Church of Rome. It also issued its protest against the attempt to exclude scientific knowledge from the education of the clergy, and its demand for the expulsion of the Jesuits—the turbulent and ever-intriguing body through whose influence the decree of Infallibility had been passed, and much misery and mischief inflicted on the Church everywhere. But when it was proposed that new congregations should be organised for those who held the Alt-Catholic doctrine, Döllinger strenuously objected. He was not prepared for so decided a step in advance—the time for it had not yet come. He was overruled, however, the great body of the Congress being in favour of the step. The Congress likewise declared its fellowship with the Church of Utrecht, and its conviction that that was a true branch of the Church Catholic. That Church represents the followers of Jansenius, who held to the doctrines of grace in the great conflict of Jesuits and Jansenists, but never separated themselves from the Church of Rome, and have subsisted for a long time with a church organisation of their own. From that Church, if need be, the Alt-Catholic will derive episcopal ordination, and their own relation to the Church of Rome will be somewhat similar—protesters, but not protestants.

Among the interesting aspects of this remarkable movement, not the least remarkable is, the number of able and eloquent men, whose names are rapidly becoming household words in all the sections of the Christian Church. Döllinger has been well known to the public for many months as the intellectual leader of the movement. We are now beginning to get familiar with other names, such as that of Dr. Schulte, the chairman of the Congress, Professor of Canon Law at Prague, a man of great learning and also of powerful eloquence, very strenuous in favour of the measure for forming new congregations. Professor Michelis is, next to Döllinger, the most conspicuous name in the movement. He is a man of fifty-six, of massive features and commanding presence, with a magnificent voice, who can hold a vast meeting in rapt attention for hours, though not a declamatory speaker, but of singularly clear and vigorous logic. Dr. Friedrich is a man of about thirty-five, a colleague of Dr. Döllinger in the University of Munich, and one of the reputed authors of the Letters of Quirinus on the Vatican council. He is also a man of remarkable eloquence. Professor Reinchens, of Breslau, has shown a remarkable power of clear statement and impressive

utterance; at the close of one of his addresses the Assembly rose to their feet and clapped their hands. To these may be added, Professor Huber of Munich, a layman, and one of the writers of Janus; and Professor Langen of Bonn, another of the searching writers who have exposed the hollowness of the Vatican decrees. The Papal party has sneered at the 'handful of professors' who are trying to overturn the work which has cost them so much trouble; but it must be evident that such men present a remarkable galaxy—one of those rare combinations of talent and power which Providence is ever wont to raise up when some great work is to be done by their hands.

The question remains—What is to be the result of this movement? The correspondent of a London paper gives the following account of the class among whom the movement has shown itself popular:—

"It is certainly not a movement of the working classes. Its strength lies in the lower middle class and the highest class. The day labourers, the working population, are, for the most part, neutral, if not hostile. The wide diffusion of academical training through Germany is the great secret of the movement. The four or five hundred delegates are of every rank—barons and great officials, small shopkeepers, owners of small patches of land, innkeepers; but nearly all with whom I conversed had passed some time at some one of Germany's numerous Universities. Such a class when really stirred to combined action has immense power. They have personal weight with their fellow-citizens, and, what is more, they know how to choose their own leaders and how to support them. The thousands who filled the Glas Palast on Saturday and Sunday [23rd and 24th ult.] made the demonstrations the most imposing I have ever witnessed."

On the other hand, an article has appeared in the *Contemporary Review* expressing considerable doubt as to the ultimate success of the movement. The writer is the Rev. J. M. Capes, once a convert to Romanism, but recently returned to the Protestant Church. He remarks that the movement is not characterised by any of the features that have marked great revolutions in religion. It is not directed against any great abuse or manifest imposture that touches the people to the quick. There is not much flagrant scandal in the Romish Church in Germany. The civil power is not likely to be roused into using its force to promote the new opinions. Roman Catholics generally have been accustomed, in a rough way, to receive the notion of papal infallibility, and a more close and sharp definition of it will not make much difference. The conclusion of the writer is, "I fear that the Roman authorities will remain masters of the field, as far as the purely religious aspects of the new reformation are involved. The priesthood will remain, as now, all but unanimous in their submission to the anathemas of Rome; and the adherents of the few courageous theologians who dare to think for themselves, will be for the most part drawn from the body of the laity, who are more influenced by dislike of Roman political pretensions than

by an ardent love for Christianity in its ancient purity."

We have ourselves, on former occasions, expressed a similar fear. It is not the banner of salvation the Reformers have unfurled; and unless the roots of the movement go deeper, wonderful though it seems at present, we fear that like other enterprises of great pith and moment, its current will "turn awry, and lose the name of action."

GERMAN CHURCH CONGRESS AT BERLIN.

A very large gathering has just been held at Berlin of preachers and laymen of the United Church, holding Evangelical views, for conference on the measures best fitted to promote the spiritual life of the country. Invitations were sent to all parts of Germany, and met with a very general response, the Congress consisting of many hundreds, if not thousands, of brethren, who for three days earnestly conferred together. The wide and strong desire of which evidence is thus afforded to promote the cause of Christ, is in some degree a fruit of the marvellous stirring of the heart of Germany caused by last year's war. The first of the subjects of conversation clearly showed this—"What have we to do that a spiritual inheritance may remain to our people from the great years of 1870 and 1871?" In the address with which this subject was introduced, Dr. Ahlfeld, besides urging an annual thanksgiving, religious teaching in the schools and in the army, and the duty of Parliament, spoke very strongly on the necessity of Sabbath-sanctification. He referred to the testimony of Mr. William Burns, missionary to China, as to the misery of living in a land where there is no Sabbath, and quoted a similar testimony from a deceased professor at Munich. He contended that the first impulse towards a better Sabbath observance must be given by the Parliament. The Emperor entered the church while this speech was in course of delivery, and by-and-by the Crown Prince and Princess. The Princess seemed to take an especial interest in the proceedings, and returned on a following day. The speakers seemed solemnised at the judgment which had befallen unbelieving France, all the more that they felt that their own country had been at the very brink of the gulf. A proposal to admit the people to a share of the government of the church, made in an address by Professor Beyschlag of Halle, did not receive the approval of the assembly, which was in favour of maintaining in this respect the *status quo*.

ITALY.—THE FIRST INFANT SCHOOL IN ROME.

Through the exertions of Mrs. Gould, an excellent lady, an infant school was this year opened at Rome. There has been sent us an account of this very interesting work, written by Mrs. Gould. "I wonder," it begins, "if we shall ever realise how much entered the breach at Porta Pia with the Italian army on the 20th of September last! What long draughts of free air swept into Rome that day! What earnest longings were fulfilled! What a rebuke was administered to us of little faith, who had waited and longed for,

and had not hoped to see, the dawn of that day!" Among those who were thus stirred was Mrs. Gould herself, in whose heart arose the purpose, as soon as possible, to provide an infant-school at Rome. It was not till after the inundation, when hearts were wonderfully opened and softened, that she was enabled to fulfil her purpose. On 20th March, "with a capital of fifty francs, and without a teacher, a school was opened in a room kindly lent for the purpose by the Vandois clergyman. Three children were the first scholars; three little girls; two of whom are now among the best and brightest of our children, while the third has perhaps made more improvement than the others. She was one of those dark, sullen dispositions whom severity would have ruined, but who has learned to love her school and her teacher, and whose plain little face has become almost transformed by the strange sunlight of smiles, and the breath of an atmosphere of kindness unknown in her unhappy home. In the course of the day two other children were brought in. The numbers grew rapidly. On the 1st May there were over thirty regular attenders, and large numbers had been refused." Their state of intelligence did not say much for their Roman training. They did not know the days of the week, or the month, or the year, in which they were living; nor, when the birth of our Saviour was detailed to them in all its particulars, could one of them tell who the baby was. Besides the day-school—which now numbers seventy, and has a senior class for girls of fifteen or sixteen—there is a Sunday-school, regularly attended by from fifty to sixty children. During the ensuing winter, it is intended, after the German fashion, to open a *Kindergarten*, which will be for at least a hundred children. This method of developing the intellect, training the hands, and educating the eyes of the children, has already been adopted in several schools in North Italy with much success. School-rooms will be necessary for the accommodation not only of an infant-school, but of senior classes. For all this increased resources are necessary, and we cannot suppose that Mrs. Gould, who has laboured so energetically and disinterestedly during the past season, will be left without the means of continuing a work so interesting and full of promise.

III.—MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

OILING MISSION-WHEELS IN LONDON.

When the rush of French and Germans to London took place last year at the breaking out of the war, a society in connection with the City Mission appointed several labourers to endeavour to look after the destitute and helpless strangers that were thus cast on the great metropolis. Feeling that towards foreigners, ignorant of our tongue and unused to our customs, special ways of showing friendship were not only lawful but imperative, Mr. Leaf, of Park Hill, Streatham, recently gave a simple entertainment to two hundred and fifty of the strangers with whom the agents of the Society have come into contact. We have seen an account of this remarkable gathering

written by Captain Bayly, to whom, and to Mrs. Bayly ("author of *Ragged Homes and how to Mend Them*"), the conception of the entertainment was due. No fewer than sixteen different nationalities were represented at the feast. The host and his friends were able to have grace and the Lord's prayer offered in five languages, but no way of associating the whole sixteen in any kind of religious service could be thought of, beyond asking them all to spend a few moments in silent prayer. The delight of the party in exploring the grounds and gardens of a very beautiful place is said to have been irrepressible, bursting out in exclamations of "Ah, que c'est pittoresque!" "Pardon, mon ami, le mot n'est pas pittoresque. C'est magnifique, c'est merveilleux!" The Germans, grouped under lofty elm-trees, sang some of their beautiful chorales, while the Italians danced the tantarella to the sound of their bagpipes. Many of the people had had strange histories. One had been secretary to the Communist Minister of the Interior, several were painters' models, some had been Italian brigands, and one, it was said, had been three times condemned to death for political misdemeanours. The entertainment was not of such a nature that any one could have called it a bribe; it was rather a happy illustration of that Christian love and good-will which the missionaries of the Society are constantly speaking of, and of which they would rejoice exceedingly in the opportunity of affording a practical proof. The two hundred and fifty who are in the habit of attending the meetings and Bible classes of the missionaries would listen, we feel assured, with all the deeper interest to their instructions afterwards, and find it more easy to believe in God's good-will revealed in the Gospel, after experiencing this faint reflection of it in the good-will of man.

THE BABS OF PERSIA.

Dr. Chaplin, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in a letter to the *Times*, has given details of great interest in reference to a sect of Mahometans called "the Babs of Persia," who appear, through the reading of the Bible, to have made no inconsiderable progress in Christian truth. He tells us that of all Mahometans the Metawely of Persia are the most bigoted, and that some thirty years ago, some of themselves, in trying to account for this fact, read and studied the New Testament, became convinced of its truth, and accepted it as the Word of God. They did not give up their faith in Mahomet, or in the Koran as a revelation of God; but imagined that they could reconcile the claims of Christianity and Islam. Their number having risen to 200,000, a fierce persecution arose against them. Twenty thousand were slain, and the founder of the sect, whose name is Beheyah Allah, was cast into prison. In the beginning of the present year, Dr. Chaplin had an opportunity of visiting this person and his son, and learning some particulars respecting his followers and their creed. The fundamental doctrines of the sect were ascertained to be:—1. That Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. 2. That He died and rose again. 3. That

justification is by faith in Him. 4. That the new birth is necessary to salvation, and good works as an evidence of it. 5. That the Holy Spirit operating upon the heart produces the new birth. They have no priests and no baptism. They believe that Christ will return, but spiritually. Beheyah Allah is said to have arrived at the truth solely by the study of the Word of God. His followers do not make an open profession, and when persecuted do not fight or resist, but are ready to die for their opinions. Between seventy and eighty share the exile and imprisonment of their leader.

If only toleration, real as well as nominal, could be secured in the Persian empire, and among Mahometans generally, one sees from this narrative what vast enlargement of the Christian church would rapidly ensue.

A PERSECUTED CONVERT FROM MAHOMETANISM.

A long letter in *Evangelical Christendom*, from Mr. Jessop of Abieh, in Mount Lebanon, gives details of the annoyances and persecutions inflicted on a man named Hassan, a convert from Mahometanism. The Turkish authorities "arrested him, imprisoned him at Beyrout, where he was loaded with chains, sent him to Damascus, again imprisoned and beat him, released him on an order from Constantinople (obtained by the British Ambassador), ordered him to leave the country for twenty days, and then refused him a passport, and thus prevented his leaving." After a long course of tortuous policy, leave was at last given to this man, along with his wife and five children, to go to Egypt. Even this was not obtained without much exertion on the part of the British authorities, who have made great exertions in this strange case. At one stage of the proceedings, in order to save themselves from the appearance of letting off a man who had abandoned Mahometanism, the Turkish authorities maintained that he had been born an Armenian, and was no genuine Moslem. The case shows painfully that even yet for a Mahometan to turn Christian involves an amount of risk and suffering which is almost equivalent to martyrdom.

IV.—BOOKS.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

Modern Scepticism is the title of a very important and seasonable, though somewhat bulky volume, "a Course of Lectures delivered at the request of the Christian Evidence Society." It is in itself a kind of "happy family," being the joint composition of Bishops, Deans, Professors, Independent and Wesleyan ministers. Annexed is an explanatory paper by the Bishop of Gloucester, who tells us that the first three essays—on Design (against Materialism), Pantheism, and Positivism—are directed to the defence of the Christian outworks—the fundamental positions of Natural Theology; then two lectures, on Science and on Miracles, are designed to clear up the apparent collision between science and Revelation; next, bearing on the earlier portion of the Bible, we have a lecture on the Gradual Development of Reve-

lation, and one on the Historical Difficulties of the Old Testament; then bearing on the later portion, a lecture on the Mythical Theory, one on the Apologetical Value of St. Paul's writings, and one on the Teaching of Christ; and the whole is closed with a paper on the Completeness and Adequacy of the Evidences of Christianity. The series is not complete; Dr. Ellicott tells us in particular that the Society were desirous to have a lecture on the *moral* difficulties of the Old Testament; one on St. John's Gospel (delivered, but not published), and one on the *convergence* of independent lines of testimony, and the additional strength thence arising.

We have read all these papers with some care, and it would be easier to say something of each than to give a general view of the whole. They are all the productions of able men, who have bent the strength of their minds on the subjects discussed; and yet, perhaps, there is no paper that could be said to be quite masterly. They exhibit a considerable amount of the diffuseness of lectures, and as each paper is by a separate writer, there is of course much more preliminary matter than had they all been by the same. There is no doubt that the work answers to its title—it *does* treat of *modern* scepticism, and the application of its reasonings to the present day is one of its most obvious features. Further, it is marked throughout by a very candid tone. The real seeker after truth, encompassed by doubts and difficulties, will not find here hard controversialists who have come to badger him, but men of friendly and sympathetic heart, to whom it would be a delight to help and serve him. The warm tone of the writers is another characteristic. The great questions of the faith are not discussed in the dry hard spirit of the apologists of last century, but with a warmth of human sympathy and a glow of reverence for the divine that tend to warm and elevate the spirit of the reader. It is interesting to observe that in beginning the argument for Christianity, one or other of two methods is, more or less, favoured by the several writers. Some begin by saying, It is *probable* that God would give us a revelation; so good a God would not leave us unhelped in the gulf of guilt and sin; it is almost certain He would tell us how to get out of it. We have not much favour for this way of beginning; it lays a kind of obligation on God to save sinners, and if the fallen angels have not had a Saviour provided for them, it would give them some ground to complain. The better way, we think, of beginning is to lay hold of Christianity *as a fact*; here is a wonderful phenomenon—how is it to be accounted for?—is it from heaven, or is it from men? This was our Lord's method in defending the Baptist; he did not reason on the antecedent probability of such a forerunner being sent; but He laid hold of the fact of his baptism, and demanded of his opponents whence it came. It is a great thing to have a basis of solid fact; it constrains the enemy to act on the defensive; and it brings the argument to a point that all can understand and appreciate.

Similar in aim and tendency to this volume is the

Rev. F. W. Farrar's *Witness of History to Christ*, being the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1870. In five lectures Mr. Farrar discusses—1. The Antecedent Credibility of the Miraculous; 2. The Adequacy of the Gospel Records; 3. The Victories of Christianity; 4. Christianity and the Individual; 5. Christianity and the Race. In the first, he shows the reasonableness of Christianity; in the second, its historical evidence; in the third, its bearing in fierce conflicts and murderous assaults; in the fourth, its satisfying, regenerating, sanctifying effect on the soul; and in the fifth, its curative influence on the evils of heathenism, and its intellectual, social, and political power in the world. The work is at once scholarly and fervent, and fitted for much usefulness among the more educated classes.

To the same category belong also the series of little books, at once cheap and elegant, issued by the Christian Evidence Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Three of these are before us:—*Can we believe in Miracles?* by George Warrington, Caius College, Cambridge; *Moral Difficulties of the Bible*, by George Augustus Hessey, D.C.L.; and *Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament*, by Professor Rawlinson, Oxford. The names of these writers are guarantees for the scholarly, careful, and devout character of their contents; and the only regret we have is, that small though they are, they are almost too long for this busy age; something more compact and serviceable for men who will not read anything long yet remains to be provided.

In a more avowedly popular, but much less scholarly way, the origin of Christianity is considered in Mr. Thomas Cooper's *Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time*. The bridge consists of eighteen arches, in other words, eighteen centuries, and in what he considers the leading historical fact of each, Mr. Cooper finds a proof of the origin of Christianity. The first century, or the arch of the Apostles, gives him the opportunity to examine the origin of the Gospels, and to deal with the objections of modern sceptics. The treatise is popular, not scientific, and was originally and pretty frequently delivered in the form of popular addresses.

BIBLICAL.

On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament is the title of a most interesting volume by Dr. Lightfoot of Cambridge. It is fitted at once to show the necessity of a revision, and to allay the alarms that have prevailed as to the effect of such a measure. With the easy touch of a scholar, he alludes to parallel cases—as when Jerome had to revise the old Latin version, or King James's translators had to overhaul the Bible of their day. Exactly the same kind of work needed to be done; exactly the same apprehensions prevailed; the work succeeded, and the apprehensions were dispelled. The chief part of the volume is employed to show the need of a revision. This is done under seven heads. 1. False readings of the text—to be remedied by the older and better MSS. now in use. 2. Artificial distinctions created, arising from the false idea of the translators

that it was proper to translate the same Greek word by various English words—e.g., "He shall *separate* them one from another as a shepherd *divideth* the sheep from the goats"—"If any man *defile* the temple of God, him shall God *destroy*"—"Paul, thou art *beside thyself*. . . . I am not *mad*, most noble Festus"—"It is God that *worketh* in you both to will and to *do*,"—the Greek word being the same in the original. 3. Real distinctions obliterated. Thus, "Jesus I know and Paul I know" should be "Jesus I *acknowledge* and Paul I *know*." "He came to his own (*ra idia*), and his own (*oi idioi*) received him not," instead of, "He came to his own *property*, and his own *people* received him not." 4. Faults of grammar—especially such as arise from not distinguishing between the aorist and the perfect tense, the definite and the indefinite article, &c. 5. Faults of lexicography. 6. Proper names, official titles, &c. 7. Archaisms, defects of English, &c. Dr. Lightfoot concludes by showing that the present time is favourable for a revision, and that the apprehensions of many are without foundation.

The Origin and History of the New Testament, by James Martin, M.A., is a compact little volume, similar in size and purpose to Mr. Westcott's "Bible in the Church." Mr. Martin's object is to show historically how the New Testament came to be formed; and besides information as to the origin and contents of each book, we have the history of the canon from the days of the Apostles to our own time. We have likewise an account of the various English versions, and an Appendix on the Apocryphal Gospels. This little book is well adapted for popular use.

Jesus Christ: His Life and Work, by Edmund de Pressensé, D.D., is an abridgment of his larger and more scientific work, written in avowed opposition to Renan. It is thus changed in order that it may be adapted to all classes of readers. It is one of the best Lives of Christ that have been written, and we hope it will be extensively useful; although we believe that the devout reader will verify the remark that we do not derive much from it or any other, in our conception of Christ, beyond what we get from the Four Evangelists.

The Training of the Twelve; or, Passages out of the Gospels exhibiting the Twelve Disciples of Jesus under Discipline for the Apostleship, by the Rev. A. B. Bruce, is a massive volume, consisting substantially of an exposition of a large part of the Gospel History. It is a valuable contribution on a very important subject, adapted to thoughtful readers, but not to those who must have all their reading as smooth, easy, and sparkling as a novel or a book of travels. The book, it must be admitted, is deficient in style and in artistic effect, and is too long for the particular aspect of the Life of Christ it handles; its great merit is its solid thinking. To those who really wish to be helped in getting down into the real meaning of many of the acts and discourses of our Lord, it will prove a valuable assistant. The author writes with sympathetic candour and judicial fairness, and with a devout love and reverential admiration towards

the great subject of the Gospel History. Although the training of the Twelve be the nominal subject, the Life of Christ is really the leading theme; and many of the most interesting points in that life are fully and very wisely handled.

Where's dwellest Thou? or, The Inner Home, is a new edition of a series of sermonettes by Miss M. L. Charlesworth, founded on incidents in our Lord's History, written in a simple, devout, loving spirit, and bringing out the more obvious lessons and reflections which the events are fitted to suggest. It is naturally the more soft and tender aspects of the Redeemer's character on which Miss Charlesworth dwells.

SERMONS.

The late Mr. Lynch, minister of Mornington Church, Hampstead Road, London, a man of rare Christian gifts and genius, laboured during his later years under such distressing attacks of *angina pectoris* as to be unable to officiate regularly to his little flock. Finding that "supplies" tended to scatter the congregation, he fell on the plan of writing out sermons and prayers, which were read to the congregation by one or other of its more intelligent members. A selection of these *Sermons for my Curates*, as Mr. Lynch used to call them, are now given to the public, under the editorship of Mr. Cox. Mr. Lynch frequents the by-ways as well as the highways of the pulpit, and we have sermons here on some topics that few pulpits are able to handle. Such, for instance, is the first, entitled "The Moral of Accidents." The public mind is often vehemently exercised on great providential calamities, usually called "accidents," and nothing could be better than to try to attach great spiritual lessons to events that are living and stirring in the minds of the hearers. In more ways than one, Mr. Lynch reminds us of John Foster—there is the same quiet thoughtfulness, deep penetration, and humble endeavour to mingle devout reflection in the current stream of men's thoughts. Mr. Lynch's view of the atonement, however, we cannot accept as a full statement of that great truth. His mind seems to recoil from the idea of forensic justification; but it fastens strongly and beautifully on the other aspects of redemption, and the attitude of the preacher is that of one lying humbly at the feet of the Saviour.

Difficulties of the Day, and How to Meet them, being eight sermons by the Rev. E. S. Foulkes, B.D., derives special interest from the fact that the author is a returned pervert, who has renewed his ministry in the Church of England. Mr. Foulkes limits himself to Church difficulties. Looking on life here as a preparatory discipline for heaven, and the Bible as the guide-book for that purpose, he urges us to use it earnestly and humbly, and not complain of it for not giving us more than it professes. There is a tinge of Sacramentarianism in the sermons, but on the whole its tone is liberal, and the spirit of the preacher is warm and earnest.

The Ten Commandments, by R. W. Dale, M.A., Birmingham, is a new edition of a volume of discourses, in which, with his usual force and fervour,

Mr. Dale seeks to enforce the obligations of public and private morality, and to answer such questions as he knew were being discussed in workshops and at dinner-tables during the week.

Sermons preached in Rugby School Chapel in 1862, 1867, by Dr. Temple, now Bishop of Exeter, exemplifies that remarkable directness and practicalness which sermons to boys and to children seem to possess much beyond those addressed to general audiences. The high tone of feeling, the purity and fervour of aim, which breathe in Dr. Temple's addresses, would be admirable, if the foundation laid in Zion were more prominent, the doctrine of salvation directly expounded and enforced.

MISSIONARY BOOKS.

Pioneers and Founders; or, Recent Workers in the Mission Field, by C. M. Yonge, contains a series of well-written missionary lives: John Eliot, David Brainerd, Christian Friederich Swartz, Henry Martyn, Carey and Marshman, the Judson Family, the Bishops of Calcutta, Marsden the Australian, John Williams, Allen Gardiner, and Charles Frederick Mackenzie. The very names are a galaxy, and attract one to the volume. Miss Yonge writes with discriminating admiration of the men, but not as one quite sympathising with the religion of fervent emotion from which the missionary career has usually sprung.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Our readers have already been introduced to the *Friends and Acquaintances*, by the author of *Episodes of an Obscure Life*, now introduced to another portion of the public in three handsome volumes. It is pleasing to know that in the circle of readers which this work will circulate among, there is a demand for this species of writing.

Under the unattractive title of *Pauperism*, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, late vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, has given us a most thoughtful, though unpretending little volume. We honour the courage and earnestness of the man who speaks out as Mr. Lambert does on this great question. He evidently feels that he has a message to deliver on the subject, and even when he is called to preach before the University of Oxford he startles St. Mary's with questions about labour, poverty, earnings, indiscriminate charity, emigration, and the duty of the rich to the poor. He sends home the men of learning and of theories to ponder these practical topics, and to try if they can devise any remedy for evils that are reducing tens of thousands to a life of misery which baffles the clergy and all the philanthropists. This little volume is a powerful contribution to thought on the subject. If sometimes it startles, perhaps shocks the reader, it will at least compel him to think, and to break loose from conventionalities and prejudices which do so much to perpetuate evil. We do not see, however, that the author has that deep appreciation of the Gospel of the grace of God as the great elevating instrumentality which gave such encouragement and success to Chalmers and other labourers among sunken populations.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—A STUPID CHAPTER.



BEFORE proceeding with my own story, I must mention that my father took every means in his power to find out something about the woman and the gang of gipsies to which she appeared to belong. I believe he had no definite end in view further than the desire to be able at some future time to enter into such relations with her, for her own and her daughter's sake—if indeed Theodora were her daughter—as might be possible. But the very next day, he found that they had already vanished from the place; and all the inquiries he set on foot, by means of friends and through the country constabulary, were of no avail. I believe he was dissatisfied with himself in what had occurred, thinking he ought to have laid himself out at the time to discover whether she was indeed the mother, and, in that case, to do for her what he could. Probably, had he done so, he would only have heaped difficulty upon difficulty; but as it was, if he was saved from trouble, he was not delivered from uneasiness. Clearly, however, the child must not be exposed to the danger of the repetition of the attempt; and the whole household was now so fully alive to the necessity of not losing sight of her for a moment, that her danger was far less than it had been at any time before.

I continued at the Hall for six weeks, during which my husband came several times to see me; and at the close of that period took me back with him to my dear little home. The rooms, all but the study, looked very small after those I had left; but I felt not-

withstanding that the place was my home. I was at first a little ashamed of the feeling; for why should I be anywhere more at home than in the house of such parents as mine? But I presume there is a certain amount of the queenly element in every woman, so that she cannot feel perfectly at ease without something to govern—however small, and however troublesome her queendom may be. At my father's, I had every ministration possible, and all comforts in profusion; but I had no responsibilities, and no rule; so that sometimes I could not help feeling as if I was idle, although I knew I was not to blame. Besides, I could not be at all sure that my big bear was properly attended to; and the knowledge that he was the most independent of comforts of all the men I had ever come into any relation with, made me only feel the more anxious that he should not be left to his own neglect. For, although my father, for instance, was ready to part with anything, even to a favourite volume, if the good reason of another's need showed itself, he was not at all indifferent in his own person to being comfortable. One with his intense power of enjoying the gentleness of the universe could not be so. Hence it was always easy to make him a little present, whereas I have still to rack my brains for weeks before my bear's birthday comes round, to think of something that will in itself have a chance of giving him pleasure. Of course it would be comparatively easy if I had plenty of money to spare, and hadn't "to muddle it all away" in paying butchers and bakers, and such like people.

So home I went, to be queen again. Friends came to see me, but I returned few of their calls. I liked best to sit in my bedroom. I would have preferred sitting in my wonderful little room off the study, and I tried that first; but the same morning somebody called on Percivale, and straightway I felt myself a prisoner. The moment I heard the strange voice through the door, I wanted to get out, and could not, of course. Such a risk I would not run again. And when Percivale asked me the next day if I would not go down with him, I told him I could not bear the feeling of confinement it gave me.

"I did mean," he said, "to have had a

door made into the garden for you; and I consulted an architect friend on the subject; but he soon satisfied me it would make the room much too cold for you, and so I was compelled to give up the thought."

"You dear!" I said. That was all, but it was enough for Percivale, who never bothered me, as I have heard of husbands doing, for demonstrations either of gratitude or affection. Such must be of the mole-eyed sort, who can only read large print. So I betook myself to my chamber, and there sat and worked—for I did a good deal of needle-work now, although I had never been fond of it as a girl. The constant recurrence of similar motions of the fingers, one stitch just the same as another in countless repetition, varied only by the bother when the thread grew short and would slip out of the eye of the needle and yet not short enough to be exchanged with still more bother for one too long, had been so wearisome to me in former days, that I spent half my pocket-money in getting the needle-work done for me which my mother and sister did for themselves. For this my father praised me, and my mother tried to scold me and couldn't. But now it was all so different! Instead of toiling at plain stitching and hemming and sewing, I seemed to be working a bit of lovely tapestry all the time—so many thoughts and so many pictures went weaving themselves into the work; while every little bit finished appeared so much of the labour of the universe actually done—accomplished, ended: for the first time in my life, I began to feel myself of consequence enough to be taken care of. I remember once laying down the little—what I was working at—but I am growing too communicative and important.

My father used often to say that the commonest things in the world were the loveliest—sky and water and grass and such; now I found that the commonest feelings of humanity—for what feelings could be commoner than those which now made me blessed amongst women?—are those that are fullest of the divine. Surely this looks as if there were a God of the whole earth—as if the world existed in the very foundations of its history and continuance by the immediate thought of a causing thought. For, simply because the life of the world was moving on towards its unseen goal, and I knew it, and had a helpless share in it, I felt as if God was with me. I do not say I always felt like this—far from it; there were times when life itself seemed vanishing in an abyss of nothingness, when all my consciousness

consisted in this—that I knew I was *not*, and when I could not believe that I should ever be restored to the well-being of existence. The worst of it was that, in such moods, it seemed as if I had hitherto been deluding myself with rainbow fancies as often as I had been aware of blessedness, as if there was in fact no wine of life apart from its effervescence. But when one day I told Percivale—not while I was thus oppressed, for then I could not speak, but in a happier moment whose happiness I mistrusted—something of what I felt, he said *one thing* which has comforted me ever since in such circumstances:

"Don't grumble at the poverty, darling, by which another is made rich."

I confess I did *not* see all at once what he meant, but I did after thinking over it for a while. And if I have learned any valuable lesson in my life, it is this, that no one's feelings are a measure of eternal facts.

The winter passed slowly away—fog, rain, frost, snow, thaw, succeeding one another in all the seeming disorder of the season. A good many things happened, I believe; but I don't remember any of them. My mother wrote offering me Dora for a companion, but somehow I preferred being without her. One great comfort was good news about Connie, who was getting on famously. But even this moved me so little that I began to think I was turning into a crab, utterly encased in the shell of my own selfishness. The thought made me cry. The fact that I could cry consoled me, for how could I be heartless so long as I could cry? But then came the thought it was for myself, my own hard-heartedness I was crying—not certainly for joy that Connie was getting better. "At least, however," I said to myself, "I am not content to be selfish. I am a little troubled that I am not good." And then I tried to look up, and got my needlework, which always did me good by helping me to reflect. It is, I can't help thinking, a great pity that needlework is going so much out of fashion, for it tends more to make a woman—one who thinks, that is—acquainted with herself than all the sermons she is ever likely to hear.

My father came to see me several times, and was all himself to me; but I could not feel quite comfortable with him—I don't in the least know why. I am afraid, much afraid, it indicates something very wrong in me somewhere. But he seemed to understand me; and always, the moment he left me, the tide of confidence began to flow afresh in the ocean that lay about the little

island of my troubles. Then I knew he was my own father—something that even my husband could not be, and would not wish to be to me.

In the month of March my mother came to see me, and that was all pleasure. My father did not always see when I was not able to listen to him, though he was most considerate when he did; but my mother—why, to be with her was like being with one's own—*mother*, I was actually going to write. There is nothing better than that when a woman is in such trouble, except it be—what my father knows more about than I do; I wish I did know *all* about it.

She brought with her a young woman to take the place of cook, or rather general servant, in our little household. She had been kitchen-maid in a small family of my mother's acquaintance, and had a good character for honesty and plain cooking. Percivale's more experienced ear soon discovered that she was Irish. This fact had not been represented to my mother, for the girl had been in England from childhood, and her mistress seemed either not to have known it, or not to have thought of mentioning it. Certainly my mother was far too just to have allowed it to influence her choice, notwithstanding the prejudices against Irishwomen in English families—prejudices not without a general foundation in reason. For my part, I should have been perfectly satisfied with my mother's choice, even if I had not been so indifferent at the time to all that was going on in the lower regions of the house. But while my mother was there, I knew well enough that nothing could go wrong, and my house-keeping mind had never been so much at ease since we were married. It was very delightful not to be accountable; and for the present I felt exonerated from all responsibilities.

CHAPTER XII.—AN INTRODUCTION.

I WOKE one morning after a sound sleep—not so sound however but that I had been dreaming, and that when I awoke I could recall my dream. It was a very odd one. I thought I was a hen strutting about amongst ricks of corn, picking here and scratching there, followed by a whole brood of chickens, towards which I felt exceedingly benevolent and attentive. Suddenly I heard the scream of a hawk in the air above me, and instantly gave the proper cry to fetch the little creatures under my wings. They came scurrying to me as fast as their legs could carry them—all but one, which wouldn't mind my cry, although I kept repeating it again and again.

Meantime the hawk kept screaming, and I felt as if I didn't care for any of those that were safe under my wings, but only for the solitary creature that kept pecking away as if nothing was the matter. About it I grew so terribly anxious that at length I woke with a cry of misery and terror.

The moment I opened my eyes there was my mother, standing beside me. The room was so dark that I thought for a moment what a fog there must be; but the next I forgot everything at hearing a little cry, which I verily believe in my stupid dream I had taken for the voice of the hawk, whereas it was the cry of my first and only chicken, which I had not yet seen, but which my mother now held in her grandmotherly arms, ready to hand her to me. I dared not speak, for I felt very weak, and was afraid of crying from delight. I looked in my mother's face, and she folded back the clothes, and laid the baby down beside me, with its little head resting on my arm.

"Draw back the curtain a little bit, mother dear," I whispered, "and let me see what it is like."

I believe I said *it*, for I was not quite a mother yet. My mother did as I requested; a ray of clear spring light fell upon the face of the little white thing by my side—for white she was, though most babies are red—and if I dared not speak before, I couldn't now. My mother went away again, and sat down by the fireside, leaving me with my baby. Never shall I forget the unutterable content of that hour. It was not gladness, nor was it thankfulness that filled my heart, but a certain absolute contentment—just on the point, but for my want of strength, of blossoming into unspeakable gladness and thankfulness. Somehow too there was mingled with it a sense of dignity, as if I had vindicated for myself a right to a part in the creation, for was I not proved at least a link in the marvellous chain of existence, in carrying on the designs of the great maker? Not that the thought was there—only the feeling which afterwards found the thought in order to account for its own being. Besides, the state of perfect repose after what had passed was in itself bliss; the very sense of weakness was delightful, for I had earned the right to be weak, to rest as much as I pleased, to be important and to be congratulated.

Somehow I had got through. The trouble lay behind me; and here, for the sake of any who will read my poor words, I record the conviction, that, in one way or other, special individual help is given to every creature

to endure to the end. I think I have heard my father say, and hitherto it has been my own experience, that always when suffering, whether mental or bodily, approached the point where further endurance appeared impossible, the pulse of it began to ebb, and a lull ensued. I do not venture to found any general assertion upon this : I only state it as a fact of my own experience. He who does not allow any man to be tempted above that he is able to bear, doubtless acts in the same way in all kinds of trials.

I was listening to the gentle talk about me in the darkened room—not listening, indeed, only aware that loving words were spoken. Whether I was dozing I do not know, but something touched my lips. I did not start. I had been dreadfully given to starting for a long time—so much so that I was quite ashamed sometimes, for I would even cry out—I who had always been so sharp on feminine affectations before ; but now it seemed as if nothing could startle me. I only opened my eyes—and there was my great big huge bear looking down on me with something in his eyes I had never seen there before. But even his presence could not ripple the waters of my deep rest. I gave him half a smile—I knew it was but half a smile, but I thought it would do—closed my eyes, and sunk again—not into sleep, but into that same blessed repose. I remember wondering if I should feel anything like that for the first hour or two after I was dead. May there not one day be such a repose for all—only the heavenly counterpart, coming of perfect activity instead of weary success ?

This was but the beginning of endlessly varied pleasures. I dare say the mothers would let me go on for a good while in this direction ; perhaps even some of the fathers could stand a little more of it ; but I must remember that if anybody reads this at all, it will have multitudes of readers in whom the chord which could alone respond to such experiences hangs loose over the sounding-board of their being.

By slow degrees the daylight, the light of work, that is, began to penetrate me, or rather to rise in my being from its own hidden sun. First I began to wash and dress my baby myself. One who has not tried that kind of amusement cannot know what endless pleasure it affords. I do not doubt that to the paternal spectator it appears monotonous, unproductive, unprogressive ; but then, he looking upon it from the outside, and regarding the process with a speculative compassion, and not with sympathy, cannot know

the communion into which it brings you with the baby. I remember well enough what my father has written about it in the Seaboard Parish ; but he is all wrong—I mean him to confess that before this is printed : if things were done as he proposes, the tenderness of mothers would be far less developed, and the moral training of children would be postponed to an indefinite period. There, papa ! there's something in your own style !

Next I began to order the dinners ; and the very day on which I first ordered the dinner, I took my place at the head of the table. A happier little party—well, of course, I saw it all through the rose-mists of my motherhood, but I am nevertheless bold to assert that my husband was happy, and that my mother was happy ; and if there was one more guest at the table concerning whom I am not prepared to assert that he was happy, I can confidently affirm that he was merry, and gracious, and talkative, originating three parts of the laughter of the evening. To watch him with the baby was a pleasure even to the heart of a mother, anxious as she must be when any one, especially a gentleman, more especially a bachelor, and most especially a young bachelor, takes her precious little wax-doll in his arms, and pretends to know all about the management of such. It was he indeed who introduced her to the dining-room ; for, leaving the table during dessert, he returned bearing her in his arms, to my astonishment, and even mild maternal indignation at the liberty. Resuming his seat, and pouring out for his charge, as he pretended, a glass of old port, he said in the soberest voice :—

“ Charles Percivale, with all the solemnity suitable to the occasion, I, the old moon with the new moon in my arms, propose the health of Miss Percivale on her first visit to this boring bullet of a world. By the way, what a mercy it is that she carries her atmosphere with her ! ”

Here I, stupidly thinking he reflected on the atmosphere of baby, rose to take her from him with suppressed indignation—for why should a man who assumes a baby unbidden, be so very much nicer than a woman who accepts her as given, and makes the best of it ? But he declined giving her up.

“ I'm not pinching her,” he said.

“ No ; but I am afraid you find her disagreeable.”

“ On the contrary, she is the nicest of little ladies ; for she lets you talk all the nonsense you like, and never takes the least offence.”

I sat down again directly.

"I propose her health," he repeated, "coupled with that of her mother, to whom I, for one, am more obliged than I can explain—for at length convincing me that I belong no more to the youth of my country, but am an uncle with a homuncle in his arms."

"Wife, your health! Baby, yours too!" said my husband; and the ladies drank the toast in silence.

It is time I explained who this fourth—or should I say fifth?—person in our family party was. He was the younger brother of my Percivale, by name Roger—still more unsuccessful than he; of similar trustworthiness but less equanimity, for he was subject to sudden elevations and depressions of the inner barometer. I shall have more to tell about him by and by. Meantime it is enough to mention that my daughter—how grand I thought it when I first said *my daughter*!—now began her acquaintance with him. Before long he was her chief favourite next to her mother and—I am sorry I cannot conscientiously add *father*; for, at a certain early period of her history, the child showed a decided preference for her uncle over her father.

But it is time I put a stop to this ooze of maternal memories. Having thus introduced my baby and her uncle Roger, I close the chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.—A NEGATIVED PROPOSAL.

IT may well be believed that we had not yet seen much company in our little house. To parties my husband had a great dislike; evening parties he eschewed utterly, and never accepted an invitation to dinner, except it were to the house of a friend, or to that of one of my few relatives in London, whom, for my sake, he would not displease. There were not many even among his artist-acquaintances whom he cared to visit, and, altogether, I fear he passed for an unsociable man. I am certain he would have sold more pictures if he had accepted what invitations came in his way. But to hint at such a thing, would, I knew, crystallize his dislike into a resolve.

One day after I had got quite strong again, as I was sitting by him in the study with my baby on my knee, I proposed that we should ask some friends to dinner. Instead of objecting to the procedure upon general principles, which I confess I had half anticipated, he only asked me whom I thought of inviting. When I mentioned the Morleys, he made no reply, but went on with his painting as if he had not heard me, whence I knew of course that the proposal was disagreeable to him.

"You see we have been twice to dine with them," I said.

"Well, don't you think that enough for a while?"

"I'm talking of asking them here now."

"Couldn't you go and see your cousin some morning instead?"

"It's not that I want to see my cousin particularly. I want to ask them to dinner."

"Oh!" he said, as if he couldn't in the least make out what I was after, "I thought people asked people because they desired their company."

"But, you see, we owe them a dinner."

"Owe them a dinner! Did you borrow one then?"

"Percivale, why will you pretend to be so stupid?"

"Perhaps I'm only pretending to be the other thing."

"Do you consider yourself under no obligation to people who ask you to dinner?"

"None in the least—if I accept the invitation. That is the natural acknowledgment of their kindness. Surely my company is worth my dinner. It is far more trouble to me to put on black clothes and a white choker and go to their house, than it is for them to ask me, or, in a house like theirs, to have the necessary preparations made for receiving me in a manner befitting their dignity. I do violence to my own feelings in going—is not that enough? You know how much I prefer a chop with my wife alone to the grandest dinner the grandest of her grand relations could give me."

"Now, don't you make game of my grand relations. I'm not sure that you haven't far grander relations yourself, only you say so little about them, they might all have been transported for housebreaking. Tell me honestly, don't you think it natural if a friend asks you to dinner that you should ask him again?"

"Yes; if it would give him any pleasure. But just imagine your cousin Morley dining at our table. Do you think he would enjoy it?"

"Of course we must have somebody in to help Jemima."

"And somebody to wait, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course, Percivale."

"And what Thackeray calls cold balls handed about?"

"Well, I wouldn't have them cold."

"But they would be."

I was by this time so nearly crying, that I said nothing here.

"My love," he resumed, "I object to the

whole thing. It's all false together. I have not the least disinclination to asking a few friends who would enjoy being received in the same style as your father or my brother—namely, to one of our better dinners, and perhaps something better to drink than I can afford every day; but just think with what uneasy compassion Mr. Morley would regard our poor ambitions—even if you had an occasional cook and an undertaker's man. And what would he do without his glass of dry sherry after his soup, and his hock and champagne later, not to mention his fine claret or tawny port afterwards? I don't know how to get these things good enough for him, without laying in a stock, and that you know would be as absurd as it is impossible."

"Oh, you gentlemen always think so much of the wine!"

"Believe me, it is as necessary to Mr. Morley's comfort as the dainties you would provide him with. Indeed it would be a cruelty to ask him. He would not, could not, enjoy it."

"If he didn't like it, he needn't come again," I said, cross with the objections of which I could not but see the justice.

"Well, I must say you have an odd notion of hospitality," said my bear.—"You may be certain," he resumed after a moment's pause, "that a man so well aware of his own importance, will take it far more as a compliment that you do not presume to invite him to your house, but are content to enjoy his society when he asks you to his."

"I don't choose to take such an inferior position," I said.

"You can't help it, my dear," he returned. "Socially considered, you *are* his inferior. You cannot give dinners he would regard with anything better than a friendly contempt, combined with a certain mild indignation at your having presumed to ask *him*—used to such different ways. It is far more graceful to accept the small fact and let him have his whim, which is not a subversive one, or at all dangerous to the community—being of a sort easy to cure. Ha! ha! ha!"

"May I ask what you are laughing at?" I said with severity.

"I was only fancying how such a man must feel—if what your blessed father believes be true—when he is stripped all at once of every possible source of consequence—stripped of position, funds, house, including cellar—clothes, body, including stomach—"

"There, there! don't be vulgar. It is not like you, Percivale."

"My love, there is far greater vulgarity in

refusing to acknowledge the inevitable, either in society or in physiology. Just ask my brother his experience in regard of the word to which you object."

"I will leave that to you."

"Don't be vexed with me, my wife," he said.

"I don't like not to be allowed to pay my debts."

"Back to the starting-point, like a hunted hare! A woman's way," he said merrily, hoping to make me laugh, for he could not doubt I should see the absurdity of my position with a moment's reflection. But I was out of temper, and chose to pounce upon the liberty taken with my sex, and regard it as an insult. Without a word I rose, pressed my baby to my bosom as if her mother had been left a widow, and swept away. Percivale started to his feet; I did not see, but I knew he gazed after me for a moment; then I heard him sit down to his painting as if nothing had happened, but, I knew, with a sharp pain inside his great chest. For me, I found the precipice, or Jacob's ladder, I had to climb, very subversive of my dignity; for when a woman has to hold a baby in one arm, and with the hand of the other lift the front of her skirt in order to walk up an almost perpendicular staircase, it is quite impossible for her to *sweep* any more.

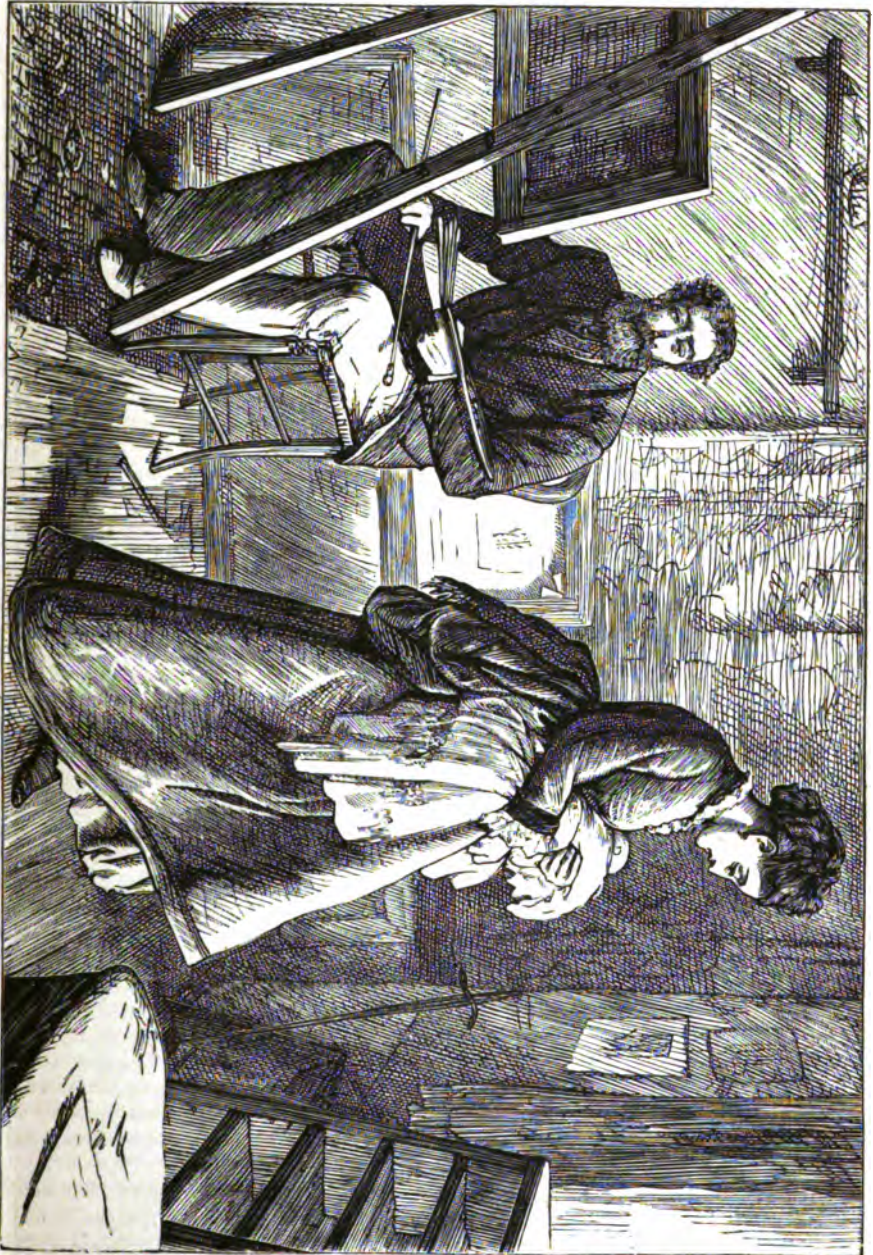
When I reached the top—I don't know how it was, but the picture he had made of me, with the sunset-shine coming through the window, flashed upon my memory. All dignity forgotten, I bolted through the door at the top, flung my baby into the arms of her nurse, turned, almost tumbled headlong down the precipice, and altogether tumbled down at my husband's chair. I couldn't speak, I could only lay my head on his knees.

"Darling," he said, "you shall ask the great Pan Jan with his button atop, if you like. I'll do my best for him."

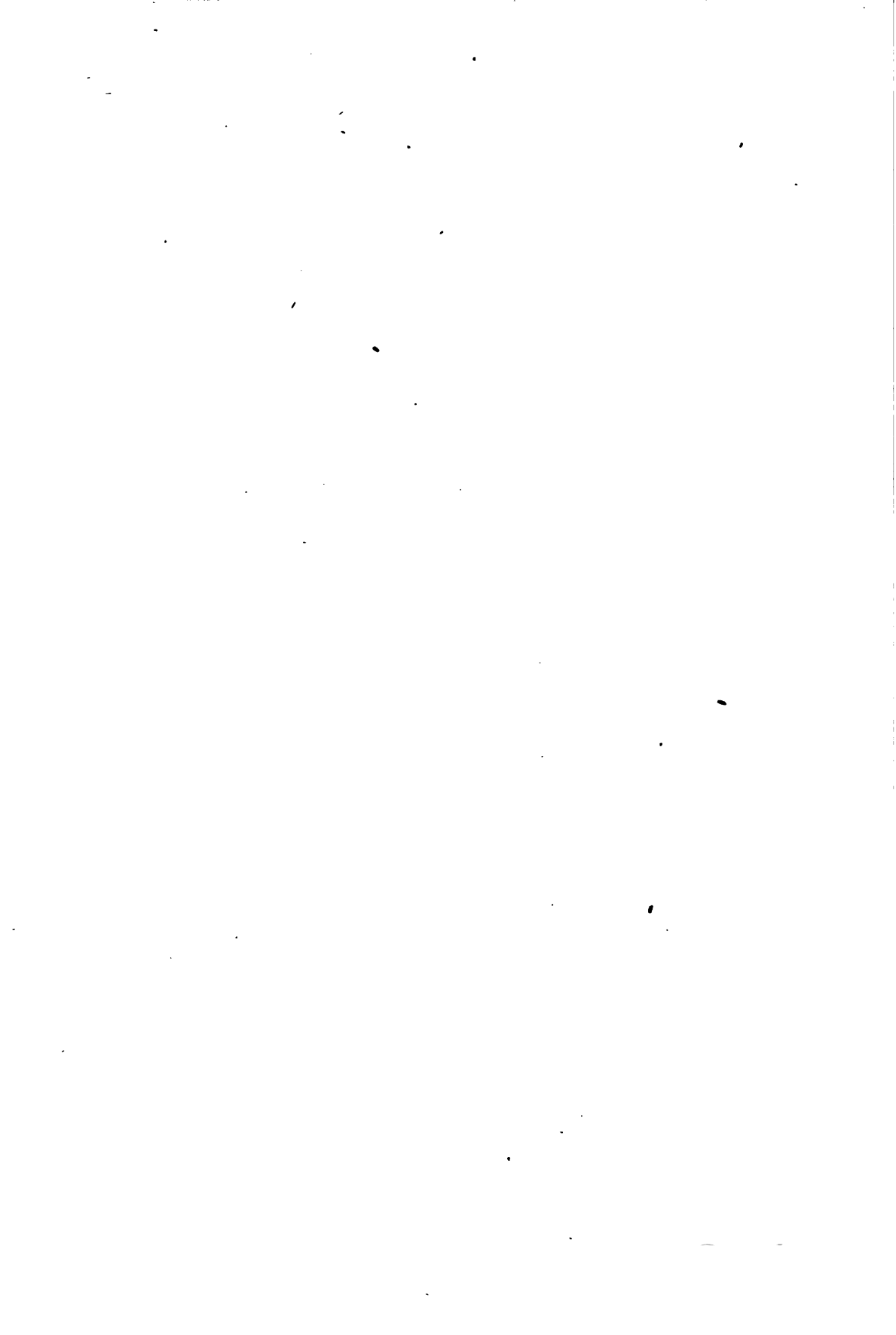
Between crying and laughing, I nearly did what I have never really done yet—I nearly *went off*. There! I am sure that phrase is quite as objectionable as the word I wrote a little while ago, and there it shall stand, as a penance for having called any word my husband used *vulgar*.

"I was very naughty, Percivale," I said. "I will give a dinner-party, and it shall be such as you shall enjoy, and I won't ask Mr. Morley."

"Thank you, my love," he said; "and the next time Mr. Morley asks us I will go without a grumble, and make myself as agreeable as I can."



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."



CHAPTER XIV.—MY FIRST DINNER-PARTY.

It may have seemed to some of my readers occasion for surprise that the mistress of a household should have got so far in the construction of a book without saying a word about her own or other people's servants—without even a remark on servants in general. Such occasion shall no longer be afforded them, for now I am going to say several things about one of mine, and thereby introduce a few results of much experience and some thought. I do not pretend to have made a single discovery—but only to have achieved what I count a certain measure of success, which, however, I owe largely to my own poverty, and the stupidity of my cook.

I have had a good many servants since, but Jemima seems a fixture. How this has come about, it would be impossible to say in ever so many words. Over and over I have felt, and may feel again before the day is ended, a profound sympathy with Sindbad the sailor, when the old man of the sea was on his back, and the hope of ever getting him off it had not yet begun to dawn. She has by turns every fault under the sun—I say *fault* only—will struggle with one for a day, and succumb to it for a month; while the smallest amount of praise is sufficient to render her incapable of deserving a word of commendation for a week. She is intensely stupid, with a remarkable genius—yes, genius—for cooking. My father says that all stupidity is caused, or at least maintained, by conceit. I cannot quite accompany him to his conclusions, but I have seen plainly enough that the stupidest people are the most conceited, which in some degree favours them. It was long an impossibility to make her see, or at least own, that she was to blame for anything. If the dish she had last time cooked to perfection made its appearance the next time uneatable, she would lay it all to the *silly* oven, which was too hot or too cold; or the silly pepper-pot, the top of which fell off as she was using it. She had no sense of the value of proportion—would insist for instance that she had made the cake precisely as she had been told, but suddenly betray that she had not weighed the flour, which *could* be of no consequence, seeing she had weighed everything else.

"Please, 'm, could you eat your dinner now, for it's all ready?" she came saying an hour before dinner-time, the very first day after my mother left. Even now her desire to be punctual is chiefly evidenced by absurd precipitancy, to the danger of doing every-

thing either to a pulp or a cinder. Yet here she is, and here she is likely to remain, so far as I see, till death, or some other catastrophe, us do part. The reason of it is, that, with all her faults—and they are innumerable—she has some heart; yes, after deducting all that can be laid to the account of a certain cunning perception that she is well off, she has yet a good deal of genuine attachment left; and after setting down the half of her professions to the blarney which is the natural weapon of the weak-witted Celt, there seems yet left in her of the vanishing clan instinct enough to render her a jealous partizan of her master and mistress.

Those who care only for being well-served, will of course feel contemptuous towards any one who would put up with such a woman for a single moment after she could find another; but both I and my husband have a strong preference for living in a family, rather than in a hotel. I know many houses in which the master and mistress are far more like the lodgers on sufferance of their own servants. I have seen a worthy lady go about wringing her hands because she could not get her orders attended to in the emergency of a slight accident, not daring to go down to her own kitchen, as her love prompted, and expedite the ministrations. I am at least mistress in my own house; my servants are, if not yet so much members of the family as I could wish, gradually becoming more so; there is a circulation of common life through the household, rendering us an organization, although as yet perhaps a low one; I am sure of being obeyed, and there are no underhand out-of-door connections. When I go to the houses of my rich relations, and hear what they say concerning their servants, I feel as if they were living over a mine, which might any day be sprung, and blow them into a state of utter helplessness; and I return to my house blessed in the knowledge that my little kingdom is my own, and that, although it is not free from internal upheavings and stormy commotions, these are such as to be within the control and restraint of the general family influences; while the blunders of the cook seem such trifles beside the evil customs established in most kitchens of which I know anything, that they are turned even into sources of congratulation as securing her services for ourselves. More than once my husband has insisted on raising her wages on the ground of the endless good he gets in his painting from the merriment her oddities afford him—namely, the clear insight, which,

he asserts, is the invariable consequence. I must in honesty say, however, that I have seen him something else than merry with her behaviour many a time.

But I find the things I have to say so crowd upon me, that I must either proceed to arrange them under heads—which would immediately deprive them of any right to a place in my story—or keep them till they are naturally swept from the bank of my material by the slow wearing of the current of my narrative. I prefer the latter because I think my readers will.

What with one thing and another, this thing to be done and that thing to be avoided, there was nothing more said about the dinner-party, until my father came to see us in the month of July. I was to have paid them a visit before then, but things had come in the way of that also, and now my father came commissioned by my mother to arrange for my going the next month.

As soon as I had shown him to his little room, I ran down to Percivale.

"Papa is come," I said.

"I am delighted to hear it," he answered, laying down his palette and brushes. "Where is he?"

"Gone up stairs," I answered. "I wouldn't disturb you till he came down again."

He answered with that world-wide English phrase, so suggestive of a hopeful disposition—"All right!" And with all its grumbling, and the *tristesse* which the French consider its chief characteristic, I think my father is right, who says that, more than any other nation, England has been, is, and will be, saved by hope. Resuming his implements, my husband added:

"I haven't quite finished my pipe—I will go on till he comes down."

Although he laid it on his pipe, I knew well enough it was just that little bit of paint he wanted to finish, and not the residue of tobacco in the black and red bowl.

"And now we'll have our dinner-party," I said.

I do believe that, for all the nonsense I had talked about returning invitations, the real thing at my heart even then was an impulse towards hospitable entertainment, and the desire to see my husband merry with his friends, under—shall I say it?—the protecting wing of his wife. For, as mother of the family, the wife has to mother her husband also, to consider him as her first-born, and look out for what will not only give him pleasure but be good for him. And I may just add here, that for a long time my bear has fully given in to this.

"And who are you going to ask?" he said. "Mr. and Mrs. Morley to begin with, and——"

"No, no," I answered. "We are going to have a jolly evening of it, with nobody present who will make you either anxious or annoyed. Mr. Blackstone"—he wasn't married then—"Miss Clare, I think—and——"

"What do you ask her for?"

"I won't if you don't like her, but——"

"I haven't had a chance of liking or disliking her yet."

"That is partly why I want to ask her—I am so sure you would like her if you knew her."

"Where did you tell me you had met her?"

"At Cousin Judy's. I must have one lady to keep me in countenance with so many gentlemen, you know. I have another reason for asking her, which I would rather you should find out than I tell you. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least, if you don't think she will spoil the fun."

"I am sure she won't.—Then there's your brother Roger."

"Of course. Who more?"

"I think that will do. There will be six of us then—quite a large enough party for our little dining-room."

"Why shouldn't we dine here? It wouldn't be so hot, and we should have more room."

I liked the idea. The night before, Percivale arranged everything, so that not only his paintings, of which he had far too many, and which were buddled about the room, but all his *properties* as well, should be accessory to a picturesque effect. And when the table was covered with the glass and plate—of which latter my mother had taken care I should not be destitute, and adorned with the flowers which Roger brought me from Covent Garden, assisted by some of our own, I thought the bird's-eye view from the top of Jacob's ladder a very pretty one indeed.

Resolved that Percivale should have no cause of complaint as regarded the simplicity of my arrangements, I gave orders that our little Ethel, who at that time of the evening was always asleep, should be laid on the couch in my room off the study, with the door ajar, so that Sarah, who was now her nurse, might wait with an easy mind. The dinner was brought in by the outer door of the study, to avoid the awkwardness and possible disaster of the private precipice.

The principal dish—a small sirloin of beef

—was at the foot of the table, and a couple of boiled fowls, as I thought, before me. But when the cover was removed, to my surprise I found they were roasted.

"What have you got there, Percivale?" I asked. "Isn't it sirloin?"

"I'm not an adept in such matters," he replied. "I should say it was."

My father gave a glance at the joint. Something seemed to be wrong. I rose and went to my husband's side. Powers of cuisine! *Jemima* had roasted the fowls, and boiled the sirloin! My exclamation was the

signal for an outbreak of laughter, led by my father. I was trembling in the balance between mortification on my own account and sympathy with the evident amusement of my father and Mr. Blackstone. But the thought that Mr. Morley might have been and was not of the party, came with such a pang and such a relief, that it settled the point, and I burst out laughing.

"I dare say it's all right," said Roger. "Why shouldn't a sirloin be boiled as well as roasted? I venture to assert that it is all a whim, and we are on the verge of a new



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discovery to swell the number of those which already owe their being to blunders."

"Let us all try a slice, then," said Mr. Blackstone, "and compare results."

This was agreed to, and a solemn silence followed, during which each sought acquaintance with the new dish.

"I am sorry to say," remarked my father, speaking first, "that Roger is all wrong, and we have only made the discovery that custom is right. It is plain enough why sirloin is always roasted."

"I yield myself convinced," said Roger.

"And I am certain," said Mr. Blackstone, "that if the loin set before the king, whoever he was, had been boiled, he would never have knighted it."

Thanks to the loin, the last possible touch of constraint had vanished, and the party grew a very merry one. The apple-pudding which followed, was declared perfect, and eaten up. Percivale produced some good wine from somewhere, which evidently added to the enjoyment of the gentlemen, my father included, who likes a good glass of wine as well as anybody. But a tiny little whimper called

me away, and Miss Clare accompanied me, the gentlemen insisting that we should return as soon as possible, and bring the homuncle, as Roger called the baby, with us.

When we returned, the two clergymen were in close conversation, and the other two gentlemen were chiefly listening. My father was saying:

"My dear sir, I don't see how any man can do his duty as a clergyman who doesn't visit his parishioners."

"In London it is simply impossible," returned Mr. Blackstone. "Besides—in the country you are welcome wherever you go; any visit I might pay, would most likely be regarded either as an intrusion, or as giving the right to pecuniary aid, of which evils the latter is the worse. There are portions of every London parish which clergymen and their coadjutors have so degraded by the practical teaching of beggary, that they have blocked up every door to a healthy spiritual relation between them and a possible pastor."

"Would you not give alms at all, then?"

"One thing, at least, I have made up my mind upon—that alms from any but the hand of personal friendship tend to evil, and will, in the long run, increase misery."

"What, then, do you suppose the proper relation between a London clergyman and his parishioners?"

"One, I am afraid, which does not at present exist—one which it is his first business perhaps to bring about. I confess I regard with a repulsion amounting to horror the idea of walking into a poor man's house, except either I have business with him, or desire his personal acquaintance."

"But your office—"

"Makes it my business to serve—not to assume authority over them—especially to the degree of forcing service upon them. I will not say how far intimacy may not justify you in immediate assault upon a man's conscience; but I shrink from any plan that seems to take it for granted that the poor are more wicked than the rich. Why don't we send missionaries to Belgravia? The outside of the cup and platter may sometimes be dirtier than the inside."

"Your missionary could hardly force his way through the servants to the boudoir or drawing-room."

"And the poor have no servants to defend them."

I have recorded this much of the conversation chiefly for the sake of introducing Miss Clare, who now spoke.

"Don't you think, sir," she asked, addressing my father, "that the help one can give to another must always depend on the measure in which one is free oneself?"

My father was silent—thinking. We were all silent. I said to myself, "There, papa! that is something after your own heart." With marked deference and solemnity he answered at length—

"I have little doubt you are right, Miss Clare. That puts the question upon its own eternal foundation. The mode used must be of infinitely less importance than the person who uses it."

As he spoke, he looked at her with a far more attentive regard than hitherto. Indeed, the eyes of all the company seemed to be scanning the small woman; but she bore the scrutiny well, if indeed she was not unconscious of it; and my husband began to find out one of my reasons for asking her, which was simply that he might see her face. At this moment, it was in one of its higher phases. It was, at its best, a grand face—at its worst, a suffering face; a little too large, perhaps, for the small body which it crowned with a flame of soul; but while you saw her face you never thought of the rest of her, and her attire seemed to court an escape from all observation.

"But," my father went on, looking at Mr. Blackstone, "I am anxious, from the clergyman's point of view, to know what my friend here thinks he must try to do in his very difficult position."

"I think the best thing I could do," returned Mr. Blackstone, laughing, "would be to go to school to Miss Clare."

"I shouldn't wonder," my father responded.

"But, in the meantime, I should prefer the chaplaincy of a suburban cemetery."

"Certainly your change would be a less troublesome one. Your congregation would be quiet enough, at least," said Roger.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet," said my father, as if unconsciously uttering his own reflections. But he was a little cunning, and would say things like that when, fearful of irreverence, he wanted to turn the current of the conversation.

"But, surely," said Miss Clare, "a more active congregation would be quite as desirable."

She had one fault—no, defect: she was slow to enter into the humour of a thing. It seemed almost as if the first aspect of any bit of fun presented to her was that of something wrong. A moment's reflection, however,

almost always ended in a sunny laugh, partly at her own stupidity, as she called it.

"You mistake my meaning," said Mr. Blackstone. "My chief, almost sole, attraction to the regions of the grave is the sexton, and not the placidity of the inhabitants; though perhaps Miss Clare might value that more highly if she had more experience of how noisy human nature can be."

Miss Clare gave a little smile, which after-knowledge enabled me to interpret as meaning—"Perhaps I do know a trifle about it;"—but she said nothing.

"My first inquiry," he went on, "before accepting such an appointment, would be as to the character and mental habits of the sexton. If I found him a man capable of regarding human nature from a stand-point of his own, I should close with the offer at once. If, on the contrary, he was a common-place man, who made faultless responses, and cherished the friendship of the undertaker, I should decline. In fact, I should regard the sexton as my proposed master; and whether I should accept the place or not would depend altogether on whether I liked him or not. Think what revelations of human nature a real man in such a position could give me. 'Hand me the shovel. You stop a bit—you're out of breath. Sit down on that stone there, and light your pipe; here's some tobacco. Now tell me the rest of the story. How did the old fellow get on after he had buried his termagant wife?' That's how I should treat him; and I should get in return such a succession of peeps into human life, and intent, and aspiration, as, in the course of a few years, would send me to the next vicarage that turned up, a sadder and wiser man, Mr. Walton."

"I don't doubt it," said my father; but whether in sympathy with Mr. Blackstone, or in latent disapproval of a tone judged unbecoming to a clergyman, I cannot tell. Sometimes, I confess, I could not help suspecting the source of the deficiency in humour which he often complained of in me; but I always came to the conclusion that what seemed such a deficiency in him was only occasioned by the presence of a deeper feeling.

Miss Clare was the first to leave.

"What a lovely countenance that is!" said my husband, the moment she was out of hearing.

"She is a very remarkable woman," said my father.

"I suspect she knows a good deal more than most of us," said Mr. Blackstone. "Did you see how her face lighted up always before she said anything? You can never come nearer to seeing a thought than in her face just before she speaks."

"What is she?" asked Roger.

"Can't you see what she is?" returned his brother. "She's a saint—Saint Clare."

"If you had been a Scotchman now," said Roger, "that fine name would have sunk to *Sinkler* in your mouth."

"Not a more vulgar corruption, however, than is common in the mouths of English lords and ladies, when they turn *St. John* into *Singen*, reminding one of nothing but the French for an ape," said my father.

"But what does she do?" persisted Roger.

"Why should you think she does anything?" I asked.

"She looks as if she had to earn her own living."

"She does. She teaches music."

"Why didn't you ask her to play?"

"Because this is the first time she has been to the house."

"Does she go to church, do you suppose?"

"I have no doubt of it; but why do you ask?"

"Because she looks as if she didn't want it. I never saw such an angelic expression upon a countenance."

"You must take me to call upon her," said my father.

"I will with pleasure," I answered.

I found, however, that this was easier promised than performed, for I had asked her by word of mouth at Cousin Judy's, and had not the slightest idea where she lived. Of course I applied to Judy, but she had mislaid her address, and promising to ask her for it, forgot more than once. My father had to return home without seeing her again.



A DAY WITH CHRIST.

II.—THE "DISPUTE" WITH THE DOCTORS.

Luke v. 17-26; Mark ii. 1-12; Matt. ix. 1-8.

ST. MARK writes: "And again Jesus entered into Capernaum; and it was heard that He was *at home*." Where, then, could Jesus be said to have been at home? Only in his own house, in "his own city," *i.e.* in Capernaum, where, for the most part, He abode when in Galilee. In this little city by the sea He had a house; and to this house he had now returned after a brief visit to the Gadarenes, on the other shore of Lake Genesaret.

The morning after his return, his neighbours who had "waited for Him," "gladly received Him," calling at his house to welcome Him home. There was one special reason why they had waited for Him, and desired his return. During his absence, certain "Pharisees and doctors of the law" had "come out of every town of Galilee and of Judea and from Jerusalem." The men of Capernaum were, doubtless, a little proud of their young Rabbi, and were naturally anxious to hear what He would say to the learned "doctors," who had come so far to talk with Him. Accordingly they resort to his house in such numbers that the large upper room is crowded; "many gathered together, inasmuch that there was no room for them, no, not so much as about the door." To this "multitude" Jesus "spake the word," and "the power of the Lord wrought in Him to heal."

It was a singular scene, this of the young Rabbi of Nazareth speaking his word to the venerable doctors of the law, some of whom probably remembered how while He was still a lad, He had come to them in the Temple, and sat at their feet three days, both hearing them and asking them questions. And this singular scene had a singular interruption. Among the neighbours of Jesus there were five men who had waited for his return with special anxiety: the paralytic, who was wasting away under the stress of vicious indulgence, and the four kind neighbours who had resolved to bring him to the Healer, and to ask for help. When they arrive with their burden, they find they cannot "come nigh unto Him for the multitude;" the inner staircase is thronged. They turn to the side or back of the house, and painfully climb the outer stair which leads to the roof. They seem as far from Christ as ever; but, somehow, they are resolved to reach

Him. And from their extreme urgency, we may perhaps infer that the paralytic was fast sinking toward death, that there was not a moment to lose. Made bold by the emergency, they break up the roof, attach ropes to the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay, and let it down into the chamber where Christ sat talking with the doctors. And Christ, looking up, though He could hardly see them, "*saw their faith*," their entire trust that He both could and would grant them his help. He responds to their mute supplication, their unspoken faith; nay, He outruns their hope. He not only heals the sick of the palsy, he also quickens faith in him, forgives his sins, lifts him into a new better life.

Although we have just studied this story, it may be well that we should pause at it again, and mark a little more exactly with what grace the Lord Jesus answers the dumb prayer of faith. The paralytic, as we gather from Christ's first words to him, had induced his disease by violations of the Divine law. He knows that he is suffering for his sins. He is ashamed of them. If he has a faint hope that the holy Rabbi may deal mercifully with him, his hope is dashed with many fears. He has not the strong bold faith of his brave neighbours. He does not deserve help; perhaps he may get no more than he deserves.

Now this atmosphere of doubt and foreboding is not an element in which the Lord Jesus can reveal his power. There must be faith before He can do any work that He cares to do. And, therefore, with the most astonishing tenderness and grace, He sets Himself to inspire faith in the cold trembling heart before him. He says to the man, probably a young man, "My child"—using a word of familiar endearment—"be of good courage; thy sins are forgiven thee. I forgive thee. I announce the forgiveness of God." Words so tender, so gracious, could hardly fail to excite trust and hope. Probably the paralytic had feared that he would be called upon to confess his sins, to do penance for them, perchance be refused all aid as one wholly unworthy of help. To be met thus, to have his sins mentioned only that they may be put away from him, to be tenderly addressed by Him from whom he had looked for rebuke, must surely have caused an entire and joyful revulsion of feeling; it must itself

have been as the beginning of a new life. When the command came, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go to thine house," he would have courage to attempt obedience: with the attempt vigour and health would come, the power to push his way through the throng, and to bear his bed triumphantly to his house, thanking and blessing his four good neighbours as he went.

But as yet we have altogether passed by a singular and instructive episode in this story of healing. We have not so much as mentioned the sceptical interruption of the work of healing by the doctors who had come "from every town," to learn what it was that Jesus taught, and what were the claims He advanced. To this interruption, and the mode in which He met it and made it contribute to the completeness and effect of his work, we must now turn our thoughts.

These "doctors of the law," some of whom were among the leaders of the political and religious thought of the time, had not as yet set themselves, consciously and determinately, against Jesus of Nazareth. They had their doubts about him indeed; and, unhappily, they were prejudiced against any teacher who had not been trained in their schools, and had not mastered their shibboleths. Above all, they were prejudiced against any man who "spake *with authority*," with originality; any man, that is, who, instead of expounding and "fencing" the Levitical law, spake as if he were moved by the Spirit of God to utter new truths, or even to recast the old truths in new practical forms; and who, in place of deferring to the authority of "them of old time," spake as if he had an equal, or even a higher, authority of his own. We must not be unjust, however, even to Scribes and Pharisees. We must remember that they honestly held inspiration to be a thing of the past, that they believed the Canon of Scripture to have been closed hundreds of years ago, ever since the time of Ezra. They no longer expected prophets to arise among them. They were content to use all the learning they could acquire, all the acumen and wisdom they possessed, in minute expositions of the Law, in applying it to the changed conditions of the time. Just as naturally, just as strongly as some modern "doctors" set themselves against any man who reads Holy Scripture with his own eyes, and interprets it with new life, and speaks the truth with the authority of deep and fresh conviction, so these learned Hebrew rabbis set themselves against any teacher, such as Jesus, who, instead of moving in the

ancient ruts, struck out a path for himself, and spake with a large freedom and simplicity which they never permitted themselves to use. We need not doubt that most of these Hebrew doctors were honest men, who thought to serve God, not to oppose themselves against Him; who meant to judge Jesus fairly, to let Him speak for himself, and to see with their own eyes what his works were like.

Of course, they attached very little weight to the faith and enthusiasm of the Galileans—men of no culture, and therefore incompetent judges of any question of law or morals. And, probably, when they heard Jesus for themselves, though they would be startled by the originality of his thoughts, and by the quiet independence and authority with which He spoke, they felt, as they had felt while he was still a lad, that there was a singular wisdom and power in his words. Many of them were men who were content to give their whole lives to excogitating, recasting, polishing one wise saying which they might leave behind them: and therefore they could not fail to be astonished at the inexhaustible flow of apt and profound sayings which proceeded out of the mouth of this young untaught Rabbi. But one who spoke so wisely, if indeed he came from God, should have some works to show, some signs by which to prove his mission. The doctors of the law would feel bound to demand of him, "What doest thou, then, as a sign, that we may see, and may believe thee? What dost thou work?" And I can well believe that when, as they sat in the upper room, they saw the paralytic let down from the roof on his swinging couch, they gathered still more closely round Jesus, and bent towards Him with even a graver air of attention. Here was just such a test as they could have desired. Did this wise young man really profess, as the people said, that He had a miraculous energy? Would He venture to put it to the proof in the public light of day, and before competent witnesses?

It was in the presence of this grave critical company that Jesus said to the paralytic, "My child, be of good courage; thy sins are forgiven thee." As they heard these words, some of the doctors must have been saddened, I think, and have said within themselves, "Ah, for all so wise as he is, he is like the rest of them, a mere fanatic, advancing pretensions he cannot sustain." Others of them may have been glad, and said, "He is a mere impostor! We were sure of it from the first." But, some from one point of view,

and some from another, they all began to "reason in their hearts." And it is really very instructive to note how grave and logical they are even in their unspoken thoughts. Their "reasoning" came to this: "Why doth this man thus speak? He blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but God only?"

Their logic was sound enough. For a mere man to assume to forgive sins is blasphemy, since it is to arrogate a power which belongs only to God. We cannot take exception to the logical form of their thought. But, as we gather from our Lord's reply, that form did not fully express their thought. What they *said* within themselves was, "None can forgive sins but God alone:" but what they *meant* was, "Ah, yes, that is very clever of him. He knows we are watching him, and, in our presence, he dare not attempt a miracle. He evades the test. It is easy enough for him, or for any man, to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven,' for no one can demonstrate his words to be either true or false. But had he attempted to heal this miserable cripple, the palsy would have laughed him to scorn, his imposture would at once have been exposed." This was the meaning they hid under their grave form of mental speech, some of them coming to that adverse conclusion with glee perhaps, and some of them doubtless coming to it sorrowfully enough; for how can a wise man but pity a wiser man than himself who is carried on, by his own enthusiasm, or that of his followers, to those "pious frauds" which are of all frauds the most profoundly impious?

The Pharisees and Doctors reasoned thus "*in their hearts*;" they said what they said "*within themselves*." Yet Jesus "*fully knew* their reasonings;" "*He immediately perceived in His spirit* that they so reasoned within themselves." They had given their thoughts no voice, no expression, save perhaps a mere lifting of the brow, or a satirical or mournful glance of the eye. But Jesus "saw" and met their unspoken thoughts. He read their very hearts. And if they still needed, as doubtless they did need, any proof that He was a prophet sent by God, they might have found it in the fact that He read them as easily as they read the scrolls they held in their hands or the mottoes inscribed on their phylacteries. They admitted that only God could read the thoughts and intents of the heart. Must not He then be God, or, at the lowest, "of God," who penetrated to their inmost thoughts, and reached even the intention which they had veiled from themselves as they spake within themselves?

He gave them another and a most convincing proof of his power and grace in the miracle which met and refuted the suspicion they had entertained of Him. To their "Ah, it is clever of him to talk of forgiving sins instead of attempting to heal the man of his palsy," He responds with, "'Why reason ye in your hearts? Why not say out what you really mean? You think it easier to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' than to say, 'Arise and walk.' But if, now that I have said, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee, I also say, 'Arise and walk,' will you not admit, must you not admit that, if I make the man walk, if I do what you think the harder thing, I can also forgive his sins, which you think the easier? Well, then, 'that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins,' I *will* say, Arise and walk."

O wonderful grace of Christ, and equity no less wonderful! To the faithful Four, who brought their sick neighbour to Him, He granted the benediction they sought. To the fearful sinner, stricken with shame and doubt, He grants tender encouragement and the forgiveness of his sins. And to the learned doctors, who so love their logic that they must *think* in it as well as speak in it, He grants the logic they love. They ask a proof of him, and He gives them the very proof they ask.

All the Evangelists, differing as they do in minute details of description, agree in emphasizing the peculiar manner of our Lord's reply to the doctors. They all represent Him as saying to them: "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin;" and then, instead of finishing His sentence with, "I will say, Arise and walk," abruptly breaking off while his sentence is incomplete. Instead of finishing it in words, He finished it with a deed which spake louder than words. He turned from the doctors to the sick of the palsy, and saith: "I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go unto thine house."

As all the Evangelists are careful to retain this abrupt transition, we must suppose that they were deeply struck with it, that they saw some special meaning in it. Among other meanings, may it not have had this? that Jesus gave the doctors the logic of action rather than the logic of words, in order to hint to these bookworms that all truth could not be put into the words in the use of which they were adepts; that truth was most potent when brought into the lives of men, and that it was high time they looked beyond mere words to the facts of human life. Beyond all doubt it

is a special danger of learned men that, by much study, they may becloud their perception of fact and reality; that they may dwell amid the mere images of truth and life, faint and imperfect at the best, which words convey; and so be lost and bewildered when brought into contact with solid realities, with facts and events which their words do not cover and explain.

This episode, the interruption of the doctors, instructive in itself, becomes still more instructive so soon as we mark how it fits into the main story, and affects it. There stand the four bold kind neighbours on the roof, full of faith, yet a little anxious as to whether, after all, the moment may not be inopportune, even a little ashamed perhaps of having broken up the Rabbi's roof and intruded on Him when all the great doctors of Israel were taking counsel with Him. And here lies the sick man, his fears and doubts melting under the warmth of Christ's gracious, "Be of good courage, my child;" but as yet uncured, still wasting on his bed. Is it not hard on him and on his neighbours, that his cure should be delayed, and their faith be kept waiting for its reward, by the sceptical doubts of the doctors? Who could tell, when once Jesus had begun to argue with them, how long the argument might last? If even these wise devout men doubted his power to heal, how was the paralytic, weakened by the sense of sin, to believe in it?

It does seem hard that the doctors should be permitted to interpose. But Christ cares for doctors of the law as well as for simple and unlettered men. And surely it was at least good for *them* that the cure should be delayed until they had fixed on a test by which they would try Jesus, until He had reduced their doubts to a single definite issue, and then triumphantly encountered it. If He had said at once, "Arise and walk," they would not have known that He claimed power to forgive sins: they would not have seen how the miracle proved that claim. But when He said, first, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" when He had shown that He knew they thought that an easy thing to do, a mere evasion of the difficulty: when He had brought them to the point of admitting in their hearts that, if He healed the man, they would confess that He had power from on high,—for Him *then* to say to the cripple, "Arise and walk," was to grant them the very proof they had felt to be conclusive, and to leave them without excuse if they still distrusted and rejected Him.

The delay of the cure was at least good

for them. And, perhaps, the delay were also good for the paralytic himself. It gave him a little time to reflect on the gracious words, "My child, thy sins are forgiven," to feel their power, to lay their comfort to heart. Assuredly, similar delays are often good for us, although, in our impatience, we do not always see, or get, the good of them. We ask to be freed from our pain, from our fear, from our sorrow, long before patience has had her perfect work in us; but God will not grant our prayer,—not because He does not love us, but because He does; because, in our affliction, He draws near to us, to assure us that we are His, to make us more fully His.

"Ah," replies the troubled and dejected soul, "if in my trouble He were to come to me; if He were to say to me, 'Be of good courage, my child, thy sins are forgiven thee,' I might be patient; I might even rejoice in tribulation also!" *If He were! but He does.* For "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." When, therefore, *we* are chastened, "God is dealing with *us as with sons*; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" "If we are without chastisement . . . then are we bastards, and not sons." Every time He chastens us, therefore, God does virtually say to us, "*My child*," for He treats us as sons; He does assure us, "*Thy sins are forgiven thee*," for how can we be his sons and not have our sins taken away? He does bid us, "*Be of good courage*;" for what should those fear who are sons and daughters of the living God?

We must remember, too, that at times we are chastened for the good of others as well as for our own good—not for our sins simply, but that the glory of God may be revealed in and upon us. And if the Divine Physician will stand by our couch, and, after comforting us with gracious promises of health, will turn to sceptical bystanders, and *demonstrate* to them; if He shew them their infirmity in our sickness and his power to heal in our recovery, shall we not be content? But this comfort is ours. He *is* with us when we are sick and sorrowful; and in every trouble He sends us an opportunity of bearing-witness to Him. If we are patient, brave, cheerful, when losses and pains and griefs come upon us, do we not, by our very patience and serenity of mind, emphatically testify to the power of Christian faith to sustain the soul with a strength beyond its own? Is there any argument which impresses *us* like the life of Christ in some weak, tried, afflicted neighbour who is bright with content in penury,

and pain, and solitude? And if that argument tells on us, it will tell on others. There is no argument like it for those who have studied themselves, as many do, into scepticism. Bring them from their books; shew them the very spirit of Christ in a man who, to them, seems of all men the most miserable and afflicted, and they bow before the majesty of that argument as before none beside.

Would that we could always bear in mind the force of this argument, and, by our cheerful patience, our content with the Divine Will, offer a constant testimony to the grace and power of the Master whom we serve! Most of us cannot speak for Him in the bright eloquent words which enchain the public ear, nor by noble deeds which command public admiration. But we can all speak for Him by bearing pain or loss patiently, by "breathing cheerful breath" as we do humble work for a scanty wage, by making his will our will, his spirit our spirit. And this is the most convincing testimony any man can bear to Him. It is because they see so many poor men and women, unsolaced by culture, sustained under the hardships of their lot by their faith in Christ, that many thoughtful and learned men, much exercised by doubt, do not yield to doubt, nor suffer it to grow into unbelief. They say, "There must be virtue, and a divine virtue, in a faith which can infuse such courage, such constancy, such unselfishness into the hearts of the ignorant, the poor, the afflicted." Let us set ourselves, therefore, to bear this witness to the Lord who has healed and comforted us; for if we thus confess Him before men, He will confess us before His Father and his holy angels.

We have now spent an hour or two of our "day with Christ" in his own house. We have seen Him heal the paralytic; we have heard Him talk with his neighbours of Capernaum and with the doctors from Jerusalem. What impression has He made

upon us? what do we think of Him now that we have been his guests?

Our first impression may be that it is perilous, and even terrible to come into the presence of this Discerner of the hearts and thoughts of men. Which of us could endure to stand before Him, and meet the eye which read the unspoken faith of the Four who brought their neighbour to Him; and the inmost want of the paralytic, and found a prayer for forgiveness where others saw only a wish to be healed? Which of us could brook the gaze that read, not only the distinct and articulate "reasonings" which arose in the hearts of the doctors, but also the formless and indistinct scepticisms and suspicions which underlay their conscious thoughts? Which of us dare stand before Him, and hear from his pure lips words that disclosed our inmost secrets of thought and desire?

So long as we see in Him only the keen Searcher of the thoughts and intents of the heart, we may well fear to enter his presence. Before we can trust and love Him, we must see that his omniscience is the servant of his love. And where shall we make that happy discovery, if not in the house of Christ? It is no cold, curious, unloving glance which pierces us through and through. If he reads our thoughts, it is only that He may correct and enlarge our thoughts: it is only that He may disarm our enmity, as He disarmed that of the doctors; or that He may give us trust for fear, as to the paralytic; or that He may reward our faith, as He rewarded that of the four bearers. And therefore we need not fear to enter his house, to sit at his table, to meet his glance. Rather, we should fear to absent ourselves from Him. We may come with gladness to any house in which He is at home, since we know that, so often as we are with Him, He will heal our infirmities, quicken our faith, and confirm our hope.

SAMUEL COX.



THE SEALED BOOK.

II.—THE THRONE OF INIQUITY.

BURKE truly said that "the method of teaching which approaches most nearly to the method of investigation, is incomparably the best;" and assuredly two main elements pervade all successful education—investigation and interest.

Man, in this his chrysalis state, is in the school for heaven. He lives in two worlds, the seen and the unseen: he is schooled, tutored, and trained in the one, that he may be built up, educated, and prepared for the other. In this preparatory discipline for a higher life, the entire scope and nature of God's dealings with man are so unlike anything his ignorance could have devised, that his reason cannot grasp them; while his unaided intellect is wholly unable to solve, and his sin-dimmed eye powerless to discern, the complex, mysterious, and ever-varying mirage of this life, which yet reflects the unchangeableness, the permanence, and the peace of the next.

But God has furnished man with a heavenly class-book, which makes all hard things intelligible. That class-book is the Bible. It invites and richly rewards investigation; and rightly viewed, it is replete with interest. "It has shallows wherein the lamb may wade, depths wherein the elephant must swim." Its difficulties are among its chief treasures. Were the Bible clear, patent, and shallow, we should read the volume, superficially or cursorily, and lay it aside. Hence it is not only plain, but purposely and designedly, obscure, deep, vast, and measureless, in order to invite and necessitate investigation, and to intensify interest.

We have no clearer evidence of man's low moral and intellectual state than that afforded by the little interest he evinces in God's Word, and by the treatment it receives from mankind. A few do study it—some find pleasure in it—very many read fragments of it, as others count their beads; but how many esteem it, with the Psalmist king of old, "better than thousands of gold and silver?" How many millions, even in Christian lands, take no pleasure in it! If placed beside the last poem or novel, and we have some lonely hours to while away, a hundred to one it is not chosen.

Yet it is the most interesting book extant. Vast in its sweep of earth, and in its grasp of heaven. Inviting us to share in its own breadth of thought, and range of vision.

I. N.S.

Solving all problems, moral and spiritual. Full of a science denied to the greatness of Egypt, Rome, and Greece; full of such deep mysteries as earth, without revelation, could never attain to; yet patent to the child, while the worldly wise and prudent fail to understand it. Full of divine sympathy with man's fears, and wants, and joys, and sorrows; offering a remedy for some, and a crown for all. Full of glad tidings, and in itself an ever-abiding wonder, it narrates, in language such as never man spake, that wondrous scale of miracles, whereby perishing mortals are empowered to exchange the vapour span of this poor human life, for the glory and reality of that higher one, whereof "eternity is the measure, felicity the state, angels the company, the Lamb the light, and God the all in all."

It is the one book that never errs, and never misleads; that cannot lie, and will not mock. Its study, though exhaustless, can never weary; its knowledge, because the best and highest, can never perish.

It is, like the vesture of its blessed Lord, wrought outwardly by human hands, yet filled inwardly with "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Occupying fifteen centuries in composition, it is perfect unity, woven without seam. Varied as the starry firmament in texture, it is perfect in harmony and in colouring. Seemingly the offspring of many minds, it is the teaching of one. Compiled by many writers, it has but One author.

With writers selected from courts and from sheepfolds, from thrones and from fishing-boats, it tells but one story, unbroken in thread, and perfect in keeping, though the narrators did not fully know what the Spirit of Christ within them did signify (1 Peter i. 11).

Gleaming with heavenly truth at every pore, yet legible only in the light it gives—a light to Zion, but a dark cloud to Egypt. Distilling from every leaf the best wisdom, and the highest knowledge, it yields its copious treasures, not to the man of genius, the philosopher, and the scholar, but to the pure in heart.

Ancient of days, like its Author, "time writes no wrinkle on its stately brow." While other works become obsolete in language, lore, and thought, it matures with age, ever yielding to faithful research, new vigour, new unity, new beauty. The breath that ani-

mates, renovates its pages, making them new every morning, and to the spiritual senses, perfuming them with holiness, purity, and truth.

It is faultless—ages have discovered no flaw in it; decay's effacing finger has left no scar on it. All the untiring assaults of its great adversary; all the dissolving acids of criticism, philosophy, and unbelief, have failed to taint its truth, impair its evidence, or dim its lustre.

Finding an enemy in every human heart, "hated by the world," a stumbling-block to many, an offence to all—assailed by the mythologies, philosophies, and religions of the world: and when the world turned Christian, endangered still more by the subtle favour of its votaries, turned to merchandise, and sold, like Joseph by his brethren; dipped, like his vesture, in blood, by the "Holy Apostolic Inquisition;" sadly marred and wounded even in the house of its friends—it has nevertheless triumphed over every assault, and worsted every assailant.

And in this age of progress, light, and knowledge, has Scripture fared better? Has not the new infidelity merely changed its tactics? Now it masks itself in the garb and name of religion, and proudly adds thereto all the airs of scholarship, philosophy, and criticism. Its votaries acknowledge Christianity, but transform it into a myth. Admitting The Word, they question its inspiration and its facts; selecting their texts from it, they preach against it; joining its apostles and bishops, they, Judas-like, betray it with a kiss: and thus, uniting their own feeble powers with the powers of darkness, "offer the sacrifice of fools." Seated at the foot of the Cross, like their great prototypes, they again cast lots, and trifle with salvation; there, in jeer and in earnest, they gamble, with human souls for dice, and eternity for stakes: and it will ever remain the indelible reproach of this age, that while our would-be philosophers, lay and clerical, have irreligiously pronounced "The Word" fallible, the mitred heads and intellect of the Catholic Church—gathered from the four continents—have combined, with all the pomp and circumstance of religion, to pronounce man infallible!

But while foes rage, and friends imagine a vain thing, while "fat bulls of Bashan compass it on every side," The Word abideth for ever; and amid ceaseless transition, amid the ebb and flow, the wreck and change of all things human, it stands unchanged, fresh,

youthful, life-giving, and life-giving, as on the morning* of creative miracles.

Its language is universal, at home in every garb, in every tongue, and in every people. More than one thousand million souls tread this earth every thirty years—and men's minds are as varying as their faces—yet it exactly suits the state, capacity, and wants—moral, intellectual, and spiritual—of one and all.

Searching every individual heart, yet suited to all times, all seasons, all nations, all tongues; and to the ever-varying circumstances of ever-varying man. Revealing the mysterious economy wherein we live, it portrays thereby that higher economy whereof all here is but the preparatory shadow. Borrowing all its language and imagery from earth, it speaks mainly of heaven; making this world a great parable witnessing and testifying to the world to come.

With words few, but manifold in meaning, it builds up, with measured and majestic calmness, a great typical and spiritual structure—full of the plainest and yet the deepest teachings—full of wonderful analogies—full of historic facts, sparkling with spiritual interpretations—full of the miracles of salvation—full of the felt presence of the Deity—full of a dark blighting spiritual economy, in conflict with the present—full of assured victory—full of the deep things of Christ—full of the deep things of the adversary.

In a word, it is the Magna Charta of mankind, offering them the freedom of The Great New City! The dying testament—ay, the title-deed drawn in blood—of a Friend and Brother, appointing us heirs of all things, and declaring us joint-heirs with God—on the one simple condition, "Only believe."

Here, then, is a wide field for investigation! Here is a deep mine of interest, wherein lie hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge (Col. ii. 3).

Remember what the Bible is. It has Christ for its Author;† for its subject, "the testimony of Jesus;" for its object, our conformity to his Image.

But to resume our subject. In the previous chapter it was stated that St. John takes up and completes the narrative of Scripture, precisely where the previous writers left off.

St. Paul briefly pre-intimated two great

* "In the beginning was the Word" (John i. 1).

† This is no contradiction of the usual statement that the Scriptures are given by the Holy Spirit, for it is written, "The Lord is that Spirit" (2 Cor. iii. 17); while in 1 Peter i. 11, "the Spirit of Christ" is mentioned as directing the prophets. How clearly does Christ speak in Psalm xxii. and elsewhere! Compare also Psalm xxvii. 2 with John xviii. 6.

mysteries as already at work—that of Christ, and its counterfeit, that of iniquity. St. John resumes the broken narrative, and fully unveils these two great mysteries.

The latter will be considered first; its importance, and too general neglect, alike demanding this.

That power must be worthy of our deepest study who is described in Holy Writ as our “accuser day and night before God;” who “presented himself before the Lord among the assembled sons of God;” and who was thus addressed by the great Jehovah, “Thou movedst Me against him to destroy him without cause.”

This power has been so overlooked in our historic interpretations of Revelation, that it becomes essential to unveil him, and place him, where God has placed him—after Christ—prominently in the van.

It is written, “The Throne of Iniquity frameth mischief by a law.” On that throne sits “the god of this world,” and it is our duty—if we would obey the Scriptures, and have our senses “exercised to discern between good and evil”—to study the law whereby he frameth mischief.

“The god of this world” occupies so large and prominent a place in the Book of Revelation, that it would be futile to enter on any consideration of that sublime book, without first duly weighing all that is revealed to us regarding that subtle and mysterious Spirit. He has enthroned himself in Christ’s purchased possession, the Church’s inheritance; and the dethronement, expulsion, and captivity of the usurper and his hosts, in favour of the true and rightful heirs, form the burden of the Apocalypse.

The prominence given throughout Holy Writ to our arch enemy forms a singular contrast to the almost total disregard of him by the world. In the former he is described as “the god of this world,” the prince of the power of the air, the prince of darkness, the prince of this world, the “Spirit of error.” “He is our accuser before God day and night” (Rev. xii. 10), as his name implies; a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour; a sinner from the beginning (1 John iii. 8); our implacable adversary (1 Peter v. 8); a murderer; a liar; a tormentor; “the angel of the bottomless pit;” Beelzebub, Belial, Leviathan, a wolf, an adder, a dog, a fowler, a serpent; lightning, Lucifer, Satan, the adversary, the destroyer, and the great red dragon. These are only a few of the names, types, and symbols applied to him in Holy Writ; they exceed

one hundred in number, and are all full of teaching. And he is but the head of a vast hierarchy, or company of evil spirits, called in Holy Writ “the angels that kept not their first estate,” under whose pervasive agency all creation groaneth, whose whole realm is embarked in one great conflict with the Redeemer, whose work of love it is to take off the curse, which Satan would perpetuate, and win back to God and the Church the inheritance so subtly won for a time by the usurper.

The unceasing agency of Satan and his executive is fully set forth in Holy Writ. That mankind have but a slender belief therein, though at work around and within them, is explained by the word which saith “Satan deceiveth the whole world.” He is spoken of in Scripture as the “adversary” of God and man, sometimes as “the enemy.” Hostility to all truth is his constant aim. He began his warfare in Eden, and there made a breach in God’s temple, which the Spirit of Truth is ever working to repair, and the Spirit of Error ever striving to widen and complete. In Paradise he impregnated man with the venom of antichrist; and knowing that the only antidote thereto is Christ, he unceasingly strives to darken that only path to glory by mimicking truth, beclouding and overlaying it with error, mystery, and doubt, hoping that by enveloping truth in the smoke of the abyss, and in mists of doubt and controversy, travellers to Zion may lose their way and stumble into hell.

The finite mind does not readily grasp the idea of a god of this world. But it may help us to understand the power of this well-nigh all-pervading spirit, to learn that his favourite disguise is light; that he hides himself in what makes all other beings plain; and that while he deceives the whole world, and sways the hearts of men, he yet persuades myriads—and most of all his own children—that he has no existence! Alas! how limited is human vision! We think we see as far as the horizon. Yet we do not see what is immediately around and in frequent contact with us; or, as Scripture hath it, “our senses are not exercised to discern between good and evil;” nor can they be so until we study deeply the manifold devices of the god of this world.

Great is the mystery of sin, the mystery of suffering, the mystery of the dark things of earth, the mystery of moral evil; and infinite their importance to man, for all are intimately entwined with his daily, hourly, and eternal interests. Yet his unaided reason is wholly

inadequate to conceive, far less to solve, them. Mercifully, however, all that he requires to know concerning them has been revealed; and the writer wishes no statement to be received that is not supported by the clear cumulative evidence of Holy Writ. If these pages contain any statement not based on such testimony, it is merely suggestive, and thrown out in order to elicit further inquiry. It has been truly said that writings which cause men to think are the most useful, and this, rather than the establishment of any theory, is the aim, however imperfectly worked out, of these papers.

The Spirit of Error, though limited, as compared with God, is, as compared with man, well-nigh all powerful. Nor is he alone—he has angels or messengers, a host of evil spirits, who obey his behests. These are his invisible agents. But he has his visible ones also: St. Paul talks of him as “the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience:” and of his children our Lord says, “The lusts of your father ye will do.” Were our daily experience insufficient to convince us, Scripture declares that he works in, by, and through men. Ay, and tells us that his worshippers are numbered by millions, while God’s are few. He has therefore mighty hosts of visible and invisible agents at his command, and with these he wages constant war against Christ and his agents, visible and invisible. Nor are these his only forces, for he has “the power of death,” both temporal and spiritual (Heb. ii. 14; 2 Cor. iv. 4); while he exercises dominion in three realms, for he is styled, the prince of the air, of darkness, and of this world; and we read of “serpents, and scorpions, and all the power of the enemy.”

Now, just as God, by the Spirit of Truth, worketh in the children of obedience, to will and to do of his good pleasure (Phil. ii. 13), so does the prince of the power of the air, by the spirit of error, work in the children of disobedience. The two armies are in constant antagonism: during well-nigh six thousand years no truce has ever been proclaimed, and never can be, until the spirit of error is bound, shut up, and sealed in the bottomless pit, that he may deceive the nations no more (Rev. xx. 3). The strife between these two mighty hosts is portrayed—the seen being used to depict the unseen—by history, by facts, by types, and by shadows throughout Holy Writ, plainly symbolised in the first four seals, and fully and finally closed in the trumpets and vials. It is to this fight that St. Paul so nobly exhorts us,

reminding us that we wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, but against “principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places” (Marg. reading Eph. vi. 12). And St. Peter says, “Be sober, be vigilant, because of your adversary the devil: whom resist, steadfast in the faith.”

Now we obviously cannot carry on this war with advantage, against wicked spirits of error, principalities, and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickedness in heavenly places, unless we fully understand the whole tactics of the mystery of sin, as revealed by St. John, and as illustrated by Scripture and history. God impressively warns us not to be ignorant of the devices of our great adversary, and in his Word furnishes sufficient material to dispel our ignorance.

Satan’s counterplot is to keep us ignorant of his devices, and not only does he succeed in this, but he even blinds the minds of God’s own children as to his existence. Ay, more, as “the god of this world he blinds the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ shine unto them” (2 Cor. iv. 4).

We begin then to see something of the range of power exercised by the Spirit of Error. He does so, not only in heavenly places; he is also prince of the air, of this world, and of darkness, and he is moreover the “spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience,” swaying—may we say it?—heaven, air, earth, hell, and the hearts of men. The secret things belong “unto the Lord our God, but the revealed unto us and to our children for ever” (Deut. xxix. 29).

There is therefore, so to speak, a threefold agency around and within us—the agency of God, the agency of man, the agency of the enemy; and very complex and involved are their operations, because constantly commingling on earth’s arena, we find it hard at times to discern between them. But we are specially called on to exercise our senses to discern between them, and it is at our peril we neglect the call.

It is written, “God is not willing that any should perish;” yet St. John speaks of the blinding of men’s eyes as God’s work; St. Paul as Satan’s (2 Cor. iv. 4); and it is elsewhere mentioned as man’s: “Their eyes have they closed” (Matt. xiii. 15; Acts xxviii. 27). In like manner, in Egypt it is several times said, “God hardened Pharaoh’s heart;” and again it is said, “Pharaoh hardened his heart this time also” (Exod. viii.

15—32), implying that he had done so in all. Scripture has many such expressions; and a comparison of them explains that somewhat difficult question, why God is sometimes spoken of in Scripture as the author of evil. In Isaiah God says, "I create evil." At the same time we know from the whole tenor of Holy Writ, that God is not the author of evil, and hateth all the workers of iniquity. Yet these expressions are correct and idiomatic. God could not govern the universe, and take no account of sin! He therefore governs with a plan comprehending all evil. He limits, restrains, curbs, coerces, utilizes it. And what is done by an agent is at times said to be done by the power restraining, curbing and utilizing that agent. In like manner it is usual in Scripture to attribute to the Supreme Power acts virtually those of his instruments, which he merely permits in order to overrule and evolve good from them. There are diversities of agents at work, but one God; and there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. All acts are primarily those of God, from whom all power and permission of acting proceed; secondarily, those of his agents who are free yet limited.

o In Exodus xii. 23 we see how God and the destroyer work. The latter is permitted to select a single victim from each family, and is restrained in all else. Hence the work is said to be God's, though in reality the good only is his, and the evil Satan's. God says, "I will smite," but immediately refers to the real agent, and says, "I will not suffer The Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you." Thus when one inspired writer tells us that God blinds the minds of men, another that Satan does so, and a third that man does so, we perceive that all these statements are correct—the act being done by the permission of the first, the agency of the second, and the wilful sin of the third; in other words God quiescent, Satan active, man willing.

When therefore we read that God hardened Pharaoh's heart, we understand that Pharaoh's state of unbelief had driven far from him that Spirit of Truth that hateth iniquity, and cannot dwell with evil, whereon error worked uncontrolled in Pharaoh. When Truth is remote or quiescent, error is present and dominant. If the protecting shield of the one be withdrawn, the sword of the other must fall.

Similarly God says, "I will bring evil on this people, *the fruit of their thoughts*" (Jer. vi. 19). And while He is repeatedly said to have destroyed Israel, it is added for our

learning, "O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself." God is expressly termed "Israel's Help" (Hosea xiii. 9); in no sense, therefore, is He the destroyer, that is the title of the great god of this world.

Scripture speaks more plainly and more correctly than man; going at once to the fountain-head, tracing all that is good to God, and all that is evil to the adversary. Thus, in the case of the woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, we should not have thought of satanic action; but our Lord speaks of her as one "whom Satan has bound, lo, these eighteen years." As soon as the devil was cast out of the dumb man he spake (Matt. ix. 32). In our language St. Paul was casually detained at Thessalonica: in Scripture language "Satan hindered" him. St. Paul had some bodily ailment, but he does not so speak of it; he terms it "a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him." We should say David erred and numbered Israel. God says, "Satan provoked David to number Israel." Of Judas' sin it is said, "Satan entered into him." Of the imprisonment of the saints it is written, "The devil shall cast some of you into prison" through his human agents. We talk of a man being brought to the truth; Holy Writ mentions him as "turned from the power of Satan unto God" (Acts xxvi. 18). And one who has fallen away from the truth is said to "have turned aside after Satan" (1 Tim. v. 15). Man talks liberally, and, as he thinks, charitably of idolatry; God characterises it as "having fellowship with devils" (1 Cor. x. 20). Those who depart from the faith are said to "give heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils" (1 Tim. iv. 1). And it is by following Scripture in this, and in all things, and from one example learning all, that we shall "have our senses exercised to discern between good and evil," and thereby be enabled to give our subtle adversary that prominent position on the battle-field of time, which the warning word of God so clearly assigns him.

The god of this world corrupted our nature in Eden, and in that corrupt nature he delights to work; and it is by causing us blindly to overlook his constant agency that he gains his manifold victories over us.

He weaves a snare out of our very virtues, and will at times use our best friends as the instruments of his seduction. Thus it was with Peter, when our Lord rebuked him in the very words used to the tempter himself. In the one case the god of error acted directly; in the other, through Peter; hence

the same words are used. Our Lord instantly detected the subtle spirit of error, even in Peter's words of love, and the response was, "Get thee behind me, Satan! thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man." How oft do fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends, urge, apparently in love, error's cause!

In Job's afflictions the instruments used were his wife and his friends; while the satanic cruelties to Job are successfully feigned to be God's visitations (Job i.). So precisely is it in our day—"a man's foes are they of his own household." He invariably adjusts his temptations to the moral and spiritual condition of the object of his attack. He corrupted Eve by a laudable and innocent desire—that of knowledge; and if so easily successful over unfallen humanity, how much greater his success over our corrupt and fallen natures! Our holy Saviour he tempted with God's holy promises: our hungering and fasting Saviour he tempted with bread; and to that Holy One who had just been anointed by the Holy Ghost descending upon Him, for the great combat with the powers of darkness, he offers "all the kingdoms of the earth, and the power and the glory thereof." What subtle poison was here! Unveiled, the temptation literally was this: "You have just been anointed and strengthened for the great strife. You have come down to win back man's lost inheritance. It is mine. I now hold it in right of usurpation; but I will yield it without a struggle if you will but own

my supremacy. By this easy compromise all will be yours, and you will escape the bitter cup, the cross, the agony, the shame! I offer honourable peace, in lieu of long and doubtful war."

And if he thus assailed the Master with soothing, plausible, and seemingly innocent arguments, how much more the servants! *Perimus licitis*, we perish by what is lawful; or, as the Wise Man has it, "we fall by little and little." Hence he is ever watching and feeding our leanings, inclinations, failings, weaknesses, and corruptions, hoping thereby to lead us on to death; for, like steps in a ladder, error leads to error, and sin to sin.

When Israel's prosperity was at its height (this is a marked time for Satan's attack: man is off his guard, and pride opens a ready door) the devil "stood up against Israel," and provoked David to number the people, knowing that, God's protecting shield being removed from Israel, punishment would follow, for our accuser delights in suffering. We read also that he "takes men captive at his will" (2 Tim. ii. 26); that he entered into and took possession of Judas; that "he filled the hearts of Ananias and Sapphira to lie to the Holy Ghost;" and that "the whole world lieth in wickedness," or, according to the marginal reading, "in the wicked one:" embraced in his arms, where it lies fast asleep, and carnally secure, deriving its heat and power from its infernal fosterer." (1 John v. 19.)

C. E. FRASER-TYTLER.

(To be continued.)

THE BAVARIAN PASSION-PLAY.*

THE theatre where the "Passion-Play" is held is open to the air, except part of the spectators' seats, which have a roof; and there is a pretty view of the valley beyond the back of the stage. I believe it will hold about four thousand people when quite full.

The order of things is this:—There is a chorus consisting of eleven women and six men, dressed according to the pictures of old

Jewish costumes; these come forward at the beginning of each act, on the front part of the stage; while, on the back part of the stage, there are in each act one, two, and once three, tableaux vivants of scenes from the Old Testament.

Before and during the tableaux vivants, the chorus—partly in chorus, partly in solos—sing a hymn, explaining what the Old Testament scenes are, and how they illustrate the scene in our Lord's life which is represented as soon as the chorus has retired. That is the general plan; the first two tableaux,

* This paper (an extract from a private letter) gives a very vivid impression of the whole scenes enacted at Oberammergau, and will enable the reader to form his own judgment on the question of the propriety of such representations.—EDITOR.

however, are not examples of what follows in our Lord's life.

This is the order in which the acts come :—

The first tableau represented the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. The second tableau had a cross in the middle, and children kneeling round it praying; an angel leading one up to the cross, and one small child pointing it out to his still smaller brother. The perfect stillness of the figures in these tableaux, and in the whole series, was quite wonderful. The curtain was up certainly four minutes in each case, sometimes even longer, and yet one never saw a move, although there were small children in nearly all the tableaux. It was wonderful. The grouping, dresses, and colours were all good. All the time the tableaux are going on the chorus is singing and explaining them. They sang a particularly pretty hymn at this drop-scene. All the chorus singing was very fine, and some of the solos particularly so.

After these two tableaux the chorus retire, and the New Testament part begins. It opens with our Lord riding in triumph into Jerusalem on the ass. Among the people shouting "Hosanna" there must have been, I should think, more than a hundred people on the stage together. The man who acted the part of our Lord was dressed as is represented in old pictures. At first it struck me as not quite right that he should be a dark-haired man, as our Lord is generally represented as fair; but the feeling of unsuitableness wore off after a time. The Apostles were all there. St. John, a good-looking young man; St. Peter, fine, rugged, and old. Our Lord is represented as riding to the Temple; He there rebukes the priests and scribes standing around, and scourges the money-changers out of the Temple. All through the performance there was the most perfect stillness throughout the building whenever acting or singing was in progress; and you may fancy what a hold the performance had on the audience when they sat as still as I have described, from eight till eleven o'clock, and again from twelve till half-past five, for that length of time was the Passion-Play going on. After the scourging our Lord retires, and the priests are left plotting against Him, and distributing money among the people to buy them over to their side. Thus the curtain falls.

Immediately the second act begins, the chorus march in and commence singing. The curtain rises on a tableau representing Joseph's brethren plotting his death, he himself coming towards them in the distance

with the coat of many colours. The song of the chorus explains that this is a type of the high priests plotting to take the life of our Lord. The chorus retire, and then we see the high council, the priests and scribes, &c., taking counsel. The money-changers that had been scourged out of the Temple, come in and offer in revenge to bear false witness, &c., and one of them, who knows Judas, says he will try and get him over to their side.

3. (Third act.) The first tableau represents the young Tobias leading his parents; the second is a bride weeping for her bridegroom, who has been torn away. These, the chorus says, are types of the sorrow of our Lord's mother and friends at his departure from them: for the acting shows Jesus on his road to Bethany; his meeting with Simon, who invites Him to his house to supper; Mary Magdalene anointing our Lord's feet; his departure from Simon's house; and his farewell parting with his mother before going to Jerusalem. The part of Mary was taken by a woman who, though not very beautiful, was still sweet looking, and looked the part exceedingly well.

4. Tableau of Ahasuerus banishing Vashti and taking Esther. This the chorus likens to God renouncing the Jews as his special people, and taking the Church instead for Himself. The acting shows Jesus sending Peter and John on before to prepare the Passover, while He follows with the other disciples. Judas remains behind; he has been much hurt and sullen ever since our Lord rebuked him for his avarice in wishing to sell the ointment of Mary Magdalene. The money-changers meet him while in this mood, and tempt him to join them. For a long time he refuses, but at the sight of the thirty pieces of silver his avarice carries the day, and he consents, and goes off with them to consult, while the two disciples appear on the stage, and meet the man who offers them his house to eat the Passover.

5. The first tableau represents the giving manna in the wilderness. There is a great crowd of men, women, and plenty of children, holding out their aprons and clothes, to catch the manna which falls from heaven. The second represents the spies coming back from the Holy Land with an enormous bunch of grapes, bending under the weight of it, while the crowd of Israelites look on in astonishment. These, the chorus say, show how God gave bodily food to the people of old time, but has given us his own Body and Blood. For the acting represents the Last

Supper, the washing of the disciples' feet, the giving the bread and wine, the sending Judas to do quickly what he had to do, and our Lord giving his blessing at the end of supper. I ought to have said before, that the speaking is all done in the words of the Bible where possible, and the Bible is closely

followed in every incident. Of course, many of the speeches are from tradition, &c.

6. Tableau of Joseph being sold by his brethren to the Egyptians, typical of the sale of our Lord by Judas, for the next acted part shows the council of the priests. Judas comes in, he hesitates for some time



again, but again the sight of the money conquers him and he agrees. Judas acts this part specially well, almost too well; for his greediness in clutching the money as it is counted out to him again made the people laugh. The priests then express their joy; Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea alone

protesting, and going out from the council amid the abuse of the others.

7. First tableau representing Adam working and toiling, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Second tableau, Joab pretending to kiss Amasa, while he stabs him to the heart. These symbolise the agony in

the garden of Gethsemane, and the kiss of Judas. For the acting commences with our Lord and his disciples in the garden, their sleep, his waking them three times, after each time going apart again to pray; the last time He goes away the angel comes and comforts Him; then Judas with the soldiers come on; Judas kisses our Lord; the soldiers advance, but fall back as dead men; again they advance, Peter draws his sword and strikes off Malchus' ear, but our Saviour rebukes him, is bound and led away.

So finishes the night of Holy Thursday, and there is a pause for an hour in the Passion-Play, when everybody goes out and snatches what food he can among the crowd.

About eleven A.M. the curtain fell; at twelve three guns fired, and we all took our seats.

8. Tableau showing Micaiah punished by Ahab for prophesying the truth, as our Lord is punished by the high priest for so doing. The chorus sang a particularly beautiful hymn at the beginning of the scene. The act begins with Annas standing in the balcony of his house, waiting for Jesus to be brought to him. Judas comes and gets the money, then our Lord is brought amid a great crowd; He answers nothing for some time to Annas' questions, but speaks at last. Everything in the Bible narrative is strictly followed, even to the blow by the servant, when he says, "Answereth thou the high priest so?" Jesus is then taken away to Caiaphas. Peter and John appear in the street, asking what has been done to Him.

9. Tableau of the storming of Naboth, and another of Job being reviled by his wife and friends. These two are types of our Lord's sufferings. The acting shows Jesus before Caiaphas, accused by the false witnesses. The soldiers' hall is then shown. John and Peter come in, and Peter is accused of being a follower of our Lord's and denies Him a third time as the cock crows a second time. He rushes off distracted, just as our Lord is brought in bound. Then comes a most painful part. When Jesus is struck and insulted by the soldiers, and asked to prophesy, Judas appears for a moment, but departs horror-struck.

10. Tableau, Cain in despair rushing away into the wilderness, Abel's dead body lying on one side of the stage, and the altars smoking. The acting shows Judas rushing before the council of the priests repentant, trying to undo what he has done. They laugh at him, and at last he throws down the purse of money, and rushes desperately away. Jesus is then brought before the council,

declared by them to be worthy of death, and three of their number are sent to ask to bring the prisoner before Pilate as governor. The scene then changes, representing a forest. Judas comes on desperate, and holds a long monologue, cursing himself for what he has done, and the curtain falls as he climbs into a tree to hang himself. I believe formerly they showed him hanging, the girdle with which he does the deed breaking, and his again fastening himself up. Fortunately, they spared us that on this occasion.

11. Tableau of Daniel being condemned to the lions' den by Darius. This is a type of the following scene. Our Lord is led to before Pilate's palace in the middle of a crowd shouting that He deserves death, headed and excited by the priests and Pharisees. Pilate comes to the balcony and questions Jesus, who answers nothing, but is then led up to the balcony and privately questioned by Pilate. He does not know what to do, but the priests keep yelling that he is a traitor to the emperor if he does not condemn our Lord. He finally sends Him off to Herod. He has hardly done so, when a man runs in with a message from Pilate's wife, to which he answers that he has sent Him to Herod.

12. Samson, brought to make sport for the Philistines, pulls down the temple on them while feasting. This foreshadows our Lord brought to make sport for Herod. For Herod is represented in the Passion-Play as a man who only cares for pleasure, and who wanted to see our Lord work some miracles for his amusement. He gets very angry at the silence of our Saviour, and sends Him back to Pilate, having first in mockery put a white robe on Him.

13. A tableau of Joseph's brethren showing their father his coat dipped in blood. Another of Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, but an angel has caught his arm. The acting shows Pilate in his balcony again, with Jesus standing below guarded, while all round and about are an immense crowd, headed by the priests yelling for his death. Pilate tries to withstand them, and finally puts them off for a time, sending Jesus away with the soldiers. And then comes a horrible part—the scourging, the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, &c. Fortunately it is very short, for it is terribly painful.

14. Tableau of Joseph's triumph among the Egyptians, crowned and seated in a chariot; and another tableau of the Israelites in the Tabernacle, while Moses is letting the scapegoat go free, whilst the other goat is sacrificed by Aaron. The first represents our

Lord's mock triumphs with the crown and robe; the second shows his being killed for the sins of the people. The hymn the chorus sings here is a particularly fine one, and is followed by a part song; in the distance the people taking the sin of the crucifixion on themselves, while the chorus beg of them not to do so in the foreground. The effect of the two parties singing is very good. The acting shows Pilate's house again surrounded by the priests and crowd shouting for the death of Jesus, who stands bound below. Pilate cannot bring himself to consent. He offers to kill Barabbas, who is brought forward by soldiers, and placed beside our Lord. Such a contrast! The crowd ask for Barabbas to be released. At last Pilate washes his hands before them, declaring himself guiltless of the crime; but gives the order to let Barabbas go. The two thieves are then brought on, and placed next Jesus; the sentence to death of all three is read; Pilate breaks his rod of office, and goes back into his palace, while the priests go off in triumph with their victims.

15. Tableau of Isaac carrying the wood for his own sacrifice on the way to Mount Moriah. Another of the Israelites tormented by the flying serpents, while in the background the brazen serpent is being made under Moses's direction. A third tableau of the brazen serpent raised aloft on a cross, and the Israelites grouped round it. The first a type of Christ carrying the cross on which He was to be sacrificed; the other two, of course, are types of his death. The acting begins with the mother of our Lord, with Mary Magdalene and St. John, waiting to see our Lord pass on his way to Calvary. Soon the procession comes along, Christ in the midst, stumbling under the weight of his cross. Presently Simon of Cyrene appears from a side street, walking along with a basket. Him they at once seize upon and make carry the cross. As the procession moves on, some women come from Jerusalem, with their children weeping at Jesus's feet. He stops and tells them, "Weep not for me, but rather for yourselves," and blesses them; but they are driven off by the soldiers. The procession passes out of sight, leaving the Virgin and her friends weeping at having seen our Lord thus.

16. The chorus now come on in black

clothes and black on the crowns they wear. They speak at first instead of singing. However, they sing later on. Behind the curtain the hammering of the nails is heard. There is no tableau from the Old Testament. When the curtain rises our Lord and the thieves are seen fastened on the crosses, which are then raised up, and stand in front of the stage. Every—even the least—incident in the Bible is now carefully followed. The casting lots for the garment, the Virgin being recommended to St. John's care, the sponge, the cry, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani" (the only words not German spoken during the whole play), the laugh by the priests at his calling for Elias—everything is done. Then a messenger of Pilate's comes, ordering the body of our Lord to be given to Joseph of Arimathea. Then the two thieves have their legs broken (of course this is pretended), and even the piercing of the side with the spear is done, and blood comes out. A bladder of blood is, I suppose, concealed beneath the tight garment the three persons on the crosses wear. Then the soldiers and priests go away, and Joseph takes down the body with his friends, and it is put in the tomb. All this act is terrible to see.

17. The first tableau shows Jonah issuing from the mouth of the whale; the second Pharaoh's host perishing in the Red Sea, while the Israelites triumphantly emerge on the other side. These, the chorus sing, represent the resurrection. The music has now become quick and jubilant and the chorus have on their gay dresses. The acting shows the soldiers watching the tomb; thunder is suddenly heard, the door of the tomb opens, and our Lord appears for a moment in glory, then passes away. The soldiers run to tell the priests. The women of Christ's disciples come to anoint his body, but an angel tells them He is risen, and bids them then warn the other disciples. The priests and soldiers come back, and the former rebuke the soldiers. Then John and Peter come, finally the Magdalene, to whom our Lord for a moment appears. The Bible history is strictly followed throughout.

Once more the curtain rises, amid triumphant music and songs from the choir, and our Lord is seen seated in glory, with the disciples around Him. He slowly ascends, and the Passion-Play is over.

THE LEVITICAL LAW OF MEATS AND THE VISION OF ST. PETER.

Leviticus xi. and Acts x. 9-17.

ALL those who have greatly influenced the religious life of the world, have been at times lifted out of themselves, that they might receive communications from heaven. The boundary of reason and consciousness which hemmed in their spirits, like the glass chimney of a lamp, was removed, in order that the flame of knowledge might be increased, and flicker out farther into the darkness. The sun of the ordinary wakeful life set, in order that the stars of the spiritual life might appear. Into this state of trance the Apostle Peter fell at Joppa, in order that his strong Jewish prejudices might be dispelled, and he might be prepared to receive the great truth of the universality of the Gospel, and the equality of all men in the sight of God. The cloud which concealed the ascended Saviour from the wakeful eyes of His disciple parted on this occasion for a moment, and through the bright rift of the ecstatic condition He appeared again in person to direct the course of the Gospel; and we see on this, as on many subsequent occasions, how the Apostles acted not only on His past commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, but also under His present direction—how His parting promise was fulfilled to them in all its literality and fulness, “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

The place in which the remarkable vision appeared to St. Peter in his trance was peculiarly adapted for the purpose. The outward circumstances most appropriately clothed and expressed the inner meaning of the vision. The harbour of Joppa was the only one on the sea-board of Palestine—the only point of contact between the exclusive Jews and the outlying nations. The difficulty of going in and out—owing to its wild rocks and stormy waters—symbolised, as it were, the difficulties of creed and race, which lay in the way of the extension of the divine kingdom. It was by the way of Joppa that the Gentiles of Syria landed the cedar and the pine-wood which Solomon employed in building the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem. It was by the way of Joppa that similar materials were conveyed, by permission of the Gentile Cyrus, for the rebuilding of the second temple under Zerubbabel. It was by the way of Joppa that Jonah went to preach salvation to the Gentile Ninevites. And now it was by the way of Joppa that the Jews were appointed to convey to the Gentiles the glorious Gospel of Him who was typified by the temple, who had tabernacled

with men, and by His life and death had united in bonds of brotherly love the estranged nations which He had made of one blood. In this port-town many sailors, traders, and artisans of other nations resided; some of whom, by becoming proselytes to the Jewish faith, formed the link connecting the Jews with the Gentiles, the law of Moses with the Gospel, the synagogue with the church. On the top of the house of Simon the tanner, by the seaside, the Apostle stood. The view behind him was circumscribed by the high ground on which the town was built. Jerusalem was completely out of sight; no part of all Judea could be seen. The horizon of the East, with its completed revelation, with its Old-Testament history, its narrow Jewish Church, its exclusive laws and religion, closed behind him. But before him expanded a boundless prospect over the western waters—the horizon of the New-Testament history, of the Christian Church, of the world-wide, time-long faith and kingdom of the Son of Man. What a deep impression must that glorious view have made upon the old fisherman, who previously had seen no larger sheet of water than the Dead Sea, or the Lake of Tiberias, where in early days he plied his craft! The waves of that vast sea, whose shores are formed by three continents, as they broke in foam on the harbour rocks, must have murmured to him great truths in unison with the great commission which he held from his Master. The Sea of Tiberias, folded amid the hills of Galilee, surrounded on every side by Jewish soil, was a type of the Jewish religion—represented the narrow sphere in which the apostles of Christ were at first to pursue their vocation as fishers of men; gathering into their nets, as heirs of the kingdom, only the outcasts of the house of Israel. But now the wide Mediterranean, that touched Palestine only along one little line, was a type of the all-embracing Gospel of Jesus, which, starting from Judea, was to make the whole known world the field of its operations, in which the apostles were to gather of every kind. St. Peter saw its glittering surface covered with white-sailed ships, coming and going from all parts of the world. Away towards the setting sun, were the islands of the Levant, famous in ancient story, the stepping-stones, as it were, of the Gospel in its first giant strides from its cradle to its great field of manly enterprise—Greece and Rome and Spain and Britain—the classic

realms of Europe—destined afterwards to be the scenes of its most momentous conquests. Standing there, with the representatives of all the nations before his eyes, the unlimited sea that laved their shores and bore their ships, rebuked the narrowness of his views; contrasted the love which would save all with the prejudices which would save only a few. He was praying, we are told, on the housetop; and doubtless his prayer—formed upon his Master's great model—was that God's kingdom might come and His will be done on earth as it was done in heaven. But what a mean interpretation he put upon that grand petition! He could not divest his mind of his Jewish prejudices. He expected that as Joppa was the only harbour by which strangers from other lands could enter the Holy Land, so proselytism, conversion to the Jewish faith, circumcision, and obedience to the law of Moses, was the only mode in which Gentiles could be brought into the kingdom of Christ. He quoted from the prophecy of Joel in his sermon on the day of Pentecost, "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh;" but he understood the words as referring only to Jewish flesh. He could not believe that Gentiles would henceforward share the Spirit of God as freely as Jews; he could not understand that the world was greater in God's eyes than Judea; that the Church of Christ was to be one in which the Jew was to have no exclusive privileges, and the Gentile to be subject to no disabilities. He could not realise that the noble ark of Christianity—so long moored to the coast of Palestine—was about to lift its anchor and spread its sails, and pass out of that very harbour of Joppa in order to visit and bless every shore of the world. And, therefore, he needed not only the silent rebuke of that great open sea, spreading before his eyes, as a type of the boundless freeness and fulness of the Love that passeth knowledge—for its significant enlargement was lost upon him; he needed also a special vision and an articulate message from heaven.

That heavenly vision and message took shape from the natural condition of the Apostle at the time. He had been fasting and praying for several hours, and was in consequence worn out with fatigue and faint with hunger. The higher want of his spirit was therefore supplied by a vision suggested by the want of his lower nature. The divine light which, breaking through the misty atmosphere of traditional notions, was about to rise upon his soul displayed itself in the mirror of sensuous images proceeding from the hunger

of his body. Probably, too, the form of the vision—the mould in which it was cast—was determined by the circumstances in which he was placed. He was living in the house of Simon the *tanner*, a man whose occupation was regarded by the stricter Jews as unclean. The Levitical law forbade contact with death in any shape lest defilement should be contracted; but here was a man whose calling exposed him to constant contamination. He prepared the skins of animals—clean and unclean without distinction, we may suppose, if they suited his purpose. The trade in which St. Peter's host was engaged may have suggested the great sheet let down from heaven, knit at the four corners, filled with all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air; just as the shepherd's ordinary watch-fire, and the natural thorny growth of the desert formed the outward vehicle by which God revealed Himself to Moses. The fact that St. Peter was the guest of such a man indicated that he had lost much of his old Pharisaic strictness—that the events of Pentecost—the conversion of the Samaritans, and, more than all, the new element in the teaching of Stephen sealed by his death of martyrdom, had somewhat enlarged his heart, and dispelled some of the most bitter of his Jewish prejudices. The house of Simon the tanner at Joppa was not only physically, but morally a half-way house between Jerusalem and Cæsarea, between the temple of the Jews and the house of Cornelius the Roman centurion. And yet, notwithstanding the inconsistency of his conduct in dwelling in the house of an unclean person, the Jewish instincts of St. Peter, recoiled with abhorrence from the vision which presented in such a palpable shape before him what he had been taught and accustomed to avoid carefully as a source of moral infection. "Not so, Lord," he replied to the articulate voice, which said, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat," "for I have never eaten anything common or unclean."

The symbolical vision of St. Peter may be regarded as the formal authoritative abolition of the Levitical arrangements regarding clean and unclean animals. This law of food was part of the Old Testament types and symbols, which ceased in their outward form, because in the Christian dispensation they were spiritually fulfilled. It had its foundation in sanitary reasons, for the law was not arbitrary and capricious; it had a primary relation to the nature of the climate, and the best kind of nourishment adapted to the Jewish constitution in such a climate. Bodily health,

vigour, and purity were doubtless the objects which it was meant first of all to subserve, but based upon that primary physical cause, was the moral purpose of keeping Jew and Gentile apart, until the purposes of their mutual discipline in a separate state should be accomplished. It was not a question merely regarding the best mode of supporting natural life that the Jew was forbidden to eat the flesh of swine and horses; it was one of religious duty and covenant faithfulness, of keeping the Jew pure in his religious convictions amid the surrounding idolatry. It was wisely adapted to the character of the people and the exigencies of the times. At certain periods of their history, the Jews were brought into closer relations with the outlying nations. During and after their return from captivity, especially, the avenues of the world opened around them, and they could not isolate themselves from all intercourse with aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. In such circumstances they were exposed to innumerable temptations to make light of their religious scruples, and to conform to the heathen practices around them. The only way, therefore, to avoid an utter relaxation and confusion of their religious code was by making their mode of life peculiar, and refusing to partake of the food which idolatrous nations were accustomed to use; and if at times this caste-distinction was exaggerated, so that it was considered unlawful for a Jew to keep company with, or come in to one of another nation, it was to some degree justified by the necessity of the case. It was an instance of extremes meeting. The tendency so strong in them, as shown by their history, to forsake the true God and to cleave to the gods of the people with whom, from time to time, they came into contact, was counteracted by the tendency equally strong to pride themselves upon their exclusive privileges as the favourites of heaven, and to push to an absurd extreme the restrictions of their own religion. Proneness to idolatry was neutralised by religious bigotry. The Lord thus fenced around and educated by a prohibitory code of laws, as well as by a revelation of positive truth, a people who should be the custodians of true religion and undefiled for the benefit of all mankind.

But when the purposes of the exclusive education of Israel were fulfilled, and the law that came by Moses was merged in the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ, the distinction between clean and unclean animals was abolished. This branch of the ceremonial law was formally repealed by the

direct command of heaven. The vision of St. Peter distinctly annulled it. The animals were seen associated together within the limited sphere of the vision, as they are seen on the surface of the great earth itself. The primary law of their creation superseded the temporary law which separated them from one another in human economy. As creatures of God, all their disabilities were removed, and the original sentence of approbation was again pronounced upon them indiscriminately. God saw that they were all very good. In that kingdom of Christ, which is the restitution of all things, the whole creation which groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now, is seen translated into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. And as with the animals themselves, so with the human beings whom they represented on this occasion. The distinctions among men which the law of meats was meant to create and preserve were also abolished by the vision of St. Peter. The vessel knit at the four corners symbolised the Christian Church, which was to be co-extensive with the whole earth; the animals with which it was filled were an emblem of all nations that were to be gathered into the Church. As the whole animal kingdom was represented in the vessel, so all mankind were to be represented in the Church. The association of creeping things with the great four-footed beasts and wild beasts signified that the grace of God would comprehend the lowest and vilest races of earth, as well as the noblest and most advanced nations within its all-embracing arms. Not only the great civilised nations, the Greeks and Romans, Jews and Egyptians, but also the degraded and obscure tribes of Asia, Africa, and Europe would be folded together within the same great dispensation of mercy and love. There was to be no respect of persons with God; there was to be neither Greek nor Jew, nor Scythian, nor bond, nor free in Christ. And as the mean creeping things were made as much of in the vessel as the great four-footed beasts, not hidden away in the corners, but made to stand out conspicuously—presented to the Apostle's eye in their own place; so these barbarous tribes were not to be lost sight of by Christianity, but were to be raised by it to a higher position, and to share in their own degree and according to their own capacity in the blessings of the Gospel. All this was symbolised by the vision of St. Peter. The same great truths had been typified before by Noah's ark, the symbol of man's salvation, in which clean and unclean animals were

associated, and saved from the flood. The scheme of grace as well as the scheme of nature has a place and a design for all.

The great sheet was "let down out of heaven," thereby indicating the heavenly origin of this wonderful association. The idea of it was not formed on earth; the execution of it was not devised or carried out by human wisdom and benevolence. It is not a natural arrangement, for it is contrary to one of the great laws of nature—the law of natural selection. In the field of nature the battle is with the strong, and the weaker races perish. It is not according to the law of human progress, which ordains that the march of nations shall be over each other's graves—that dominant races shall subdue and extirpate the less capable—that savage tribes, in contact with civilisation, instead of being raised and ennobled thereby, shall be more degraded, and finally become extinct. The idea and the execution of the plan of uniting all nations and peoples, and tribes and tongues, in one Church, where there should be no preferences or disabilities, where the powers and the peculiarities of each should have ample room for exercise and expansion for the benefit of all, was of God entirely. It was conceived and wrought out in heaven, and not on earth. We see all through the history of the Jews that God's thoughts were high above their thoughts, as the heavens above the earth. He was continually telling his covenant people that their history was included in a larger and grander history; that in their seed all the families of the earth should be blessed. But the best and wisest of them were continually misunderstanding His intentions, and gauging them by their own narrow prejudices. The prophets were inspired to utter prophecies regarding a universal church, which they themselves were not able to comprehend or fully sympathise with. For uttering the grand prophecy that in the latter days the mountain of the Lord's house should be established upon the top of the mountains, and all nations should flow into it; that out of Zion the law should go forth, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem, Micah would have been put to death by the exasperated people had not Hezekiah interfered. If ever there was anything contrary to the whole tenor of Jewish thought, it was Christ's command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. There is not a stronger proof of the divine inspiration of the Jewish prophets than the fact that, contrary to every feeling of patriotism, they foretold, not the future glories of their

own nation, but its ruin preparatory to its absorption in a larger commonwealth. There is not a more convincing evidence of the divinity of our Saviour than the fact that, contrary to all the religious prejudices of his nation and of his time, he undertook to organise a kingdom of heaven on earth, in which they should come from the north and the south, and the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. There cannot be a more conclusive proof of the unearthly character of the Church of Christ, than the fact that, in spite of the temporal things which divide men and keep them separate, and the tendency to carry to excess those distinctions which are allowable, and even necessary, it nevertheless is not identified with any of the castes which lie along the graduated scale of worldly greatness or littleness; that it places men in mutual relations, belonging to eternity, and not to time; that it compensates every disadvantage, makes all partakers of the common salvation, one in Christ Jesus. Thus we see how the association of the lowest with the highest in the Church of Christ was a divine, and not a human conception. All had been arranged and ordered in a heavenly sphere, under the guidance of God Himself, in beautiful contradiction to the instincts of man, who would have gathered into the sheet only what was of apparent value, who would have gloried in taming the wild beasts, but would have despised and rejected the creeping things. And just as St. Peter saw in his vision the vessel full of all kinds of animals let down out of heaven, so St. John saw in his vision, the holy city, new Jerusalem, type of society in its perfect, redeemed state, combining the various relations of men so as to promote the welfare of each and secure the unity of a common life to the whole, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

In reply to the scruples of St. Peter God condescended to inform him that Gentile nations were not as he supposed common or unclean. Aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, God nevertheless had not abandoned them. It was indeed necessary in order to preserve the divine knowledge in all its integrity and purity, that the Jewish nation should be selected to stand in closer relations with God. It was necessary that they should be educated and trained in the household of God as it were, and directly under His eye, in order that they might be the teachers and benefactors of mankind. But this does not imply that He had no fatherly interest

in the nations outside—that they were left entirely to themselves, without any religious training at all. Side by side with the special discipline of the Jews went on the general discipline of the Gentiles. As the Jews had a law and a sacrificial ritual, so the heathen had also a philosophy and a sacrificial system, though not like the Jewish, the result of immediate divine revelation, but in all probability a faded and distorted memory of patriarchal religion handed down after the dispersion of Babel. The early fathers of the Church, who were pagans in their unconverted state, such as Athenagoras, Tertullian, Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, were accustomed to assert that paganism was the peculiar training ordained by God for the Gentiles in contra-distinction to the Jews; that pagan philosophy and religion were to the heathen what the Jewish dispensation was to the covenant people—a training up towards Christianity. For paganism, we must remember, was not altogether a falsehood; it was only a perversion of the one divine revelation—containing those fundamental principles the type of which was found in Judaism and Christianity. It was a shadow cast by the reality. It had much of the salt of truth in it; and this it was that preserved it from decay; that, in spite of all the foul corruptions and evils connected with it, conserved it from generation to generation. The long succession of philosophers of Greece, who opposed the viler and more popular superstitions, and fostered the belief in one God, in the immortality of the soul, and in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, founded upon laws of righteousness, stood in the same relation to their times and their countrymen as the Hebrew prophets—who kept alive the knowledge of the true God and the purity of His worship, and rebuked the idolatry and corruption of their people—stood to Israel in the degenerate ages immediately preceding the coming of Christ. By the discipline and training of all that was thus good and pure in their own religion God had cleansed the heathen nations, and prepared them for being received at the proper time into the Christian Church.

Throughout the whole history of God's immediate connection with the Jews, He, from time to time, cleansed individuals here and there among the Gentiles by his special dealings of grace with them. Melchizedek, to whom the Aaronic priesthood themselves paid tithes in the person of Abraham their great ancestor, was a Canaanite, belonging to the accursed aboriginal race which the

Jews were commanded to extirpate. Job was, in all likelihood, an Edomite, a descendant of Esau; and his book, although its subject did not belong to the chosen people, was admitted into the sacred Canon. The blood of Rahab, the harlot of Jericho, and of Ruth the Moabitess mingled with that of the royal house of David. In the prophecy of Balaam, we see a recognition of divine inspiration outside the commonwealth of Israel; and in the mission of Elijah to Sarepta, of Elisha to Naaman the Syrian, and of Jonah to the Ninevites, we see the readiness of Scripture to admit within the pale of the true Church the Gentile nations around. The visit of the Magi to the cradle of Jesus; the visit of Christ Himself to Egypt; the cure of the daughter of the Syrophenician woman, of the Roman centurion's servant, and of the Samaritan leper; the discourse to the woman of Samaria beside the well of Sychar; the desire of the Greeks to see Jesus; the association of Romans with Jews at His crucifixion; all these indicate the gradual widening of the horizon of humanity—the gradual fulfilment of Christ's words, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to me." The faith of the Syrophenician woman and of the Roman centurion was greater than any which our Lord had found even in Israel. The devoutness and charity of Cornelius were so remarkable that they attracted the special regard of heaven. In these individuals the Holy Spirit had been working, cleansing them from all the corruptions in their nature and in their creed. They had the heavenly call which Abraham had before he was circumcised; the undoubted inward seal of salvation in the absence of the outward sign. Their faith was counted to them for righteousness. The Lord Himself had sanctified them; and surely if heaven had dispensed with the distinctions of the ceremonial law in their case, who possessed the spiritual reality, imparted by the direct action of God's word and Spirit, so should the Church on earth. What God had thus cleansed, Peter had no right to call common or unclean. These ceremonial distinctions were in themselves at best but a very imperfect mode of effecting the true sanctification of man; and now they were to be abolished by the adoption of higher spiritual means—by the grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ. Thus we reach the abolition of the formal distinction between Jews and Gentiles—between clean and unclean meats—by having arrived at the deeper truth, of which all such distinctions in the flesh

were mere temporary expressions—that there is nothing from without that, entering into a man, can defile him; that God regards only the state of the heart; and that to the pure in heart all things are pure. The separation between the same creatures of God—the same brethren of mankind—the same subjects of redemption—by the restrictions of a ceremonial law, is seen to be a differentiation towards a higher, a more blessed, and a more lasting unity in Christ. And just as in nature, so in religion, we find that differentiation is a fundamental law of development.

The heavenly vision which appeared to St. Peter condemns the ceremonial distinctions which Christians still keep up. We break up life into fragments, and assign this part to the world, and that to God. We draw a line of demarcation between the secular and the sacred, as distinct as the line of verdure and the line of desert that run side by side, but never intermingle, all along the valley of the Nile. Such a division savours more of Pharisaism than of Christianity. Our Lord, by taking our nature and living our life, made them potentially divine. Ever since he broke the bread of common life, and walked our earth, he made every meal a sacrament and every spot holy ground. As the body is one, so also is the Christian life. Physical health is the harmonious action of every member according to its natural law; and religion is the true health of our whole being—the sanctification of body, soul, and spirit. Religion is the consecration of everything to God—of the whole of life—its eating and drinking as well as its fasting—its working as well as its praying, its joys as well as its sorrows, its pleasures as well as its duties, its weekdays as well as its sabbaths. It alone gives to man the use of his whole being and of the universe around him, and shows to him that the true human completeness lies, not in the proscription of any of the elements of his being, but in their proper exercise, and in the right blending of the whole.

Then, too, the divine words of the vision condemn that sour puritanism, or asceticism, so popular in every age of the Church, which would banish all the joys and innocent amusements of life, and wrap up the world in a mist of spiritual sadness. The beauties of nature, we hear such individuals saying, are unworthy of the regard of a Christian; they are carnal, under the curse, and are intended for trials and temptations; the pleasures of life, arts, letters, music, beauty, are sinful, when precious time is spent upon them by an immortal soul. They take up

the words of Cecil, and say, without his devotion, "I want to see no more sea, hills, fields, abbeys, or castles; I find vanity pervading everything but eternity and its concerns, and perceive these things to be intended for children." Such Christians are terribly one-sided; they have a poor idea of the goodness of God's law, and a very narrow idea of God's holiness. They recognise merely the unearthly aspect of religion; they are grateful to God only for spiritual blessings. They shut themselves out from much that softens and blesses the heart, under the strange impression that God is acceptably served by mortifications and privations which are supposed to be in themselves grateful to Him. Let such individuals learn from the freedom and naturalness of Christ's life in all things, from the direct rebuke given to the apostle from heaven, that the beauties of nature and the innocent joys of life, which they call common and unclean, are purified by God's blessing and Christ's human experience, and may be made the ministers of faith and the means of grace to the humble loving soul. Let them learn to call nothing which God has given, and which He upholds for wise and gracious purposes, common and unclean. Let us all beware, in our scruples about mere outward things, of neglecting the inward, vital things of the spirit; remembering that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, doing or not doing certain external things, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Let us take warning by the example of the Pharisees, who began with scruples about meats, washing of hands, and a hundred other little fidgety difficulties and subtle distinctions, and ended with the basest hypocrisy; who began with tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and ended with neglecting mercy and judgment and truth. Let us take heed that we narrow not too rigidly, by our ceremonial exclusiveness, the confines of things that are lawful and innocent in themselves, lest we make sad the heart which God has not made sad, and make our religion hateful to others, and a living death to ourselves—killing the world and the soul too. We may contract the common of life by enclosure, until we drive trespassers into forbidden pleasures. The only true Gospel strictness is that which "fences duties round so as to make their performance easier and surer; and which fences the heart round, so as to make our feelings purer and more human, and therefore more spiritual and heavenly."

HUGH MACMILLAN.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in My Business Life.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

II.—WHEAT AND TARES.

THE next story I shall tell is of a problem that vexed me sadly for many, many years. It was put before me while I was still quite a lad, and though I began to catch the drift of its solution a long while ago, I did not arrive at the full and complete answer till within a very few years of the present time.

In the hurry of a life rocked in a leaky mortality, it is hard to wait for the leisurely processes of Infinite Immortality. God works slowly. Man flutters among his decrees like a poor moth in a garden. Does it fancy the hard green buds will never blossom? Can it believe that the early flower already blowing was like them only a day or two ago? And presently the poor thing trembles on its wings, and drops, and dies. But the roses come out one by one in their season, and Christmas brings red berries even to the holly. If the moth had only believed!

Our firm, Lambert & Co., did business with the establishment of Knight Bros. and Cromer. Knight and Cromer were only a young firm, and then in a comparatively small way. Our Mr. Lambert liked to give a helping hand to such. This firm in particular was much indebted to him. He had advanced capital to Knight Bros., who were the sons of an old business connection of his, who had been ruined in a panic. He had often favoured them with the still more valuable loan of his honoured name. And lastly, he was the means of introducing them to their junior partner, Henry Cromer, a young man from Mr. Lambert's own county town; who not only had capital, which was of material benefit to their interests, but also a special aptitude and skill in their line of trade, and an unusual share of energy and application.

I believe the three partners first met in Mr. Lambert's counting-house. The Knights had often been there, but I remember the day when first Mr. Cromer was appointed to meet them, and their interview being by no means private, I was in and out of the counting-house whilst it went on, and heard many snatches of the conversation.

Mr. Thomas Knight was speculative, and Mr. Archer Knight was timid. Mr. Thomas was suggesting that their trade was capable

of much increase if prices were lowered; while Mr. Archer put in that he thought their manufactures could be carried on in a more economical way.

"When we have the amount of ready money you will bring us," said Mr. Thomas, "our profits will be much greater, because we shall have our cash in our hand whenever the markets are favourable. And when you can invest a pound to bring in five, then with five you can go to work for twenty-five, and so on, *ad infinitum*."

"We've not only had to drop advantageous purchases," chimed in Mr. Archer, "we've had to sell at a loss too. It has really gone to my heart to see such splendid certainties as our connection affords us, all wasted for want of a trifle more capital."

"Glorious chances lost, too," said Mr. Thomas. "If I'd had a spare five hundred when the *Queen of the Sea* was freighted for Buenos Ayres, I'd have turned it into not a penny less than two thousand. But as I had not, I had to let somebody else step into my shoes."

"But there was a risk in that," responded Mr. Archer, "though it happened to turn out all right. I'm glad to believe that Mr. Cromer here feels with me, that it is best to keep to the slow and steady course of business. Mr. Cromer and I must look after striking the balance, and then allow a margin for you to speculate with, Tom. Tom has a wonderful turn for speculation," he added aside, with ill-disguised admiration. "And he'd be generally right. There's a kind of luck in it."

"It is with Fortune as it is with horses," said Mr. Thomas nonchalantly; "take it with a strong hand, and it knows its master."

"And do you find your workpeople satisfied with the wages you have just named?" inquired Mr. Cromer.

"Satisfied! I should think they ought to be," returned Mr. Archer. "They have no trouble and no risk. It is the same wage that is paid everywhere."

"They know they would lose more than they would gain if they quarrelled with their bread and butter," said Mr. Thomas. "And they're satisfied enough. They know their cloth, and it's easy enough to cut their coat

accordingly. So much work and so much money; and I'm sure it must be a nice peaceful life for those it suits."

"And as I understand they mostly live in cottages belonging to you, of course you are able to make many little arrangements that make the wage worth nearly double in point of comfort," observed Mr. Cromer.

"Of course, of course," assented Mr. Archer eagerly; while Mr. Thomas put in:

"We always subscribe to the Free Hospital. It takes any case of accident connected with our works. Now Mr. Cromer's name is to be coupled with ours, perhaps he would like the subscription to be doubled. That will let people see that we are launching out."

I remember that Mr. Cromer looked up at the speaker keenly, and his tone was rather cold as he answered:

"There will be time enough for those changes by-and-by. But do you have many accidents in your works? I thought they were chiefly avoidable?"

"They will happen sometimes, as in the best-regulated families," Mr. Archer answered smoothly. "I daresay your experience tells you that common workpeople are lamentably careless."

Just then I was called out of the counting-house, and away to another part of the building. I did not see the Knights again. But I met Mr. Lambert and Mr. Cromer wandering together among the bales and packing-cases. Mr. Cromer had just made some observation, which I did not hear, and Mr. Lambert replied,—

"I don't think you must draw that inference. Business men fall into this hard way of speech. I own it's a bad habit. I only hope I have not fallen into it myself. If there is really too much of a mercenary spirit in it, you must just set your influence against it, Cromer. The Knights are but young men, and have had to struggle hard, but I have always found them very amenable to any suggestion. You must do them good, Cromer."

Kindly Mr. Lambert! His was truly the charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things.

I afterwards became acquainted with Mr. Cromer outside business hours and places. He was recently married to an elder sister of David Wills's young wife; and thus during their stay in London they were constant visitors at my old friend's new little home in Holloway.

Henry Cromer had been the second son of the chief corn and grain merchant of Middle-

boro', Shropshire. I could understand that the family had been affluent people after a simple country fashion. Every allusion to his boyish life was like a spring breeze among the hyacinths of a mill-garden—full of healthy and health-giving life. They had a "shop" in the family house in Middleboro' market-place, and a great, overflowing fruitful garden behind the "parlour," which had evidently been the general household apartment, since Henry Cromer never mentioned "the best room" except in connection with such sacred or festive occasions as the Sunday afternoon Bible reading and tea, or the Christmas cake and forfeits. Perhaps the women folk of the establishment had sometimes carried their needlework there in the quiet of the evening, but the boys of the family had been far too free of the mill and the granary to be readily presentable among Brussels carpet and best damask. The lads had thrown themselves with hearty boyish unconsciousness among the cogs and pulleys of the little Middleboro' model of God's universe. Their father's millers and carters had delighted to make the boys those precious impromptu toys which no money can buy at Mr. Cromer's, and to permit and encourage them in those efforts at manly labour which is the most delightful sport to childish hearts. They had learned to reverence the rough old veteran miller who had learned to read his Bible after he was forty years of age, and who walked twelve miles every Sunday, that he might be, in any homely way that presented itself, a loving evangelist to the neglected cotters in the little hamlet where he was born. And they had learned, too, a humble kindly pity and fellow-feeling for poor Dick the carter, who was so helpful and honest except when he "broke out," and went "on the drink," and lay in Middleboro' gutters, a spectacle for God and man. They saw their good, stainless father forgive him again and again. They heard how Dick's parents had both been irreclaimable drunkards. And when they whispered that it was surely for no use that in his long sober intervals, poor Dick went to chapel and read his Bible, and yet always broke out again, they learned a priceless lesson from that stern old preaching miller.

"Donnot say that, lads. I donnot think it's na use to me, because I still come over black and hard-like whites. That's my sin, and it's as bad in the Lord's eyes as Dick's, or may be worse; and perhaps I'm no' so sore tempted. The grace o' God donnot deliver us from this body o' death all at onst,

but it sets us tugging at it, and that's the sign it'll be cut away at the last. If it wasn't for the grace o' God, we'd be huggin' it in our arms."

They knew the men's wives and children—all near neighbours in the quiet heart of sleepy old Middleboro'. The grave miller's wife was the family nurse, the hopeful and unfailing accompaniment to every time of trouble, like the silver lining to a cloud. Her eldest daughter was their maid, and married from the house in the market. Her son was Harry Cromer's greatest rival in the cricket-field; he went abroad, and did well in New Zealand, and sent home newspapers to Master Harry.

Father and mother Cromer died at last. The mill and the shop went to the eldest boy. The money in the funds came to Harry, who had already been for some time "under" a firm in the nearest manufacturing town. It was good substantial provision for both—not less and not much more than their grandfather had made for their father and uncles.

So Harry Cromer came into his inheritance. He had learned something during his stay in the manufacturing town, going to and fro between its purieu of poverty and labour, and its pleasant stately suburbs of wealth and leisure. He had learned that theory is not practice, after having actually lived twenty-three years in ignorance of that fact! He had learned that in a land echoing with the sound of the Gospel of Love and Justice, a man may still lawfully take the life-blood of men, women, and children that he may coin it into gold—that a thousand poor Lazaruses must go without dripping to their bread that Dives' oysters may be fried in fresh butter. He had learned that poor Humanity has not yet acquired that alpha of its own history, "that all men are one flesh," but boggles over it, and tries to stumble on to something easier. And then, while these truths—to him so novel and startling—were tossing and seething in his brain, the wrongs born of them suddenly found incarnation in the form of the old preacher-miller's brother, long a dweller in the town. The two old brothers must have been alike, frame and feature told that. But while the old age of the one was like some strong old fortress growing grander and grander towards decay, that of the other was like some fire-shrivalled ruin just patched up by houseless wanderers. Both good men, yet the religion of one was a courage, of the other a resignation. This had no children. They had all died young. His old wife was bed-ridden. Her husband said she had gone

to work in a factory, years ago, when he was laid up with a fever that was in their court through "the drains," and she "had taken a bad hurt in some m'chinery that was the old sort and orkard—they'd just mended it up and thought it would do. Master had paid the doctor's bill, and given them a trifle weekly while he was attending her. That was more than most would do—master was a good sort. But the doctor stopped coming after a bit—he said she was as well as he could make her, she'd just be better and worse accordin' to the weather. She was powerful bad when it was damp. The damp struck right through their wall, till you couldn't tell the colour of the paper. She could knit a little at times—she was a real good 'un, and didn't give up while she could go. They had a shilling a-week and a loaf from the parish. His brother was very good to them. They'd ha been clemmed without him,—the Lord reward him, and his wife too, specially for the tea. It's the wife sends that. She puts a shilling, as it may be, in the letter their gal writes, and she says, 'It's for the tea, as we are too far off to have a cup together.' That's the tea, sir, and the way o' sending it's the sugar, as one may say, sir." And the old man laughed, with his thin old lips and faded eyes.

In the stab of indignant pain, Harry Cromer suddenly left his snug lodging in the elegant suburb, and took up his abode over a chandler's shop, in a bye-way among the factories, and stayed there while he remained in the town.

There he lived all the while he courted his future wife, who, like her sister, was a governess. But she was a teacher in a school kept by a very kind-hearted woman, and they were able to have long happy talks together, in the few quiet lanes and fields which manufacturing enterprise had spared. I don't suppose their evening talks were any less sweet because the little white flowers of their own mutual love were mixed with some sturdy buds that were to blossom for other people.

There was a grand simplicity about Harry Cromer. When he saw that a thing ought not to be, he never thought of standing still to ask if it could be helped. In his godly Middleboro' home it had never been doubted that God ruled the world and not the devil, and that God could keep the world going without the devil's help. The words "expediency" and "exigency" might have been left out of the dictionary, for all the use he made of them. To know that an evil

existed was but the first step to combat it. He must throw his little capital, and all his skill, and energy, and perseverance into this warfare. He could not begin single-handed, because his money was not sufficient without plant or connection, and thus he had thankfully accepted Mr. Lambert's advice and introduction. He had no lurking consciousness of philanthropy. He only wanted to do his straightforward duty—to provide things honest in the sight of all men, to build up a home whose foundation should not be dead men's bones, cemented with the blood of broken hearts. In plain truth, Harry Cromer sincerely believed in God, all-knowing and all-powerful; in Christ, with the image of humanity crystallised in his heart of love; and in a judgment to come, whose fierce sunlight shall burn up hypocrisies and conventionalism. And sincere belief involves corresponding action.

I saw him and his wife frequently during the few weeks between his agreement with the Knights and their final removal to their new home in the vicinity of the factory. Mrs. Cromer was a pleasing, bright woman, with that sort of beauty which grows spontaneously from cheerfulness and activity. She was full of sympathy with her husband's views and plans, but I thought not quite so sanguine, though to his most daring suggestions she never gave a response more damping than a smiling "we can but try." She had cordially joined in his scheme of living near his business, though both of his new partners had fully represented to her that the Kingsland Road was not a particularly pleasant suburb, it was so depressing to live amongst poor people, and there was no nice walk at hand, nor any very good shops. But Mrs. Cromer had put aside all objections in her own firm, pleasant way. She had a great affection for her brother-in-law, David Wills, and I think he must have told her something of my blunders and troubles, for almost from the beginning she had that sort of indulgent, elder-relation manner towards me, which people are apt to have when they know more about one than one thinks. It gave me courage to accept their kindly invitation to visit them whenever I pleased, and I went for the first time about two months after they were settled, going on Saturday evening in company with David, whose wife was just then detained at home by the arrival of a baby.

Their home was in the high-road. They rented it of the Knights. It was a plain brick house, rather dingy in appearance,

though its paint was fresh, and Mrs. Cromer had already started a Virginian creeper over the door. The rooms were somewhat mean in their proportions, but the building had the redeeming feature of a long, old back garden. They had found it dreadfully neglected, and choked up with weeds and rubbish, but it had a pear tree and a young elm, and when the rank undergrowth was cleared away there remained sundry firs and laurels, not so flourishing as they might become, but still good enough to make a pleasant shrubbery for the lighter plants that Mrs. Cromer was already planting out. Mrs. Cromer was a London-bred woman, but a born gardener, though in her own opinion "she could just manage common things that only wanted plenty of water and a little common sense."

I was struck almost immediately, by a transformation that seemed already to have taken place between these two. It was she who was brightly confident now, and he who was thoughtfully serious. She called us from one wonderful discovery of possible beauty and service to another. Everything was just as it should be, or if unmistakably not so, at least just in happy accordance with some whim of hers on that particular subject.

"Was not the pear tree a great deal prettier for the funny crook in it? It put her in mind of those people who have some racy oddity that makes them all the pleasanter. Harry was afraid it would not bear fruit, or if it did, that it would not be worth much. She believed it would, if not this year, then next. Wouldn't it be nice to send one's own pears to one's friends? But if it didn't, never mind. One could buy fruit in Leadenhall Market easily enough, but not pear-blossoms, and aren't they sweet?" and she broke off a little snowy twig, and handed it to me, saying that she thought she liked fruit blossoms better than other flowers. They seemed nobler. They were the beginning of something more; like a pleasant word before a kind action, and if her poor tree could not get beyond the blossom, they must take the will for the deed, as they'd take a good wish from people who had nothing else to give; and now we had better go and find out what Harry and David were talking about. For they had wandered to the farther end of the garden, and Harry Cromer's voice brought back on the wind sounded rather sad and serious.

"The Knights know nothing about their work-people," he was saying. "In fact, they are always shifting. Their number is reduced whenever there is the least slackness, and they are left to find work elsewhere if they can."



"PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE."

"But we get a hold on those who live in Archer's Rents," put in Mrs. Cromer, "for they generally come back to the factory when they can."

"Poor things!" sighed Harry Cromer. "When I am eating my meals, I often wonder which morsel is paid for by the profit of Archer's Rents. You know they belong to our firm, and are mostly tenanted by the hands. (There I go again! Annie, always pull me up whenever I say 'hands.' It is a word born of the man-market and the slave gang.) And you may guess where one's landlord is also one's master it is not always easy to remind him that the roof leaks, and that the walls have not been whitewashed for three years. I cannot get the Knights to move in this matter. I believe Mr. Thomas thought I meant to insult him, when I asked how he would like his mother to live in such a place. He said, quite angrily, that if I understood these people I would know they preferred a place where they could indulge their free-and-easy habits of dirt and idleness, better than any set-up notions of cleanliness and decency."

"I am going to give a slip of mignonette from this bed to every little girl in Archer's Rents," said Mrs. Cromer, in a soft aside to me.

"Then the machinery we have been using is a downright robbery," pursued Harry Cromer. "There was a new invention brought in about four years ago, which facilitated labour so much, that the payment for piece-work could be lowered, and yet with advantage to the worker. It was introduced in the work-room at the time, and the wage-scale adjusted to suit it. But by-and-by it got out of gear, and as it was rather expensive to repair, the old slower machine was brought back, but the wage-scale was never re-adjusted. It is in the women's and children's department, and that was such a hard season that they were afraid to grumble, and I believe the new girls who have taken their place since do not understand the difference in the wheel-work. And at last some pulley has broken and nearly killed a little boy."

"But the other machine has been repaired now, and they will begin to work it on Monday," observed his wife cheerfully. "You have succeeded in that endeavour, Harry; and I have persuaded two or three of the girls to put the extra pence they will earn into the savings-bank. I am going with them, for it is a very awful and awkward undertaking in their eyes, and they're afraid the clerk might be saucy."

"Why, I think you may report splendid progress, Harry," said Wills.

Mr. Cromer shook his head. "It is the spirit I meet that daunts me," he answered. "The Knights think I am mad. They rarely contradict me flatly, or straightforwardly refuse what I ask. If they would do so, and let us argue it out between us, I should have hope, but they put me off civilly, and try to shut me up in a moral strait-jacket. They tacitly say to me that I shall come round presently, and be as sane as they are. They give me to understand they were once as I am, and that they can admire the generous enthusiasm of ignorance and inexperience, but that there is a time for everything, and that this must pass away. O David! shall I ever live to eat, and drink, and make merry, and think of Archer's Rents and the factory only as a sordid safe, whence I take my money? Thomas Knight laughs and says he was sure how it would be when I came to live so near. If I went to and fro every day to some nice part of the West-end, or a little way out of town, and made a rule to relieve my mind with a concert or a party, I should be all right. David, shall I live to shut my conscience in a box like that? How black and bitter it will be when it will have to be looked upon at last! Archer Knight sympathises with me, in his own fashion. He tried living here once himself, he says. Lodgings were cheaper, and it spared travelling fares, and he wanted to save money. But the people did not know how to let one alone; they'd come after hours, when anybody was dying suddenly, or being born unseasonably, and beg for the advance of a shilling or two. He says it is too much of a strain for the nervous system, and bids me think of my wife, and take care of myself, for health is sooner lost than regained, and everything else is generally lost with it; and then he tells me of this merchant or that manufacturer who had paralysis, or slow softening of the brain, and died in want, and left families to beggary, and then he shakes his head, adding that charity begins at home, and that while we are pitying others we must take care not to become pitiable ourselves."

"My compliments to Mr. Archer," said Mrs. Cromer playfully, "and I shall not go to beggary in a hurry. Am I not an experienced governess, also a fair milliner and a decent sempstress? He that hath a trade hath an estate."

Her husband looked at her with a serious smile. "But worst of all," he went on, "the

work-people mistrust me. They wonder what I am after. They think I want to give an inch to blind their eyes while I take an ell."

"Why should they trust us till they have tried us?" asked his wife, putting her hand through his arm. "They will trust us then. Archer's Rents didn't half like my first visits, though I never went without some excuse about washing, or needlework, or so forth. But it has liked me well enough since I ran in without my gloves, that afternoon that little Dick Hunter hurt his back in the engine-room. 'Here's the missis,' they said, and somebody asked, 'How did you know o' the accident, mum?' I just said I heard the child scream as he was carried out of the works, and the doctor was coming as fast as he could, for I had spoken in at the surgery as I passed. And then they let me make myself quite at home, and helped me to get off Dick's poor little rags as he lay struggling on my knee, and of her own accord one woman brought a clean sheet for the hard bed; 'it was a sin not to lay the little chap down clean when you didn't know when he'd move again,' she said, 'and the doctor a-coming too.' Poor little Dick, he put up his face to kiss me before I left him that night. Between the pain and the opiate, he didn't know me then, but he has kissed me every day since. I must not miss going to see him this evening. Perhaps you will come with me, Mr. Garrett. I think we may leave Harry to entertain David."

It was my first experience of "visiting the poor." It is always hard to recall one's fancy after one has got the fact, but I believe I had a pre-conceived notion that "the poor" made a curtsey and dusted a chair, and answered every question with the fullest confidence, being addressed by their unprefix surname. I must have got that idea from somewhere, and I do not think it is quite individual to my own inexperience. All my life long I have been grateful to Mrs. Cromer for the new light she gave me.

Archer's Rents was a small court opening from a street off the Kingsland Road, and consisted of about six high, tumble-down old houses. Everybody in Archer's Rents was very poor, Mrs. Cromer told me as we went along, but these Hunters were about the poorest of them all—little Dick could at most only earn three shillings a week in the factory, and his grandmother, who sold iron-holders, skewers, and such other trifles, was often deprived of such poor possibility of gain, by attacks of rheumatism that threatened soon to disable her entirely. There was

no relation to help her or Dick. Dick's mother was her daughter, and she was still alive; but they did not know where she was. I never heard more of her history, but I think I can guess what it was.

Every room in Archer's Rents held a family. The "first-floor fronts" mostly took in "boarders" as well. The Hunters lived in a tiny little third room on the ground-floor. I suppose its window must have been partly blocked up, for even its dirt could not wholly account for the little light it gave—scarcely enough to enable me to distinguish its occupants.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hunter?" said my companion cheerfully, stepping straight-forward into the unsavoury gloom. "I've brought somebody else to see Dick. Poor Dick is used to seeing so many people, he must find it rather dull to see only us, Mrs. Hunter."

"Deary me, miss," grumbled a cross voice from what seemed a heap of rags on the hearth. "Your knock just wakened me out o' the sweetest bit o' nap I've had since a fortnight come Monday. I gets none at night, the lad's that uneasy; and it comes hard, it do, to one at my time o' life. What's the 'ospittles for, if it's not for the likes o' me, that's had my share o' troubles a-bringing up six of 'em, that one way or another ha' never paid back a pen'orth."

"You see, the man who was with Dick, when he was hurt, did not think it was so serious at first," said Mrs. Cromer soothingly. "He fancied you'd make it all well directly. And now the doctor says it would hurt Dick to move him."

"It'll kill him to lie here, I reckon," said the old woman recklessly. "I ain't like a reg'lar nuss. If it's anything in the orange line I'm up to it, and I knows about matches, and I've taken a turn at the pickle-pottin' in my time; but I never did no nussin'. My two boys both died in 'ospittle, and my old man was took off in a fit at the p'lice station. It was printed in the newspapers, his name and all, and the bobbies near got in for it. The gals, they never wanted no physicking, 'cept a good sound box o' the ear, and they wanted that oftener nor they got it, so I never done no nussin'. Dick ain't havin' a fair chance. How can I be expected to nuss like a woman that's a-sippin' her tea, and her gin, and a-pickin' at all manner o' good things all day long? I never professes to be a nuss—I don't."

"I'd rather stay with you, granny," piped a weak little treble from the bed. "'Ospittle's

strange. And they wouldn't let Jack in—poor Jack."

"Ah, Dick, dearie," said Mrs. Cromer, bending to kiss a tiny head that came poking up from the bed-clothes, "how are you today? And how is Jack? Mr. Garrett, this is our friend Jack. Jack is the best dog in the world, isn't he, Dick? Talking of nurses, Mrs. Hunter, we quite forgot Jack, who, I believe, is a better nurse than any of us."

And the little figure on the bed put out its thin hand and laid the dog's paw on the old woman's ragged arm. She shook it in a rough, but not unkindly way. "Seems a rum thing that we should keep you, that can't keep ourselves," she said.

"I've brought something for Jack," said Mrs. Cromer, "and something for Dick. But Jack must wait till his master is done, therefore Jack's master must eat his supper very heartily and readily, for we want to see Jack take his." And, rising from her seat, she lit a candle that stood in a black bottle on the mantelshelf, and then opened a little basket which she had brought with her, and produced a dainty white china plate, with a shape of calf's-foot jelly upon it, and a silver spoon. If a fairy brought a crystal goblet of nectar to a rich valetudinarian, I don't suppose it would interest and excite him as these simple delicacies interested and excited little Dick. He must not be moved. She could only just raise his head slightly from the pillow.

I could see him better now in the dim candle-light; and, sitting watching him, I wondered how he had looked when he was going to and fro, a little dirty working boy, in grimy smock and breeches; just like thousands whom we push aside on our pathways. For he was not a specially pretty child, and I daresay he had once yelled and halloed, and played at "cat," and all other pranks which are thought just beautiful touching animal spirits in the fine boys of the grand old endowed schools, but only sheer impudence and bad behaviour on the part of smutty factory brats, who ought to be kept in order by the police! But now the dirt was washed away, and the bed-gown was as clean and neat as need be,—the loan of a poor widow sempstress, a relic of her own boy who had died in better days. All those outer differences, with which the devil delights to cheat man into forgetfulness of the universal brotherhood, were vanished. Something else had come in their stead. I was but an inexperienced lad then, and did not know what it was that touched the childish brow with sublimity.

Mrs. Cromer had some meat for Jack, done up in a piece of paper; and he was lifted upon the bed that his master might see him enjoy it; Mrs. Cromer telling me, meanwhile, how Dick had found him starving in the street one snowy morning, and had taken care of him, and Jack had waited for him outside the factory every day ever since. It was no fault of Dick's that his care could not fill Jack's skinny ribs and thicken his shaggy coat.

"What are you thinking of, little man?" she asked gently, with her pure fair face resting against the broken post of the old bed. Jack had finished his meal, and laid himself down contentedly under his master's hand, which was absently patting the rough brown head.

Dick did not take his eyes from Jack. "Granny told the doctor she was sure I wouldn't get better," he said, "and he didn't say I would."

"Are you afraid, dear?" she said tenderly. "You must not be afraid. There is **SOMEBODY** who loved little children so dearly, that He came all the way from the glorious sky to take them in his arms, and say, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He will take care of you, little Dick."

"But will He take care of Jack when I'm gone?" said the boy, and a great heavy tear fell on the dog's head, and made him shake his ragged ears.

Mrs. Cromer paused, only for a moment, and then answered in her sweet voice, calm for all its sound of tears:

"Yes, Dick; for He has put it into my heart to take Jack home with me directly you—don't want him any more."

"Have He! O poor old Jack, won't you have a jolly berth!" And the boy lay quiet, smiling, for a while. "You said as Somebody knows everything as is going on. Can He hear us speaking in here?"

"Yes, dear; He can even hear you thinking."

"And what did you say Somebody's name was? I ain't heard it often, and my head is queer like."

"Jesus Christ,—the Lord Jesus."

"I want to say 'Thank ye' to Him. Lord Jesus Christ,—thank you for looking arter poor Jack. It's easy enough to love you when you're so good. I don't think I'll feel strange where you are, and if I don't remember your name right, please don't be angry, but teach me. Help granny to sell her matches, and don't let the parish take off a loaf because I ain't here."

The last words died in a shiver of agony, and he turned his face to the wall. But presently he looked round, whispering, "He heard me: I sorter saw his eyes inside me,—something like yours they was, only a deal kinder and awfuller even. Won't you kiss me now, please, for I'm dropping off asleep?"

She bent down and kissed him, but a motion of her hand explained to the grandmother and me what she knew was coming. The old woman gave one low weary groan, and sat quite still.

Dick's eyes closed, his hand remaining on Jack's head. The candle grew snuffy and dim. Nobody stirred. Till at last Jack gave a little plaintive moan, and Mrs. Cromer rose softly, saying:

"Dick is better off than any of us now."

And the grandmother broke out in loud and bitter wailing, and fellow-lodgers crowded in, with their help and sympathy,—the restless tide of life beating up against the solemn shore, whereon this one little bark was just anchored above high water-mark. Mrs. Cromer sent me away, with hasty directions to wait for her outside the Rents; nor did she join me for fully half an hour.

She had been weeping. We did not speak till we had walked some paces.

"Jack will not leave him to-night," she said. "The people will be good to the dog."

That was the only words that passed till we were within a few yards of her own house. Just then, going leisurely home after an evening's study of his ledgers, we met Archer Knight.

"Mrs. Cromer!" he exclaimed, as a gas-light fell full on her face, "this is scarcely a neighbourhood for you to traverse at this hour, without a more efficient escort."

"I have just come from Archer's Rents," she said, and there was a clear high ring in her tone, "Mr. Knight. I was just wishing you had been there too. I think it is a providence that I met you. Will you turn back with us? Do not refuse. It is the first favour I have asked you, and I ask you for your own sake."

There was something about her which overruled his half contemptuous, half indignant remonstrance.

"I will go anywhere that you command me," he said, with an affectation of suavity; "but don't think me a brute if my emotions will not quite come up to your standard. I know these people; they can get up very pretty tableaux, to impress such ladies as you: but we men, who have to take business into con-

sideration, must deal with them in a common-sense way, or they would bring us to the workhouse in no time."

She did not answer a word, but stepped on swiftly before us.

"Mrs. Cromer is a wonderfully good walker," said Archer Knight, with a sneer, speaking aside to me.

Archer's Rents was unusually quiet, with the exception of one house, where they had charitably taken in the grandmother, and where in consequence all the other women had already drifted. The sound of many voices came through its open window, but the speakers were all too self-absorbed to notice our stealthy footsteps up the alley. The Hunters' house was in utter darkness, but Mrs. Cromer did not falter, and Mr. Knight followed her all unconscious. I heard her walk straight into the chamber where I knew the dead was lying. There was the flash of a lucifer, an angry growl from poor Jack, and Mrs. Cromer stood, candle in hand, beside the thin little corpse on its squalid bed.

Archer Knight cried out in the shock of surprise and horror, but there was no one to hear. Mrs. Cromer said not a word. Jack, immovable from the dead boy's side, growled fiercely and showed his teeth at the stranger. We all stood so for many minutes.

Then the spell that was on her seemed to break and vanish in a long shivering sigh. "We shall meet little Dick again some day," she murmured. "I wonder what we shall all think about it then?" And she turned round, set down the light, and suddenly extinguished it. Archer Knight stumbled hastily from the room, and waited for us in the open court.

Mrs. Cromer did not say one word to him as we retraced our steps. The moon was out soft and clear, silvering the sordid hovels around us. Archer Knight himself was the first to speak.

"You ought not to go into such scenes," he said. "I can understand how they must affect you. Of course we ought to give help, send money or nourishment, or so on. It was only by an awful mistake that boy wasn't taken off to the hospital, and then one knows everything is all right, and one need not be harrowed up. However, my dear lady, do not distress yourself any more, that accident cannot happen again. That stupid old machine has been removed this very day. I'm sure I wish we had attended to your husband when he first spoke about it. It might just as well have been done first as last."

I should not have known Mrs. Cromer's

voice, as, with a chill monotony of tone that froze to the very core of my heart, she repeated :

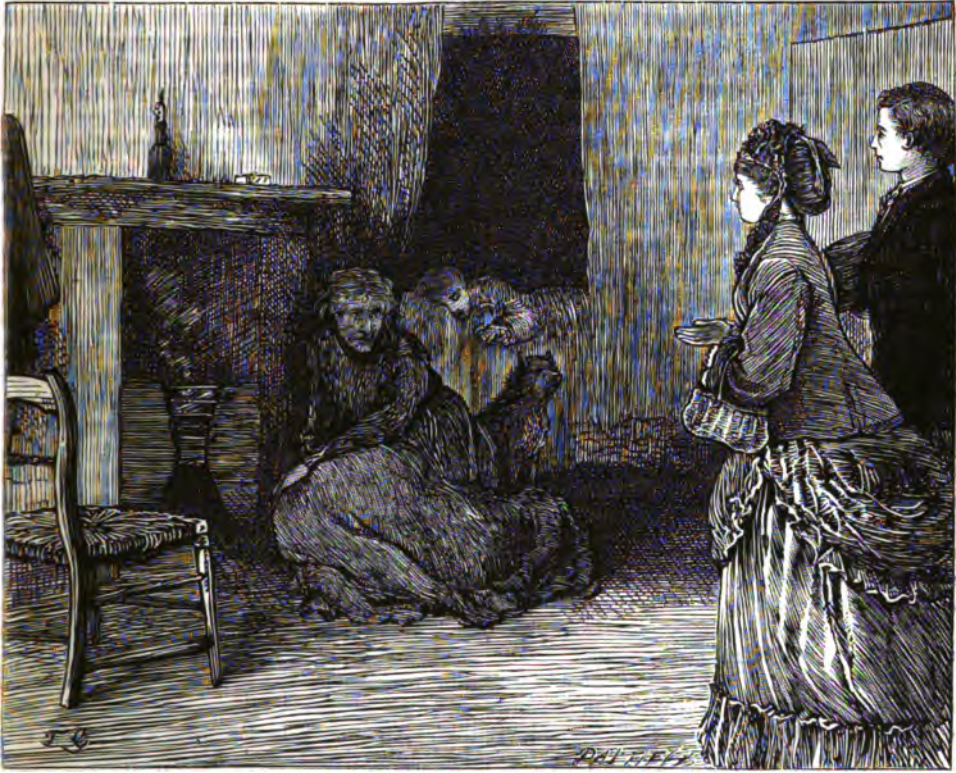
"Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil !

"Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul.

"For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."

"Really, really," cried Archer Knight, "I had best leave you here. I honour your feelings, I admire you for them, but you do not look at this matter in the right light. The logical conclusion of your sentiments would be beggary. Some day you will own I am right. I might be hurt at the tone you have taken towards me, but I appreciate the sympathies, though mistaken, which cause it. Good evening."

And we two returned together to the house in the Kingsland Road. Mrs. Cromer did not faint, nor burst into tears, nor run away to



her room, but sat down in her bonnet and cloak, and told our story, sadly and simply enough. Harry Cromer started up and paced the room excitedly.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "If I withdraw my capital I am powerless to serve anybody as their master, and shall have no alternative but to hire myself out, perhaps under some such firm as this, and have to connive and witness these wrongs, without even my present little power to redress. If I remain, there will be blood upon my head. What am I to do?"

"God may mean you to do nothing, but He cannot mean you to do wrong, Harry," said his wife bravely. "So as to whether you should leave the Knights or not, put that in his hand."

"But how can we be sure of his will?" groaned her husband. "Oh, how easy and happy life went in the old way at Middleboro'!"

"Take a stand on the next wrong you see, if it be to-morrow," said Annie Cromer; "and if it is not righted by your advice, put the alternative, that unless it be so you will

retire. And be as good as your word. That will be the way God means us to go."

I saw Harry Cromer look round the neat little room, that showed so bright and cheerful now the lamp was lit—must it all be left?—all his wife's planning and handiwork undone and destroyed? But his soul answered its own question, The heavenly Canaan of duty must be bartered for no mess of pottage, howsoever sweet or seeming innocent.

And presently David and I rose up, and said good night and left them to themselves.

The next we heard of them was the dissolution of partnership. On the very day of little Dick's funeral, two great European potentates declared war against each other, and one of the minor consequences was sudden trouble in the commercial world, and a great rise in the price of a commodity used in the factory of Knight and Cromer. Manufacturers whose low stock necessitated immediate purchase, while the markets were so stagnant that they dared not raise their prices, had to lower their wages. Knight and Cromer had just laid in a sufficient stock to tide them over the calamity. It had been bought under Mr. Cromer's advice—he had old Middle-boro' connexions on the Continent who had warned him of the turn things were taking, although the English newspapers had continued delusively hopeful. The Knights had grumbled very much at the purchase. Archer was afraid they might lose a little, and Thomas did not think they would gain much. They had yielded with a bad grace, but now they were in ecstasies. They had a large contract on hand to fulfil, and they would gain fifty per cent. more than if they had their money still to lay out.

"And the reduction of wages is a clear gain," said Archer, rubbing his hands.

"The wages must not be reduced," said Harry Cromer firmly. "Shall we pick from the poor man's basket when God has taken nothing from our store?"

If the brothers had put their impulsive thought into words, they would have exclaimed—

"The idea of talking about God in a counting-house!"

But they only tried to reason with him, and grew sharp and angry in their fear of lost profit, till at last he threw down his challenge, and they promptly accepted it. They did not think it was sincere, and Archer tried to re-open the subject afterwards, though without any hint of conviction on their part. But Harry Cromer had accepted the token, and proceeded to hasten forward their separation.

The Knights felt themselves to be very injured men. I know they called upon Mr. Lambert, to impress upon him the damage they suffered from his friend's withdrawal of capital at such an untoward time. He was a little inclined to sympathise with them at first, though only to the extent that perhaps Harry had been rather too hasty and enthusiastic. But other merchants sided with them heartily, and Harry had good reason to feel that they were fixing upon him an ill name, as a man whom it was impossible to work with and dangerous to rely on.

I saw the Cromers but once more in their poor nipped Kingsland home. David and I walked out there on their last day, in hopes of giving a little cheering countenance to their departure. One waggon of household goods had already gone, another of rougher articles was nearly filled. Annie Cromer was going round with her watering pot giving a last attention to her ferns and creepers. I hinted that she might at least have hoped to transplant some of them. She shook her head. "They might die," she said, "and it's a pity to kill other people's pleasures by trying to pot 'em for oneself."

We sat down on kitchen chairs, in the empty parlour, and ate hunches of dry bread, and drank wine out of a tourist-flask. Jack went about among us, wagging his tail, and looking up at us with the strange wistfulness that comes into animal-eyes at sight of confusion and change. Suddenly there was a slow, shuffling step in the passage, and Dick's grandmother stood in the doorway.

"I begs your pardon," she said, "but I just come to have one look at my blessed boy's old pet. Ye're goin' to take him farder than I ever been in my life. Eh, he's gettin' sleek and fat. My boy'd be pleased to see him now. He knows me, ye see. But it isn't 'cos it's me he's making the fuss. He thinks Dick can't be far off, if I'm about. He don't know that Dick can't come back—never no more. Well-a-day, if Dick had growed up, may be he'd ha gone away and left me of his own accord, like all my own six did. I don't think so though; but there's never no telling. And I'm thinking ye're not so far parted from them as can't come as ye are from them as won't come. Good-bye, poor old Jack. I'm feared I grudged my boy a-takin' up with you. But now I'm thinkin' I must have a cat or something of my own by-and-by. It's awful hard not to have a creature to give a bite to, arter all. Good-bye to you, mem, and a pleasant journey. An' if you're ever near this again there's more

than me 'll be glad if you remember Archer's Rents. We don't see so many such that we need forget ye in a hurry."

Half an hour afterwards the Cromers were gone, and the house stood empty.

They had to live in a sad, unsettled way for a long time. They warehoused their furniture, and stayed in furnished lodgings here a week and there a week, as was indicated by chances of ultimate settlement. They were staying in Horton when their first child was born, among the petty hardships and struggles of a homeless existence, where the domestic wheels may never roll long enough to smooth down the road, but are always jarring over some new rut. It told heavily on Mrs. Cromer. I never saw her dull or languid; but it was in those days that a wrinkle crept into her forehead, which never went away again. Harry Cromer I did often see, dull and languid enough. He was an active, energetic man, one to whom work is an essential ingredient of health and happiness. In his own words, he began to feel as "if the moss was creeping over him." It grew into physical infirmity by-and-by, and he had to call in a doctor's aid, for the first time since he had the measles in Middleboro'.

Just about that time Mr. Thomas Knight was married. His bride was the daughter of a railway contractor, well-known for enterprise and wealth. The wedding took place in a fashionable West-end church, with a choral service, and two baronet's daughters among the bridesmaids, and we chanced to hear that the bridegroom had taken a splendid "place" at Surbiton, which was being furnished with every grandeur and luxury of ancient art or modern convenience. It was quite supererogatory to Thomas Knight's own position or income, but perhaps his bride had enough of both to justify, or at least excuse, the extravagance. At any rate, her father's name was as good as a bank, and credit could be had almost without the asking.

It was then that I began to vex myself with hard questions about the Providence which rules the world. Was power always on the side of the oppressor? Were selfishness and injustice to have it all their own way? Was there no avenger for the poor, or for him who makes the cause of the poor his own? My raw and insincere doubts on theological evidence had vanished unnoticed, like morning clouds or any other unsubstantial thing. But these world-old questions, the same that perplexed the troubled house-

hold of Uz, did not pass so easily—"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old; yea, are mighty in power? They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men. They are corrupt, and speak wicked oppression." I felt ready to ask, "Doth God know? is there knowledge in the Most High? Are not these the ungodly, who prosper in the world, who increase in riches?" And to doubt the providence of God is presently to wax impatient with his commands. Asaph found it so when he recorded his consciousness that "his feet were almost gone: his steps had well-nigh slipped," because he thought, "Verily he had cleansed his heart in vain, and washed his hands in innocency." I found it so too, for the Bible touches that wondrous cord of affinity that runs from Adam to ourselves, and will run to the men who shall gather the last sheaves and bear the last burdens of this world of ours. Where trust is disturbed, reverence is soiled and obedience hesitates.

My self-questionings became so vehement that I could not help hinting them timidly to the few among my acquaintances who would have any sympathy with such things. I told the story, with the names "in blank," to our old head-clerk, who said that he thought wicked people were enough punished in their own consciences. That did not satisfy me at all. I felt quite certain that their consciences never disturbed Thomas or Archer Knight, nay, that Harry and Annie Cromer were far more troubled whether they had done their utmost. I think it would astomish many good people if they would ascertain how little stress inspired writers put on the witness of conscience to the wicked. They speak of conscience often enough as excusing or accusing those who honestly desire the right, and repent of the wrong. It is the least sinner, and not the greatest, who feels most remorse. When I ventured to hint to the head-clerk that I thought most godless people would find the pricks of conscience very endurable, he answered, with just a little asperity, that was the worst punishment of all, and if I envied that, I had better prefer mortification to health, because it could not feel a smart. Dear good man, his retort hit the mark a great deal nearer than his axiom.

Somebody else quoted Bacon's words, "that prosperity was the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity the blessing of the New," but that did not satisfy me, for it was not David or Solomon, but Paul, who taught that "godliness is profitable unto all things,

having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

David Wills did not appear able to enter into my difficulties, though he gave them a kindly ear. "Of course, good people are the blessed of the earth," he said. Better is a little that the righteous hath, than great revenues without right. Good people are contented, and that is greater wealth than all the argosies of the sea could bring from all the mines of the world. Did I think that the wicked got everything their hearts desired? They could not get everything while they were wicked, for every man's heart wanted God, and without Him it must go on empty and hungering for ever. Did I think they got an unfair share of the world's good? Would I prefer a large apple rotten to a small one sound, especially if that was the very best from my only tree, while this was but a poor sample from a fair orchard that was all for me? Goodness is happiness, and badness is misery. The beatitude of heaven is not its golden pavement and its crystal sea, but its sinless souls. Heaven begins in every purified heart on earth, though it can grow but faintly, like a tender plant under a dim glass. For his own part, he thought there was something awfully tragic about a godless man's prosperity.

I could not then quite appreciate this reasoning, but I instinctively felt there was something in it. It kept me from openly admitting to my heart my misgivings concerning God's omnipotence and justice. They would creep in slyly, at side doors, sometimes, but I always bundled them out with a struggling self-assurance that it was all right somehow, and it would all come right in the end. Nevertheless, I own my faith was much such as a drowning man may have in the last rope that remains for him to cling to. It did not restrain me from taking somewhat moody and misanthropic views of life, and speaking bitter things with all the deep sagacity and wide experience that might naturally be expected from my tender years and moderate endowments.

Mr. Cromer settled again at last. He started in business by himself, in a very, very small way, in the neighbourhood of Deptford. His accounts and correspondence were so insignificant, that he perched a very juvenile clerk in the counting-house, and put on an apron and went into the factory himself. I believe Annie Cromer helped and superintended the juvenile clerk at times, for I have seen business letters which I am sure had her individuality in the wording, and were none the less clear and succinct for it.

There are not many people of the trade of the Knights and Harry Cromer; and the Knights were extraordinarily alarmed at the new competition, considering what a small and feeble thing it was, and under the management of a man whom they considered foredoomed to failure and ruin. Harry Cromer only competed with them in one branch of business. In that they resolved to keep their prices down, even if they must sell at a loss to do it.

This was a staggering blow to meet poor Cromer at the very outset. But the renewal of unfettered activity had brought him a renewal of his old energy and hopefulness. Then one or two encouragements came in. Mr. Lambert, who had adhered to his old connection with the Knights, and had never been solicited by Harry Cromer to do otherwise, suddenly withdrew his custom from the Kingsland firm, and sent a large order to the struggling factory at Deptford. It was a serious help. It would at least enable the few work-people to be kept on, and the semblance of vitality to be maintained. But it brought also fresh determination and pluck for the battle. A hope of victory makes effort and sacrifice easy.

They let their spare bed-room to a boarder. Mrs. Cromer cleared away the pretty knick-knacks from her drawing-room, and turned out her old atlases and musical exercises, and took pupils. She got several. One of her husband's workwomen was the daughter of a monthly nurse, and the old woman spoke so highly of her daughter's mistress to the lady she was attending, that the lady instantly put her five daughters under Mrs. Cromer's care. I strongly suspect Mrs. Cromer found some other sources of profit, which she did not make so generally public. Business required me to call upon them very often about that time, and I repeatedly caught her busy upon sketches which never afterwards made their appearance either on her walls or in her portfolio. I am sure I saw one of them in a shop-window in Fleet Street; and as I was just then wanting to send a little token of remembrance to my sister Ruth, I went in and bought it. It was cheap enough!

The hard time passed at last. The Knights grew tired of their losing game. What is the use of ruining people who don't seem to know when they are ruined—who, in fact, will not ruin? There was again a fair field for Harry Cromer. But the boarder and the pupils were not too hastily discontinued, and I think the sketching went on as briskly as ever for a long time.

Presently, work-people in the neighbourhood of Deptford began to grumble that Mr. Cromer wanted so few of them. "It was a rare fine thing to be under him. Of course, he keeps to the trade customs of hours and wages, and such like. But there's a difference somehow. There's never no pretence made for docking off sixpences, and the place is kept as clean and airsome as a palace. I tell my wife, if she can't match it at home, I'll just stay and sleep under my bench. And Mrs. Cromer does not have her things sent from some of the fine London shops, but just deals where we deal, and the articles there is better and cheaper too since she came; and they've took two or three pews in the church, and every man, woman, or child that works in their shop has a right to go and sit in 'em, like lords. They've done the same at the chapel, to give everybody their choice. And Mr. Cromer, he's allowed the doctor something to look after any of us that's ill, and as long as he says we can't work we gets our wages in full; and master and misses both, they lay themselves out to help ye in any way ye want. Missis 'll write a dozen letters trying to get a girl a situation at service. But I forgot to tell you when any man is ill as ever gets drunk, or lives in a dirty room, he doesn't get his full wages—never more nor half. Master put it to us plain. He can't interfere with our bad habits, he says, he ain't no right to; but then he ain't no right to pay for 'em, says he. And we can see that's square and fair. We can see sense when it's put to us as if we was men. All I can say, it's a pity Mr. Cromer ain't able to employ double what he does; but he do shame other masters into acting a bit more up their duty."

The very summer that I stood on Greenwich pier listening to these encomiums of my old friend, cholera swept over London. In the statistical reports I read that there had been at least one death in every house in Archer's Rents. I wondered how it was that its appalling squalor and indecency had not called down the special censure of the Board of Health. Being presently in that neighbourhood, I could not forbear going to look at the old place. I found it duly whitewashed. This had been done, an old woman told me, just before "the sickness" came. There it stood, scarcely shaded as yet, a whitened sepulchre, fitting type of the men who owned and profited by it.

Well, they're all dead now—Thomas Knight, Archer Knight, and Harry Cromer. Thomas Knight went first, fully fifteen years

ago. He made a very large fortune, but his wife's father died rather poor, after all, and the unpleasantness caused by the disappointment was so great that the husband and wife separated immediately after. Thomas Knight had always been accustomed to boast loudly that he had never made an unlucky hit, and the idea of the ridicule this mistake would bring upon him preyed quite disproportionately upon his spirits. He took to drinking, and there used to be all sorts of rumours about the quantity of brandy he could swallow. He died suddenly; in a fit, the family said, but there were suspicious circumstances which made most people believe that he died of injuries self-inflicted in delirium tremens. He had two sons by his wife during their brief union, but he had quarrelled with them both, and cut them off with small legacies, leaving the place at Surbiton and the bulk of his property (which was very large) to his brother Archer, who had remained a bachelor.

Harry Cromer died next, not so very long after Thomas Knight. He had been rather feeble for some time, but his sons had been old and steady enough to relieve him from all labour and anxiety. He lived long enough to see aged workmen of his own as staunch and weather-worthy as his father's good old miller in Middleboro', while not one of his regular work-people had fallen upon the "rates." He had not made money. He left his business, now in a state of quiet prosperity, to his boys. His only daughter was happily married to a young doctor, who was more than satisfied with the few hundreds which his father-in-law advanced him towards the purchase of a practice, and there was just enough money to buy a comfortable annuity for his dear wife, the principal, on her death, to be divided among their three children, "in the assured hope that they will make whatever they may have a blessing to all around them."

Annie Cromer still lives—an old, old lady, with silver hair and soft dim eyes. I go to see her sometimes. She still resides at Deptford, in her daughter's house, and the children are so fond of her that it is quite a pleasure to see the pretty family picture. She has funny old women who come to take tea with her sometimes. They are all younger than her, for they were in her sewing school and Bible class when they were buxom lasses and she was a fair young lady. She knows all about each of them, and never makes a mistake as to what children and grandchildren she has to inquire after, and can go accurately into all kinds of details about old times. Indeed her daughter

says proudly that her faculties are quite perfect, except that once or twice she has spoken as if she forgot her husband was dead, and that she has a curious fancy that her little grand-daughter Katie is a little Katie of her own, who died forty years ago.

And it was the announcement of Archer Knight's will in the newspaper this morning that reminded me of this old perplexity of mine. He died only a few weeks back at the Mansion, Surbiton, and his fortune, the united accumulation of both brothers, is returned as under £250,000.

O poor, poor, poor Archer Knight! For the poverty that you dreaded more than sin came upon you in all your wealth. Something in your brain gave way some years ago. One fibre—no more. You were no madman. You could still thread the intricacies of the money column. You could still scent afar off those political changes which influence city circles. Only why should you trouble yourself any more about such things, when you knew you were a pauper—a pauper, too, who in vain besieged the guardians of the poor for the meagre dole of out-door relief? You used to go and clamour at their gates, and wail and imprecate when they sent you empty away. But your nephews arranged it

for you at last. They were not a bad sort of young men. They took your business into their hands, and they knew your fortune would be theirs when you died. But they did not want to shorten your days by shutting you up and baulking your poor crazed whims. Why not indulge your harmless fancy? So they persuaded the guardians' clerk to dole you out a weekly half crown of your own money, with sundry loaves paid for by the same. And you used to go home and sit in a bare attic of your splendid mansion, and study the best way to lay out your pence in meal and molasses. You found they would not go far enough without aid. I myself have seen you stand at your mansion gates, hat in hand, cringingly grateful when any pitying neighbour humoured you with a copper.

O poor, poor, poor Archer Knight! And can you see little Dick where you are now?

I need not have been afraid that God would forget His judgment. Had I not His word? He need not go out of His way to punish. Shall not the wheel of His decree roll on to the portal of eternity?

"The fear of the wicked it shall come upon him, but the desire of the righteous shall be granted." EDWARD GARRETT.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

III.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

ASSUME for the moment—so had the Apostle put it in the preceding verses—that Christ has not risen from the dead, what would be the issue?—An empty preaching, an empty faith, an empty Gospel; out of them their very core and substance taken; the living left in their sin, the dead left to perish. Dark and dismal conclusions these, but conclusions to which one who otherwise is a believer in Christ is shut up if he let go his hold of that great central fact, the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But now, continues the Apostle, take hold of that great fact, grasp it firmly as one of the best substantiated events in this world's past history, and then see what opposite conclusions, as bright and comforting as the others were dark and dismal, follow from a belief in that event. That it involves the certain, final, and glorious resurrection unto life of all those found in Him—this is what the Apostle proceeds so distinctly and emphatically to declare.

I shall not enter into any speculations, still less shall I offer any dogmatic deliverance upon the question, how far the resurrection of the dead generally is a fruit or

consequence of the resurrection of Christ. There are some who tell us that the general resurrection of the dead is no part of the remedial or mediatorial economy—is in no sense the result of the interposition of a Redeemer—that if Christ had not come at all, there would notwithstanding have been a general resurrection of the dead, the raising up of all to receive in the body the sentence of the second death. There are others who tell us that the original curse was a curse of death on the whole man, a curse that so long as it lay unrepealed could not allow of the body's resurrection: that without Christ and apart from the redemption of our nature effected by his death, there would and could have been no resurrection; that if there had been no interposition on behalf of the fallen, whatever had become of the souls of men, their bodies must have remained under the tyranny of death. There is a link, they say, which unites Christ with every individual of the vast family of man, and that it is in virtue of this link, and of it alone, that the graves of earth shall at the last day yield up their tenantry. It would not be difficult to

suggest considerations grounded upon general conceptions of the nature and designs of the mediatorial economy, which might seem to lend a strong support to one or the other of these two views, and it would be still less difficult perhaps to suggest difficulties which press upon them both.

But are we asked or bound to make our choice between them? Are the materials in our hands to come to any positive conclusion here? Is it of any practical moment to us to be able definitely to say what would have happened to the inhabitants of this earth had no Saviour come, no redemption been wrought out? Those who think that they so thoroughly understand the principles of the divine government, the plans and purposes of the Eternal, as to be able to determine what in such an imagined state of things must have been the result, may pronounce their verdict. For ourselves, we are content, on this as on so many other points, to remain in ignorance or in doubt, confessing that, however clear the light may be that the Scriptures throw upon our present duty and our future destiny, it does not seem to us sufficient, nor do we think that it was ever meant, to let us so far into the secret counsels of the Most High as to enable us to decide.

It might, indeed, at first sight appear that the verses which are now before us dealt with that very matter of the connection between the resurrection of our Lord and the general resurrection of the dead. The structure, however, of the entire argument of this chapter, the links by which its reasonings are bound together, its whole drift and issue, tell us that it is with the resurrection of believers, and with it exclusively, that Paul is dealing; and even here, in these verses, however general be the terms that sometimes meet us, we shall find, as we unfold their meaning, that the same holds true.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the firstfruits of them that slept." The relation in which his resurrection stands to that of all his people, is like to that in which the first ripe grain, the first ripe fruits of autumn, stand to the whole harvest of which they form a part, and of which they furnish an earnest. You bind up that first cut sheaf of yellow corn, you pluck those first ripe grapes or olives from their richly laden branches, and as you do so you count with confidence—trusting in the stability of the laws of nature—that the ripening process will go on, and the broad fields and vineyards of the land will yield up their full harvest stores. You see the Saviour rise, and in that rising you behold the pledge and

promise of the rising of all who sleep in Him. The whole resurrection of the entire body of his redeemed, is that great harvest-home of which his rising from the dead is the first-fruit; and trusting in the stability of those laws by which the moral and spiritual government of the world is carried on, you count upon it with confidence, that He who raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up them also with Him. In truth, the pledge or promise is in this latter case the more secure. Such a thing might happen in nature as there being firstfruits with no harvest following; those genial influences of light and warmth beneath which the fields ripen onwards, might at least be so far interfered with or checked that the promise of the firstfruits, if not utterly broken, might yet but imperfectly be fulfilled. Not so with the processes of ripening unto that great spiritual harvest; they certainly shall go on; no sequence of nature, more uniform or more inviolate than that by and under which the resurrection of Jesus Christ provides for, embraces, and secures the resurrection of all his followers.

Perhaps in using the term "firstfruits" here the Apostle had in his eye the Jewish ordinance, "When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the firstfruits of your harvest unto the priest; and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it." Before this offering of the firstfruits no crops of the land could be reaped; they must not be touched nor turned to use till they were all first consecrated by this presentation of the firstfruits by the priest within the temple—before the altar. And this presentation was to take place on the second day of unleavened bread—the day after the Sabbath—the very day of the resurrection of our Lord. Thus it was that in that old rite of Judaism there passed before the eye a symbolic representation of another and higher offering—that made by our Great High Priest when, within the holy place not made with hands, He presented Himself before the throne, the firstfruits of the dead, an offering accepted by the Lord for all his people, and consecrating their buried dust as dear in the Lord's sight, to be quickened in due time, and gathered in to be laid up in the heavenly garner.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Death and life, the utter ruin, the entire recovery and restoration

of our human nature, are here set before us, traced up to their first springs or fountain heads, the one in Adam, the other in Christ; and that parallel, more fully brought out in the closing verses of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, is compendiously affirmed. First, a general analogy is declared between the way in which the death and the deliverance from it were introduced. For since by a man came death, by a man came also the resurrection of the dead; a divine arrangement the full scope and meaning, benefits and issues of which we may not be able to comprehend; but one nevertheless upon which in the one broad general feature of similarity between the Fall through Adam and the Redemption through Christ, that in both a man—a single man—is the prime moving agent, one can perceive a congruity, a harmony such as reigns throughout all the other works of the Eternal. But still more particularly. Not only was it by a man that death was introduced—not only was it through that narrow inlet of a single man's transgression that the devastating flood found ingress into our world—that single man stands in a still closer relation to the death which came by him than that of being simply the opener of the door by which it entered. It is in Adam that all die; it is in some sense as being in him—counted as one with him—that all have to suffer that penalty. But what exactly is the nature of that union of all his posterity with their first parent that draws after it this result? Here we have, first, the palpable fact that we all have derived from him a sinful nature—that strong tendency to waywardness, wilfulness, ungodliness which, sooner or later, in one form or other, has broken out in the character and conduct of every single member of the human family, and given to that family its most peculiar and specific character. In all the domains of life wherein the living creature—be it plant or animal—propagates itself, like always begets like, and does so under this apparently fixed and unchangeable condition, that whatever individual varieties be introduced, the laws and limits of each species are strictly and invariably preserved. One oak may be made to differ from another in many things, but never in that which constitutes it an oak, and not an elm. Neither plant nor animal ever does—we may even say it never can—in any way, or to any extent throw off the separating and distinguishing characteristics of that species to which, by the fiat of its Creator, it belongs. And when our first parent fell,

that overturn of his felt relationship with his Creator, that departure from his heart of love and confidence, unbounded and unbroken—that entrance of alienation, distrust, the spirit of insubordination, the idolatry of self, became no slight or accidental quality of his nature, it became its deepest and most marked feature. The sinful Adam became the head or parent of a new species—a species, one of whose most prominent characteristics was the proneness or tendency to deviate from the strict rule of right—to sin against God. It would seem to be nothing more than the bringing of that species under the universal law by which all propagation of like by like is regulated, that such a proneness or tendency to evil should be found in every individual of our race, this proneness or tendency, wherever existing, bearing the bitter fruit of death. As the first introducer, then, and first propagator of that noxious seed by which that latter fruit of universal death was born, may it not be said that in Adam all die?

A still closer connection, however, is affirmed in Holy Writ as existing between our first progenitor and the death which has come upon all men, than that of those deriving from him by natural descent their sinful nature and their mortal frame. By that one man sin entered into our world, and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men, for all have sinned—sinned not only individually, but sinned in him as their head and representative, and so death has reigned, not only over those who sinned themselves, as Adam sinned, but even over infants, over those who, though they had never personally and actually transgressed, were, notwithstanding, and in virtue of their being reckoned with as one with him involved in the universal doom. A mysterious transaction this! That by the offence of one judgment should come upon all men to condemnation, even unto death, that the whole race should in a sense be held accountable for the deed of their great progenitor—a deed in which they individually took no share. Can we discern the reason, can we have any sympathy with the justness of such a procedure? Disposed as our native, untaught, unbiassed sense of what is fair and right is to revolt at such a mode of dealing with the entire community of mankind, shall we, acting upon the first impulse of our moral nature, at once reject and repudiate it, as inconsistent with all the truest and highest ideas we can form of the character of the Supreme? We might do so but for *three* considerations which here press themselves upon our regard.

1. However difficult of explanation it may seem, however directly it appears to run counter to the first principles of equity, in the actual arrangements of the divine providence, as they lie spread out before our eye in the history of the human family, we see it often happen that the many suffer for the sins of the one. Especially within the family, the tribe, the corporation, the nation where one common bond unites, and the many are naturally and necessarily led and represented by the one, that one's acts entail consequences upon others which descend from generation to generation. The iniquity of the father, how often is it visited thus upon the children? How widely and for how long has a nation suffered through the misdeeds of a single monarch? Under the divine government as it goes on daily beneath our eyes, men are not dealt with as units, as standing each alone, and quite isolated from others; they are dealt with in groups, in aggregations, a kind of reckoning that frequently involves the consequence of the group or aggregate either benefiting or suffering, through the personal conduct of those who stand forth as their natural heads and representatives. It is so, it may be conceded, but is it just? Our answer to that question would be this other. Can a principle that is so widely and so palpably acted upon in God's common ordinances of providence be radically or essentially unjust, whatever it may appear at first sight to us to be? Can even our own natural conscience when fairly tested here be brought to pronounce a verdict of condemnation? Is it wrong that a child should suffer for its parent's guilt? Is it wrong that a community should suffer for the misdeeds of its rulers? We may pity the family or the community upon which the doom descends, but would that be a wiser, better, juster arrangement of things, in which no such order was observed, in which the tie of the family or the nation involved no such combined and prolonged responsibility, no such transmission of the penalties of guilt?

2. One great object of the Old Testament is to do for us what our own naked observations of God's providential dealings cannot do, enable us to connect, as cause and consequence, human suffering with human sin. Are there, then, in the instances of this kind laid before us in the Old Testament writings, any cases in which families or tribes or nations are declared to have been punished for the sins of their progenitors, sins in which the sufferers had personally no share? Take the following:—"Samuel said unto Saul, The

I. N. S.

Lord sent me to anoint thee king over his people Israel: now therefore hearken thou unto the voice of the words of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way when he came up from Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have" (1 Sam. xv. 1). Five hundred years had passed since the base and cowardly, unbrotherly, ungenerous deed of these descendants of Esau had been committed. All who had taken part in it had been long sleeping the sleep of death; yet the Amalekites are treated here by God himself as a community possessing continuously such a moral unity that the guilt contracted by the leaders of that assault in the wilderness is transmitted to and becomes punishable in the persons of their descendants of the fifteenth generation afterwards.

Again we read: "Then there was a famine in the days of David three years, year after year, and David inquired of the Lord. And the Lord answered, It is for Saul and for his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites." Half a century had elapsed since this slaying of the Gibeonites. Saul, the chief criminal, was dead, yet because of it the land suffered throughout all its borders, and because of it the seven sons of Saul were slain.

The Ammonites and Moabites were guilty of the same offence against the children of Israel as the Amalekites, and their doom was thus pronounced by the Lord: "An Ammonite or a Moabite shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord, even to their tenth generation shall they not enter into the congregation of the Lord for ever, because they met you not with bread and water on the way when ye came forth out of Egypt, and because they hired against thee Balaam the son of Beor to curse thee."

Manasseh, we are told, shed innocent blood very much till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another, beside his sin wherewith he made Judah to sin in doing that which was evil in the sight of the Lord. And the Lord spake by his servants the prophets, saying, "Because Manasseh, king of Judah, hath done these abominations, therefore thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Behold, I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah that whosoever heareth of it both his ears shall tingle, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." This sentence began to be executed when Manasseh was taken among the thorns and bound with fetters and carried to Babylon. In his affliction he besought

the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers. And the Lord God said unto him, "Because thine heart was tender and thou didst humble thyself before me, behold, I will gather thee to thy father: neither shall thine eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place. So Manasseh slept with his fathers, and his son reigned in his stead." After a short reign of but two years, the good King Josiah ascended the throne of Israel, of whom we read that like unto him there was no king before him that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, neither after him arose there any like him. But notwithstanding (it is added) "the Lord turned not from his great wrath, wherewith his anger was kindled against Judah because of all the provocation that Manasseh had provoked him withal."

Let it be admitted, in surveying such instances as those now quoted, that there was a singular providence exercised by God over the land and the people of Israel; that their sins were dealt with as no other people's were; that they were subjected to a discipline of temporal rewards and punishments peculiar to themselves—training them for their great service to the world—yet who can fail to perceive that the judicial principle upon which such proceedings as those which I have now quoted were based, if not identical with, is at least analogous to that upon which God is said to deal with our entire race, as represented by our first parent?

3. Whatever injustice or hardship we may imagine to be involved in our all dying in Adam, are these not removed and more than compensated by the gracious ordering that now in Christ all of us may be made alive? The opportunity is now given us of regaining in the one man all, and more than all, that we forfeited and lost in the other. Which of us shall complain that by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation—if by the righteousness of

one the free gift may come upon us unto justification of life? Which of us shall count himself as harshly used if by one man's disobedience he was made a sinner—if by the obedience of One he may be made righteous before his God? Should we not rather rejoice to have been sharers in the fruits of Adam's sin, seeing that it is that very circumstance which brings within our offer all the privileges and blessedness of our Saviour's mediation? Viewed by itself, it may appear to us a singular and inexplicable treatment that we should be reckoned with as bound up with our first progenitor in his act of rebellion against the Most High. But should we complain of it, now that by another ordinance of his grace, equally singular, we may be bound up with Christ and enjoy, through his obedience, all the surpassing advantages of a complete amnesty and a most ample and glorious restoration? One born in the line of descent from some progenitor who had squandered away a rich inheritance might be disposed, as he wandered over the broad acres and gazed on the stately mansion house that once had belonged to his family, to curse the memory of the man by whom such a splendid estate had been alienated, and to complain bitterly of the lot that doomed him to poverty and disgrace. But what if some kind friend of his family were to interfere, and offer to him another and a richer inheritance than the one of which he had been bereft? Would it be a wise proceeding on his part to stand questioning and grumbling about the injustice that had been done him in the one direction, refusing—till all those doubts of his were satisfied, and all the fancied grounds of his grumbling removed—to take advantage of the offer held out to him on the other? Yet such is the position that we take up if, murmuring at that heirship to death to which we have been born, we put away from us that heirship to everlasting life held out to us in Christ our Lord.

WILLIAM HANNA.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XII.

IT would be strange, even in this English atmosphere of reserve, were it possible for any one to settle in a given place, say, with the strongest determination to avoid society, and find themselves at the end of a few weeks as isolated as when they first arrived.

There is the clergyman, at all events, whose duty it is to seek out all new comers, especially if their face should become familiar to him in church. The duty is often a painful one, and too often is unwelcome, but a duty it remains. It behoves us, I think, to look compassionately upon the intruder in such

cases, bearing in mind that we too have offices to fulfil as distasteful and as unwelcome to our friends.

Margaret and her children had not been a week at Fernhill before Mr. and Miss Williams called. Father and daughter though they were, they bore little resemblance to each other. But I am anticipating; for Margaret was not at home to receive the visit, and her first impressions were gathered in church.

The morning service being too long for the children, she had gone alone; and the sermon over, she felt she could not repent of having left them behind. For never did anything appear to her as less likely to have influenced a child in any favourable manner.

Not that she expected poor little Toto, to benefit from, or even to listen to, a sermon. Christ Himself would hardly, I think, have wished one of those little ones of whom He spoke—nay, whom He exalted into the blessedness of his human arms—to hearken to the Sermon on the Mount. And what sermon ever approached to that one, in simplicity as in grandeur, in love as in majesty? A little child may have listened to Him, speaking as man never spake, and may have carried away in its infant mind words which death itself should not silence, but only swell; but I do not think that Christ *bade* the child. There is no instance of his demanding bricks without straw; and when He lifted up his voice to call young children, it is not written that He cried, "Followme!" as to his older servants, but only, "Suffer them to come! Forbid them not!"

Margaret remembered this; but moreover she did not wish that anything external should be suffered to blur the image of God, if at present that image must remain misty and imperfect. It was at least a simple image still.

Would it have remained so had they been forced to sit through the weary cut-and-dry discourse of the morning? God's house they knew the place to be—the man speaking was God's servant. Then the message must be God's too. What a hard, ungodlike, rather un-Christlike, message to put into his mouth!

"I don't know how it was," said Margaret, with a sigh of relief; turning into the road, arched over with its powdered elms, hardly shady yet, but just green enough to mystify the sky—"I don't know how it was, the subject was very good, and it was very well worded; and he seemed very earnest about it, at least very decided, if that is the same thing (but I am not sure that it is), and it was all quite true. But how tasteless he made it all, and how hard and doctrinal it sounded! Must I go there every Sunday?

Ah, this is one thing lost in leaving London! There was always some one within a stone's throw who could teach us something, and teach it well."

"We are too ready of complaint," the poet says. And another—

"Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge,
How know'st thou but thy sins made him miscarry?"

The verse came into Margaret's mind; but it neither satisfied nor silenced her. If he had miscarried, she thought, she could have forgiven him; but his "faultily faultlessness" aggravated her. And then preachers are a recognised butt, a bone of contention; poor Prometheuses bound to a rock, afterwards to be torn to pieces by ravenous eagles. True, Prometheus has the advantage of a short half hour over the birds of prey, but have they not all the week to feed upon him?

It was not one o'clock of the Sunday forenoon, and already Mr. Williams was being fed upon; by Margaret, as she paced home with a less pleasant expression upon her face than was usual (because her under-lip was pouted significantly), and by Mrs. Hobson, the landlady of "Garden-bank," in fact, of Margaret's present home. Indeed, according to her account, the greater part of the parish was probably feeding too. She met Margaret a hundred yards from the house.

"He do knock Scripture at ye, ye see, miss, like as we were convicts a-going to be hanged—you'd never go to think we was a respectable, steady parish, Miss, without no pertikler sins, so to speak, to hear him letting on—now would you, miss? He's that hard, you'd take him to be made of half-sovereigns; and not he, miss! he's never a penny more nor he can just scratch along with, miss—and him to knock us that way with Scripture!"

Mrs. Hobson felt she could better have received rebuke from a parson composed of half-sovereigns.

Margaret's reply was interrupted by quick, regular footsteps behind. Mr. Williams and his daughter passed them.

He was an elderly man, probably past his sixtieth year. About the middle height, his figure was not very erect; rather his head and shoulders were not so, and yet he had not a slouch; people with decided faces and mouths do not slouch. I must say, then, that he projected his head slightly forwards. For everything about Mr. Williams implied action; his square mouth, firmly closed, had not become so unintentionally; his head did not project itself, therefore, from inclination, from weakness, from indecision, but because he wished it so to project. We may wish

and will unconsciously. I do not mean that Mr. Williams had at any given moment decided that henceforth his head should rather precede himself.

His hair was already silvered, and yet his face bore few traces of age; and his quick, regular tread had something of youth in it, and something of age. It seemed to Margaret that each step began with a slight struggle, and then recovered itself with a very slight spring.

His eyes grey and keen, and withal very truthful, were reflected in his daughter, minus the keenness. Hers were larger, softer perhaps, very wide open, and of a deeper grey. She had no pretence to good looks: a white face, the cheek-bones a little high, and the face broad; the whole face square, and the figure short and set. Her forehead was very low, and the dark, colourless hair, neither black nor brown, was drawn tightly back, and gathered into thick plaits behind. But even the hair took a square set, and left the low forehead square too. Mrs. Hobson had a favourable report to give of Miss Williams, she appeared to be more or less liked in the village.

The next day when Margaret, with Toto, arrived at the rectory to return her visit, she was ushered into a square drawing-room, where in a square arm-chair Mr. Williams was seated. He raised his head from a Greek Testament and three commentaries, and levelled his spectacles at the intruders. It was some time before he un-squared himself sufficiently to move, or to address them; but when he did so, Margaret was agreeably surprised. His manner had not the full courtesy of the old school, but neither had it any of the hollow forms and parades of overjoyment of the new.

"I am afraid I have disturbed you," said Margaret, apologizing.

"Not at all—pray take a seat. My daughter will be with you immediately. You have not long been a resident in my parish, I think?"

And then they had some talk of village matters, at which Margaret fancied the mouth before her squared itself a little more resolutely, though no word of blame against his parishioners escaped Mr. Williams's lips.

And finally, Ellen Williams, in a brown dress, with a collar that did not meet by two inches, but scrupulously neat and clean, came into the room, and held out a square white hand to Margaret.

"Papa and I are very glad to see you," said she. "I saw you in church, and I wanted to know you. Papa does not see much who

is in church; but if he could he would have liked to know you."

"This is my little nephew," said Margaret.

"Yes, I know; Mrs. Hobson told me. Are you fond of children? I am; but I like babies best. Do you like babies?"

XIII.

"PICKERING, ain't you done with that scribbling now?"

"No, missus; not just yet. Hope there's no offence," he went on, reading aloud each word as he wrote it, and blotting every line with an emphatic application of his coat-sleeve.

"Pickering, I ain't used to be kept waiting so. I want a cheque cashiered, if you please, immediately, Pickering."

"Cashed, I think you mean, my woman."

"You know well enough what I mean, Pickering. Don't prevaricate, now, just to get your letter written out. It isn't any use, Josh"—Mrs. Pickering corrected herself—"It isn't any use, Pickering, to put off, because you always has to do it at last."

"What's it for, old woman?"

"What for? Why, just for the journey, of course. It's all your notion about going, Pickering; and very glad your poor wife is to tear herself away from the blessings of 'ome and 'appiness, and all for the sake of you, Pickering. And all I asks is for you to be grateful, Pickering, and put on a smiling face sometimes to your poor wife—your poor Juliana, that you courted so at Margate. You ain't got a poetic soul like mine, Pickering, if you can go and forget all that so soon."

"But it's a long time ago, my woman," said her husband, clapping to the blotting-book of which he had made so little use, and preparing to light his pipe.

"It do seem very long some days, Pickering, and other times it seems nothing at all. It don't seem no time now, do it, since I sat on the step of that *dear* bathing-machine——"

"Only sixpence a bathe, my woman, wasn't it?"

"That *dear* old bathing-machine," she continued, not heeding the interruption, "and you comes by so *very* handy, Pickering, and says, 'Juliana, I see you're *very* fond of the ocean. If you'll be Mrs. P., you'll have pictures of the ocean so long as you live; and, what's more, you'll have *all* the money I get for 'em."

"I was very young, wasn't I, old woman, when I said that?"

"That's ten years come Easter, Pickering, and——"

"You couldn't sit very comfortable on a

bathing-machine step now, could you, Mrs. P.?"

This was too much for Juliana, coupled with the loud laugh that accompanied it. She threw herself into an armchair, and gave way to hysterics. Mr. Pickering rang the bell without laying down his pipe or changing the position of his legs, which now rested upon the mantelpiece.

Fitful sobbing went on at intervals for some time; and, as the bell was not answered, the anxious husband did not attempt to bring further help. He eyed his wife, however, now and then from his corner, and then, as Hood says, "he eyed his pipe."

Mrs. Pickering's armchair was in the window. When she had burrowed in all parts of her apron and her hands, and the effort of sobbing had become a little exhaustive, she threw her head back, turning her red and streaked face from her husband, and remained quiet, looking out of the window with swollen eyes, and occasionally applying her handkerchief to them.

Her appearance was so exactly that of an injured wife upon the stage that to any one but Joshua Pickering the scene would have appeared wholly comic. The tremendous palpitations and heavings, her tear-stained cheeks, her stout figure, her round dimpled hands both employed in an apparent endeavour to quiet those heavings, and her tragedy-queen attire, all served to perfect their theatrical effect. She wore a long soft green dress (an olive green), and on her head an ornament, half cap, half coif, composed of tumbled yellow lace and other white materials. On the dress itself too was a profusion of the same lace, rare and costly in itself, and all the more out of keeping on this account with the common dress and its wearer. A ponderous red coral necklace put the finishing touch to this peculiar toilette.

But Mr. Pickering had too long been behind the scenes to see much amusement in the little comedy. Moreover, it so often ended in a tragedy, of temper and sulkiness, that he felt obliged to seize the first opportunity of bringing matters to a more pleasant termination—of taking the bull by the horns, as he said.

"Here, old woman," said he, "here's the cheque. You always get your way in the end—eh?" and he poked her playfully. "Your nervous system ain't so strong as it used to be, though you're such a fine woman still. And you can spend this any way you like—on the road, you know. What do you think of Marseilles, and on to Italy?"

Mrs. Pickering was now well enough to begin to think a little, and to slip the cheque into her pocket, determining to "cashier" it herself later in the day.

"Not that it's the cheque as has upset me so, Pickering; only tokens is tokens, and I don't seem, somehow, to realise as you love me, Pickering, without you show me it—some nice little way, you see."

"Well, well, that'll do, old woman," he said. "I'm going out to drop a letter in the pillar-post, and I'll cash your cheque, or you can keep it till I come home with the money, if that'll make ye happy."

And "Oh my eyes!" he added to himself as he went out, "what an old fool the poor old girl is! I'd run away from her to-morrow (don't ye see yourself running, Mr. P.?), only what'd become of her, I should like to know? She'd starve, let alone the hysterics."

He stopped at the first pillar post-box, and dropped in a letter with a smeared address.

"Poor thing, poor thing!" he muttered to himself, "I'll be bound she has a hard time of it. She don't make her twenty-five to thirty a-day, Joshua Pickering, like you." And it was not of his wife that the artist spoke this time. She, as has been seen, had the upper hand with both her husband and his earnings.

He strolled slowly on towards his studio, to make, as he said to himself, "a few more pot-boilers." And his next door neighbour heard him for the remainder of the morning alternately singing snatches from "Norma" and the "Traviata," and quoting in a strange monotone from *The Taming of the Shrew*—

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty."

"Not that she'd ever much to spare, dear soul," remarked Mr. Pickering, *en passant*, sweeping in a chalk cliff and a breaker.

XIV.

"I THOUGHT I might come in and see you, as I have nothing particular to do," said Ellen Williams naively, her white face and frank grey eyes looking out from a round brown hat with brown ribbons, and fixing themselves steadily on Margaret.

"I am so glad," was the answer, as honestly given. "You will not mind my going on with my painting, will you? because I am so anxious to finish this picture."

"I should like to see you paint, because I don't know how you do it. Please go on. But you have got a headache, haven't you?"

Margaret's face answered the query well enough. She was standing before her easel with

one hand on her waist, and with the other plying her brush. To the usual pallor of her face dark lines were added, which threw out the eyes themselves, and gave them a new beauty. But it was a melancholy beauty, and Ellen Williams was discomfited.

"I don't like to see you look so; you have a headache, and I think you are unhappy too."

Margaret turned away sharply to get a fresh tube of paint from the box on a chair beside her.

"You're not vexed at me, are you?" asked Ellen.

Margaret turned at once, and put her hand on her shoulder.

"You did not think I was angry? I hope not."

"No: you are too good to be angry; but you might be vexed. But if you are not vexed, please tell me, are you unhappy?"

"Not very happy, dear," said Margaret, her lips quivering a little, and two large tears that had welled into her eyes rolling heavily down her face, and falling on her palette with a little splash.

"At least I am a little unhappy and a little unwell, and each makes the other worse. But you have made me worst of all, Ellen. I should never have cried if you had not come here."

"I always do something wrong," said poor Ellen, who took everything as matter of fact. "I wish I had stayed at home and finished Mrs. Bunting's frock."

"I am very glad you didn't. It does people good to cry sometimes, when they are unhappy. I did not mean that seeing you had made me sorrowful, Ellen."

But Ellen looked very puzzled still.

"I never cry," said she. "I don't remember crying since mamma died, and that's ten years ago. O, I cried once when papa was angry with Jack, and once when Jack went back to school, but that's ever so long ago too."

"Who is Jack, Ellen?"

"My brother."

"I never knew you had a brother."

"No; because we don't speak of him, and we can't love him now as we did. Jack has turned out bad."

"Does he never come home?" asked Margaret, roused at the news of anything concerning a brother, and her heart opening to the unworthy Jack immediately.

"O no; he is not fit to come back, he has displeased papa too much, and we never talk about him. You would hardly know we had ever had a Jack at home now. Except when I find something of his in the

passage cupboard, I almost forget he is alive."

"And he never writes, Ellen?"

"No, he never writes. He doesn't care for us at all."

"How do you know that?"

"Because he never comes home. I stay with papa because I love him, and Jack stays away, so he cannot love him."

"But perhaps he is afraid to come home."

"Yes, I daresay he is. I don't know whether papa would let him come into the house. He got into a dreadful scrape once—he spent more money than he had, and papa paid his bills once or twice, and then he told him if any more came in he would send him away to Vancouver's Island, or Van Diemen's Land, or somewhere that he should not be a disgrace. And after *that*—Ellen opened her eyes wide and looked up into Margaret's face—"he got more bills in, and then he tried to get the letters before papa came down to breakfast, and once or twice he drove six miles to Shingledown to get the afternoon post. And at last he opened a letter that wasn't a bill, but something very private for papa. So papa asked him whether he had seen it, and he said 'Yes.' We were always taught to speak the truth, and I don't think Jack ever got rid of the habit. However papa said he should take off half his allowance that year, so he had thirty pounds left to live upon; and he told him his insolence was unbearable, but that, as Elisha left it to God to punish the children that mocked him, so he would leave it to God to punish Jack. And when people said that Jack took to gambling and playing billiards at Shingledown, papa said that was God's punishment, leaving him to himself and the devil; and so he said he wasn't fit to come home any more. Jack was very proud, and he has never come home. I never said good-bye to him even; papa met him in Shingledown, in the street beyond the clock. And that's seven years ago. I was fifteen then. I am twenty-two this month."

"And I am nearly twenty-four," said Margaret. Then she relapsed into silence and went on painting the sleeve of her portrait; it was of a little village child with a bunch of primroses and a sun-bonnet in her hand, and all her brown hair tumbling over her bronzed face. She could not understand Ellen Williams. She had spoken with such strange, unnatural composure, telling a story so fraught with misery and mistakes and evident mismanagement—a story, not of some stranger, but of a brother, an only

brother ; how was it possible ? The words, so measured and unsparing, had sounded heartless in the extreme ; and yet Ellen Williams sat before her with her kind, womanly face upturned, belying any such verdict. At this moment her thoughts were evidently concerned in the matter of Margaret's head-ache and downcast looks.

"Ellen," said Margaret, with a sigh, and, after a long pause, "how did you get rid of your love for Jack ?"

"How ?" said Ellen, astonished. "Why, he drove it away himself, I suppose. If you had a sinful brother, you would stop caring for him, wouldn't you ?"

"No, I don't think I should, Ellen." Margaret spoke gravely, almost severely. Then there was a pause again.

"Well, I don't know, I am sure," sighed Ellen. "Papa says we must not love what is given over to the devil. I should love Jack if he were good again."

"Then you do not pray for your brother, I suppose ?"

"Yes ; I pray nearly every day."

"As you pray for all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics," said Margaret ; and by this time her face was flushed enough. "It is the first time I have heard that Christ's religion is to love only those who love us, who are good and holy. I thought that law was out of date, Ellen, by eighteen hundred years and more."

Ellen did not speak, but opened and closed her hands upon her apron in silence. Presently Margaret broke out :

"Tell me once for all, Ellen—putting aside the Bible, if you will——

"But we must never do that," said Ellen——

"——Tell me," continued Margaret, impatiently, and stopping painting altogether, while she fixed her eyes on her auditor, "if you think there is anything grand, or beautiful, or noble in such a creed ? Spartan heroism was very well in its day and time ; but now, in this country—in our time—have we not had a better way put before us ?"

It was some time before Ellen replied. When she did so, she said, "Papa says that God is perfectly just ; if we are to be like Him, we must be just too, and not smile upon sin, but punish sinners."

"I have always understood," said Margaret, "that our pattern is God Almighty, as we see Him *in his Son*. We are setting ourselves a great task if we aspire to that, Ellen ; don't you think so ?"

"O, yes," said poor Ellen, humbly.

"And I have never read of Him that He turned from people that were sinful—that He forbade them to approach Him. Rather, I have heard how He entered into a sinner's house, and allowed a woman that was a sinner to wash his feet."

"But they were penitent, were they not ?"

"Ellen, if they had not had our Lord to go to in the exact moment of their penitence, how do we know they might ever have repented again ? If we shut out those we love from us, how can we hope for any influence with them—how can we dare to hope for forgiveness ourselves ?"

"But Jack was so often wicked," said Ellen.

"Not until seventy times seven, I think, Ellen. I don't mean to scold you, or to give you impertinent advice," and Margaret laid down her palette, and took a seat beside her guest ; "but it grieves me to think you should look at your poor brother so—that you should look at Christ and God so, Ellen ; for you are a good girl, I know, and you think all the while you are following Him. And you are not a child ; you are twenty-two now—a woman ; you could influence both Mr. Williams and your brother, and do such good."

"Ah, you have a brother who is good and clever : you cannot understand what a grief a brother can be. Papa told me——"

"Ellen, I have griefs that you don't know about ; but do you know I would rather have them, sore as they are, than have the hardness you feel to your brother. I wish I could think you grieved over poor Jack."

But Ellen's face changed only from amazement to amazement, and perplexity to perplexity. Margaret felt she could not make her understand, and was sure that she too did not fully comprehend Ellen. And afterwards she blamed herself for the bitter way in which she had spoken. "It is not her fault, poor girl ; it is the teaching of last Sunday's sermon that has gone on through her life. *Must* I listen to it again next Sunday ?"

"Will you walk with me to Draybridge on Sunday ?" asked Ellen, as if she interpreted her friend's thoughts, but that was far from poor Ellen. "There is service there at three o'clock, and papa is not going to preach here in the afternoon, and you would not care to hear the curate. He takes no pains now that he is going away. It is very wrong of him."

"Why is he going away ?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know. We often change our curates. Papa is very particular, and he says young men nowadays are so lawless."



A SONG OF THE NATIVITY.

UNTO us a Child is born ;
 Unto us a Son is given :
 Child—the mark of human scorn ;
 Son—the Heir of earth and heaven :
 Son of God ; a human child ;
 GOD WITH US His wondrous name :
 Holy, harmless, undefiled ;
 Yet ordained to death and shame !

O that by a worthy song
 We might echo back the strain,
 Erst that greeted, loud and long,
 Bethlehem's astonished plain !
 Might the manger-cradled King
 With the shepherd watch behold,
 And with star-led sages bring
 Frankincense, and myrrh, and gold !

Lo ! the heathen rage in vain,
 And in troubled pride they say :
 “ Let us break their bands in twain,
 Let us cast their cords away ! ”
 Hark ! 'tis Ramah's bitter cry,
 Yet the Virgin clasps her son ;
 And a thousand babes on high
 Have the life of bliss begun.

Yea, of bliss ; but not to thee
 Was such ending, Babe Divine ?
 Thou another death must see—
 Deeper sorrows shall be Thine.
 Thou, in words and works of peace,
 Must await the appointed hour ;
 Wondrous words of truth and grace,
 Glorious works of love and power.

Great Redeemer, Thou hast died ;
 Thou hast wrought the work sublime ;
 And the words have echoed wide
 To the farthest bounds of time—
 "It is finished!"—finished long
 Is Thy great Redemption-plan ;
 And we bless Thee in our song,
 Lord of angels, Son of Man !

WONDERFUL Thy name we call,
 COUNSELLOR, to Thee we bow :
 MIGHTY GOD, the Lord of all,
 FATHER EVERLASTING—Thou :
 PRINCE OF PEACE :—Thy steadfast throne
 Strong in judgment stands for aye :
 Every land Thy right shall own,
 All Thy sceptre shall obey.

Unto us a Child is born :
 Unto us a Son is given :
 Not a weeping child forlorn ;
 Not a son with sorrow riven.

God Himself shall give the sign ;
 Not a babe in manger-bed :
 Lo ! a King on throne divine :
 Hark ! a blast to wake the dead.

Saw ye not a gleaming light ?
 'Twas the Bright and Morning Star :
 Heard ye sounds athwart the night ?
 'Twas the Judge—His nearing car.
 Yea, and far the night is spent ;
 Soon shall break the eternal day :
 Light is with the darkness blent,
 And the shadows flee away.

Saviour ! by Thy Spirit's beam
 On our spirits' darkness shine ;
 Waken us from worldly dream ;
 Make us glad with joy divine :
 Glad and strong : through shame and scorn
 Singing on our way to heaven :—
 Unto us a Child is born ;
 Unto us a Son is given !

HENRY DOWNTON.

MISSION ROOMS.

"A LARGE furniture van, with a small belfry, and some ecclesiastical paint and fittings, drawn by a horse from street to street, might be found a suitable means of 'taking the church to the people.'" Such was the proposal made by an East London clergyman, at the recent annual meeting of the Bishop of London's Lay-Helpers' Association. The diocesan lay-helpers received the proposition with a smile, though a few "hear, hear's" encouraged the vicar to explain, not only the mode of employing such an itinerating edifice, but the absolute need of missionary operations to reach the non-church-going masses. The parochial system, which is the proud heritage of the Church of England, brings with it special responsibilities. Incumbents are appointed to minister, not to congregations, but to the inhabitants of territorial divisions. The Church has then a twofold duty—one to the "regular worshipper," as he is called, and another duty to the non-church-goers within the parochial area. The itinerating church was intended for these latter. It would hold thirty or forty persons,

which, the East London vicar explained, was quite as many as attended many of the services in the more imposing permanent edifices. He did not propose to appropriate the seats to one set of worshippers, but to change the congregations from hour to hour as the locomotive church moved from street to street, preceded by the domiciliary visits of lay-helpers preparing the inhabitants to respond to the invitation of the little church-going bell. He hoped that congregations so gathered might be influenced to attend the more regular services at the parish church, if the arrangements there were made less repellant to casual attendants.

The duty of the Church of England is not fulfilled by merely condemning a proposal of this kind as impracticable. There is a need, a great need, of some additional means, to follow up those nominal members of the Church who have been received into membership in baptism ; instructed, it may be, in childhood in her day-schools ; taught, perhaps, in her Sunday-schools ; and then from youth to the grave, *as a rule*, forsake attend-

ance at public worship. It is true that non-church-going is not confined to any one class in society; but the vast preponderance in numbers of those in the lower strata gives increased importance to this question as it affects them; whilst the well-to-do church-goer should feel ill at ease in contemplating the very different social class which received the Gospel "gladly" in primitive Christian times. Happily, the difficulty of getting at non-church-goers is least where the bad habit is most prevalent. In contemplating the social barrier which operates against the opulent non-church-goer, we are reminded "how hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." But the door of the operative, or of the poorer man, is seldom closed against a courteous visitor who essays, by tact and kindness, to procure admission for religious conversation. If that "love" that "never faileth" shows little fruit here, it is because Christian men so seldom employ it. The mission work of the Church has been too much regarded by the laity as the exclusive duty of the clergy, who, indeed, are too apt to view with suspicion any exertions of the laity in that direction. On the other hand, that uncommonest of all faculties, common sense, would show that in all populous parishes mission work is especially the layman's province. The working classes are difficult of approach on any day but Sunday, and then clergymen are more than fully occupied with their regular congregations. Sunday is especially the mission-day, but that is the day on which the clergy cannot devote time and labour to mission work. If the East London vicar had his locomotive "free and open" church, the impossibility of the clergy being in two places at the same time would effectually prevent its continuous use by ever-changing congregations, in different streets, unless lay help were called in. But if Churchmen are to be so employed, their labours must be more than tolerated; and they must be trained and instructed in the art of persuading and winning others into the acceptance of divine truth.

Several Churchmen have, for some years, co-operated with Nonconformists in "open-air mission" work; showing that lay preaching is not an art necessarily confined to other religious bodies. In some instances open spaces much frequented by holiday makers have been utilised by these lay preachers for the erection of temporary canvas booths for divine worship. The London Fields, Hackney, afford an admirable example of the excellent results of such irregular efforts. Not long ago

those fields were frequented by infidel lecturers, who monopolised the religious instruction of the Sunday throng. A layman, whose windows overlooked the scene, observing that, whilst the clergy were fully occupied in the surrounding churches ministering to a tithe of the population, the infidel lecturers were sowing broadcast their noxious opinions amongst the thoughtless multitude, essayed himself to attack this false teaching. An eminent scholar, well versed in the infidel controversies, he, aided by other laymen, instructed by himself, confuted their sophistries in the presence of the crowd, and so convinced the people of the fallacy of what they were being taught, that the infidel teachers were, in succession, forced to abandon the ground. Other laymen have since occupied the Fields with a canvas booth on Sundays, in which prayers and preaching are held. This irregular work has not, however, the official sanction of any church. The clergy are physically incapable of undertaking it themselves, being already full of Sunday work amongst the "regular worshippers," and the idea of their devising and directing such services, conducted by laymen, is still a novelty.

Amongst the great variety of means adopted in the different parishes to reach non-church-goers during "the twelve days' mission," in 1869, some good notions were evolved. It may be accepted as generally true, that the various services held, during those twelve days, within the church edifices, served rather for the revival of religion amongst the "regular worshippers," than to reach the non-church-goers. The general effect of those services was of a most blessed and gratifying character. Nevertheless, as a rule, it was not those parishes which were most noticed by the secular press, or which presented the strangest varieties of services within the sacred edifice, which were uniformly the most successful in reaching the outside world. One of the most happy of the outer efforts took place under our own eye, and bears directly on this subject. It was in a district parish of St.-George's-in-the-East, with a poor population numbering thirteen thousand, of whom, at the most liberal estimate, not one-half, under any circumstances, ever entered any place of public worship; whilst not one-fourth were in more or less regular attendance. The then vicar of Christ Church eagerly welcomed "the twelve days' mission," as affording a suitable opportunity for making a determined raid upon the non-church-goers. Taking counsel with his communicants, the majority agreed to give personal service. The pious poor freely offered

the use of their rooms as mission stations, others undertook the distribution of printed invitations from house to house, and others volunteered to aid in the singing; whilst a band of six clergymen, and thirty-six laymen, conducted services in twenty-six little rooms. The parish and helpers, male and female, were divided into four divisions, each under a clergyman; and the rooms and helpers were told off to the various streets. The mission rooms were placarded for services at 8 and 9 p.m. The female helpers went from house to house during the day with invitations; the male helpers, assembling in the schoolroom at 7.30 p.m., marched out, with singing, to their various stations. It often happened that, even after the previous daily house-to-house visitation, an empty room awaited the helpers; but the raising of a hymn on the door-steps generally attracted a congregation; and, in the aggregate, about two hundred and fifty to three hundred non-church-goers were thus reached each of the first three nights of the mission. These were then collected in the schoolroom, where prayer meetings were held for three other nights, and thenceforward they were induced to go to the church. In this latter stage of the mission, probably a third of the new comers were lost; and its sudden cessation, without any individualising means of retaining hold of those brought in, may account for the falling back of a great number. In the absence of this personal oversight of individuals, such as the Wesleyan class system would provide, and of any individualising knowledge of those divinely influenced, only a general idea of the fruits can be formed. It was gratifying to observe that, save in the case of one or two drunken people, the evangelists who had been sent out, like the seventy of old, "two and two," "returned again with joy," reporting that everywhere "the common people heard them gladly." When we reflect that this was one of the first times that "the poor had the Gospel preached to them," and that most of the volunteer helpers were novices to the work, it is something to say that so many were induced, if only for a time, to attend the more regular preaching of the Word in the house of God; that some who did so confessed they had not been in a place of worship for ten and fifteen years, that fourteen of these persons were subsequently taken to the bishop for confirmation, and that a small Bible class of young street roughs, and a large one of older poor were amongst the tangible outcome of this brief effort. So satisfied was the vicar with the value of these little room-services, that he tried to keep up four of them

on Sunday, and two also on Tuesday evenings. But great difficulty was found in maintaining, for each station, a body of house-to-house visitors, and a roster of volunteer lay preachers; so that most of these special rooms, *i.e.*, inhabited rooms on the ground floor hired at one shilling for each service, had to be closed. Indeed, such labours are foreign to the notions of respectable church-going people, who are far more ready to give hard names to those who undertake them than to offer personal assistance. The only opposition experienced came, in fact, from the "regular worshippers;" and some of the volunteer helpers had not counted the hard words of religious men amongst the cost of forsaking the exclusive worship of respectability. As the principal difficulty attending missionary effort in our parishes lies in the fact that Churchmen do not recognise the claims upon them of personal service for God, but look upon those who engage in it as doing more than God requires, it might be well if more attention was drawn to the 14th Article of Religion on "Voluntary works besides, over and above, God's commandments, which they call Works of Supererogation;" and to those "commandments" which are addressed equally to the laity as to the clergy, on this behalf.

Inhabited rooms, hired for the evening service, have the advantage of being cheaply multiplied, and so brought within reach of the inhabitants in each street. But none of those we have seen would hold more than twenty people; and though an out-door congregation may be added as an occasional thing, and especially at starting the service, the element of worship must then be subordinated to that of preaching. They are not, however, without their value, in reaching many courts and alleys and out-of-the-way nooks, the inhabitants of which can seldom be persuaded to go so far as the next street to worship God.

Much good was effected in the very worst streets of the same parish by taking a small house in their midst, the ground-floor of which was gutted and fitted up for mission uses, the upper floor being inhabited by the care-taker. Voluntary work was never more adorned than by the faithful, unobtrusive, and silent labours of the earnest labourer who made this room for two days in each week the head-quarters of his persevering attacks on the ignorance and ungodliness of this partly pauper, partly criminal neighbourhood. The All-seeing Eye alone knows the self-denying persistence with which God's

glory was alone sought and human praise avoided, feared, and shunned by the young clergyman,* who for two years voluntarily devoted two days in each week to visiting from house to house, striving to help poor creatures out of difficulties, spiritual and physical, and to win them individually to God. Attached by parental duty to a country parish forty-four miles from London as curate to five hundred persons, he found himself with two days weekly at his disposal. These he gave up with scrupulous fidelity to the humble and obscure duties of a district visitor in two of the poorest streets of St. George's-in-the-East, making this mission-room his head-quarters. All, or nearly all, that is now known of his unnoticed labours is the testimony of those whose sick-beds he had cheered with words of consolation and a loving sympathy, shown as much in the burch of primroses or violets, the thoughtful gift of medicinal simples, and the thousand and one little attentions which the sick poor fondly appreciate, as in the prayers and in the exhortations to which these little kindly deeds afforded introduction.

To the centre of operations, in their midst, many were attracted who could not at first be induced to enter their parish church in the very next street. Here children's dinners, adult tea meetings, mothers' meetings, and juvenile classes, were assembled from time to time. And from this little room many were induced to become attendants at the more formal worship of their church. With devoted loyalty to the parochial system, the volunteer clerical helper subordinated all his efforts to the ultimate feeding of the parish church with new worshippers. When his converts were loyally passed on to the mother church his great object was accomplished.

Here, in this room, the parents were collected on Tuesday, and, by other hands, on Sunday evenings. As he was never known to miss his time for visiting his people, there was an unusual attendance at the Easter Sunday evening service to inquire why the young clergyman had not been with them on the previous week. Too well-founded rumours of his serious illness in the country had flown from street to street, and they had assembled in numbers on Sunday evening in hopes of learning something of their friend and benefactor. General and real was the grief when, a week later, it was known for certain that he had passed away to the higher service of his Master in heaven. When the unkempt children whom his kindly sympathy attracted to the mission-room, where they were

taught to cleanse both body and soul, heard that "teacher" was not coming again, that there was to be no more school, but that "teacher" had gone to heaven, real sorrow and disappointment filled their young breasts, well knowing from what he was bringing them, and to what neglect they must return. He was thus taken away in the prime of a life all the more useful and influential that it was occupied with a painstaking work which is not exposed to human praise and personal ambition, or one which can gratify self-esteem, but seeks rather the praise which cometh from God. In this he set an example to other volunteer workers, not to undervalue the self-denying and loving care demanded in taking the Gospel to individual souls, in reasoning with them personally, and striving to win them to Christianity by deeds of kindness and courtesy.

An outlay of £256 a year maintains a lay agent and mission room, with its sixteen agencies, in Love Lane, Shadwell. Each of the sixteen branches of labour is considered necessary in its place and time, tending together to the life and harmony of the whole mission. The early Sunday morning meeting, with its average attendance of 28 adults; the Sunday evening service, with its average attendance of 204 persons; the Monday and Wednesday evening services, with an average attendance of 145, far exceeding that of any two of the neighbouring churches on week days; the Sunday-school, with its average of 231 and 356 respectively, at the morning and afternoon assemblies; the 70 young men and women, who form the senior Bible class, and who each have a work to do for others, helping to make 16,000 visits last year, distributing an equal number of tracts, amongst 470 families; the weekly mothers' meeting with its 129 members; the average of 252 day scholars and of 34 evening scholars; the ten annual free tea meetings for dock labourers, dustmen, parents, mothers, general poor, scholars, &c., &c.; the penny bank with its 609 contributors; the library, with its issue of 1,050 volumes and 5,000 periodicals; the maternity society; the working men's mutual improvement society, with its 50 members; the flower show; and the other different works, varied to meet the age, capacities, and needs of those to be reached—all find a home in this one mission house, and an organiser in this one lay agent. Who that knows the profligacy and godlessness which characterise the port of London can fail to rejoice that there is such a drop in such an ungodly ocean, and to desire that

* The late Rev. H. W. More Molyneux.

there were many more such drops extending a goodly perfume around? The value of such a mission house would be much enhanced, if it was the feeder to a more permanent church, and passed along its converts to the higher ministrations of the commissioned ambassadors of Christ. It reaches and influences a semi-pauper class, whom the more formal church fails to attract, but if the souls so caught are to be retained, they should be eventually led to become members of fixed congregations. The lay teacher and the mission room are both well conceived for pioneer work; but when they are elevated into a distinct church organisation their value is much decreased, even if all trace of their work does not perish with their originator.

One of the best examples of lay mission work in London is to be found in Golden Lane, City, E.C. Nine years ago, a young clerk in the General Post Office, with no special qualifications but an earnest faith and a constant love, began to devote his "after-office hours" to visiting the people not far from St. Martin's-le-Grand. "This is our peculiarity; we are a district of ragamuffins," was the report made, in 1856, by the clergyman in whose parish Golden Lane stood. The church, with its stereotyped machinery, had made little impression upon this hotbed of vice and godlessness, when this volunteer plunged, unaided and unrecognised, into one of the worst districts of London. Probably, he little thought what he was going to do, or how the work was to grow upon his hands, when he entered into the conflict with unblushing vice, and that rampant infidelity which raises in these appropriate slums its temple, its Hall of Science, which the twin sisters, English republicanism and infidelity, make their head-quarters. To realise fully all that has been done in Golden Lane, by this "voluntary evangelist," in nine years, it must be remembered that the formal parochial agencies had utterly failed to exert any tangible spiritual influence; and that the gentleman who has accomplished so much has his brief day crowded with the cares of official life, public engagements, and a motherless little family, in addition to the multitudinous duties connected with the Golden Lane mission. When the effect of his single-handed efforts became known, money was not wanting to provide a mission room, as the headquarters of the various agencies which gradually sprung into existence. Day-school teachers and a female missionary form the paid agency; and these, together with the

various expenses of the manifold operations, cost £272 a year; whilst the cost of dinners, &c., for the sick and destitute reached £246 last year. In this mission room are conducted not only ragged schools for children, but "classes for youths and females;" Sunday-schools; juvenile Sunday services; Bible classes; adult Sunday services, and devotional meetings, besides about a dozen other operations, including a penny bank and a costers' barrow club. There are also open-air preachings, and religious services in six tramps' kitchens. In short, the bare list of meetings held every day in the week, and the variety of operations is so bewildering, that one naturally inquires, how is it possible that one man can get through so much "after office hours?" The fact is that the mission supplies itself with workers, as the work of conversion progresses, and the "voluntary evangelist" finds himself also "general superintendent" of the labours of his own converts, as well as of the one or two friends who come from a distance. Most of the converts naturally quit the neighbourhood for less disreputable quarters, at home or in the colonies. Many, we are told, are now occupying respectable positions. A dozen lads, rescued from sin and crime, are now in Her Majesty's Civil Service; other converts, obeying St. James's injunction, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another," are themselves declaring the Gospel to their late companions in vice or crime; one is a colporteur; and "a large number are engaged in Sunday-school teaching and other work. In his own Sunday-school "there are sixteen voluntary teachers, converts from the mission services, whose devotion and piety are proved by the fact, that only two changes have taken place this year." Several prayer-meetings are held weekly, the attendance on Sunday and Monday evenings generally exceeding 100, the majority of whom are youthful converts. The average attendance (voluntary of course) at the children's services is 125 (the capacity of the building used), the majority of whom "formerly spent their Sunday evenings in the gutter." Adult indoor preaching services are held three times weekly, the attendance on Sunday evenings often reaching 400; whilst the free-will offerings average six shillings per week. We are assured that the general result in Golden Lane, St. Luke's, is a most remarkable change in its moral, physical, and religious condition; and this is the work of a single Christian layman obeying the apostolic precept, rather than the customary churchmanship of the day. This "voluntary evan-

gelist" has not been without those difficulties which every man must expect who dares to do his duty. "Multitudes of difficulties have been thrown in our way by those who should have welcomed our voluntary zeal." Those who would know more of the "Mission to the Costermongers," in Golden Lane, E.C., should procure, through any bookseller, a copy of "After Office Hours," price 6d., published by Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row, London.

We have said that the post-office clerk, who has wrought such wonders amongst the neglected people in Golden Lane, had no special qualification for his work, other than earnest faith and constant love. Surely these qualities are not monopolised by this gentleman, but are to be equally found in at least one or two members of each congregation of this vast city. His example might well encourage such pious laymen to voluntarily undertake the work of evangelising those neglected corners which are to be found in almost every London parish—west as well as east—and so wipe away the reproach that we care less for Christianising our near neighbours than for converting the distant heathen. There is, it is true, a so-called modesty about Churchmen, which makes them shy of undertaking religious works, even under the guidance of their clergy; and these latter labour, again, under the difficulty that such work is supposed to be for their own personal relief, and not in obedience to our common Master. The very name, lay-helper, carries with it somewhat of this false principle, that it is the office of the laity, should they presume to take part in religious work at all, to do it unto men and not unto the Lord. On the other hand, Churchmen who desire to do such works "as unto the Lord and not unto men," sometimes fail to realise the need of that admirable subordination "for conscience' sake" to those "who are over them in the Lord," which has always marked those great pioneers of lay work, the Wesleyans. They do not always consider that those who act in the name of a corporate body should give it some security that what they do and teach is such as that corporate body desires to do and teach. Too often the layman thinks he is conferring a great favour on the clergy, or upon the church, or upon his neighbours, in giving the smallest, most uncertain and inconstant modicum of time and thought to work for God. No wonder if the clergy think lightly of such inconstant, erratic, and unreliable work, and would rather not be burdened with such inconvenient help. Until lay-work be regarded as the plain and

obvious duty of every communicant in the church, our congregations will never exercise that holy mission influence which their Christian conduct ought of set purpose to exert over those amongst whom their daily lives are spent. Until work be taught as the obvious evidence and fruit of faith, "works of supererogation" must continue to be the practical belief of Churchmen despite the XIVth Article. It is gratifying, however, to know that the Bishop of London has commissioned about forty laymen as "Readers," to gratuitously conduct room services, &c.; and that his Association of Lay-Helpers, formed in 1865, numbers twelve hundred and fifty members, with the faculty of doubling its associates every year. It is estimated that about ten thousand Churchmen may be giving gratuitous aid in some form; but when we remember that the gross church-going population of this diocese is about half a million, the proportion giving personal service is evidently below the scriptural ratio. And when we reflect that the non-church-goers in that portion of London included in this diocese is supposed to be about three-quarters of a million, the need of something more than forty gratuitous "Readers" is evident. We do not forget the one hundred and fifty paid Church of England Scripture Readers, and the still more numerous paid lay-agents outside the Church, and the numerous Nonconformists giving gratuitous service, when we point attention to what is left undone by Churchmen. It is not that personal piety is wanting in the Church of England, but that the idea of service being a part of true worship, and that lay teaching is a scriptural obligation, has not obtained due prominence. Let us suppose this difficulty settled, and that the clergy insist upon godly laymen taking their fair share in church teaching and mission work. There is in most town-parishes plenty of room for such labours. The spiritual destitution of the metropolis is not all in the east. Close behind the grand squares in the west are large communities of working men, stable-keepers, &c., for whose presence little provision is made in West-End churches. Where, again, in public worship are the children of the poor? A tithe of those children in each parish may be seen marching through the streets on Sundays to the church, where they are thrust into out-of-the-way corners, where they can neither see, nor hear, nor breathe. If they could hear or see, the service, not being directed to them, would have little interest for them. The stifling air of their exalted position, and the dulness of the far-

off service, contribute to sleep, which is only warded off by repeated raps over the head from the attendant teachers. Is it any wonder that, when old enough to act for themselves, few of these children ever voluntarily re-enter a church? The father of fifteen children, and numerous grandchildren, none of whom ever entered a place of worship, was recently asked how it was that he, brought up in a Church of England school, had not entered a church for sixty years? "I don't know, sir," he replied. "I never had any objections to going to church; but, you see, when I was young, we were always marched from St. —'s schools to the church, and had to go through it all whether we liked it or not; and so, when we left school and went to work, none of us ever thought of going again. I thought church was a sort of place one need only go to when one was compelled to do so, or when one wanted to get something; and you see I never wanted anything."

It is a matter for serious reflection, whether the great exertions made by the Church of England in the cause of education have contributed to the spread of personal piety to a commensurate extent. The Divine Founder of the Church intended it for the spread of Christian teaching, and it is only as the school contributes to this purpose that the Church has any concern in education; otherwise, the Church might as well busy itself in industrial training or military drill, as in mere secular education. The Bishop of London's Fund has recently voted about £20,000 for the erection of additional school-houses. But, if our view be correct, the Church should not sink such a sum without an adequate guarantee that religion will receive the greatest possible return from the outlay.

It is true that the Bishop of London's Fund maintains a number of school-churches under the charge of missionary clergymen. These are, however, simply embryo parish churches, most valuable and important as independent organisations. The clergymen in charge struggle against great difficulties, not the least of which are a miserable stipend and spiritual isolation, in the hope of some day erecting a substantial stone edifice, and forming an independent parish. But we refer now to *bona fide* school-houses, which are part of the parochial machinery of an established incumbent. It was for these that £20,000 was recently granted, and which, with a trifling additional outlay, might be fitted for Sunday service, to be conducted by laymen, so as to become subsidiary churches. We say ad-

visedly services by laymen, as it seems undesirable to multiply clergymen on discreditably low stipends, to perform offices which might be at least as well performed by able laymen, working either gratuitously or at a smaller salary. Better to have fewer, abler, and better-paid clergymen, assisted by a larger staff of devout laymen, devoting either the whole or part of their time, in implicit subordination, and who could more easily return to secular pursuits when necessary.

There is, then, a want in nearly every parish in London, of such divine services as children can heartily join their voices in, and as they will *desire* to attend; and there is also a want of services to which ill-dressed people can resort, and which can be varied, within the limits of the Prayer-book, to suit the occasion and the taste. Each parish has its school-house, which could, at small expense, be so fitted, that by the removal of a few shutters and a rearrangement of seats, it would become a very suitable chapel; and, by replacing the shutters, lose all trace of its sacred character. Here, on Sunday mornings, when the school-house had put on its solemn garb, special services for children could be conducted with as much solemnity as, and more heartiness than, in the parish-church; whilst, in the evening, the edifice might be occupied by adults. If, then, the clergy be in earnest in the matter of lay help, here would be the means for training up lay preachers within the Church, and removing a blot on the Church of England, that so few of its members are capable of this duty. It would be desirable to attach a certain number of district-visitors and a rota of Sunday-school teachers to the school services, the former to provide the congregation, and the latter to lead the singing and help to maintain order.

This system has been adopted in some parishes in Islington and Hoxton, with the best effects. The services are conducted by volunteer laymen, who take them in turns according to a roster, and are aided by other laymen. It is found that as many as two hundred children *voluntarily* attend these services, being a greater number than were formerly compelled to occupy the far-off gallery in the church. Good hopes are entertained that the children so brought up, not being disgusted with their church-going, may continue to worship God after leaving school.

Seeing that the Church's devotion to the cause of education has failed to produce Churchmen, might it not be well to take a little more toll from the outlay on school-

houses for the cause of Christ by utilising existing buildings to the twofold purpose of holding religious services and of training up Churchmen in the art of preaching? Should difficulties arise with school-boards in this matter, it might be worth thinking of whether

the objects for which the Church was founded would not be better attained by substituting in our school-houses such mission-work as has done wonders in Golden Lane, for that secular education which it is now the province of the State to bestow.



This use of our school-houses would double the number of edifices in which Church of England services are weekly performed. And if some of the spirit which characterised the "twelve days' mission" were imported into

our school-house services, the more stately parish church would receive large additions to its congregations, and have little cause to be ashamed of its subsidiary mission church.

WM. DAWSON.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—HOME-WORK.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

IN the wars of the olden times winter was the time for retiring into quiet quarters; in our modern wars of opinion it is the time when kings go forth to battle. The fogs of November are startled by the sound of the trumpet. This year the month came upon London in the midst of a great battle. Was the School Board to pay the fees of poor children whose parents wished them to be sent to denominational schools? For a whole week the pros and cons of the question were elaborately set forth. And at the end the Board determined to pass no general resolution on the subject, but to take up cases as they might arise, and decide them on their own merits. It is plain that the question is going to give rise to much contention. The Birmingham League has been in a manner resuscitated, and utters its voice with no uncertain sound. The Nonconformists generally declare that if the rates be used to support denominational schools, the old church-rate will be virtually revived, and they cannot submit to it. There are difficulties yet to be overcome in getting all parties to unite together in the work of education. But the cause is so good, the end is so noble, and the need is so urgent, that means, we trust, will be found to overcome the difficulties, and get a true common-school system established over the length and breadth of England. England, with a thoroughly educated people, how much higher would she not stand in the scale of the nations? What new hope would she not kindle in the somewhat desponding bosom of the friends of wholesome progress?

THE IRISH BISHOPS AND THE IRISH SCHOOLS.

There is no longer any secrecy as to what the Roman Catholic bishops desire and will strain every nerve to procure in Ireland. The system of mixed education is not answering their wishes. They are resolved in Roman Catholic districts to have the schools under their own management, and to become masters of the minds and souls of all their children. They say that in no other way can justice be done to the children of their community; their souls must suffer if their education be not steeped in Roman Catholic doctrine. For common schools, and for the highest of all schools—the University—their claim is the same. And, strange to say, they appeal to justice and the principles of toleration and liberalism in favour of their demands. They seem to forget that to tolerate a man is one thing, to give him the money of the nation that he may do according to his own will, is another. The nation may be quite disposed to tolerate Roman Catholic teaching, but it by no means follows that the nation is to give its money for Roman Catholic schools and universities. This is the position taken by their opponents. If the Irish Roman Catholics deem these things so necessary, they are at liberty to establish them at their own expense. But

I. N.S.

that is something very different from thrusting their hand into the national pocket, and abstracting money for placing the schools and the universities of the country under the sole and absolute management of the priests.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON ROMAN CATHOLIC TEACHING.

Singularly enough, the Protestant and truly liberal feeling of the country on this subject has found an exponent in one who for years has been the dread of the orthodox. For once, but we hope not for once only, Professor Huxley has uttered sentiments that John Milton or John Hampden would not have been ashamed to own. Little disposed though he may be, we fear, to recognise the difference between Popery and Protestantism as the message of God to perishing sinners, he very clearly recognises the difference between them in their bearing on the liberties and the progress of mankind. In his view, there are Roman Catholics and Roman Catholics. All are not of one stamp; for if all were of the Döllinger or Alt-Catholic school, he would have no special dread of them. But the ultramontane and Jesuit school that now rules at Rome and inspires the policy of the Church is detestable. It was one of the most fixed and distinct articles of his creed that there was no engine so carefully calculated for the destruction of all that was highest in the moral nature, in the intellectual freedom and in the political freedom of mankind as that engine which was at present wielded by the ultramontane section of the Catholic Church. In common logical consistency they could never be satisfied with anything whatever but complete possession of the whole minds and souls of the children whom they had in their hands. He held that the predominance of their views was absolutely destructive of all that was highest in the nature of man. It was destructive of everything like freedom and intellectual progress, and he believed it was absolutely inconsistent with every possible form of free government. It was the duty of every man that cared for the elevation of his fellow-men, for that intellectual freedom which had made this and every other country worthy of its name, and for that political freedom which was supposed to be dear to every Englishman, to beware of giving support to this system. He held with John Locke that whatever could be shown to be opposed to the welfare of society should be opposed with the whole power of the State. Anyhow, they should make up their minds not to help the system he had attacked, and not to build up for themselves that which they should deplore when it was too late. Mr. Huxley's words are as seasonable as they are brave. A spurious liberalism has been of late asserting itself, joined to a great ignorance of history, which, overlooking the broad fact which Mr. Huxley builds on, that ultramontane Popery is the essential and inevitable foe to freedom, to order, to progress, to all national prosperity and

greatness, not only claims for it equal consideration with all forms of Protestantism, but would actually pet and fondle it beyond them. Of all monstrosities the greatest would be that England, the home of freedom, the nurse of constitutional progress, the country that gained so bitter experience of Popery in the days of James II., and incurred such dangers and made such efforts to avert the ruin which it was bringing on her, should welcome to her bosom the traitor that tried so hard to enslave and imprison her. We hope that the words of Mr. Huxley will tell beyond the occasion on which he uttered them; and that they will sound forth as the voice of the nation, announcing its determination, alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland, not to entrust the Jesuits with the education of the young.

THE CONFESSIONAL PREACHED UP IN OXFORD.

It is a strange revulsion of feeling we undergo, after listening to the clear ring of Professor Huxley's warning, to take our place in the University Church of Oxford, and hear Mr. Poole preaching up the Confessional—the great instrument, as all the world knows, by which Rome has accomplished her scheme of spiritual despotism. Mr. Poole, it may be remembered, was a few years ago one of the curates of St. Barnabas', Pimlico, and had his license withdrawn by the Bishop of London for practising in back-slums what he now proclaims from the University pulpit of Oxford. First, he drew a picture of the awful wickedness of the age, giving more prominence, however, to its offences against the Church than those against the moral law, and counting some of its recent legislative acts the worst indications of national impiety. Well, how was this to be arrested? How was the health of the daughter of Zion to be recovered? The only real way was by the Confessional. Had not the priest received the Holy Ghost to give to the people, and was it not the declaration of Christ, "Whose sins soever ye remit they are remitted, and whose sins ye retain they are retained?" Yet the Church had no provision for bringing the people individually into contact with their priests in order that this most blessed privilege might be enjoyed. The people were not alone to blame—the Church was to blame because she did not avail herself of the blessed machinery which she possessed for putting an end to their wickedness. The Confessional was the great remedy for the evil of the times. Wise and discreet priests should be appointed to quiet uneasy consciences, and give direction to the penitent. The Confessor must also be a Director. He must be the guide of the penitent and direct his conscience in the ways he judges most fit to give him peace and satisfaction. But this did not satisfy the reverend preacher. He would have some new chairs of Divinity. Why should we have professors of Divinity, of Church History, of Scriptural Exegetics, and so forth, and no professor of Moral Theology, Casuistry, and Ascetic Divinity? What terrible evils they were suffering from that deplorable Solifidian heresy which had im-

pregnated the popular theology of England, and reduced the priest's office to a mere preacher of the Word in place of the physician and director of souls! People talked a great deal against the works of Escobus, Suarez, and Liguori, and no doubt there was much that was to be censured in them; but was there not also a vast deal of good that could not be got in English works of theology? By all means, then, let them set up some chairs of this kind, and revive this most profitable branch of study. This would help greatly to develop those precious powers of the ministry, through the neglect of which evil was so fearfully prevalent and souls were so rapidly perishing. Such was the subject of the discourse. Nothing less is aimed at than the direction of consciences, and Mr. Poole is not concerned to conceal the fact, but rather glories in proclaiming it, that it is from the Romish casuists, who did so much to destroy whatever was healthy in the consciences of their people, that guidance is to be sought in this holy art!

THE LICENSING SYSTEM.

Mr. Poole's panacea for the sins of the nation, however, is not so near at hand as to prevent us from considering whether something may not be done by other means to arrest evils under which the nation is staggering. Attention is now so earnestly fixed on the licensing system that we can hardly suppose another session passing away without a measure being passed to regulate it. It is singular with what apathy the nation has long looked on the fact that it possesses in England alone a hundred and twenty thousand establishments for the sale of drink, under whose blighting influence, it were hardly an exaggeration to say, that all life dies and death lives. Now, however, it has begun to see that the system has become strongly entrenched, and that the tendency of things is to its indefinite extension. The question is, how is the interest to be effectually assailed? It is so strong and so compact that it is hard to strike a blow at it. We observe that the *Edinburgh Review* advocates a plan by which the license tax would become a fund for buying up licenses as they come into the market. In this way, it is reckoned that the number of licensed houses would be rapidly reduced, even within the ten years which Mr. Bruce's Bill allowed as the duration of the present licenses. Thirty thousand licenses would in this way be cut off the hundred and twenty thousand at the end of the ten years. We can hardly think of anything that would be more truly patriotic than the sinking of party differences among all classes of politicians in order to grapple effectually with this great question. If the whole legislature would show a determination to deal wisely and righteously with the nation on this subject, and not allow the weakest class of the population to be exposed helplessly to the worst temptation that can en-nare them, there would be some hope of an effectual measure being adopted to check the intemperance which is the disgrace of the nation and the ruin of the working classes.

II.—ABROAD.

THE ALT-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

The Alt-Catholics are getting excommunicated, and are forming separate congregations. Governments favour them; bishops treat them with unqualified hostility. The classes of the excommunicated professors are vacant, and the very bishops who at the time of the council were strenuous opponents of the Infallibility are now excommunicating the men that adhere to the doctrines which they taught and encouraged them to maintain. It is one thing to hold a clear intellectual opinion, it is another thing to be a martyr. Monseigneur Maret, of the Sorbonne, Bishop of Sura, *in partibus*, was the author of two vigorous works, "Du Concile Général et de la Paix Religieuse," and "Le Pape et les Evêques," both on the liberal side. From the 18th July to the 15th October he seems to have been suspended in judgment between *Le Pape* and *Les Evêques*, but on the latter day he proclaimed his adherence to the former. And now he comes forward to say that "in presence of the troubles which agitate the world and the Church, and conformably to the wishes of his Holiness, which he holds to be imperative, he thinks it right for him, as a bishop, to withdraw both his works from circulation. Not only so, but he disavows everything in the works which is or can be opposed to the dogmatical constitution of the Council of the Vatican, as published and confirmed by his Holiness. He holds that every individual opinion ought to be sacrificed to the principle of unity, and to the divine authority which is its essential basis. Such is poor, weak human nature. Who can wonder that the *morale* of the French people is low, when such is the *morale* of the bishops? One is reminded of the seven kinds of unity which Matthew Flaccius ascribed to the Church of Rome—Satanic, political, ignorant, Iscariotic, servile, Herodian, and accidental. The unity exemplified by Bishop Maret is of the servile kind—unity resting on a crushed intellect and an outraged conscience, basely sacrificed because a semblance of agreement must be kept up. No wonder, though General Trochu, in a recent speech, as President of the Conseil-Général of Morbihan, should have said, respecting his country (though without allusion to such things), that with its religious faith it had lost the notion of truth and falsehood, and that morality was at the lowest ebb.

In Bavaria the annoyance of the papal party at the course taken by the Government is apparent from the coarseness of their language. The Congress was a beer-council; the Bavarian ministers a pack of pigg-dogs. But the Italian Church paper, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, is the most amusing in its parody of facts. The Munich Congress was a ridiculous failure. Döllinger, chief of the Freemasons, got together a mob of Rationalists, Materialists, Epicurean Atheists, and Freethinkers, whose god is their belly; English and German Protestants, Dutch Jansenists, Russian Schismatics, among whom were about twenty priests, fifteen of whom were suspended, of their numbers one living in concubinage, and one an expelled monk—an

illustrious sample of meekness, chastity, temperance, and apostolic holiness. The decrees ascribed to the Congress are remarkable. Schultze was received, it is said, with tumultuous applause, when he proclaimed that the Vatican Council had lied in every word and every letter of its decrees—had lied even in its assertion of the existence of God. Dr. Michel declared, in an alcoholic fit of fury, that the Jesuits were devils by nature, poisoners of the faith, morality, and even the physical life of men. The Bavarian papers, by translating such diatribes from Italian into German, and circulating them where the facts are known, have enabled the people to understand what measure of faith is to be reposed in the organ of the Church. It is odd, however, to say the least, to find such arts resorted to to prop up infallibility. The Pope does not seem to have given much of it to his newspaper.

GUIZOT AND THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

M. Guizot has lately written two most interesting papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the Duc de Broglie, who died recently. One of the most interesting passages is that in which the Duke refers to the religious revival in Switzerland fifty years ago, and the connection with it of himself and his wife, who was a daughter of Madame de Staël. The conversion of his wife's brother and of himself to real Christianity was extremely interesting. The subject of religion, he says, was undergoing very keen discussion in their circle, some, including his brother-in-law, being unable to make up their minds. "The point in question was, whether Christianity was to continue a pillow of idleness for listless souls, and of reverie for tender souls; whether it was to continue a Rationalism ashamed of itself, a species of compromise between philosophy and Christianity. This was what specially struck the Duke. He was not at that time either a Protestant or a Christian. He believed in the truths of natural theology; he admired the life and character of Jesus Christ; he could not explain Christianity on human grounds; he admitted the force of the evidence for miracles; still he was without religion." "Natural religion, without the supernatural, is altogether only a better and more sensible system of philosophy than its opposite."

"Hence," continues the Duke's narrative, "I found very inconsequential that sort of Protestantism which consists in holding the Gospel as true, while stopping short at its moral and intellectual side, turning away from all the rest without either admitting or denying anything. I said this to my brother-in-law when he consulted me in his perplexities. 'There can be no middle course,' I said. 'One must either be like myself—a Christian philosopher, though sorry to advance no further; or else like your sister, a Christian out-and-out. The state of mind which you inherit from your mother, and which she inherited from her father, was a simple protest against the infidelity of their times, and a first step towards faith. But the first step is of no value without the second; either the Gospel is divine, or it is not divine: if it is divine

all that it contains is true, and nothing is unmeaning; if it is not divine, then Jesus Christ was only a philosopher 'like Socrates or Confucius, though very superior to either.'

"We discussed endlessly. We took up the objections one by one, and the result to him, as well as to me, of these multiplied conversations, was the conviction that these objections were less convincing in reality than in appearance. I do not think I am mistaken in dating from these conversations the conversion of my brother-in-law, which was prompt, fervent, lasting. I am certain I am not mistaken in making this the date, not of my own conversion, which was slow, laborious, and gradual, but of those studies which I have intensely pursued through all the distractions of public life, and the fruits of which are collected together in the large work to which I only put the finishing stroke in the year 1852."

A COMMUNION SCENE IN ROME.

Our minds are carried back to the early days of Christianity when we read of the administration of the communion to the first converts brought to the light in connection with Methodist agency, while the use of the very hymns which are so popular among ourselves seems equally to connect them with the present. "I will not say," writes Signor Sciarelli, "that the hall was crowded with people, because there were only about seventy persons present; but I can say that all were attentive, and that the greater part gave signs of approbation of what was said and done. Signor Ravi, minister of the Free Italian Church, delivered a brief discourse on the wonderful love of Jesus Christ for mankind. I then publicly interrogated the eleven catechumens on the cardinal points of evangelical doctrine; and when they had all made distinct avowal of their faith, I declared them formally admitted to our communion, and constituted members of the Methodist Evangelical Church in Rome. We then sang for the first time that magnificent hymn—'Rock of ages, cleft for me,' *O de' secoli alta roccia*—which I know to be so great a favourite with our English brethren. Then came the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in which took part, besides Signor Ravi, also Signor Pons, minister of the Vaudois Church in Rome, and Mr. Bruce, director of the Bible Society's operations in Italy. It was a most graceful manifestation on the part of these brethren of sympathy with our infant Church, and an indubitable sign of the mutual affection existing between the various labourers in the Lord's vineyard in this important city. The service was concluded by the singing of the hymn, '*O Redentor Divino*'—the same hymn which on the 7th of May we were unable to terminate, owing to the explosion of the bomb."

Other strange things are occurring in the Eternal City. In the beginning of September there was a commemoration of the martyrdom of Giovanni Mollio, in the Campo de Fiori, one of the many Italian confessors who sealed their testimony with their blood. Signor Sciarelli delivered a discourse on the anniver-

sary of the martyrdom, the first of a series of the like kind which it is proposed to have on similar anniversaries. The audience was large and much interested, and a deep impression seemed to follow the speaker's words. We have not yet got to the end of what entered the Porta Pia on the 20th September, 1870, with the Italian army.

ADVANCE OF PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA.

Mr. James S. Blackwood has written an interesting letter to *Evangelical Christendom*, in which he gives a most encouraging account of Protestant progress in the land of Huss and Jerome. The visit was the third which he had paid to Bohemia, and though the second was paid but two years before, the progress during the interval was very remarkable. The population of Bohemia is 5,000,000, of whom about 12,000 are German-speaking Protestants and 90,000 Czechish-speaking Protestants; that of Moravia, 3,000,000, of whom 50,000 are Protestants. By the law of the country, a Protestant pastor is allowed to preach wherever there are even a few Protestants; in places where there are none he has no such liberty. Till lately, the Bohemian Protestants were in a most forlorn and neglected position. Their pastors are very poor; so are the people; they had few Protestant schools and no institutions for training schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and pastors. Some Christian friends in England and Scotland have been exerting themselves to improve the spiritual privileges of the Protestants. Glasgow began the work, and Mr. Blackwood has been among its most zealous and generous promoters. In his letter, he first gives some account of the educational operations superintended by Pastor Schubert of Krabsice, a man of remarkable ability and energy. His district embraces a population of 100,000, to whom he has access, and multitudes of the Roman Catholics flock to hear him. He has established at his place an institution for the training of girls, including several daughters of schoolmasters and pastors. One of his helpers is Mr. Bernhardt, an itinerant preacher, who, besides stated services, visits nineteen surrounding villages. At Zebus there is a congregation of ninety or one hundred, who were almost all Roman Catholics, and a number of whom, it is believed, are more than nominal Protestants. Another important institution is at Gaslau for boys. Here it is designed to have a permanent building, which, it is hoped, will grow into a training institution for teachers and perhaps for pastors. Mr. Utikal, the superintendent, has already seventeen pupils in training and three masters under him; and Mr. Blackwood says that the Bohemians were so much interested that they made a serious appeal to him for help to add, if possible, a theological teacher to train some of the young men for the pastoral office. At Prague he found an excellent preaching-hall established, occupied by the missionary to the Jews of the Free Church of Scotland. There is as yet, however, no provision made for about one hundred Protestant youths in attendance at the College of Prague. It is proposed to appoint Mr. Kaspar to this duty, a very

competent person, the conductor of almost all the Evangelical literature which yet exists in the country. These brief notices afford but a poor impression of the openings for the Gospel in Bohemia, of which a man once said to the Rev. A. Moody Stuart, "It is a piece of dry wood, and it only requires a spark to kindle it into life and true liberty." To the account of Mr. Blackwood, we may add that the Free Church of Scotland has founded some bursaries for enabling promising young Bohemians to come to Scotland, and receive the benefit of the training for the ministry supplied in the New College, Edinburgh. During the present session (1871-72), several of these young men are in attendance—most interesting links between the land of John Knox and that of John Huss. Mr. Blackwood concludes his letter with an account of a bas-relief over the principal gate of Königratz. It represents John Huss in a kneeling attitude before his martyrdom, and underneath the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin." The whole had evidently been plastered over in past days; but now the coating was worn off, and the original painting restored. Soon may thousands throughout the country give their Amen intelligently and heartily to the truth there proclaimed!

UNITED STATES.—EPISCOPAL CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE.

Every three years the Episcopal Church of the United States holds a convention or convocation; this year the meeting took place in Baltimore, Maryland. Among the strangers present were the Bishop of Lichfield (formerly of New Zealand), Dean Howson of Chester, and the Bishop of Nassau. The presence of so many distinguished strangers gave much interest to the meeting. The Convention consists of two houses, an upper and a lower, and, as is well known, lay-representatives of the Church take part with the clergy in the proceedings. The subject of greatest interest in the Synod was a report on the matter of ritual. A former Convention had appointed a committee of bishops to examine into the subject, and report to the present meeting. The progress of ritualism in some of the American churches has been rapid and alarming, and the approach to Romish practices so great as to demand, in the view of many, energetic measures to be taken to protect the people from the error to which they were exposed. The report of the bishops was in a very pronounced degree unfavourable to ritualistic practices. The report, however, was remitted to a committee to be reported on, and the impression was that it would have to be remitted for a decision to the next meeting, to be held in 1874. The tone of the Episcopal Church in America is comparatively Low Church, and the impression is strong in the minds of many that High Churchism would be quite unadapted to the genius of a republic. Another matter which has excited considerable interest lately is an answer made by seven bishops to a request made to them to say whether the word "regenerate" as used in their baptismal service was to be held to denote a moral

change. The bishops have answered unanimously that it is not to be regarded as expressing such a change; but they have not added any positive definition, contenting themselves with telling what is *not* to be attached to it. These declarations cannot be regarded with satisfaction by the High Church party at home, but they will commend the Episcopal Church the more to the regard of Evangelical communions.

PROVIDENTIAL CALAMITIES.

The United States have been very greatly moved by the terrible providential calamities, that have exceeded in magnitude anything of this kind that has ever been recorded in history. The destruction of Chicago does not stand alone as a memorial of disaster. The prairie fires and forest fires by which Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have been desolated have reached a fearful magnitude that makes them fit to be reckoned with the burning of Chicago. The question has naturally been raised among thoughtful men, whether all these calamities are not the voice of Providence calling the people to repent of their sins. A kind of holy instinct, as well as the teaching of the Bible, assures one great class that this is the view to be taken of them. Others scoff at the idea, and ridicule every attempt to connect the calamities in any way with moral antecedents. The tower of Siloam is of course brought in, as if our Lord had meant to say that calamities are in no sense judgments; all that He *did* say being that the men that were killed were not to be regarded as the only sinners whose wickedness drew down the visitation. Nothing could be more ridiculous than to argue that, according to the teaching of our Lord, there was no connection between the region of the physical and the moral. The whole teaching of the Bible is notoriously the opposite. Meanwhile it is pleasant to see that the mayor of Chicago has invited the inhabitants of that city to observe a day of humiliation in connection with the calamity. Undoubtedly the matter has a close application elsewhere. A hurricane has desolated the West Indies, and Persia is decimated by famine. The prevalent sufferings are on the largest scale, as if Providence deemed it necessary to make the voice of warning so loud as to rouse the soundest sleeper, and galvanize the most torpid conscience.

PUBLIC MORALS IN AMERICA.

East, West, and South, moral anomalies have been arresting attention. The corruption of public officers in New York had become so scandalous as to arouse the indignation of a long-suffering community. That indignation bids fair to do its work. The Tammany ring, within which the shameful and shameless corruptions of the city had been going on, as if within a great entrenchment, has been broken, and the authors of the villainy brought to book. It is to be hoped that no social status, reached by fraud, or stained with corruption, will protect the authors of these villainies from a smart and telling castigation. The clearing of the moral atmosphere of New York would be quite a glorious thing for the United States,

and would give a promise of future tranquillity and prosperity from which it would be hardly possible to have too high expectations. In the West, the arms of long-outraged decency seem at last to be closing on Brigham Young and the Mormonites. Hitherto it has been hardly possible to get at them in the far distant wilderness to which they fled. And a feeling that since they have twice fled into the wilderness, in order to be beyond the haunts of other men, it would be hard to attack them, has restrained to some extent the executive of the country. But the Pacific Railway has brought Utah into the very highway of the country. And now it has been resolved to prosecute Young and his compeers. There is good reason to hope that the upas tree which amid considerable social prosperity has dropped a moral blight upon Utah, will be uprooted. In the South, too, energetic means are being resorted to, in order to put down the lawless violence of the Ku-klux. All friends of Christian order and progress must wish well to these movements; the successful accomplishment of which would remove some of the foulest blots that disfigure the great Republic.

III.—MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

THE DAWN IN MEXICO.

For many a long year, Mexico has been deluged in blood. Between civil commotions, war with the United States, and the tragedy which ended in the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, its annals have been as miserable and revolting as those of any country in the globe.

Happily, this state of things has come to an end. Messrs. Pretherick and Riley, of the Wesleyan mission, in some recent communications to the *Watchman* newspaper, draw the most hopeful pictures of returning order and prosperity.

"Since the year 1870 two parties, professing two diametrically opposite systems of thought—the one Liberal and Republican, the other Roman and Imperial—have convulsed this nation in their intense efforts to overcome and crush each other. The Liberal Republican party is now triumphantly in the ascendant, and is doing what it can to educate and elevate the people of this nation. The Mexican Roman party is now comparatively in ruins; its once great and powerful convent system destroyed; its hosts of friars and nuns scattered to the four winds, and prohibited from organising themselves into religious communities; its immense Church property nationalised; many of their former churches used for secular purposes; their clergy, from the part they took in the French intervention, branded with the name of traitor; their convents cut up into private houses; ecclesiastical processions and robes prohibited in the streets; the Church separated from the State, and entire liberty of worship established by law.

"Spanish Bibles have at different times been sent to Mexico by the American and British Foreign Bible Society, which latter has at the present time an agency in the capital.

"A Roman Catholic presbyter named Aguilar, through the study of the Word of God, abandoned the Roman Church and established an evangelical congregation in this city. He died in extreme poverty, but bravely struggling on in behalf of the Gospel. The good seed sown by him has grown with a rapidity unequalled in the history of Gospel work in Spanish America, till there are now over fifty Evangelical congregations in this city and neighbourhood.

"Through the generosity of some American Christians a grand church, the noblest in this city, after the cathedral, and the best situated of any, has been purchased for the Gospel cause, and is now being repaired (though slowly, as our means are very limited) for a congregation of over eight hundred persons, that at present meet in the church of a former convent.

"This congregation is ministered unto by a once famous Dominican friar named Manuel Aguas, some time since converted to Jesus, and now a ripe evangelical Christian, a truly great preacher of the pure and precious Gospel; being also assisted in the work by another ex-Roman Catholic presbyter, also converted to our Saviour and his pure Gospel."

In one of the communications to the *Watchman*, Don Manuel Aguas gives a very interesting account of his change. He had been a professor of divinity, yet knew little of the Bible and nothing of Protestantism. Somehow, some Protestant publications fell into his hands, and his eyes were opened. Then he began to study various kinds of works, including works of rationalistic theology. He came to see that there were just three religions—the religion of God, the religion of man, and the religion of the priest. He tells how reading the Bible with prayer for the Holy Ghost he was enabled to embrace the religion of God. In warm and simple words he tells us what he found in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how besides finding peace and joy inexpressible to his own soul, he had been taught to be merciful, compassionate, and forgiving—and to be filled with the desire to bring others into fellowship with him in the enjoyment of mercies so great and heavenly.

Such is the man who is now preaching the Gospel to thousands in Mexico. May he be an apostle indeed, whose lips shall feed many, and whose name shall shine as the stars with those that have turned many to righteousness.

NEW ZEALAND—THE MAORI CHRISTIANS.

The distressing war in New Zealand naturally shattered the native churches. After passing through such an ordeal the wonder would be if Christianity survived in more than a very small remnant. At a late Synod of the Episcopal Church in New Zealand, the Bishop of Warupu made a report on the present state of the native church, in so far as it is connected with the Church of England. The year of Waterloo, 1815, witnessed the first attempt to preach the Gospel of peace to the natives of New Zealand. But it was not till twenty years that any considerable progress began to be made. In 1845 the natives as a body came over to Christianity. Meanwhile the colonisa-

tion of the country from Great Britain was going on, and the natives were coming into contact with the settlers. As in too many similar cases, much evil resulted; and one of their political movements found its justification in the words—"The English have brought among us their intoxicating drinks, and we, seeing the evil, have applied to the government to put a stop to it but without effect; and now we have made our own laws and regulations, and we have succeeded in this object." Then came the war. This had the effect of testing very severely even the Christianity of those who were most sincere, while a large number of the people, who were but nominal professors, felt rather repelled by Christians and Christianity. But after this severe ordeal, the result is not so disastrous as might have been supposed. The whole number of *native* clergymen in the district occupied by the Church of England is fourteen, and there are many applications for additional clergymen, whose support the natives are ready to undertake. The most striking feature of the Maori church is that so much work is done by laymen acting as teachers and preachers. Many men have acted consistently and perseveringly during many years in these capacities, from a mere sense of duty, without any remuneration of any kind. Such devotion, undertaken from love to the cause, indicates an amount of real Christian life and zeal, from which it is impossible not to anticipate, through God's blessing, the best effects.

MADAGASCAR—THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

At Madagascar the native church has held a Congregational Union, similar to the gatherings of the same name held at home. Various topics were discussed bearing on the practical work of the Church, and tending to her improvement and development, and the spirit of the meetings was earnest and harmonious.

Among other documents that have lately come from Madagascar, a peculiar interest belongs to the memoir of a Malagasy Christian who lived in the times of persecution, and showed so much ingenuity and affection in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the martyrs, that his history cannot fail to be read with much interest. He selected three other young men, who, with himself, devoted their time and abilities towards relieving the sufferings of their brethren. Covering their hard, cold fetters with soft leather as opportunity offered, was one mode of giving the cup of cold water. Another mode was this: When the emaciated and hungry disciples were brought to a road-side, or to a place where two roads cross each other, to be reviled and laughed at, and otherwise evil-intreated, our young friends used to prepare a pot of rice, boiled with some delicacies in it, and take it to the soldiers in charge of the prisoners, and say, "These are our relatives; now if you will allow us to give them one-half of this food, you shall have the other half;" and often in this way the cup of cold water was given.

Again, when the order came that the Christians

should be banished from their native homes, and driven—a troop of worn-out men and sickly, dying women—to a distant desert, there to suffer and die, our young friends used to get small calabashes filled with water, and, with apparent boyish curiosity, go round and round, staring at the sufferers, dragging along their heavy chains, but every now and then they managed to drop a calabash into their hands, thus, in some measure, assuaging their neglected thirst.

Another of their good deeds was to prepare some food of a peculiar kind for some of the prisoners who were ordered to drink the Tangena, the effect of which was that when the poison was drunk it was vomited up, and with such accompaniments as were regarded as proofs of their innocence.

IV.—BOOKS.

When a diligent and eminent scholar in any department, arrived at the Mosaic boundary of active life, gives us the results of fifty years' mental labour, we ought to be thankful. And thankful we are to Dr. Hodge of Princeton, probably the ripest theologian that America has produced since the days of Jonathan Edwards, for his *Systematic Theology*, of which the first of three massive volumes has just been issued to the English public. For half a century Dr. Hodge has been instructing students at Princeton Seminary, and enlightening the public through the *Princeton Review*. Many of the ablest of his theological productions have long been before the public, but now, in these volumes, he takes what Dr. Chalmers used to call "a whole lift of Theology," and gives us the ripest of his gatherings along all the line. We have read most of the first volume with considerable care, and with no small instruction. It consists of a long Introduction, discussing briefly a number of matters lying about the porch of theology, to which there will not be occasion afterwards to return. This part is more like a summary or condensed view, than a fully-expanded treatise, Dr. Hodge having done his best not to detain us too long at the porch of his temple. The first part of the body of the work discusses Natural Theology, and then we have some chapters on the Trinity, and on the attributes and works of God. These are not the subjects in the consideration of which the finest and rarest of Dr. Hodge's qualities as a theologian are seen. Undoubtedly it is in the treatment of the delicate and most vital questions that lie between Calvinism and other systems that he will be found to shine most. We look to the two remaining volumes as likely to afford by far the best exposition and vindication of modern and moderate Calvinism that has appeared in recent times. Exposed as that system is to so many misunderstandings on the part of men who, on the strength of the most shadowy knowledge of it, are keen to assail it, we believe that this publication will do much to make clear the true state of the question, and to facilitate an honest and fair discussion.

In his *Doctrine of Holy Scripture respecting the Atonement*, Professor Crawford, of Edinburgh, de-

votes his attention to the very heart and centre of the body of divine truth. Such a subject demands to be treated in an eminently calm and reverent spirit. And in such a spirit it is treated by Dr. Crawford. His book is founded upon a careful induction of the statements of Scripture on the sufferings and death of our Lord, mainly as contained in the positive affirmations of the New Testament, but subordinated also as shadowed forth in the types and prophecies of the Old. These statements are carefully examined, and their true import is ascertained. The doctrine that the sufferings and death of Christ were endured by him in the room of men, and formed a real expiation of their sins, is first shown to be the true and real doctrine of Scripture. In the next part of the treatise the various theories respecting the sufferings of Christ that have been proposed as substitutes for the Catholic doctrine of the atonement are weighed in the balances and found wanting. In the last part, the current objections to the atonement are examined, and there follows an appendix of notes. It cannot be said that in this treatise there is more than a plain statement of the Scripture doctrine of the atonement, and a scriptural refutation of contrary views. We should like to feel the beating heart sometimes, as we do, for example, in the Epistle to the Romans. We are grateful, at the same time, for the devout tone of this treatise, and for its eminent loyalty to the authority of the Word of God.

Archdeacon Pratt's *Scripture and Science not at Variance* has been before the public for fifteen years, and the edition just issued is the sixth. The plan of the work does not require that every instance of apparent discrepancy between Scripture and science shall have an explanation. It is only that so many instances of the successful removal of difficulties, which at one time appeared to be insurmountable, should be adduced as to assure the mind under new perplexities, that there is every reason to believe that in due time these also shall vanish. The primary object of the treatise is, not to solve present difficulties, but to create confidence in the mind while in perplexity regarding them, that all will in the end be right, and that the harmony of Scripture and science cannot really be broken, though it may for a time seem to be disturbed. This is the true position to maintain in the present state of things. Archdeacon Pratt establishes enough to show that there is a sure basis for the confidence which he recommends. The very first of his cases is quite in point. In the first chapter of Genesis, the visible heavens, the blue vault, as we call it, is termed "the firmament." The Septuagint called it the *stereoma*, the solidity; and the Vulgate, *firmamentum*. The notion arose that the Bible teaches what is false regarding the visible heavens. We turn to the Hebrew, and finding the word to be "an expanse," we see not only that the Bible teaches nothing unscientific, but that the word used indicates a scientific knowledge much in advance of the age.

Mr. Eugene Stock's *Sunday School Lessons on the Life of our Lord* is the best aid to Sunday-school teachers with which we are acquainted. It consists

of one hundred and four lessons, each of which contains excellent hints to the teacher, a valuable sketch of the lesson, and notes on the passage. The best books on the subjects discussed are mentioned as the occasion requires, and occasionally interesting extracts are given descriptive of things that throw light on the lessons. The Sunday scholar who takes in one-tenth of what is here provided will not leave his school the ignorant and careless being that the Bishop of Manchester lately described; and if the instruction is communicated in the spirit of the lessons, his heart, through God's blessing, will evince a great change. The occasional allusions to the Church of England services are fitted to vivify these, and make them more profitable to the young, who usually run over them with so little idea of their meaning.

The Pioneers: a Narrative of Facts connected with early Christian Missions in Bengal, by George Gogerly, late Missionary in Calcutta, chiefly bears on the operations of the London Missionary Society, but embraces those also of other bodies. There is a pleasing union of personal narrative, Oriental anecdote and incident, and missionary detail, and a very good view is given of mission work in India and its results.

Essays on Christian Unity, by Henry Bannerman, seems to be written from the Plymouth Brethren point of view. In the opinion of Mr. Bannerman, outward organisation has nothing to do with the true unity of the Church. Unity springs from within, and cannot be imposed from without. The subject is argued with great calmness and patience, and a great deal is said that is worthy of the attention of the Church of the present day. It is not, however, in these pages that the reader will find the opposite side of the question. The writer assumes that the Church may continue through all time in the simple, unorganised condition of its infancy, and that it is wrong to attempt anything else. Still, we believe that the artificiality of the churches of the present day—their too minute terms of communion and too great restraint of free fellowship—are not unworthy of a part of the strictures to which Mr. Bannerman exposes them.

Sundays in the Temple, by C. J. Vaughan, D.D., being a reprint from the SUNDAY MAGAZINE of Dr. Vaughan's last year's contributions, are printed and bound in a volume that is quite a model of beauty. His *Family Prayers* are introduced by a most sensible and devout statement of his views as to what such a work ought to be, and are marked by all the simplicity, devoutness, and earnestness that are characteristic of the excellent author.

In these times when good speaking and good reading are so much in demand, and according to the newspapers so rarely exemplified, Mr. Hullah's *Speaking Voice* is well worthy of earnest attention. It goes to the root of the matter, and shows what are the true conditions of success in the use of the voice. If Mr. Hullah's statement be true, that the English race have received least from nature to fit them for being effective speakers, they have all the more need to try to get the defect remedied by art.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—A PICTURE.



THINGS went on very quietly for some time. Of course I was fully occupied, as well I might be, with a life to tend and cultivate which must blossom at length into the human flowers of love and obedience and faith. The small-

est service I did the wonderful thing that lay in my lap, seemed a something in itself so well worth doing, that it was worth living to do it. As I gazed on the new creation, so far beyond my understanding, yet so dependent upon me while asserting an absolute and divine right to all I did for her, I marvelled that God should entrust me with such a charge, that he did not keep the lovely creature in his own arms and refuse her to any others. Then I would bethink myself that in giving her into mine, he had not sent her out of his own; for I, too, was a child in his arms, holding and tending my live doll, until it should grow something like me, only ever so much better. Was she not given to me that she might learn what I had begun to learn—namely, that a willing childhood was the flower of life? How can any mother sit with her child on her lap and not know that there is a God over all—know it by the rising of her own heart in prayer to him? But so few have had parents like mine! If my mother felt thus when I lay in her arms, it was no wonder I should feel thus when my child lay in mine.

Before I had children of my own, I did not care about children, and therefore did not understand them; but I had read somewhere—and it clung to me although I did

not understand it—that it was in laying hold of the heart of his mother that Jesus laid his first hold on the world to redeem it; and now at length I began to understand it. What a divine way of saving us it was—to let her bear him, carry him in her bosom, wash him and dress him and nurse him and sing him to sleep—offer him the adoration of mother's love, misunderstand him, chide him, forgive him even for fancied wrong! Such a love might well save a world in which were mothers enough. It was as if he had said, "Ye shall no more offer vain sacrifices to one who needs them not, and cannot use them. I will need them, so require them at your hands. I will hunger and thirst and be naked and cold, and ye shall minister to me. Sacrifice shall be no more a symbol but a real giving unto God; and when I return to the Father, inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these, ye do it unto me." So all the world is henceforth the temple of God; its worship is ministration; the commonest service is divine service.

I feared at first that the new strange love I felt in my heart came only of the fact that the child was Percivale's and mine; but I soon found it had a far deeper source—that it sprung from the very humanity of the infant woman, yea, from her relation in virtue of that humanity to the Father of all. The fountain *appeared* in my heart: it arose from an infinite store in the unseen.

Soon, however, came jealousy of my love for my baby. I feared lest it should make me—nay, was making me neglect my husband. The fear first arose in me one morning as I sat with her half dressed on my knees. I was dawdling over her in my fondness, as I used to dawdle over the dressing of my doll, when suddenly I became aware that never once since her arrival had I sat with my husband in his study. A pang of dismay shot through me. "Is this to be a wife?" I said to myself;—"To play with a live love like a dead doll, and forget her husband!" I caught up a blanket from the cradle—I am not going to throw away that good old word for the ugly outlandish name they give it now, reminding one only of a helmet—I caught up a blanket from the cradle, I say, wrapped it round the treasure,

which was shooting its arms and legs in every direction like a polypus feeling after its food—and rushed down-stairs, and down the precipice into the study. Percivale started up in terror, thinking something fearful had happened, and I was bringing him all that was left of the child.

"What—what—what's the matter?" he gasped.

I could not while he was thus frightened explain to him what had driven me to him in such alarming haste.

"I've brought you the baby to kiss," I said, unfolding the blanket and holding up the sprawling little goddess towards the face that towered above me.

"Was it dying for a kiss then?" he said, taking her, blanket and all, from my arms.

The end of the blanket swept across his easel, and smeared the face of the baby in a picture of the *Three Kings*, at which he was working.

"Oh, Percivale!" I cried, "you've smeared your baby!"

"But this is a real live baby; she may smear anything she likes."

"Except her own face and hands, please, then, Percivale."

"Or her blessed frock," said Percivale. "She hasn't got one, though. Why hasn't the little angel got her feathers on yet?"

"I was in such a hurry to bring her."

"To be kissed?"

"No, not exactly. It wasn't her I was in a hurry to bring; it was myself."

"Ah! you wanted to be kissed, did you?"

"No, sir. I didn't want to be kissed; but I did so want to kiss you, Percivale."

"Isn't it all the same, though, darling?" he said. "It seems so to me."

"Sometimes, Percivale, you are so very stupid! It's not the same at all. There's a world of difference between the two; and you ought to know it, or be told it, if you don't."

"I shall think it over as soon as you leave me," he said.

"But I'm not going to leave you for a long time. I haven't seen you paint for weeks and weeks—not since this little troublesome thing came poking in between us."

"But she's not dressed yet."

"That doesn't signify. She's well wrapped up, and quite warm."

He put me a chair where I could see his picture without catching the shine of the paint. I took the baby from him, and he went on with his work.

"You don't think I'm going to sacrifice all

my privileges to this little tyrant—do you?" I said.

"It would be rather hard for me, at least," he rejoined.

"You did think I was neglecting you, then, Percivale?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then you didn't miss me?"

"I did—very much."

"And you didn't grumble?"

"No."

"Do I disturb you?" I asked, after a little pause. "Can you paint just as well when I am here as when you are alone?"

"Better. I feel warmer to my work somehow."

I was satisfied, and held my peace. When I am best pleased I don't want to talk. But Percivale, perhaps not having found this out yet, looked anxiously in my face; and, as at the moment my eyes were fixed on his picture, I thought he wanted to find out whether I liked the design.

"I see it now!" I cried. "I could not make out where the Magi were."

He had taken for the scene of his picture an old farm kitchen, or yeoman's hall, with its rich brown rafters, its fire on the hearth, and its red brick-floor. A tub half full of bright water stood on one side, and the mother was bending over her baby, which, undressed for the bath, she was holding out for the admiration of the Magi. Immediately behind the mother stood, in the garb of a shepherd, my father, leaning on the ordinary shepherd's crook; my mother, like a peasant-woman in her Sunday-best, with a white handkerchief crossed upon her bosom, stood beside him, and both were gazing with a chastened yet profound pleasure on the lovely child.

In front stood two boys and a girl—between the ages of five and nine—gazing each with a peculiar wondering delight on the baby. The youngest boy, with a great spotted wooden horse in his hand, was approaching to embrace the infant in such fashion as made the toy look dangerous, and the left hand of the mother was lifted with a motion of warning and defence. The little girl, the next youngest, had, in her absorption, dropped her gaudily dressed doll at her feet, and stood sucking her thumb, her big blue eyes wide with contemplation. The eldest boy had brought his white rabbit to give the baby, but had forgotten all about it, so full was his heart of his new brother. An expression of mingled love and wonder and perplexity had already begun to dawn upon the face, but it was as



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yet far from finished. He stood behind the other two, peeping over their heads.

"Were you thinking of that Titian in the Louvre, with the white rabbit in it?" I asked Percivale.

"I did not think of it until after I had put in the rabbit," he replied. "And it shall remain, for it suits my purpose, and Titian would not claim all the white rabbits because of that one."

"Did you think of the black lamb in it, then, when you laid that black pussy on the hearth?" I asked.

"Black lamb?" he returned.

"Yes," I insisted, "a black lamb, in the dark background—such a very black lamb, and in such a dark background, that it seems you never discovered it."

"Are you sure?" he persisted.

"Absolutely certain," I replied. "I pointed it out to papa in the picture itself in the Louvre: he had not observed it before either."

"I am very glad to know there is such a thing there. I need not answer your question, you see. It is odd enough I should have put in the black puss. Upon some grounds I might argue that my puss is better than Titian's lamb."

"What grounds—tell me."

"If the painter wanted a contrast, a lamb, be he as black as ever paint could make him, must still be a more Christian animal than a cat as white as snow. Under what pretence could a cat be used for a Christian symbol?"

"What do you make of her playfulness?"

"I should count that a virtue, were it not for the fatal objection that it is always exercised at the expense of other creatures."

"A ball of string, or a reel, or a bit of paper, is enough for an uncorrupted kitten."

"But you must not forget that it serves only in virtue of the creature's imagination representing it as alive. If you do not make it move, she will herself set it in motion as the initiative of the game. If she cannot do that, she will take no notice of it."

"Yes, I see. I give in."

All this time he had been painting diligently. He could now combine talking and painting far better than he used. But a knock came to the study door, and remembering baby's unpresentable condition, I huddled her up, climbed the stair again, and finished the fledging of my little angel in a very happy frame of mind.

CHAPTER XVI.—RUMOURS.

HARDLY WAS it completed, when Cousin Judy called, and I went down to see her,

carrying my baby with me. As I went, something put me in mind that I must ask her for Miss Clare's address. Lest I should again forget, as soon as she had kissed and admired the baby, I said—

"Have you found out yet where Miss Clare lives, Judy?"

"I don't choose to find out," she answered. "I am sorry to say I have had to give her up. It is a disappointment, I confess."

"What do you mean?" I said. "I thought you considered her a very good teacher."

"I have no fault to find with her on that score. She was always punctual, and I must allow both played well and taught the children delightfully. But I have heard such questionable things about her!—very strange things indeed!"

"What are they?"

"I can't say I've been able to fix on more than one thing directly against her character, but—"

"Against her character!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed. She lives by herself in lodgings, and the house is not at all a respectable one."

"But have you made no further inquiry?"

"I consider that quite enough. I had already met more than one person, however, who seemed to think it very odd that I should have her to teach music in my family."

"Did they give any reason for thinking her unfit?"

"I did not choose to ask them. One was Miss Clarke—you know her. She smiled in her usual supercilious manner, but in her case I believe it was only because Miss Clare looks so dowdy. Nobody knows anything about her, though, except what I've just told you."

"And who told you that?"

"Mrs. Jeffreson."

"But you once told me that she was a great gossip."

"Else she wouldn't have heard it. But that doesn't make it untrue. In fact, she convinced me of its truth, for she knows the place she lives in, and assured me it was at great risk of infection to the children that I allowed her to enter the house; and so, of course, I felt compelled to let her know that I didn't require her services any longer."

"There must be some mistake, surely!" I said.

"Oh! no—not the least—I am sorry to say."

"How did she take it?"

"Very sweetly indeed. She didn't even ask me why, which was just as well, seeing I should have found it awkward to tell her."

But I suppose she knew too many grounds herself to dare the question."

I was dreadfully sorry, but I could not say much more then. I ventured only to express my conviction that there could not be any charge to bring against Miss Clare herself; for that one who looked and spoke as she did could have nothing to be ashamed of. Judy however insisted that what she had heard was reason enough for at least ending the engagement; indeed, that no one was fit for such a situation of whom such things could be said, whether they were true or not.

When she left me, I gave baby to her nurse, and went straight to the study, peeping in to see if Percivale was alone.

He caught sight of me, and called to me to come down.

"It's only Roger," he said.

I was always pleased to see Roger. He was a strange creature—one of those gifted men who are capable of anything, if not of everything, and yet carry nothing within sight of proficiency. He whistled like a starling, and accompanied his whistling on the piano, but never played. He could copy a drawing to a hair's-breadth, but never drew. He could engrave well on wood, but although he had often been employed in that way, he had always got tired of it after a few weeks. He was for ever wanting to do something other than what he was at; and the moment he got tired of a thing, he would work at it no longer; for he had never learned to *make* himself. He would come every day to the study for a week to paint in backgrounds, or make a duplicate; and then, perhaps, we wouldn't see him for a fortnight. At other times he would work, say for a month, modelling, or carving marble, for a sculptor friend, from whom he might have had constant employment if he had pleased. He had given lessons in various branches, for he was an excellent scholar, and had the finest ear for verse, as well as the keenest appreciation of the loveliness of poetry, that I have ever known. He had stuck to this longer than to anything else, strange to say; for one would have thought it the least attractive of employments to one of his volatile disposition. For some time indeed he had supported himself comfortably in this way; for through friends of his family he had had good introductions, and, although he wasted a good deal of money in buying nick-nacks that promised to be useful and seldom were, he had no objectionable habits except inordinate smoking. But it happened that a pupil—a girl of imaginative disposition, I presume—fell so much in love

with him that she betrayed her feelings to her countess-mother, and the lessons were of course put an end to. I suspect he did not escape heart-whole himself, for he immediately dropped all his other lessons, and took to writing poetry for a new magazine, which proved of ephemeral constitution, and vanished after a few months of hectic existence.

It was remarkable that with such instability his moral nature should continue uncorrupted; but this I believe he owed chiefly to his love and admiration of his brother. For my part, I could not help liking him much. There was a half-plaintive playfulness about him, alternated with gloom, and occasionally with wild merriment, which made him interesting even when one felt most inclined to quarrel with him. The worst of him was that he considered himself a generally misunderstood, if not ill-used man, who could not only distinguish himself, but render valuable service to society, if only society would do him the justice to give him a chance. Were it only, however, for his love to my baby, I could not but be ready to take up his defence.

When I mentioned what I had just heard about Miss Clare, Percivale looked both astonished and troubled; but before he could speak, Roger, with the air of a man of the world whom experience enabled to come at once to a decision, said—

"Depend upon it, Wynn timer, there is falsehood there somewhere. You will always be nearer the truth if you believe nothing, than if you believe the half of what you hear."

"That's very much what papa says," I answered. "He affirms that he never searched into an injurious report in his own parish without finding it so nearly false as to deprive it of all right to go about."

"Besides," said Roger, "look at that face! How I should like to model it! She's a good woman that, depend upon it."

I was delighted with his enthusiasm.

"I wish you would ask her again, as soon as you can," said Percivale, who always tended to embody his conclusions in acts rather than in words. "Your cousin Judy is a jolly good creature, but from your father's description of her as a girl, she must have grown a good deal more worldly since her marriage. Respectability is an awful snare."

"Yes," said Roger; "one ought to be very thankful to be a Bohemian and have nothing expected of him, for respectability is a most fruitful mother of stupidity and injustice."

I could not help thinking that *he* might, however, have a little more and be none the worse.

"I should be very glad to do as you desire, husband," I said, "but how can I? I haven't yet learned where she lives. It was asking Judy for her address once more that brought it all out. I certainly didn't insist, as I might have done, notwithstanding what she told me; but if she didn't remember it before, you may be sure she could not have given it me then."

"It's very odd," said Roger, stroking his long moustache, the sole ornament of the kind he wore.—"It's very odd," he repeated thoughtfully, and then paused again.

"What's so very odd, Roger?" asked Percivale.

"The other evening," answered Roger, after yet a short pause, "happening to be in Tottenham Court Road, I walked for some distance behind a young woman carrying a brown beer-jug in her hand—for I sometimes amuse myself in the street by walking persistently behind some one, devising the unseen face in my mind, until the recognition of the same step following causes the person to look round at me, and give me the opportunity of comparing the two—I mean the one I had devised and the real one. When the young woman at length turned her head, it was only my astonishment that kept me from addressing her as Miss Clare. My surprise however gave me time to see how absurd it would have been. Presently she turned down a yard and disappeared."

"Don't tell my cousin Judy," I said. "She would believe it *was* Miss Clare."

"There isn't much danger," he returned. "Even if I knew your cousin, I should not be likely to mention such an incident in her hearing."

"Could it have been she?" said Percivale thoughtfully.

"Absurd," said Roger. "Miss Clare is a lady, wherever she may live."

"I don't know," said his brother, still thoughtfully; "who can tell? It mightn't have been beer she was carrying."

"I didn't say it was beer," returned Roger. "I only said it was a beer-jug—one of those brown, squat, stone jugs—the best for beer that I know, after all—brown, you know, with a dash of grey."

"Brown jug or not, I wish I could get a few sittings from her. She would make a lovely St. Cecilia," said my husband.

"Brown jug and all?" asked Roger.

"If only she were a little taller," I objected.

"And had an aureole," said my husband.

"But I might succeed in omitting the jug as well as in adding the aureole and another half

foot of stature, if only I could get that lovely countenance on the canvas—so full of life and yet of repose."

"Don't you think it a little hard?" I ventured to say.

"I think so," said Roger.

"I don't," said my husband. "I know what in it looks like hardness; but I think it comes of the repression of feeling."

"You have studied her well for your opportunities," I said.

"I have; and I am sure, whatever Mrs. Morley may say, that, if there be any truth at all in those reports, there is some satisfactory explanation of whatever has given rise to them. I wish we knew anybody else that knew her. Do try to find some one that does, Wynn."

"I don't know how to set about it," I said. "I should be only too glad."

"I will try," said Roger. "Does she sing?"

"I have heard Judy say she sang divinely; but the only occasion on which I met her—at their house, that time you couldn't go, Percivale—she was never asked to sing."

"I suspect," remarked Roger, "it will turn out to be only that she's something of a Bohemian like ourselves."

"Thank you, Roger; but for my part I don't consider myself a Bohemian at all," I said.

"I am afraid you must rank with your husband, wife," said *mine*, as the wives of the working people of London often call their husbands.

"Then you do count yourself a Bohemian: pray what significance do you attach to the epithet?" I asked.

"I don't know, except it signifies our resemblance to the gipsies," he answered.

"I don't understand you quite."

"I believe the gipsies used to be considered Bohemians," interposed Roger, "though they are doubtless of Indian origin. Their usages being quite different from those amongst which they live, the name Bohemian came to be applied to painters, musicians, and such like generally, to whom, save by courtesy, no position has yet been accorded by society—so called."

"But why have they not yet vindicated for themselves a social position—and that a high one?" I asked.

"Because they are generally poor, I suppose," he answered; "and society is generally stupid."

"May it not be because they are so often, like the gipsies, lawless in their behaviour, as

well as peculiar in their habits?" I suggested.

"I understand you, perfectly, Mrs. Percivale," rejoined Roger, with mock offence. "But how would that apply to Charlie?"

"Not so well as to you, I confess," I answered. "But there is ground for it with him too."

"I have thought it all over many a time," said Percivale, "and I suppose it comes in part from inability to understand the worth of our calling, and in part from the difficulty of knowing where to put us."

"I suspect," I said, "one thing is that so many of them are content to be received as painters merely, or whatever they may be by profession. Many, for instance, you have told me, accept invitations which do not include their wives."

"They often go to parties, of course, where there are no ladies?" said Roger.

"That is not what I mean," I replied. "They go to dinner-parties where there are ladies, and evening parties, too, without their wives."

"Whoever does that," said Percivale, "has at least no right to complain that he is regarded as a Bohemian; for in accepting such invitations, he accepts insult, and himself insults his wife."

Nothing irritated my bear so much as to be asked to dinner without me. He would not even offer the shadow of a reason for declining the invitation. "For," he would say, "if I give the real reason, namely, that I do not choose to go where my wife is excluded, they will set it down to her jealous ambition of entering a sphere beyond her reach; I will not give a false reason, and indeed have no objection to their seeing that I am offended; therefore, I assign none. If they have any chivalry in them, they may find out my reason readily enough."

I don't think I ever displeased him so much as once when I entreated him to accept an invitation to dine with the Earl of H—. The fact was, I had been fancying it my duty to persuade him to get over his offence at the omission of my name, for the sake of the advantage it would be to him in his profession. I laid it before him as gently and coaxingly as I could, representing how expenses increased, and how the children would be requiring education by-and-by—reminding him that the reputation of more than one of the most popular painters had been brought about in some measure by their social qualities and the friendships they made.

"Is it likely your children will be ladies

and gentlemen," he said, "if you prevail on their father to play the part of a sneaking parasite?"

I was frightened. He had never spoken to me in such a tone, but I saw too well how deeply he was hurt to take offence at his roughness. I could only beg him to forgive me, and promise never to say such a word again, assuring him that I believed as strongly as himself that the best heritage of children was their father's honour.

Free from any such clogs as the possession of a wife encumbers a husband withal, Roger could of course accept what invitations his connection with an old and honourable family procured him. One evening he came in late from a dinner at Lady Bernard's.

"Whom do you think I took down to dinner?" he asked, almost before he was seated.

"Lady Bernard?" I said, flying high.

"Her dowager aunt?" said Percivale.

"No, no—Miss Clare."

"Miss Clare!" we both repeated, with mingled question and exclamation.

"Yes, Miss Clare—incredible as it may appear," he answered.

"Did you ask her if it was she you saw carrying the jug of beer in Tottenham Court Road?" said Percivale.

"Did you ask her address?" I said. "That is a question more worthy of an answer."

"Yes, I did. I believe I did. I think I did."

"What is it, then?"

"Upon my word, I haven't the slightest idea."

"So, Mr. Roger! You have had a perfect opportunity, and have let it slip! You are a man to be trusted indeed!"

"I don't know how it could have been. I distinctly remember approaching the subject more than once or twice; and now first I discover that I never asked the question. Or if I did, I am certain I got no answer."

"Bewitched."

"Yes—I suppose so."

"Or," suggested Percivale, "she did not choose to tell you—saw the question coming, and led you away from it—never let you ask it."

"I have heard that ladies can keep one from saying what they don't want to hear. But she shan't escape me so a second time."

"Indeed, you don't deserve another chance," I said. "You're not half so clever as I took you to be, Roger."

"When I think of it, though—it wasn't a

question so easy to ask, or one you would like to be overheard asking."

"Clearly bewitched," I said. "But for that I forgive you. Did she sing?"

"No. I don't suppose any one there ever thought of asking such a dingy-feathered bird to sing."

"You had some music?"

"Oh, yes. Pretty good, and very bad. Miss Clare's forehead was crossed by no end of flickering shadows as she listened."

"It wasn't for want of interest in her you forgot to find out where she lived! You had better take care, Master Roger."

"Take care of what?"

"Why, you don't know her address."

"What has that to do with taking care?"

"That you won't know where to find your heart if you should happen to want it."

"Oh! I'm past that kind of thing long ago. You've made an uncle of me."

And so on, with a good deal more nonsense, but no news of Miss Clare's retreat.

I had before this remarked to my husband that it was odd she had never called since dining with us; but he made little of it, saying that people who gained their own livelihood ought to be excused from attending to rules which had their origin with another class; and I had thought no more about it, save in disappointment that she had not given me that opportunity of improving my acquaintance with her.

CHAPTER XVII.—A DISCOVERY.

ONE Saturday night, my husband happening to be out, an event of rare occurrence, Roger called; and as there were some things I had not been able to get during the day, I asked him to go with me to Tottenham Court Road. It was not far from the region where we lived, and I did a great part of my small shopping there. The early closing had, if I remember rightly, begun to show itself—anyhow several of the shops were shut, and we walked a long way down the street, looking for some place likely to supply what I required.

"It was just here I came up with the girl and the brown jug," said Roger, as we reached the large dissenting chapel.

"That adventure seems to have taken a great hold of you, Roger," I said.

"She was so like Miss Clare!" he returned. "I can't get the one face clear of the other. When I met her at Lady Bernard's, the first thing I thought of was the brown jug."

"Were you as much pleased with her conversation as at our house?" I asked.

"Even more," he answered. "I found her ideas of art so wide, as well as just and accurate, that I was puzzled to think where she had had opportunity of developing them. I questioned her about it, and found she was in the habit of going, as often as she could spare time, to the National Gallery, where her custom was, she said, not to pass from picture to picture, but keep to one until it formed itself in her mind—that is the expression she used—explaining herself to mean—until she seemed to know what the painter had set himself to do, and why this was and that was which she could not at first understand. Clearly, without ever having taken a pencil in her hand, she has educated herself to a keen perception of what is demanded of a true picture. Of course the root of it lies in her musical development.—There," he cried suddenly, as we came opposite a paved passage, "that is the place I saw her go down."

"Then you do think the girl with the beer-jug was Miss Clare after all?"

"Not in the least. I told you I could not separate them in my mind."

"Well, I must say, it seems odd. A girl like that and Miss Clare! Why, as often as you speak of the one, you seem to think of the other."

"In fact," he returned, "I am, as I say, unable to dissociate them. But if you had seen the girl, you would not wonder. The likeness was absolutely complete."

"I believe you do consider them one and the same; and I'm more than half inclined to think so myself, remembering what Judy said."

"Isn't it possible some one who knew Miss Clare, may have seen this girl, and been misled by the likeness?"

"But where, then, does Miss Clare live? Nobody seems to know."

"You have never asked any one but Mrs. Morley."

"You have yourself, however, given me reason to think she avoids the subject. If she did live anywhere hereabout, she would have some cause to avoid it."

I had stopped to look down the passage.

"Suppose," said Roger, "some one were to come past now and see Mrs. Percivale, the wife of the celebrated painter, standing in Tottenham Court Road, beside the swing-door of a corner public-house, talking to a young man?"

"Yes; it might give occasion for scandal," I said. "To avoid it, let us go down the court and see what it is like."

"It's not a fit place for you to go into."

"If it were in my father's parish, I should have known everybody in it."

"You haven't the slightest idea what you are saying."

"Come anyhow, and let us see what the place is like," I insisted.

Without another word, he gave me his arm, and down the court we went, past the flaring gin-shop, and into the gloom beyond. It was one of those places of which while the general effect remains vivid in one's mind, the salient points are so few that it is difficult to say much by way of description. The houses had once been occupied by people in better circumstances than its present inhabitants, and indeed they looked all decent enough until turning two right angles we came upon another sort. They were still as large, and had plenty of windows, but in the light of a single lamp at the corner, they looked very dirty and wretched and dreary. A little shop, with dried herrings and bull's-eyes in the window, was lighted by a tallow candle set in a ginger-beer bottle, with a card of "Kinahan's LL Whisky" for a reflector.

"They can't have many customers to the extent of a bottle," said Roger. "But no doubt they have some privileges from the public-house at the corner for hanging up the card."

The houses had sunk areas, just wide enough for a stair, and the basements seemed full of tenants. There was a little wind blowing, so that the atmosphere was tolerable, notwithstanding a few stray leaves of cabbage, suggestive of others in a more objectionable condition not far off.

A confused noise of loud voices, calling and scolding, hitherto drowned by the tumult of the street, now reached our ears. The place took one turn more, and then the origin of it became apparent. At the further end of the passage was another lamp, the light of which shone upon a group of men and women, in altercation, which had not yet come to blows. It might, including children, have numbered twenty, of which some seemed drunk and all more or less excited. Roger turned to go back the moment he caught sight of them, but I felt inclined, I hardly knew why, to linger a little. Should any danger offer, it would be easy to gain the open thoroughfare.

"It's not at all a fit place for a lady," he said.

"Certainly not," I answered; "it hardly seems a fit place for human beings. These are human beings, though. Let us go through it."

He still hesitated; but as I went on, he

could but follow me. I wanted to see what the attracting centre of the little crowd was; and that it must be occupied with some affair of more than ordinary interest, I judged from the fact that a good many super-terrestrial spectators looked down from the windows at various elevations upon the disputants, whose voices now and then lulled for a moment only to break out in fresh oburgation and dispute.

Drawing a little nearer, a slight parting of the crowd revealed its core to us. It was a little woman, without bonnet or shawl, whose back was towards us. She turned from side to side, now talking to one, and now to another of the surrounding circle. At first I thought she was setting forth her grievances, in the hope of sympathy, or perhaps of justice; but I soon perceived that her motions were too calm for that. Sometimes the crowd would speak altogether, sometimes keep silent for a full minute while she went on talking. When she turned her face towards us, Roger and I turned ours, and stared at each other. The face was disfigured by a swollen eye, evidently from a blow; but clearly enough, if it was not Miss Clare, it was the young woman of the beer jug. Neither of us spoke, but turned once more to watch the result of what seemed to have at length settled down into an almost amicable conference. After a few more grumbles and protestations, the group began to break up into threes and fours. These the young woman seemed to set herself to break up again. Here, however, an ill-looking fellow like a costermonger, with a broken nose, came up to us, and, with a strong Irish accent and offensive manner, but still with a touch of Irish breeding, requested to know what our business was. Roger asked if the place wasn't a thoroughfare.

"Not for the likes o' you," he answered, "as comes pryin' after the likes of us. We manage our own affairs down here—we do. You'd better be off, my lady."

I have my doubts what sort of reply Roger might have returned if he had been alone, but he certainly spoke in a very conciliatory manner, which, however, the man did not seem to appreciate, for he called it blarney; but the young woman, catching sight of our little group, and supposing, I presume, that it also required dispersion, approached us. She had come within a yard of us, when suddenly her face brightened, and she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise,—

"Mrs. Percivale! You here!"

It was indeed Miss Clare. Without the least embarrassment, she held out her hand

to me, but I am afraid I did not take it very cordially. Roger, however, behaved to her as if they stood in a drawing-room, and this brought me to a sense of propriety.

"I don't look very respectable, I fear," she said, putting her hand over her eye. "The fact is, I have had a blow, and it will look worse to-morrow. Were you coming to find me?"

I forget what lame answer either of us gave.

"Will you come in?" she said.

On the spur of the moment, I declined. For all my fine talk to Roger, I shrunk from

the idea of entering one of those houses. I can only say, in excuse, that my whole mind was in a condition of bewilderment.

"Can I do anything for you, then?" she asked, in a tone slightly marked with disappointment, I thought.

"Thank you, no," I answered, hardly knowing what my words were.

"Then good night," she said, and, nodding kindly, turned, and entered one of the houses.

We also turned in silence, and walked out of the court.



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"Why didn't you go with her?" said Roger, as soon as we were in the street.

"I'm sorry I didn't if you wanted to go, Roger; but—"

"I think you might have gone, seeing I was with you," he said.

"I don't think it would have been at all a proper thing to do, without knowing more about her," I answered, a little hurt. "You can't tell what sort of a place it may be."

"It's a good place wherever she is, or I am much mistaken," he returned.

"You may be much mistaken, Roger."

"True. I have been mistaken more than

once in my life. I am not mistaken this time though."

"I presume you would have gone if I hadn't been with you?"

"Certainly, if she had asked me, which is not very likely."

"And you lay the disappointment of missing a glimpse into the sweet privacy of such a home to my charge?"

It was a spiteful speech, and Roger's silence made me feel it was, which, with the rather patronizing opinion I had of Roger, I found not a little galling. So I too kept silence, and nothing beyond a platitude had passed

between us when I found myself at my own door, my shopping utterly forgotten, and something acid on my mind.

"Don't you mean to come in?" I said, for he held out his hand at the top of the stairs to bid me good night. "My husband will be home soon, if he has not come already. You needn't be bored with my company—you can sit in the study."

"I think I had better not," he answered.

"I am very sorry, Roger, if I was rude to you," I said; "but how could you wish me to be hand-and-glove with a woman who visits people who she is well aware would not think of inviting her if they had a notion of her surroundings? That can't be right, I am certain. I protest I feel just as if I had been reading an ill-invented story—an unnatural fiction. I cannot get these things together in my mind at all, do what I will."

"There must be some way of accounting for it," said Roger.

"No doubt," I returned; "but who knows what that way may be?"

"You may be wrong in supposing that the people at whose houses she visits know nothing about her habits."

"Is it at all likely they do, Roger? Do you think it is? I know at least that my cousin dispensed with her services as soon as she came to the knowledge of certain facts concerning these very points."

"Excuse me—certain rumours—very uncertain facts."

"When you are cross, the slightest play upon words is an offence. I knocked at the door in dudgeon, then turned and said—

"My cousin Judy, Mr. Roger—"

"But here I paused, for I had nothing ready. Anger makes some people cleverer for the moment, but when I am angry I am always stupid. Roger finished the sentence for me.

"—Your cousin Judy is, you must allow, a very conventional woman," he said.

"She is very good-natured anyhow. And what do you say to Lady Bernard?"

"She hasn't repudiated Miss Clare's acquaintance, so far as I know."

"But, answer me—do you believe Lady Bernard would invite her to meet her friends if she knew all?"

"Depend upon it, Lady Bernard knows what she is about. People of her rank can afford to be unconventional."

This irritated me yet more, for it implied that I was influenced by the conventionality which both he and my husband despised, and Sarah opening the door that instant, I stepped in, without even saying good night

to him. Before she closed it, however, I heard my husband's voice, and ran out again to welcome him.

He and Roger had already met in the little front garden. They did not shake hands—they never did—they always met as if they had parted only an hour ago.

"What were you and my wife quarrelling about, Rodge?" I heard Percivale ask, and paused on the middle of the stair to hear his answer.

"How do you know we were quarrelling?" returned Roger gloomily.

"I heard you from the very end of the street," said my husband.

"That's not so far," said Roger; for indeed one house, with, I confess, a good space of garden on each side of it, and the end of another house finished the street. But notwithstanding the shortness of the distance, it stung me to the quick. Here had I been regarding, not even with contempt, only with disgust, the quarrel in which Miss Clare was mixed up; and half an hour after, my own voice was heard in dispute with my husband's brother, from the end of the street in which we lived! I felt humiliated, and did not rush down the remaining half of the steps to implore my husband's protection against Roger's crossness.

"Too far to hear a wife and a brother though," returned Percivale jocosely.

"Go on," said Roger; "pray go on. Let dogs delight comes next. I beg Mrs. Percivale's pardon. I will amend the quotation: 'Let dogs delight to worry——'"

"Cats," I exclaimed; and rushing down the steps, I kissed Roger before I kissed my husband.

"I meant—I mean—I was going to say *lambs*," said Roger.

"Now, Roger, don't add to your vices flattery and——"

"And fibbing," he subjoined.

"I didn't say so."

"You only meant it."

"Don't begin again," interposed Percivale. "Come in, and refer the cause in dispute to me."

We did go in, and we did refer the matter to him. By the time we had between us told him the facts of the case, however, the point in dispute between us appeared to have grown hazy, the fact being that neither of us cared to say anything more about it. Percivale insisted that there was no question before the court. At length Roger, turning from me to his brother, said—

"It's not worth mentioning, Charley, but

what led to our irreconcilable quarrel was this: I thought Wynnie might have accepted Miss Clare's invitation to walk in and pay her a visit; and Wynnie thought me, I suppose, too ready to sacrifice her dignity to the pleasure of seeing a little more of the object of our altercation. There!"

My husband turned to me and said:

"Mrs. Percivale, do you accept this as a correct representation of your difference?"

"Well," I answered, hesitating—"yes, on the whole. All I object to is the word *dignity*."

"I retract it," cried Roger, "and accept any substitute you prefer."

"Let it stand," I returned. "It will do as well as a better. I only wish to say that it was not exactly my dignity——"

"No, no; your sense of propriety," said my husband; and then sat silent for a minute or two, pondering like a judge. At length he spoke:

"Wife," he said, "you might have gone with your brother, I think; but I quite understand your disinclination. At the same time, a more generous judgment of Miss Clare might have prevented any difference of feeling in the matter."

"But," I said, greatly inclined to cry, "I only postponed my judgment concerning her."

And I only postponed my crying, for I was very much ashamed of myself.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MISS CLARE.

OF course my husband and I talked a good deal more about what I ought to have done, and I saw clearly enough that I ought to have run any risk there might be in accepting her invitation. I had been foolishly taking more care of myself than was necessary. I told him I would write to Roger and ask him when he could take me there again.

"I will tell you a better plan," he said. "I will go with you myself. And that will get rid of half the awkwardness there would be if you went with Roger, after having with him refused to go in."

"But would that be fair to Roger? She would think I didn't like going with him, and I would go with Roger anywhere. It was I who did not want to go. He did."

"My plan, however, will pave the way for a full explanation—or confession rather, I suppose it will turn out to be. I know you are burning to make it—with your mania for confessing your faults."

I knew he did not like me the worse for that *mania* though.

"The next time," he added, "you can go

with Roger, always supposing you should feel inclined to continue the acquaintance, and then you will be able to set him right in her eyes."

The plan seemed unobjectionable. But just then Percivale was very busy, and I being almost as much occupied with my baby as he with his, day after day and week after week passed, during which our duty to Miss Clare was, I will not say either forgotten or neglected, but unfulfilled.

One afternoon, I was surprised by a visit from my father. He not unfrequently surprised us.

"Why didn't you let us know, papa?" I said. "A surprise is very nice, but an expectation is much nicer, and lasts so much longer."

"I might have disappointed you."

"Even if you had, I should have already enjoyed the expectation. That would be safe."

"There's a good deal to be said in excuse of surprises," he rejoined, "but in the present case, I have a special one to offer. I was taken with a sudden desire to see you. It was very foolish no doubt, and you are quite right in wishing I weren't here, only going to come to-morrow."

"Don't be so cruel, papa. Scarcely a day passes in which I do not long to see you. My baby makes me think more about my home than ever."

"Then she's a very healthy baby, if one may judge by her influences. But you know, if I had had to give you warning, I could not have been here before to-morrow, and surely you will acknowledge that however nice expectation may be, presence is better."

"Yes, papa. We will make a compromise, if you please. Every time you think of coming to me, you must either come at once, or let me know you are coming. Do you agree to that?"

"I agree," he said.

So I have the pleasure of a constant expectation. Any day he may walk in unheralded; or by any post I may receive a letter with the news that he is coming at such a time.

As we sat at dinner that evening, he asked if we had lately seen Miss Clare.

"I've seen her only once, and Percivale not at all, since you were here last, papa," I answered.

"How's that?" he asked again, a little surprised. "Haven't you got her address yet? I want very much to know more of her."

"So do we. I haven't got her address, but I know where she lives."

"What do you mean, Wynnie? Has she taken to dark sayings of late, Percivale?"

I told him the whole story of my adventure with Roger, and the reports Judy had prejudiced my judgment withal. He heard me through in silence, for it was a rule with him never to interrupt a narrator. He used to say, "You will generally get at more, and in a better fashion, if you let any narrative take its own devious course, without the interruption of requested explanations. By the time it is over, you will find the questions you wanted to ask mostly vanished."

"Describe the place to me, Wynnne," he said, when I had ended. "I must go and see her. I have a suspicion amounting almost to a conviction that she is one whose acquaintance ought to be cultivated at any cost. There is some grand explanation of all this contradictory strangeness."

"I don't think I could describe the place to you so that you would find it. But if Percivale wouldn't mind my going with you instead of with him, I should be only too happy to accompany you. May I, Percivale?"

"Certainly. It will do just as well to go with your father as with me. I only stipulate that, if you are both satisfied, you take Roger with you next time."

"Of course I will."

"Then we'll go to-morrow morning," said my father.

"I don't think she is likely to be at home in the morning," I said. "She goes out giving lessons, you know; and the probability is that at that time we should not find her."

"Then why not to-night?" he rejoined.

"Why not, if you wish it?"

"I do wish it, then."

"If you knew the place, though, I think you would prefer going a little earlier than we can to-night."

"Ah well, we will go to-morrow evening. We could dine early, couldn't we?"

So it was arranged. My father went about some business in the morning. We dined early, and set out about six o'clock.

My father was getting an old man, and if any protection had been required, he could not have been half so active as Roger; and yet I felt twice as safe with him. I am satisfied that the deepest sense of safety, even in respect of physical dangers, can spring only from moral causes; neither do you half so much fear evil happening to you, as fear evil happening which ought not to happen to you. I believe what made me so courageous was the undeveloped fore-feeling that if any evil should overtake me in my

father's company, I should not care; it would be all right then, anyhow. The repose was in my father himself, and neither in his strength nor his wisdom. The former might fail, the latter might mistake; but so long as I was with him in what I did, no harm worth counting harm could come to me—only such as I should neither lament nor feel. Scarcely a shadow of danger, however, showed itself.

It was a cold evening in the middle of November. The light, which had been scanty enough all day, had vanished in a thin penetrating fog. Round every lamp in the street was a coloured halo; the gay shops gleamed like jewel-caverns of Aladdin hollowed out of the darkness; and the people that hurried or sauntered along looked inscrutable. Where could they live? Had they anybody to love them? Were their hearts quiet under their dingy cloaks and shabby coats?

"Yes," returned my father, to whom I had said something to this effect, "what would not one give for a peep into the mysteries of all these worlds that go crowding past us! If we could but see through the opaque husk of them, some would glitter and glow like diamond mines; others perhaps would look mere earthy holes; some of them forsaken quarries, with a great pool of stagnant water in the bottom; some like vast coal pits of gloom, into which you dared not carry a lighted lamp for fear of explosion. Some would be mere lumber-rooms; others ill-arranged libraries, without a poets' corner anywhere. But what a wealth of creation they show, and what infinite room for hope it affords!"

"But don't you think, papa, there may be something of worth lying even in the earth pit, or at the bottom of the stagnant water in the forsaken quarry?"

"Indeed I do; though I *have* met more than one in my lifetime concerning whom I felt compelled to say that it wanted keener eyes than mine to discover the hidden jewel. But then there *are* keener eyes than mine, for there are more loving eyes. Myself I have been able to see good very clearly where some could see none; and shall I doubt that God can see good where my mole-eyes can see none? Be sure of this that as he is keen-eyed for the evil in his creatures to destroy it, he would, if it were possible, be yet keener-eyed for the good to nourish and cherish it. If men would only side with the good that is in them—will that the seed should grow and bring forth fruit!"

PHILIP HENRY.

"Philip Henry was so pre-eminent in worth that it would have been high honour to any man to have been his son, but he was blessed with such a son that posterity reveres him as the father of Matthew Henry."

JOHAN HENRY, the father of Philip Henry, was the son of Henry Williams, a Glamorganshire yeoman, and, according to the old Welsh custom, took his father's Christian name as his own surname. Through the favour of Philip Earl of Pembroke (whose servant he had been, and who stood godfather to his son), he obtained a post in the king's household; and at the time of Philip Henry's birth in August, 1631, he was keeper of the orchard and of the Water-gate at Whitehall. Philip Henry was the constant playfellow of Prince Charles and the Duke of York, and was a great favourite with Archbishop Laud on account of the alacrity with which he served the ferry between Whitehall and Lambeth; he was promised a place in the royal household, or in that of the archbishop, but the Civil Wars broke out before this hope could be realised, and, instead of serving Laud, he used to visit him when a prisoner in the Tower. John Henry retained his house at Garden Stairs, and still attended the Water-gate, but he ceased to receive his wages and the profits of the orchard and ferry, and had saved nothing. His wife, worn out with the constant anxiety of those stormy times, fell ill and died, saying, in her desire to escape from the public and private troubles that surrounded her, "My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven; it is but one step more, and I shall be there too."

Philip Henry was sent to Westminster in 1643, and remained for two years in the lower school under a Mr. Vincent, who grieved so much if any of his pupils were dull, that he fell into a consumption, and, as Philip Henry remarked, "even killed himself with false Latin." The famous Dr. Busby was at that time head master of Westminster, and was not so easily depressed as Mr. Vincent; he succeeded in making his boys diligent, and Philip Henry, who became a King's Scholar at the age of fourteen (partly through the interest of Lord Pembroke, and partly through his own merits), much distinguished himself under his instructions. These instructions, however, were not confined to classical learning, for when, in later years, Dr. Busby said to his old pupil, "Prithee, child, what made thee a Nonconformist?" Philip Henry's reply was, "Truly, sir, you made me one, for you taught me things that hindered me from conforming."

In 1647 Philip Henry gained a scholarship, and went to Christchurch. Early in the next year Oxford was visited, as it was called, by the parliament, and every member of the University was compelled to give a written answer to the question, "Will you submit to the power of the parliament in this present visitation?" One bold youth, John Carrick by name, wrote, "I neither can nor will submit; I say I cannot, and I say I will not;" but Philip Henry, with more moderation, replied, "I submit as far as I may with a safe conscience and without perjury." He was with his father at Whitehall when the king came to take boat at the Garden Stairs on his way to his trial; Charles asked for his old servant, and John Henry narrowly escaped rough usage from the guard when he prayed aloud that his master might be delivered from his enemies. It is probable that Philip Henry attended the trial, and he was certainly present at the execution of the king, for he speaks in his diary of "the dismal universal groan" which broke from the assembled crowd as the axe fell. His father did not long survive the king, and Philip Henry left his old home at Whitehall. He took his degree in 1651, and continued at Oxford for two years more, preaching occasionally, as was then allowed by the parliament. In the latter part of this time he distinguished himself considerably, but he reproached himself greatly in after life for his general idleness, and never revisited Christchurch without, as he said, dropping a tear over his University sins.

In 1653 Judge Puleston, of Emerald, in Flintshire, one of the judges of the Common Pleas, applied to a friend at Oxford to recommend a tutor for his sons, and the offer was made to and accepted by Philip Henry. Emerald was in the parish of Worthenbury, which lay on the banks of the Dee, in that debateable land, a bit of England in the midst of Wales, called English Mailors. The church had been a chapelry under the rectory of Bangor, but since the Rebellion it had been unused, and Philip Henry was now required to preach in it once on Sunday, besides fulfilling his duties as tutor and chaplain in the Puleston family. After several months spent in this way, he returned to Oxford, accompanied by his two eldest pupils, who were now entered at the University;

but, being earnestly requested by the judge, his wife, and all the inhabitants of Worthenbury to settle permanently among them, he consented, and took up his abode there in the winter of 1654. In order to avoid the difficulty of the tithe (for in that unsettled time none could be collected), Judge Puleston settled £100 a year out of his own estate on Philip Henry, and built a house, which he also settled on him for the space of sixty years, if he should not in that time have left Worthenbury for a better living.

In 1657 Philip Henry was formally ordained, according to the Parliamentary Ordinance of 1648, by the presbytery of the fourth class of the county of Salop, under whose jurisdiction his parish was, and he made at the time the usual confession of the Presbyterian faith. He continued very diligently working at Worthenbury for eight years, and was so much beloved and respected in the neighbourhood that he gained the name of Heavenly Henry. He never took any fees for baptisms and burials, and laid by a tenth of his yearly income to be applied to the education of poor children, devoting the whole of the money that he received at Oxford to the support of needy students there. In fact he worked so hard and denied himself so much that one of his friends told him that he "lighted up all his pound of candles together, and would not hold out long at that rate." He replied, "It's time enough to rest when I am in the grave: what were candles made for but to burn?" The following account of his preaching is given by his son Matthew Henry:—"He used to preach in a fixed method, and linked his subjects in a sort of a chain: he adapted his method and style to the capacity of his hearers, fetching his similitudes for illustration from those things which were familiar to them. He did not shoot the arrow of the word over their heads in high notions, or the flourishes of affected rhetoric, nor under their feet by blunt and homely expressions, as many do under pretence of plainness, but to their hearts in close and lively application." He declared that he could not "starch" or use stiff language in his preaching, but he took to the last great pains in the preparation of his sermons and expositions, for he felt that wider experience and deeper thought enabled him to write better as he advanced in years, and he often said, as David said to Araunah, that he would not offer to God that which had cost him nothing.

Philip Henry looked on baptism as the "broad seal," the outward sign, of the cove-

nant between God and man, and he frequently pointed out the duty of those parents who brought their children to be baptized, reminding them of the vow which he exacted from them at the time: "Do you promise that you will do your endeavours towards the training of this child in the way of godliness, that as it is by you through mercy that it lives the life of nature, so it may through the same mercy by you also live the life of grace?" He urged his people to come to the communion (which he administered once a month, according to the Presbyterian form), regarding it, as he constantly repeated, as a means of special grace; and he very carefully prepared those whom he admitted to it. Throughout his life he made it one of his particular cares to press upon his congregation the necessity of what he termed "Second-table Duties,"—such as honesty, upright dealing, truth, and charity,—the preaching of which he considered to be much neglected. He often enlarged upon the duties of landlords and employers, and would quote the example of a gentleman who, in renewing leases, changed the condition that the tenant should maintain a hawk or dog for the owner of the property, to a stipulation that he should keep a Bible in his house and bring his children to be catechised.

But in 1659 this career of usefulness was checked. Judge Puleston and his wife died, and those who succeeded them at Emerald threw many hindrances in Philip Henry's way; he, however, felt that his work at Worthenbury was not yet finished, and remained there, declining the living of Wrexham and a rectory near London which were both offered to him. Early in 1660 he married Katharine, the only child of Mr. Matthews of Broad Oak, near Whitchurch in Shropshire, and continued in his parish, watching the progress of events, and foreseeing the disturbances which shortly followed the return of the king. At this time of anxiety he wrote in his diary:—"Lord, if my work be done here, provide some other teacher for this people that may be more skilful and more successful, and cut out work for me elsewhere; however, I will take nothing ill which God doth with me." Now that the Restoration had in some degree put Church matters on their former footing, Worthenbury again became dependent on the rectory of Bangor, and Philip Henry clearly saw that he should be ejected from his living. He found it impossible to conform to what was required of the clergy; for though he without difficulty took the oath of allegiance to

Charles II. in the summer of the same year, 1660, and was most moderate in his opinions, he could not submit to be reordained, nor could he say that he felt himself called by the Holy Ghost to take upon him the office of deacon. This reordination was the chief bar to his conformity, and the objection on which he chiefly insisted; but he also felt unable to give, as was required, his unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer; he objected to kneel at the communion (though he would administer the elements without scruple to kneeling persons), and he maintained that this and similar customs would, if rigidly enforced on all, become "bones of contention," and would do nothing but mischief. Nor did he wish to observe ecclesiastical feasts. On Christmas Day, 1660, he preached and explained, in his exposition of Lev. xxiii., that Christmas was an ecclesiastical and not a divinely-ordained feast; but in the course of his sermon on the same day on 1 John iii. 8, he said that it was a double dishonour to Christ when those who kept a feast in memory of his manifestation practised the works of the devil.

Philip Henry was summoned before the Flint Assizes in the autumn of 1660, and again in the following spring, for not reading the Common Prayer; and in October, 1661, Dr. Bridgeman, rector of Bangor, incited by the Puleston family, formally ejected him from his cure, the necessary papers being read in the church by one of the Puleston servants. Philip Henry preached his farewell sermon the same afternoon, from Phil. i. 27, in which, as he says in his diary, his aim was rather to profit than to affect his hearers. "It matters not," he exclaimed, "what becomes of me, whether I come unto you or else be absent; only let your conversation be as cometh the Gospel. Many of greater gifts and graces than I are laid aside already: the will of God be done: He can do his work without us." The rector of Bangor (having entered into an agreement with the Pulestons that the tithes of Worthenbury should be his from the day on which he should discharge Philip Henry, and undertake never to re-admit him to the parish) appointed a Mr. Hilton in his place, but seems to have been fully alive to the worth of his Nonconforming brother, for he requested him to preach occasionally in his church at Bangor. This indulgence, however, was declined, for Philip Henry felt that many members of his late congregation might follow him, and was unwilling so to dis-

courage his successor. He attended the church during the year in which he remained at Worthenbury after his ejection, and was on the most friendly terms with Mr. Hilton, sometimes giving him advice which was received as kindly as it was given. The peaceable conduct and moderate opinions of Philip Henry exercised much influence upon his Nonconforming brethren; he was known to wish above all for a spirit of charity among all men, and to sacrifice all but his conscience to gain this end. He would often quote Luther's story of "the two goats that met upon a narrow bridge over a deep water, they could not go back, they durst not fight: after a short parley one of them lay down and let the other go over him, and no harm done. The moral," Philip Henry would add, "is easy: be content thy person be trod upon for peace sake. Thy *person*, I say, not thy *conscience*." He always joined in the Common Prayer when it was read in church; and once after his ejection he received the communion at Worthenbury, "being allowed the liberty of his gesture,"—that is, being permitted to sit during the service. He even preached sometimes in the neighbourhood till the Black Bartholomew's Day, 1662, when, he says in his diary, "by law I died, as did also near two thousand faithful ministers of Jesus Christ;" for on that day the Act of Uniformity passed, by which the benefices of the Nonconforming clergy were disposed of as if they were naturally dead.

In September, 1662, Philip Henry left Worthenbury and settled at Broad Oak (which place his wife had now inherited from her father); he gave up to Mr. Puleston the lease of the house and deed of annuity settled on him by the judge, and accepted £100 in lieu of these and of money arrears still due to him. He lived quietly at Broad Oak, looking after his farm and assisting poor ministers who, unlike himself, had no private means on which to fall back when they were dispossessed of their benefices. His greatest trial was his being restricted from preaching or teaching; but he comforted himself under this and many other troubles by the favourite saying of Athanasius, "*Nubecula est, et cito pertransibit*," "It is a little cloud, and will blow over." Philip Henry and his wife had two sons and four daughters (the eldest son died in infancy). Great efforts were made by both parents that the children should look upon them as friends and speak freely to them. This view of family life was contrary to the practice of the time, but Philip Henry never regretted the course he pursued, and

never had cause to deplore the freedom which he had allowed to his children. Even in the marriages of his daughters he did not interfere in the absolute fashion then universal, but said, "Please God and please yourselves, and you will be sure to please me: look first at religion, then at suitableness in age, quality, education, and temper, and remember that where there is no *meanness* there cannot be much *help*." The household at Broad Oak was well-ordered in all respects; Philip Henry attached much importance to family prayer, saying that the practice was "like a hem to other business, and kept it from ravelling," but he carefully avoided over-tiring his children and servants with services, having seen instances in which religion was made a toil and terror to a household instead of a pleasure. He frequently spoke of the duty of private prayer, and would say of it, "If our prayers were written down, and our vain thoughts interlined, what incoherent nonsense there would be!" He exhorted his family to strive against these wanderings, but at the same time he urged them to pray secretly, and not to follow the example of some "professors" who, even in their most private supplications, caused their voices to be heard by all around. And he always blamed those whose irregular zeal in the profession of religion made them neglect their business in this world.

In 1663 Philip Henry was with some of his friends twice imprisoned for a few days, being first suspected of a plot against the Government, and then accused of having administered the communion in a manner contrary to that established by law; but they were all released on giving security that they would live peaceably, and that if sent for they would appear. Philip Henry was ordered to collect taxes, to show that he was no longer looked upon as a clergyman, and he complied at once, hoping only that he might live unmolested. But in 1666 the Five-Mile Act passed, which forbade all the Nonconforming clergy, on pain of six months' imprisonment, to come within five miles of any place in which they had preached, or of any corporation, unless they would take an oath never at any time to endeavour to make an alteration of the government of the Church or State. Philip Henry looked on this as equal to an oath of allegiance to the bishops, and he with most of his brethren refused to take it. Broad Oak was in reality five miles from Worthenbury, but the distance had always been called four miles; and Philip Henry, rather than cause a disturbance, left his home

(as did many others) and settled for a time at Whitchurch. Here his eldest son John, a precocious child, was entered at the Free School, "being yet in coats, which had never been known there before;" but in a short time the little boy died of measles, to the great grief of his parents.

In 1668, as the observance of the Five-Mile Act became less rigidly enforced, Philip Henry was allowed to return to Broad Oak, and he was even permitted to preach occasionally in his own house and in the houses of his friends. He was careful to observe the law, saying in one of his sermons at this time, "That we must take up severe commands and burdensome impositions as our cross in the way, not murmuring and complaining, but bearing them as we do foul weather." He remained quietly at home during the distress caused by the Conventicle Act of 1670, and endeavoured to prevail upon his friends to submit to the laws; he also tried hard to restrain them from filling those sermons which they were able to preach with useless remonstrances and needless accounts of their trials and adventures. With regard to the divisions in the Church he would often say that he was convinced that "it is not so much our difference of opinion that doth us mischief (for we may as soon expect all the clocks in the town to strike together as to see all good people of a mind in everything on this side heaven), but the mismanagement of that difference. Notwithstanding the many sad divisions around us, we may be sure that all saints, as far as they are sanctified, are one; and, though in some things they differ, yet those things in which they agree are many more than these, and much more considerable."

Philip Henry ventured to London in August, 1671, and stayed there for a month, during which time Dr. Hodges, Vicar of Kensington and Dean of Hereford, who had been his contemporary at Westminster and at Oxford, used every persuasion to induce him to conform. The argument with which he had already been attacked by the Dean and Chancellor of Chester was, that if he did not conform he would lose his living, and that he, a young man, could not be wiser than the king and the bishops. The remarks of Dean Hodges seem to have been to the same effect, if we may judge from the scorn with which they were received. However, early in the following year, the king published a declaration suspending the penal laws against Nonconformists, and meeting-houses were licensed for them in all parts of England.

A license was soon procured for Philip Henry, and he began to preach in his own house on Sundays to all who came, though he continued to attend the services in the neighbouring chapel of Whitwell, as had been his custom ever since he settled at Broad Oak. He now travelled through Shropshire, Cheshire, and Denbighshire, preaching, but he was careful to avoid speaking against the Government or

the Established Church; he never attempted to persuade his hearers to adopt the views of any party, saying often, "We are not met here together because we think ourselves better than others, but because we desire to be better than we are;" and he invariably prayed for a blessing on the labours of the priest of the parish. On one occasion, after preaching at Oswestry, he called on the priest,



Mr. Edwards, and told him that he had been sowing a handful of seed among his people. Mr. Edwards replied, "That's well; the Lord prosper your seed and mine too; there's need of us both." Philip Henry continued to preach in this way for some time, but it was not very long before, as his old biographer says, "he was necessitated to contract his sails." In the early summer of 1681 there was a great drought, and he was requested to

hold a solemn meeting at Hodnet in which to pray for rain; this he consented to do, hearing that the people of the place "stood well enough," with the neighbouring justices—for, though the penal laws were repealed, many magistrates continued to interfere with the meetings of the Nonconformists. Philip Henry was on this occasion interrupted in his prayers by two justices, Sir Thomas Vernon, of Hodnet, and Mr. Mainwaring, of Ight-

field, who declared that such meetings were the cause of droughts and other signs of the wrath of God, and dispersed the congregation, taking the names of all who had been present. Heavy fines were imposed; Philip Henry's amounted to as much as £40, which, when he would not pay it in money, was made up out of thirty-three cart-loads of cut corn and hay and out-door effects, which the magistrates, by stretching a point, were able to seize at Broad Oak. Besides this summary treatment, Philip Henry was twice brought before the Mold Assizes, and would have suffered severely had it not been for the personal favour of the celebrated Judge Jeffries, who presided. For the judge, contrary to his usual conduct, recollected that his mother had respected Philip Henry, and that he himself had been praised by him for his proficiency when a schoolboy; he treated him with great kindness, and dismissed the charges against him.

In the same year, 1681, Philip Henry, with some of his brethren, was invited to hold a discussion at Oswestry with Dr. Lloyd, the newly-appointed Bishop of St. Asaph, who, though anxious to get rid of the Nonconformists, yet wished to hear what they had to say. The discussion was public, and lasted for five hours; the chief point to be argued was the validity of Presbyterian ordination, and this branched off into the kindred subject of the identity of bishops and presbyters, and the curious question of the time, "the bishopping and unbishopping of Timothy and Titus." Bishop Lloyd was much commended by the Dissenters for the calmness and fairness which he showed during the meeting, but the Oswestry magistrates who were present were not so forbearing. One of them, on hearing a whisper that, in the recapitulation of the argument, Philip Henry might so far honour the bishop as to allow him the last word, exclaimed with the virulence of true party spirit, "You say that my lord shall have the last word, but he shall not, for I will! We thank God we have the sword of power in our hands, and by the grace of God we will keep it, and it shall not rust; and I hope every lawful magistrate will do as I do. Look to yourselves, gentlemen, for by the grace of God I'll root you out of the country." A voice in the crowd cried, "Amen, throw them down-stairs," and Philip Henry and his companions were with some difficulty protected by the bishop and the mayor. Two days later the bishop wrote to Philip Henry to thank him for the temper and moderation which he had shown, adding, "Give me leave to tell you that though I

think you put a wrong interpretation on 2 Tim. iv. 17, it is probable that in thus thinking I may follow a prejudice of my own. . . . I trust God will keep me from being obstinate in any error, for I know and desire to follow none but Him. If you are of the same disposition, there may be a good effect of this meeting. Howsoever, there can be no bad of it, so far as I am able to judge. God direct us all in the way of peace and holiness." In after years this excellent bishop always called on Philip Henry when in his neighbourhood, or sent for him to see him; he often consulted him on his plans for the government of the diocese, and for a long time did not despair of winning him over to conformity. When, however, he was obliged to give up this hope, he declared that he looked on him as a separatist, not as a schismatic, and that if he were in his diocese he should find a way of making him useful.

For some months after the Oswestry discussion Philip Henry was obliged to abstain from preaching, but the magistrates once more allowed him to hold meetings in his house, and he continued to preach as usual till 1685, when he was taken to Chester Castle on suspicion of being concerned in the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection. He was detained, with several other Nonconformist ministers, for three weeks; but the imprisonment does not appear to have been rigorous. On his release Philip Henry visited Bishop Lloyd, and told him of his hope that King James would extend the indulgence granted by King Charles to the Dissenters in 1672; the bishop advised him not to expect it, for the king hated the Nonconformists; and Philip Henry replied, "Truly I believe it, and I think he doth not love you of the Church of England either." Two years later his words were verified, for Bishop Lloyd handed that petition to James which the king called a standard of rebellion, and for which the seven bishops who signed it were sent to the Tower.

In 1687 the Nonconformists were again allowed to preach in public, and an inquiry was even made into the losses they had sustained by the penal laws. Philip Henry, however, when requested to give an account of his sufferings, replied that he was thankful those laws were repealed, but that as to his loss, "he had long since from his heart forgiven all the agents, instruments, and occasions of it, and purposed never to say anything more of it." He was most anxious that the project made after the accession of William and Mary for the reconciliation of

the moderate Dissenters with the Church of England should be accomplished, but it was crushed by the clergy in convocation, who wilfully set their faces against any compromise. However, in July, 1689, the Act of Indulgence passed, which permitted all Non-conformist meetings, and accorded the protection of the State to Dissenters. From this time till his death Philip Henry preached regularly in Whitwell chapel (as the priest had gone away), and administered the communion there according to the usage of the Presbyterian Church. Since 1662 he had baptized none but his own children, but he was so much distressed at the narrowness of the doctrine constantly preached that persons should not go to conventicles because they had been baptized into the Church of England, that he no longer refused to baptize any children that were brought to him, saying always in the course of the service, "I do not baptize this child into the Church of England, nor into the Church of Scotland, nor into the Church of the Dissenters, nor into the Church at Broad Oak, but into the visible Catholic Church of Jesus Christ." He continued to live at Broad Oak, ministering to his congregation there, assisting those who flocked to ask his opinion or advice, relieving the poorer clergy, as well as persons still more destitute, educating the orphans who, when all his own children were married, he received into his house, and corresponding with many friends at a distance. He had one or two severe attacks of illness, and said after the last of these, "I find the chips fly off apace,

the tree will be down shortly;" but he recovered, and took up his work again; as he described it himself, "I thought I had been putting into the harbour, but I find I must to sea again." His last illness was very short, and he was able to continue his usual life of usefulness to the very end—according to his long-expressed wish that he might be spared a time of slow decay or protracted suffering. On Sunday, June 21, 1696, he preached his last sermon from those verses, 2 Peter i. 5—8, which have been called a better ladder to heaven than Jacob's. He was taken ill on the following Tuesday, and died after only sixteen hours' illness. He was in his sixty-sixth year. He was buried on Saturday, June 27, in Whitchurch church, in the presence of crowds who assembled to do honour to his memory from Cheshire, Shropshire, and the neighbouring counties.

We may best conclude this notice of Philip Henry in the words of one of his enemies—"He was a man that nobody could speak evil of, except for his Nonconformity," and in the words of one of his friends, Sir Henry Ashurst—"If Sir Fulk Greville would have it inscribed upon his tombstone that he was a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, I may well be pleased to have it told to the world that I loved and honoured blessed Philip Henry; a man of so much prudence, and withal so much sincerity, of so good a temper, so much a gentleman, and yet of such strict piety and devotedness to God, that I scarce ever knew his fellow."

C. PALMER.

HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE BOOKS OF CHRONICLES.

THE two books of Chronicles form in the Hebrew canon only one book under the title of *Dibhray Hayamim* (דִּבְרֵי הַיָּמִים) *Affairs of the Days, i.e., Diurnals or Chronicles*. Internal evidence is in favour of the unity of the whole work; but it must have been divided into two parts at an early period, as we find it so divided in the Septuagint. There the books bear the title of *Παραλειπόμενα*, *things omitted, i.e., from the other histories*. The name *Chronicles* was given by St. Jerome, who regarded the books as "*chronicon totius divinæ historiæ*," a chronological record of the whole divine history.

In the Hebrew canon the books of Chronicles stand last in order of the sacred books. They are ranked not with the earlier historical books among the writings of the Prophets,

but appear among the *Chethubim, Hagiographa*, or *Sacred Writings*, the name given by the Jews to the third division of their canonical books. Under this head are placed the poetical books of the Old Testament, the book of Daniel, and the books of Ruth, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles. Why these books should have been so placed is matter of dispute among scholars. Probably this third division at first embraced only the poetical books; and the others were subsequently placed there for some reason which moved the Talmudists, with whom the arrangement seems to have originated, but which they have not communicated. The LXX., Philo, Josephus, and the New Testament writers apparently regarded this third division as containing only the poetical books.

The first Book of Chronicles commences with a series of genealogies which occupy the first nine chapters. Beginning with Adam, the line of descent is given as far as the sons of Noah; then their descendants are traced in certain lines possessing a historical interest, or standing in some relation to the Israelites; in the case of Shem the line of descent is traced to Abraham; his descendants through Ishmael, and the sons of Keturah, Isaac and Ishmael are traced; the descendants of Esau, the kings and dukes of Edom are given; the sons of Jacob are named, and a full genealogy of the ancestry of David from Judah downward is supplied; and then follows a list of the sons of David and his descendants through Solomon, kings of Judah, down to the grandsons of Zerubbabel (1 Chron. i. 1—iii. 21). After these come some names of persons whose descent the chronicler either did not know or did not care to mention, and whose names are inserted because probably they or some of their descendants were famous in Israel (vers. 21—24). Some detached lists of descendants of Judah, with historical notices interspersed, follow (1 Chron. iv. 1—23); after these come genealogical records of the tribes of Simeon, Reuben, Gad, and the transjordanic half tribe of Manasseh, with topographical, historical, and biographical notices interspersed (1 Chron. iv. 24—v. 26); the genealogy of the Aaronic family down to Jehozadak, who was carried away with the captives into Babylon, with fragmentary genealogies of other branches of the tribe of Levi, and a list of the Levitical cities, comes next; then we have genealogical fragments appertaining to the tribes of Issachar, Benjamin, Naphtali, Manasseh, Ephraim, and Asher, with incidental historical notices (1 Chron. vi. 1—viii. 28). Then come genealogies of Saul and his descendants through Jonathan; a list of persons who at an early period dwelt in Jerusalem (probably those who came up with Zerubbabel, and who are styled "first inhabitants," as having settled in the land before the main body of the nation returned); and a repetition of the family register of Saul (1 Chron. viii. 29—ix. 44).

The historian then proceeds to narrate the history of David's reign, prefixing as a sort of introduction to it an account of the death of Saul and Jonathan. The history of David's reign occupies the remainder of the first book, which closes with a brief chronology of his reign and an account of his death.

The second Book of Chronicles begins with the history of Solomon, and pursues the history of the kings of Judah down to the time

of the deportation into Babylon. It closes with the proclamation made by Cyrus king of Persia granting to the Jews liberty to return to their own land.

As the course of the narrative in these books is with a few alterations the same as that in the books of Samuel and Kings, so far as relates to the reign of David and his descendants the kings of Judah, it is unnecessary to give an analysis of their contents after those already given of the earlier histories. It will be of more use to point out wherein the later writing differs from the earlier ones, either by omission or by addition.

1. Facts narrated in the earlier writings, but omitted in the later.

The scene between David and Michal, 2 Sam. vi. 20—23; David's treatment of Mephibosheth, 2 Sam. ix. 1—13 (though the son of Mephibosheth, Micah, is mentioned in 1 Chron. viii. 34, as well as here); the story of David's criminal intercourse with Bathsheba and its concomitants and consequences, 2 Sam. xi. 2—xii. 25; Amnon's incest with Tamar, the slaughter of Amnon by Absalom, Absalom's rebellion, with its results, and the rebellion of Sheba, 2 Sam. xiv.—xx.; the avenging of the wrong done by Saul to the Gibeonites in the slaughter of seven of his sons; the story of Rizpah and her kindness to the dead, and the honours paid to the remains of Saul and his sons by David, 2 Sam. xxi. 1—14; a war with the Philistines, 2 Sam. xxi. 15—17, antecedent to that recorded 1 Chron. xx. 4; David's psalm and last words, 2 Sam. xxii., xxiii. 1—7; Adonijah's attempt to usurp the throne, and the anointing of Solomon, 1 Kings i.; David's last counsels and charge, 1 Kings ii. 1—9; the misconduct of Adonijah, his death and that of Joab; the substitution of Benaiah in the place of Joab, and of Zadoc in that of Abiathar, and the punishment of Shimei, 1 Kings ii. 13—46; Solomon's marriage with the daughter of Pharaoh, 1 Kings iii. 1, referred to, however, in 2 Chron. viii. 11; Solomon's judgment in the case of the two mothers, 1 Kings iii. 16—28; Solomon's chiefs and officers, his wealth, wisdom, and knowledge, 1 Kings iv. 1—34; the building of his palace, 1 Kings vii. 1—12, referred to, however, in 2 Chron. viii. 1; his strange wives, the idolatry into which they betrayed him, and the evils that came on him in consequence, 1 Kings xi. 1—40; and the entire history of the kingdom of Israel, only that of Judah being given after the separation.

2. Facts narrated in Chronicles which are not found in Samuel or Kings.

The list of warriors that came to help David

at Ziklag, 1 Chron. xii. 1—22; the muster roll of those that joined him at Hebron, xii. 23—40; the preparations made by David for the building of the temple, and his charge to Solomon concerning it, 1 Chron. xxii. 1—19; the enumeration and order of the Levites and priests, 1 Chron. xxiii.—xxvi.; the military organisation of David and his various officers, 1 Chron. xxvii.; David's exhortation to the people, and his final arrangements before his death, xxviii., xxix.; the account of Rehoboam's fortified cities, the resort to him of priests and Levites out of the kingdom of Jeroboam, whereby his kingdom was strengthened, 2 Chron. xi. 1—17; the wives, concubines, and children of Rehoboam, 18—23; Abijah's war with Jeroboam, xiii. 3—20; the wives and children of Abijah, xiii. 21; Asa's destruction of the places of idol worship, his building of fenced cities, and his victory over Zerah the Ethiopian, xiv. 3—14; Asa's further reforms in consequence of the words of Azariah the son of Oded, xv. 1—15; the words of Hanani the seer to Asa, and the king's treatment of him in consequence, xvi. 7—10; Jehoshaphat's piety and zeal for the service of Jehovah, his efforts for the religious instruction of the people, his military resources and strength, xvii. 2—xviii. 1; his provision for the due administration of justice in the land, xix.; his victory over the Ammonites, Moabites, and other tribes allied against him, xx. 1—30; his provision for his younger sons and the slaughter of them by their brother Jehoram, xxi. 2—4; Jehoram's idolatry and its punishment, xxxi. 12—19; the death of the high priest Jehoiada, and the apostacy of Joash from Jehovah, xxiv. 15—22; Amaziah's military resources, xxv. 5—10, and his idolatry, 14—16; Uzziah's wars, victories, fortifications, and army, xxvi. 6—15; Jotham's fortifications, and his war with the Ammonites, xxvii. 4—6; Hezekiah's purification of the temple, celebration of the passover, and arrangements for the worship of Jehovah, xxix. 3—xxx. 21; his wealth and power, xxxii. 27—30; Manasseh's captivity in Babylon, his liberation and repentance, xxxiii. 11—17.

With these exceptions the narrative in the later book runs parallel to that in the earlier writings, though not always in the same order. Even in the parallel passages, however, there are occasional differences. In general there is greater fullness of detail in Chronicles than in Samuel and Kings; as, for instance, in the list of David's mighty men, which in 1 Chron. xi. 11—47, contains fifteen names in addition to those given in 2 Sam. xxiii. 8—39; in the account of the bringing up

of the ark by David to Jerusalem, where several details are given by the chronicler which are omitted in Samuel; comp. 2 Sam. vi. with 1 Chron. xiii. 2—4; xv. 2—24; xvi. 4, 3; so also in the account of the temple and Solomon's service at the dedication, comp. 1 Kings vii. 38, 39, and viii. 22, with 2 Chron. iv. 6—9; vi. 12, 13, 41, 42; and in many other instances, comp. 1 Kings ix. 3, with 2 Chron. vii. 1—3, 12—16; 1 Kings xiv. 25, with 2 Chron. xii. 2—8; 1 Kings xiv. 7, with 2 Chron. xxv. 11—16; 2 Kings xxiii. 21, 22, with 2 Chron. xxxv. 2—29, &c.

Only in a very few instances is the earlier narrative the fuller, as, *e.g.*, in the account given of the destruction of idolatry of Josiah, comp. 2 Kings xxii. 4—20, with 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3—7, 33. When the language of the earlier books is compared with that of the later, differences are found to exist in respect of the manner of writing words (as for instance *Hadoram* 2 Chron. x. 18; *Adoram*, 1 Kings xii. 18; *Darmesek*, 1 Chron. xviii. 5; *Dammeseq*, 2 Sam. viii. 5, &c.) as well as in respect of grammatical forms and inflections, and other peculiarities of a linguistic kind. For older words later and more familiar ones are in some cases used, and in general greater plainness and distinctness of statement is aimed at (as, *e.g.*, in 1 Chron. xiv. 9, 13, "The Philistines spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim," for the more metaphorical phraseology in 2 Sam. v. 18, 22, where the Philistines are said to have "poured themselves out into the valley," though in the Authorised Version both passages are translated alike. On the other hand sometimes the older writer is more explicit than the later (as, *e.g.*, "And he was buried in the garden of his own house," 2 Kings xxi. 18, whereas in 2 Chron. xxxiii. 20, it is "And they buried him in his own house").

These considerations bring us to the question of the *sources* whence the chronicler drew his materials. On this point some have maintained that his work is a compilation from the earlier historical books of the canon. But though evidently some of the genealogical details in the beginning of his first book are drawn from the Pentateuch, the greater part of these seem to have been taken from independent sources, probably ancient family pedigrees and public genealogical rolls, topographical lists preserved at the time of the overthrow of the kingdom, and carried by the people with them into exile; whilst in respect of the other parts of the books it seems clear that they are the product of one who examined the sources for himself, and were not compiled by the author from the

earlier historical books of the Bible. Those who maintain the opposite view dwell much on the large number of passages that are common to the books of Chronicles with those of Samuel and Kings. But obviously this proves nothing to the point; for every historian, who writes a narrative of any series of events, must more or less resemble every other historian who has narrated the same series of events; and the resemblance will of necessity become increasingly close in proportion as the writers keep themselves to a strict report of what they find in the sources, and are careful to avoid importing into the story anything borrowed from their own imagination for the sake of effect. That the writers of the books of Samuel, of Kings, and of Chronicles must have drawn the materials of those parts of their narrative, where they are on common ground, from the same sources is more than probable; but that the later did not borrow from the earlier, but pursued an independent course, is guaranteed by the differences of style, manner, arrangement, and detail which are found between their respective works. In places which are otherwise closely parallel there are such minute differences of detail as can be accounted for only on the supposition that the later writer composed his work independently of the earlier. Thus, for instance, in recounting the death of Saul and its consequents, while the two narratives are almost identical there is this curious difference, that whilst the one tells us that Saul's armour was hung up by the Philistines "in the house of their gods," and his *head* was "fastened in the temple of Dagon" (1 Chron. x. 10), the other says that his armour was put "in the house of Ashtaroth," and his *body* was fastened "to the wall of Bethshan." These two accounts are perfectly in harmony, and the one supplements the other; but the difference between them is such as to preclude the supposition that the one writer compiled from the other. It is true that the chronicler refers to "the words of Samuel the seer" as one of the authorities for the history of David (1 Chron. xxix. 29); but it is by no means certain that by this he intends the canonical books of Samuel; on the contrary, the presumption is that he refers to some collection of the sayings and prophetic utterances of Samuel, no longer extant, but which formed a repertory of facts concerning the history of David, just as "the words" of Nathan and Gad, mentioned in the same verse, did, and just as "the words of Jeremiah" (Jer. i. 1) and "the words of Amos" (Amos i. 1) form

the proper superscription of the collection of their prophetic utterances.

The only argument of any weight in favour of the supposition that the chronicler composed his work from those of Samuel and Kings is derived from the fact that he occasionally refers to narratives not given by himself, but which are found in the earlier books; as, for instance, in 2 Chron. x. 15 reference is made to a "word" which the Lord "spoke by the hand of Ahijah the Shilomite," of which we find mention only in 1 Kings xi. 29. Instances of this sort, however, are extremely rare, and they may be accounted for by the supposition that the fact referred to was so notorious that the historian felt he might allude to it though he had not himself narrated it. What confirms this is such a passage as 2 Chron. viii. 1, where the length of time occupied by Solomon in the building of the temple and his own palace is mentioned as familiarly known, in the same way as it is mentioned in 1 Kings ix. 10; to neither writer did it occur that any proof or evidence of so notorious a fact needed to be adduced. It may be added that in other passages in Kings there are references to facts not previously narrated by any one, but which the writer alludes to as well known, as, *eg.*, 2 Kings xiv. 25; and in Chronicles there are allusions to facts not narrated either by the chronicler himself or by any earlier writer, as, *eg.*, 2 Chron. xxxiii. 18; xxxv. 4. The conclusion to which an examination of all the phenomena leads is, that both the writer of Kings and the writer of Chronicles had access to common sources of information, and that each took from these what he judged most suitable and necessary for the purpose of his writing. The authorities mentioned by the chronicler himself are: 1. The words of the Chronicles of King David, a work not elsewhere mentioned (1 Chron. xxvii. 24); 2. The words of Samuel the seer, the words of Nathan the prophet, and the words of Gad the seer for the history of David (1 Chron. xxix. 29); 3. The words of Nathan the prophet, the prophecy of Ahijah the Shilonite, the visions of Iddo, or Je'di, the seer for the history of Solomon (2 Chron. ix. 29); 4. The words of Shemaiah the prophet and Iddo, or Je'di, the seer for the history of Rehoboam (2 Chron. xii. 15); 5. The Book of the Kings of Judah and Israel, or the Book [Words] of the Kings of Israel for the history of the Kings of Judah (2 Chron. xvi. 11; xx. 34 and often); 6. A Commentary [Midrash] on the Book of the Kings, supposed by some to be the same as

the preceding (2 Chron. xxiv. 27); 7. The Book of Jehu the son of Hanani for the history of Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. xx. 34); 8. The Commentary of Iddo the prophet for the history of Abijah (2 Chron. xiii. 22); 9. The Acts of Uzziah by Isaiah the prophet (2 Chron. xxvi. 22); 10. The Vision of Isaiah the prophet for the history of Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxxii. 32); 11. The words of Hozai for the history of Manasseh (2 Chron. xxxiii. 19, see margin of the Authorised Version). Of these two, viz., the words of Jehu the son of Hanani and the Vision of Isaiah, are said to have been inserted in the book of the Kings of Judah and Israel (for such is the meaning of the passages 2 Chron. xx. 34; xxxii. 32); from which it may be inferred that the other documents were still in a separate state when used by the chronicler.

Jewish tradition ascribes the composition of the Books of Chronicles to Ezra (*Bava Bathra*, c. i., fol. 15, col. 1), and everything is in favour of this. It is evident that the work could not have been finished *before* the time of Ezra, for it not only narrates the permission granted by Cyrus to the Jews to return to their own land (2 Chron. xxxvi. 22, 23), but it carries down the genealogy of the descendants of Zerubbabel to his grandchildren (1 Chron. iii. 19—21). That it was not composed *later* than the time of Ezra may be inferred from (1) the commencement of the Book of Ezra, which is so worded as to imply the existence of an earlier history, of which it is the continuation,* and which indicates its connection with the Chronicles by using the same words with which the latter concludes; (2) the mention of *darics* [1 Chron. ii. 2, 7, Authorised Version, "drams"] as a coin in use at the time among the Jews, which was a Persian coin, and which ceased to be in circulation after the fall of the Persian monarchy, being superseded by Grecian coin, in which in the later Jewish books money is reckoned (2 Mac. xii. 42; Tob. v. 15); (3) the use of the term *Birah* (בִּירָה, *castle* or *citadel*, Authorised Version, "palace") for the temple (1 Chron. xxix. 1, 19), which could hardly have been done by a writer later than the time of Nehemiah, when Jerusalem had a *birah* or citadel distinct from the temple, the Arx Antonia or Baris (Βάρυς), built by Nehemiah. These considerations seem to fix the composition of the Chronicles to a period contemporary with that of Ezra, especially as nothing of any weight can be adduced

against this. If, indeed, the names following those of the grandchildren of Zerubbabel in 1 Chron. iii. 21—24 are to be reckoned as those of his descendants, we must come down to a much later period for the composition of the book; but there is no certainty that this is the case, and the presumption rather is that the names given are those of persons who returned from exile contemporaneously with Zerubbabel and his sons. That Ezra himself was the author of the Chronicles is favoured by the following considerations:—

1. The similarity of language and style between this writing and that which bears his name, the *peculiarities* in both being the same; 2. The resemblance of the forms in which in both writings the Law is cited; for instance, it is called "the book of Moses" in 2 Chron. xxv. 4, xxxv. 12, and in Ezra vi. 18, a formula used nowhere else in the Old Testament except in Neh. xiii. 1; and in both is cited as "the mishpat" [Authorised Version, "order commanded," "manner," "ordinance," "custom"] (1 Chron. xxiii. 31; 2 Chron. xxx. 16; xxxv. 13; Ezra iii. 4); 3. The tendency in both to dilate on the sacrificial ritual, the Temple music, the songs of praise of the Levites, and the festivals of the people, in similar phraseology; and, 4. The space allotted by both to genealogies and registers. In the absence of anything of importance on the other side, these considerations are strongly in favour of the opinion, supported by the unanimous testimony of the Jews, that Ezra wrote the Books of Chronicles as well as that which bears his name. It does not follow, however, from anything that has been adduced that these books all formed parts originally of one whole, though this is a conclusion which some have been disposed to urge. As has been justly said, "Had the two books originally formed one work, it would never have occurred to any one afterwards to tear them asunder in such a way as to break off the Chronicles in the middle of Ezra i. 3, or to repeat the last two verses of Chronicles at the beginning of the Book of Ezra" (Keil, "Introduction to the Old Testament," translated by Dr. Douglas, II. 79).

The question of authorship, however, cannot be regarded as conclusively settled until we have satisfied ourselves as to the historical authenticity of the book. For obviously, if this may be seriously impeached, we cannot regard the book as having proceeded from the pen of such an one as Ezra. To this inquiry, then, we next proceed.

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

* "The copula is placed at the beginning of some books, as Exod. i. 1; 1 Kings i. 1; and Ezra i. 1, in which there is a continuation of the history of antecedent books,"—Gesenius, *Theas. Ling. Heb.* ii. p. 395.

OUT OF THE HISTORY OF A RAGGED SCHOOL.

SEVERAL years ago, business called the writer to a certain provincial city, celebrated alike for its wealth and its poverty. The mansions, crescents, and squares of its fashionable suburb equal in splendour the most aristocratic mansions, crescents, and squares of the West-end of London, while its poorer parts beggar description. Flaunting vice, dogged, desperate poverty, the deserving poor and the undeserving poor mixed up together in the squalid rooms of squalid tenements, in foul, filthy courts and alleys, a single room six feet by four or five often containing a whole family, and occasionally finding shelter for a donkey or other animal besides; the apartments answering the purpose of eating, sitting, and sleeping-room, for, on the average, eight human beings, father, mother, and six children, some of the latter, those unable to earn their own living, running about the room, but never beyond it, like little savages, without the vestige of a garment to cover them, half starved and wholly ignorant, "seeking death in life as best to have." All this was then the rule, not the exception. One district especially attracted my attention, a district which had formerly contained many wealthy inhabitants, who by degrees had forsaken it for more fashionable localities, and the large houses after having been let in portions, then in floors, gradually increased the number of their tenants, until a single room for a single family was the established mode of letting. There was a church where divine service was performed, on Sundays only, to a congregation of about ten persons, and the majority of these came from a neighbouring parish. We had a population of six thousand souls dwelling on less than sixteen acres of land. No civilising agency whatever was at work (except the Church, and that did very little good) for the amelioration of the masses—no day school, no Sabbath school, no Ragged school, no night school, no city missionary, no Bible woman, not even a curate. The clergyman, an indolent, careless man, who regularly hurried through the service on Sundays, and regularly received his fees and pay, but whether he regularly did anything else useful or ornamental I could never discover. He was the type of a class rapidly and happily becoming extinct. After a great deal of persuasion and several months of consideration, he was induced to employ a Bible woman at seven shillings per week. This

was something gained, and the Bible woman, an intelligent person and good reader, possessing that valuable but scarce commodity, so useful in dealing with the very poor, a never-failing stock of patience, immediately commenced a house-to-house visitation, and the result was that we hired a large room in one of the old-fashioned houses at £1 5s. a month, for the purposes of a schoolroom. The education was entirely free to all comers. On our day of opening fifteen scholars attended, nine girls and six boys, and the numbers increased so rapidly that in six weeks our average attendance was sixty, the sexes being nearly equally divided. Some idea of the success that attended this effort may be gathered from the fact that when another vicar was appointed to the parish, two years afterwards, on the death of the gentleman before mentioned, his first acts were, at the request of several friends of education, to engage the services of a professional master and mistress at good salaries, and to at once commence building large and commodious school premises. On their completion the scholars were removed thither, and the school placed under Government inspection.

But the crowning success in the parish, in my estimation, was the night-school for males and females, children and adults, which was also free, the only requisite qualification being that the pupil should be engaged in some employment during the day. The school hour was from half-past eight to half-past nine every other evening. On Sunday we had school from three to four in the afternoon, and so well was it attended in the early summer months that we found the room much too small; so when the weather became sultry we removed our quarters to a neighbouring yard, let to us at eighteenpence for each Sunday afternoon, and held our classes in the open air. The work prospered; in a few weeks our numbers had doubled. To recount the difficulties encountered in searching after teachers would require a volume. One said, "Oh, I should be exceedingly glad to come if your school were not in such a disreputable neighbourhood." Another excuse was, "You see I live a long distance from the place, and although I am heart and soul with you in your work"—yes, in *your* work—"being a large employer of labour in the district" (at starvation wages), "I must really decline; here's a sovereign towards the ex-

penses." The coin was invariably rejected; we wanted men, not money. High and low, late and early, we sought for suitable teachers, and generally found them, although the search was arduous indeed.

Were I to live a hundred years I should never forget the opening of that night-school. We expected about a dozen pupils, but our arrangements would accommodate a hundred if requisite. Great was my astonishment, entering the schoolroom a little before half-past eight, at finding fifty or sixty of the roughest of both sexes and of all ages making

the most horrible noises—talking, laughing, roaring, shouting, singing, stamping, screaming, yelling, jumping, thumping, and a few of the men and boys were smoking. I began my opening address, asking them to be quiet, but you might as well have spoken to a hurricane. The women, I regret to say, were the most disorderly, invariably interrupting the attempts to produce something like order by such queries as:—"What be 'ee going to give us for coming here?" "We don't want no larnin'; all we wants is meat and beer." In reply to an observation of mine to the effect



that I was willing to be put to some inconvenience to serve them, the cries were, "Yes, you looks like it—has yer gone without a dinner to-day?" and others of a similar character. When I distinctly told them they were not to expect any gifts for attending, a great many of the adults left the room uttering such awful maledictions as will not bear repeating. I felt a little relieved by their departure, and increased my efforts to obtain order, but with very indifferent success. One little urchin, about nine years of age, was particularly unruly. He was a bright, dark-eyed, intelligent-looking youngster, dressed in a

fustian suit, or rather the remains of one, for his garments were all rags and tatters, his trousers scarcely reaching his knees. He wore no shoes or stockings, nor did he appear to own any covering for his head, judging from the matted appearance of his black, curly hair. From the corner in which he sat, with a short pipe in his mouth, he eyed me with supreme contempt, varying his audible opinions of my appearance and remarks by snatches of "comic" songs of the coarsest character. I rather liked his look of impudence and independence, and made one or two attempts to silence him without avail.

Seeing that it was next to impossible to obtain order, I asked if I could do anything more before closing the school for the evening.

"Yes, tell us a tale," said the youthful disciple of Sir Walter Raleigh, and "a tale, a tale," was echoed on all sides. And a tale I told them, to which they listened attentively; it was the old, old story, in allegorical form, of man's disobedience and Divine Love. We then sang the doxology, and the school was dismissed. A few of the elder "scholars" and one young one remained for the purpose of a chat with me, the young one, the precocious youth previously spoken of, minus his pipe, gravely listening to everything.

He was the last to depart, and standing in the doorway, he called out, "I say, guv'nor, you're one of my sort, you're just about the ticket. I shall look in again." And giving an approving nod, off he darted like a frisky young animal escaped from some menagerie.

The second evening following, school was resumed, and about forty pupils were present on my arrival with three able assistants I had secured in the interval. They were nothing like so noisy as at the previous meeting, and with the exception of a few jokes cracked at anybody's expense, mine principally, we got on admirably, all things considered. Not a single individual amongst them knew the alphabet, therefore that was the first thing to be thought of, and our system of teaching it was as follows: We bought four black boards, one for each class, on which were written with chalk the first four letters of the alphabet, and when these were thoroughly impressed upon the memory, the next four, and so on, until the whole was properly learned. We got as far as "O" that evening, and then closed the school. On the next night we divided our scholars into grade classes. Those in the first were the pupils who remembered what they had previously learned, in the second those who remembered their letters imperfectly; and the other two classes were fresh arrivals and noisy obstructives. Our school progressed so favourably that on the last night of its third season we had an attendance of two hundred and seventy-eight pupils of all sorts, sizes, and conditions, upwards of two hundred of whom had learned to read, and some of them to write, in our unassuming, unobtrusive school.

Although we increased the number of our school-rooms to four, our working expenses were very small, very small indeed, comparatively speaking, and the total amount of all the accounts paid for school furniture, books, &c., appears so trivial that I can

hardly believe it represents the whole cost of efficiently working the school for more than three years.

We eventually removed into the National Schools, kindly lent us, gratis, by the charitable vicar, and the last report issued, issued long after my active connection with the school had ceased, says that very few night-schools in the kingdom would be able to compete with ours. I still say "ours" because many of the scholars and every one of the teachers I know and respect.

The improvement that has taken place in that district during the past twenty years is immense—the restored parish church, two handsome dissenting chapels, always crowded, and a large Mission Hall, the last mentioned recently erected by members of the Society of Friends, mothers' meetings, cocoa meetings, Dorcas meetings, lectures, and concerts, testify to the vitality of that great and grand Christianity whose motto is, "Go out into the highways and hedges and *compel* them to come in."

The sharp youngster, before mentioned, was a regular attendant at the night-school, and his progress was really marvellous. I never knew another such pupil in my life. His memory was so excellent that within eighteen months of the establishment of the school he recited the whole of "Paradise Lost," without making a single mistake. Anything he read twice he could always repeat, word for word, months afterwards. The only branch of knowledge for which he evinced a dislike, was that of writing from dictation, and on one occasion he was gently censured for not paying proper attention.

"I can't help it," said he; "if you were to read faster I should do it better."

"But if the speed were increased you would write so badly that no one could read what you had written."

"Yes, I know that. I will try to do as you wish."

He improved in his handwriting considerably after that, although sometimes it seemed quite a painful operation for him to write fifty lines.

From conversations held with him at different times, I learned that he was an orphan, that he earned from two to three shillings a week by vending matches, was allowed to sleep in a small stable with a donkey without paying for the accommodation, and got his meals how he could, and when he could. Finding him a promising lad, I procured him a situation in a lawyer's office, his duties at first being confined to lighting the fires,

cleaning the floors, dusting the desks and furniture, and running errands. He still attended our night-school, where he obtained a good knowledge of mathematics, learned a little Latin and Greek, became an expert short-hand writer, distinguished himself in history, and bid fair to make his mark as a public speaker. His self-denial was wonderful. He has gone nearly a whole week without a morsel of food in order that he might be enabled to purchase some coveted volume, never saying a word to any one about it until long after the occurrence.

I was chiding him one day for being so foolish, assuring him that his abstinence would eventually tell upon his constitution.

"I hope not," was the response, "books are more my food than bread and beef. I *must have* books every day, but I can do without food for a week."

"But you will die of starvation," I urged.

"Not very probable, although I'd rather die from hunger of the body than hunger of the mind."

"You must choose the happy medium. If you wish to make your way in the world, you must not wholly neglect the body."

He shortly afterwards fell ill, and, on consulting a doctor, was emphatically told that he was dying from starvation. For months his excessive weakness was pitiable to behold; sickness threatened the wreck of mind and body. But the turning-point came, and he gathered strength, slowly but perceptibly. His illness taught him a lesson, and he now pursued his studies moderately and methodically. On his restoration to good health, his former employer was only too glad to have him back at an increased salary and in a more honourable and responsible position. The scarcity of good books was his chief difficulty now, not a single library in the city coming within reach of his limited means. When he grew older, a few friends paid his subscription for several years to the City Philosophical Society's library, then the resort of the merchants and other great folks, who congregated there for an hour's gossip. His constant attendance and his systematic reading of all the newspapers and periodicals could not fail to attract attention; and eventually several of the frequenters made inquiries concerning him, and, on learning who and what he was and what he had been, offered to aid him in any way they could. But he was too proud to accept assistance from any one, except the very old friends who paid his annual subscription. So he still remained a poor lawyer's clerk and drudge.

Removing from the neighbourhood, I lost sight of him for years; but a short time ago, in the course of my annual pedestrian tour, paying a visit to the old city, I found myself in the neighbourhood in which, years before, we had tried our successful school experiment, and I was wondering what had become of my precocious pupil, when I received a sharp slap on the shoulder, which, I must confess, somewhat startled me. Turning round, I beheld a thoughtful-looking gentleman of apparently thirty-five years of age or thereabout, who accosted me with—

"Are you Mr. —?"

"I am."

"Do you remember me?"

"Certainly not. I never, to my knowledge, saw you before this instant."

"And yet I remember you very well indeed. Try again."

I tried, but could not discover the faintest resemblance in the features before me to anyone I had ever seen or known.

"I am Harry —, your precocious pupil, as you used to term me."

After heartily shaking hands, I asked him if he was still a lawyer's clerk.

"Sir," he replied, laughing, "do you know what you are saying? And are you aware to whom you are speaking? The mayor of this most ancient and loyal city a—a—a *lawyer's clerk*! I'm surprised at you; the idea's simply absurd!"

And again we cordially shook hands.

"But whatever can 'his worship' the mayor of this most ancient and loyal city want in this dirty locality?"

"To tell you the truth, 'his worship' the mayor is one of a few misguided and perverse persons who do not wilfully and easily forget old friends. Am I not stupid, and foolish, and ignorant to confess so much? I have just been to see an old man who was kind to me when a boy."

"Quite right, Harry, quite right."

"And, you'll scarcely believe it, but I am trying to make converts to this novel, vulgar, and detestable doctrine. Respectability shudders at the unfashionable failings of 'his worship' the mayor. But never mind, never mind, Harry can stand it, if 'his worship' the mayor cannot."

"But, Harry——"

"But me no buts, but come along with me and see the place where the mayor dwelleth."

With that he took my arm, and half an hour's walk brought us to the suburbs, where stood one of the pleasantest villas possible to imagine.

"Come in, come in," exclaimed Harry, "the mayoress would never forgive me, if I were to allow you to escape from us. She knows you well by report, for she is constantly saying that had it not been for you and her, for you *and* her, mind, I should never have been mayor of this most ancient and loyal city. And what she says is true."

Although I had dined hours before I could not resist the temptation of spending an hour or two with my friends, for who could tell if ever we should meet on this side the grave?

Dinner despatched, I was entertained with the personal history of "his worship" during the interval which had elapsed since my former acquaintance with him. I give the brief narration as nearly as possible in his own words.

"When you left our most ancient and loyal city I was one of the clerks in the office of your friend and mine, Lawyer Smith. The old man was childless, as you know, and as he got older he seemed to bestow upon me

all the affection of a father, and by-and-by had me articled to himself without premium or fee, even paying for the stamp. Shortly after I passed my final examination and had been admitted, the good old man died, leaving an immense fortune to his niece, whom he named sole executrix. As I knew more about the estate than anybody else, the legatee and executrix at length began to fancy that I was a portion of the property bequeathed to her by her uncle, so I allowed her to have her own way, for once, and we became man and wife; and the result is that, a second time, I am chief magistrate of this most ancient and loyal city."

"Small beginnings make great endings," says the proverb. In my experience the maxim has been verified in a number of instances, although not always to such an extent as in the present case, where the mayor of an important "most ancient and loyal" city was, in his early years, in a free night-school, merely a precocious pupil.

JAMES PITT.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

IV.

1 COR. XV. 23—28.

OUR tainted mortal nature we derive by inheritance from Adam. In him—as Paul had just said—we all die, his death involving ours. Our spiritual, our eternal life, we derive, not by inheritance, but by voluntary adhesion, by vital union, from Christ. In Him we live anew, live in the possession and enjoyment of the forgiveness, the love, the full rich favour of the Most High, coming to us through Him. That newer and eternal life of ours flows out of his: it is because He lives that we live also, our life hid with Him in God. Of that begetting life of his for us which takes up ours into itself—originating it, sustaining it, and maturing it—the resurrection of his body from the grave was the visible crown and consummation, the proof and pledge that his one great offering of himself unto the death for us had been accepted, was successful, had put away our sins, had redeemed our souls from death. And just as his living unto God embraces and secures the living in like manner unto God of all them that are his, so too does his resurrection from the tomb embrace and secure their resurrection likewise—the entire resurrection unto life being but that of an united, continuous harvest, of which the rising of the Lord was the first-fruits.

But though the resurrection of Christ and

the resurrection of all those that are his be thus indissolubly bound up together—the one drawing the other in its train—yet must there be an order in their occurrence; an order, not of priority in time alone, but of importance, marking off the resurrection of Jesus Christ, as that of Him who is the beginning, the first-born, the first-begotten from the dead, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence. It was a right and becoming thing that during the currency of the world's history the Resurrection of Christ should stand alone, without a precedent, without a peer, a unique, unapproached, unparalleled event. Paul, in his great pleading before Agrippa, pointed to the fact that there had been no instance of the kind before. "Having therefore," said he, "obtained help from God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead." Enoch and Elijah had passed away without tasting death, without tenancing the tomb, leaving the world to wonder at their escape from the grasp of the last enemy; but leaving no proof behind them that that enemy had been fairly grappled with, and on his own territory had been overcome. Jairus' daughter, the widow's son, Lazarus of Bethany, had been raised by Christ

himself from the dead, but raised to die again; the grave at last claiming them and getting them, and laying them up with all the other dead. But Jesus rises, the first full victor of the tomb; the first to throw off its fetters, never to be taken on again; the first to carry a human body raised from the grave up into the heavenly places.

It might have been so ordered that this great victory once achieved, its fruits should have been at once distributed; that one after another of the dead in Christ, after a brief occupancy of the grave, should, like their Lord and Master, rise without having seen corruption, to take their allotted places around his throne. His resurrection might have been followed thus by theirs in one long continuous train. But if so, might it not have been confounded with theirs, had the bare circumstance of its being the first been the only thing left visibly to distinguish it? Still further, then, to mark it off, it must not only stand without a precedent in the ages that went before, but after it the graves of earth must still hold within their keeping generation after generation of the buried, no other single bursting of their barrier suffered till at the close He come who is the resurrection and the life; and in his presence, and at his call, there be a general and simultaneous rising from the dead. "Every man in his own order. Christ, the first-fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at his coming."

"Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father." The verses beginning thus, from the 24th to the 28th, pointing as they do to a period beyond the close of the present economy, present to us a perspective too remote and too obscure, too sublime and too mysterious for us to attempt anything like a clear and detailed survey. It is but a dim and distant glimpse of that divine order or arrangement of things by which the passing away of the existing economy is to be followed up that we get here; and I should have been inclined to leave it in the dimness which covers it, under a sense of the unfitness of our eyes to look further or more fully into it—the unseemliness of any human effort to delineate or describe, much more to explain and to vindicate that spiritual and glorious estate of things into which the present reign of the risen Saviour is at the end to pass—were it not for the conviction that in the ordinary understanding of this passage there seems to me to be much that throws it out of all connection with

the train of the Apostle's reasoning ab the resurrection, and that throws it i conflict with the otherwise consenting testimony of Holy Writ. Taking up the passage as the translators of our English Bible obviously understood it, it is regarded as indicating that at the end, when mysteries of God in the present method his government of this earth shall be finished Christ shall deliver up to God—*i.e.*, shall resign—that government with which, as Mediator, He had been invested. Having during the course of his exercise of that delegated authority, wherewith He was clothed, laid down all rule and authority and power, having destroyed the last enemy death, He shall give back into the hands which originally bestowed them those mediatorial rights and powers which He had exercised, and when all opposition shall be subdued, shall then himself be subject to Him who did put things under Him—the mediatorial reign Christ shall then be merged and lost in the immediate government of the Most High; that God may be all in all. Understood this way, the resignation of the reins of government by Christ, his subjection unto God, that marked epoch in the future, becomes the engrossing, the absorbing topic of the verses. The 24th, 27th, and 28th verses are read as announcing that great coming change in the mode of the divine government; and the 25th and 26th verses come in as a digression by the way, telling us the intermediate steps by which that wonderful termination is got at. And so accordingly you find that by all who understand this passage thus, the delivering up of the kingdom, the subjection of Christ to God, is the theme that mainly occupies their thoughts.

If that, however, had been indeed the chief idea in the Apostle's thoughts, what had it do with the subject that he is dealing with so closely and earnestly throughout this chapter? What bearing had it on the resurrection of the dead? What help of any kind did it lend to that particular argument that at the time he was pursuing—that the resurrection Christ implied, provided for, and secured the resurrection of all them that are his? Let us carry away our thoughts beyond the resurrection altogether, and to fix them upon a wonderful alteration that was thereafter to take place in the manner of the divine administration—how did this further the end throughout here Paul is steadily pursuing? Digressions are common enough in the writings of St. Paul, but not such digressions as that.

But is it not enough to make us pause before we admit the idea of so great a revolution in store for the universe at the end of the present dispensation, that in no other passage of Scripture but the one now before us is there any hint or allusion to a future resignation on Christ's part of his mediatorial authority? So far from this, the perpetuity of that very kingdom which it is thought that He is then to deliver up is repeatedly asserted. It is to Him as occupying the throne of that kingdom that the Father saith, "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." It is of that kingdom, not simply of his kingdom as the second person of the Trinity, but of his kingdom as Christ the Mediator, that it is so often said that there shall be no end, that it shall endure for ever—one of the very names wherewith it is called being this, "the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The very idea of the termination of that reign wrapped up with whose continuance is the eternal blessedness of the redeemed, this idea of the abdication by Jesus of his mediatorial throne, and that at the very time when all was ripe for the fulfilment of his own promise, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne, even as I overcame and am set down with my Father on his throne," is repugnant surely to all that the Scriptures teach of the nature of that eternal relationship established between Christ and his people. Shall that very kingdom, given Him as the reward of his obedience unto death, be surrendered at that very time when that obedience unto death has realised all its predicted ends? Shall the reward cease when the work is done? Shall the throne be abdicated at the very time when around Him every knee is bowing, and to Him every tongue is confessing that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father?

Besides—the subordination or subjection of the Son to the Father, of Christ to God—is it not a characteristic of the entire mediatorial economy throughout the whole currence of its existence? What then can be meant by its being said that *then* shall the Son also be subject to Him that put all things under Him? Was it never so till then?

Have we not, then, been attaching too strict, too theological, a meaning to the expression "delivering up the kingdom" when we have understood it as implying a surrender, either wholly or in part, of Christ's mediatorial sovereignty? Have we not missed the main object of the Apostle when we have imagined that it was his chief purpose here to be the pre-announcer of a singular alteration of the

governmental relations of the great universe hereafter to take effect? Is there no way of reading this passage which will make it fit most naturally with the train of the apostolic reasoning, and turn it into a fresh contribution to that great argument wherewith the Apostle is engaged? Let me ask you to remember that it is the security which Christ's resurrection yields for the resurrection of his people that is constantly before the Apostle's thoughts. Full of that idea, he looks on to the end when, in the resurrection of all the dead in Christ, the great spiritual harvest shall be all reaped in. That end occurs to him as being accomplished in connection with that unlimited power and authority—that lordship over the quick and the dead—to which, by his own resurrection from the dead, our Lord was elevated, all power being then given Him in heaven and earth—the government laid upon his shoulders—the judgment committed to his hands—the great task allotted to Him of putting down all adverse rule and authority, and power of reclaiming and recovering for God this lost, revolting province in the domains of the Most High.

In that great task, clothed with all needful authority and power, He must and shall succeed. The ancient oracle, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool," must be verified. Though now we see not all things yet put under Him, we see that Son of man, after He had offered that one sacrifice for sins, sitting on the right hand of God, from henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool. And when all those old prophecies shall be fulfilled—when that kingdom, fully and finally rescued out of the hand of the enemy, shall be delivered up, *i.e.*, shall be restored, brought back to God—when death, the last of the oppressor's forces, shall be destroyed, not a grave left with a tenant in it, not a token of the presence and power of that last enemy remaining—then shall it be seen how, in that great enterprise in which our Redeemer is now embarked, the final resurrection of all the dead in Christ shall form the fit and closing incident, the last victory over the last enemy.

The prophecies from the 110th and from the 8th Psalms, to which he had referred, remind the Apostle that it was Jehovah who was to make Christ's enemies his footstool, Jehovah who was to put all things under Him, that it was by no power or authority residing separately or independently in Him as the Messiah, but by

that divine power He had originally as one with the Father, but his officially as the Christ of God only by delegation, to be exercised always as subject to or subordinate to God, that all his intermediate triumphs were to be accomplished. He runs the same idea on to the completion or close of all things, declaring that even then, when all things shall have been subdued under Him, when no longer there shall be any foe to struggle with, any victory to win, when of all kingdom there shall remain alone the gracious rule of the Redeemer over that risen, ransomed, glorified community of the redeemed—even then, when God by Christ shall have reconciled all things unto Himself, when He shall have gathered together in one all things in Christ, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven—even then, when, amid the jubilations of the wide universe, Christ shall deliver up or hand over to the Father that kingdom far forth from which all adverse conflicting authority and power have been removed—even then, as always before, the Lord Himself shall appear as acting subject to Him that did put all things under Him, that God might be all in all, that it might be made manifest that all things were of God, that of Him, through Him, to Him were all things, God blessed for ever.

Such, so far as I can interpret it in harmony with all that the Scriptures elsewhere teach, is the meaning of this remarkable passage. Putting aside all that is of doubtful import, let us dwell for a moment upon one or two of the great truths, or rather facts, which it reveals.

1. We have the present attitude and occupation of our risen Redeemer. He is gone into heaven. He is on the right hand of God, crowned with glory and honour—angels, authorities, and powers made subject unto Him. That large investiture of power He is employing in bringing back the kingdom to the Father, in subduing everything that exalteth itself here against God. Looked at in its existing condition, this world of ours presents a strange spiritual spectacle—a kingdom of darkness struggling with a kingdom of light; thrones of iniquity fronting and frowning at the throne of righteousness. How great the work which remains yet to be done ere this kingdom be fully restored to God! What principles and institutions, systems and governments, forms and habits—embodying error, or idolatry, or impiety, or injustice, or oppression, or cruelty—have to be resisted, remodelled, or overturned! In contemplation of all that ignorance and superstition and ungodliness and anarchy and tyranny,

that now have such strong force, and that so frequently prevail, it is the sustaining faith of every wise and good and thoughtful man that though these floods may lift up their voice—may lift up their waves—there is a Lord on high that is mightier than the noise of many waters, than the mightiest waves of that stormy sea. But it is the special belief and the special consolation of the true Christian that that Lord who sitteth in the heavens, to whose guidance and control all these strong and stormy elements are subject, is no other than that same Jesus which was crucified—made now both Lord and Christ, reigning and ruling over this earth, and wielding that supremacy over all things with which, in virtue of his obedience unto death, he has been clothed; with the purpose and high intent of turning at last all these deluded and distracted kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

“And I saw heaven opened, and beheld a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called faithful and true, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns, and he had a name written that no man knew but he himself, and he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God, and he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

2. We have presented to us the certain and ultimate triumph of the Redeemer in this great undertaking of recovering the lost, subduing the rebellious, quenching all opposition, putting down all rival powers, and restoring the kingdom unto God. What shall this world's future fate be? Shall light or darkness, good or evil triumph? Or is no triumph for either of the conflicting powers a-coming? Are the ages in store for it to see the same world-wide battle going on, with victory inclining at times to either side—some slow advantage upon the whole gained on the side of truth and righteousness, peace and good-will among men, but still far off from the condition of a well-compacted, loving brotherhood all bound by the silken cords of love to one another, and all tied by the golden chain of a willing and united homage to the Throne of the Eternal? Left to our own conjectures here, it is but a feeble light that hope could kindle—a light that could fling but a few broken, trembling rays into that dark future that lies before. But happily we are not left to our own conjectures here. We have the word of prophecy made sure to us; we have its clear light

thrown upon that darkness. Christ must reign till He hath put all enemies under his feet. All things are progressing, slowly it may be, but surely, to that great end when He shall present the kingdom to the Father, all things subdued unto Him. Many may make war with the Lamb, but the Lamb shall overcome them. The heathen may rage, the people imagine a vain thing; the kings of the earth may set themselves, the rulers take counsel against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, let us cast their cords from us. But He, the Lord at Jehovah's right hand, shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. He will break them with a rod of iron, He will dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel. He will overturn, overturn, till He come whose right it is to reign. "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before Him; and there was given Him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him. And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and whose kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."

"And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to Him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come. The wife hath made herself ready."

But in the general triumph of the Redeemer let us not forget that the triumph of his grace in the heart of every true believer is included. What a comfort to the weak and tried, ever struggling, but often baffled, believer it is to know that greater is He that is with him than all they that can be against him; that Christ executes that kingly office to which He has been elevated in ruling and in defending, in restraining and conquering all his and our enemies; that we so run, therefore, not as uncertainly, so fight, not as one that beateth the air; that this is the will of Him who sent Jesus into the world that of all that the Father hath given Him He should lose nothing, but should raise him up at the last day. "Fear not, little flock, it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," and that good pleasure of the Father the almighty power of the Son engages to make good. WM. HANNA.

THE PINAFORE.

WHEN peevish flaws his soul have stirred
To fretful tears for crossed desires,
Obedient to his mother's word,
My child to banishment retires.

As disappears the moon, when wind
Heaps miles of mist her visage o'er,
So vanisheth his face behind
The cloud of his white pinafore.

I cannot then come near my child—
A gulf between of gainful loss;
He to the infinite exiled—
I waiting, for I cannot cross.

Ah then, what wonder, passing show,
The Isis-veil behind it brings—
Like that self-coffined creatures know,
Remembering legs, foreseeing wings!

Mysterious moment! When or how
Is the bewildering change begun?
Hid in far deeps the awful *now*
When turns his being to the sun.

A light goes up behind his eyes,
A still small voice behind his ears;
A listing wind about him sighs,
And lo the inner landscape clears!

Hid by that screen, a wondrous shine
Is gathering for a sweet surprise;
As Moses grew, in dark divine,
Too radiant for his people's eyes.

For when the garment sinks again,
Outbeams a brow of heavenly wile,
Clear as a morning after rain,
And sunny with a perfect smile.

Oh, would that I the secret knew
Of hiding from my evil part,
And turning to the lovely true
The open windows of my heart!

Lord, in thy skirt, love's tender gaul,
Hide thou my selfish heart's disgrace;
Fill me with light, and then unveil
To friend and foe a friendly face.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XV.

"Vulgar natures alone suffer vainly."

OWEN MEREDITH.



MARGARET had well said that she had griefs of which Ellen could know nothing, of which no one as yet knew anything beyond Elspet's conjectures as to the cause of the continuous "head-ache" with which her mistress put her off from day to day.

"Aunt Marg'ret's got a pain on the top of her head," said the children, "and we mustn't make a noise."

These griefs seemed to increase instead of to lessen, and proportionately the "head-ache" increased. Gaspar's letters, at all times like angels' visits (in two senses so to his sister), had become more and more rare. The last, dated from Cairo, had treated entirely of expeditions to the Pyramids, and of a pamphlet which Gaspar purposed shortly to publish, to be entitled "Conjectures on the Structure and History of the Monuments of Egypt." Two publishers had, it may be mentioned, refused to risk its publication, and had advocated its appearance in some periodical. But Gaspar and the periodicals were not on terms which permitted of this, without something very like an apology, or a condescension, as he would have termed it, on the part of the author. And Gaspar Marshall did not know the grandeur of humility, nor the nobility of self-abasement. He had not learnt that next to doing good stands the virtue (if I may call it such) of allowing that one has done evil. Nor had he realised that on this troublous sea of life whoso sets himself in the trough of one wave will find himself straightway on the crest of the next. He still held to the largest rooms at feasts, and

I. N.S.

it was more than he deserved that so seldom had he been called upon to "sit down lower."

Margaret was fully aware of what this fresh scheme of publishing would entail. A large outlay to begin with, a return most uncertain, and at all events far distant. Then the subject would of necessity detain her brother abroad, and engross him to the hindrance of all other work, more fragmentary, but certainly attended by less risk and more emolument. And in the meantime affairs at home became more complicated, if the steady ebb of Margaret's slender resources could be said to complicate affairs.

Ellen Williams's visit had been paid on a Friday, and up to that time no answer had been returned to Margaret's letter of inquiry to Mr. Pickering. She had ceased to look for any, accepting it as a fact that he did not think her capable of giving lessons. And even if he could help her in this matter, how could it now be managed? There were certainly no pupils at Fernhill, and a distance of three miles from any station made the village more out of reach of London than many places at a greater distance. But the same fact lent to the little spot its charm, and left its rustic beauties and quiet undisturbed. So in this, Margaret, you have something to be thankful for after all. Neither for you nor the children would a gayer, more peopled suburb of the great city have done as well.

But sorrow sadly discolours the mind's eye, as does sickness so often discolour the eye of the body. With Margaret's uneasiness as to her brother, as to the very means of living, and her hopelessness as to the sale of her pictures, upon which it seemed to her she was lavishing in vain her life and strength, there came a miserable and morbid tone upon her whole mind and the whole life she was leading, upon every thought, and as it seemed to her—for she was more or less aware of it—upon every word she spoke. Mrs. Hobson more vociferously than ever called her that "sweet young lady as never said 'no' to nobody," and Elspet's "My poor pet lamb—dear heart of her!" might have been heard a thousand times in the ten minutes the good woman lay awake at night to puzzle over her mistress's misfortunes, which, indeed, she looked upon as her own. Of Gaspar Margaret never spoke except in

love and admiration, and seldom then. She had a feeling that Elspet thought hardly of him, and to any such she would never mention his name more than she was obliged. But Elspet knew well enough that the little coffer must be nearly empty, and that as yet little result had followed upon Margaret's unceasing labours at her easel.

Who does not know too the strain upon mind and body that long-continued and earnest attention to any art entails? I mean where the soul is thrown into the endeavour to excel, to reach the perfection which, alas! is never reached. The anxiety, the dissatisfaction, the hope measured out as it were to lure on its victim, and not enough to uphold him in the struggle—the weariness, the impatience, the restlessness?

Mr. Pickering, I am aware, was seldom or never troubled with all these. But there was some lack in him, some link missing that is mostly bestowed where there is taste, and genius, and soul combined. Margaret, had she but considered this, might have taken courage. She might have repeated what she had said a little bitterly to Ellen Williams, "I would rather have my grief than your hardness."

And comfort in another form; rather I should say in other words, awaited Margaret. Is it hackneyed, out of date, a popular delusion, to imagine that comfort can be taken from a sermon? So many things are popular delusions now that one becomes distrustful.

But before the comfort, came yet another trouble, the tidings from across the seas that James Marshall was dead. Margaret had not seen him for so long, he had entered so little into her existence, that she could not feel the loss keenly for herself. For the little ones, now orphans, was all her sorrow. She had known too well what it was to lack father and mother to think lightly of the trial that had come upon them, though little did they realise it now. Each little face puckered up into a cry when she first broke the news to them; but more from sympathy with the tears upon her own face than that they had grasped the fact. Dolly, hardest to comfort at the time, was soonest to forget; and for many days after Margaret noticed that Toto's face wore a sorrowful, earnest look that she had never seen before. She spoke to them frequently on the subject, anxious that they should neither conceal what grief they felt, nor look with awe and fear upon the messenger that had come amongst them. And that with the boy, at least, his father's words and memory had not passed away was obvious.

One day—he had stood a long time biting his drum-stick and staring out of the window with earnest eyes—he came up to Margaret, and taking hold of her locket said sorrowfully—

"Aunt Marg'ret, please to make me be called Charlie."

"Why, darling?" she asked.

"'Cos papa called me that, and 'Toto's' so baby. Papa said so,—and—and he's gone away, and dead—and——"

He burst into a flood of tears, and laid his little head on Margaret's lap. He was in the April of his days, and sunshine quickly succeeded showers, but he had his wish of being henceforth called Charlie.

I have said that on a certain Friday, and it was a Friday in May, Margaret had received no answer from Mr. Pickering. On the succeeding day, Saturday, he had, however, dropped a certain letter, with a certain remark, into a pillar-post in Bond Street. So that there is still hope for her, if she could but know it. The Indian letter in the meantime had put all else out of her mind.

On the Sunday she did not go to church in the morning, but sent Elspet, and stayed at home herself with the children.

Such a happy morning it seemed to them, and very peaceful it was even to poor Margaret. They dragged a shawl on to the grass for her to sit on, and the big "picture Bible," and other books were brought out. Then with an umbrella each, and one for their aunt, they sat down "in their tents," as they said. "Let's pretend to be wild hairy men," said Charlie opening his eyes wide, "like Mr. Esau."

Margaret read them many stories, and spoke to them of each one, and the lessons it held for them. But she did not plague them with learning much by heart. She herself had anything but pleasant associations with some of the most beautiful psalms and collects from the fact that they had been given her as tasks. Each child repeated a hymn and learnt a new verse or two during the morning. "You must say one to that lady who comes to see me, Charlie," Margaret said.

"Oh, Aunt Marg'ret," said he slowly and reproachfully, "she isn't a lady; you're a lady, 'cos you're my Aunt Marg'ret, but she's only a woman."

When Ellen Williams called for her companion on her way to Draybridge, Margaret thought it well to repeat and enforce her wish. Charlie was told to say, "Awake, my soul," which was supposed to be his masterpiece. He raced through it, with his hands

behind his back, in a sing-song voice, but fluently enough, till he came to the lines beginning "Improve thy talents," which he rendered, by way of variety, thus:—

"Reprove thy talents with due care,
For the big day thyself prepare."

"And isn't big, and great, and large *jest* the same, Aunt Marg'ret? you *said* they was *jest* the same, at my spelling."

Ellen Williams smiled faintly, and, as Margaret noticed, for the first time since they had known each other. When she returned from her room, having just put on her bonnet, she found her leading Dolly about by the hand, and quite at home with them.

"Aunt Marg'ret, why have you got on a black bonnet?" asked Charlie.

"Don't you know, Charlie?" she asked.

"Why haven't I got a black blouse, and Dolly? He's my papa and Dolly's."

"You will have them soon, darlings; they are not ready yet."

"Should you go out, Margaret," said Ellen hesitatingly, "till you get your mourning?"

"I need to pray and to hear a sermon more than usual, I think, Ellen," she answered, smiling sadly. "Elspet has lent me a black shawl, and the skirt and bonnet I had by me."

Elspet had secretly vowed she would never take the shawl back. "It's been laid by this ten years, and what's the good to the like of me?"

They had not opened the garden gate before the children were running and calling after them,—

"May we build with our bricks, Aunt Marg'ret?"

"Oh, no!" said Ellen unconsciously, and scared at the idea.

The children thought that Margaret had spoken.

"What, not if we build a *church*?"

The permission was given, for it seemed to Margaret that the angels themselves could hardly find more innocent amusements than did these children. She could not forbid them to chase butterflies, why should she forbid them to play with bricks?

And she knew they really did believe they were to build a church.

XVI.

"God is all in all, or no God at all."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE door of the parish church of Draybridge stood wide, and a soft May wind was toying with the elm branches that overspread the churchyard and the path. Butterflies

fluttered and alighted on the yew-trees and on the graves, fit emblems of the resurrection of the Just; and a blue-winged swallow swept suddenly up the aisle, and beating itself an instant against the coloured window-panes; as suddenly turned affrighted, and finding itself once more free, rose with a jubilee of flight and chirruping into the warm blue air.

There is nothing more restful, I think, than an English country church on a summer's day. The cool carved stone, and the old oak benches, contrasting with the sunshine and the heat outside, the stillness within before the service has begun, or in the pauses of it, the life without seen through the open door—and what a pity it is when they close it!—the cows browsing on the village green, and the endless varieties and successions of light and shade upon the grass, or in the branches, or on the sandy path. Yet silence there too, with all its life; silence, because this is the day that the Lord hath made,—life, to rejoice and be glad in it.

There was a sycamore outside Draybridge church, no rival of the elm tree, but standing in noble solitude on the other side the path. It had hung out its green flower tassels daintily from each little tent of down-dropped leaves, and the low, continuous, and melodious buzz of many bees stirred among it. Once or twice, laden to satiety, a large velvet "bumble" would, like the swallow, sweep across the doorway, its muffled song waxing loud and then waning as it passed away. Margaret felt that her troubled mind was the only thing discordant in that place of holy calm, the only tuneless note in the universal hymn of praise.

It is a well-established fact (and no one who has ever realised God as a Father, and his soul as the work of his creative hand, can doubt it) that the soul has *seasons*—its cold winter, its chilly but hopeful spring, its noon-day heat of summer, and its calm, sorrowful, yet patient autumn-tide. Times when, independently as it often seems of all external cause or circumstance, we sink into a callous, frigid, and immovable state from which it is impossible to arouse ourselves. For if we love God, we are aware of this lovelessness, and we are pained by the knowledge, if our love be true. It is a paralysis of the soul, when unable to feel or move, we yet feel keenly the *loss* of feeling and of motion.

Margaret, who was no saint (and had she been so, I doubt her escaping wholly the universal frost-bite), was passing through such a season now. For many days past she had knelt many times to pray, and had

risen hard and loveless as before. It seemed to her that behind her many cares and much weariness God had hidden his face.

On this Sunday in church she felt that she did not really pray. Each petition as she strove to drive it upwards fell to the earth, unheard as it seemed to her, unheard as it is possible it may in reality have been. His ways are past finding out: thank God it is so! If it were not so, He were indeed no God.

Once in the glorious Litany, with "strong crying and tears," she joined her voice and heart to that of the congregation,

"That it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children . . . and all that are desolate and oppressed!"

But for the sermon she longed with an intense longing and an eager hope. Some new word, some blessed thought, might rouse her, and melt the stubbornness at her heart. Nay, she even prayed, with bent head when the prayers were ended and there was a pause of silence, that it might be so. When she raised her head, the clergyman who had read had given up his place in the pulpit to another.

A man rather above the middle height, with a face so thin and pale that Margaret stamped him immediately as an ascetic, rose from his knees, and from thin, firm lips gave out in a distinct and sonorous voice the text, "God with us."

He paused and looked quietly around the church. The faint colour that had been on his face when he rose from his knees died slowly away. He took up his handkerchief, passed it over his lips, and repeated, "God with us."

"Not to those," began the preacher, "who deny the existence of God, nor to those who would make for themselves a *private* god—I may use the word, I hope, without irreverence, seeing that I can find no other to express my meaning—not to those who fashion to themselves a being whom *they* can understand, and strive to make Infinity finite—not to such would I address myself to-day.

"In our large towns and cities, where godlessness and open sin walk hand in hand, where atheism flaunts itself unshamed in the broadest light of day and has its hundreds of disciples—it is our duty, as ambassadors for God, to protest against this open rebellion, this bold-faced disavowal of our King.

"But in this country church, in the midst of the fairest, freshest bounties of the Lord of all the earth, in the face of that smiling ever-praiseful nature in which you, my

hearers, are set, I purpose more to speak to you of Him, than to endeavour to prove, what you can hardly dare to doubt—that He in very truth exists. Your presence here to-day assures me that my supposition regarding you is correct. I do not believe in such *dishonest* doubt as would bring men to their knees before a God in whom they do not believe, nor in such craven thralldom to the opinion of this world as would induce them to come, and to kneel, for the sake of that world merely, and its opinion.

"To you, therefore, to whom my text is familiar, I address myself. To you who have hitherto accepted the great truth which it contains. How it is accepted, in how limited a manner, and what influence the acceptance bears upon our life, I hope in turn to consider. Lastly, I would lay before you the reasons I find for believing that we *may* accept it, in a very grand, and lofty, and extensive sense.

"Firstly, then, how it is accepted. And I need not repeat that I mean by the avowed professors of Christianity. 'God with us.' Sometimes we have it as a text at Christmas. It then conveys to us the *remembrance* of the actual presence of our Saviour on the earth. According to our various dispositions or imaginations the mind leads us from this point to other things. To the Babe in the manger, his mission, his sorrows, his death, to his ascension, when like a cloud He vanished from our sight; perhaps to the message He left for us about the 'little while'—yet further, perhaps, to his coming again.

"Again, to some very simple minds, I believe to the mind of every child, the God who we are told is 'with us,' takes the form of a human being. Kind to the good, a punisher of the wicked, seated upon a throne, and following with a judicial eye the footsteps of all earth's little children.

"Or again, do we not sometimes (some of us, I fear, at all times) view Him as an abstract Being, ruling the universe perhaps, but quite apart from us men and our doings?

"Or as a fate, from which we cannot by any means escape?

"Or as perfect holiness without the element of love, failing which, holiness is no longer holiness?

"Brethren, the God of all the earth has mercy so vast that none dare exclude his brother from his presence, nor condemn any conception of Him, so long as it savours not of irreverence and unbelief. But may we not hope to enlarge our own miserable and

small conceptions? The age is progressing, science is progressing, all things are progressing around us: why, then, should belief wax cold, and our ideas of God alone remain stunted? Nay, they have shrunken and grown small, for David of all men had the most elevated and enlarged conception of his Creator and his friend; and David lived a thousand years before Christ.

"And it is in this way that our ideas may be enlarged. By extending God *every way*, if so I may speak; not raising Him to that pinnacle of greatness at which He cannot reach us, but giving Him all *power* as well as all glory. And all power does not concern itself with mighty things alone, but with all things, small or great. He that could say, 'Arise, take up thy bed,' to him that could not rise, could also forgive all sin. He that made a universe can make a man to walk upon one small spot of that universe. Our Creator, and yet our Father and our Friend, our elder Brother, and our King, our High Priest and the Lamb for sacrifice.

"But I anticipate; for I would now speak to you of the cold and meagre acceptance of this truth as shown by the *influence*—shall I say the lack of influence?—it has upon our lives.

"Do we believe in the continual presence of God when we use in common conversation the words 'chance,' 'luck,' 'misfortune,' 'accident?' If He is 'with us,' He is not a passive observer, I imagine, but an Agent, a Father, a directing hand.

"Do we believe in God's actual presence when we speak of Him with irreverence, with distrust—when we drive his Spirit from the inner temple by lightness or by wilful sin?

"Do we believe that He is with us when we fret continually under a petty trial, under a trial of any sort or kind, and struggle restlessly to be free from that which He has suffered shall be for a little time our portion? Do we believe that the grave is in his hand, and that through the dark valley He leads us when we murmur and rebel (I do not say when we *mourn*, for to mourn is Christ-like, and is blessed), that one whom we would have here is taken to a better country?

"My brethren, surely to believe is not to realise. We all believe that God is with us; how many realise it as a noble truth? . . .

"But while I speak, a certain disease of man's soul comes to my remembrance; and lest any in this place should now labour, or in bygone times have laboured, under it, I would, by the help of the God who is with us, speak a word of comfort and of hope.

"The disease I mean is an *inability* to realise the presence of God.

"You have all felt, my hearers, I am persuaded, more or less, aware of it or unaware, this torpor, this languor, this miserable searching for a God you cannot find—a God who has heretofore been yours, who heretofore has heard your prayers, who never heretofore has failed you.

"I beseech you let not this cause you to despair. 'He hath said, and shall He not perform?' 'Behold, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

"In the meantime, it has pleased Him to turn away for a little his health-giving face. There is some purpose, believe me, in the grief, the stupor, that is yours. We cannot follow Him into the distance where his everlasting purposes are planned: we cannot, being finite, comprehend Infinity.

"But the faith that enlarges man's heart, and gives grandeur to his intellect, and nobility to his toil,—that faith which points to God as *in* all as well as *over* all, will carry you through even this prayerless, faithless season. The sickness is not unto death. The Master is not yet come into the house to heal; maybe, had thy faith been stronger, He had not waited, but had spoken words of healing from afar off. Now to wait for his touch, believing, is all that thou canst do. 'It is expedient that He has gone from thee, for a little while.' Only a little while. He cannot leave thee."

"The Master saith, 'Where is the guest-chamber that I may enter in?'

"'Even so come, Lord Jesus!'"

XVII.

"The heart of a man's like that delicate weed
Which requires to be trampled on boldly indeed,
Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract."
OWEN MEREDITH.

MARGARET turned out of the church with a heart softened and thankful, if not greatly comforted. But the very softening comforted: it was a comfort to feel hot tears coursing themselves over her face beneath her veil.

The sermon was too long to give in full, and neither can it here be done justice to, nor may it to others be acceptable as it was to Margaret. The preacher spoke, and it seemed he spoke specially to her of rest and patience; and as he spoke they seemed in measure to come back to her after a weary absence.

"I hope the dove will find a resting-place," said Margaret, "and not take fright at the confusion in my heart."

Ellen hung behind a moment to speak to

some one she knew. When she rejoined Margaret she said :

"I have seen the clergyman, Margaret ; he passed me quite close. I wonder who he is !"

"Then he is not the rector ?"

"O no ; the one who read is the rector. This is some stranger ; but he must be very kind, he was talking to a blind man in the churchyard."

They walked on in silence for some time, making no comment on the sermon. Margaret felt that Ellen would not look upon it in the same light, and Ellen was evidently in no way impressed by it.

"If I could have a clergyman like that to talk to at Fernhill," thought Margaret, "I should be different from what I am now. He does not preach cold doctrine to repel us ; and he would, from his own greatness, take pity upon sins, and failings, and weaknesses in others."

"If I were quite sure that Ann is not cooking those lamb-cutlets for dinner," thought Ellen, "we need not walk so fast. I want to keep them for to-morrow, and to have that half pigeon-pie to-day."

So was each in her way engrossed in meditation, till Margaret felt herself being stared at by Ellen's grey eyes.

"What is it, Ellen ?" she asked.

"I was thinking how beautiful you look in mourning, Margaret ; but you always look beautiful in anything."

Margaret laughed.

"How nice it must be," continued Ellen. "I wonder you don't make a picture of yourself sometimes. It would be prettier than that little rough girl of Woodward's you are doing. And you didn't even make her *tidy* to be done."

Margaret did not listen or hear ; her eyes were fixed on a group coming towards them.

"The children !" said Ellen. "And who's that with them ?"

A man. For an instant a wild hope that Gaspar had come back brought the colour into Margaret's face. It faded out slowly, and a look of part anger part surprise took its place. What business had he to come, taking advantage of her loneliness, walking out to *meet* her, evidently quite at home ?

On his part was all the embarrassment, as he said awkwardly, "How do you do, Miss Marshall ?" and held out his hand.

It was Luke Carew.

Three make no company, it is said, yet, when at the rectory gate Ellen Williams, in spite of Margaret's looks and words of entreaty,

declared her intention of going home, and reduced the party, a further constraint seemed to fall upon the remaining two. Margaret walked rapidly, holding her head high, and compressing her lips, as was her habit when she was annoyed. Luke walked beside her, mostly in silence, now and then venturing a humble remark, or some thought for her welfare.

"You have got a headache, I am afraid?" he asked once.

"Not much more than usual, thank you," said Margaret. Then a long silence. He looked into the hedge and then shyly at Margaret ; she looked up to the trees and the sky.

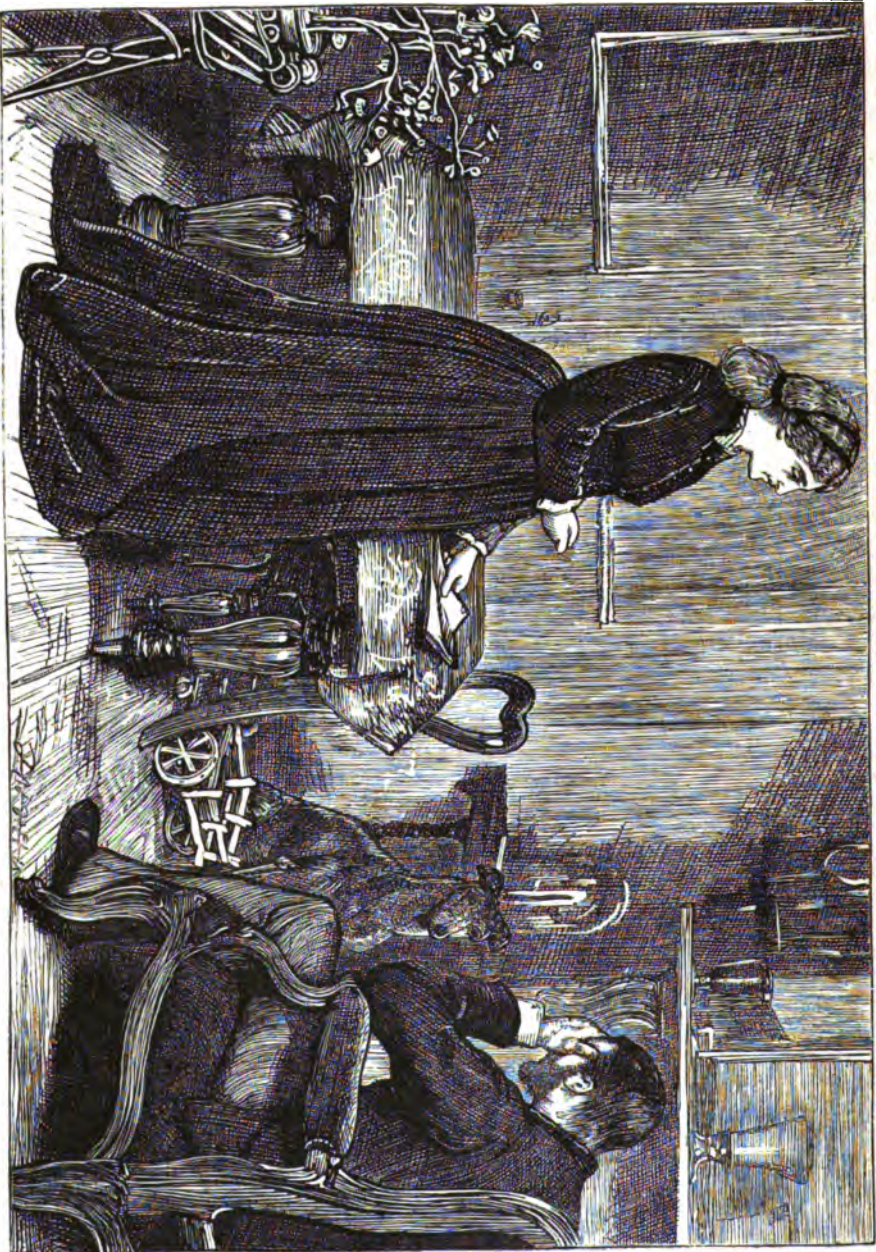
"I hope Mrs. Armytage is quite well ?" said Margaret.

"Very well, thank you. I wish I could see you look as well." The voice here took a pathetic tone, and the large blue eyes grew plaintive.

If she had been lighter-hearted, Margaret would have been more cutting in her retorts. As it was, she could only be cold and distant. She was angry that Luke Carew had dared to come and see her. She could not doubt for what purpose he had come. In her comparative prosperity she had rejected him ; did he think that poverty would drive her to his arms ?

I cannot analyse a woman's feelings under these or any other circumstances ; but certain it is, that to some minds, or in some phases of mind, devotion, and particularly *displayed* devotion, defeat their own purpose, and are more repulsive than acceptable. The abject misery and humiliation they see, jars perhaps with woman's pre-conceived notions of manliness and manly wooing. The wounds they have themselves inflicted (perhaps to prove the metal of their victim), received in a spirit of patience and forbearance, or with ill-disguised pain, aggravate rather than soften or humanise. It is such a delicate question, and woman is so versatile and wondrous a creation, that no one can attempt to make a rule for her—shall I say subjection ? But I fancy if man were more often, and at the right moment, to "frown and be perverse, and say them nay," like Juliet, to take a leaf indeed from their own journal, he would more often be successful. Perhaps, some may say, this is not desirable. Luke Carew, however, was not of this mind.

There is a moment after all the tyranny, which I will allow it is, and the pleasures of that tyranny which I will allow exist, when woman sinks down exhausted by the use of her own weapons, and uses her power to



"MARGARET."

raise whom she has cast down. Having driven her chariot in haste over her victim, she returns to bathe his wounds and to set him beside her. And of course that cures the wounds at once. Was such a moment coming for Luke? Ah, that was what he wanted to know.

He felt he looked very stupid, and the knowledge made him look more stupid still. Poor fellow, he had been given his leave once; and yet it seemed to him that Margaret had not been so hard upon him then as she was to-day. He was as much relieved as she, when the children ran noisily out to meet them.

They made friends with him at once. He had been a sailor at ~~one~~ time, and retained much of the ingenious, frank manner that sailors have. And he was very fond of children. But of these children, so ~~gent~~ of Margaret and ~~off~~ Margaret's life, he became at once fond to foolishness. They led him all over the garden, picking Mrs. Hobson's wallflowers ruthlessly, and dancing round him in an ecstasy of delight. Charlie filled his pockets with pebbles, and Dolly indignantly turned them out. Every now and then he glanced furtively at the little up-stairs window and then at his watch: his train left at six o'clock for London, and he had three miles to walk. He thought Margaret was very long talking off her things. If he could but suppose that—

"Thinking which would please him best,
She took a lily or a rose."

Alas, poor Luke! there seemed little chance for him of such a compliment; a half-compliment, I will say—for I fear, even before a spurned lover, women loves to look her best.

Margaret above saw the pitiful upward look, and it hardened her all the more. She moved from the window, and sat down on the edge of her bed. There she remained till common courtesy compelled her to come down and appear at the glass door of the small sitting-room. At the first sound of her footstep Luke Carew left the children and approached her. He made an effort to pass into the room, and she was obliged to retreat a step to enable him to do so.

"I have asked for some tea," she said, standing up tall and pale, and cold as ever, in the doorway. She was determined not to sit down. "You have a long walk to the station."

Surely that was hopeful: she used an expression approaching to kindness.

Luke Carew did not answer. He was

sitting in an arm-chair (the arm-chair of the little room, for his love had for a moment made him forget his manners), his hands clasped so tightly that they were white as ivory, and his sunburnt face bent.

Would his silence, the misery he was enduring, and which Margaret *must* see,—would it move her to pity? He raised his eyes, for how could he long keep them from her?

She had never looked to him so beautiful. Her white, clear-cut features against the blue sky, the tall figure in black, so lithely shaped and symmetrical, the white hand upon the window-pane, with the blue veins standing out upon it. Above all, the sad, careworn, piteous expression of long-suffered distress and sorrow about the large, appealing eyes. This sight and this sorrow, and his helplessness to intervene between the last and her, were too much for Luke's self-command. He did the best thing that could have been thought of; he used the weapons that had so mastered him, and threw himself upon her compassion.

Had he knelt to her, taken her hand, surprised her with a volley of reproach or entreaty, she would have rebelled against the liberty and cast him off. As it was, he sat still, only that he moved his hands, and covered his face with them.

There was such despair in this quiet movement, that Margaret looked round. His bowed shoulders were heaving in an agony of emotion, but he did not say a word.

In a moment fresh colours fell upon everything, because Margaret was moved to pity. She had been cruel, hard, even uncourteous to him, and in return for what? For the most disinterested love that man had ever given. She, penniless, miserable, and alone, was wooed by a man rich in mind as in purse—for till to-day Luke Carew had never known stupidity—and she returned his offering with scorn and contempt.

The hands moved themselves a little; he moved his knees too as if he suffered even bodily pain: and I am sure he did; such tension and mental suffering extends farther than the mind.

"Margaret!" he said, "O Margaret, Margaret!"

Not as a call to her, not as a reproach, only with a wail of despair in it that wrung her heart. It is too much for most women; I know it was too much for Margaret.

"Mr. Carew!" she said gently, and it sounded to him as if heaven opened and an

angel spoke. There was such a look of expectant hunger in his face when he looked up, that Margaret was almost frightened. He began to rise.

"Please sit still," said she quickly, "and listen to what I am going to say. I want you to forgive me for having been rude and scornful to you. I know what you are doing when you ask me to be—your wife. I know that

you have got over your pride, which I wounded last year. I know that you are stooping, as no one else would stoop perhaps, and—oh, indeed you don't know how unhappy I am! it is that that helps to make me rude to you. I don't know why it is I am so stony. I cannot love you yet."

"Oh, Margaret, did you say *not yet*?" And there came a glory of sunshine all over his



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face, as if she had said, "I love, and love, and love you."

Margaret wanted to answer: she wanted to say, "I don't know if I shall ever be able to love you; but I grieve for you in my very heart." She wanted to say, "Gaspar is away, and I have not heard from him." She wanted to say everything of her misery, except that she was very poor. But she broke down instead, and said nothing. She held her

handkerchief to her face and cried like a little child.

There come ridiculous episodes in the greatest dramas of life. Luke Carew was going down on one knee with a vague wild desire of thus comforting Margaret, when a patter of feet brought him to his own. Margaret escaped lest the children should see her tears.

"What was you doing to my Aunt Mar-

g'ret?" said Charlie. "Was you saying your prayers?"

"Something very like it," said Luke to himself; but "What have you done with the boat I gave you?" he said to the children. His face looked like a summer day after a thunderstorm—some of the trouble left, but a deal of glory shining through.

"O we've got it here in the tub, come and see."

"O do come," said Dolly, pouting her red lips out of her white sun-bonnet, and wagging her stiff, newly-washed frock behind her, as they darted like sun-winged dragonflies into the garden.

"Here, in the garden," they called shrilly; and Luke followed them, moving his head backwards and forwards, and up and down, as if he had just recovered from a stiff neck, and thinking what a beautiful day it had become all of a sudden.

"What have you got for sailors, eh?" he asked, not caring the least for the answer.

"Look here! two jolly blue-bottles. That's Aunt Marg'ret, and that's you. Hallo!" and they both gave a scream of delight. "Aunt Marg'ret's tipped you in the water."

Luke did not like the omen; but he was too happy to be daunted so easily. "They will fly away," said he.

"O no; don't ye see we've cutten off their wings, so they only jest climb up and down like sailors. Aunt Marg'ret's *sech* a good sailor."

The garden gate clicked, and Ellen Williams's brown hat came up between the lilac and the row of wallflowers. Luke Carew sighed. Margaret up-stairs thanked God. She feared another *tête-à-tête* more than she could say.

She ran down cheerful and bright, with red marks round her eyes, but a lighter heart. She would be very careful in her behaviour. What had she said or done when she cried? How *could* she cry before Luke Carew? She would be quite at her ease now, neither cold nor too friendly.

She showed him her latest picture of the little village girl, with the brown hair and the primroses.

His eyes sparkled over it. "How beautiful," said he, in a low, earnest voice. "Has Pickering seen this? I suppose not."

"But it is not finished," put in Ellen apologetically. "You have not made the hair tidy yet, Margaret. What a pity you did not tell me in time, and her mother would have put it in curl papers."

Margaret smiled. Luke Carew smiled too, but not at Ellen. Some happy thought of his own, I think, for his eyes followed Margaret.

The tea came: the time ebbed away, and so did the tea. But Ellen Williams sat on steadfastly, perhaps a little owing to the fact that Margaret held her hand. She liked having her hand held by Margaret.

"I must go," said Luke at length with a sigh. By the way, he had said it at least six times before.

"I hope you will not be tired after your long walk," said Margaret, rising.

"Good-bye," said he, and wrung her hand as he turned away.

"You have forgotten Miss Williams, Mr. Carew," said Margaret, smiling.

Oh, Luke Carew, where are your manners gone to? He had certainly forgotten Ellen Williams.

CHARITY IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.—SAILORS' HOMES.

DANIEL DEFOE pronounces begging a disgrace to any country; it being a shame that a worthy object of charity should be reduced, and equally a shame that an unworthy one should be allowed to beg. Yet Mendicancy, not many years ago, was a recognised institution in the land. We remember the days of Blue Gowns—a class typified by Edie Ochiltree, that inimitable character in "The Antiquary." Year by year they received, with their gown, a shilling for every year of the king's age; and with the metal badge on the breast that—stamped, for anything we

remember, with the royal arms—gave them a right to beg, they made their annual rounds through the country. Then, also, the Thursday of each week saw moving bundles of party-coloured rags crawling through the streets of our native town—an odd procession of about thirty old men and women, who, authorised by the magistrates and headed by a half-fatuous man in petticoats, called at the doors of the charitable for their weekly dole. Then also, "a law unto themselves," mendicants of all orders and ages plied their trade, especially at fairs and markets; some show-

No music, to our ear, like the boom of the foaming breakers; nor sight we more enjoyed than to lie of a morning over our garden gate, beneath the shadow of a spreading elm, and watch the sun, as the purple curtains of the sky were parted, rise from his ocean bed, and weave on the deep the path of living light that, stretching from the horizon to the shore, looked like a road for angels' feet, as they came from heaven to minister to the saints of God. And many a night when the wind was howling among the beech-trees, and the rack was scudding in heaven, and the troubled air was filled with the roar of billows, and men out on these waters were fighting for life, we loved to recognise a type of our Saviour in the Bell Rock tower. There it stood, right out before our windows, with its blessed light warning some off the roaring reef, and guiding others safely to their haven through the gloom of the darkest nights and over the waters of the stormiest seas.

Many circumstances occurred when we were there to make us better acquainted than some of our readers are with the hardships and dangers which seamen, in their perilous profession and in our service, are exposed to. These of course had their influence on our sympathies, both as men and Christians. One day, for instance, on going to inquire about a woman who claimed alms from our parish, we visited a house in the neighbouring seaport that was a Home for Sailors' Widows; and from their lips we heard such tales of peril and of perishing that it seemed as if down in the depths of oceans, the floor was paved with the skeletons of men. This widow's husband was drowned, her father and brother also; that one, besides a husband, had lost two sons at sea; another, long years ago, and but a few days after their marriage, parted with her sailor lad, and though she lay many a weary night awake, long after the time the ship should have returned, hoping every footstep on the pavement was his till it passed the door, and her heart sunk as it died away in the distance, he never came back—neither he nor the ship was heard of more. On another, a Sabbath day, to mention one circumstance more, the wind had risen into a gale, the gale into a tempest. Off the lee-shore there was a schooner seen in distress, labouring to get out to sea. But vain all the efforts of her crew; she drew nearer and nearer to the shoal-water, till, with a shock that made every timber tremble, she struck fast on a sand-bank. Over her now went the waves, and away with a crash went one mast by the

board. The other stood; and the crew were seen to leave the deck, where the sea was making a clean breach, and take to the shrouds. Now men haste, mount, and spur for the life-boat. Brave hands throw themselves into her, and, straining every muscle of their sinewy arms, pull away over the bar, and the wild sea breaking there. But the boat has to round a tongue of land, and the impatient, almost angry crowd, think she is never to appear. Meanwhile they see the signals of the poor fellows in the shrouds, and now and then hear above the roar of the storm their pitiful cries; but as time wears on and no relief appears, their strength is exhausted and their hands grow so benumbed that they drop off one by one from their slippery hold. Only one now is left, when a great cry from the crowd, *The Life-boat! the Life-boat!* as she rounds the headland, reaches his ear; and while others are praising God that day in a thousand quiet churches, how do they praise Him on that stormy shore when the last solitary sailor descends on the deck, takes his stand on the bows, and, watching the moment, as the boat is whirled by on the crest of a billow, leaps for life and falls into the arms of his deliverers! It is not only with some adequate sense of the importance of seamen to the prosperity and safety of our country, but also with a heart that has learned in many ways to sympathise with their privations and perils, and the claims they have on our care and Christian kindness, that we now consider this department of London Charities; giving precedence to the strangers on our shores, the natives of Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific.

A slim figure that, but for its moustache, might pass for a woman, wearing a white robe, cinctured by a sash, and falling in graceful folds to his feet; his head, from which a mass of dark, long, lank hair falls on his shoulders, covered by a gay turban; his eyes black as night and brilliant as diamonds; his slight but sinewy hands holding some toys or tracts, may occasionally be seen standing on the streets of Edinburgh or other inland towns, mutely appealing to the charity of the passengers. A group of children are gazing at the Oriental; to judge from their open mouths, also some country people of the type of her who exclaimed, on first seeing a negro, "*There's many a thing made for the penny!*" And he gets "*the penny*"—some, as they pass by him, thinking of their own sons far away in a distant land; others how God in his blessed Word enjoins kindness to the stranger, and how Jesus himself has said, "*I*

was a stranger, and ye took me in ; inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." This "knight of the rueful countenance" is probably a great knave ; an idle vagabond, whom you would find in the evening in some low lodging-house, the haunt of "Jolly Beggars," merry as a lark, laughing at the simplicity of the charitable, and compensating himself for the privations of the day with the jollifications of the night—boon companions, smoking steaks, toddy, and a roaring fire. That may be so ; but we should condemn him with less severity did we know what hardships, crimes, and often cruelty on the part of Christians—so called—have driven the poor Lascar to this pass.

He is one of a class, native sailors from India, Arabia, Africa, China, Mozambique, the Straits of Malacca, and the islands of the South Pacific, who were frequently met with, some years ago, on the streets of London, Liverpool, and other great seaport towns. They could say, "No man careth for my soul ;" and without any to commiserate their sufferings or redress their wrongs, they—if they ever reached them—returned to their own homes and heathen lands, more inaccessible than ever to our missionaries. They had seen Christianity in a form that made it hateful. We can fancy their state of mind much like that of the Red Indian who, on being asked to become a Christian, drew himself proudly up and, with flushed face and eyes flashing with indignation, answered, "Christian lie, Christian steal, Christian seize my land and murder my tribe, the devil Christian—I will be no Christian !" What had the missionary whom we had sent out to convert the Hindoos to answer, when one of them stood up among the crowd to say, My friends and countrymen, believe him not ! I have been in his Christian land. Aha, aha, mine eyes have seen it. We may be bad ; they are worse. I was deceived, cheated, robbed, and plundered there ; treated worse than a dog, and no man cared—none took compassion on me. He talks of our vices ; I left London more a child of hell than I entered it. Go back, sir, to your own people ; and when they have learned humanity and virtue, return, if you will, to us. Physician, heal thyself !

Shifted about from one vessel and one owner to another ; induced, before they left their own shores, to sign articles of agreement they did not understand ; often harshly and in some instances brutally treated, they were, on the arrival of the vessel, cast on the shores of England. There they fell into the hands of *crimps*—about whom we have some-

thing afterwards to say. Conducted by them to infamous dens, they were plundered, by foul men and abandoned women, of wages and savings—often of their very clothes—and then turned out to beg or die on the street. Not many years ago, no fewer than two hundred of them were beggars in the streets of London, besides fifty more, who were in the workhouses of East London ; and who, like sea-weed torn from its native rock and drifted out and in by the tide, were sometimes within the walls of the workhouse, sometimes within those of the prison. Far from their own sunny skies and sweet homes beneath the palm-trees, scantily clothed and worse fed, many of these poor wretches might be seen on the streets, coiled up for the sake of warmth—crouched on the pavement like houseless dogs. Plundered by *crimps* among whom they were thrown like the carcass of an old horse into a kennel of hounds, and exposed in their shivering rags to our inclement weather, they fell thick and fast, victims of our neglect and inhumanity. In 1854, for example, or some time in the two following years, as many as Nineteen inquests were held on them in the course of a few weeks ; and during these three years more than One Thousand were admitted into the Dreadnought Hospital alone. The condition of these Lascars—all the more objects of Christian pity that they were poor heathens and far from friends and home—was an outrage on humanity ; a scandal to our country and a disgrace to our religion.

Who was the good Samaritan who did not "pass by on the other side," but passing over took compassion on him who had "fallen among thieves," who did for these strangers what Andrew Reed did for our Idiots, Orphans, and Incurables, we do not know. His name is known in heaven, recorded there ; and that is enough. At his call, London rose to the rescue. On the 31st of May, 1856, a large assemblage of noblemen, ladies, gentlemen, and Oriental visitors of rank, and two hundred and thirty natives of India and China, met to raise a Home for these seamen, suited to the natives of a tropical climate, and worthy as well of a Christian people as of a nation which had drawn so much of its wealth from their distant shores. On that happy occasion the foundation stone was laid by the hand of one our country yet mourns, the late much-lamented Prince Consort. In acknowledging the thanks offered him, in name of the subscribers, by the Maharajah Duleep Singh and Colonel Sykes, chairman of the East India Company, His Royal Highness said, "It has, as you justly

suppose, given me great pleasure to co-operate with you in the good work, the foundation of which has this day been laid. It appears to me to be our duty to assist and protect, as far as lies in our power, from the dangers and temptations to which their helplessness and ignorance expose them, the natives of remote regions who are brought to our shores assisting in our commerce, and contributing by their labour to the riches of this country." Let the reader now, after this introduction, take a seat in the *hansom* and accompany us in our visit to the Home.

Making our way through those crowded London thoroughfares where—though statistics show one person run over and killed every second day—the preservation of life and limb seems almost miraculous, we leave the *hansom* at Fenchurch Street to take advantage of a railway. With glimpses of the shipping that crowds the Thames, caught occasionally through the openings of streets, roofs, and tall chimney-stalks, we get out at Limehouse. Here the neighbourhood, like the shore with its wrack, as we may say, smells of the sea. Sailors' trousers, jackets, and dreadnoughts dangle at the doors of many shops; and quadrants, compasses, chronometers, marine barometers, in the windows of others, tell how the trade of the natives thereabouts is with those who "go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters." A short while, and we stand in front of a large, goodly, and even handsome edifice, where the dark skins, black lustrous eyes, white pearly teeth, long lank raven hair, the girdle around the waist, and the light-coloured handkerchief, or turban, of some lounging by the door, show us we have reached our destination. Here we are at last, reading this inscription on its front, THE STRANGERS' HOME FOR ASIATICS, AFRICANS, AND SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

On entering the hall, into which we were introduced by a porter, whose dress was ours, but whose features bespoke him a son of the Celestial Empire, we found ourselves in a very genial atmosphere. A brilliant fire was blazing there; and around it, enjoying it, were natives of we know not how many sunny lands. The oblique almond eyes, twisted head-tails, and yellow skins belonged to China; these features much like our own, but associated with a dark complexion, slim figure, and small hands, were East Indian; the tawny colour, large flashing eyes, and high cheek-bones of others bespoke the Malay from Singapore, Sumatra, or Batavia; and in woolly heads, flat noses, thick lips, shuffling gait, and sooty colour the Negro

stood revealed. Some were pacing up and down the hall, with a sailor's roll; others sat on benches busy with a pack of cards, nearly as black as their own paws; while here a group of Lascars were engaged in a very animated talk, and listened to by a yellow-faced Chinaman, who, judging from his unmeaning stare, understood their language as much as ourselves. Foreign and fierce of aspect, when these fellows showed their white teeth and flashed fire from their eyes in the keenness of the debate, they looked very like pirates—men we had read of, who, tempted by the value of the cargo, rose on their white captain and his officers to beat out their brains with marline-spikes, or cut their throats, and tumble them into the sea. A mere imagination this, however; these inmates of the Home being, as we learned before leaving it, quiet, docile, and on the whole very grateful for the blessings they enjoyed there.

This Home was built at a cost of £15,000; more than one-third of the whole expense being, to their honour, contributed by native princes, nobles, and merchants of India. Of that third £500 was given by the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who, animated by the spirit of that Christian faith which he had embraced, was earnest in pleading that something might be done for the welfare of the poor, helpless Asiatics London had left to starve and perish in her streets.

The institution, which was at first established, and is still, so far as money is needed in excess of that received for board and lodging, maintained by voluntary contributions, accommodates 230 inmates; and we may form some conception of the good it has done from the fact, that, since its opening, it has saved upwards of 5,000 natives of India, China, East and West Africa, the Malay Continent, and the Islands of the South Pacific from robbery and disease, beggary and want. Nor is that all the material benefit which they have derived from this Home. It has provided them with employment and sent them to their native homes; and done more still. In other times these "strangers in a strange land" were cast ashore without any to care for them—abandoned in this Christian country to *crimps* and foul women. These, under professions of friendship, lured the poor foreigners into haunts of infamy, dens of robbers; and then, stripping them of wages, jewels, and almost all their clothing, turned them out to beg and die in the streets. But now the Home guards as well their property as their persons. In proof of

that, look at the following table, extracted from the books of its savings-bank:—

CASH DEPOSITED BY INMATES, TAKEN CARE OF, AND RETURNED ON THEIR DEPARTURE.			
In 1857 by 28 depositors	.	.	£346 6 6
1858 " 31 "	.	.	570 4 7
1859 " 46 "	.	.	554 12 10
1860 " 37 "	.	.	351 7 7
1861 " 64 "	.	.	1,097 8 0
1862 " 94 "	.	.	863 5 3
1863 " 44 "	.	.	330 16 4
1864 " 24 "	.	.	350 3 7
1865 " 34 "	.	.	547 14 5
1866 " 27 "	.	.	211 5 0
1867 " 41 "	.	.	563 1 1
1868 " 43 "	.	.	635 2 5
1869 " 71 "	.	.	885 12 2
			7,359 0 3
Add estimated value of watches, rings, and other trinkets	.	.	5,000 0 0
			£12,359 0 3

Having gathered up these details, let us now go, and take a survey of the arrangements of the house in company with its governor. He is Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes. Trained by his profession to organise and command; kind in demeanour, but firm in purpose; combining in beautiful harmony the courtesy of a perfect gentleman with the high conscientiousness of a sincere Christian; zealous, energetic, and living as well for as in his work, Colonel Hughes is emphatically "the right man in the right place." Lord Henry Cholmondeley, president of the institution, in addressing Lord Lawrence at a meeting of its supporters, said, "I will take the opportunity of saying to your lordship and the company here assembled, that, under God, the great success that has attended the institution has been mainly owing to the Christian zeal and activity of my dear friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes; and I am sure that every one who knows what my gallant friend has done will cordially concur in that remark." We do so; and thank God that these poor fellows, natives of distant, and in most instances of pagan lands, have been committed in Providence to the kind, wise, and Christian care of such a man.

In our walk through the Home we found it divided into different wards and rooms as follows:—

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT DINING HALL.

- No. 1. H.H. the Maharajah Duleep Singh's Dormitory. 30 beds and boxes.
- No. 2. Sir Edward North Buxton's Dormitory. 20 beds and boxes.
- No. 3. London Dock Company's Dormitory. 20 beds and boxes.
- No. 4. East India Company's Dormitory. 30 beds and boxes.
- No. 5. Messrs. H. R. and F. Green's Dormitory. 20 beds and boxes.
- No. 6. Messrs. Somes' Dormitory (11 cabins). 11 beds and boxes.
- Dyce Sombre's Dormitory and Hospital Ward.
- Thomas Fowell Buxton's Convalescent Ward.
- Mudholass Purshotumdash Nightly Refuge.

Room for 60 beds, and 20 more in the above 6 Dormitories, when required.

First Class Dining Room.
Lavatory and Baths.
Public Kitchen.

Store Room.
Laundry.
Scullery.

Pantry.

THE PUBLIC HALL.

Superintendent's Office. Lascar's Shipping Office.
The Board Room. Secretary's Office.
Superintendent's Private Apartments, Kitchen, &c.
Ayah's Room. Mangling Room. Store Room
Porter's Room, and Surgery adjoining Hospital.

These names are intended to preserve and embalm the memory of those who have rendered distinguished services to the institution. And why not? The Bible indeed enjoins us not to let our left hand know what our right hand doeth, but it equally enjoins us to make our light so to shine before men that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven. Yet some, by carefully concealing their charities, have brought great discredit on religion; giving the world occasion to regard them as niggard and selfish, and to ask, with a fling at their professions of piety, What do these more than others? If the Pharisee with his sounding trumpet erred in one direction, we have known good Christians so misapprehending the true meaning of our Lord's words as to have gone far wrong in the other. However, none can doubt that it is our duty to render honour to those to whom honour is due; and we admired the good English sense and right feeling which sought in the very names of the wards to preserve the memory of those who had been the distinguished benefactors of this institution. Here, besides, in the words of the prophet, "the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answers it," saying, Go, and do thou likewise!

In reading of thousands saved from beggary and ruin by this blessed Home, let not our readers suppose that that has been altogether, or even chiefly, done at the public expense. Such a use were an abuse of charity; demoralising its recipients. Cases of necessity no doubt occur, and are met as they should be. But the institution is mainly supported at the expense of those who enjoy its benefits—find there a home indeed.

Such as have held, aboard ship, the rank of officers have each his own cabin; so furnished with sea-chest and other nautical articles that we could have fancied ourselves on the wide ocean, but that there was no rocking, nor need of sea-legs to walk the floor. The doors of these cabins are locked, and none can get access to them but their occupants, save the superintendent, who has a master-key. For this accommodation, and for board and washing and medical attendance, the officers are charged fourteen shillings a week. The common seamen pay only ten

shillings, and have washing, medical attendance, board, and bed—each man having a bed for himself in one of those large, lofty, and well-ventilated wards which contain thirty beds or so. The chests and other properties of the common sailors stand in a large room on the ground-floor, which is safely secured by a locked door and iron-barred windows—not a needless precaution, seeing that in many instances the inmates have led a rough and reckless life, and are in almost all instances either pagans or Mahomedans.

All are daily supplied with three good meals; and care is taken to suit these to their national tastes and different religions. On descending, for example, to the kitchen, where a grizzly, spare Hindoo was sweating over a mighty stove, we found him cooking neither English beef nor Scotch mutton, but fish; and this for sailors, from Zanzibar and other parts on the coasts of Africa, whose religion, or something else, makes them averse to use any other kind of animal food. The customs and consciences of the Mahomedans are equally respected. That there may be no ground even for a suspicion on their part that Christians would take advantage of their necessities to tamper with their faith, swine meat of all kinds is strictly interdicted, nor allowed on any account to be brought into the house.

And here we may remark that if their faith in some instances debars the inmates from the use of healthful food, it has countervailing advantages. We refer to the regular ablutions which their religion imposes on Mahomedans and Hindoos. The zealous monk Fray Antonio Agapida, in relating the conquest of Granada, says, speaking of the Moors from whose hands it was wrested by Ferdinand and Isabella, of Castile and Arragon, "Water is more necessary to these infidels than bread, as they make use of it in repeated daily ablutions enjoined by their damnable religion, and employ it in baths and in a thousand other idle and extravagant modes, of which we Spaniards and Christians make little account." So much the worse for the Spaniards and Christians! It were well for Christians, we may observe in passing, to remember the famous saying of Matthew Henry, "Cleanliness and holiness are nearly allied." Good any way for sanitary purposes, the Home is well supplied with baths; and into these the dark skins crowd and throng regularly every morning. Teaching us a healthful lesson, and rebuking many for their neglect of prayer, and God's Word, those means of grace He has

appointed for our daily use, these heathen and followers of the False Prophet never break their fast till, as their religion requires, they plunge over head and ears in water.

Having gone over the house, let us now introduce our readers to two of its inmates, in whom we were particularly interested—the one a trophy of Ragged Schools, the other of royal lineage, with the blood of a long line of kings coursing in his veins. The first was a remarkably fine-looking boy. We found him in the scullery. He was assistant to the Hindoo cook; with his blue eyes and fair hair and rosy cheeks, presenting a striking contrast to his swarthy master. He had been one of the offscourings of London; but now, through the education and training received at a ragged school, was not only supporting himself, but helping to support his mother also. There he stood, putting to shame thousands so demoralised by our wretched Poor Laws as to cast the parents they should honour, venerate, and maintain, on public charity. The mainstay of his mother, this boy gave her, as we found on questioning him, every penny of the wages he received, in addition to his board in the Home; and it was enough to bring the tears into our eyes when we saw them start into his, and run over his cheeks, on our blessing him, and warmly commending him for his kindness to a mother who was a widow. Having had much to do with ragged schools, on unexpectedly lighting on this example of the good they do, our pleasure was equal to our surprise; reminding us of our feelings when on the top of the Alps, in our descent from the Hospital of St. Bernard, among its savage rocks and near by their eternal snows, we found a beautiful flower similar if not identical with one we had gathered on the cliffs of the sea-board of our native land. Blessed be the hand that plucked this boy out of the gutter! and would good Christians go forth to save those that "are ready to perish," how many such jewels—notwithstanding all that Lord Shaftesbury and others have done—might they still find in the gutters and dust-heaps of London?

Very different in age, in complexion, and in original rank, was the other person we found in the Home. On opening the door of one of the corridors where the officers' cabins are ranged, we were struck by the sight of a venerable, noble, and picturesque-looking man, sitting at a table by the fire, with books before him and pen in hand. His dress was a blue robe reaching to his heels; a curiously-shaped cap covered his head, and a splendid beard fell on his breast; his hair

was iron-grey; his colour swarthy; and though his air was sad, his countenance was full of intelligence. He rose on our entering, and *salaamed* with great grace and dignity; and nothing easier than to see at a glance that this was no common sailor, nor even common officer, but a high-bred Hindoo gentleman. Colonel Hughes talked with him in his native tongue; but he both understood and spoke our language so well that we spent a while in conversation with him—very interesting conversation; for though he wore the dress of a Hindoo, he had the faith and heart of a Christian. He had been converted years ago; and when we were ushered into his presence he was engaged translating some English hymns into his own tongue. A more remarkable example than we had ever seen of the vicissitudes of life and transitory nature of human glory, this inmate of a London charity was of the blood royal of India. There he stood amid his fallen fortunes and the ruins of an ancient dynasty. His ancestors, and these not remote, had filled the throne of the Grand Mogul. He was the nephew of the last of the kings of Delhi—that hoary ruffian who gave authority, in the time of the late mutiny, to massacre the British residents, and whom, on taking the city, without regard to grey hairs that were not a crown of glory, we righteously dragged from his harem, and banished to a savage island in the Indian Ocean.

In Florence we had seen and conversed with Signora Madiati, whom the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at the instigation of the Pope and his priests, had thrown into prison—condemning her for no crime but reading the Word of God; in Geneva, on the day of his ordination to the ministry, we had been introduced to Carasco, whom Spain—as well befitted the land of the Inquisition—had consigned to a dungeon for no other or greater offence; but here, in respect of earthly rank, was a confessor and martyr nobler still. On his embracing Christianity, in which he is a devout as well as a sincere believer, his uncle the King of Delhi was greatly enraged; reducing the large pension which he enjoyed before his conversion to a miserable pittance. On the city being taken and his uncle dethroned and banished, our Indian Government gave him an allowance of some twenty shillings per week; and he had come to this country seeking to have it increased—an object he was hoping to attain through the kind influence of Lord Lawrence and Sir Charles Trevelyan. We were much touched by his air of dignified resignation. He looked for a better crown

than that worn by a long line of royal ancestors; having this, the comfort of all Christ's followers, all his cross-bearers, whether born in a palace or a cottage, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

The material advantages of this Home, these alone, make it a blessed and most interesting charity. But "what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And we would hope that our readers, impressed with that, for their own sakes as well as for the sake of others, desire to know what—if anything—is done to enlighten the minds and save the souls of the objects of this excellent charity. We are very happy to give them such information on that matter as cannot fail to recommend the Home to their prayers and contributions. This important point was provided for in the trust deed. One of the regulations, which was read and adopted by the subscribers at its opening on the 7th of June, 1857, runs thus:—

"It is not the intention or wish of the directors to interfere with the prejudices of the natives of the East; but they feel it their duty as Christians to set the Gospel before those who are willing to listen, and to give some portion of the Holy Scriptures to those who can read and desire to have a copy in their own language; and, with this object in view, a Scripture Reader conversant with their language, habits, and customs has been engaged."

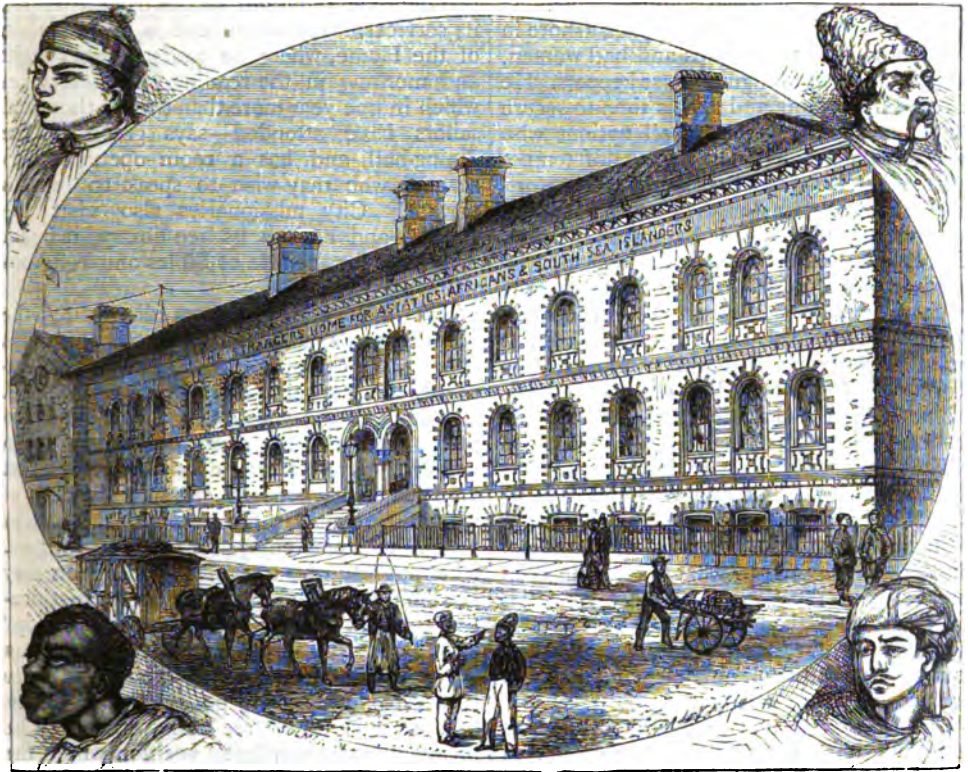
And what better guarantee for the directors faithfully carrying out this rule than the fact, that they positively refused the munificent sum of £4,000, offered them by Caman and Company, on condition of their withholding Christian instruction from Asiatics within the Home?

In accordance with the duty of the directors as Christians, and to carry out the resolution approved of by the subscribers, to set the Gospel before those Mahomedans and heathen who were willing to listen, the Home has a missionary who speaks Hindoostani and other tongues, and whose love for his work is as remarkable as his powers of acquiring the languages of the East. Nor, well backed as he is by Colonel Hughes and the other officers of the institution, have his labours been without fruit and a blessing. And who can tell how the seeds of divine truth he implants in the minds of these poor ignorant strangers may spring up in the various regions to which they bear them? and how the Bibles—of which we saw copies there in twenty-two different languages—carried to their distant lands may illustrate the grand old promise, "There shall be a handful of corn in the

earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon?"

Not the least attractive feature to us of this institution was its catholic character. Here was a field on which different denominations of Christians met to work, side by side, in beautiful harmony. However the storms of controversy raged without its walls, peace reigned within them; and here the true unity of the Reformed Churches was practically exhibited. Colonel Hughes, the governor, is an Episcopalian; the superintendent is a Baptist; the missionary is a

Wesleyan; and, to descend from great things to small, the porter at the gate—though we know not what colours he wears—is a converted Chinaman. Here is an Evangelical alliance; one to gladden any man's heart who, weary of conflicts and controversies, longs for the time when union and uniformity shall no longer be confounded; points shall no longer be magnified into principles; minor differences shall no longer be regarded as justifiable causes of division; and not in the world only, but also in the Church of Christ, the sword shall be turned into a



ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook; and, under the benign sceptre of the Prince of Peace, this glorious prophecy shall be fulfilled from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting sun—"THE WHOLE EARTH IS AT REST, AND IS QUIET; THEY BREAK FORTH INTO SINGING."

We shall now proceed to give a more brief account of a kindred institution to the Strangers' Home. Although the latter shelters a motley multitude, still more varied is the nationality of the frequenters of the Sailors' Home I. N.S.

hard by the London Docks. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, men from the Channel Islands, British North Americans, United Statesmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Germans, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Dutchmen, Belgians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Laplanders, Negroes and African colonists, Mauritians, West Indians, East Indians, Chinamen, Australians, Maories, Kanakas—and that does not exhaust the list—have found shelter in the great comfortable marine hotel which extends from Well Street to Dock Street. In the stone-floored Recep-

tion Hall almost every shade of skin may be seen, from the glossy black of the huge negro towering, like Saul, above his mates, to the rosy red and white of the country lad about to make his first voyage. Some scores of the Home's inmates have, by-the-bye, been born at sea.

There are two other Sailors' Homes in London, but since the one in Well and Dock Streets is the oldest in existence, the model which has led to the foundation of Sailors' Homes all over the world, it may fairly be selected for description.

Captain R. J. Elliot, R.N., was the chief founder of the Well Street Sailors Home. As a brother sailor, he pitied Poor Jack ashore in London, the prey of crimps and bad women, publicans and low lodging-house keepers. He devoted his fortune and all his time to secure for the merchant sailors of all nations who visit the Port of London a place of temporary residence in which they might get comfortable money's worth for their money, and at the same time be screened from temptation, without any interference with their dearly-loved "liberty," and be brought within the reach of humanising, Christianising influences. To carry out his object, Captain Elliot took humble lodgings in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway. His coadjutors were Admiral G. C. Gambier and Captain R. Justice.

The Brunswick Theatre having tumbled down, Captains Elliot and Gambier bought the ground it had stood upon, and the heaps of brick and mortar into which it had crumbled. On the site they raised what is still the Well Street side of the Sailors' Home. Whilst it was being built, the two captains every morning gathered the bricklayers and their labourers round them, and began the day's work with a hymn and prayer.

The Wellclose Square neighbourhood at that time bore a reputation very similar to that borne now by the Wapping district known as "Tiger Bay." It has not entirely lost that bad fame, although we trust that the handsome schools for seamen's children (to the building of which the Home would have contributed, had it not been legally incapacitated from doing so) which now stand on the site of the old Danish church may act as sweetening leaven. But any one who sees the swarm of brazen-faced women who congregate outside the public-houses in the neighbourhood of the Home now that it has become a success, may guess what difficulties it had to struggle with when it was an experiment. It did succeed, however. Sailors

flocked to it in such numbers that, although the wife of the Sailor King fitted up an additional dormitory, hundreds of sailors were unable to get a bed in the Home. It swarmed out into Dock Street, where it has now a handsome frontage of yellow, red, and black brick, far more ornate and lively-looking than the colonnaded Well Street frontage. The Prince of Wales opened the new building, exactly thirty years after the opening of the old one. His father laid the foundation-stone of the Seamen's Church hard by, endowed by Admiral Sir Henry Hope. Its vane is a gilt ship, and nearly two hundred thousand sailors have attended its services. Its incumbent is the chaplain of the Home, where he reads prayers night and morning in the reading-room—services which in one year more than twelve thousand sailors have attended—says grace in the dining-hall, and has a room open to any seaman who may wish to speak to him in private. City missionaries also visit the Home; and besides its free library, it has a repository for the sale of Bibles and religious publications.

The Trinity pilot-cutters distribute the Home's cards amongst the crews of ships coming up channel, and boatmen are employed for the same purpose at Gravesend. The Home's van goes down to the Docks to bring Jack and his chest or bundle for a moderate fare to the door of the Home. Lodging-house keepers grumble fiercely at what they consider the exceptional chances which the Home enjoys for securing lodgers. The minority who treat Jack well when they get him may, perhaps, have some justification for their growls, but the bulk of sailors' lodging-letters are so notoriously bent on fleecing him, that his friends are not likely to be severe to mark any possible infringement of the principles of free trade which may be involved in the privileged position which the Sailors' Home occupies. It should be added that, although the Sailors' Home is a "London charity," in the sense that charitable people started it, those who avail themselves of its advantages need not feel under any pecuniary obligation. Men pay 15s. a week for its accommodation; masters and mates 18s. 6d. Washing is included in these charges.

Let us take a ramble over the great building, in company with the two courteous secretaries, both, like the founders of the institution, captains in the Navy.

In the Reception Hall sailors of all nations are sitting, standing, and walking in those

abruptly reverted short walks which sea-life engenders. There is a good deal of smoking and spitting going on, but no swearing or squabbling. The percentage of men, moreover, even merely muddled by drink, is remarkably small. A deputy-superintendent sits in a little office on one side of the hall, busy over his big books, and a policeman or two in plain clothes or uniform are in the hall; but supervision seems almost otiose, and good care is taken not to obtrude it. When the men have had their dinner, they will come down into this hall again, and dance to the merry scraping of a fiddle in Jack's jolly-Bruin-like stamping and shuffling style. On the same floor are the offices of the institution—including a savings-bank, a post-office that issues money-orders without charge, a mercantile marine office, and a royal naval reserve office. Formerly accredited slopsellers, &c., were allowed to exhibit lists of prices in the Home, but no touting for custom was permitted. Now persons connected with the Home exhibit goods for sale within it. The motive for this arrangement was good—the same that prompted the other arrangements we have just referred to: to enable Jack to get money's worth for his money on the premises. But we venture to express a doubt as to whether the innovation was exactly prudent. At any rate, it has increased the number of the bitter haters of the Home—those who think they have a right to fleece and even flay poor Jack. Local shopkeepers complain, with some semblance of justice, that they have to compete with rivals who pay no rent, rates, or taxes.

In the basement there is a recreation-room, supplied with draughts, chess-men, and bagatelle-boards. Draughts are Jack's favourite game. He ponders over his next move, as if Consols would drop to 50 if he made a bad one. If it were not for the tension of his brow, you might fancy that he had gone to sleep over the board. He has just the sternly patient, quasi-somnolent look of crack marksmen taking aim, in curled-up, hedgehog-like positions, at Wimbledon. In the basement there is also a rumbling skittle-alley and a racquet-court. All games must, ostensibly at any rate, be played "for love" only in the Home. There are baths, too, and a school in which navigation is admirably taught; a room for those inmates who have come in too late for the regular meals to get their food in; the store for left luggage; the steam-engine which pumps up the water into the huge cistern which, by means of hydrants on every floor, could soon flood the whole

place in case of fire; the butcher's shop; the store-room; the cavernous coal-cellar; and the long, wide, warm, unctuously scented kitchen. In the basement also terminates the shaft of the "lift," that can be hoisted to the highest floor. Our legs are not as young as they were in old Brechin days, and we feel half inclined to avail ourselves of the lift. However, we stumble up into the reception hall again, and thence up a broad fire-proof staircase into the light, spacious dining-hall. Marble busts of Captain Elliot and Captain Pierce, a highly respected former secretary of the Institution; a model of a frigate rigged by Captain Elliot; and a clock, presented to the Home by Mr. Dent, constitute the ornamental furniture of the hall; but it is so bright, roomy, airy—the table-cloths are so clean—the fare provided is so plentiful, good, and nicely cooked, that Jack, after his experience of galley-cooked dinners eaten in the fore-castle must think himself in clover. This is the Home's *menu*:—breakfast at eight—coffee, bread and butter, fish, and boiled beef; dinner at one—soup, roast and boiled beef and mutton, meat-pies, game, when there is a glut of it at Leadenhall Market, vegetables, plum-pudding, fruit-pies, and beer; tea at half-past five—tea, bread and butter, water-cresses, lettuces, radishes, or celery; supper at nine—bread and cheese and beer. The sailor can then stay out until half-past eleven, and if he chooses to ask for a pass, until a later time. It will be seen, therefore, that the Home feeds the sailor well, and puts only the check of the superintendent's opinion of his conduct on his "hearing the chimes by midnight" propensities. The masters and mates have a lofty mess-room of their own, but of them we have no right to speak under the head of "Charity in London." And, indeed, in a strictly logical sense, we have no right to speak either of the before-the-mast inmates of the Sailors' Home as recipients of charity. They pay for what they get. The "charity" of the Home consists in giving them far better value for their money than they could get in the vast majority of sailors' lodging-houses—coupled with Christian solicitude for their making the best, in Mr. Binney's phrase, of both worlds.

The Sailors' Home, however, has an *annexe* which is charitable in the most literal sense of the word. This is the Destitute Sailors' Asylum. It receives every penniless seaman who can give fairly satisfactory proof that "he has not been on shore from his last ship more than twelve months;" helps such men

to find ships in London or elsewhere; forwards them to their friends; sends them to hospitals, and furnishes them with extra comforts there; and gives them a roof to cover them, and plain food to eat, when they are discharged from hospital. The accommodation given is of the very simplest, deal forms and tables, hammocks with brown rugs; and the inmates of the Asylum are expected to keep it nearly as clean as the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. There is nothing to pamper pauperism in the administration of the Asylum. The managers know well enough that, per-

haps, the majority of those who are compelled to seek its aid have been brought down to that necessity by their own vices. Therefore, the directors do not pet their patients, but they heartily pity them, and try to give them a chance of doing better. Some 50,000 men of all nations the Asylum has thus relieved. When we visited it, the cook, making capital soup for his co-inmates, was a native of Goulburn, New South Wales. The Asylum has a little library of Bibles in all languages, and they seem to have been well thumbed.

OLD SALLY.*

THOSE who are familiar with the neighbourhood around Derwentwater Lake, are probably familiar, too, with what local guides and drivers are in the habit of recommending to the attention of strangers as the Watendlath round. A very beautiful and varied walk it is, turning off from the main-road about two miles from the town of Keswick, up a steep hill commanding fine views of lake and mountains, through woods, with young fir-trees standing knee-deep in tall heather—on into a secluded valley full of peace and unpretending charm; past two or three old farmhouses constituting the hamlet of Watendlath; up a hill-side much steeper than the first, and across a breezy common with a fine prospect of the Scawfell range, and the deep green, cup-like vale of Seathwaite at its feet. Sometimes these highest of our English mountains look “low and positive” enough, but seen through the silver mist of an autumn day, they rise almost to sublimity, and as the narrow path between the heather descends, and glimpses of them are caught through a thin yellow veil of larch branches, their beauty may well enchant even the rapid tourist fresh from greater things, still more the quiet dweller in their midst, who knowing and loving them well, is yet from time to time startled and amazed, to see what glorious, what magical aspects they can assume.

On such a glorifying day of autumn, seven years ago, I was passing through the larch wood on my way to rejoin the main road near the village of Rosthwaite, when a tall,

gaunt figure of a woman, hard-featured in the extreme, standing beside a cottage door below my path, suddenly called out “Good day to you;” and then by way of introduction, “I’se the woman who takes care of th’ auld woman;” and again, seeing, I suppose, that my face remained blank, “Maybe ye’d like to go in and see th’ auld woman; there’s a deal of strangers goes to see her.” “Would she like it, do you think?” “Oh, ay, I dare say. Auld Sally’s always well pleased to see strangers.” I stood for a moment undecided, then went into Sally’s abode. It was an old, a very old cottage, whitewashed and bare, yet even externally rude and slanting enough to be called by that uncomfortable word picturesque, and inside rendered really striking by the great black and cavernous chimney, once common to the district, open to the top, and well hung with brawny fitches and hams, growing brown and well-flavoured in the smoke from the large log slowly consuming on the small projecting grate. The room had but one dim window, and, as the bank rose steeply just before it, it was a dark, not to say dismal, room, with a small bed in its darkest part, three or four chairs, an old oak chest, a small table holding a great Bible; on the hob a saucepan and a short black pipe, and over the fire a little old woman bent nearly double, apparently expostulating with herself in a loud, cheery, deep bass voice.

We fell easily into talk. Even then Sally was quite accustomed to visits from strangers, though her full renown as “Queen of Borrowdale” came later on, when she neared more closely the brink of her hundred years. She told me in this first interview that she was ninety-three or ninety-four, or thereabouts;

* “Borrowdale in the Old Time, as gathered from the Conversation of the late Sarah Yewdale.” R. Bailey, Keswick.

she did not know for certain ; that she lived quite alone, had no relations living near, if anywhere ; that she cooked her own dinner, and "mostly did for herself," "her that's next door" coming in daily to carry water, make the bed, &c., and that all her friends and neighbours were very kind and helpful. When I rose to go away she tottered after me to the door, calling out that I was to be sure and look in soon again, not that she wanted anything, but "just a crack." And that was my first introduction to the dear old soul, of whom afterwards I saw so much.

But all this, it may fairly be said, is intolerably common-place, and I must make haste to prove that this old Cumberland woman deserves a record any more than others who reach extreme age in respectable obscurity. Indeed, I may fail in proving it, but the fault will be my own. I am, however, quite determined not to dress out my subject—not to attempt to make Sally Yewdale brighter or better, or in any way more exceptional than she was.

Sally had not always been dependent on a weekly half-crown from the parish, on the chance offerings of tourists, and the more constant and infinitely more precious kindness shown her by the neighbours—her own people, among whom she had dwelt all her days. Sally had had a nice little property of her own. A small cottage with two good fields tapering down to the clear river, and bordered on the road side by well-grown oak-trees. Here she had lived with her parents in far-away years ; and it must have been early in this century that she sold the small freehold to a lady well known in the neighbourhood, and much liked and esteemed, I believe ; at all events an intimate friend and constant correspondent of Southey's, which is evidence in her favour. This lady built a strange ramshackle kind of a house, with an exquisite view, close to the site of Sally's home, and for some years employed her in her service, and no doubt duly paid her the interest of the purchase-money. The capital Sally considered safer and better in her mistress's hands than her own. Probably it was during these years that a hundred pounds were lent to a pencil manufacturer in Keswick, and lost when he became bankrupt. To have managed her affairs by the aid of a lawyer Sally would have considered a foolish expense. Borrowdale people were accustomed to trust each other's word. Here, however, I do not know the progress of affairs with any minuteness. No wrong, we may be sure, was meant, yet grievous wrong got done. The pleasure of

building, especially of being one's own architect, is proverbially hazardous. Then came the lady's marriage—a late marriage, and to a foreigner—not, we may presume, a prudent step. I speak of long years past, and there are none to be pained by what I tell. The outcome of it all was, that the lady in question left the country in much embarrassment, that later the interest ceased to come in, that the property was mortgaged to strangers, that for Sally, then an aged woman, there would have been nothing for it but to move away from the home of a lifetime into the imprisonment of a workhouse, had it not been for the kindness of one of her village friends, who cleared out his potatoes from an old cottage of his, and gave it to be her shelter.

I am not going to moralise about the carelessness that might have proved so direfully cruel in its effects, but if this incident could but bring home to one kindly heart prone to the *laissez aller* in matters of business, the hideously unjust, mean, barbarous course which we may any of us slip into, if once we relax in strenuous efforts to live within our means (a thing not to be done without effort, be the means what they may), why this sketch will have justified its appearance in the *SUNDAY MAGAZINE*.

A pleasanter subject of thought is the way in which Sally bore the wrong done her. It is this which stamps hers a really remarkable character. How many would have been wholly unable to forgive such a wrong at all ! How many more would have acquired the habit of self-complacently dealing out a verbal forgiveness without attaining to the higher achievement of forgetting, nay, without wishing to attain to it ! Dear old Sally, on the contrary, habitually forgot all about the matter ! If she ever reverted to it (and she seldom did so spontaneously), it was but to say that the lady, whose cleverness she delighted to extol, and whose memory she never ceased to love—that "Miss B——" was one as never knew how to deal with money, poor thing," with no more censure than if money had been a bolting horse—too hard in the mouth for the control of a lady's hand. "There's all sorts of maks, ye ken," she would conclude, and then quite naturally turn away to another subject. Surely an heroic way of bearing a severe reverse of fortune. For this old Cumberland woman not only had all the sturdy independence of her race, but its tendency to lay full stress upon what she called "having enough of the world." And those of us who have noticed and regretted in any of our friends, or, still

more, who have detected in ourselves the dangerous fascination of a chronic grievance,—how thought and speech tend to circle more or less closely round it, till the one who has been wronged takes as morbid a pleasure in exacerbating the sense of wrong as a wild animal in spreading by tooth and claw the sore that unfretted would long ago have healed—all such, I maintain, are bound to honour and admire the healthy temperament that could throw off the temptation to whine and revert—to regret or complain; and this not through moral obtuseness either, for once I heard her say, “I’d sooner it had been done to me than ha’ done it mysel’;” but that she liked better to look on the pleasant than the gloomy side of life, on the good things left rather than on those taken away.

Another of Sally’s delightful peculiarities was her power of attention and of sympathy. This is not very common in any class, but rarest, of course, in the least cultivated, and especially rare in extreme old age, one of whose chief penalties is just a necessity of self-repetition, self-reference, and an incapability of “living in the experience of others.” Now from this penalty Sally was singularly free. She threw herself with keen interest into the circumstances of other people—people she had never seen before and would never see again; made shrewd guesses as to their characters, or rather, as she called it, “their mak,” could read with those shrunken eyes of hers the trace of past sorrow on a smiling face, and could remember both the facts told her and the inferences she had drawn. She hardly ever confused names even. To be sure, her range of inquiry was not a wide one. She cared not at all what opinions people held—religious or otherwise—nor had she much interest in hearing of the different places they came from; how should she who had hardly ever been out of Borrowdale, and to whom strange places were only hard words? What she cared for chiefly was the nature of one’s family ties—

“Have you a father, have you a mother,
Have you a sister, have you a brother?”

and, also, Have you, or has that friend of yours “enough of the world, poor thing?” I am bound to admit that to Sally Yewdale this last was a matter of special interest. Her imagination dwelt a good deal upon money; not that she cared more for the rich friend than the poor, but that if she liked you she would gladly have had you rich, or even had you supposed rich, that you might rise the higher in Borrowdale estimation. In the abstract she would readily admit that “it did

na’ mak so much odds sae lang as a body hes a’ they want;” but to come to particulars, a large income seemed to her a pleasant thing even to hear of, and all incomes whatever a perfectly legitimate subject of inquiry, and yet a matter too solemn for random talk. Had the dear old soul ascertained how little some of her special friends were rich upon, I am quite sure the knowledge would never have spread beyond her cottage wall.

Since therefore Sally was sympathising, clear-headed, and discreet, it stands to reason that she was universally popular. One hardly ever found her alone. The farmers around—slow-witted themselves—found great enjoyment in smoking their pipe in Sally’s dark room, and hearing her sallies of humour and laughter. “Ay, ay, I mak ’em all keck,” she would say, and then add with just self-appreciation, “What! there’s a power of crack in me yet.” And this was the general impression, so that Sally held her receptions daily. Not only was she a chronicle of the olden times, could tell grey-bearded men the annals of the parish when their fathers were young, but she could and did comment racily and judiciously on the parish proceedings of the present day. And she had a keen though kindly eye for a foible, and if a neighbour did a silly thing it was pretty sure to be carried to Old Sally, and she would “tell her mind on it.” But privileged person as she was, and free to “tell them all her mind and not be afraid of any yan o’ them,” it was *her* mind only that she told. Nobody could be more free from that deadly sin of quoting the censure of a third person. No mischief-making could ever be laid at her door. By some special grace of “mak,” to use her own word, she was exempt from that gangrene of village life (would that it never spread beyond!), unscrupulous repetition of unfriendly comments or unflattering opinions.

Nor was it only the more mature men who took counsel with Sally’s wisdom over their pipes and hers, but rosy-cheeked girls and stolid lads were to be found sitting silent and open-mouthed before her, while she lectured them for their good. Little children too were fond of toddling into her dark room, and it was pretty to see them with their clean Sunday faces, carrying in some share of a savoury Sunday dish sent her by their mothers. Sally was very fond of “the barns,” and pleasantly the smile on her furrowed face answered the half wonder, half awe on theirs.

For old as Sally was, she had not outlived the keen edge of her affections. Where she loved she loved fervently still; nor had she

outlived tears. We all know Tennyson's pathetic poem of "The Grandmother," and how true it is that aged eyes seldom weep, though long ago they "could have wept with the best." But a hundred years had not dried up the emotional element in this dear soul's nature. She wept when she spoke of her mother, of her meekness, her worth, of her last thought and only regret at death: "Sarah, I shall not know what's coming of you." She wept on parting with her favourite friends. I have often felt the warm tears gush down the wrinkled cheeks on kissing her and saying good-bye. And she would weep a little too in contemplating her own end. "For," as she once told me, "some folk think I mun be tired of living; but a' can tell 'em life's sweet at ninety-seven." It was not, however, so much a reluctance to die as the play of her own imagination that moved her. "Ay, to be sure, when I'm gone, there will be a change here. They all say there'll never be sic a wonder again. What the Lord has done for me, to be sure! But I canna' bide much longer, hinny, I canna', and then the voice would break with that vague and tender emotion common to us all:—

"No more by thee my steps shall be
For ever and for ever."

"The place that knows us shall know us no more."

Sarah Yewdale had never married. I used to wonder why, for she told me she was "varra bonny" in youth, and the general tradition confirms the fact of looks far beyond the average, and what was perhaps even more admired, singular activity and lissomeness (only two days ago her old neighbour and "help," whose reminiscences of more than seventy years back rise in value now that Sally's far clearer ones can no longer be heard, told me she "minded Sally leaping over a six-barred yett (gate), she was that lish"). I once tried to moot this delicate question in the early years of our friendship, but got a dignified rebuke, not administered directly, but in the form of quotation from an answer made by her to some other curious impertinent. However, on a later occasion, she spontaneously poured out "the old, old story." She might have "bettered herself" often, but in her mother's lifetime she would never have left her for that; and then—"there's the many and there's the one ye ken," and "if things had come about as they should, she would have married him." He was quite a "better sort o' man, and sic a scholar." What the hitch was she did not tell me, but her pale sunken eye lit up as she said, "The best on it is he never married

either." "And you often think of him, Sally?" "Ay, that I do. By night when I canna' sleep—it's all as if it had been yesterday." In that dark corner, on that grimy pallet, thoughts of youth came back to light up the vigils of her great age, and she was again "varra bonny" and beloved! She never complained of the nights being long, though to others it often seemed appallingly dreary that she should lie there all alone in the darkness, with a stick beside her to rap, if need be, on the wall of the neighbouring cottage, and wake up the inmates—the already aged woman who was paid sixpence a week by the parish for such attendance as she rendered, and a "feckless" brother. But these things did not, I trust, make the same impression on her mind. She often said how warm and good her blankets were, and once, in answer to some condolence of mine, I remember an unusual burst of expression, not, I am sure, of mere feeling, "Is not my Lord and Saviour with me?"

It pleases me to remember how many sources of happiness this dear old woman had. "Honour," if not obedience, and "troops of friends." The answer of a good conscience too, and a sustaining sense of influence and usefulness. She was a bond of union, a centre of common interest to all the district, and she knew it. Many a purse-proud and boorish nature got at a ray of better light through her outspokenness. It did all good to care for her and minister to her, and respect her as "the Queen of Borrowdale." Then—"circumstances being plastic"—her dismal cottage gave her the pleasant sense of home and hospitality. How carefully she would choose for a visitor the least rickety of her chairs, and set it in the fullest blaze the smouldering log on her fireplace could afford. Nor did she ever suffer from a mortifying consciousness of poverty. Indeed she often declared "she had all she wanted"—is there a better definition of wealth? She never turned away a beggar from her door—very wrong, no doubt, if she had but known it, but at all events very pleasant and cheering for her. A dubious-looking tramp got his halfpenny and away with him; a well-spoken man, or a woman, were had in for a sit by the fire and an exchange of "crack." Sally believed that there was no taking her in, and melted over the narrative of their distress as perfectly authentic. Indeed, she was a discernor of spirits, and of all the friends it was my pleasure to take and introduce to her, she invariably liked the highest natures best. Dare I after this hint

that she was fond of me, that she often nudged me with her sharp elbow, and repeated her saying about "the one and the many?" But this was because she saw me so often, and so entirely realised my fondness for her. "Mind you come soon again," she invariably said. "I shall want you if I'm taken badly;" and not seldom, "I shall want you by me when I'm liggin there at the last."

When that last came I was far away. It came less gently than might have been expected, for life was tenacious still in the withered frame. There was a severe fit, and

three or four days of struggle and suffering. She sometimes rambled, and then she sang the hymns her mother had taught her. But generally she was perfectly conscious, knew all her friendly neighbours, saw them round her bed with pleasure, and bade them farewell. She remembered absent friends too. But I could never obtain such circumstantial details of the parting as I wished for. The neighbours were more eloquent on the subject of the funeral. In common with the rest of her class, Sally would have shrunk more from a pauper's funeral than from any amount of



privation during life. She had long "laid by" in anticipation of *that*; often mentioned that *that* was provided for and all settled with the true friend who had given her his cottage for her home. And I have been told again and again that it was a "grand funeral." She died in the February of 1869, and there were pale spring flowers placed in profusion on and around the substantial coffin, and so she lay in calm state, unchanged till the lid was closed, while all Borrowdale came to look its last at her, and to follow her to the grave. And now she lies in a quiet churchyard,

folded in by her native hills; and as I stood there the other day, the autumn sun lighting up her head-stone, I found myself wishing the dear soul could have known there would rise that memorial of her there; for mostly the green mounds are unmarked, and in the course of time the sleeping-place of the loved departed grows hard to distinguish. And Sally would dearly have liked her name to be held in remembrance by children's children in the dale that had known her so long. The stone was put up by a friend from across the Atlantic, who fully appreciated the worth and

originality of the old Cumberland woman. It testifies to the universal respect in which she was held, and no truer word was ever inscribed over any grave. It also records of Sarah Yewdale that she was

"AGED ONE HUNDRED."

I believe that her exact age was ninety-nine, but the temptation to carve the round number on the stone is quite intelligible.

And now I must quote a passage from the little book mentioned at the bottom of the first page. It has had great popularity. Two editions have been exhausted, and another is preparing. Those who take an interest in the Cumberland dialect, as well as in the one whose talk it records, cannot do better than procure it; for the spirit of Old Sally's discourse and the vernacular in which she indulged are admirably rendered. I choose a characteristic reminiscence, which will give a good idea of the amount of drollery that endured with her to the last.

"Ay what, we war allus a merry-hearted fwok when we met togidder, an' gay brecks theear war amang us at times, but nivver nowt 'at was nasty or low-lived. Yan could jwoke an' tak' a jwoke i' them days, an' mebbe a' wasn't allus clear mesel o' t' mischeefs 'at war deuan. A' can mind on 't as 't were nobbit yesterday. Theear was gart Wilson o' t' Truss Yatts—it was a farm-hoose than—him an' his auld wife an' three sarvants—twow lads an' a lass. Noo, ye see, gart Wilson was a terrible body for allus sturrin and prowen at t' mwornins before udder fwok war up. Many a time be five o'clock of a cauld winter mwornin w' t' snow o' t' grund an' t' varra stars frozen like ice-shockles, wad them twow poor lads hae been hammerin' away wi' ther flails reet i' t' mid-mang o' us, an' makken o' t' deurs ring agaen when we war aw' i' bed. Ye may be sure theear war

laale rust for you efter that. Sae twow or three ov us young fwok put oor beeads togidder tu see how we could tak oor pennorths oot ov' him. His awn lads war riddy eneuf tu help us, an' yan o' them was a regler teul. It was ya Sunday neet i' t' deep o' winter, an' t' lads went hame a laale bit afwore midneet, peeaklen in as whisht as mice. Noo, what sud they deua but put t' clock tull varra nar five. They'd hardly weel gitten up into t' loft when t' clock streuk, an' up gits t' maister an' gangs tu t' stairs feut, shooten, 'Lads! lads! er ye nut ganna get up, ye gart liggy-beds?' T' lads were seun doon, an' laiten t' lantern, teuk off tu t' leathe, an' began batten away wi' their flails as if they'd a melder to thresh for ther poddish. Than t' lass com doon rubben her een an' glowerin at t' clock. Hur an' her maister mud gae an' milk, but laale milk wad t' coos give. Than t' auld fellah mucked coo-hoose oot, an' they hed their poddish. Be that 't was nar eight by t' clock, but nae sign o' day an' naebody else astur. Nine o'clock com, an' ten o'clock, but still it was as dark as pick, an' t' poor auld man was gitten varra uneasy in his mind. At last he was fairly deun, an' could hod oot nae langer, for t' varra darkness o' t' skies frettened 'im an' he thowt it wad nivver be day again. Sae he creept away t' bed, whor t' auld wife was ligen as snug as a bee an' as warm as a bannock. Waukenin up an' feelin 'im aw' dodderen beside hur, ses she, 'Loave an' day, Jwhony, what's the matter? Thoo's as cauld as clay, an' shakken like a esp leaf. An' what's them twow lads makken seck a noration at this time o' mwornen?' 'Mwornen!' ses he. 'It's ten o'clock, an' nae dayleet. A' doot, thoo, 'at t' world's at a end. A' wadn't hae minded if a' hedn't limed Creuak last year, for we'll nivver git any good o't.'"

L. C. S.



out of my chance of becoming cultivated and refined! I spoke sharply to poor Biddy, and probably she reported it to Mrs. Summers, and that it was in some motherly consideration of possible weariness, or ill-health, that a rice pudding was sent in for my supper. But I sullenly sent it down again, saying to myself that it was food for my higher nature which I wanted.

To my astonishment and delight the next time I met Mrs. Black she herself reverted to my question. They could receive me, she said. They had talked over the matter among themselves, and had resolved to stretch a point for the sake of a fellow-student. She was sure I would give no trouble, that I would fall into their ways quite easily, without any restiveness or non-appreciation. And on the strength of this conviction she would consent to receive me on my own terms.

I went home with her that evening to take a survey of the chamber that could be at my service. The hall and staircase were trim and spacious, the bed-room looked neat, and the parlour mantel-piece was certainly very fine. I think I forgot that I was not surveying an uninhabited house, for it never occurred to me to wonder that there was no fire in the grate, though it was the middle of a damp and chill October. I closed with the chance with delighted gratitude, and returned to my lodgings in a state of dignified elation, bidding the servant inform Mrs. Summers that I should be glad of a few words in private with her, whenever she had a spare moment.

I went into the parlour to await her. The cheery little fire struck upon me genially, but its blaze only showed the scrubby old-fashioned horse-hair chairs, and the homely tailors'-clipping rug, which Mrs. Summers had made expressly for me a year or two before, when, after a slight illness, I had suffered a good deal from cold feet. Somehow that rug gave me a sort of meek reproach, but I silenced it with a reflection that though it was very sweet of me to have a sentimental clinging to kindly old associations, yet I must tear it away. It was my positive duty. The involuntary regret only gave my voluntary change a halo of sacrifice and pain—I was immolating my weaker nature on the altar of my Higher Progress.

Mrs. Summers came in, plump and cheerful, with an honest broad apron tied about her, and a great liberal collar round her neck.

"Mrs. Summers," I said, very precisely, "I am quite as sorry as you can be for what

I am about to do. I am going to give you notice to quit."

"You don't say so!" she exclaimed, aghast. "There isn't anything the matter, is there—you ain't leaving London?"

"No, no," I said, a little taken aback, "I am only leaving here. It was a very nice comfortable home for me when I was quite a young lad, and I'm sure you've been very kind and good to me, Mrs. Summers, and I shall always remember it. But I want something more nowadays."

"I'm sure I'll always do anything I can, sir," said the good woman, who did not seem in the least to understand that the thing was settled. "I know things are a bit hap-hazard at times—used to be, in particular, when I had only those bits of gals from the charity school to help me. Biddy's better, she's clean as a new pin, and don't think it kills her to move herself quick. I know she wants teaching, but she's willin'; she's even always a-trying to practise what you tell her about the fires," she added, with a twinkle in her eyes. "I only wish I could afford a thorough servant—it doesn't take much more—the difference is all in the wages, for them growing girls that doesn't know their work eats as much and more as a settled woman that does. But little as it is, it's more than I can do with what I'm taking at present. I've often wished to mention it to you, sir, knowing that young gentlemen that are getting on in the world likes to feel so. But it didn't seem to be my place to begin speaking of it."

"You mean that if I paid a little more, you could improve matters," I said, feeling then within myself that eighteen shillings weekly were not much for a bed, use of sitting-room, board, except dinners, and whole board on Sundays.

"If you and Mr. Giles" (that was the name of the other boarder) "was agreeable to pay me a pound a-week each, you shouldn't know the place in no time. I couldn't ask any rise from the third young gentleman—he's only a little fellow, and always wanting the doctor."

For a moment my conscience smote me. I was to pay Mrs. Black six-and-twenty shillings weekly. But I speedily remembered that poor Mrs. Summers's improvements did not mean prize marbles, nor Professor Gessler, nor intellectual society.

"That would be four shillings extra, you see," said Mrs. Summers, eagerly, while I paused. "I pay Biddy seven pounds a year. For twelve or fourteen I'd get a real good

servant, that had lived in families, and was up to the new-fashioned genteel ways. And knowing it would come back again, I'd venture to lay out a pound or two on the place. The passage wants new cloth, and these chairs would look a great deal better with a bit of fresh chintz, and I know well there's many another way where I could spend five shillings with advantage. If you'd say you'd consider of it, sir."

"I'm sorry you never mentioned this before," I said, impulsively, but remembered my new aspirations and added, "yet I don't think, under the circumstances, it would have induced me to stay; but it is no use raising that question now, for I have just taken lodgings that offer unusual advantages."

"You've really taken them, sir?" said the good woman wistfully. "Well, I'm downright sorry. I'm sure I've tried to do my very best for you, and I've grown to like you, quite natural-like. The place'll seem strange without you, sir. I'd somehow took a notion that you'd stay. I s'pose it was because I wished to keep you. I like what I'm accustomed to. You needn't keep polishing the tins that are in use. New people seem to me like new pots, your hand don't fit 'em readily. It always seems to me that it's easiest to make the best of what you've got. I'd have been only too glad to have a chance to make my place nicer. I've done the very best I could. But it's the way of the world to think that if you make good brown bread, you'll not understand fancy cakes, so they give their white flour and groceries to some other body, as my grandfather, who was a baker in Dumfries, used to say. I'm real sorry to lose you, Mr. Garrett."

"You can't get a less profitable lodger, Mrs. Summers," I said, touched into sincere humility.

"Profit's not only in the pay," she answered, sententiously, "it's in the wear and tear, and the ways and manners, and I don't like changes. I'm real sorry."

I felt so, too, somehow.

Next week I drove with my boxes to Desmond Street, Bloomsbury. I wonder if it will be vain in me to record that both Mrs. Summers and Biddy shed some tears over my departure. It *was* unpleasant to go away—no mistake about it. And besides, my fellow-lodger Giles, having heard of our landlady's suggestions, had declared himself quite willing to pay a guinea a week, and in consequence there was a carpenter nailing down the new hall-cloth even while my boxes were being carried out.

"Let me make you a cup of tea before you go, sir," Mrs. Summers had pleaded; "it's only half an hour before the regular time, and the kettle'll boil in a minute." But I had put aside her kindly invitation with the thought that I should be almost in time for that meal in Desmond Street, and that it would be a social opportunity to become acquainted with my new house-mates. But the drive to Desmond Street took a little longer than I had anticipated, and though Mrs. Black received me with great politeness, she never asked if I needed any refreshment, and there was no trace of a meal in the parlour.

"Our breakfast hour is half-past eight," she said. "Of course you do not eat suppers. The Professor never does. We never do. Of course you make yourself quite free of the parlour, whether anybody else is there or not."

This permission made me feel as if what I had thought a right was only a privilege after all, and must be delicately handled.

"I am going to class this evening," she said; "but if you should wish to inquire anything, the servant will call Miss Black—my daughter Mary. She is sure to remain at home. She always does. It is really wonderful to me that a daughter of mine should prefer to spend her whole time in pottering about domestic work, without any necessity. I do wish she would view life in a higher light."

After making some slight arrangement of my possessions, I ventured down-stairs. The parlour door stood invitingly open, and there was a well-filled book-case at either side of the fire-place, and going up to them I ran my eye along rows of the works of Neander, Strauss, Kant, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, varied with ponderous treatises on physiology and logic. I did not think of opening the case till my eye caught a Tauchnitz edition of one of Auerbach's tales, tucked away in a corner. I knew him only by his inimitable "Step-Mother," which Mrs. Summers had bought second-hand on one idle summer evening, cried over, and recommended to my notice as "sweetly pretty." But I found the bookcase was locked.

It was then I first noticed I was shivering, and looking at the grate saw that the summer brightness of its steel had never yet been smirched. There was really nothing to do but shiver, for admiring the classic supporters of the prize mantel was not a long absorbing or highly exciting occupation.

It was quite an hour before anybody stirred in the house. Then some one came stepping down-stairs and into the parlour.

"Mr. Garrett, I presume," said this somebody. "I am Mary Black." I rose and bowed, and sat down, and rose again in my hobbledehoy awkwardness, but she went straight to the great arm-chair that stood beside the chilly hearth, and seated herself in it directly opposite to me.

She could not have been more than six or seven years older than me, and she was wonderfully slight and girlish in look. But, somehow, I almost instantly felt with her as I have felt with very old people, when genial and wise. It is a consciousness of a kindly, helpful presence, that looks down at one and laughs, as we may to a child at our knee, and with as little contempt and as much tenderness.

She had a round, cheerful face, with just slight marks, like fine carving, about the cheeks. She had dark hair, plaited up in a trim, tight fashion, a mouth with upward curves at the corners, and deep-set, strong-looking eyes. I did not notice her dress. I never afterwards noticed Mary Black's dress—I would be inclined to say that it was always the same. I know there were always little ruffles round her throat.

She made a few conventional observations. And then she asked, suddenly—

"Aren't you cold here, Mr. Garrett?"

"Rather," I admitted. "Have you not begun fires yet?"

"We never begin fires till the first of November," she answered, looking straight at me. "Never, on any account. Nor continue them after the first of March." I could not quite understand the curves that played about her mouth.

"It's not so bad in the day-time, you know," she went on, quite gravely, "and there's seldom anybody at home in the evenings except me."

"And don't you mind it?" I inquired.

"I go and sit in the kitchen," she said. "I am going there now. There's a beautiful fire on. Wouldn't you like something to eat, Mr. Garrett?"

I was too hungry and too truthful to say "no," so I answered—

"Mrs. Black says nobody here takes supper."

"I am going to cut some bread and butter for myself," she said; "will you have some or will you not?"

"Well, thank you, I shall be very glad," I admitted.

"We may as well both go down-stairs," she said, and as I prepared to obey, I inquired, "Is the Professor from home every evening?"

"Oh dear no," she answered; "he is at home at least three evenings out of each week. He's at home to-night—he's down in the kitchen too." And in all the gravity of her watchful eyes there was a twinkle that quite disconcerted me. "You will like the Professor," she added. "I do."

"Eh, Mees Mary, I thought I was never to see you to-night," said a cheerful cracked voice from behind the clothes-screen, as we entered. "How is it that I am to get my verbs and my theorems out of my mind, if I am to be left to myself wid them still valking roond my poor head like de ghost in de empty mansion? De fraulein wid de duster and de darning needle will soon drive dem away."

"I have brought somebody else with me to-night, Professor," said Mary, in her bright composed tones. "This is our new inmate, Mr. Edward Garrett."

"I am glad to see the young gentlemen," and a great yellow towzed head peered for a moment over the hanging linen, and then disappeared again. "Pardon me for going out of sight, Mr. Edward Garrett. I must be warm, and de garments must be aired, so we must just do as best we can."

"There's a great deal in that!" said Mary, putting down two or three willow-pattern plates, and bidding Lucy, the little serving-girl, to go and fetch some eatables from the pantry.

"Lucy is a wonderful girl," said the unseen professor while the handmaid disappeared. "I like to hear her talk. It is a new world to me. When Lucy gets a new idea, she hangs it up on her dresser pegs, or puts it away in the kitchen drawer. She translate it into her own vernacular and make it all her own. Dat is the grand way. It is the same wid the language of nations. The literal translation make the nonsense. You must get at the catholic root of the truth, and let it bear its flowers as the different airs shall colour them. It is the soul that you want, not the poor decaying crust of a body. Lucy does not try to understand my poor silly fine words, and as I am too ignorant to know her vernacular, she suggests it to me, and it is easier for me to understand her than for her to understand me. We were talking but now about the Roman Catholics, and the Friends, and the good Churchmen that are joining together to feed and clothe the hungry children of that dread east-end of London, and I said, 'Lucy, all sects should be but as the many-coloured rays in the prism blending into the pure white crystal of

charity.' Says Lucy, 'Ain't it just like the stuff you mixes into pie-crust? None of them's much count till they're mixed, and if they don't mix you know they's bad.' Lucy is a wonderful girl, Mr. Garrett. Study the Lucys. They have not been enough to school to know how to hide themselves. When you get hold of one learned man, he is only worth just what of the Lucys is left in him. If there's much left then he's all the better for his learning."

I went to my bed delighted with the Professor. I had not such an undivided opinion about Miss Mary. I could not help feeling attracted to her, but I had an undefined idea that she was laughing at me. In the course of a few days the uncomfortable personal sensation wore away, and I became aware that her soul was always full of that long, silent laughter which is the essence of unshed tears.

Next day I was introduced to Miss Joanna, who was but a young female edition of her brother Stephen, and who floundered me almost instantly by inquiring what I thought was the right position for the torso of the Venus of Milo. Breakfast was the only meal where the whole household ever gathered. During it, Stephen read aloud the political leader in the daily paper, and Mrs. Black made her comments thereon. Mary seldom sat at the table for five minutes together, very frequently did not appear till the meal was half over, though I knew that she had been up and stirring about the house from a very early hour. The Professor spoke but little at these seasons. If I could have thought it possible I should have said that he was over-awed by Mrs. Black, and I formed a pretty shrewd idea that he did not like Stephen or Joanna.

I did not know how dinner was managed, as I was not often at home then, but tea was frightfully punctual. Both the Professor and I had a constant scramble to be in time, as our work verged close upon this hour, and we were often liable to be somewhat detained by duties beyond our own control. The Professor was frequently late, and either went without the meal, or took it somewhere else, where I could scarcely divine, but it certainly was not in the parlour.

"It is better that anybody should suffer, rather than order and punctuality," Mrs. Black would say, as she ruthlessly directed that the table should be cleared, and eschewed all compromise of "tea-pot-cosy," or "fender-footman."

I thought it was very fine at first, even when I myself suffered under it. But by-

and-by, I found that I felt myself aggrieved whenever I was required to remain half an hour later to do an extra turn of work, or to assist a fellow clerk.

"I'm afraid you're not so obliging as you used to be, Garrett," Mr. Lambert once mildly hinted, overhearing some muttered grudge on my part.

"I don't find anybody very obliging to me, sir," I answered, with a bitterness that must have been half insolent.

"Don't you, my boy?" and he looked at me with kindly curiosity; "perhaps it is because you look for it from the wrong people."

I was astonished to find that Mr. Stephen went to no office, but spent his days in transferring notes from one manuscript book to another, or in dreamily reading, with a huge encyclopædia at hand for constant reference. Perhaps Mrs. Black thought these leisurely studies might bewilder me, and sought to enlighten me concerning them, for certainly I was never with her many moments before she began to speak to me of her son, his wonderful genius, and the many battles she had fought in its defence.

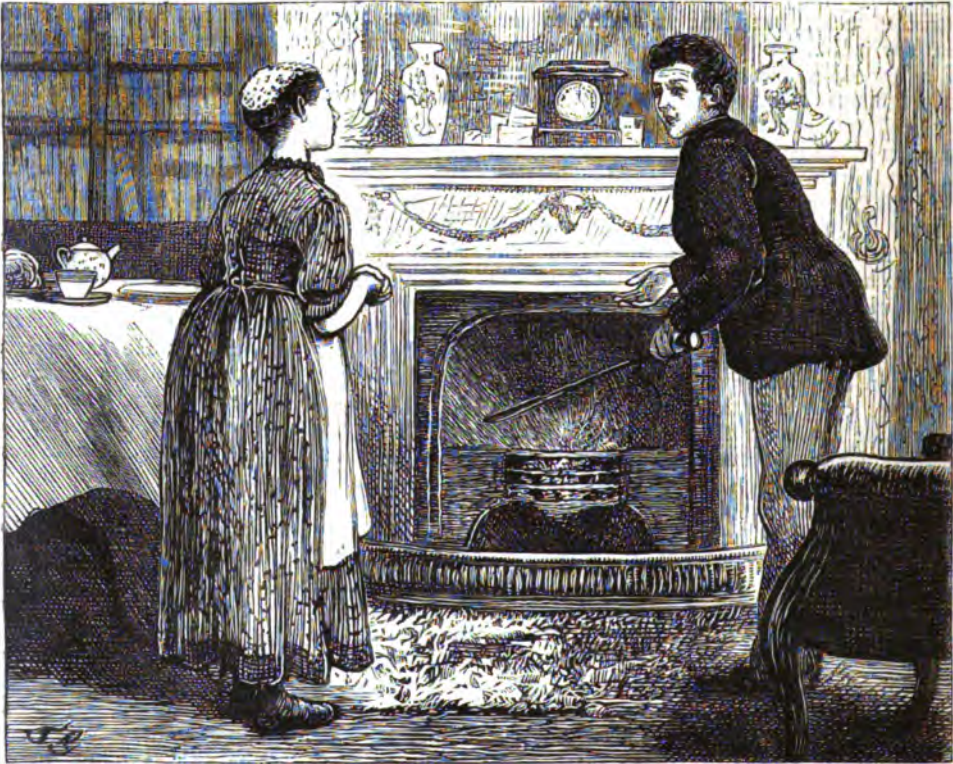
"Stephen is not made for the petty details of vulgar life," she said. "He has a contemplative soul, and a positive thirst for knowledge. Few people can understand these things, but, nevertheless, unfortunately, they will interfere with them. My late dear Mr. Black, I am sorry to say, had lost a great deal through lack of culture—in fact, my poor Mary takes after him. But he would never have interfered with me in the training of our children. I do not think he would. But his brothers were less sensitive and considerate. They were a sore trial to me in the early days of my widowhood. They were both vulgar men; just a hop merchant and a parish doctor—coarse men with no souls above their places. They always came with the parrot-cry, "What was I going to do with my boy?" They were always wondering why he did not get more prizes, quite unable to see that prizes are generally won by a mere coarse readiness, and a slavish industry. My dear boy was ever reaching far beyond his mere lessons. Then when he did not seem to care for a bustling out-door life, one of them actually suggested that he should be apprenticed to a watchmaker! His soaring delicate mind cramped to a common mechanical trade! I would not hear of it. Since then, they have wanted him to become a teacher in some boarding or grammar-school. Never, whilst I can prevent it, shall my darling son be doomed to such uncon-

genial toil. I can make sacrifices in the present for the future. I can bear with hardship now, in the strength of the proud day when Stephen, having achieved some great work, shall come to me and say, 'Mother, you made this possible for me.' Ah, Mr. Garrett, it is a solemn and an awful thing to be the mother of a great soul. How few women are worthy of such honour! How few women would give Joanna opportunity to study art in a pure and lofty sense, instead of wasting her genius in paltry attempts to illustrate insignificant periodicals, spoiling

her taste and exhausting her imagination for no reward beyond a few sordid pence."

Mary had entered the room during this harangue, and had caught the last few words. "But, mother," she said, very quietly and seriously (she was solemnly serious at times, like a river that runs strong and deep beneath its sunny ripples)—"but mother, don't you think that real work is the best teacher after all?"

"Yes, in a poor mechanical way, and with certain hard, pushing natures," said Mrs. Black coldly; "but it is no use your arguing



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with me on this matter, Mary, for we differ so widely that the most I can hope is, that we are talking about different things. You are sadly too positive and dogmatic, Mary; I fear you are deficient in reverence; you may have a restless strength of your own, but the secret of grand strength is repose, which you lack."

Mary made no answer, but stood still for a moment, and looked from the window, gazing blankly on the dull houses opposite. The

better I became acquainted with her, the more it seemed to me as if her bloom and youthfulness were but a mask, which slipped aside now and then, and showed the work-worn, weary face of a struggling defeated soul. There was at times, too, a fitting shade of defiance—an opening of the lips, as in some appealing cry; but this always passed, and generally broke into a smile as sweet as sunshine through a rifted cloud.

EDWARD GARRETT.

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

THE PRINCE.

THE nation has been crowding round a sickbed, as it never crowded before. For many days, even for weeks, Sandringham Hall was the centre of all interest, the converging focus of unnumbered streams of anxiety, loyalty, and affection. Not a newspaper but day after day gave its most conspicuous columns to one theme. Not a church, chapel, or meeting-house, but its most hushed and earnest prayers were for the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family. Not a family altar or Christian's closet but the cry of the heart went up from it, that whether it were to be death or life for the prince, he might in either case receive the needed grace and mercy. The first thought in the morning was about bulletins and telegrams. The first inquiry in the exchange was about the health of the prince. Business was pushed into a corner, the strife of party hushed, the whirl of pleasure arrested, before a case of fever. Just ten years before, the same disease had quenched the light of the palace, and there seemed a double mystery in its returning to attack the heir to the throne. Personally, he was not held in such esteem as his father. But the instinct of loyalty is strong, let republicans say what they may; and the children of those who in the northern part of this island went wild for "Prince Charlie," having long since ceased to think of the Stuarts, had a warm corner in their heart for the eldest son of Victoria. But who would not be sorry for a man in his prime in the grip of such a fell and foul disease? And for the affectionate family around him, agonised by the sight of those horrible struggles for breath, and feeling as much helplessness to give relief as if they were paupers in a workhouse? The nation has seen the hand of God in this matter as distinctly as if it had been looked on with bodily eyes. Let the materialist, if he please, cherish the thought that what held the whole nation in suspense for days, and stirred men's hearts to their depths was nothing more than an affair of chemistry, a mere balance of physical forces. Those who have eyes to see, will perceive in it, as clearly as if a sunbeam wrote it, a proof that the Lord "ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whomsoever He will." And now that it appears that the hopes of the nation are likely to be fulfilled, the one prayer of every Christian heart is that this terrible sickness may be so blessed for the highest ends, that the prince, when he comes to the throne, may be among the best kings the country has ever had.

I.—WORK AT HOME.

MR. BENNETT'S CASE BEFORE THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

Nothing of more vital importance to the Church of England has occurred in recent years than the trial of Mr. Bennett, vicar of Frome, in connection with his

views on the Real Presence. Mr. Bennett, when at Knightsbridge, was one of the earliest to proclaim and practise ritualism, and has always been one of the most advanced of his party. The question undergoing trial is, whether the Romish doctrine of the Real Presence is consistent with the standards of the Church of England? Even questions about baptismal regeneration, and certainly questions about vestments, attitudes, candles, and upholstery and millinery in general, sink into insignificance when compared with this; at least it is from their connection with this that they derive whatever significance and importance they may have. The whole priestly system turns upon the power of the priest to create the body and blood of the Lord in the Eucharist, and present upon the altar a sacrifice for sin. If this be conceded, apostolical succession follows, and all other so-called churches are miserable pretenders and empty husks; the duty of confession and the rite of absolution follow, and of course sacerdotal garments, symbols, and ceremonies; in short, all that is most characteristic of Romanism, and most opposed to the simple and glorious doctrine of evangelical grace. The trial before the Privy Council Judicial Committee was a peculiar one, inasmuch as Mr. Bennett made no appearance, and all the pleadings were on the opposite side. But constituted as the Committee is, this circumstance was not so unfavourable to him as might have been supposed, as it led the judges to take more pains to sift the statements of counsel, and bring out whatever might be favourable to the other side. By not appearing, Mr. Bennett would be saved a heavy expense, but it needs not to be said that it was with no view to this circumstance that he declined to plead, but that he might not appear to acknowledge the right of such a tribunal to try the case. The judgment of the Court will be looked for with the deepest interest, but is not to be given till after the Christmas recess.

NEW CHURCHES IN GLASGOW.

Ever since the days of Dr. Chalmers' ministry, Glasgow has been conspicuous for church-extension movements. Besides "pegging away" in piecemeal fashion, she has ever and anon made a great movement in the cause. Certainly the increase of her population and prosperity is a marvel, even in these days of large and rapidly-enlarging towns. With a harbour, manufactures, and abundant minerals at her door, she combines, in a sense, the advantages and industries of Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. Her population increases at the rate of eight or ten thousand a year. Her old motto was, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." Somehow the last part slipped out in her days of coldness, but it is yet cherished in the hearts of the best part of her citizens. All the great Presbyterian bodies in Glasgow are now more or less occupied with church extension. A few months ago, Lord Shaftesbury laid the foundation-stone of a church which has a

singular and most instructive history. In one of the worst closes of the Trongate there is a little church, which, if it were not known as the Wynd Church, might get the name of the Polypus; for, like that creature, it can be cut in two, and each part becomes a living organism. It is some twenty years, we think, since it was built; and in a few years, the cutting-in-two process was applied, and the Bridegate congregation was formed. By-and-by, the operation was repeated, and Trinity Free Church was the result. In a short time after, the third bisection occurred, and Mr. Wells's church at Barony sprung up. The church of which Lord Shaftesbury laid the foundation-stone is the result of the fourth division of this ecclesiastical polyp. The churches thus formed have been eminently churches for the working-classes; and if the opinions of the ministers were asked, they would give a very different verdict from that which we hear so often as to the accessibility and impressibility of that great section of the people. In the course of the last month a great public meeting was held to initiate a scheme of church extension for the Free Church, the largest of those that have been recently set on foot, contemplating the erection of twenty new churches in the next five years. The principle on which most of these churches are conducted being that of territorial missions, they will not constitute a mere investment in stone and lime, but will be the centres of so many active and varied agencies, designed to reach and to bring in all classes of the people.

THE EDINBURGH ORIGINAL RAGGED SCHOOL.

The annual meeting of the friends of the Original Ragged School was held this year under very interesting circumstances. The Marquis of Lorne was in the chair, and the crowd was very great. The report brought out the usual tale of work, and announced that the directors had resolved to erect another school. The increasing population of the town calls for this, for of late years Edinburgh has grown rapidly, and since the commencement of the Ragged School movement has added fifty thousand to its population. Any one surveying the new crescents and terraces, the suburban villas, and the rows of cottages and four-storey blocks built for the working classes might fancy that poverty was wiped out, and the miserable classes absorbed. But city missionaries, Bible women, and all who labour among the poor will tell a different tale. The fact is, there is at this moment in the heart of Edinburgh an amount of misery and abject degradation that is quite heart-breaking. The report of the free dinners for destitute children reveals a state of things which compels the benevolent to wring their hands. The most interesting feature of the meeting was the emphatic testimony borne on every side to the value of the Bible in the school. The noble chairman remarked most truly that the children attending ragged schools were those who had the greatest need of religious instruction, because they had little chance of getting

it anywhere else. Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, gave a vivid picture of Paris after the Commune, and dwelling upon the fact that even boys of fourteen had played an important part in the defence of the barricades and other terrible commotions, affirmed that if the Bible were driven from our schools, we, by-and-by, must expect the same scenes. Had the city missionary and the Bible woman been plying the streets of Paris, had the youthful population been trained in the Word of God, such scenes would never have occurred. The Original Ragged School, it is well known, was exposed some years ago to obloquy for insisting that all the children taught in it should be taught the Word of God. It shocked the hearts of liberal-minded men that the children of drunken vagabonds should be brought up in a religion of which their parents disapproved. Their tender souls were distressed at the wrong thus done to the consciences of the worthy parents who trained their offspring to steal, lie, and beg. It was quite right to bring them up in a different morality from that of their parents, but was ever such an outrage heard of as to bring them up in a different religion? Dr. Guthrie referred with gratitude to the spontaneous encouragement the Duke of Argyll had given him at the time to maintain his position in regard to the Bible. He showed very clearly that when once the supporters of Ragged Schools stood to children *in loco parentis*, they were entitled to assume all the prerogatives of parents. This was the peculiarity of Ragged Schools. It was simply because they had to take the place of the parents, who either neglected or abused their relation, that they claimed the right of bringing them up as they would bring up their own. Romanists might make an outcry against their illiberality, but would Romanists in Dublin, or anywhere else where they had the majority, ever dream of acting to Protestants on the principle which they maintained in Edinburgh? So long as they stood to the Bible their schools would prosper; if they should give it up, what reason could they have to expect God's blessing?

THE SCHOOL-BATTLE IN IRELAND—MUSTERING OF THE HOSTS.

The demand of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops to have the sole control of the schools in which their children are taught has begun to raise up an opposition which is not likely to be easily quelled. The audacity of these Romanists, always great, is now monstrous. A very large and influential meeting, consisting of men of all religious denominations and political opinions, has been held at Belfast to oppose their demands. The resolutions of this meeting were very strong, and the spirit evinced at it very firm. The demands of the Bishops were opposed as utterly inadmissible, as contrary to the interests of sound learning and the intellectual elevation of the people, as tending to prolong and embitter sectarian strife, as tending to introduce the principle of concurrent endowment, and as exposing to the imminent danger of proselytism the children of other persua-

sions, who might be compelled by necessity, or induced by other motives to attend such schools. The present system of combined secular and moral education, and separate religious education, was declared to be the only system adapted to Ireland whereby the people might be educated together, and yet no injustice done to the conscientious convictions of their parents. It was not allowed that it was a godless or an irreligious system; and it was free from the drawbacks that attended mere denominational schools. It was held to be essential for a fair and satisfactory system that the school-books and whole system of instruction be under the surveillance of impartial inspectors. One of the speakers gave a striking sample of the contents of a book taught in a denominational school in England where there was a time-table and a conscience clause. It was from a reading-book entitled, "Burn's Standard Reading Book, Adapted to the Requirements of the Revised Code, and Containing Exercises in Writing, Spelling, and Arithmetic. Book III." There was a lesson on page 25 on the mass. This lesson represents Mary, a Protestant child, and Kitty, a little girl who has learned her catechism well at school, conversing together:

"*Mary.* I often wonder, dear Kitty, why you go to Mass on Sundays. It seems so foolish to attend a service which you cannot understand. Do tell me a little about it, Kitty.—Not understand what the mass is, Mary! Why do you know that I have been going to school now for three years. Indeed I know all about the Mass, thanks to our good kind teacher.—*Mary.* Why, it is in Latin!—*Kitty.* Yes, Mary; but that makes no difference, as you will see if you think. You know we are told in the Bible how the High Priest used to offer sacrifice before all the people. Very few could hear his words, but they knew what he was doing, and they joined their intention with his. So when I hear Mass, though I do not know what the priest is saying, I understand what he is doing, and I will make you understand too if you like.—*Mary.* You will be very clever if you can do that, Kitty; but you may try.—*Kitty.* When the priest comes out to say Mass, and stands inside the altar rails, I make the sign of the Cross. When he begins to speak, I try to think that I am going to be present at the very same sacrifice that was offered on Mount Calvary when our Lord died on the Cross. I think that his body and blood are going to be offered to God for his honour and glory, for a remembrance of his death, for obtaining pardon of all our sins, and grace for me and the whole Church."

It is from the certainty that if a denominational system of schools is sanctioned for Ireland, such lessons as these will find their way into the school-books, and that time-tables and conscience clauses will be of no avail against them, without an impartial inspector, that the Protestants of the country are mustering in such force to resist the proposal.

WHAT BECOMES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN?

That the Sunday-school system has been a source of many blessings wherever it has been carried out with any measure of Christian spirit, is so cordially acknowledged that no one would think of contro-

verting the statement. That in many cases it is comparatively inefficient, and that many scholars pass through it without retaining its stamp on their mind and character is almost equally beyond the reach of question. Bishop Fraser of Manchester, in recently addressing a Sunday-school Conference, adverted to the statistics of England and Wales, from which it appears that 1,100,000 children attended Sunday-schools of the Church of England, and 1,250,000 those of the Nonconformists. In reference to this immense body of young people, he wished to consider what effect their Sunday-school attendance had on them afterwards? It was an undoubted fact that but few of them passed from the Sunday-school to the church. Another fact was, that there was no great improvement in the present generation in respect of temperate habits. As to religious faith, he said that the other day he was present at a very interesting meeting held at the Ardwick Industrial Schools in Manchester, when a gentleman, very well known in Manchester, in giving the result of his experience, ranging over thirty-five years' acquaintance with the working classes of the city, mentioned one remarkable manufacturing firm in Manchester, which employed something like two thousand hands, workmen of the very highest skill in their craft. This gentleman said in his hearing that he had asked one of these men how many he supposed of these two thousand were regular attenders at places of worship? The man replied, "Well, perhaps twenty." This might be an exaggeration, but he was afraid there was some imperfection in the Sunday-school system itself. The teachers, he was afraid, did not take all the pains they ought to take in preparing for their teaching and in interesting their scholars, nor were they so consistent as they ought to be in their own life and habits. If they looked at Sunday-school children ranged in orderly rows at a church service intended for them, the sight was beautiful at a distance; but when they came near and saw the dress, the finery, the necklaces, the trumpery earrings, the frizzed hair of the girls, other feelings arose. Did the teachers set the proper example in these and in other things? Did they not often neutralise their lessons by their own want of sincerity?

To make the Sabbath-school system of the three kingdoms thoroughly efficient, would be one of the greatest services that could be rendered to the Christian cause. In Scotland it has been found of much benefit to employ a skilful and devoted secretary or agent, whose duty is to travel about, meet with teachers, give hints to superintendents, and promote the interest of ministers and Christian people generally in the schools. The American Churches are singularly zealous in this cause. But on the ways in which the zeal and efficiency of teachers may be improved we cannot dwell here. In such books as "The Idea of the Sunday School," Trumbull's "Children in the Temple," or Mr. Cook's "Object and Outline Teaching," many useful American methods will be found explained in great fulness of detail. Meanwhile, to show how keen-eyed Ritual-

ism is in trying to turn every passing subject of discussion to its own ends, we may notice how in the *Church Times* the subject is dealt with. It is no wonder, according to this journal, that to a large extent Sunday-schools are so inefficient. What else can you expect till you train the young to confess their sins to a priest, and to obtain priestly absolution? After abusing the Church Catechism, which is so lamentably bad that it never so much as hints there is any harm in forsaking the communion of the Church for any other, it hopes that its readers will see the necessity of "something that will teach children the help they have in the communion of saints, the efficacious pleading for them in the sacrifice of the mass, and the fountain opened to cleanse their sins in the sacrament of penance; and we may then succeed in rescuing Church Sunday-schools from that shameful brand of being the feeders of public and venal infamy which they now share with dissenting institutions of the kind."

A PROPOSAL IN THE LINE OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

From the ravings of the *Church Times*, which only show what an amount of coarse insolence may be mixed up with the highest ecclesiastical pretence, we pass to the calm and wise utterances of a nobleman whose name indeed often appears in connection with extreme Church sentiments, but who views the relations of landlord, tenant, and labourer in the true spirit of a Christian. Addressing his tenants at Whiteparish, some six weeks ago, Lord Nelson expressed his concern at the backward condition of the Wiltshire labourer, and the tendency of emigration and of the high wages of labour in towns to draft off the best labourers from the rural districts. Therefore he urged his tenants to give their labourers a nobler end to look forward to than the inevitable poor relief, and for this purpose warmly to encourage their education, in some cases emigration, to increase the wages of those who were connected with a provident society, to give half an acre of garden ground to every cottager, and to be ready to do them a variety of kind neighbourly turns, which would cost little but buy much. From lecturing the tenants his lordship proceeded to lecture himself. The landlord's duty was to live on his property, or visit it regularly if obliged to be absent, to support the parochial institutions liberally, not to let love of sport or other personal gratifications interfere with his duty to his people; to encourage substantial improvements, give long leases; above all, provide a sufficient supply of comfortable cottages on his farms. And with a special view to improve the condition of the labourer, either start a system of small cow-lands, to be let to labourers of good character who have saved £10 or £20; or build and set apart a few houses on the property, to be had rent free, by such labourers or their widows as have worked long on the estate, and have secured for themselves sick or old-age allowance from their Provident Society.

We have great pleasure in calling attention to these

suggestions, which pertain indeed to purely worldly matters, but show the working of a Christian spirit in a way in which it were greatly to be desired that many proprietors of land would learn to act. Lord Nelson, in the course of his suggestions, made allusion to the late Sir Baldwin Leighton, who he said had reduced pauperism to the lowest ebb in the Acham Union, in Shropshire, by a careful administration of out-door relief, and eighty cottages, with cow-lands attached, let only to those labourers who had saved £10 or £20; having sent nearly all his cottagers to the Savings-bank, in the hope of being the successors of some of those who were renting these small allotments.

II.—ABROAD.

THE POPE AND THE KING.

The last straw would appear to have been added to the load of the papal distresses without having broken the papal back. Victor Emmanuel has opened his Parliament at Rome, and the Pope continues at the Vatican. The Roman people have shouted *vivas* enthusiastically to the man whom the Pope denounces as a sacrilegious robber. An occasion of this kind could hardly be expected to pass without the Pope resorting to very strong language. It would be difficult to say of the old man that he has no delight in cursing. As usual, he identifies himself with the adorable Son of God, and coolly represents all his alleged sufferings as wrongs done to the Lord of glory. People seem to look on that nowadays as matter of course. The significant fact is that the Pope still remains at Rome, and the probability is that he will continue to do so. Bad though things are there, he appears to be unable to see where he could find any improvement.

Rome, therefore, may be regarded as now finally annexed to the King of Italy, nor could it be taken from him without a desperate war waged against the nation. Thus the Infallible Pope finds himself, the very year after his Ecumenical Council, permanently divested of his dominions. His name no longer occurs in the list of sovereigns of European territories. By his personal prestige and estimable private life, he secures a measure of respect, which, however, will not by any means be so readily accorded to the next occupant of the chair. The most humiliating feature of his fall is, that not one of the royal or imperial champions of the papacy has befriended him in his hour of need. President Thiers would fain have helped him, because it has been the traditional policy of France to help him, but the President must content himself with offering his good wishes. The only real power left to the Pope is that of the Jesuits, and in their hands even the Pope must sometimes be tempted to exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" If it were not for the mysterious faculty the Papacy has often evinced of regaining its position in circumstances apparently desperate, no one would hesitate to say that its end was nigh. It may be that it is yet for

awhile to recover in some sense from its deadly wound; but if so, it can only be to become the subject eventually of a still more conspicuous and terrible overthrow.

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

It is a significant fact that people in this country are little concerned to inquire how the French feel and act with reference to the Papacy, and that the intense interest they used to feel in this is now transferred to the relations between the Pope and the German Emperor. An important letter recently appeared in the Berlin correspondence of the *Times* bearing on this subject. The writer presented a historical sketch of the recent efforts of the Papacy to secure influence in Germany. The unexpected issue of the Franco-German war was fatal to the hopes of the Ultramontanes, but with that remarkable elasticity of spirit which has so long distinguished them, they proceeded to try whether they could not gain the influence they desired by another channel. The German people were now in possession of political power, and the Papacy might succeed in ingratiating itself with them. The Papacy therefore was preached up as a sort of spiritual head and protection to the masses, and submission to its infallible head was called for as a far easier and pleasanter tribute than the taxes. At the same time the German institutions were bitterly attacked by the Ultramontane press, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of their reconstructive schemes. The German Government did not court the quarrel, but seeing it inevitable they have not shrunk from it. Singularly enough, Bavaria, formerly the great ally of the Papacy, has come to the front of the battle with Ultramontanism. The Government have shown their mind by the measure of countenance which they have given to the Alt-Catholics, and by the passing of a law which renders a priest liable to ten years' imprisonment if he uses the pulpit for political attack.

THE SPEECH OF VON LUTZ OF BAVARIA.

The speech of Von Lutz, the Bavarian minister, was a very remarkable one as coming from a Roman Catholic, and well worthy of being pondered by our own Government, if there be on their part the slightest tendency to concede the demands of the Irish Bishops. Its purpose was to show that there could not be two governments in a country; at least, that Rome, if she got her head up at all, would not be satisfied with anything short of supremacy. There was no getting on peaceably with the Church of Rome.

"The Church," he said, "has never admitted that each government had its own province as of right; she has always had other theories, and i. she has not always tried to enforce them, it has been not because she accepted the existing state of things as justifiable, but because she considered the times were too bad. The Church claims as her own peculiar territory the provinces of faith and morals. Of faith I have no occasion to speak at present. But with regard to the province of morals, the Church interprets her claim as

extending to all the relations in which men stand to one another. There is no conceivable subject which we might specify as an affair of State, and which at least under certain circumstances, the Church would not also designate as belonging to her own government. It is confessed on the part of the Church that many laws are of a merely profane character, and do not touch purely spiritual interests directly; but it is added immediately afterwards that they touch them indirectly, and that if the legislator enacts laws which seem to encourage actions which the laws of the Church designate as sinful, the Church has the right to reprove the legislator and annul the laws. According to the theory of the Church, therefore, there exists a province which belongs to the Church exclusively, and in which the State has nothing to say; but, on the other side, there is no field which belongs exclusively to the State, and which does not eventually fall under the dominion of the Church. Hence it follows that a unity of government in such States as those to which I have alluded is only possible by the simple submission of the temporal government to the ecclesiastical. The Church openly claims the province of the State, and sovereignty over the same. Whenever the Church does not agree with the State it declares that the legislation is in opposition to the law of God, that it is the law of God to refuse obedience to the bad laws of the State, and a religious duty to obey God rather than man, but that the Church, of course, has to decide what God commands and what not. If the State were to admit this, it would soon lie fettered at the feet of the Church."

EVANGELICAL GATHERINGS IN FRANCE.

From witnessing the hard blows and hearing the harsh sounds of politico-ecclesiastical conflict, we are attracted by sounds of music to an old manufacturing town in the south of France, the name of which we do not think that we ever heard before. It is Mazamet, in the department of Tarn, chosen by the Synod of the Free Evangelical Churches of France as their place of meeting. A very hearty and brotherly conference it is; representing indeed only forty congregations, but showing a measure of zeal and activity that might well represent a much larger number. A delegate from another Church speaks of the interesting journey he had to this place, in company with several of the pastors and elders, who might readily be known by the tracts which they were giving away, and by the readiness with which they talked to the people on the glad tidings of the Gospel, or answered the objections of sceptical fellow-passengers. The national Reformed Church of Mazamet was placed at the disposal of the Synod; and it was a notable thing to hear De Pressensé deliver an earnest Gospel sermon to a rapt audience of two thousand people. The chief subject of conversation was the evangelisation of France. "The debate" (says the correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom*) "was introduced by Pastor Hollard, who concluded that itinerating evangelists, carrying the Gospel from homestead to homestead, from city to city, were called for, as well as an evangelisation of the churches which might become the centre of the new effort. Public lectures by public men were also proposed; itinerating brethren, well qualified, going two by

two; articles in defence of Christianity inserted in political papers and a daily Christian journal; and a month given by each pastor to personal colportage, two going together. The latter plan met with so much approval, that an Englishman present offered to defray the expenses of all who would actively join in it.

Similar in aim and not less earnest in purpose was the decision of the Evangelical National Conference held at Nismes a few days later. This gathering consisted of one hundred and thirty-five Evangelical brethren of the Reformed Church of France. Pastor Recolin, of Montpellier, urgently proposed the formation of a home mission, having for its aim the spreading of the Gospel in France, and the motion was cordially agreed to. The membership of the Society is to embrace Evangelical Christians of all denominations. Its programme sets out with lamenting the moral and spiritual misery of the French people, from which the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ alone can deliver, and proceeds to express the conviction that the conversion of men's souls is the great work to which all Christians in France are now called. It is animated by the spirit of a solemn league and covenant, calling for every individual energy to be consecrated to this work, and the humblest member of the Church of the living God to cherish it with heart and soul. We are told that "a burst of praise to God arose from hearts and lips and pens at this result of the Nismes Conference;" and that in many parts "latent energies are beginning to manifest themselves, secret things are coming to light, and Christians are taking courage, while those already long in the field are cheered onward in tones to which they are unaccustomed."

III.—THE MISSION FIELD.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY MARTYR.

The telegraph has brought the melancholy intelligence that John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, in the South Pacific Islands, has, with some of his companions, been cruelly massacred at the island of Santa Cruz. Any hope of the intelligence turning out false is extremely slender. The death of such a man is a sad event, whatever may have been the tendency of his ecclesiastical views; his death, under the circumstances that occasioned it, is peculiarly to be lamented. The son of the late Sir John Patteson, the deceased missionary was born in 1827, was educated at Eton and Balliol, Oxford, and became a Fellow of Merton. There was something remarkable in a man of such position devoting himself to a missionary life—remarkable, we mean, for its being rare, not for its being unworthy of him. Professor Max Müller said of him that it was difficult to say whether we should admire him most as a scholar, or as a missionary, or as a bold mariner" ("Science of Language," ii. 33). It appears that among the islands to which Santa Cruz belongs a system of kidnapping natives has been carried on by traders, of

whom some are British, and whose trade connections are chiefly in Queensland and the Fiji Islands. Labour being scarce, natives are attracted on board the traders' ships on false pretences, and are then handcuffed and chained, and carried off to where their labour is needed. The system is about as infamous as the slave trade itself. It is believed that the natives supposed that Bishop Patteson and his friends were connected with this abominable system, and that their murder was in revenge for the injuries they had sustained. The evil calls loudly for energetic interference on the part of our Government, while it furnishes a frightful illustration of the manner in which English vice often hinders the cause of Christian missions.

DEATH OF A KAFIR APOSTLE.

Tiyo Soga was one of those men whose lives are shortened by the abundance of their labours. He was born in 1829—the son of a man of standing among the natives of Kaffraria, who is still alive but not a Christian, while his mother had at an early period professed herself a follower of Christ. The father was prevailed on to send his sons to a mission school, where Tiyo showed such a fine disposition that efforts were made to secure for him a higher education. At last he was sent to Glasgow, and having been deeply impressed with divine truth under Dr. William Anderson's preaching, he resolved to consecrate his life to the service of Christ. Ordained a missionary in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, he went back to Kaffraria in 1857, and planting himself at the Mgwali, became missionary to his tribe. For ten years he laboured assiduously among them. In 1867, at the request of his brethren, he went to a mission station in Krel's country, and for four years worked with extraordinary energy, and was instrumental in producing very blessed results. A fever brought on by exposure laid him low; and though at first he seemed to recover, a relapse occurred which terminated his life.

He was the translator of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Kafir, a work which Kafir scholars consider a masterpiece. He was a poet, and contributed to Kafir hymnology hymns that seem likely to endure as long as the Kafir language itself. "In him," says one who knew him well, "the mission church has lost its brightest jewel, and though he carefully abstained from taking any part in politics, the country has lost one who exercised a powerful influence for good, and whose warning voice on any emergency would not have been disregarded by his countrymen."

CHINA.

The friends of missions are still greatly disturbed by the indications that occur from time to time of the hostility of the Government. Rumours against them are industriously circulated throughout the country accusing them of frightful crimes, at which it is believed that the Government connive, if they do not

positively encourage them. In particular a pamphlet has been industriously circulated, said by those who have seen it to be the vilest and most horrible document ever seen in print, and charging the missionaries with crimes so black, outrageous, and unnatural, that the nature of them cannot even be hinted to any audience where there is any regard to decency. The distinction between Romish and Protestant missionaries, which at one time seemed to be important, now appears to be vanishing. And in the judgment of missionaries, another distinction on which some are building—that between missionaries and merchants—is equally untrustworthy. It is believed that foreigners in general are the real objects of the dislike of the Chinese, and that their real purpose is to get rid of all alike. The policy which seems to have the approval of the *Times*—to sacrifice missionaries for the sake of merchants—would probably turn out as feeble as it is heartless. One shudders at the idea of the British Government making all efforts to throw its broad shield over opium merchants, or even merchants of a higher order, while those who in the name of a Heavenly Master seek to bring the unsearchable riches of Christ are thrown to the wolves. We rejoice, however, that Lord Granville's energetic dispatch, just published, removes all fear of such action by our Government.

"THE INDIAN FEMALE EVANGELIST."

It indicates, surely, an advance in Indian missions that a periodical is announced to be specially devoted to information respecting women in India, and a record of operations specially undertaken for their evangelisation. This magazine is to appear on the 1st of January, and contemplates nothing short of the welfare of a hundred millions of women—about a twelfth part of the population of the globe. All friends of missions must desire very earnestly that it may have a career of great success.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

As bearing alike on the progress of the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, we invite attention to the week of prayer, from Jan. 7th to Jan. 14th, 1872—an institution which has now acquired an ecumenical character. Monday, 8th Jan., the subject is Thanksgiving for mercies; Tuesday, 9th, Humiliation for sin; Wednesday, 10th, Intercession for families, schools, universities; Thursday, 11th, Intercession for government, kings, nations; Friday, 12th, Intercession for the Christian Church; Saturday, 13th, For the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. It is deeply interesting to think that all who take part in this concert will realise so nearly the attitude of the Apostolic Church; the main difference being that while in Jerusalem all were "with one accord in one place," the voice of supplication will now rise from all parts of the world, converging and meeting at the throne of God.

IV.—OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

Versatile as is the great preacher of Brooklyn, even his friends were somewhat surprised at the announcement of an elaborate *Life of Jesus the Christ*, by Henry Ward Beecher. To handle the life of Christ well is to all men difficult; to attempt "to present the scenes of his life as they would appear to modern eyes, if the events had taken place in our day," is pre-eminently so. Mr. Beecher has taken great pains with his work. He has treated his subject very reverentially; and has put under great restraint that free and almost frisky temperament which stamps his image and superscription not only on his lighter utterances, but even on many of his pulpit discourses. It may be doubted, however, whether the suppression of all the exuberant fancies of a brilliant mind is compensated for, in a literary point of view, by the tone of gravity and sobriety which marks this volume. There is a measured stateliness about the style which seems somehow unnatural to Mr. Beecher. It does not seem that it is in this walk that his abilities come out best. His theory of the person of Christ, moreover, is too like the old Monophysite heresy. Yet we honour him for this book. He has evidently desired to present the person and life of Christ in the highest and holiest light, knowing that such a view of Christ is essential to true spiritual prosperity. It is a genuine "Hosanna to the Son of David" from one that perhaps feels that his reverence for his Lord needs such expression. It is an honest endeavour so to present the Saviour's life, and work, and person, that all who see them shall be constrained to fall down and worship.

A BATCH OF BIOGRAPHIES,

of which the oldest subject is the godly martyr, William Tyndall, translator of the Scriptures. The author is Mr. Demaus, who has already written the life of Latimer. He has taken great pains, and produced a copious biography, consulting for the purpose materials old and new. If not very brilliant, it is useful and instructive, and fitted to be truly serviceable in these times. There is a portrait of Tyndall, and a picture of his prison at Vilvorde; but, instead of a bright face and a grim prison, the artist has given us a bright prison and a grim face. Next comes a new and revised edition of what was originally a lecture, but grew into a book—Mr. Binney's *Sketch of the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*. It was designed for young men, and nothing could better suit its purpose. The *Memoir of the Rev. John Bayne, D.D., of Galt, Canada, by the Rev. G. Smellie*, is a simple sketch of the life and labours of a colonial minister of great force of character and moral weight, and brother of the late well-known Mrs. Margaret Wilson, of Bombay. A man of God, and a man of power, whose memory it is right to embalm; though there is hardly enough of distinc-

tiveness to make the memorial very useful beyond his own sphere. Lastly, an octavo volume of above five hundred pages is devoted to the *Life of the late Rev. A. R. C. Dallas, of Wonston*. The first part is an autobiography, and, strange to say, gives a sketch, and a very interesting one, of the Peninsular War and the campaign of Waterloo, for Mr. Dallas began life as a soldier. A deep and earnest spiritual change led him to the ministry, and for above forty years he exercised his ministry at Wonston. He belonged to a class of earnest, devoted clergymen, who, having given their first years to the world, gave the last the more earnestly to Christ—a class of which the Church of England contains some noble specimens. He was secretary and mainspring of the Irish Church Missions. Nothing could be more interesting than his endeavour, in his old age, when in Berlin, to find out a French lady, with whom he had been deeply in love nearly half a century before, and his becoming the means of spiritual good to several members of her family.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Dr. M'Cosh, formerly of Belfast, now of Princeton, America, has made a valuable contribution to the Philosophy of religion in his *Lectures on Philosophy and Positivism*. At an early period, when few men were thinking of Auguste Comte and the Positive Philosophy, and when fewer still were dreaming that such views were likely to become practically antagonistic to English Christianity, Dr. M'Cosh had given attention to the subject, and his earliest work, *The Method of the Divine Government*, contains the substance of his views on Positivism. It has been the happy art of Dr. M'Cosh to develop and apply from time to time, as the exigencies of the age seemed to require, the views on many different subjects of which that volume contains the germ. Having settled the foundations of his philosophy by careful study in the earlier part of his life, he has been enabled promptly, and yet far from superficially, to make the applications, according as the speculations of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, or Herbert Spencer might seem to require. Dr. M'Cosh has ever seen the advantage of maintaining the old distinction between efficient and final causes, between the manner in which, and the end for which, things are done in nature, or, as Mr. Kingsley puts it, between Madame How and Lady Why. In reference to Darwin, he does not deny that Darwinism is compatible with the idea of a Creator; nay, he believes

that even spontaneous generation may be consistently held by believers in natural and revealed religion; his verdict, however, in reference to them is a verdict of "Not Proven." Dr. M'Cosh, it will be perceived, has a great liking for physical science, and is perhaps more in his element, dealing with questions which spring up in that field, than in dealing with those which belong to metaphysics. The value of his writings lies in the fulness of his knowledge, and in his deep sympathy with science combined with the definiteness and earnestness of his religious belief.

Mr. Hugh Macmillan's books are equally attractive outside and in. We have on our table *The True Vine* and *The Ministry of Nature*. In the last are many papers which appeared in the SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Mr. Macmillan has a deep conviction that the analogies that pervade the works of God make the vegetable world peculiarly well fitted to illustrate the truths of the spiritual life. There are, he believes, deep in the structure and properties of plants the material symbols of divine truths belonging to the region of the spiritual life. To find out and express these truths seems to be his calling. As a writer, he has a marked individuality. He works in a field in which many have worked before; but when he spreads out the results of his labours, we feel as if nobody had worked in it before. He seems to carry with him a spiritual microscope, and from things unobserved by the ordinary eye, he derives his spiritual lesson. All this is extremely interesting and improving. To the young especially it is fitted to be of the utmost service. The book on the Vine is unique—being all about the vine. We think sometimes that surely the author has exhausted himself; but if he does at any time exhaust himself, he has a wonderful knack of filling his reservoir speedily. Long may he be enabled to trace the beautiful analogies of nature and Scripture, and long may his books continue to minister the edification and pleasure they have yielded to so many.

It is always a pleasure to meet with Dr. Tristram. And in *The Seven Golden Candlesticks* we meet with him in a very attractive form. A gift book of a high order, well bound, well printed, with many beautiful wood engravings, and commentaries from his own pen on the Epistles to the Seven Churches. These last dwell most on the external history and features of the several places; the more spiritual and practical application is somewhat meagre.







"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—MISS CLARE'S HOME.



E had now arrived at the passage. The gin-shop was flaring through the fog. A man in a fustian jacket came out of it and walked slowly down before us, with the clay of the brick-field clinging to him as high as the leather straps with which his trousers were confined, garterwise, under the knee. The place was quiet. We and the brickmaker seemed the only people in it. When we turned the last corner, he was walking in at the very door where Miss Clare had disappeared. When I told my father that was the house, he called after the man, who came out again, and standing on the pavement, waited until we came up.

"Does Miss Clare live in this house?" my father asked.

"She do," answered the man curtly.

"First floor?"

"No. Nor yet the second, nor the third. She live nearer heaven than ere another in the house 'cep' myself. I live in the attic, and so do she."

"There is a way of living nearer to heaven than that," said my father, laying his hand, 'with a right old man's grace,' on his shoulder.

"I dunno, 'cep' you was to go up in a belloon," said the man, with a twinkle in his eye, which my father took to mean that he understood him better than he chose to acknowledge; but he did not pursue the figure.

He was a rough, lumpish young man, with good but dull features—only his blue eye was clear. He looked my father full in the

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face, and I thought I saw a dim smile about his mouth.

"You know her, then, I suppose?"

"Everybody in the house knows her. There ain't many the likes o' her as lives wi' the likes of us. You go right up to the top. I don't know if she's in, but a'most any one 'll be able to tell you. I 'ain't been home yet."

My father thanked him, and we entered the house, and began to ascend. The stair was very much worn and rather dirty, and some of the banisters were broken away, but the walls were tolerably clean. Halfway up we met a little girl with tangled hair and tattered garments, carrying a bottle.

"Do you know, my dear," said my father to her, "whether Miss Clare is at home?"

"I dunno," she answered. "I dunno who you mean. I been mindin' the baby. He ain't well. Mother says his head's bad. She's a-going up to tell grannie, and see if she can't do suthin' for him. You better ast mother.—Mother!" she called out—"here's a lady an' a gen'lem'."

"You go about yer business, and be back directly," cried a gruff voice from somewhere above.

"That's mother," said the child, and ran down the stair.

When we reached the second floor, there stood a big fat woman on the landing, with her face red, and her hair looking like that of a doll ill stuck on. She did not speak, but stood waiting to see what we wanted.

"I'm told Miss Clare lives here," said my father. "Can you tell me, my good woman, whether she's at home?"

"I'm neither good woman nor bad woman," she returned in an insolent tone.

"I beg your pardon," said my father; "but you see I didn't know your name."

"An' ye don't know it yet. You've no call to know my name. I'll ha' nothin' to do wi' the likes o' you as goes about takin' poor folks's childer from 'em. There's my poor Glory's been an' took atwixt you an' grannie, and shet up in a formatory as you calls it; an' I should like to know what right you've got to go about that way arter poor girls as has mothers to help."

"I assure you I had nothing to do with it," said my father. "I'm a country

clergyman myself, and have no duty in London."

"Well, that's where they've took her—down in the country. I make no doubt but you've had your finger in that pie. You don't come here to call upon us for the pleasure o' makin' our acquaintance—ha! ha! ha!—You're allus arter somethin' troublesome. I'd advise you, sir and miss, to let well alone. Sleepin' dogs won't bite, but you'd better let 'em lie—and that I tell you."

"Believe me," said my father quite quietly, "I haven't the least knowledge of your daughter. The country's a bigger place than you seem to think—far bigger than London itself. All I wanted to trouble you about was to tell us whether Miss Clare was at home or not."

"I don't know no one o' that name. If it's grannie you mean, she's at home, I know—though it's not much reason I've got to care whether she's at home or not."

"It's a young—woman, I mean," said my father.

"Tain't a young lady then?—Well, I don't care what you call her. I daresay it'll be all one, come the judgment. You'd better go up till you can't go no further, an' knocks yer head agin the tiles, and then you may feel about for a door and knock at that, and see if the party as opens it is the party you wants."

So saying she turned in at a door behind her and shut it. But we could hear her still growling and grumbling.

"It's very odd," said my father, with a bewildered smile. "I think we'd better do as she says, and go up till we knock our heads against the tiles."

We climbed two stairs more—the last very steep, and so dark that when we reached the top we found it necessary to follow the woman's directions literally, and feel about for a door. But we had not to feel long or far, for there was one close to the top of the stair. My father knocked. There was no reply, but we heard the sound of a chair, and presently some one opened it. The only light being behind her, I could not see her face, but the size and shape were those of Miss Clare.

She did not leave us in doubt, however, for, without a moment's hesitation, she held out her hand to me, saying, "This is kind of you, Mrs. Percivale;" then to my father, saying, "I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Walton. Will you walk in?"

We followed her into the room. It was not very small, for it occupied nearly the breadth of the house. On one side, the roof sloped so nearly to the floor that there

was not height enough to stand erect in. On the other side the sloping part was partitioned off—evidently for a bedroom. But what a change it was from the lower part of the house! By the light of a single mould candle, I saw that the floor was as clean as old boards could be made, and I wondered whether she scrubbed them herself. I know now that she did. The two dormer windows were hung with white dimity curtains. Back in the angle of the roof, between the windows, stood an old bureau. There was little more than room between the top of it and the ceiling for a little plaster statuette with bound hands and a strangely crowned head. A few books on hanging shelves were on the opposite side by the door to the other room, and the walls, which were whitewashed, were a good deal covered with—whether engravings or etchings or lithographs I could not then see—none of them framed, only mounted on cardboard. There was a fire cheerfully burning in the gable, and opposite to that stood a tall old-fashioned cabinet piano, in faded red silk. It was open, and on the music-rest lay Handel's *Vardi Prati*—for I managed to glance at it as we left. A few wooden chairs and one very old-fashioned easy chair, covered with striped chintz, from which not glaze only but colour almost had disappeared, with an oblong table of deal, completed the furniture of the room. She made my father sit down in the easy chair, placed me one in front of the fire, and took another at the corner opposite my father. A moment of silence followed, which I, having a guilty conscience, felt awkward. But my father never allowed awkwardness to accumulate.

"I had hoped to have been able to call upon you long ago, Miss Clare, but there was some difficulty in finding out where you lived."

"You are no longer surprised at that difficulty, I presume," she returned with a smile.

"But," said my father, "if you will allow an old man to speak freely—"

"Say what you please, Mr. Walton. I promise to answer *any* question *you* think proper to ask me."

"My dear Miss Clare, I had not the slightest intention of catechising you, though, of course, I shall be grateful for what confidence you please to put in me. What I meant to say might indeed have taken the form of a question, but as such could have been intended only for you to answer to yourself—whether, namely, it was wise to place yourself at such a disadvantage as living in this quarter must be to you."

"If you were acquainted with my history, you would perhaps hesitate, Mr. Walton, before you said I *placed myself* at such disadvantage."

Here a thought struck me.

"I fancy, papa, it is not for her own sake Miss Clare lives here."

"I hope not," she interposed.

"I believe," I went on, "she has a grandmother, who probably has grown accustomed to the place, and is unwilling to leave it."

She looked puzzled for a moment, then burst into a merry laugh.

"I see," she exclaimed. "How stupid I am! You have heard some of the people in the house talk about *grannie*: that's me! I am known in the house as *grannie*, and have been for a good many years now—I can hardly, without thinking, tell for how many."

Again she laughed heartily, and my father and I shared her merriment.

"How many grandchildren have you then, pray, Miss Clare?"

"Let me see."

She thought for a minute.

"I could easily tell you if it were only the people in this house I had to reckon up. They are about five-and-thirty; but unfortunately the name has been caught up in the neighbouring houses, and I am very sorry that in consequence I cannot with certainty say how many grandchildren I have. I think I know them all, however, and I fancy that is more than many an English grandmother, with children in America, India, and Australia, can say for herself."

Certainly she was not older than I was; and while hearing her merry laugh and seeing her young face overflowed with smiles, which appeared to come sparkling out of her eyes as out of two well-springs, one could not help feeling puzzled how, even in the farthest-off jest, she could have got the name of *grannie*. But I could at the same time recall expressions of her countenance which would much better agree with the name than that which now shone from it.

"Would you like to hear," she said, when our merriment had a little subsided, "how I have so easily arrived at the honourable name of *grannie*—at least all I know about it?"

"I should be delighted," said my father.

"You don't know what you are pledging yourself to when you say so," she rejoined, again laughing. "You will have to hear the whole of my story from the beginning."

"Again I say I shall be delighted," re-

turned my father, confident that her history could be the source of nothing but pleasure to him.

CHAPTER XX.—HER STORY.

THEREUPON Miss Clare began. I do not pretend to give her very words, but I must tell her story as if she were telling it herself. I shall be as true as I can to the facts, and hope to catch something of the tone of the narrator as I go on.

"My mother died when I was very young, and I was left alone with my father, for I was his only child. He was a studious and thoughtful man. It *may* be the partiality of a daughter, I know, but I am not necessarily wrong in believing that diffidence in his own powers alone prevented him from distinguishing himself. As it was, he supported himself and me by literary work of, I presume, a secondary order. He would spend all his mornings for many weeks in the library of the British Museum—reading and making notes; after which he would sit writing at home for as long or longer. I should have found it very dull during the former of these times, had he not early discovered that I had some capacity for music, and provided for me what I now know to have been the best instruction to be had. His feeling alone had guided him right, for he was without musical knowledge: I believe he could not have found me a better teacher in all Europe. Her character was lovely, and her music the natural outcome of its harmony. But I must not forget it is about myself I have to tell you. I went to her, then, almost every day for a time—but how long that was, I can only guess. It must have been several years, I think, else I could not have attained what proficiency I had when my sorrow came upon me.

"What my father wrote I cannot tell. How gladly would I now read the shortest sentence I knew to be his! He never told me for what journals he wrote, or even for what publishers. I fancy it was work in which his brain was more interested than his heart, and which he was always hoping to exchange for something more to his mind. After his death I could discover scarcely a scrap of his writing, and not a hint to guide me to what he had written.

"I believe we went on living from hand to mouth, my father never getting so far ahead of the wolf as to be able to pause and choose his way. But I was very happy, and would have been no whit less happy if he had explained our circumstances, for that would

have conveyed to me no hint of danger. Neither has any of the suffering I have had—at least any keen enough to be worth dwelling upon—sprung from personal privation, although I am not unacquainted with hunger and cold.

“My happiest time was when my father asked me to play to him while he wrote, and I sat down to my old cabinet Broadwood—the one you see there is as like it as I could find—and played anything and everything I liked—for somehow I never forgot what I had once learned—while my father sat, as he said, like a mere extension of the instrument, operated upon, rather than listening, as he wrote. What I then *thought*, I cannot tell. I don’t believe I thought at all. I only *musicated*, as a little pupil of mine once said to me, when, having found her sitting with her hands on her lap before the piano, I asked her what she was doing: ‘I am only musicating,’ she answered. But the enjoyment was none the less that there was no conscious thought in it.

“Other branches, he taught me himself, and I believe I got on very fairly for my age. We lived then in the neighbourhood of the Museum, where I was well known to all the people of the place, for I used often to go there, and would linger about looking at things, sometimes for hours before my father came to me; but he always came at the very minute he had said, and always found me at the appointed spot. I gained a great deal by thus haunting the Museum—a great deal more than I supposed at the time. One gain was, that I knew perfectly where in the place any given sort of thing was to be found, if it were there at all: I had unconsciously learned something of classification.

“One afternoon I was waiting as usual, but my father did not come at the time appointed. I waited on and on till it grew dark, and the hour for closing arrived, by which time I was in great uneasiness; but I was forced to go home without him. I must hasten over this part of my history, for even yet I can scarcely bear to speak of it. I found that while I was waiting, he had been seized with some kind of fit in the reading-room, and had been carried home, and that I was alone in the world. The landlady, for we only rented rooms in the house, was very kind to me, at least until she found that my father had left no money. He had then been only reading for a long time, and, when I looked back, I could see that he must have been short of money for some weeks at least. A few bills coming in, all our little effects—for the furniture was our own—were sold, without bring-

ing sufficient to pay them. The things went for less than half their value, in consequence, I believe, of that well-known conspiracy of the brokers which they call *knocking out*. I was especially miserable at losing my father’s books, which, although in ignorance, I greatly valued—more miserable even, I honestly think, than at seeing my loved piano carried off.

“When the sale was over, and everything removed, I sat down on the floor, amidst the dust and bits of paper and straw and cord, without a single idea in my head as to what was to become of me, or what I was to do next. I didn’t cry—that I am sure of—but I doubt if in all London there was a more wretched child than myself just then. The twilight was darkening down—the twilight of a November afternoon. Of course there was no fire in the grate, and I had eaten nothing that day; for, although the landlady had offered me some dinner, and I had tried to please her by taking some, I found I could not swallow, and had to leave it. While I sat thus on the floor, I heard her come into the room, and some one with her, but I did not look round, and they, not seeing me, and thinking, I suppose, that I was in one of the other rooms, went on talking about me. All I afterwards remembered of their conversation was some severe reflections on my father, and the announcement of the decree that I must go to the workhouse. Though I knew nothing definite as to the import of this doom, it filled me with horror. The moment they left me alone, to look for me, as I supposed, I got up, and, walking as softly as I could, glided down the stairs, and, unbonneted and unwrapped, ran from the house, half-blind with terror.

“I had not gone farther, I fancy, than a few yards, when I ran up against some one, who laid hold of me, and asked me gruffly what I meant by it. I knew the voice: it was that of an old Irishwoman who did all the little charring we wanted—for I kept the rooms tidy, and the landlady cooked for us. As soon as she saw who it was, her tone changed, and then first I broke out in sobs, and told her I was running away because they were going to send me to the workhouse. She burst into a torrent of Irish indignation, and assured me that such should never be my fate while she lived. I must go back to the house with her, she said, and get my things; and then I should go home with her until something better should turn up. I told her I would go with her anywhere, except into that house again; and she did not insist,

but afterwards went by herself and got my little wardrobe. In the meantime she led me away to a large house in a square, of which she took the key from her pocket to open the door. It looked to me such a huge place!—the largest house I had ever been in; but it was rather desolate, for, except in one little room below, where she had scarcely more than a bed and a chair, a slip of carpet and a fryingpan, there was not an article of furniture in the whole place. She had been put there when the last tenant left, to take care of the place, until another tenant should appear to turn her out. She had her house-room and a trifle a week besides for her services, beyond which she depended entirely on what she could make by charring. When she had no house to live in on the same terms, she took a room somewhere.

"Here I lived for several months, and was able to be of use; for, as Mrs. Conan was bound to be there at certain times to show any one over the house who brought an order from the agent, and this necessarily took up a good part of her working time; and as, moreover, I could open the door and walk about the place as well as another, she willingly left me in charge as often as she had a job elsewhere.

"On such occasions, however, I found it very dreary indeed, for few people called, and she would not unfrequently be absent the whole day. If I had had my piano, I should have cared little; but I had not a single book, except one—and what do you think that was? An odd volume of the Newgate Calendar. I need hardly say that it had not the effect on me which it is said to have on some of its students; it moved me indeed to the profoundest sympathy, not with the crimes of the malefactors, only with the malefactors themselves, and their mental condition after the deed was actually done. But it was with the fascination of a hopeless horror, making me feel almost as if I had committed every crime as I perused its tale, that I regarded them. They were to me like living crimes. It was not until long afterwards that I was able to understand that a man's actions are not the man, but may be separated from him; that his character even is not the man, but may be changed, while he yet holds the same individuality—is the man who was blind though he now sees; whence it comes that, the deeds continuing his, all stain of them may yet be washed out of him. I did not, I say, understand all this until afterwards, but I believe, odd as it may seem, that volume of the Newgate Calendar threw down the

first deposit of soil from which afterwards sprang what grew to be almost a passion in me for getting the people about me clean—a passion which might have done as much harm as good, if its companion patience had not been sent me to guide and restrain it. In a word, I came at length to understand in some measure the last prayer of our Lord for those that crucified him, and the ground on which he begged from his Father their forgiveness—that they knew not what they did. If the Newgate Calendar was indeed the beginning of this course of education, I need not regret having lost my piano, and having that volume for a while as my only Aid to Reflection.

"My father had never talked much to me about religion, but when he did, it was with such evident awe in his spirit and reverence in his demeanour, as had more effect on me, I am certain, from the very paucity of the words in which his meaning found utterance. Another thing which had still more influence upon me was, that, waking one night after I had been asleep for some time, I saw him on his knees by my bedside. I did not move or speak, for fear of disturbing him; and, indeed, such an awe came over me, that it would have required a considerable effort of the will for any bodily movement whatever. When he lifted his head, I caught a glimpse of a pale, tearful face; and it is no wonder that the virtue of the sight should never have passed away.

"On Sundays we went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon, in fine weather, went out for a walk; or, if it were raining or cold, I played to him till he fell asleep on the sofa. Then, in the evening, after tea, we had more music, some poetry, which we read alternately, and a chapter of the New Testament, which he always read to me. I mention this, to show you that I did not come all unprepared to the study of the Newgate Calendar. Still, I cannot think that, under any circumstances, it could have done an innocent child harm. Even familiarity with vice is not necessarily pollution. There cannot be many women of my age as familiar with it in every shape as I am; and I do not find that I grow to regard it with one atom less of absolute abhorrence, although I neither shudder at the mention of it, nor turn with disgust from the person in whom it dwells. But the consolations of religion were not yet consciously mine. I had not yet begun to think of God in any relation to myself.

"The house was in an old square, built, I

believe, in the reign of Queen Anne, which, although many of the houses were occupied by well-to-do people, had fallen far from its first high estate. No one would believe, to look at it from the outside, what a great place it was. The whole of the space behind it, corresponding to the small gardens of the other houses, was occupied by a large music-room, under which was a low-pitched room of equal extent, while all under that were cellars, connected with the sunk story in front by a long vaulted passage, corresponding to a wooden gallery above, which formed a communication between the drawing-room floor and the music-room. Most girls of my age, knowing these vast empty spaces about them, would have been terrified at being left alone there even in mid-day. But I was, I suppose, too miserable to be frightened. Even the horrible facts of the Newgate Calendar did not thus affect me, not even when Mrs. Conan was later than usual, and the night came down, and I had to sit, perhaps for hours, in the dark—for she would not allow me to have a candle for fear of fire. But you will not wonder that I used to cry a good deal, although I did my best to hide the traces of it, because I knew it would annoy my kind old friend. She showed me a great deal of rough tenderness, which would not have been rough had not the natural grace of her Irish nature been injured by the contact of many years with the dull coarseness of the uneducated Saxon. You may be sure I learned to love her dearly. She shared everything with me in the way of eating, and would have shared also the tumbler of gin and water with which she generally ended the day, but something, I don't know what, I believe a simple physical dislike, made me refuse that altogether.

"One evening I have particular cause to remember, both for itself and because of something that followed many years after. I was in the drawing-room on the first floor, a double room with folding doors and a small cabinet behind communicating with a back stair, for the stairs were double all through the house, adding much to the eeriness of the place as I look back upon it in my memory. I fear, in describing the place so minutely, I may have been rousing false expectations of an adventure, but I have a reason for being rather minute, though it will not appear until afterwards. I had been looking out of the window all the afternoon upon the silent square, for, as it was no thoroughfare, it was only enlivened by the passing and returning now and then of a tradesman's cart; and, as

it was winter, there were no children playing in the garden. It was a rainy afternoon. A great cloud of fog and soot hung from the whole sky. About a score of yellow leaves yet quivered on the trees, and the statue of Queen Anne stood bleak and disconsolate among the bare branches. I am afraid I am getting long-winded—but somehow that afternoon seems burnt into me in enamel. I gazed drearily without interest. I brooded over the past; I never, at this time, so far as I remember, dreamed of looking forward. I had no hope. It never occurred to me that things might grow better. I was dull and wretched. I may just say here in passing that I think this experience is in a great measure what has enabled me to understand the peculiar misery of the poor in our large towns—they have no hope, no impulse to look forward—nothing to expect; they live but in the present, and the dreariness of that soon shapes the whole atmosphere of their spirits to its own likeness. Perhaps the first thing one who would help them has to do, is to aid the birth of some small vital hope in them; that is better than a thousand gifts, especially those of the ordinary kind, which mostly do harm, tending to keep them what they are—a prey to present and importunate wants.

"It began to grow dark, and, tired of standing, I sat down upon the floor, for there was nothing to sit upon besides. There I still sat, long after it was quite dark. All at once a surge of self-pity arose in my heart. I burst out wailing and sobbing, and cried aloud—'God has forgotten me altogether!' The fact was I had had no dinner that day, for Mrs. Conan had expected to return long before; and the piece of bread she had given me, which was all that was in the house, I had eaten many hours ago. But I was not thinking of my dinner, though the want of it may have had to do with this burst of misery. What I was really thinking of was—that I could do nothing for anybody. My little ambition had always been to be useful. I knew I was of some use to my father, for I kept the rooms tidy for him, and dusted his pet books—oh, so carefully! for they were like household gods to me. I had also played to him, and I knew he enjoyed that: he said so, many times. And I had begun, though not long before he left me, to think how I should be able to help him better by and by. For I saw that he worked very hard—so hard that it made him silent; and I knew that my music-mistress made her livelihood, partly at least, by giving lessons; and I thought that I might, by and by, be able to give

lessons too, and then papa would not require to work so hard, for I too should bring home money to pay for what we wanted. But now I was of use to nobody, I said, and not likely to become of any. I could not even help poor Mrs. Conan, except by doing what a child might do just as well as I, for I did not earn a penny of our living; I only gave the poor old thing time to work harder, that I might eat up her earnings! What added to the misery was that I had always thought of myself as a lady—for was not papa a gentleman—let him be ever so poor? Shillings and sovereigns in his pocket could not determine whether a man was a gentleman or not! And if he was a gentleman, his daughter must be a lady. But how could I be a lady if I was content to be a burden to a poor charwoman, instead of earning my own living, and something besides with which to help her? For I had the notion—*how* it came I cannot tell, though I know well enough *whence* it came—that position depended on how much a person was able to help other people; and here I was, useless, worse than useless to anybody! Why did not God remember me, if it was only for my father's sake? He was worth something, if I was not! And I would be worth something, if only I had a chance—'I am of no use,' I cried, 'and God has forgotten me altogether!' And I went on weeping and moaning in my great misery, until I fell fast asleep on the floor.

"I have no theory about dreams and visions; and I don't know what you, Mr. Walton, may think as to whether these ended with the first ages of the church; but surely if one falls fast asleep without an idea in one's head, and a whole dismal world of misery in one's heart, and wakes up quiet and refreshed, without the misery, and with an idea, there can be no great fanaticism in thinking that the change may have come from somewhere near where the miracles lie—in fact, that God may have had something—might I not say everything?—to do with it. For my part, if I were to learn that he had no hand in this experience of mine, I couldn't help losing all interest in it, and wishing that I had died of the misery which it dispelled. Certainly, if it had a physical source, it wasn't that I was more comfortable, for I was hungrier than ever, and, you may well fancy, cold enough, having slept on the bare floor without anything to cover me on Christmas-Eve—for Christmas-Eve it was. No doubt my sleep had done me good, but I suspect the sleep came to quiet my mind for the reception of the new idea.

"The way Mrs. Conan kept Christmas-Day, as she told me in the morning, was—to comfort her old bones in bed until the afternoon, and then to have a good tea with a chop; after which she said she would have me read the Newgate Calendar to her. So, as soon as I had washed up the few breakfast things, I asked if, while she lay in bed, I might not go out for a little while, to look for work. She laughed at the notion of my being able to do anything, but did not object to my trying. So I dressed myself as neatly as I could, and set out.

"There were two narrow streets full of small shops, in which those of furniture-brokers predominated, leading from the two lower corners of the square down into Oxford-street; and in a shop in one of these, I was not sure which, I had seen an old piano standing, and a girl of about my own age watching. I found the shop at last, although it was shut up, for I knew the name, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a stout matron, with a not unfriendly expression, who asked me what I wanted. I told her I wanted work. She seemed amused at the idea—for I was very small for my age then as well as now—but, apparently willing to have a chat with me, asked what I could do. I told her I could teach her daughter music. She asked me what made me come to her, and I told her. Then she asked me how much I should charge. I told her that some ladies had a guinea a lesson, at which she laughed so heartily, that I had to wait until the first transports of her amusement were over before I could finish by saying that for my part I should be glad to give an hour's lesson for threepence, only, if she pleased, I should prefer it in silver. But how was she to know, she asked, that I could teach her properly. I told her I would let her hear me play; whereupon she led me into the shop, through a back room in which her husband sat smoking a long pipe with a tankard at his elbow. Having taken down a shutter, she managed with some difficulty to clear me a passage through a crowd of furniture to the instrument, and with a struggle I squeezed through and reached it; but at the first chord I struck, I gave a cry of dismay. In some alarm she asked what was the matter, calling me *child* very kindly. I told her it was so dreadfully out of tune I couldn't play upon it at all; but if she would get it tuned, I should not be long in showing her that I could do what I professed. She told me she could not afford to have it tuned, and if I could not teach Bertha on it as it was, she couldn't

help it. This however, I assured her, was utterly impossible; upon which, with some show of offence, she reached over a chest of drawers, and shut down the cover. I believe she doubted whether I could play at all, and had not been merely amusing myself at her expense. Nothing was left but to thank her, bid her good morning, and walk out of the house, dreadfully disappointed.

"Unwilling to go home at once, I wandered about the neighbourhood, through street after street, until I found myself in another square, with a number of business-signs in it—one of them that of a pianoforte firm, at sight of which, a thought came into my head: the next morning I went in, and requested to see the master. The man to whom I spoke stared no doubt, but he went, and, returning after a little while, during which my heart beat very fast, invited me to walk into the counting-house. Mr. Perkins was amused with the story of my attempt to procure teaching, and its frustration. If I had asked him for money, to which I do not believe hunger itself could have driven me, he would probably have got rid of me quickly enough—and small blame to him, as Mrs. Conan would have said; but to my request that he would spare a man to tune Mrs. Lampeter's piano, he replied at once that he would, provided I could satisfy him as to my efficiency. Thereupon he asked me a few questions about music, of which some I could answer and some I could not. Next he took me into the shop, set me a stool in front of a grand piano, and told me to play. I could not help trifling a good deal, but I tried my best. In a few moments, however, the tears were dropping on the keys, and when he asked me what was the matter, I told him it was months since I had touched a piano. The answer did not however satisfy him; he asked very kindly how that was, and I had to tell him my whole story. Then he not only promised to have the piano tuned for me at once, but told me that I might go and practice there as often as I pleased, so long as I was a good girl, and did not take up with bad company. Imagine my delight! Then he sent for a tuner, and I suppose told him a little about me, for the man spoke very kindly to me as we went to the broker's."

"Mr. Perkins has been a good friend to me ever since.

"For six months I continued to give Bertha Lampeter lessons. They were broken off only when she went to a dress-maker to learn her business. But her mother had by that time introduced me to several families of

her acquaintance, amongst whom I found five or six pupils on the same terms. By this teaching, if I earned little, I learned much; and every day almost I practised at the music-shop.

"When the house was let, Mrs. Conan took a room in the neighbourhood, that I might keep up my connection, she said. Then first I was introduced to scenes and experiences with which I am now familiar. Mrs. Percivale might well recoil if I were to tell her half the wretchedness, wickedness, and vulgarity I have seen, and often had to encounter. For two years or so we changed about, at one time in an empty house, at another in a hired room, sometimes better, sometimes worse off as regarded our neighbours, until, Mrs. Conan having come to the conclusion that it would be better for her to confine herself to charring, we at last settled down here, where I have now lived for many years.

"You may be inclined to ask why I had not kept up my acquaintance with my music-mistress. I believe the shock of losing my father and the misery that followed made me feel as if my former world had vanished; at all events I never thought of going to her until Mr. Perkins one day, after listening to something I was playing, asked me who had taught me; and this brought her back to my mind so vividly that I resolved to go and see her. She welcomed me with more than kindness—with tenderness, and told me I had caused her much uneasiness by not letting her know what had become of me. She looked quite aghast when she learned in what sort of place and with whom I lived; but I told her that Mrs. Conan had saved me from the workhouse, and was as much of a mother to me as it was possible for her to be, that we loved each other, and that it would be very wrong of me to leave her, now especially that she was not so well as she had been; and I believe she then saw the thing as I saw it. She made me play to her, was pleased—indeed surprised, until I told her how I had been supporting myself—and insisted on my resuming my studies with her, which I was only too glad to do. I now of course got on much faster, and she expressed satisfaction with my progress, but continued manifestly uneasy at the kind of thing I had to encounter, and become of necessity more and more familiar with.

"When Mrs. Conan fell ill, I had indeed hard work of it. Unlike most of her class, she had laid by a trifle of money; but as soon as she ceased to add to it, it began to dwindle,

and was very soon gone. Do what I could for a while, if it had not been for the kindness of the neighbours, I should sometimes have been in want of bread; and when I hear hard things said of the poor, I often think that surely improvidence is not so bad as selfishness. But, of course, there are all sorts amongst them, just as there are all sorts in every class. When I went out to teach, now one, now another of the women in the house would take charge of my friend; and when I came home, except her guardian happened to have got tipsy, I never found she

had been neglected. Miss Harper said I must raise my terms; but I told her that would be the loss of my pupils. Then she said she must see what could be done for me, only no one she knew was likely to employ a child like me, if I were able to teach ever so well. One morning however, within a week, a note came from Lady Bernard, asking me to go and see her.

"I went, and found—a mother. You do not know her, I think? But you must one day. Good people like you must come together. I will not attempt to describe her. She awed



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me at first, and I could hardly speak to her—I was not much more than thirteen then, but with the awe came a certain confidence which was far better than ease. The immediate result was that she engaged me to go and play for an hour five days a week, at a certain hospital for sick children in the neighbourhood, which she partly supported. For she had a strong belief that there was in music a great healing power. Her theory was that all healing energy operates first on the mind, and from it passes to the body, and that medicines render aid only by re-

moving certain physical obstacles to the healing force. She believes that when music operating on the mind has procured the peace of harmony, the peace in its turn operates outward, reducing the vital powers also into the harmonious action of health. *How much* there may be in it, I cannot tell; but I do think that good has been and is the result of my playing to those children—for I go still, though not quite so often, and it is music to me to watch my music thrown back in light from some of those sweet pale suffering faces. She was too wise to pay me much for it at

first. She inquired, before making me the offer, how much I was already earning, asked me upon how much I could support Mrs. Conan and myself comfortably, and then made the sum of my weekly earnings up to that amount. At the same time, however, she sent many things to warm and feed the old woman, so that my mind was set at ease about her. She got a good deal better for a while, but continued to suffer so much from rheumatism, that she was quite unfit to go out charing any more; and I would not hear of her again exposing herself to the damps and draughts of empty houses, so long as I was able to provide for her—of which ability you may be sure I was not a little proud at first.

"I have been talking for a long time, and yet may seem to have said nothing to account for your finding me where she left me; but I will try to come to the point as quickly as possible.

"Before she was entirely laid up, we had removed to this place—a rough shelter, but far less so than some of the houses in which we had been. I remember one in which I used to dart up and down like a hunted hare at one time—at another to steal along from stair to stair like a well-meaning ghost afraid of frightening people; my mode of procedure depending in part on the time of day, and which of the inhabitants I had reason to dread meeting. It was a good while before the inmates of this house and I began to know each other. The landlord had turned out the former tenant of this garret after she had been long enough in the house for all the rest to know her, and, notwithstanding she had been no great favourite, they all took her part against the landlord; and fancying, perhaps because we kept more to ourselves, that we were his *protégées*, and that he had turned out Muggy Moll, as they called her, to make room for us, regarded us from the first with disapprobation. The little girls would make grimaces at me, and the bigger girls would pull my hair, slap my face, and even occasionally push me down stairs, while the boys made themselves far more terrible in my eyes. But, some remark happening to be dropped one day, which led the landlord to disclaim all previous knowledge of us, things began to grow better. And this is not by any means one of the worst parts of London. I could take Mr. Walton to houses in the East-end, where the manners are indescribable. We are all earning our bread here. Some have an occasional attack of drunkenness, and idle about; but

they are sick of it again after a while. I remember asking a woman once if her husband would be present at a little entertainment to which Lady Bernard had invited them: she answered that he would be there if he was drunk, but if he was sober, he couldn't spare the time.

"Very soon they began to ask me after Mrs. Conan, and one day I invited one of them, who seemed a decent though not very tidy woman, to walk up and see her; for I was anxious she should have a visitor now and then when I was out, as she complained a good deal of the loneliness. The woman consented, and ever after was very kind to her. But my main stay and comfort was an old woman who then occupied the room opposite to this. She was such a good creature! Nearly blind, she yet kept her room the very pink of neatness. I never saw a speck of dust on that chest of drawers, which was hers then, and which she valued far more than many a rich man values the house of his ancestors—not only because it had been her mother's, but because it bore testimony to the respectability of her family. Her floor and her little muslin window curtain, her bed and everything about her, were as clean as lady could desire. She objected to move into a better room below, which the landlord kindly offered her—for she was a favourite from having been his tenant a long time and never having given him any trouble in collecting her rent—on the ground that there were two windows in it and therefore too much light for her bits of furniture. They would, she said, look nothing in that room. She was very pleased when I asked her to pay a visit to Mrs. Conan, and as she belonged to a far higher intellectual grade than my protectress, and as she had a strong practical sense of religion, chiefly manifested in a willing acceptance of the decrees of providence, I think she did us both good. I wish I could draw you a picture of her coming in at that door, with her all but sightless eyes, the broad borders of her white cap waving, and her hands stretched out before her—for she was more apprehensive than if she had been quite blind, because she could see things without knowing what, or even in what position they were. The most remarkable thing to me was the calmness with which she looked forward to her approaching death, although without the expectation which so many good people seem to have in connection with their departure. I talked to her about it more than once—not with any presumption of teaching her, for I felt she was far before me, but just to find out how she felt and what she

believed. Her answer amounted to this, that she had never known beforehand what lay round the next corner, or what was going to happen to her, for if Providence had meant her to know, it could not be by going to fortune-tellers, as some of the neighbours did; but that she always found things turn out right and good for her, and she did not doubt she would find it so when she came to the last turn.

"By degrees I knew everybody in the house, and of course I was ready to do what I could to help any of them. I had much to lift me into a higher region of mental comfort than was open to them, for I had music, and Lady Bernard lent me books.

"Of course also I kept my rooms as clean and tidy as I could, and indeed if I had been more carelessly inclined in that way, the sight of the blind woman's would have been a constant reminder to me. By degrees also I was able to get a few more articles of furniture for it, and a bit of carpet to put down before the fire. I whitewashed the walls myself, and after a while began to whitewash the walls of the landing as well, and all down the stair, which was not of much use to the eye, for there is no light. Before long some of the other tenants began to whitewash their rooms also, and contrive to keep things a little tidier. Others declared they had no opinion of such uppish notions; they weren't for the likes of them. These were generally such as would rejoice in wearing finery picked up at the rag-shop; but even some of them began by degrees to cultivate a small measure of order. Soon this one and that began to apply to me for help in various difficulties that arose. But they didn't begin to call me grannie for a long time after this. They used then to call the blind woman grannie, and the name got associated with the top of the house, and I came to be associated with it because I also lived there and we were friends. After her death, it was used from habit, at first with a feeling of mistake, seeing its immediate owner was gone; but by degrees it settled down upon me, and I came to be called grannie by everybody in the house. Even Mrs. Conan would not unfrequently address me, and speak of me too, as grannie, at first with a laugh, but soon as a matter of course.

"I got by and by a few pupils amongst tradespeople of a class rather superior to that in which I had begun to teach, and from whom I could ask and obtain double my former fee; so that things grew, with fluctuations, gradually better. Lady Bernard continued a true

friend to me—but she never was other than that to any. Some of her friends ventured on the experiment whether I could teach their children; and it is no wonder if they were satisfied, seeing I had myself such a teacher.

"Having come once or twice to see Mrs. Conan, she discovered that we were gaining a little influence over the people in the house; and it occurred to her, as she told me afterwards, that the virtue of music might be tried there with a *moral* end in view. Hence it came that I was beyond measure astonished and delighted one evening by the arrival of a piano—not that one, for it got more worn than I liked, and I was able afterwards to exchange it for a better. I found it an invaluable aid in the endeavour to work out my growing desire of getting the people about me into a better condition. First I asked some of the children to come and listen while I played. Everybody knows how fond the least educated children are of music; and I feel assured of its elevating power. Whatever the street organs may be to poets and mathematicians, they are certainly a godsend to the children of our courts and alleys. The music takes possession of them at once, and sets them moving to it with rhythmical grace. I should have been very sorry to make it a condition with those I invited, that they should sit still: to take from them their personal share in it, would have been to destroy half the charm of the thing. A far higher development is needful before music can be enjoyed in silence and motionlessness. The only condition I made was, that they should come with clean hands and faces, and with tidy hair. Considerable indignation was at first manifested on the part of those parents whose children I refused to admit because they had neglected the condition. This necessity however did not often occur, and the anger passed away, while the condition gathered weight. After a while, guided by what some of the children let fall, I began to invite the mothers to join them; and at length it came to be understood that, every Saturday evening, whoever chose to make herself tidy would be welcome to an hour or two of my music. Some of the husbands next began to come, but there were never so many of them present. I may just add that although the manners of some of my audience would be very shocking to cultivated people, and I understand perfectly how they must be so, I am very rarely annoyed on such occasions.

"I must now glance at another point in

my history—one on which I cannot dwell. Never since my father's death had I attended public worship. Nothing had drawn me thither; and I hardly know what induced me one evening to step into a chapel of which I knew nothing. There was not even Sunday to account for it. I believe, however, it had to do with this—that all day I had been feeling tired. I think people are often ready to suppose that their bodily condition is the cause of their spiritual discomfort, when it may be only the occasion upon which some inward lack reveals itself. That the spiritual nature should be incapable of meeting and sustaining the body in its troubles, is of itself sufficient to show that it is not in a satisfactory condition. For a long time the struggle for mere existence had almost absorbed my energies; but things had been easier for some time, and a reaction had at length come. It was not that I could lay anything definite to my own charge; I only felt empty all through; I felt that something was not right with me, that something was required of me which I was not rendering. I could not however have told you what it was. Possibly the feeling had been for some time growing; but that day, so far as I can tell, I was first aware of it; and I presume it was the dim cause of my turning at the sound of a few singing voices, and entering that chapel. I found about a dozen people present. Something in the air of the place, meagre and waste as it looked, yet induced me to remain. An address followed from a pale-faced, weak-looking man of middle age, who had no gift of person, voice, or utterance to recommend what he said. But there dwelt a more powerful enforcement in him than any of those—that of earnestness. I went again and again; and slowly, I cannot well explain how, the sense of life and its majesty grew upon me. Mr. Walton will, I trust, understand me when I say, that to one hungering for bread, it is of little consequence in what sort of platter it is handed him. This was a dissenting chapel—of what order, it was long before I knew—and my predilection was for the Church-services, those to which my father had accustomed me; but any comparison of the two to the prejudice of either, I should still—although a communicant of the church of England—regard with absolute indifference.

"It will be sufficient for my present purpose to allude to the one practical thought which was the main fruit I gathered from this good man—the fruit by which I know

that he was good.* It was this—that if all the labour of God, as my teacher said, was to bring sons into glory, lifting them out of the abyss of evil bondage up to the rock of his pure freedom, the only worthy end of life must be to work in the same direction—to be a fellow-worker with God. Might I not then do something such, in my small way, and lose no jot of my labour? I thought. The urging, the hope grew in me. But I was not left to feel blindly after some new and unknown method of labour. My teacher taught me that the way for *me* to help others, was not to tell them their duty, but myself to learn of him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows. As I learned of him, I should be able to help them. I have never had any theory but just to be their friend—to do for them the best I can. When I feel I may, I tell them what has done me good, but I never urge any belief of mine upon their acceptance.

"It will now seem no more wonderful to you than to me, that I should remain where I am. I simply have no choice. I was sixteen when Mrs. Conan died. Then my friends, amongst whom Lady Bernard and Miss Harper have ever been first, expected me to remove to lodgings in another neighbourhood. Indeed, Lady Bernard came to see me, and said she knew precisely the place for me. When I told her I should remain where I was, she was silent, and soon left me—I thought offended. I wrote to her at once, explaining why I chose my part here; saying that I would not hastily alter anything that had been appointed me; that I loved the people; that they called me grannie; that they came to me with their troubles; that there were few changes in the house now; that the sick looked to me for help, and the children for teaching; that they seemed to be steadily rising in the moral scale; that I knew some of them were trying hard to be good; and I put it to her whether, if I were to leave them, in order merely, as servants say, to better myself, I should not be forsaking my post, almost my family; for I knew it would not be to better either myself or my friends: if I was at all necessary to them, I knew they were yet more necessary to me.

"I have a burning desire to help in the making of the world clean—if it be only by sweeping one little room in it. I want to lead some poor stray sheep home—not home to

* Something like this is the interpretation of the word: "By their fruits ye shall know them," given by Mr. Maurice—an interpretation which opens much.—G. M. D.

the church, Mr. Walton—I would not be supposed to curry favour with you. I never think of what they call the church. I only care to lead them home to the bosom of God, where alone man is true man.

"I could talk to you all night about what Lady Bernard has been to me since, and

what she has done for me and my grandchildren; but I have said enough to explain how it is that I am in such a questionable position. I fear I have been guilty of much egotism, and have shown my personal feelings with too little reserve. But I cast myself on your mercy."

WHO HAS THE BEST OF IT?

A Meditation.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—Ps. xvii. 15.

THIS psalm is called "a prayer:" how appropriately we have but to glance through it to see. It is full of petition—of strong, clear pleading, intense and passionate, such as rises only from scenes of danger, such as comes only out of a *sufferer's* heart.

It is called a prayer of *David*. Who, indeed, except David, had such experiences of "suffering" and "danger," and such susceptibilities to be touched and wrung by them, as have expression in this psalm?

We owe our whole salvation to the suffering of Christ; but, in a secondary sense, how much also do we receive from or through the sufferings of men! The world will never know, until its whole history is reviewed and all its mysteries explained, how much instruction, comfort, incitement have flowed from the trials and sufferings of this one man. In this respect David and Paul have done more for the race than perhaps any two men who ever lived. Their great souls were often and heavily pressed by adversities and afflictions, in order that sweet wine of comfort and strength to others might flow from them. We have this psalm for our meditation now, with its passionate entreaties, and wailing cries, and encouraging memories, and steady beliefs, and triumphant hopes, because David once (and so long ago!) fled in fear, and lived in danger, and sorrowed in solitude, and hid himself in caves, and startled the darkness with his cries, and watered the ground with his tears, and fought in stormy battles, and suffered under the strife of tongues, and had—as perhaps a deeper misery than all—the miserable sense of frequent failure, and of always coming far short of his own ideal.

It has been sometimes said, in very hyperbolic language, that many thousands of years will elapse in heaven before the saints will have time or desire to recognise each other, they will all be so entirely absorbed

in gazing upon Christ. It does not seem the least likely that Christ will thank his servants for any such homage. There, as here, He will know the hearts that love Him, and will give his saints not less but more joy than here, in mutual companionship and varied occupation.

But this, I think, we may well suppose, that David and Paul, and others too, will hear with wonder and joy the multitudinous testimony—one and another confirming it in person—as the years roll by, where no years are numbered, of indebtedness to them for their personal suffering. Would you not like to thank Paul face to face, if permitted, for the eighth chapter of the Romans? and David for the twenty-third Psalm? and John for the visions of Patmos, and for the last chapters of the Revelation?

At present, however, our business is to get some little profit and help from David's words.

In taking this last verse of the psalm we get to the supreme place. In going through the psalm we pass over the battle-plain, with its smoke and noise, but this verse is the mount of victory. In the psalm we are amid the perplexities of the problem of life, that never is solved by the wit or the wisdom of man; but here, in the last verse, we have at least a clear prevision of a perfect solution and *some* realisation of it as well.

Now it has been generally assumed that this last verse has reference exclusively to the experience of the saints in glory; the "awaking," it is supposed, is from the sleep of death at the resurrection. The "likeness" of God is the perfect moral resemblance to Him which grace will work when it becomes glory. The "beholding of the face of God" is the beatific vision; and the "satisfaction" enjoyed is the perfect, and full, and undying satisfaction of the glorified in heaven.

But the more we give attention to the

psalm, the more we shall see that this interpretation is not *the first* that suggests itself, and ought not therefore, however true, to be taken as the exclusive one. Let us then take first the immediate earthly meaning, and *then* the higher heavenly one.

What then is the case? The nature of it is sounded out in the very first words of the psalm: "Hear the right, O Lord!" It is a case of conflict as between him and other men. It is the great struggle of this life in which many are engaged; in which, if we judge simply by outward appearances, *some* gain a very considerable and striking advantage over others. They *seem* to have the best of it. They seemed *then* to have. They seem *now* to have. To David the conflict at this time was hot and searching, with a great deal of personality in it. He speaks of "the wicked that oppress;" of "deadly enemies compassing him about;" of men who "spoke proudly with their mouth;" of men "inclosed in their own fat"—so well-fed, so prosperous, so like prize men were they;—of others "lurking like the young lion in secret places, greedy for the prey"—ready to grasp advantage, ready to spring on him with their teeth. Then he describes their character generally, in the fourteenth verse, in language which applies to one age almost as much as to another. He calls them "men of the world, which have their portion in this life: whose belly is filled with hid treasure"—with the things they gather, and hoard and store away. Men too who keep the treasures they gather, and then, after a full enjoyment of them, leave them, with name and title, to their children.

Now those were the men against whom David felt himself striving. He felt that between their case and his, there *must* be a struggle—that if they were right and happy men, then he must be wrong and miserable; that if, on the other hand, *he* was right and held the better portion, then *they must* be wrong, and their misery must be coming. It is of course the latter part of this alternative which he adopts, when he says here, "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness." To see Thee! to see Thy face—to be placed before Thee in righteousness—to "awake" from the sleep of the night, from the stupor of sorrow, from the distractions of conflict, from haste, from business, from forgetfulness—to awake now and again every day—to see Thy beautiful likeness, and to have it in a measure in myself—with this 'I shall be "satisfied."

This is judgment in my favour; this is victory even now! To be graciously rectified, and then to continue purposely "right"—to see God in my life, to see his face in my prayers, and to watch his image forming within my soul—this is to win the battle and get the victory. I will complain no more! I am satisfied!

Now this is just the judgment we ought to form of the question in our own case, so far as we have it to settle. It is, in fact, a question always in trial, and always coming to some settlement in man's thoughts; but in not many cases is it brought to such a clear issue as in this psalm. How is the best of life to be found? How shall we taste the sweetness, and gather the flower, and wear the crown, and say with joy, and self-respect, and full conviction, "This it is to be a man?"

Here, on the one hand, are "the men of the world," whose treasure is all laid up on the earth—who have their portion in this life, who seldom or never rise above the senses. They plan, and plot, and push, and strive. They watch well the course and the customs of the time and place. They bow to the fashion. They keep within the law. They wear the respectabilities. They watch well, so as not to be caught tripping. And by diligence and assiduity they seem in a measure to attain their object. They get wealth, position, name, influence, and some of them a considerable measure of low happiness and contentment. We say that they are never satisfied with all they get and all they have and seem to enjoy, and that is true with regard to those among them who retain any inner tenderness, and sensibility, and desire. But it is not true with regard to them all. Some of them have their portion, and become "enclosed in their own fat," and live a life of earthly satisfaction, and ask for nothing more.

See, this is the man, coming out of his chamber in the morning after sound sleep, radiant and healthy. And these are his children, to not one of whom he has ever named, seriously, the name of God, but to each of whom he will probably leave a good deal of money. And these are his gardens and parks, fair to the eye, and fruitful in their season. And this is his chariot with the swift horses to bear him to the city. And in the city when he comes, see how he is received, and what a power he is! How with his pen he can move ships to the far ocean, and open railways on the land! And he can speak, and "make the worse appear

the better reason ;" and as with magician's wand raise success out of failure itself. And his name is in subscription lists for sickness, for poverty, for disaster. Now take a simple Christian man, who just has enough and little over, who has no name in the public, who is known but to a small circle, who can cheer a fellow-pilgrim here and there, and offer a prayer at a prayer-meeting or a sick-bed. How small he seems in the common estimation beside this great "man of the world," who has his portion in this life, and his place, and his wide "green bay-tree" shadow! "The simple man is very well in his own place and way, and it is a good thing for him that he has the consolations of religion and the hopes of the future life to cheer him amid the struggles and hardships of his lot. But it cannot be said that his lot even *with* these consolations is at all to be compared with that of the other man in this life. After this life is over his lot will be better, but here it is worse." "No," says the text, "it is better now and here. He is the great man who is *good*. He is the happy man who sees the face of God. He is the noble man who strives after righteousness. He is the wise man who satisfies himself, as well he may, with the divine likeness on his soul."

It concerns us very much to get this judgment of things and keep it. We shall not get it without an effort. It is one of the advanced lessons of Christian living. There are several stages of thought where people stop short of it, habitually. There are several ways of missing the lesson; as, *e.g.*, when it is conjectured that worldly men have a great deal of inward misery which they never tell—fear, guilt, flickering apprehension of danger haunting them like ghosts. And it is thought that in this way the balance is redressed. Now this conjecture is very probably well founded with regard to some, but by no means with regard to all. A carnal, worldly satisfaction settles deeply over some human lives, tempered by little or no misgiving. But what then? Are they who are thus satisfied better than striving, praying men, who look for the face of God in their daily life, and whose deepest "satisfaction" consists in the attainment of his "likeness"? Is their state a better one? How mean of us to think so! How we shame our profession by making the allowance! Take this human life at its fairest and best, with nothing of God in it. Take, if you will, a much better specimen than the one already described—and there are many better specimens—and take on the other hand one of

the stormiest, one of the most troubled and tried of the Christian people—of the sons of God. The judgment we are required to make is this, that there is no comparison between the two, and that the tried Christian, in full view of the prosperous and happy man of the world, is to say, "As for me, I behold Thy face in righteousness. I am satisfied with Thy likeness."

Then, again, it is sometimes hinted that there is a special uncertainty and danger hanging over an ungodly man's life; that Providence is on the watch; that there are terrors in reserve; that there are snares to catch him; and that in a little while he may fall into the pit. Now, this also is stopping quite short of the proper lesson of this text; indeed it is almost going right against it. There is, of course, a dread uncertainty over an ungodly man's life. He may die at any time, and, dying ungodly, how sad and awful is his doom! But there is no *special* uncertainty over his life. There is no more likelihood of death to him than there is to any other. The life and death laws are equal to all men in this world. If a man inherits a good constitution, and lives a temperate life, and yet nourishes himself with abundance of what he needs, he may in that case live even longer than many a Christian of his own age who has not his advantages. I do not say that worldly men on the whole do live longer than Christian people. That would not be true. But *some* worldly men do. And the case supposed here is *one* of these. And the case supposed is what we must meet. We have to look in the face the healthy, long-lived man of the world, who will live to old age, and die without trouble or "bands," and leave his substance to his babes—and then say, "I would not be even that man, exchanging my manhood with his, if I might have all the world with the exchange."

Then, again, we say that "compensation is coming—that the *next* life will rectify all." That also is true. But that is not "the present truth." The present truth is, that we *have* the advantage now; that we do not *need* to wait for the compensation; that godliness is better than ungodliness all the world over; that no outward gifts, accomplishments, possessions, can lift a man of the world above a child of God; that "hunger and thirst after righteousness" is nobler in a human spirit than all beauty, and honour, and wealth, and fame, without it; that the face of God shining down upon the life of man is the supreme felicity, and the last ideal; and

that to "awake," literally, in the morning, out of sleep, and metaphorically, out of common states of mind or busy engagements, and realise the growing likeness of God in our spirits, gives a "satisfaction" of a *kind* at least as high and pure as heaven itself can yield.

Now, until we learn this great lesson of present and actual superiority of those who love God and do righteously, whatever be their outward circumstances, over all who do not, whatever be theirs, we have no right to make—indeed, in that case we shall have no power of reaching, the higher interpretation of which the language is undoubtedly susceptible.

If a man sends his heart hankering after the joys of a life to come, not because he has begun already to taste them, and loves them so much that he must follow the streams up to the fountain, and drink there of the pure river of water of life that proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, but because he thinks that he has hardly had his due in this world, and that when he gets to another it may be made up to him—what *is* this but worldliness after all?—"other-worldliness," as it has been called by some one in derision, yet in truth. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." And if any man love heaven as only just a higher world which he expects to inherit and enjoy as compensation and make-weight for not having had enough of this—"the love of the Father is not in him."

But if, on the other hand, any man love the light of God's face more than every visible creature and thing, and strives after his righteousness by the aids of his grace, and puts on his likeness as dress and beauty, and "awakes" in it now and again to his

thankful joy and satisfaction, saying, "This it is to live! let this blessed experience grow in me until it blooms and brightens into heaven"—then he may take a text like this and follow its most spiritual suggestions, and lift it to its last and highest applications, make it speak the resurrection from the dead, the appearance in heaven, the immortal life.

The sleep of the night is the type of another deeper, longer sleep, which soon will fall upon us, and wrap us round in its soft and silent folds, and hold us apart and away from all the noise and strife of this unresting world.

The awakening of the morning is the type, and, as it were, the constant pledge of the rising up out of the dust of the earth of all who are resting there—especially of those who sleep in Jesus, purified, refreshed, and fitted for the work and joy of the everlasting day.

The righteousness of this life which comes to us by God's free grace, and is wrought in us by his free Spirit, is the living assurance and continual earnest of that perfect and imperishable goodness which will be the common element and universal joy of heaven.

The "satisfaction" that must and does come to men here when, as children of God, they look upon their Father's face, and see his beautiful "likeness" reflected, in some humble measure, in themselves, is the beginning of that holier content, of that more rapturous and yet calm emotion, which the lifting up of the light of his countenance in heaven will secure. When we think it through, it is a simple matter; for practically it comes all to this—that to live for God through Jesus Christ will both give us the present and secure the future.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

THE WEeping WILLOW.

BY the grave where rarely mourners
More than for a moment stay,
And to which are no returners

When their griefs are wept away;
Shadowing its silent sleep,
There I stand and watch, and weep!

Over many swelling waters
Rolling silently along,
On which Pleasure's sons and daughters
Glide with merry laugh and song;
For the joys I cannot keep
I stretch out my arms, and weep!

In the forest where the royal
Rulers of the land lie low,
Under which, with love most loyal,
Up from childhood I did grow;

When their long processions sweep
By me to their graves—I weep!

For the wild deer of the mountain
Bounding past me up the glade,
For the traveller by the fountain
As he stoop'd and drank, and pray'd;
I, who cannot bound, or creep,
Only stay behind and weep.

Only—when my life is over,
And, like interwoven nest
I, to gentle friend or lover,
Offer calm repose and rest;
Or to babe its soft-sway'd sleep,
Only, then, I cease to weep!

JOHN MONSELL.



THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

V.

1 COR. XV. 29-34.

PAUL'S pleading, throughout this chapter on behalf of a resurrection from the dead is addressed to Christians; to those who, however they had been induced to doubt on this one tenet of the new faith, had otherwise adopted it, had assumed all the liabilities and exposed themselves to all the perils which then attached to a public profession of Christianity. In the paragraph which is now before us, the special consideration which he urges upon such is the utter senselessness, the flagrant inconsistency of embracing, professing, defending, and propagating the Christian faith at such constant and imminent hazard, such actual and heavy sacrifice, if there were indeed no life beyond the grave to be consummated at the resurrection.

His first appeal is to a limited number—a small section, it may have been, of the church at Corinth, from whom he, clearly enough by the very form of expression that he employs, separates himself and others, the general community of believers. Otherwise he asks, "What shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all?" In that case, what meaning, use, or object would there be in this act? Why are they then baptized for the dead? Whatever the practice may have been to which the Apostle here alludes, it must have been one which would have stood obviously stultified, stripped of all significance, on the supposition that the dead were not to rise again. And such would baptism for the dead undoubtedly be if we take it as meaning the baptism of one person in the room and stead of another, the baptism of the living in place of the dead, the living person stepping in as the substitute or representative of his departed brother, who, though a convert to Christianity, had died unbaptized, and submitting to that ordinance on his behalf in the hope or belief that whatever benefits or privileges the departed might have enjoyed by participation in that rite might thus be still secured for him. If there was to be another after-life, if the dead were to rise again, and if it were thought by any that baptism was essential to salvation, that it formed the necessary external link by which union with Christ was sealed and ratified, then indeed there might be a reason why those who thought so should resort to that

singular expedient in order to secure for the dead but unbaptized believer all the advantages of that rite; but if there were to be no after-life, no resurrection from the dead, no state or condition in the future wherein the anticipated results of the present baptism were to be made good, then where was the use, or what could be the object of this baptizing for the dead?

But did ever such a kind of posthumous baptism, baptism by proxy, exist? Is it conceivable that such a practice should have arisen in apostolic times, or if it had crept in at Corinth, that it should have been referred to in such a way as this by St. Paul without a word of rebuke or condemnation? In answer to the first of these questions, we have the fact authenticated that in the second and third centuries, though it was only in some obscure corners of the Church, such a kind of baptism did prevail. One of the early fathers of the Church (Chrysostom) has thus described it:—"After a catechumen" (a candidate for baptism) "was dead" (who had died unbaptized), "they hid a living man under the bed of the deceased; then coming to the dead man, they spoke to him and asked him whether he desired to receive baptism, and he making no answer, the other replied in his stead, and so they baptized the living for the dead." Here was baptism for the dead in its rudest, most superstitious form—so rude, indeed, and so obviously grounded upon a superstitious estimate of the nature and the need of baptism, that it was generally and strongly discountenanced, and speedily and finally disappeared. (No notice certainly occurs in the New Testament Scriptures—nor is there any trace elsewhere of the existence of such a practice in any of the Apostolic churches.) Had any such form of baptism been observed by any considerable number of his converts at Corinth, it may seem reasonable to suppose that Paul would not have reverted to it in the manner he here does. Yet in some shape or other—in some simpler, more rudimentary form—vicarious baptism—the baptism of the living for the dead—may have crept in at Corinth. Such early mistake and gross abuse of the rite of baptism should no more surprise us than the mistake and abuse into which we know that the Corinthians fell as to the ordinance of the Supper. It was not more superstitious or

more extravagant than the practice which we know had a very early entrance into the Church, of administering the Lord's Supper to infants, and of putting the elements into the hands or mouth of the dead. To the Jewish converts it might have even seemed analogous to the provision of the Levitical code, that if a man died in such a state of ceremonial uncleanness as would have required a personal purification had he survived, this purification might be undergone by another in his stead. And if it were but in its embryo condition, and within a limited circle, that this baptism for the dead was to be found at Corinth, Paul surely might have taken hold of it and turned it as he here does into an *argumentum ad hominem*, a personal appeal to those who had fallen into the practice, without feeling himself called upon to go out of his way to expose or repudiate it. He certainly so severs himself from those who baptized for the dead, as to prevent their pleading anything like a sanction or approval on his part of their practice. Regarded thus, this passage might be taken as a curious reference to a primitive superstition springing up in the apostolic Church, which, taking afterwards a more definite form in the customs of some obscure sects, gradually died out; a superstition with which Paul could have had no personal sympathy, but to which, nevertheless, he might appeal, as grounded upon a faith in the resurrection, and as inconsistent with its denial.

There is, indeed, another meaning, perhaps the true one, which we might attach to the phrase, "baptism for the dead." In that early age of Christianity, when the work which its first converts undertook was frequently broken off by an untimely or a violent death, one can readily conceive how ardent the longing might be on the part of survivors to take up and to complete work which had thus been interrupted. It was by baptism that the life of self-devotion to which the Christian convert then consecrated himself, was entered on. The baptized for the dead might be those who, on the occurring of a vacancy in the Christian ranks, stepped forward to take the place of the dead—to occupy the deserted post of danger and of duty—to take, in the name of the departed, the baptismal oath—to assume all the baptismal responsibilities—to face all the baptismal perils—to die if need be as those who had gone before them had died. I do not know whence the time-honoured custom sprang of bestowing at baptism the name of some relation or friend upon the baptized. It

would be a very old and very honourable pedigree for that custom, could we trace it up to the very first days of Christianity; and could we be sure that it did then sometimes happen that at the baptismal font, the new professor of the persecuted faith assumed the name in order to assume the position and responsibilities of some friend or brother who had just fallen in the conflict.

Those who, from a mingled sentiment of devotion to Christ and love to the departed, entered thus upon the hardships of the Christian life, might most fitly be said to have been baptized for the dead. And of such most strikingly and appropriately might it be said, What will they do who—in the face of all the dangers to be braved, all the sacrifices to be incurred, all the sufferings to be endured—have come forward as the representatives and successors of the dead in Christ, professing themselves to be ready to love as they loved, and die as they died, in the service of our risen Lord—what will such men do, what motive to perseverance in the course they have so entered will be left to them, if the dead rise not?

And, most naturally, thus would the two questions be coupled together—the one running into the other. Why are they, then, baptized for the dead standing up thus to face all these risks? and why stand we in jeopardy every hour—we the apostles of the Lord—we whose very position as leaders of the host exposes to the same perils—we whom God hath set forth, as it were appointed to death, made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men, reviled, persecuted, defamed, counted as the filth of the world, the offscouring of all things unto this day—why do we, why should we ever have voluntarily exposed ourselves to such a lot—or why should we continue every hour to stand in such jeopardy, if the dead rise not at all?

Or to take my own case—Why do I, Paul, act as I am doing if there be no resurrection of the dead? "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily." I protest by those infirmities, reproaches, persecutions, distresses for Christ's sake, in which I take pleasure, in which most gladly do I glory, and in which, as endured for you, ye rejoice and glory also, that the power of Christ may rest upon us both, and your rejoicing over them may be mine—I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily—daily am I delivered unto death—bearing about with me the dying of the Lord Jesus in my mortal body, pressed often out of

measure, above strength, so as to despair even of life, in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, *in deaths oft*.

Or take my troubled life here at Ephesus, the place from which I am now writing to you. If after the manner of men, if merely as a man, according to this world's views—as one without the hope of immortality, I fought with beasts at Ephesus—

Had Paul before this time ever literally been thrown among wild beasts—no unusual thing in the time of the first persecutions—it is scarcely conceivable that so remarkable an incident in his life should have been left without any notice of it in the Acts of the Apostles, or any reference to it in those descriptive catalogues of his apostolic endurances which he himself has given in his Epistles. It is to the last degree improbable that had he been so exposed he should have escaped. And it is almost equally improbable that such a punishment of him should ever have been attempted, his Roman citizenship protecting him against it. We must take the expression figuratively, as referring to some collision with hostile and infuriated men, not less painful to him—in some instances scarce less perilous—than if he had been cast among those hungry monsters from the desert beneath whose bloody fangs so many of the first martyrs died. We can fix, however, upon no special occurrence of his life at Ephesus to which such a description was specially apposite. The scene described in the 19th chapter of the Acts, his danger from Demetrius and his fellow-countrymen, had not occurred when these words were written. We must be content therefore to take the strong language which the Apostle uses here as indicative of the bitter tumultuous hostility in midst of which his Christian labours at Ephesus were carried on. But why was all that hostility endured, what use was there in struggling thus with these wild beasts in human form, if the dead rise not, if there be no hope for us, no rest for us, no resurrection beyond the grave? Would it not be far better—more profitable at least, productive of a far easier, happier life—to take up and act upon the Epicurean motto, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?"

This quotation from one of the old Hebrew prophets, does it naturally remind us of him who in those Old Testament times tried upon the amplest scale what the carrying out of that motto could do for him—made the experiment in all its forms what the kind and amount of happiness is that a man can ex-

tract out of this life by exhausting every source of pleasure it supplies, and who in that wonderful Book of Ecclesiastes has left the record of his experiment behind him? Yet even to that conclusion, the conclusion of following Solomon in his many and unsuccessful steps, must he be shut up who would cast away from him the hope of a resurrection of the dead. It is indeed in a tone of irony that Paul says it, that if no resurrection from the dead be left to him, it had as lief been that, casting off all restraint, he should give free reins to every passion and appetite of his nature and turn his life into one of voluptuous self-indulgence. But quickly he checks himself as he falls into that strain, turning with the utmost seriousness and solemnity to warn the Corinthian disciples against the contamination by which they were beset. "Be not deceived," he says, listen not to them who under the mask of a higher philosophy, a less material, more spiritual faith, would have you to discard the notion of a future resurrection. They may tell you that it is but a small, but a secondary matter that upon which they would have you to differ from us and your other brethren in Christ. Lend not your ear to such vain babblings, for be assured that they will increase unto more ungodliness—their word will eat as doth a canker, eat in upon your faith till the whole fabric be overthrown.

Be not deceived. They are evil communications which these men make, and remember, as one of your own poets has said (Paul quotes the words from Menander), "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

You live, ye Corinthians, in the midst of an ungodly and licentious population. Sin of every kind prevails around you. In that life of self-denial, self-sacrifice, to which in Christ you have been called, you need all the strength that the firmest faith in Christ as your risen Lord, and in your future gathering together unto Him in the resurrection of the just can give. Let not that faith in anywise be tampered with, for with its weakening there shall come the weakening of all the moral and spiritual supports by which you presently are upborne. And who can tell but that on their weakening you may fall back once more into all those evil courses from which for a time you have been delivered? Nay, must you not already have sunk into a semi-torpid, half sleepy state when these dreams about there being no resurrection have got entrance into your mind? Awake then—truly and thoroughly arouse yourselves. Awake and sin not—err not. Learn to look at things as

they really are, and to act upon that recognition. The summons is not needless; for, alas that I should have to say it to your shame! there are some at least among you who, with all your advantages, have not the true knowledge of God.

From this passage, as thus interpreted, two things are apparent.

1. How little account Paul makes here of a bare faith in the soul's immortality, as separate from that faith in a future life which springs out of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and embraces within it the resurrection of the believer. Doubtless Paul was familiar enough with the arguments by which both in Jewish and Gentile schools of philosophy the immateriality and immortality of the human spirit was supported. They are not once alluded to here. He felt that weak instruments of conviction they were for working anything like a real and operative faith in the endless futurity of its being within any human soul. From all such airy, fanciful, elaborate exhibitions of the unseen world, as were common enough in the pages of the Grecian poets and Rabbinical rhetoricians, he turned dissatisfied away. To him within that unseen world there was now a nearer, dearer object, whose living presence there swallowed up all lesser arguments on behalf of its reality, and the brightness of whose glory threw all meaner imaginations of its objects and interests into shade. The Christ who had died for his sins on Calvary—the Christ who had risen triumphant from the grave—the Christ who was then seated upon the Heavenly Throne—that Christ in whom his soul had found its own new and better life—He it was who transfixed, absorbed his thoughts, generating within his soul that faith which was so full of immortality. So is it still, so shall it be with each one of ourselves. We may please ourselves with reasonings about the nature and capacities, the instincts and longings of the human soul. Out of these we may try to erect a faith, carrying with it no further conclusion than that somewhere and somehow the soul shall survive the dissolution of the body. But the real, the intense, the abiding conviction of our individual immortality we shall then only reach when, having found life for our dead souls in Christ, it is an immortality of that life that we set before us, looking back to the resurrection of our Lord as the foundation of our hope, and forward to our

own resurrection as to the period when that hope shall be fully and gloriously fulfilled.

2. The alarm that Paul evidently felt that if his Corinthian converts once let go their faith in the resurrection of Christ, and in their own resurrection unto life as flowing out of it, there was no security against their sinking into utter ungodliness and unrestrained immorality. Surely, there were some among them who, even if all faith in anything beyond the grave had been wiped out of their breasts, would have felt it, and would have acted upon the feeling, that, despite of all consequences, either here or hereafter, to act truly, purely, generously, self-denyingly, is a higher and better thing than to snatch the present joy that the gratification of each passing taste, or appetite, or passion, might bring with it. Surely there were some to whom a life of virtuous self-restraint would not only have been a worthier, but in itself a happier life than that of self-indulgence. Yes; but how many such in such a community as Corinth would there have been? Looking at that community in the gross, was Paul wrong in setting it forth as the alternative that if they ceased to live by faith in a risen Saviour, ceased to live under the promise of that world which was to come, the world that then and there was, with all its solicitations, temptations, and fascinations, would grow too strong for them, and the evil overcome the good? And what was true of that community at Corinth, is it not true of the great community of our race? Is it not true of the vast majority of ourselves? How many are there of the millions of the human race who would be good, do good purely and solely for the good's sake, if they knew and believed that they were to die at the last as the dog dieth? How many are there among ourselves who would chose the sublimer paths of virtue rather than the lower ones of pleasure, if the thought or belief of a futurity, an immortality, a judgment to come, were utterly swept away? We may believe that as things now stand in the best-educated community, even if all faith in futurity were obliterated, a large proportion would preserve themselves from sinking into sensualism, but the world would lose by that sad catastrophe all its highest forms of virtues, and its best preservatives against vice. Its evil communications would corrupt its good manners. It would be its many, and not its few, who would cease to have any knowledge of God.

WM. HANNA.

MATTHEW HENRY

MATTHEW HENRY was born at Broad Oak, October 18, 1662, about two months after the Black Bartholomew's Day on which his father, Philip Henry, had been ejected from the parish of Worthenbury. He has sometimes been called a Welshman, sometimes an Englishman, but (besides his Welsh descent) he was in fact born in the Principality, for Broad Oak is in Flintshire, and Flintshire has always been a part of Wales—in spite of its submission to the Government of the Earls Palatine of Chester, and in spite of the assertion of the old records that "the county of Flint belongs to the dignity of the sword of Chester."

Matthew Henry was till the age of eighteen educated by his father, with the occasional assistance of one of those young men whom Philip Henry received into his house to prepare them for their work as ministers. He was a very diligent child, so much so that his mother had some difficulty in persuading him to take the exercise necessary for his health, which in his youth was very delicate. It is said that at three years of age he could read a chapter in the Bible "very distinctly, and with some observation of what he read," and at nine years of age he wrote Latin verses, and was able to read a little in the Greek Testament. It was his wish from childhood to enter the ministry; when still quite a little boy he would not only write out some of the sermons which he heard, but even "loved to imitate preaching, not in a childish manner, but with a propriety, gravity, and judgment far beyond his years;" and he was always the leader in those religious exercises in which Philip Henry encouraged his children to spend an hour on Saturday afternoons.

In 1680 Matthew Henry was sent into the household of Mr. Doolittle, a distinguished Nonconformist minister at Islington, who took thirty young men as pupils. He travelled to London on horseback, spending five days on the road. In his first letter to his sisters he says, "I never saw so many coaches; if I should say we met above a hundred after we came into the town and before we came to our inn, I should speak within compass." Next day he was taken to see Bedlam and the Monument, and on the following Sunday he attended Mr. Doolittle's meeting-house, in which he was greatly struck with the galleries and pews, and "the brave pulpit, a great height above the people." On the Monday he went to his new home, of which

he says, "I do perceive that our rooms are likely to be very strait and little, that Mr. D. is very studious and diligent, and that Mrs. D. and her daughter are very fine and gallant." He adds, "Dear sisters, I am almost ever thinking of you at home, but dare scarce entertain a thought of returning, lest it discompose me. I find it a great change." But he soon reconciled himself to his absence from Broad Oak, and devoted himself to his studies. He paid particular attention to Hebrew, and found the advantage of his early familiarity with that language when he wrote his famous "Commentary on the Scriptures." He evidently appreciated his educational advantages, for in a catalogue of "Mercies Received," which he drew up on attaining his twentieth year, he put as a principal article, "That I have had a liberal education, having a capacity for, and being bred up to, the knowledge of the languages, arts, and sciences; and that through God's blessing on my studies I have made some progress therein." He was much beloved by his companions, by whom his obliging ways and sweet temper were perhaps more valued than his diligence and learning. One of them many years afterwards thus described him as he was at this time:—

"He had such a savour of religion always upon his spirit, was of such a cheerful temper, so diffusive of all knowledge, so ready in the Scriptures, so pat in all his petitions on every emergency, so full and clear in all his performances—abating that at first he had almost an unimaginable quickness of speech, which afterwards he corrected as well for his own sake as for the benefit of others. He was to me a most desirable friend; I love heaven the better since he went thither."

After Matthew Henry had spent two years with Mr. Doolittle, partly at Islington and partly at Battersea, he returned to Broad Oak, where he went about among the poor, and visited the neighbouring families with whom his father was intimate. Among these families was that of Mr. and Lady Frances Hunt, of Boreatton, who looked on Philip Henry as their pastor, and received him regularly once a month to preach and administer the communion to them. Mr. Hunt advised Philip Henry to enter his son at one of the Inns of Court, and to let him spend some time in the study of the law—partly because he thought such knowledge would be useful to him, and partly because "the times being then very dark," and Matthew Henry very young, it was better for him to wait a while before becoming a minister. This advice was taken,

and in April, 1685, he went to Gray's Inn; where he showed so much diligence in study, and was so clear in judgment and ready in utterance, that a successful legal career seemed to lie before him. He never really wavered in his determination to enter the ministry, and his weekly letters to his father were filled with accounts of the sermons which he heard at St. Andrew's, Holborn, from Dr. Stillingfleet, and at St. Lawrence Jewry, from Dr. Tillotson; but it appears from a passage in his paper called "Serious Self-examination before Ordination," that he had occasionally felt tempted to follow "some other way of living that would be less toilsome and perilous, and more pleasant and gainful in its profits and preferments." Matthew Henry, however, resolutely put aside this inclination to be a lawyer, and made up his mind to encounter the difficulties attending the position of a Nonconformist minister in those days. But the resolution was not made without a struggle, and a glimpse of it may be seen in the letter which he wrote to Mr. Illidge, of Nantwich (with whom he was very intimate throughout his life, and to whom he always signed himself "Your real Friend"). In this letter he mentions, among those great principles which he believes should have "a mighty influence upon the right ordering of a Christian's conversation," this above all, "That we have here no continuing city," and he adds—

"We are in this world as an inn, and must be gone shortly; why should we then conform ourselves to this world, or cumber ourselves with it? Should we not then sit loose to it as we do to an inn? And what if we have but ill accommodation? It is but an inn, it will be better at home. If our lodging here be hard and cold, it is no great matter, our lodging in our Father's house will be soft and warm enough."

In 1686 Matthew Henry returned for a time to Broad Oak, and, being then twenty-five, began his duties as a candidate for the ministry. He preached frequently at Nantwich in the house of his friend Mr. Illidge, and at Chester in the house of Mr. Henthorne, a prosperous sugar-baker, and a good friend to the Nonconformists. There had been three Nonconformist congregations in Chester, the two most popular ministers being Mr. Cook (who had been ejected from St. Michael's in that city), and Mr. Hall (ejected from Mere, in Staffordshire). These two died in 1684, and their followers joined those of the third minister, Mr. Harvey (ejected from Wallasey), who was now very old. The Chester Nonconformists were so much pleased with Matthew Henry that they entreated him to settle amongst them and to become their

minister, and he agreed to return after completing his business in London, if Mr. Harvey did not object. Indeed, he felt himself so much bound to them that he declined a lectureship in London which was offered to him.

Matthew Henry had now fully determined to be a minister. It was suggested to him that he might obtain episcopal ordination from one of the less orthodox bishops, without taking the usual oaths or making the customary declarations, but on reflection he decided against the attempt, and it was indeed most improbable that he could have obtained such an indulgence. He was therefore ordained in London by six Presbyterian ministers, May 9, 1687. The ceremony was performed very privately, "some of the ministers being very cautious and very old." One of them was a Mr. Steele, who had assisted in the ordination of Philip Henry nearly thirty years before. Matthew Henry wrote a Latin thesis on Justification, and made a formal and elaborate confession of his faith, in which, it may be remarked, there was nothing contrary to the doctrines held by the Church of England. But he did not enter upon the question of ordination, or of agreement with the whole of the Book of Common Prayer, and on his views of these two points his objections to conformity, like those of his father, were chiefly based. It may, however, be assumed with some degree of certainty that, on the whole, he was not nearly so much of a Nonconformist as were the ejected clergy of the preceding generation.

Immediately after his ordination Matthew Henry went to Chester, and was warmly received by his congregation. Mr. Harvey, too, welcomed him gladly, and often attended his services. The Nonconformist meetings had hitherto been generally held in Mr. Henthorne's house, but as the room was now too small, a neighbouring outbuilding (which had belonged to the monastery of the White Friars) was prepared, and was used by the congregation till, in 1699, "a new meeting-house, very decent and commodious," was built by them in Crook Street. Several members of the Church of England attended Matthew Henry's weekday lectures, and he made many sincere friends among the gentlemen and tradesmen of Chester before he had been long settled there. Three of his sisters were married and resided in the city, and his eldest sister, Mrs. Savage (whose diary has been published), lived at Wrenbury Wood, near Nantwich. Broad Oak, too, was within easy reach of Chester; so that Matthew Henry was able

to see much of his own family, to every member of which he seems to have been devotedly attached. Shortly after his arrival in Chester he, too, married, his wife being Katherine Hardware, grand-daughter to Mr. Hunt of Boreatton. She was an only child, and her mother at first opposed the match, considering, from the precarious position of a Non-conformist minister, that it was not a good provision for her daughter. Katherine her-

self, however, had no doubts on the subject; she felt as Matthew Henry's mother had felt, who, when her father represented to her that though Philip Henry was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, he was a stranger, and that no one knew whence he came, replied simply, "True, but I know whither he is going, and I should like to go with him." Mrs. Hardware at length became fully reconciled to the marriage, and after-



wards said that she believed her daughter had been sent into the Henry family to prepare her for heaven. But her married life was very short; early in 1689 she died of small-pox, leaving a baby of only a few days old. Her death was a very great grief to the husband, but he was somewhat consoled in his affliction by the affectionate behaviour of his congregation, who all looked on his loss as their own. Mr. and Mrs. Hardware lived with him, and did all in their

power to comfort him, but finding their efforts unavailing, they, after a time, urged him to marry again, and suggested as his second wife Mary, the daughter of Mr. Robert Warburton, who was the owner of Grange (one of the manors which had belonged to the Abbey of Vale Royal), and a staunch Non-conformist. The marriage seems to have been arranged by his friends without his having much share in its preliminaries; it took place in the summer of 1690, and Mr. and

Mrs. Hardware, happy to see him settled once more, went to live in their own house, Bromborough Court, on the Dee.

But Matthew Henry had, as he said later, to learn by experience that "it is not all carpet way to heaven;" his life was full of troubles for some time, for in the course of the first nine years after his second marriage he lost three of his children, his father, two of his sisters, and several of his other relatives. The death of his second child affected him very much, for the little creature was "a pretty forward girl, and very apprehensive; it began to go, and talk, and observe things very prettily. But," he adds, "we resigned the soul of the child to Him who gave it, and if the little ones have their angels, doubted not of their ministration in death. Little children in heaven we look upon as the *Via Lactea*, the individuals scarce discernible, but altogether beautifying the heavens." He undertook the charge of the orphan children of his sister, Mrs. Radford, and the management of their estate. Of his own ten children, one son, Philip, and six daughters, lived to grow up, and survived him; the son inherited the estate of Grange, and took the name, of Warburton. He represented Chester in 1747, and died unmarried in 1760.

Matthew Henry continued at Chester for twenty-five years, and the quantity of work which he successfully accomplished in that time seems almost incredible. He never varied his mode of conducting his Sunday services, beginning always at nine o'clock by singing the Hundredth Psalm, after which he read and expounded some part of the Old Testament; he then prayed for half an hour, preached for an hour, and concluded with another prayer and the singing of another Psalm. The service in the afternoon was the same, only he then selected some portion of the New Testament for his exposition. In his sermons he followed throughout his life the plan of preaching on a set of subjects, linking them together as his father had done. Some of these courses occupied many months in delivery, but he would interrupt them for any special occasion, and each sermon was complete and distinct in itself. His biographer gives a full list of these courses, of which the principal ones were—"On Conversion" (October, 1687, to July, 1689); "On the Covenant of Grace" (February, 1691, to July, 1692); "On Sanctification" (July, 1692, to April, 1694); "On our Duty to God and our Neighbour" (April, 1694, to June, 1698). In this year, 1698, he began what he called "a body of divinity," that is, a series of ser-

mons on the chief points of the Christian faith, such as—God, His Works, His Word, Man, Sin, the Ten Commandments, Redemption, Faith, Repentance, &c. Each of these series contained a great number of sermons, and he was occupied with them for fourteen years, in fact till he left Chester in 1712.

He also preached courses of Sacramental sermons, which altogether lasted for fourteen years; some of the subjects of these were "The Ends of Christ's Death;" "The Trial of our Spiritual State, or Marks of Hypocrisy and Sincerity;" "Penitent Reflections and Pious Resolutions."

Besides his Sunday services, he had a lecture on Thursday evenings, which was very largely attended; many members of the Church of England coming to it who would not forsake their own clergyman on Sunday. These lectures he also arranged in a regular course, selecting for his subject Scripture Questions. He began on October 1, 1692, with the first question in the Bible, "Where art thou?" (Gen. iii. 9); and nearly twenty years later, on May 9, 1712 (three days before he left Chester), he finished with the last question, "What city is like unto this great city?" (Rev. xviii. 18.)

Matthew Henry preached on all the public fasts and special occasions, and also very frequently he was requested to preach funeral sermons on the deaths of his friends and of Nonconformist ministers. A number of these sermons are still in existence, having been collected shortly after his death by his friend and biographer, the Rev. W. Tong. He very often preached in the neighbourhood of Chester, making circuits of thirty miles, and holding services in all the villages through which he passed; and to some of these places he went regularly every week or month. Each year he made a longer journey into Lancashire, preaching at Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, and other towns; he travelled also all over Cheshire, and as far as the borders of Staffordshire; but these expeditions occupied only the inside of a week, as he would never be absent from his own congregation on Sunday. In 1691 the Dissenting ministers in Cheshire (both Presbyterian and Congregational) agreed to hold meetings twice every year, at which, after prayers and sermons, the business of the different Nonconformist bodies might be discussed, and advice asked and given; the affairs of the State or of the Church of England were never to be alluded to. Matthew Henry never failed to attend these meetings, and in the Nonconformist ordinations he was often

actively engaged; the first person in whose ordination he assisted being Mr. Benyon, Philip Henry's successor at Broad Oak.

Matthew Henry held the same views as his father on baptism and the communion, saying that the one was a door of admission into the visible Church, and the other a memorial of the death of Christ, and a seal and renewal of the covenant of grace. He administered the communion on the first Sunday of every month, and, like his father, devoted much attention to the catechising of those who were to be admitted to it.

He was very diligent in visiting the sick, not confining his visits to the members of his own congregation or of his own party; he was also frequently sent for by the strangers who came to Chester, and by travellers to and from Ireland, who wished to be made acquainted with so excellent a man. In 1690 he began to visit the prisoners confined in Chester Castle (being requested to do so by the kind-hearted wife of the jailer), but after continuing this good work for twenty years he was obliged by the governor to desist. Services in the jail were, however, held by the curate of St. Mary's Church.

The Bishop of Chester, Dr. Stratford, and the Dean, Dr. Fogg (who had been ejected from Hawarden, but who had afterwards conformed), requested Matthew Henry to join them in giving a course of lectures on the crying evils of the time, and a society, comprehending both Churchmen and Dissenters, was formed for the purpose in 1698. These lectures did not answer, and had to be given up, much to the distress of those who had originated them, but the scheme serves to show the good feeling existing between the Bishop and dean and Matthew Henry. He, indeed, seems to have nourished a hope that a union might be formed between the more moderate men on either side. He wrote, "I have heartily wished that the bigotry of some violent conformists on the one side, and of some Dissenters on the other, might drive the sober, moderate, and peaceable on both sides nearer together, and prepare things for a coalescence when God's time is come, which I earnestly pray for, and which, perhaps, might be effected if they could disentangle themselves as much from the High Church as I think we are from the high Dissenters, or as I wish we were." He never ceased to deplore the violence of religious party-feeling, saying, "No fire of contention hath burned so hot as the *ignis sacer*. When a town hath been burned the churches and steeples have flamed the highest." And he often urged his people

to "delight in the holy generosity of speaking *well* of those who differ from us;" adding—

"I hate to see religion and the church monopolised, as if Christ took his measures from our little fancies and opinions. Those I call Christians, not who are of this or that party, but who call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord; those who, whatever dividing name they are known by, live soberly, righteously, and godly in this world. The question by-and-by will not be in what place, or what posture, we worshipped God; but, did we worship in the spirit?"

In a sermon preached in 1702 he said—

"Unhappy contests there have been, and still are, among wise and good men about the constitution, order, and government of churches: God by his grace heal these breaches, lead us into all truth, and dispose our minds to love and peace, that, while we endeavour herein to walk according to the light He hath given us, we may charitably believe that others do so too, longing to be there where we shall be all of a mind!"

Matthew Henry is now generally known as the writer of his Commentary, but such sayings as these show the spirit of true charity which, before his great work was even begun, caused him to be universally beloved and respected by Churchmen and Dissenters alike.

It was Matthew Henry's custom to rise at four or five, and to work in his study till noon, with only the interval of breakfast and family prayers; after dinner he would go on working till four, then visit some of the poor or sick persons whom he knew, and return to his work, which he continued till a late hour in the evening. He had a horror of idleness, and would often say to his children, "Value your souls, and you will value your time. Whatever you do, take heed of idleness; it is the devil's anvil, on which he hammers out many temptations. Understand your employment, and mind it with all seriousness." He began his Commentary on the night of November 12, 1704; the first volume (Genesis to Joshua) he finished August 20, 1706; the second (Joshua to Job) April 5, 1708; the third (Job to Isaiah) February 16, 1709; the fourth (Isaiah to the end of the Old Testament) April 29, 1712. He began his fifth volume with Matthew, September 9, 1712, and finished it with John on November 27, 1713; the sixth volume, containing the Acts, occupied him from December 12, 1713, till April 17, 1714. Each volume was furnished with a preface and index written and arranged by himself. The Commentary was published in separate volumes, by Parkhurst, a London bookseller. After Matthew Henry's death his friends undertook to complete the work, assisted by the notes which he had left. They produced another volume, but it was by no means equal to the rest. This Commentary is believed to have

been formed on the Sunday expositions of Matthew Henry (for which he always prepared copious notes), and possibly this was one cause of his writing it so quickly. It is said to have been the first ever written in English, and Matthew Henry evidently undertook it with a good deal of diffidence. When it was begun he wrote in his diary—

"This night, after many thoughts of heart and many prayers concerning it, I began my Notes on the Old Testament. It is not likely I should live to finish it, or, if I should, that it should be of public service, for I am not *par negotio*, yet in the strength of God, and, I hope, with a single eye to his glory, I set about it, that I may endeavour something, and spend my time to some good purpose: Let the Lord make what use He pleaseth of me. I go about it with fear and trembling. The Lord help me to set about it with great humility."

On finishing the first volume he said, "I have written it with a great deal of pleasure." Much of the "Commentary" was written in the summer-house belonging to his garden at Chester, a two-storied building with a staircase outside. It still exists in Bolland's Court, and has recently been restored. Matthew Henry wrote a number of smaller books, some of which are still very popular. These best known are "Daily Communion with God," "The Communicant's Companion," and "The Pleasantness of a Religious Life."

But in spite of his extraordinary diligence Matthew Henry often complained of his "unfixedness of thought and wretched desultoriness." On one occasion he remarked, "Some speak of time well spent in thinking, but I find, unless in speaking, reading, or writing, my thinking doth not turn to much account. Though I have had comfort in some broken good thoughts, yet I can seldom fix my heart to a chain of them." He kept a regular diary, and in this he was accustomed, at the end of each year, to review all that had happened during that time to his family, his friends, and his congregation; and at the beginning of every year he made, in the same manner, a solemn dedication of himself to God.

In 1698, when Matthew Henry had been for eleven years at Chester, he undertook a journey to London, preaching frequently on his way and after his arrival there. His sermons were "very much taken notice of, and he was followed from place to place, so that his name, before not unknown in London, was better known and more esteemed and remembered than ever;" in fact, from this time his friends there never rested till they had induced him to leave Chester and come to them. In the following year, 1699, he was entreated to succeed his friend, Dr. Bates, as minister

of the large Nonconformist congregation at Hackney, but he refused at once, giving as his reason his great affection for his people at Chester. Three years later he was offered the lectureship at Salters' Hall, vacant by the death of Nathaniel Taylor (who, from his great talents, had been called by Doddridge the Dissenting South). He seems to have been half inclined to accept this invitation (which was accompanied by several persuasive letters from his friends); and he thus speaks of it in his review of the events of the year:—

"The most considerable occurrence of this year (1702) as to myself has been my invitation to the congregation at Salters' Hall, which was a surprise to me. I begged of God to keep me from being lifted up with pride by it; I sought of God a tight way. Had I consulted either my own fancy (which had always a kindness for London ever since I knew it) or the worldly advantage of my family, I had closed with it. I was sometimes tempted to think it might open to me a door of greater usefulness, and though I think ministers married to their ministry, yet I cannot see any Scripture ground to think they are married to their people. I had also reason to think that Mr. John Evans might have been had here, and might have been more acceptable to some, and more useful than I. But I had not courage to break through the opposition of the affections of my friends here to me, and mine own to them, nor to venture upon a new and unknown place and work which I feared myself unfit for. It has been looked upon as the honour of ministers to continue in the same place, notwithstanding temptations to remove. I bless God I am well satisfied with what I did in that matter, though it was once and again a sudden resolve. If ever it pleases God to call me from this place, I depend upon Him to make my way clear: Lord, lead me in a plain path."

Matthew Henry's Chester congregation was now considerably increased, for (the son and successor of Mr. Harvey being in bad health and unable to preach) all the Nonconformists in the city attended the Crook Street meeting-house, and the number of communicants reached three hundred and six. This sign of his popularity made him the more diligent in preaching humility to himself, and he would often observe—"It is folly to covet to spread a large sail; we are thereby but so much the more exposed."

In 1708 he received the offer of two other cures, one in Manchester, the other to assist his friend Mr. Shower at the Old Jewry, but he declined both. During the next year he was urged to take the charge of the congregation in Silver Street, London, and though he did not accept the invitation he wavered a good deal in his decision, and said in his letter of refusal, "My kindness for my place and people here prevails over my judgment, interest, and inclination."

At length, in the autumn of 1710, a second appeal was made to Matthew Henry to come

to Hackney, and after much deliberation and a visit of two months (June and July, 1711) to his new congregation "for a mutual trial," he consented to leave Chester. But he found it a great wrench. "By this determination," he wrote, "I have brought upon myself more grief and care and concern than I could have imagined, and have many a time wished it undone again." He drew up a paper of the eleven reasons which induced him to go, in which he spoke of the advice of all his friends having been in favour of his removal, of the probability of his being more useful to a new congregation, of his wish to be near persons whose help would be of service to the continuation of his Commentary, of his repeated calls to London, &c. But perhaps the reason which most influenced him was that he had now, like most great religious teachers, begun to suffer the bitter trial of discouragement from his old followers. This reason is thus given in his paper, and though he does not enlarge upon it (indeed, he seems to shrink from doing so), the pain it caused him is evident:—"Though the people at Chester are a most loving people, and many of them have had and have an exceeding value for me and my ministry, yet I have not been without my discouragements there, and those such as have tempted me to think that my work in that place has been in a great measure done. Many that had been catechised with us, and many that had been long communicants with us have left us, and very few have been added to us." He therefore determined to go to Hackney, and on May 12, 1712, he left Chester, after having ministered there for five-and-twenty years. He says in his diary, "In much heaviness I set out in the coach for London. I *look back* with sorrow for leaving Chester, I *look forward* with fear; but unto thee, O Lord, do I *look up*."

On Sunday, May 18, Matthew Henry began his ministry at Hackney, expounding in the morning Gen. i., and in the afternoon Matt. i. He arranged his work much as he had done at Chester, but he preached still more frequently, often undertaking a morning or evening lecture in some other meeting-house besides his own Sunday services, and preaching several times during the week, occasionally even twice or thrice on the same day. Besides his own Saturday catechisings he began a weekly catechetical lecture in the meeting-house of his old master, Mr. Doolittle, preaching from that "brave pulpit" which he had so much admired in his youth. He increased his exertions in every way; as

Mr. Tong expressed it, "his motion in holiness and service was the swifter as he came nearer the centre of his rest."

In July, 1713, Matthew Henry set out on the first of those visits to his friends at Chester which he had promised to pay every year (and of which he only lived to pay two). He was away only three Sundays, and preached almost on every day of his visit; so that his holiday was not a time of rest. He had, since his childhood, enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health, but his constitution now began to fail after so many years of hard and constant work; he had frequent fits of illness, and though between these attacks he continued to exert himself as usual, his health was evidently broken. During the winter of 1713 he refused to allow himself any rest except when actually disabled by illness, and when in the beginning of the following June the time came for his second journey to Chester his friends considered him most unfit for the exertion. He would not, however, be prevented from going, nor would he consent to spare himself in the least, but undertook when at Chester several long and hurried rides for the purpose of preaching at distant places in the county. He suffered a good deal from this over-fatigue, and (being extremely stout) from the heat of the weather, but he would not postpone the time of his return to Hackney, and wrote to his wife that he intended to set out in the Whitchurch coach on June 23.

On June 20, the last Sunday of his life, he preached in his old meeting-house at Chester. Both his sermons were on the heavenly rest (from Heb. iv. 1, 9), and he alluded to a favourite saying of his father's, "Those who would go to heaven whilst they live." On the Monday he started on his twenty miles' ride to Nantwich, having made an engagement to preach there for his friend Mr. Mottershed. We will give the account of this journey and of his illness in the simple words of his biographer:—

"He was observed by all his friends to be very heavy and sleepy, but being asked how he did he always replied, 'Well.' Mr. Sudlow, an apothecary, and very good friend of his, said before he left Chester that they should never see him again. As he went by Duddon he drank a glass of the mineral waters there; before he came to Tarporley his horse stumbled in a dirty hole and threw him; he was a little wet, but said he had no hurt, nor felt any inconvenience from his fall. Those that were with him pressed him to light at Tarporley, but he would go on to Nantwich, and there preached, but the want of his usual liveliness was taken notice of by all; he preached from Jer. xxxi. 18. After sermon he dined, and he was advised to lose a little blood, for fear of

any inconvenience from the fall, though he made no complaints. After bleeding, he fell asleep, and his friends, fearing he slept too long, awakened him, which was not so pleasing to him. His old intimate friend, Mr. Illidge, was then with him, and had been desired by the Honourable Sir Thomas Delves and his lady to invite him to Doddington, and he had fully intended to have waited on them, and their steward was there with Mr. Illidge to have conducted him to a house that has been famed for impartial and disinterested religion (and I hope will ever be so), but he was not able to proceed any farther. He went to bed at Mr. Mottershed's house, and said to his friends, 'Pray for me, I cannot pray for myself.' When they were putting him to bed he spoke of the excellency of spiritual comforts in a time of need, and blessed God that he had those comforts. He said to Mr. Illidge, 'You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men, now this is mine: That a life spent in the service of God and communion with Him is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world.' He passed

a restless night, and about five in the morning was seized with what the doctors agree to be an apopleptic fit; he lay speechless with his eyes fixed, and about eight o'clock on that Tuesday morning, June 22, he breathed out his precious soul into the hands of Christ."

On the 25th the remains of Matthew Henry were taken from Nantwich to Chester, and buried in Trinity Church there in the grave of his first wife. A vast crowd of persons of all denominations attended his funeral, all anxious to pay their tribute of respect to his memory. It is to one of those who were present that we owe the following description of Matthew Henry's character: "No man more serious in religion, no man more pleasant in conversation, no man more honest in everything."

C. PALMER.

ILL AT EASE.

WAS there ever one in whom there was nothing good? I don't believe it. Of course there are different kinds of goodness, and I am not now speaking of the highest sort. There is light in the sky, somewhere, in the darkest night, shining up from the sun, or coming down from the distant stars. Goodness alone has life in it; evil is only death. The one creates and maintains, in the measure of its vigour; the other corrodes and destroys. That our race lives over the earth, is a tribute to its moral vitality, sicklier or more healthy; for the utter absence of good in any people would make society or even individual life impossible. The worst man that lives is the best to some. Robespierre's landlord thought there was nobody like him, and his brother died for him. Flowers were strewn, by night, over Nero's grave. There is light in the deepest caves of the ocean, though, till yesterday, we thought they were covered with darkness. And is not heat, latent or felt, the secret force of the universe, moving all things, even to the cold sea-wave that breaks at your feet?

Every one has religious thoughts at times. They are the salt that arrests corruption. The trouble is that these thoughts are so often choked by the weeds and the thorns, or so shallow-rooted that the first heat makes them wither away. It is the saddest of experiences to see how much human blossoming never ripens into fruit; how lives that promised everything shrivel into well-nigh nothing. The most forlorn and hopeless sinner was once an artless, bright-eyed child, with untold possibilities of good in him. All buds are white at first, till they open and get coloured

according to their nature. Not that we come into the world unbiassed or untainted; the possibilities of evil are, alas! only too certain to assert themselves in us all; still, we are not under fate, but are consciously free. No man needs be wicked. Speak as they may about education, or example, or hereditary tendencies, or imperfect development—no one ever turned his back on good without feeling that he followed his own choice; and no one ever shut out the light so utterly but that some beams shone in on his darkness. God is like the light in more ways than we think. Like it, his Spirit seeks an entrance everywhere, and waits even at closed case-ments, to enter, if it may. There is no human heart so dark, but the sunshine of God's pitying love floods round it for ever. Is He not our Father, and is not the prodigal his son as well as he who has never left his home? Does man seek, with love stronger than death, to win back a lost child, and shall we think of the great Heart of God as colder than our own? Never! Fling open the chambers of your soul, O worst man! and, lo, the whole heaven shines in on thee. God is love, and love is like the mighty light that fills the great hollow of the skies, day by day for ever. The trouble is with man, not with the All-Merciful. The fool of his own passions and follies, man shuts out the light and prefers the night.

Yet, nature is not without its protest. It still witnesses against us, however we may seek to forget it. Conscience often troubles us in our earlier years, and still pleads with us after all our neglect of it, till our last. The

very things we choose instead of God condemn us by their insufficiency to satisfy our wants. Contentment is still future, if we look lower than the sky.

What wish, then, lies deepest in every heart? For money? No. For pleasure? No. For a name? No. For success? Still, no. For power and dignity? Still, once again, no. He who has none of them is often envied by him who has all. Paul and Silas, lying in the black Roman dungeon, with bleeding backs, their feet in the stocks, were bare enough of any comfort, and yet, their midnight hymn echoes through all these centuries. We may be sad though we have everything, and cheerful though we have well-nigh nothing. Happiness lies not in what we have, but in what we are. The spirit sings in the breast like a bird in a cage, if it be at peace; but if it be troubled nothing can please us. A king's crown may rest on an aching brow, and a fine robe hide a heavy heart. Animal spirits and excitement may keep us from thinking for a time, but the heart is often lonely when the laugh is loudest. A great name is mainly the breath of fools. State and dignity are well enough to look at, but a sickening burden and oppression to those who bear them—like the grand coronation robes of the fourth George, that nearly strangled him with their weight. Success in anything does not bring happiness. Is my Lord Chancellor happy? He is worn out getting to his dignity, or worried by party intrigues, or he has a mourning ring on his finger that spoils all. Is that bustling merchant quite at ease? He will tell you that his life is a constant drive; what with making payments and getting them; watching the markets; thinking of his ventures; bearing present losses, and preventing new ones; perhaps with additions of other men's business thrust on him, one way or other, or extra engagements of his own. Many an overworked business man, tired in brain and body alike,—like a top, is kept spinning at all only by constant whipping up. And even if some take things easily, and have few cares in business, they have plenty of others to dog them home, and perch on their shoulders in their easy chairs, and look in through the curtains at night. Every man has his troubles, whoever he be, and I question if there be one of us who would take his neighbour's in exchange for his own.

That this is so we feel, but who is there that does not also feel that if the disappointments and cares of life cannot be escaped, they may still be lightened, by having the heart at peace with itself? How to get that

we need only ask our own breasts to answer. Don't be afraid. I know men would rather do anything than face their own thoughts. Never mind. Play the man. Shut out the world and all its affairs, and withdraw into the secret chambers of your being. There, in the sacred stillness, broken only by the footfall of God as He comes to meet you—ask yourself, what is it you need to give you the peace you seek, since nothing around can yield it? The answer comes while you still speak. You are made to find your rest only in God. As the eye craves light and the ear sound, your higher nature sighs for God. Your desires vainly seeking rest apart from Him, are trailing flowers climbing up the reeds and stalks only to bend them down to the earth, instead of grasping a high and strong support that would lift them up, and let them hang out their bells in the sun. God alone can satisfy the soul. It needs his infinite love and unclouded light to meet its longing. He is the sum of all perfection; to find rest in Him is to enter into the peace of heaven.

Your anxiety and dissatisfaction with yourself is explained when this is remembered.

It is the protest of your higher nature against your neglect of its interests. Your soul is pleading to be heard, and refuses to let you alone till you listen. It is reminding you, ever and again, that, though your body must die, it will live for ever, and that after death comes the judgment. It feels itself far nobler than this world. Its hopes and fears reach into eternity. It feels the nearness of the great change, and cannot be at peace till it be prepared for it. Try to escape it, to drown its voice, as you may, it still asks the same awful questions—still presses your heed to them. There is no hindering the thought—How will it fare with me in that unknown state to which each moment is bearing me? Where shall I find myself when I wake, perhaps so soon, a disembodied spirit? Am I ready to stand before God, in whose presence another minute may find me? You cannot wholly forget the judgment-seat. The great white throne shines out on you, pale, through the heavens, at times. You feel that all you have here must soon be left for ever, and that you will be poor indeed if you have nothing laid up in heaven. In your better moments you would give all the world, if you had it, for peace with God. Everything else disappears before this deepest longing. To have an easy breast; to have no fear of the future; to feel that you are safe whatever happens, is, then, the only thing worth seeking. To die in distress of mind—unwilling

to go—unable to stay—unfitted for the going, and yet to be forced over the awful verge of life, is the dread that keeps you ill at ease.

If we would only keep in a serious mood till we had thought our way, through all difficulties, to peace of mind on these supreme questions, it would be well. But we dislike nothing more than seriousness, and try anything to escape it. We intend to settle these matters some day, but, like Mrs. Quickly with poor Falstaff, as he lay a dying, our heart never cries out, "God, God, God," but we, to comfort it, bid it "a" should not think of God; we "hope there is no need to trouble itself with any such thoughts yet." To have to listen to conscience warning us is a rehearsal of the great day. We dread her footstep approaching us from the depths of the soul. It seems like the footstep of the Eternal.

Rouse yourself from this folly. To ignore facts is not to get quit of them. Prudence looks how it stands; Recklessness keeps on to a poor end; Danger grows by our shutting our eyes to it; Neglect soon makes that hopeless which timely Care might have corrected. The sailor prepares betimes for the storm. He feels it in the air while the sky is still clear, and gets everything ready. Wise forethought is manly, even for passing interests. What, then, when the SOUL is in peril? All around you may melt into thin air in a moment, and disclose the eternal kingdoms. Think over that word—*eternity*. How much does it bear of good or evil in it to every child of Adam? Bernard used to say that he could not look at the sun shining in his strength, or at the moon in her brightness, or at the white flock of stars, without thinking of that hour when he would weep that he should see their face no more, because the time had come when they must die, while he lived on, for ever. The multitudinous waves rise and sink ceaselessly, for ever, over the illimitable waters that round our life; each wave itself an eternity! The life of one soul outruns the aggregate of the lives of all men from the beginning of time to the last trumpet; and time passes so quickly. It fades away round us, moment by moment, like a dream, and reveals the changeless infinite beyond. Each instant is eternity till it comes, and the moment it is gone is eternity again. For what is our life but the thin spray of a broken wave dashed up from the deep to glitter for an instant in the light, and then fall back into the abyss? Or what is time itself but a thread of light in the infinite darkness before and after, with

life for a mote, seen for a moment as it floats across it.

"Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man: whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasieth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man—he dies!
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearded dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.—
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death?—man's life is done."

It is hard to believe that we have lived as long as we have. The child thinks the old man's life an age; but the old man looks back on it as a hand-breadth. Yet we cannot bring ourselves to realise that it will soon be over. The moment given us is to last for ever. But it was the same with the generations that have lived before us. Yet where are the busy crowds that filled the world before we were born? They had their days filled with as many cares and occupations as ours have. Go back no farther than the beginning of this century. Where are our countrymen and countrywomen of that day? Their life was warm in them once. Some were caring for their young families then as some are now; some marrying; some following the past generation to the grave. The ploughman whistled as he cut the furrow; the sailor heaved the anchor, or dropped it, to his rough "Yo ho!" the smith was busy at his forge, and wiped his brows, as he rested the hammer on his anvil and gossiped with the neighbours on the latest news. They met at markets, and churches, and on the Exchange. The fairs had their buyers and sellers, and their gaping crowds to see the clowns and the giants. Men were of all kinds then as now. Here, you had an honest fellow that would put himself about to serve you: yonder, one who had no thought but to cozen you. They were feasting in the great man's house, and watering a crust with tears in many a poor widow's garret; all that the poor orphans had among them. Where are they all now? Not one of them, or hardly one, but is a pale ghost, gone for ever from the light of the sun! Their memory has long ago faded from among men, and no one knows that ever they existed. They are faded and gone like the flowers that once

pleased them in the sweet summer fields and gardens of long ago. O ye sons of men, how all the past is swallowed up by the black night! What think ye of yourselves delaying to make ready for the Inevitable?

You have something to say for yourself, have you? But what if it be not admitted where alone it would be of value? Besides, in such a case, *can* excuses be reasonable? It is no common risk. You can't afford to be lost. You can live only once, and after that must go to the dead and have no more any portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun. Then, after death, the judgment. No wonder your cheek blanches. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. You would shrink from letting your nearest friend know all your past life; but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. He is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. Texts sound at times like storm bells, deep and terrible, in your conscience—"The worm that never dies"—"Outer darkness"—"Depart, ye cursed." Oh, brother! no excuse, pray, no excuse. It is a matter of eternal life or death with thee.

There are two sides to this matter of delay. Even if it were safe, is it manly or honourable? To try to get heaven for the easy price of a death-bed repentance is not very gracious. To make peace with God when you are driven to it, for your own sake, not his; to accept heaven as a necessity, when you can do no better—is rather making use of God for your own interest than honouring Him with your heart. Selfish repentance is no repentance. It is regret, not for your sins, but for their punishment. It is superstition, not religion; trust in a rite, apart from practice; making a charm of Christianity to keep away the devil; a monk's gown put round you when dying to secure salvation. God cannot let Himself be mocked. He requires sincerity, as you yourselves do. To hide behind a mask of seriousness, when your heart is the same as ever, is a rash folly with the Eternal.

But, do you know you will be in the mood to think hereafter if you refuse to do so now? We can only feel once. Impressions can never be renewed in their first freshness. They grow fainter at each renewal. Insensibility takes the place of the tenderest emotion after a time. The heart grows hard and callous like the hand. Habits get deep-rooted and cling to us against our will. We struggle with them as with Laocoon's serpents or the poisoned shirt of Hercules—in

vain. Conscience dies if often drugged. The religious faculty in us is destroyed if not used, as the eyes of cave insects and fishes, never wanted, wither away. Religion is the love of God; but we cannot love when we please: the heart must move of its own accord. To tremble is not to turn; sudden changes under pressure are always doubtful.

What if you should have no time or power to think when the end comes? We cannot choose our own death, and may be struck down without warning. A fever may seize us, or a racking agony, clouding the mind or distressing it so that thought is impossible. You will find it quite enough to die, without having the affairs of your soul on your hands besides. If you should have a lingering illness, you may be sure you will not believe it mortal till very near the last; like Emily Brontë, who would not own that anything serious ailed her till she could no longer see the sprig of heath her sister had put in her hands. Slow dying always thinks it is getting better till the change comes and it lies down with the worm. The ebb tide seems to run up higher this wave than last, and looks as if it were rising, as indeed it is, for the moment; but come back an hour hence and look! The power of thinking fails as the body fails. The brain gets weak with the rest. We can only be dying and let all things go as they may—eternity among them.

After all, the greatest trouble is to think that *we* shall ever die. We admit in words that we must; but how seldom do we let our minds dwell on it till we *feel* it! Yet die each of us shall; you, brother, with all the rest of the children of men. I see a death-bed before me now. The attendants move about noiselessly; the lights burn dim; the sufferer lies breathing his last—pale, exhausted; his soul sitting on his lips; life, like a spent steed, panting to the goal; the silver cord loosening; the golden bowl breaking:—a few breaths more, and he will be gone. That death-bed is *yours*. All your dear wife, or your sweet children, or your best friends can do is to take a last sad farewell as you lie, perhaps, unconscious; at the most, able only by a faint look, or the scarce-felt pressure of the hand that has lifted yours, to bid a tender good-night to all under the sun. And so you fare on alone into the great darkness, and are no more seen amongst men.

Since this must come some day, and may come any day, how wise to acquaint yourself with God and be at peace!

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XVIII.

"The scorn of the nations is bitter,
But the touch of a hand is warm."

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



H O N E S T
Ellen Wil-
liams had
no idea of
circumlocu-
tion either
in speech or
action.

"I think that gentle-
man would
like to marry
you," she
said gravely
to Margaret;
as soon as
Mr. Carew
had gone
away.

Margaret
laughed.

"I don't wonder in the least," said Ellen;
"if I were a man I should have married you
long ago."

"But suppose I would not have you,
Ellen?" asked Margaret, amused.

Ellen stared. That had not struck her as
a possibility.

"If I were a man you would have me,"
said she.

"Do you think all women are bound to
accept the first man who offers to them,
Ellen?"

"I think I thought so. I never thought
about it much. Only I thought—two people
were brought together and liked each other,
and then they married. Isn't that the way,
Margaret?"

"Sometimes, not always. You have never
read any novels nor any poetry, Ellen?"

"No: papa does not like novels at all."

"I am afraid he has good cause for his
dislike, Ellen; but there are some good and
pure novels, better and purer than much of
real life. And good poetry is the purest
thing of all. Do you think you might read
poetry with me?"

"Oh, I think so. Papa only dislikes it
when it is bad. I always learned Watts's
Hymns when I was a little girl."

I. N.S.

"Those are songs," said Margaret, "and
addressed to God. Poetry, if it describes
life, must touch upon sin as well as upon
holiness; I mean it must not ignore its
existence. If it ignores what does exist, it
cannot hope to remedy it, nor to raise man
above it. You go and see the poor, Ellen?
Don't you find good there mixed with evil,
and evil with good?"

"O yes," said Ellen.

"It would not be life as we know it if it
were not so; and if you refused to see the
evil, you could not cure it, could you? It is
just so with the highest and noblest poetry.
It is a plant that grows up from the earth
and spreads its topmost branches into
heaven."

Ellen gave a mystified sigh.

"Will you come again to-morrow after-
noon and read to me while I paint? I have
so little time for reading now, and I love it
so."

"Of course I will come, dear Margaret,"
said Ellen earnestly. "And I hope you will
look happier after I have read." She
evidently looked upon it as a dose to be
administered for the re-establishment of her
friend's mental health; enjoyment to be
derived from it for herself poor Ellen did
not for a moment dream of.

"I know a girl that did not marry the
man that asked her," said she, after a pause,
her mind having wandered back to the old
subject; "but then she liked a man her
father did not like, and that was very wrong,
of course."

"Was he a bad man?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know: he was a sailor, and Mary
Green's father did not want her to marry a
sailor; he wanted her to marry a miller at
Shingledown. She said she would not, and
Green came to papa about it. I don't know
what papa said to her, but she came and
went away crying. She has never sung in
the choir since, and she has never come to
the sacrament. I think she goes to another
church now, or to chapel."

The wild hope of making Ellen love poetry,
or understand anything beyond bare matter
of fact, faded from Margaret's breast.
Obedience is good, disobedience is bad:
Mary Green was disobedient, therefore she
is bad. That was about the extent of Ellen's
argument and conclusion.

Every day Margaret became more puzzled as to the conduct of Mr. Williams, and more distressed at its results. For who that knows aught of Christianity, who that follows in the steps of the Divine Leader, can see unmoved his teaching abused, his holy name so taken in vain? Had Mr. Williams been a careless, uneducated man, without position, or power, or influence, and claiming for himself no credentials from the God of Love, as teacher and pastor over his people, his lack of charity and his ill-judgment would probably have affected few beside himself. But coming in the name of Love to give so unloving verdicts! Coming in the name of Peace to create, by his mistaken notions of justice, discord and disunion! Margaret could not comprehend it, she could only grieve.

His talents were indisputably of a high order; his theological studies laborious and unceasing; his doctrine, save where love was concerned (considered merely, I mean, as bare *doctrine*), was unimpeachable. But love is the fulfilling of our law. Where love is not, what remains? Certainly not Christ, whose essence is love, whose rule is love, whose reward is love. The worshippers of mere humanity had well taught Mr. Williams a noble lesson. How are motive and action disunited in this weary jarring world! They in action lacking the divine motive, the divine impulse; he with that motive, lacking the consequent action. When motive and action are alike divine, then is humanity most human, because most God-like. The Finite merged in the Infinite—what better can we hope for, O my brothers?

Margaret marvelled and grieved; some others in the parish grieved and marvelled too. But for the most part anger and bitterness against the poor ill-judging man swallowed up all other feelings. Yet a few remained, alas! to lay upon the Almighty Being the sins and offences of this prophet that was called by his name.

There seems to me no solution of the problem if it be not here:—

"Men shrink more from skin diseases than from any other. . . . And they are amongst the hardest to cure; just as the skin diseases of the soul linger long after the heart is greatly cured. Witness the petulance, fastidiousness, censoriousness, social self-assertion, general disagreeableness of so many good people—all in the moral skin—repulsive exceedingly."

The words are George MacDonald's, and are spoken in his "Miracles of our Lord"

with regard to the cure of the leprous man. But he has something yet to say:—

"I say *good* people; I do not say *very good*, nor do I say Christ-like, for that they are not."

If this, I say, be not in some degree a solution of the existence of such men and of such conduct as Mr. Williams's, I know of no other. Holding fast to the letter, it seems possible to forget the spirit. From all hardness of heart, good Lord deliver us!

On this very Sunday evening after Ellen Williams had taken her leave, the enigma and the scandal—for it now assumed proportions in no way short of a scandal—presented itself to Margaret and others in the little parish, anew.

"Oh, miss," said Mrs. Hobson, running in, and flicking tears off each cheek with each hand, "Carter's wife's so awful bad, and they wants you to look in a minute."

This "Carter's wife" had long interested Margaret. They had met in a cowslip field, where each had brought her little ones to play and to pick the sweet, maizy blossoms with which the ground was carpeted; and while the children played, Margaret had talked to the pale young woman with the paler baby on her knees, and had elicited from her her story.

None but those who have made the poor their friends can possibly be aware of the pathos and poetry that run through the humblest and most changeless of their lives. We are too used to take one end of a truth, and to console ourselves with the idea that lack of culture and a rough life blunt the affections, and allow of nothing but commonplaceness. It is true—and thank God it is so!—that in many cases the poorer and most sorely tried of our sisters and our brothers appear indeed to lack our finer feelings and our higher and acuter sensibilities. Living from hand to mouth, as they do; huddled together, as they too often are; used to look upon want, or at least the scantiest of subsistences, as their normal condition—a tax they must pay for living—is it possible that their feelings should have the play we give to ours? is it possible that they should *go on* living if it were so? We fret over the loss of a single luxury, and make it a misery; we fume over disappointments that a week after are forgotten; we wrinkle our white foreheads over merest trifles. Carry this "fine sensibility" into the life of the poor. There is no place for it. Either the possessor must succumb, or the finer sensibility must make away. God

wishes his poor to live. He chooses the last alternative.

And yet we know that amongst them are many whose feelings are, heaven knows, keen enough, ay, too keen, for the struggles apporportioned to them. Carter's wife was one of these.

She had married at sixteen, she said. "I'd have knowed my mind better a year later, miss," was her comment; "but John's been a good lad to me all through; and I has never been a good wife to him, miss—oh no!" And then the tears rolled down her thin cheeks. Such a sad face it was, with the look of youth shining through the sadness and the cares of what should have been an older life.

Little by little Margaret persuaded her to tell all her grief. Her husband had loved another girl before he had wooed her; and the sting of this rankled yet in the poor, feebly-proud spirit. "He don't care for 'Lizabeth now, miss—it's not that; I don't think he never was so very sweet upon her—leastways, he says he warn't. But I was very young, miss, when he took me; and I cared more for my fam'ly than for him—that was it. And I used to go down of an evening, and when he come home from his work; then the house was empty, and I was away at father's. He were very patient were poor John for a while. So thinks I, 'He don't care if I'm out or if I'm in.' And when old Mrs. Johnson says, 'Jeanie girl, what does poor John do without you? My old man, he wouldn't spare me—not 'alf an hour.' 'Oh,' says I, and shakes my 'ead very sarcy, 'it don't make no odds to John where I be; and Joe, he do miss me of a evening.' (I 'alays had a book for Joe, miss, of a evening, and I'd read him till he fall asleep. And I were *very* much took up with Joe, miss, not having no mother, and Joe being the only brother I had since poor Bob died.) And then John, he gets angered, and says he, 'You ain't no wife to me, Jeanie. I thought you'd 'ave cared a little better for me nor you do. But I learns to get on very well now of a ev'ning.' And, oh, miss! I comes home one night, and I finds John wild with drink; and all along of me, that druv him to the public. So, after that, I stops at home; but John won't stop. 'Oh,' says he, 'my girl, you've had your lark of a ev'ning, and now I'll take mine.'

"He warn't no better till I was took ill. When the boy were born, John comes very down-faced to the bed, and says he, 'Jeanie, I've been a beast to you, my poor girl; but

now we won't have no more words, but we'll be as 'appy as we can. It 'ud be a shame for the little son there, if he growed up to hear us a-wrangling, like we've done, or a-keeping apart from each other, like we've done.'

"I were very weak then, miss, and I couldn't do nothing but cry; and I thought John should 'ave kissed me, and John he thought I should 'ave turned to 'ave kissed him. And so we didn't do it, and John he goes away out at the door. And I lies there, and thinks I, 'John should have axed *me* to forgive him, and not said no more as to *my* doings, and me lying here.' And so I got angered again with John."

After that, Mr. Williams had been called by some officious neighbour to decide the chronic dispute between man and wife.

"'Mrs. Carter,' says he, very dry, 'you're a headstrong and imprudent young woman. I advise you to read the fifth chapter of Ephesians, and for the future to obey your husband. It is very sad to hear of so much ill feeling between a man and his wife.' It *were* sad, miss, very sad; only he don't try to mend it, not he. 'Good morning,' says he, very dry, and looking that set-up with goodness as I could 'ave 'it 'im."

"And, oh, miss," she said on a later day to Margaret, as she rocked the sickly baby (of eighteen months old, but that looked like a child of six months) with her foot, and ironed her husband's shirts at the same time on the clean deal table; "it's you as made us see as *all* good people isn't set-up, and it's you as made it square a-tween John and me. And now we *is* comfor'ble, miss, and no mistake."

Margaret had grown red at the simple avowal of gratitude; but she could not hide from herself the fact that Jeanie's account of her changed condition was true, and that she had been the apparent means of bringing it about. Need I say that such compliments and such convictions did in nowise affect Margaret, save as a cause of thankfulness that she too had found work to do for God and her fellow-men—save as an incentive to try again and again?

Still waters run deep. Very poor souls they must be truly whose surface is more than ruffled by the passing breeze of praise or gratitude. A true soul will accept its reward humbly, and reject what is over and above its merits as unworthy of an instant's thought.

It pained Margaret not a little to find on her arrival at Jeanie Carter's on that Sunday evening when Mrs. Hobson had called her,

that Mr. Williams had again been planting thorns in the poor little woman's pillow. A week before twin boys had succeeded the sickly "baby" who had seemed to need all her care. *He* was now promoted to the rank of a walking member of the family, and a little girl of five was guiding his uncertain legs from chair to chair, pulling his arms rather roughly for such delicate sockets as seemed to hold them, in the hope of hastening his very necessary independence.

Margaret had seen the mother on the Friday before, doing well, and as proud of the two little strangers as if they were the first that had greeted her mother's eyes. Now she was tossing painfully to and fro—moaning softly to herself, and hardly noticing the little flannel bundles beside her.

Margaret laid her cool hand on the fevered hand thrown across the pillow. "What is it, Jeanie?" she asked.

John Carter had got a "job" in a neighbouring village, but it would keep him away "several days over a fortnight;" and one of the babies was sickly. John had gone at his wife's request to ask the curate to baptize them both at once, and in the house. The curate had applied to his rector, the rector had applied to the nurse. "Was the child in imminent danger?" "No, they could not say so; but the mother was very anxious for it, and the father going away."

Mr. Williams levelled his spectacles at Jeanie Carter's pale face, for he had come down to inspect her in person. "You seem very convalescent, my good woman," said he, "and the child will probably thrive. I prefer to have the Church services performed in church, and, except in cases of imminent danger, I never deviate from this rule."

Jeanie Carter did not know what deviate meant. She listened hopefully lest there should still be a chance. Her weak state increased her natural fears threefold; she was now certain that the sickly twin would die. She had vague notions of what would happen should it die unbaptized: but John had said, "No good could come of it for the babby."

"My good woman, Mrs. Carter," continued the rector, "keep yourself quiet, and trust that Providence will spare you and your two children to come to church, where I shall be glad to baptize them, using the public office as ordered in the rubric. If this child should become dangerously ill, you will please be so good as despatch a messenger to me: in that case I will, of course, baptize it here."

Would Mr. Williams baptize it in the church to-morrow afternoon? John would go up, and a neighbour. That would make her so happy.

But Mr. Williams would not baptize in this manner, opening the church on purpose—defeating the object of a public service, in fact. From this he never deviated.

When would the church be open for a public service?

Mr. Williams was distressed to find that Mrs. Carter was not already aware that no festivals occurred during this week. The church would be open on Sunday as usual, at eleven o'clock.

The nurse was going to-day; they could not afford to keep her longer: John also was going, for the "job" was too good to be refused now that two more mouths had come to drain the resources. Jeanie and her children were to be dependent on the occasional kind offices of a neighbour. The sickly twin lay there moaning as if it would moan its little life away. The rectory was a mile and a half off—too far for any of the children to be sent as messengers. Before such deaths as that of the puny baby a very short warning, if any, is given. Since Jeanie had known Margaret she had begun to think a great deal of that other part of us which is not to pass away as does the body—that is to live elsewhere for-ever; and "for-ever" is a long word to wiser folks than Jeanie. She cared for the welfare of the soul of that little weak old baby as she would have cared for her own. It was not her fault if superstition overcame even her trust in God. She believed that He had given it, and that He would take it away if so it pleased Him; but she did not believe that He could accept the will for any deed, and that it was below Him to visit upon her baby to everlasting the uncharity of Mr. Williams or the force of circumstances. Others view God as did Jeanie: how they can love Him I hardly know.

I am glad Margaret came to the rescue with her calm, patient ways, and her clear, pure faith, and her comforting womanly presence.

XIX.

"Now I would stay; God bids me go.
Now I would rest; God bids me work."
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MARGARET awoke on the following morning with the wearied brain-racked sensation of having spent her night in the attempt to solve a problem. Not a very abstruse problem, certainly, and one she had puzzled over before; namely, Mr. Williams and

his conduct in general, but more especially in the case of young Mrs. Carter and the moaning baby. Very late the night before Margaret had left the cottage to return home, leaving her patients quieted by a sleeping draught and refreshed by a well-aired room. They had slept better, no doubt, than she had, for Jeanie summed up the matter much as Ellen Williams would have done in her place, by deciding that "the parson warn't a right sort of a parson, after all," and that Miss Marshall had "come a-tween them like an angel, as she is;" and then she had turned her weary head to the wall, and had fallen asleep. Whereas Jeanie's "angel" had paced slowly home meditating upon the simple recital of the poor young mother, corroborated by the indignant nurse, till she began to hate Mr. Williams for bringing Christianity into so great a disrepute, in a spirit that was itself in nowise Christian.

This she soon discovered; and then, as she lay upon her bed and bandied arguments from herself to herself, and from herself to Mr. Williams, the confines of good and evil grew misty and obscure, and with the grey stealing-in of dawn she fell into a troubled sleep.

"Aunt Marg'ret, Aunt Marg'ret, please awake; here's some letters for you, and Elspet says breskut is jest ready."

The words woke Margaret with a start. The addresses of the envelopes laid upon the bed so fascinated her, that she forgot to give and take the usual morning kiss from the sweet, fresh face beside her bed.

"May I open one, Aunt Marg'ret?" said Charlie.

"And me one!—and me one!" echoed Dolly.

She gave them two and opened the third herself in haste. The envelope was smeared.

It was from Mr. Pickering, and the purport brought the blood into her cheeks. She had asked him weeks before if he thought her fit to give lessons in drawing and painting. She had no answer, and little by little the disappointment had worn off, and the hand-to-mouth manner of living had become, as it does to the poor, a habit, and so was no longer terrible as it had been at first. Small sums had fitfully come in from James Marshall's executors at her earnest request, and there was the promise of a small but certain sum, to be paid in yearly. Naturally this was the property of the children, and personally could not materially assist Margaret; but to know that with care *they* need not lack was everything to her. Her hundred a

year, entrenched upon from time to time by Gaspar (and so willingly parted with in his service), and shared too with the good Elspet, gave her a roof of some sort, and just kept starvation from their door. She was not particular about most things now. You know she never cared whether her tea were "black," as Elspet said, or not. Even in the old days of comparative luxury, so scrupulous was her sense of honesty and honour, that she had no intention of repaying to herself from the children's pension the considerable sums they had already cost her. James had not desired this in his will. Nay, she was certain that he had considered that his children were on a *visit* to their uncle and aunt up to the time of his last illness, when he was able to make some small provision for them.

Now, an answer to the old letter had come; here it is:—

"DEAR MISS,—I hope there's no offence. Haven't had opportunity to further your wishes till now; so didn't trouble you. Mrs. Something or other—with a flourish you know—and a fat purse, she wants a teacher of our divine art immediately, if not sooner. Ain't quite in my line, so I recommended 'my pupil, Miss Marshall,' and all the rest of it you know, &c., &c., &c. Send an answer, stating terms, to address enclosed. They seem in a hurry, you see—swell folks generally are. One would think poor beggars' time (like us) were put up at auction for them. Well, you bid sharp, that's all. My missus is kicking up a row, to which—as I'm addressing a lady—I won't add an adjective just at present. So no more, dear Miss, from,

"Yours faithfully,

"J. P.

"P.S.—If you've any bits of stuff, heads or anything, ready, send them sharp to me. We're off in three days' time. The missus knows where—I'm certain I don't."

The second letter was from Gaspar; *his* second letter, too, for he had only written once before since he left England. Grandiloquent, unsatisfactory, and evasive, Mr. Pickering's boorish production put it to shame. There was a true ring about the lead of the latter; the other had the tinkle of spurious gold. Gaspar was tired of the East, though he did not say so, and gave some other and more plausible reason for making his way into Europe again. Poor Margaret! the letter gave her great joy though it held out no hopes of his return home; so it fulfilled its mission.

The third was a lawyer's letter. Need I say that it was like all lawyers' letters, fifteen superfluous words to every one necessary, and therefore for some time wholly unintelligible? Margaret marvelled that the puny sum left to the children should possibly afford room for so much ambiguous eloquence and wordy nothingness; for, of course, the letter in no way expedited payment or settlement of any sort. Three or four more would be coined to effect that; and I am not sure that it would be effected then. There is no saying that a word on the margin of the said will and testament of the said James Marshall may not disinherit Charlie and Dolly for ever, and prove unmistakably to certain said lawyers (or gentlemen) that the said James Marshall meant his said will to be read in exactly the opposite sense to what he intended when he wrote it.

As Margaret dressed herself, and combed and plaited her long brown hair before the glass, she tried to picture to herself the new phase of life into which she was about to enter. She had always been poor, but hitherto she had always had freedom. Perhaps it was only human nature to shrink a little from what she had before so much desired. She desired it now: only it had become of a sudden so near, so real; she could not help wondering if the reward would be worth the ordeal.

"Anything will be worth, at any cost," she answered impatiently to herself as she tossed up a long flake of hair on the comb, and plaited it with quick, nervous fingers. "Anything that helps Gaspar, and makes me independent. And, after all, it is only for a few weeks."

So she flung up the window as high as it would go, and a great honey-bee came booming in, laden with spoils and sunshine. It settled on her shoulder, and Margaret let it rest there till she got down-stairs, when she lifted it off carefully on to a *Gloire de Dijon*, on the hot brick-wall. The summer had come in real earnest; despite a certain fear and a certain sorrow at leaving her little ones, it seemed to Margaret that the summer had crept into her heart too, as well as into the heart of the rose. She gave a sigh, part anxiety, part happiness, and part thankfulness for the new blessings of the day, and then she turned into the dining-room, where Charlie and Dolly were catching blue-bottles behind the blinds.

There was a great scene in small Fernhill that day. Margaret broke the plan of teaching to Elspet.

"He stoppin' away, and you a-goin' out teaching! Well, Miss Marg'ret, to think as I would live to see this day! If master don't turn in his grave at Kensal Green Symmetry, I don't know *what*'ll make him turn! A-goin' out *teaching*! O Miss Marg'ret, my dear, you're only a-poking fun at me! Tell me it's only fun, Miss Marg'ret, my dear lamb! O my—this'll be the death of me!"

It was vain to try and impress Elspet with the "dignity of work." She had certain prejudices, with which she had lived and grown up, and part from them she could not. As a desperate resource she dragged in Gaspar's name—at other times she maintained a profound and contemptuous silence with regard to him and his opinions.

"What'll Mister Gaspar say, Miss Marg'ret?" she asked.

"I don't know what he will say," said Margaret sadly; "but go I must, Elspet. I have been striving for work these months past; and when it is offered to me, do you think I shall refuse it? You ought to know, Elspet, how ill I can afford to be proud."

To this Elspet made no answer. Ominous sniffs and significant sighs sounded through the house all day as she went about her business. After this she gave herself up to calm resignation and the concoction of some palatable story to be offered to Mrs. Hobson—with a view to further and extensive currency in the village—in explanation of Margaret's lengthened absence.

That Margaret would not herself be cautious, Elspet knew well enough. She therefore determined that for no shortest period of time should Mrs. Hobson and her mistress be alone together. A handle of the door needed polishing at that precise moment, or an extra rose was brought in to adorn the vases, or Margaret's presence was imperatively needed elsewhere. Margaret's movements village-wards were nervously watched; but, blessedly for Elspet's peace of mind, her mistress was too busy at home during those last days, to allow more than a hurried visit to Jeanie Carter and one or two of her poor friends. So Elspet's agonies were as few as possible.

Ellen Williams came of course to see her friend; it was on the day after the arrival of the important letters. Margaret was drawing busily, and packing a finished picture for Mr. Pickering.

Ellen proposed to read some poetry.

"Oh do," said tired Margaret, as she hammered the last nail into the little case, and

began painting in the address in large black letters.

"What shall I read, Margaret?"

"Look on the table, Ellen, and choose something."

Margaret started from the floor. There were one or two books that she felt she had rather not see in Ellen's hands, that she would rather not hear in Ellen's voice.

She had time to save some of them. The first volume of the "Earthly Paradise," "The Idylls of the King," Mr. Browning's poems; last, but not least, a Shakspeare.

"Now," said she, putting them aside, "read any of the others, Ellen."

She read "The Lord of Burleigh," just as she would have read a column of spelling.

"He told a lie," said she. "Why did he say he was a landscape-painter?"

Then she took up "Enoch Arden." She knew the story of this, she said, except the end. Some one had told it to her. Might she read the end aloud to Margaret?

"The end" was from the marriage of Annie to Philip Ray.

"Oh, Margaret!" was her comment, "how could she marry till she was quite sure the other one was dead?—why did she not send Philip to see?"

It required all Margaret's patience and self-control to leave the book in her hands. But poor Ellen went on with such placid monotony, and such supreme unconsciousness of her own lack of appreciation, that Margaret had not the heart to be severe.

"Why didn't he knock at the window, stupid man?" was her comment as she closed the book. "Then he would have got back his wife, and taken the shop again, and been quite comfortable."

Margaret fairly laughed. "And poor Philip, Ellen?" she asked.

"Philip? O, he might have been their friend still; or Enoch might have been angry with him, and told him to go and set up for himself in the city or somewhere. He deserved to be punished; he did very wrong, you know, Margaret."

One more poem finished Margaret's trouble and patience.

"We were two daughters of one race,"

she began—"I wish I had a sister like this person—")

At

"As half asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro',"

Ellen opened her eyes wider and wider.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see!"

"Oh, Margaret!" she said, without a pause or drawing a breath, "his mother should have sent for a policeman. Did she?"

Margaret wrote to the given address, and proposed Friday for her arrival at Beauchamp Towers. An answer, signed Lydia Beauchamp, arrived in due time, and informed Miss Marshall with some ceremony, that she would be met at the station on the day and at the hour she had named. What her precise duties were to be she hardly knew, but no doubt she would find out in good time.

Meanwhile Elspet and Ellen and many others in the village bemoaned sadly Margaret's absence-to-be.

The children till the last morning had come did not bemoan it at all. How should they? It would make such a nice change; it gave them such grand opportunities of "making surprises" against Aunt Margaret's return. She watched them often deep in consultation, Charlie orator, and Dolly audience. Then the motion would be carried *nem. con.*, and they would scamper off in a flutter of excitement and zeal to carry out the new plan.

Sometimes it was a mud-pudding, profusely decorated with green peas, ruthlessly extracted from the unwilling pod. Sometimes a larder was arranged in which costly and inviting viands were spread or hung for the consumption of imaginary mortals whose home was in a neighbouring grotto, scooped out by Charlie's busy spade.

Margaret was asked to come and see it once. She did not quite know whether to laugh or to be angry. On the shelves, made of stripped cabbage stalks, and arranged with great ingenuity on twigs stuck into the ground, was arranged a row of mutilated flies.

"Charlie!" said Margaret reproachfully, "did you really kill those flies to make pretence for a few hours?"

Charlie had a very red face already from his hard labours, but it got a good deal redder. His hat was on the back of his head, his brown curly hair was tumbled upon his forehead. He lifted up his large eyes to Margaret's face, but they fell instinctively.

"O no, Aunt Margaret. I only deaded them a little, so as they couldn't run away."

"We only deaded 'em a little, Aunt Margaret," echoed Dolly, her white sun-bonnet almost touching the earth as she bent in eager housewifely solicitude over her preserves.

"And the worms, Charlie, did you kill them?"

Four shrivelled carcases of what had once

been worms were suspended by threads, tied round their bodies from "beams" placed across the model larder.

"O no!" said Charlie, "I *never* killed them, Aunt Marg'ret. I jest hanged them up for bacon, and then they jest died. There's *plenty* more, Aunt Marg'ret, in the beds."

"There are plenty more little boys, Charlie," said Margaret, trying to look stern. "So perhaps you won't mind being hung in the sun by a rope till you die."

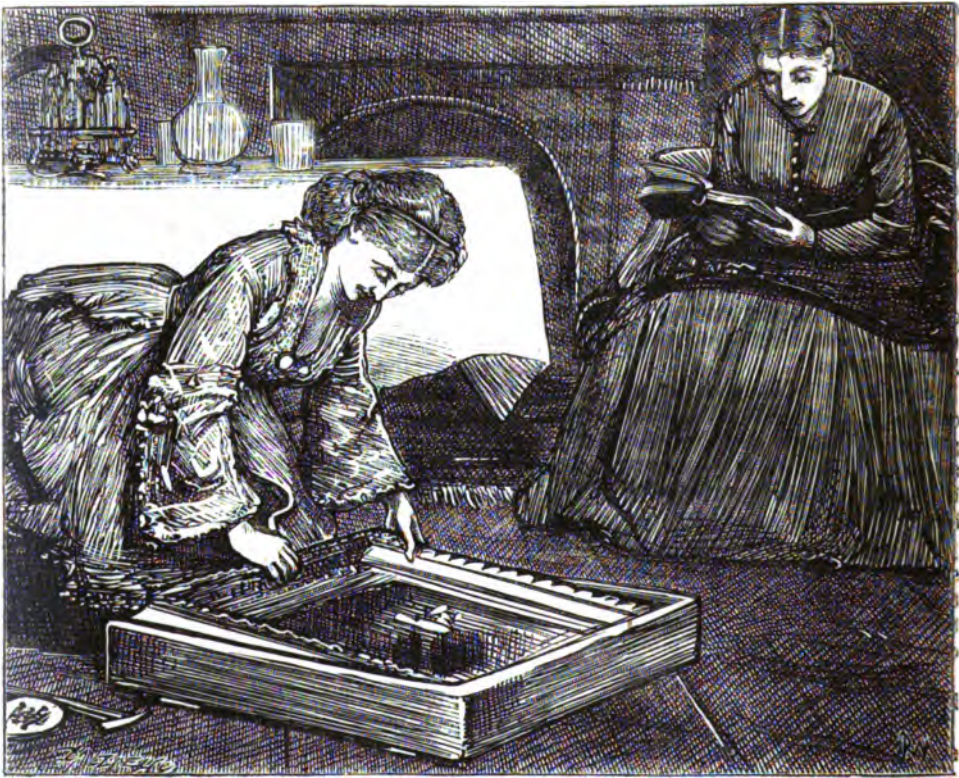
She did not pursue the subject further at that time; but in the evening they went for

a last walk with her through the fields, and to the neighbouring wood.

Hands filled with white orchis and tall ox-eye daisies and fern, and sundry erratic excursions up banks and over hedges on the part of Charlie, did not preclude the most sober conversations. They stayed out late enough to see the evening star rise pale and silvery in the June sky.

"It's up in heaven," said Dolly gravely. "I wonder if it's seen God."

"Stars can't *see*, you stupid!" returned Charlie.



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A pause and a silence, save for the ripple of long grass and the bowing of the daisies' heads as Margaret's dress passed over them.

Then—"Does God forget, Aunt Marg'ret?"

"No, darling, of course not."

"Then why do we say, 'Remember not our sins?'"

And after some explanation, such as it was,

and with a sigh, little Dolly looked up, "I wish I was a sin, Aunt Marg'ret!"

Margaret began to wonder what her theological teaching could have been.

"Why, Dolly?" she asked anxiously.

"Because then God would take me away."

Margaret breathed again. But she could not answer.

CHARITY IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.—THE BELVEDERE INSTITUTION FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."—Ps. cvii. 23, 24.

THERE remains one London charity for behoof of seamen, not adverted to in our last article. It were wrong to overlook it, were it for nothing else than this, that, so far as it goes, this Charity has rolled away the reproach with which other nations reproached us, of doing nothing—while they did much—to provide for destitute and disabled sailors. Exposed as they are to many accidents, to those baleful regions of the world and severe changes of climate that breed disease, and bring on the infirmities of a premature old age, the number of destitute and disabled seamen is large; and cannot fail to be so. To provide for such cases the Belvedere Institution was established.

A noble mansion, it stands amid ample and ornamental grounds on the southern bank of the Thames, three-quarters of an hour's ride by rail from London, and in the near neighbourhood of the beautiful village of Belvedere. It was formerly the seat of Sir Culling Eardley; and, remembering who and what he was, we felt on entering the house as if the ground were sacred, and the holiness of other days still clung to the walls. We thought of the good men who had often met, and of the many devout prayers that had been offered there; and were thankful that our late friend's mansion had been turned to a purpose he could regard with complacency from heaven. There is still heard the voice of melody as in the dwellings of the righteous; these poor, old, battered hulks, weather-beaten seamen—"old salts," as they call themselves—being not only snugly anchored, as in a quiet harbour, where they enjoy all the comforts of life, but also—what is of still more importance both to seamen and landmen—all the means of grace. Here, while some have the memories of early days, the perhaps long-forgotten lessons revived they learned at a mother's knee, others are brought for the first time under religious influences, to verify in their own happy experience these blessed words, "It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light."

This institution, now called the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant-Seamen's Institution, was "begun," as the Committee say in one of their reports, "with prayer, and committed into the hands of God." It originated

with Mr. Richard Green and Mr. William Phillipps. These gentlemen, who were, the latter at any rate, largely engaged in commerce, went to Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, asking "if it was to be tolerated that this great mercantile country, which owes so much to her seamen, should permit them to die and rot in our workhouses,* simply because there was no institution in which they could be placed in their old days?" The result reminds one of the parable of the mustard-seed. Here how small a seed—a simple question; and in this noble institution how great the tree! There it stands—one of the many which, rooted in the generous soil of our country, and watered by the rains and dews of heaven, owe their existence, not to literary men, or statesmen, or the gay world, but to men of piety and prayer; to sincere Christians, devout believers in that old Book which says, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

The Belvedere Institution presents three features, all equally commendable.

1. It is so constituted as to foster habits of prudence and economy in seamen, and induce them, out of their own resources, to provide against the accidents they are exposed to and the inevitable infirmities of age. In this way, every master, mate, and engineer who subscribes 10s., and every seaman and fireman who subscribes 5s. annually, establishes a claim to be elected directly by the committee, either as an out-door or as an in-door pensioner, on the merit of their several cases. Besides this, there is a Benevolent Supplemental Fund, for encouraging seamen to make such weekly payments as will secure a pension for their widows, or for themselves when they reach sixty years of age. These pensions, according to the rate of payment, run from £9 to £45 a year.†

2. The benefits of the Institution are enjoyed by many who continue to live in their own homes; enjoying there, in various

* Nearly three thousand worn-out British seamen are said to be inmates of workhouses.

† The management of this fund has been made over to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

parts and ports of the country, the kind attentions of their families and neighbours. This is a humane and happy arrangement; and those on this list receive from the funds of this charity, whether their homes be in England, Scotland, or Ireland, some £500 a year.

3. There is Belvedere House itself, open to receive those destitute and disabled seamen who are widowers, or who have no near relatives or friends to give them a home, and minister to their wants. This Home contains some sixty-five rooms, many of which, being very ample, are well adapted for being formed into separate cabins. The building originally cost £60,000, but it was purchased, with its park of twenty-four acres, for £12,000. Its income, which is all derived from voluntary contributions, amounted, in 1870, to £4,730 5s. 6d.; a sum large, yet much too small for the necessities of the case. How faithfully and judiciously the funds are applied, "he that runs may read," in the following abstract of a table given in the Report for 1870:—

Of those elected into the house since the 1st of January, 1867, being single or widowers, and without relatives or friends to care for them, the whole number, comprising masters, mates, quartermasters, boatswains, seamen-sailmakers, and common seamen, is ninety-two; the following figures describing their age and the number of years they had spent at sea:—

YEARS OF AGE.			
The whole are above 60			
Of these	42	"	70
"	7	"	80
"	1	"	90
YEARS AT SEA.			
Of the whole number 17 above 40			
"	40	"	50
"	2	"	60

Were the revenues of the Institution increased by the liberality of a humane and Christian public, its directors are ready to receive what its walls are able to contain, a very large increase to the present number of inmates. The funds at present are inadequate to meet the case of more than one-half the numbers who are applying for admission; and how anxious the poor old men are to be admitted, how highly they appreciate the blessings of the Institution, may be learned from a fact, mentioned in last year's report, that William Moses Blanchard, aged eighty-one, when he heard that he had been successful at the last election, was so excited as to die of joy!—an affecting circumstance, that speaks volumes for this Home.

The Institution stands in one of those

noble parks which, compared with the mean demesnes of the chateaux of the Continent, form one of the most ornamental and characteristic features of our country, especially of England. The day of our visit was one to enjoy the scene, and appreciate the beauty of the green sward, the umbrageous trees, and the Thames glistening in the sunshine, through the branches of mighty cedars, with tiny boats and vast ships floating on its broad bosom. Many of the "old salts"—some standing in groups, some walking in pairs, some aged men creeping apart, busy with their own thoughts—were passing the hour till the welcome bell rung them to dinner—a full and comfortable meal, which we had the pleasure of seeing them discuss, and left them to digest. What a contrast this scene presented to that with which the banks of the Thames were associated in our minds! A long time ago, many years before railways had spread themselves, like the meshes of a net, over the country, or steamers were paddling or screwing their way on in the face of wind and tide, we had dropped down the river in a sailing smack, nor have forgotten one scene on its banks—the ghastly spectacle of more than one tall black gallows standing there, each with the dead body of a pirate hung in chains. The chains creaking, and the carrion crow flapping her wings over them, there they swung in the wind as their mouldering limbs dropped, bone by bone, to the ground. It was thus our fathers, in the bad days of old, holding out no reward for good conduct, taught seamen the duty of fealty and obedience. The Belvedere Institution, with its noble and beautiful grounds, and the comforts to be enjoyed within its ample walls, offers now to every seaman, on his way up or down the river, a better and more Christian motive to obedience, industry, and integrity. That was the Reign of Terror, this is the Reign of Love!

It was with no ordinary interest one enjoyed the talk of men who had spent so many years on the lonely deep, seen so many countries, and encountered so many perils. They confirmed our previous impression of how much the common sailor is superior in intelligence to the common soldier, or any other class of common workmen; that a thoroughbred and experienced sailor is of all men who have not received what is called a liberal education the shrewdest and most observant. The daily duties of a profession where the safety of his craft—whether boat or ship—his own life and the lives also of others depend on his obser-

vation and promptitude, on a glance of his eye or a turn of his wrist, train him to this. In the matter of the weather, for instance, we have often been struck with the prompt and decisive prognostications of seamen as contrasted with other classes. Ask a shepherd or ploughman what sort of day it is to be, and ten chances to one he *hems* and *haws*—he could not say; it may rain, or it may not; putting you off with some such indefinite and unsatisfactory answer. Put the same question to Jack. He hitches up his trousers, and, turning his weather-eye to the skies, observant of the appearance of the clouds and the points of the wind, gives you an answer, prompt, terse, and seldom wrong.

The most interesting of all with whom we talked to, as with toothless gums he addressed himself to his dinner, was a veteran of ninety-three. By good conduct he had risen to be a master, and had been at sea for the long period of sixty-seven years. As St. Paul says of himself, he had been "in deaths oft," having gone through the horrors of no less than four shipwrecks in different parts of the world. On each occasion he had been rescued from the very jaws of death; and it was interesting, very interesting, to hear this aged man, in a voice tremulous with age, and his weather-beaten face all aglow with feeling, giving God the glory and the thanks—"It was all his providence, sir; his kind providence," he said. We lately visited Dr. Ingram, of Unst, a Free Church minister in the Shetland Islands, and in the most northerly parish of our Queen's dominions. He is ninety-six years of age; and, strange to tell, with colour fresh as a child's, a bright blue eye that has lost none of its lustre, an intellect that has lost none of its vigour, a piety that has lost none of its fervour, and a voice that has lost none of its amazing power, he still occasionally occupies the pulpit. Next to that old man of the sanctuary, this old man of the sea was the most interesting patriarch we had ever seen. In his case, as in that of the venerable minister of Unst, "the hoary head was a crown of glory," being found, so far as we could judge from our brief conversation, in the "paths of righteousness."

The comforts of this institution, the claims it has on a more generous support, and the inducements its success offers to the ship-owners and merchants of other large seaports to open the doors of similar retreats to destitute and disabled seamen, may be best described by transferring to our pages some letters written by its inmates—nor ever ex-

pected by them to see the light of day—to their distant friends:—

"BELVEDERE INSTITUTION,
19th May, 1868.

"RESPECTED SIR,—Agreeably with your request and my promise, I proceed to give you a description of this delightful place.

"The Hibernia Chambers are at the Surrey side of London Bridge, opposite the London Bridge Railway Station; for elevenpence at that station I am set down in the pretty village of Belvedere, at a short quarter mile from this institution, situate in a fine park of some thirty acres. The house is large and fine, and there are fifty inmates, all on an equality. We are well lodged, clothed, and fed on good food. Sundays: roast beef, vegetables, and plum pudding; other days: changes, but good and plenty, with ale. We have a little to do in the mornings till about nine o'clock, merely for our own comforts. We can ramble where we please between meals, in park or village. The Thames is about a mile north from us. The observances expected from us are such as are usual in a well-regulated family.

"The means of grace are amply provided. On Sundays there is the village church, and one Congregational and one Baptist chapel, open to us all.

"Should you at some time run up to town, it would be a pleasing trip for you to pay us a visit; none would be more pleased to meet you than,

"Respected Sir, your obedient Servant,
"S. BOW FORD."

"BELVEDERE INSTITUTION,
May 19th, 1868.

"DEAR FRIEND,—On the receipt of this, I hope you are in the enjoyment of good health, as this leaves me the same, thank God for all his mercies, both temporal and spiritual. We have every comfort that the heart of man can wish for. We have the best of living, and, what is better still, we meet at a Throne of Grace morning and evening, and on the Sabbath we have our chapel. Yesterday being the anniversary of the 'Shipwrecked Mariners' and Fishermen's Society,' held at Whitehall, London, our kind friends gave us a treat. Thirty of us appeared before the patrons and a large audience, rigged in our uniforms, with our medals suspended with a blue ribbon on the left breast. The report of the three societies is very prosperous—that is, the 'Shipwrecked Mariners,' the 'National Life-boat,' and the 'Belvedere,' and in full expectation of funds to extend it still further. I enclose you the rules of the Home, as I do not know if you have them or not. The Belvedere uniform is blue reefing jacket, vest, and trousers, gilt buttons, and *foul anchor* and Belvedere thereon. All South Shields men join with me in their best wishes to you.

"I remain, yours,
"WILKIE ANDERSON."

Another writes:—

"I am able to testify regarding this institution that it is everything that can or could be expected for the benefit of us aged seamen. I was, along with my shipmate, most kindly admitted; and I can with much respect say that Captain Tribe, our present Governor, is a kind gentleman. He not only cares for our bodily benefit, but has all our eternal interests at heart. We have all nice state rooms to each of us. We have perfect liberty to go and walk about our beautiful park, or anywhere we like, and all so comfortable."

A fourth writer feels constrained to make

a public utterance of his gratitude in the following letter :—

"THE ROYAL ALFRED INSTITUTION.

"To the Editor of the *'Liverpool Telegraph and Daily Shipping Gazette.'*

"SIR,—Will you forgive the liberty I take in writing you a few lines. I want to tell you that my anchor is down at last, and that I have a good berth—no more fear of collisions, thank God, and no watch on deck at night. This is a beautiful place, sir, and I hope when you come to London you will find time to run down by train from London Bridge, and see us old sailors enjoying ourselves both indoors and out. I feel very thankful that I am here, and that such a good place is fitted up for old seamen to end their days in. Many a time I used to think what would become of me when no longer fit for sea service, and as one of my poor old skippers died in the workhouse, I somehow had a fear that such a lee shore would pick me up at last. I used to read your papers in the good boarding house I lodged in years ago, but the keeper died, and when I came home again the Sailors' Home was opened and I went there. I am glad I did, for I don't know what would have become of me if I had not got my name down in red ink in their books (old boarders are always entered in red), for, before I was elected here, I was allowed to stay in the Home for nearly two years, and good Mr. Hanmer's kindness I shall never forget. Failing eyesight was my great weakness, and a sailor is not worth much when his binnacle lamps are dim. Through you, sir, I want to thank the Liverpool Committee for their kindness in securing my election, and the friends I found in the good old port of Liverpool before I came here I shall never forget. Hoping this good Institution will never fail for want of funds, I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

ROBERT THOMPSON.

"Royal Alfred Institution for Worn-out Seamen, Belvedere-on-Thames, 1871."

As another instance of the gratitude of these ancient mariners for the desired haven into which they have been brought, we may mention that on one occasion the indefatigable Secretary of the Institution passing a ward at a time when, as he thought, all the men were busy at breakfast, overheard an old sailor earnestly thanking God for bringing him to Belvedere, and praying Him to pour blessings on all connected with the Institution.

At the last Belvedere election two of the successful candidates were men who had been fifty-nine years at sea. The civil old salt who pilots us over the building says that he was fifty years at sea—"and half the time I was a master, but I haven't made my fortune, you see, sir. Thank God, for giving me this comfortable place to bring up in." Two vessels, he tells us, he lost, one coming from Hamburg. He has also lost a finger, and both his horny hands and his face, which sunlight and salt breezes have turned into yellowish brown leather, make one think of Carlyle's pæan to labour: "Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse;

wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like." He has a merrily twinkling eye, and a smile as innocent as a two-year-old child's. Instead of the Institution's gilt-buttoned reefing jacket, the quietly-talking little master mariner wears a blue guernsey. He rolls in his walk as if the freshly-scrubbed boards of the corridors we traverse were the fresh-swabbed deck-planks of a rolling and pitching vessel. He is a Tyneside man, as his "vast" of this and "vast" of that soon show. He takes us into the handsome Board-room with its gilt-moulded ceiling, and portraits of Mr. William Phillipps and the Queen. He lets us peep into the snug sleeping-cabins, hung round with pictures of ships, &c. The carpenter's berth is a model of neatness. He has turned his bunk into an Arabian bedstead, and furnished it with chintz curtains. In one of the cabins sits a noble-looking, white-haired ex-skipper reading. "That ship, sir," says the old man, pointing to the picture of a fine American-built clipper, "is commanded by my son." "A great comfort, sir," says our guide, "these separate state-rooms are. There's retirement if a man wants to be alone with his God." He shows us the comfortable lavatories. "Clean towel for every man, sir, once a week; clean sheets every three weeks; eight pieces a fortnight you're allowed to have in the wash—five one week, and three the next." He takes us up to the sick-bay, in which, out of the eighty old sailors, there are only two inmates, attended to by a loquacious, good-tempered, very portly nurse.

There is an allowance of tobacco-money given out once a week, 9d. for masters, &c., 6d. for men. To stop this is the severest punishment that can be inflicted on the old sailors—they would far rather have a dinner docked off. For those who like to work at any handicraft with which they may be acquainted there is an industrial ward. The institution supplies them with material at cost price, and when that has been deducted they receive the full proceeds of their labour. Every inmate is expected to help, in turn, in the cleaning, &c., of the house. The nurse, the steward, and a man-cook are the only paid servants of the establishment.

Our pilot next steers us into the reading-room, hung round with pictures and engravings, and supplied with books and newspapers. A goodly number of the old salts, all with their

broad-brimmed black hats on, are busy over the literature supplied. The dining-room is decorated with the royal arms; there, as in the reading-room, there is a capital fire. Pewter plates gleam on the tables. This is the bill of fare. Sunday: roast beef, potatoes, and plum-pudding; Monday: vegetable soup, boiled mutton, and potatoes; Tuesday: salt fish, onions, potatoes, and suet pudding; Wednesday: vegetable soup, boiled beef, and potatoes; Thursday: roast mutton, greens, bread and cheese; Friday: salt pork, pea-soup, and potatoes; Saturday: soup and bouilli, potatoes, and bread and cheese. There is no allowing—each man eats as much as he likes. A sufficiency of wholesome ale is provided for those who are not water-drinkers. We ask our guide how the old fellows get on, upon the whole. "Well, sir," he answers quietly, with a merrier twinkle even than usual in his eye, "you know what sailors are—never satisfied. But we're really as comfortable as men need wish to be, thank God."

As an amusing instance of the obstinacy of the old boys, we may mention that on one occasion when the Secretary and House Governor—a most admirably-selected official, who kindly volunteers to be lay-chaplain—went down to read prayers for the old fellows on a bitterly cold day, he found them shivering without a fire. Each had maintained that it was not his turn to light one.

When the men have had their dinner, our guide comes up to us with a "Ye'll be wantin' your soup," and soon makes his appearance with two piping-hot basins of it. The Belvedere soup has become quite famous, and we can unhesitatingly add our commendation to those which it has already received. Then the two men whose yarns we are going to jot down verbatim make their appearance. The first is an intelligent-looking fellow, with a pleasant smile that lights up his whole face. He is a native of Montrose, but has almost entirely lost the Scottish accent. When this is remarked upon, he laughs and says, "You see, sir, I've knocked about so much, and p'raps partly 'twas because of the aggravation; I used to be so plagued about my lingo."

This, in his own words, is Peter Oakman's story:—

"I was born in the year 1805, and apprenticed to the sea. Coasting voyages mostly I went, and up the Baltic. In the year 1827 I was out of my time, but I went in the same ship—the *Dantzic* was her name—to Memel. There was two ships wrecked

there. One was a foreigner—I think she was a Prooshian—and the other was a Scotch schooner. Me and my mates wanted to man the life-boat, but the Memel people said there should no English go in her. They were jealous of us, I suppose—didn't like to be made look little, as if they couldn't manage it themselves. But when they got near the Prooshian, they were afraid to go alongside, and came back. They were frightened that the masts should come out of her, they said. Then we manned the life-boat, but before we could reach her, a heavy sea dismasted her, and she began to break up fast. Not a vestige of the crew. The Scotch schooner was breaking up too. We picked up one of the crew, lashed to the skylight by the two arms. The lashings had cut down through his flesh to the bare bone. I think he recovered after we got him ashore. A good many corpses were washed ashore. In January, 1830, I was coming up in a new Indiaman, belonging to Mr. Smith, I think, was the name, the *George Green*, seven hundred tons. She drove on Hasbro' Sand, not very far from Great Yarmouth. Our signals were seen by them on land, but there was too nasty a sea on to allow of their launching of their boats. We stuck to her till she floated. We tried to lower the quarter-boat, but one of the tackle-falls got into kinks, and her stern dropped. Then she carried away the other fall, and turned bottom up. All we'd got left to depend on then was an old longboat that had belonged to a collier. We'd come away in a hurry without our own boats, you see. She was a leaky old tub, not fit to carry more than three men, we thought, but she proved better than we'd expected. Through God's mercy, though she was a third part full of water, we got ashore in her. We landed at Yarmouth, and for eleven days we were in Yarmouth work-house, half starved. The first morning we had a round of bread and treacle each. Some potatoes we had, and now and then, perhaps, a little meat. There was a bucket of small beer. Fifty shipwrecked sailors there were altogether in the house. They wanted us to take two shillings a-piece and walk back to Sunderland knee-deep in snow. It wasn't until they were afraid they'd never get rid of us that they'd put us aboard the vessels that went by in ballast. How different it is since 1839, when the Fisherman's Society was founded! A sailor has no call now, when cast ashore, to stand shivering and shaking about the beach for some kind friend to take hold of him. There's an agent ready to receive

him, succour him, and send him home as soon as possible. In March, 1844, I was wrecked off Flamborough Head in the brig *Fennwick*, of North Shields, all hands saved. Not being then in the Society—I joined it afterwards, and belonged to it for twenty-four years—I had to walk from Bridlington to Shields. At Fecamp I was totally wrecked in the schooner *Caledonia*, from North Shields, with coals. I had to get ashore on a hawser. We floated the lead-line ashore with a cork fender, and so got the hawser ashore. The fellows there said as they'd claim the clothes we'd left aboard because we'd deserted our vessel. We'd all got safe ashore, but I swam back for the schooner when I heard that. She was heeled over with her deck to the sea. I swam till I was worn out, and was washed ashore unconscious. 'Twasn't till the next day that I came to my right mind again. It's scarce worth mentioning this, but I was stranded in the brig *Ossian* on the Herd Sand, at the mouth of the Tyne. We were all taken out by the lifeboat to North Shields, and the brig got off next springs. There are two Hartlepoons, you understand, sir. When I was in East Hartlepool, there was a schooner in distress. The fishermen wouldn't venture off to her, so me and some others got into a fisherman's coble to see if we couldn't save the crew. What did the fishermen do then but pitch us clean overboard, and go off and save the crew themselves. I had to swim ashore. From '61 to '67 I had charge of the Seaham lifeboat. That's about all I've got to tell you, sir."

Peter is an Oddfellow. When he was was about to leave Seaham for Belvedere, the members of his lodge presented him, at their anniversary dinner, with a silver medal, handed to him after a most complimentary speech. Brother Peter Oakman, says the *Oddfellows' Monthly Magazine*, replied in a very feeling manner: "I have always made it a point of duty to be present at my lodge, and what little I could do, I always did it cheerfully. I like to see a man, especially an Oddfellow, perform his duty in a cheerful manner, it makes society so much better. I sincerely thank you for this present; I had no idea of anything being given to me. I shall look on this medal and always remember you; and my advice to you is, attend the duties of your lodge at each monthly meeting; by so doing you will encourage your officers in the performance of their onerous and responsible work. You trifle too much with your own important

position as members of society. Look after your own interests, do your own work, and rest assured the lodge will prosper. I will give you my parting advice, and that is, Love one another. Be true to your brother officers and kindly, and with all true affection. Lift their hands when they are ready to hang down: as iron sharpeneth iron, so does the counsel of a man his friend. I now take my leave of you, and when at my new home I will think about the many hours of enjoyment we have had together. May God bless you all!"

Captain Tribe, who has the hearty, half-jocular manner which sailors like, kindly undertakes to question Tom Smith for us. Tom is an upright old hero of eighty-two; so deaf, that questions have to be shouted to him like orders given on shipboard in a sudden squall.

This is Tom's story:—

"I was ten years old when I went to sea—merchant-service—brig *Jane*, of Sunderland. I was pressed twice, but my owners got me off. In the year of our Lord 1806 I was taken prisoner by the French privateer, *L'Etoile*. We were taken at ten at night, and landed at Calais at ten the next morning. I was three days in Calais prison, and then I was marched to Arras prison. I was three years in Arras prison, and then I was marched off to Besançon for another five years. A pound of black bread, rye and tares you know, was what we had a day, and half a pound of meat. No 'baccy, no grog—only rain-water to drink. We lay on the bricks with only one blanket between two men. It took all our jackets to cover the holes in the blankets. There was straw—served out once every three months. There was a sentry to look after us, but they behaved to us civil enough. No work to do, except keeping the place clean. There was all nations there—Spaniards, Maltese, Rooshians—but the Rooshians was exchanged two or three months after I got there. We talked English amongst ourselves. What French I learnt, I learnt upon the march. For three months after that I was confined in the nunnery of St. Paul's, in Lyons, and then I was sent to Morlaix, and came home in a transport to Plymouth. First of June, 1814, I landed. I walked from Plymouth to London. Going through Exeter, I got the first pair of shoes I had had for years given me. I'd got so used to the French folks' wooden clogs that I scarce knew how to wear the English shoes. Then I shipped aboard the brig *Speedwell*, wages £3 10s.

a month, for Rotterdam. I left her to go mate in the coasting trade. I was cast away in Angelholm Bay. Nineteen hours I was in the foretop. Fishing-boat took me off, and landed me at Angelholm. Went through a large wood to Elsenborg. Then I was sent on to Elsinore. The agent gave me some clothes, and put me aboard a foreign vessel. I've been wrecked in the Lincolnshire Main. A farmer dragged me on to the sand. Then says he, 'There's your boat with three hands holding on to the bottom. There's a mate of yours,' says he, 'I can see his head.' I flew off from the farmer, and flung myself on the sea and grabbed the young chap and held him up, and two farmers dragged us up on the sand. Lloyd's agent gave me £4 for that job. Yes, the young chap writes to me regular, and sends me postage-stamps to buy 'baccy. Then I was in the Sunderland lifeboat—saved three or four lives out of a Scotch vessel. Afterwards I went up the Straits—Corsica, Odessa—loaded grain. I was seventy year old when I was paid off in Liverpool. I'd been lamed by the sea, or I wouldn't have left it then. I went to a shipyard at twelve shillings a week for odd jobs—looking after the boilers and pitch-kettle and so on. Then I come upon the parish—one and sixpence a week; but a kind gentleman, that was a friend of mine, says, 'Is that Tom Smith? Give him sixpence a week more.' Then the committee elected me, and I'm happy here. Wouldn't leave till death. Yes, sir, thank God, I can say I've peace. Trying hard, sir, trying hard, to have a sure and certain hope. Jesus Christ is my first thought in the morning, and my last at night."

Although Tom's age outnumbers fourscore years, he is more active than many of his juniors. When he sees any one carrying a coal-scuttle or other burden languidly upstairs, Tom will whip it out of his hand, exclaiming, "You've no pith, man—give it me."

Some time back an old shipmate of Tom's died at Belvedere. Tom nursed him through his last sickness most assiduously, night and day. Shortly before he died the sick man's mind began to wander.

"A fine ship this. A braw cabin!" he exclaimed, looking at the ceiling of his room.

"Ay, mate," answered Tom, "but you'll have a finer ship up aloft, and a better cap'en than you ever had down below—Cap'en Jesus. You'll have to ship in Erith churchyard for that voyage."

"He lived very near to God," says old Tom, as he talks of his departed friend.

These lines are hung up in the institution:—

"Our anchors are cast, our sails are all furled,
We have weathered the ocean's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world
Here in Belvedere haven are riding."

They are most apposite to cheerful, contented, old Tom Smith.

We cannot leave this subject without advertent to a few of those general considerations which should induce our readers to sympathise with seamen, and aid in every way to promote their temporal and spiritual welfare.

1. Seamen form a large and very important class of the community. There are 50,000 men in the Royal Navy, and more than 300,000 men in the merchant service. The magnitude of our mercantile marine is immense. Exceeding not only that of France, or of Spain, or of Italy, in the Old World, and that of the United States, or of any other country, in the New, it is equal to, if not greater than, that of all the nations of the world put together. In 1868 the number of our vessels, exclusive of river steamers, was 22,250, and their tonnage 5,516,434. It may be safely said, therefore, that there is no class of men in the country on whom it depends more for its prosperity in times of peace than on seamen. They spend their strength, sacrifice their health, and imperil their lives to supply our tables with their daily luxuries, and bring to our ports those articles that constitute the mercantile trade on which our commercial greatness is built. Besides, in their floating bulwarks, ships of war, our shores and homes find their best defence. Then, when we are threatened with invasion, or the call to battle sounds on distant seas, what makes the mercantile marine so important an element even in the defence of our empire is this, that from it the Royal Navy must draw its resources—men enough to man her ships, and work her guns, and meet the emergencies of the hour.

These are valid reasons for the State setting itself to remedy the wrongs which our seamen suffer, and with which—though we cannot enter on them here—we have made ourselves acquainted. It is notorious that many ships go to sea under-manned, overloaded, with rotten bottoms; causing the loss of much valuable property and many precious lives. The law that says, "Thou shalt not kill," as well as the interests of our sailors and their families, require Government to find, in a system of inspection, or otherwise, a remedy for this evil. Besides, were more attention given by Government and our shipowners to

the physical, moral, and religious interests of our seamen, they would become more efficient, and the service itself so popular as to make us independent of foreign hands. The number of these in our ships has largely increased of late years, and is still increasing; the number in 1854 was 13,200, and in 1867 it had risen to 21,817—an element this which is not desirable in times of peace, and may prove very dangerous in a time of war. Unless our country—turning a deaf ear to the clamours of men who, protecting themselves from loss by insurance, are reckless of

men's lives—restore the old system, and so secure for our navy men thoroughly trained for the duties and dangers of their profession, there should be Training Ships attached to every considerable sea-port. Countenanced and liberally subsidised by Government, these would go far to meet the evil which the country suffers, and of which our humane and Christian shipowners complain—and no better field for these than the Orkneys, and especially the Shetland Islands, where the sea is every man's neighbour, and these descendants of the hardy



Norse-men, earning their bread on stormy waters, are the bravest boatmen and make the best sailors in the world. These are matters in which, considering the importance of this country to the interests of liberty and of religion throughout the whole world, as Christians as well as patriots, we should feel a warm interest.

2. The good which could be accomplished by our seamen, were their moral and religious interests sufficiently cared for, is incalculable. Living examples of Christianity, illustrating in their habits the virtues and graces of our holy religion, they would be our cheapest

and not least efficient missionaries; opening a door in foreign and heathen lands for missionaries, properly so called—a door their drunkenness and vices, creating a prejudice against our faith, have, alas! done so much to shut. They form now, we much fear, one of the greatest obstructions to the progress of the Gospel among those who, though sitting in heathen darkness, know, and are as ready as we ourselves, to apply the adage, "The tree is known by its fruit." Neglecting our seamen, we are, therefore, overlooking and neglecting one of the readiest, cheapest, and mightiest means

of converting the world to Christ. With our slips ploughing every sea, and carrying the British flag to every shore, we have an agency in them for extending the blessings of civilisation and Christianity to the ends of the earth, such as no nation possesses, or is ever likely to possess. Let this induce all who love Jesus Christ, who value the souls of men, and pray, "Thy kingdom come," to see to it that while our sailors are made good seamen, they are also, with God's blessing, made good Christians.

3. The dangers to which our seamen are exposed, as well on the land as at sea, give them a strong claim on our sympathies. So soon as he comes ashore with his chest and bedding, and wages,—the reward perhaps of more than a year's toil,—the sailor is beset by innumerable temptations. Who has seen a shark has observed that, when about to bite, she turns, and shows the fairest part of her body. Land sharks, the wily crimp and courtesan, with painted face and flaunting dress—the most conspicuous figures in the low beer or public-house—present themselves in the alluring aspect of friends. The buoyant and simple-minded seaman walks into the trap, to be surrounded by those who, with all manner of blandishments, persuade him to cast anchor there. His fate is sealed. Induced to drink, he is soon made insensible either with spirits or drugs, and robbed of all his hard-earned money. If not plundered thus, the wicked and worthless wretches into whose hands he falls ply him with spirits till all is spent in prodigality and vice.

For example, Glover, a crimp and sailors' lodging-house keeper in Tynemouth, was charged with having taken possession of the moneys and effects of a seaman, named Hall; and with refusing to restore them on being requested to do so. For his services in the Black Sea during the Crimean War, Hall had received £33 15s.; and on landing in England had taken up his quarters at Glover's, making him his "purser." At the end of sixteen short days, Glover, who charged him fourteen shillings a week for his lodgings, told him that the money was all spent. His account to the magistrate was that Hall had spent the whole in drink, treating and keeping a couple of bag-pipers to play to him all the time he was on the spree. In proof of that he produced a most extraordinary account against Hall, of the items of which these are specimens:—

9th Dec. 20 pints of rum £2 6 6
20 quarts of beer and 15 oz. of
tobacco 0 15 0

10th Dec. 8 glasses of rum and ss. 6d. borrowed money 0 4 6
11th " Borrowed money 0 2 6
5 pints of rum, 5 gills of rum, and 15 quarts of ale 1 12 6
6 ounces of tobacco, 2 glasses of gin, and 2 gills of brandy 0 6 6

We have satisfaction in adding, that the magistrate in this case made the cormorant disgorge.

As to the dangers to which they are exposed at sea, they are such that no insurance or annuity office has tables which would justify a seaman spending his money to insure his life. In no trade do men become so soon prematurely old. No vocation exposes those who pursue it to such eminent hazard. Thirty-seven years is the average length of the sailor's life; and by what a precarious tenure he holds it, how many of them find a sudden death and a watery grave, our readers may learn from the following table of casualties in 1870, drawn up from returns made to the Board of Trade, and presented to the Houses of Parliament:—

Lives lost in fishing-boats, sailing-vessels, and steamers on the coasts of the United Kingdom—		
Through Stranding	467	
" Foundering	105	
" Collision	112	
" Other causes	90	774
Lives lost in British vessels through wrecks, &c., on and near the coasts of the Channel Islands, and British Possessions abroad		36
Lives lost through wrecks, &c., elsewhere than on and near the coasts of the United Kingdom—		
On coasts of Europe	54	
" Asia	238	
" Africa	1	
" North America	135	
" South America	38	
" Australia	4	
" New Zealand	29	499
Lives lost through casualties at sea	1756	
Lives lost in casualties to British vessels abroad	2271	566

Nearly Six Thousand of our seamen drowned every year, the waters closing over their heads, washing from their lips a prayer for the wife and children on whom their last thoughts are fondly turned. It is surely a shame that so little is done by this wealthy and Christian land for the spiritual good of these men. None having more, we might say so much, need as these poor fellows to be ever prepared to die, ever exposed as they are to be summoned at a moment's notice to their long and last account.

4. There are features in the sailor's character, the outcome of a seafaring life, which are calculated to win both our affection and esteem. These, when seamen have received the grace of God, make them as high-minded, bold, zealous, loving, and lovable Christians as the Church or world ever saw. Such is our experience. And we are therefore the more ready to accept the testimony

of one, a friend of our own who had spent many years at sea as a captain in the mercantile marine. The real character of seamen, he said, is not well, or generally understood. Pent up for months within the narrow limits of a ship, they are apt, no doubt, to break out when they get ashore, like boys let loose from school. Their very simplicity and kind-heartedness, and ingenuousness and buoyant spirits, make them ready to fall into the snares by which their path on shore is so thickly beset. Notwithstanding these faults, they are brave, generous, kind-hearted, noble fellows. We believe that; and on that very account would call on the State, our shipowners, and merchants, both the world and the Church, to make greater efforts than they have yet done on their behalf. What heart does not glow with admiration for a class of men who can meet the perils of the deep with such bravery, generosity, and self-forgetfulness as the following fact illustrates?

On a winter morning, a few years ago, guns were heard at Ramsgate, booming from the Gull and Goodwin light-ships. An alarming but not unexpected sound; for all night long boatmen had been straining their ears, amid the roar of an awful tempest, to catch the signal that ships were on the sands and seamen in the jaws of death. On hearing the signal, the boatmen made, says he who tells the story, a *rush* for the life-boat. A large Swedish barque had settled down on the sands, with huge waves foaming over her. "We cannot help seeing," says the coxswain of the life-boat, when a tug had brought her to windward of the wreck, "that we have got our work cut out for us, and we determine by God's help to do it, and won't flinch." Nor did they. Three, four, five times, cast loose by the tug, they came driving down the sea to throw a rope on board the wreck; but each time in vain. The coxswain has hardly shouted, "Hold on, men, for your lives, hold on!" when a huge roller, rushing along, breaks over them, burying crew and boat in a sea of waters; sweeping them away so soon as they rose, but not till they had given the poor fellows who hung in the shrouds a cheer that said, Keep up heart, we will not leave or forsake you! Nor did they; but displayed in their last, and, by God's blessing, successful attempt a daring, a generous readiness to peril their own lives to save the perishing which has been rarely equalled and never surpassed. "We must go right in on the vessel," said the coxswain,

"hit her between the masts, and throw our anchor on her deck; saving all or losing all!"—in the latter case their own lives as well as those of the men on the wreck. A daring and desperate proposal, which so appalled one of the boat's crew that he deprecated the attempt, exclaiming, "The boat would be dashed in pieces!" "Likely enough," was the gallant answer, "that is likely; but this is certain, that we are not going home and leave these poor fellows to perish. No, please God, that shall never be said of us!" Nor was it. So, taking their lives in their hands, they gave their souls to God and their sails to the wind; and as the boat, borne on the top of a mountain billow leapt on board the wreck, they dropped their anchor. It holds. Now they veer out the cable; then haul in; nor leave till every man is saved. Among others one, who, as he clung to a yard-arm a few feet above the boiling sea, thus cheered and encouraged his comrades to hold on, "I have sailed," he said, "in English ships; I have heard about their life-boat work; and I know that they never leave any one to perish, so long as they can see them; they will not leave us!"

Man never wrote, nor poet sung, nor orator pronounced a nobler eulogy on British seamen; and we trust to our readers, after these details, taking a livelier interest than heretofore in their "Homes"—wherever situated, and in every scheme which aims at promoting their temporal and spiritual well-being. With our money let us help these schemes; and with our hearts join in a prayer offered up in Liverpool over the foundation-stone of a Seamen's Orphan Asylum, and touchingly sung by a band of little children, most of whose fathers, lost at sea, were sleeping below the waves.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE BOOKS OF CHRONICLES.—THEIR AUTHENTICITY.

IN endeavouring to estimate the historical credibility of the Books of Chronicles, we naturally look first at those parts of the narrative which are parallel to parts of the other historical books of the Old Testament. Now on making this comparison it must be conceded that numerous discrepancies are discoverable between the statements in the earlier books and the statements in the later. In the earlier genealogies, indeed, there is accordance with those in the Book of Genesis so close that we cannot but believe that the chronicler copied his lists from that source, only condensing them by the omission of accessory details. Thus—

1 Chron. i. 1—4	is taken from Gen. v.
1 Chron. ii. 5—23	Gen. x. 2—4, 6—8, 13—28a, 22—29.
1 Chron. i. 24—27	Gen. xi. 10—26.
1 Chron. i. 28—31	Gen. xiv. 13—15.
1 Chron. i. 32, 33	Gen. xxv. 2—4.
1 Chron. i. 35—34	Gen. xxxvi. 4, 5, 10—43.
1 Chron. ii. 1, 2	Gen. xxxv. 23—26; and Gen. xlii. 8 ff.

Passing over slight differences in the spelling of some of the names, the only one of these parallel lists in which any deviations in that of the Chronicles from that in Genesis are to be found is the sixth, that containing the descendants of Esau. Here we find in Chronicles Timna as well as Amalek ranked among the sons of Eliphaz, whereas in Genesis Timna appears as the concubine of Eliphaz and the mother of Amalek. In the Alexandrian codex of the LXX. the text in Chronicles is made conformable to that in Genesis, for ver. 36 is given thus:—"The sons of Eliphaz, Thaimar, and Omar, and Sophar, and Gotham, and Kezez: and Thamna the concubine of Eliphaz she bare Amalek." The Jews say that the chronicler, using brevity, and presuming on the relationship of Timna to Eliphaz and Amalek being well known, uses the form "and Timna and Amalek" as equivalent to "and of Timna Amalek." We find, however, both in Genesis and in Chronicles the name of Timnah as that of a tribe chief among the descendants of Esau (Gen. xxxvi. 40; 1 Chron. i. 39, 51); so that the probability is that Timnah or Timna became the ancestress of a line distinct from that of Amalek, but which with the latter took rank among the tribes descended from Esau, and being so regarded was placed by the chronicler, looking from a purely genealogical point of view, among the descendants of Esau. The chronicler omits also the sons of Aholibamah as given in

Genesis xxxvi. 14, 38; but as he had named them before (ver. 25), he probably thought it needless to repeat their names.

The list of the descendants of Hezron through Ram to Jesse (ii. 10—12) is identical with that in Ruth iv. 19—22. The sons of David born to him in Hebron (iii. 1—4) are the same as given in 2 Sam. iii. 2—5, except that the second son is called Chileab in Samuel, and Daniel in Chronicles, a difference which is unaccountable unless the individual bore both names. Two lists are given by the chronicler of David's sons born at Jerusalem (iii. 5—8; xiv. 3—7), in both of which two names not found in Samuel (v. 14—16) are given, Eliphelet I. or Elpalet, and Nogah, and the order in which they are given is somewhat different. The list of the kings of Judah (iii. 10—16) is substantially the same as is followed in the Second Book of Kings, with some variations in the names. The sons of Simeon (iv. 24) are the same as in Numbers xxvi. 12, 13, with only a slight difference in the spelling of the name of the first; but in both lists the name of Ohad is omitted, which is found in Genesis xlii. 10 and Exodus vi. 15. The sons of Reuben (v. 3) are given exactly as in Genesis xlii. 9 and Exodus vi. 14; also the sons of Levi (vi. 6), as in Genesis xlii. 11 and Exodus vi. 16, and the sons of Gershom, Kohath, and Merari (vi. 16—19), as in Exodus vi. 17—19. In the list of the cities of the Simeonites (iv. 28—33) also we find, with some marked differences, substantial agreement with the list in Joshua xix. 2 ff.

It thus appears that these genealogical lists for the most part coincide, which may be accepted as evidence of their authenticity, inasmuch as their differences of arrangement, spelling, &c., would indicate that the later, excepting those taken from Genesis, were not merely copied from or gathered out of the earlier. Where the differences are of importance they arise generally from the chronicler having added names not found in the earlier lists; which would seem to indicate that he was careful to secure accuracy by reference to documents of authority, whether family registers or public genealogical rolls.

The numbers given by the chronicler are frequently different from those given in parallel passages in the earlier books. Thus the cities of Jair are said, Jud. x. 4, to have been 23 in number, but in 1 Chron. ii. 22 they are said to have been 30; the numbers slain by the

Tachmônite, one of David's mighty men, are in 2 Sam. xxiii. 8 given as 800, in 1 Chron. xi. 11 they are only 300; in 2 Sam. xxiv. 13 God asks David if he will have *seven* years of famine, in 1 Chron. xxi. 12 the proposal is only *three* years; in 1 Kings iv. 26 Solomon is said to have had 40,000 stalls, in 2 Chron. ix. 25 the number is reduced to 4,000; according to 2 Kings xxiv. 8 Jehoiachin was eighteen years old when he began to reign, according to 2 Chron. xxxvi. 9 he was only eight years old; the number of Syrians slain by David is stated in 2 Sam. x. 18 at 700, the chronicler (1 Chron. xix. 18) makes it 7,000; the number of overseers at the building of the temple was according to 1 Kings v. 16 3,300, according to 1 Chron. ii. 2 it was 3,600; the brazen sea contained 2,000 baths according to 1 Kings vii. 26, according to 2 Chron. iv. 5 it contained 3,000; the ships of Solomon brought from Ophir 420 talents of gold according to 1 Kings ix. 28, according to 2 Chron. viii. 18 they brought 450 talents; Ahaziah is said, 2 Kings viii. 26, to have been twenty-two years old when he began to reign, in 2 Chron. xxii. 2 his age at his accession is given as forty-two. Now when such discrepancies occur, it must be at once admitted that one or other of the statements is incorrect—they cannot both be right; but they are so manifestly the result of mere errors on the part of transcribers that no argument can be drawn from them against the historical credibility either of the one writer or of the other. That the numbers given by the chronicler indicate on his part a tendency "to exaggerate" (as has been alleged) is refuted by the fact that the numbers given by him are in several instances smaller than those given in the parallel passages in the other books. To clerical errors also may be referred such numbers as are found in 1 Chron. xviii. 4; 2 Chron. iii. 15; iv. 5; xiii. 3, 17; xvii. 14, where the numbers, especially such as can be compared with those given in the parallel passages (2 Sam. viii. 4; 1 Kings vii. 15, 26), are manifestly too large. The sum contributed by David and his princes for the erection of the temple, as given by the chronicler (1 Chron. xxii. 14; xxix. 4, 7), seems incredibly large, amounting to upwards of £900,000,000 of our money. So also the numbers of Jehoshaphat's army, as given in 2 Chron. xvii. 14 ff, amounting in all to 1,160,000 men; the numbers of chosen men led forth by Abijah and Jeroboam, 400,000 on the one side and 800,000 on the other, with the numbers slain by the troops of Abijah in the battle which ensued, 500,000

(2 Chron. xiii. 3, 17); the numbers said to have been slain by Pekah in one day, 120,000, with the 200,000 captives he is said at the same time to have carried from Judah, are so large that we must suppose some mistake to have occurred on the part of the transcriber. Probably the first writer put down the number in figures, that is, in letters of the alphabet; and in the course of transcription these may have been exchanged for others representing much higher numbers. That there was no *intentional* exaggeration on the part of the writer is guaranteed by the fact that the large numbers are as often to the discredit of Judah as to the exaltation of it or its princes, which could not have happened had the writer, himself a Jew, intended by exaggeration to magnify the resources of his own nation.

Besides these, some other instances have been adduced in support of the charge of exaggeration; but on examination it will be found that the discrepancies alleged to exist between the statements of the chronicler and the statements of the earlier writers, and on which the charge against the former of exaggeration is based, are due to oversight on the part of the critic. Thus it is urged that whilst the number of the people when David numbered them is, in 2 Sam. xxiv. 9, given at 800,000, the chronicler magnifies this to 1,100,000 (1 Chron. xxi. 5). But there is no discrepancy here; the numbers in Chronicles are the sum total of the population—"all of Israel;" the numbers in Samuel are those of men capable of bearing arms—"valiant men that drew the sword;" and we can easily believe that the number of the former exceeded that of the latter by 300,000. It is to be observed also that so far is the chronicler from exaggerating, that he gives to Judah a *less* number of men than the writer of Samuel does (comp. 1 Chron. xxi. 5 with Sam. xxiv. 9); though here, again, the discrepancy is only apparent; for the 500,000 assigned to Judah in Samuel are probably the entire male population, while the 470,000 assigned in Chronicles are the fighting men. Another instance of alleged discrepancy, on which the charge of exaggeration is rested, is found in the account given by the two writers of David's purchase from Ornan the Jebusite. In 2 Sam. xxiv. 24, David is said to have paid Ornan 50 shekels of silver; by the chronicler this is magnified, it is alleged, into 600 shekels of gold. But on looking at the passage it will be found that the two sums were paid *for different objects*—the 50 shekels of silver for "the threshing-floor and oxen" of Ornan;

the 600 shekels of gold "for the place" that is the whole possession of Oman on Mount Moriah; so that here there is neither discrepancy nor exaggeration. With more justice, indeed, may the charge of exaggeration be brought against the critic who, in his zeal to impeach the authenticity of the Books of Chronicles, does not hesitate to magnify in the most extravagant manner, generally by the help of his own imagination alone, any apparent excess in the statements which they contain over those in the parallel passages in Samuel and Kings. Thus, for instance, because the chronicler commemorates the skill in archery of the Benjamites, and the power and prowess of the men of Gad, and the might and valour of the Manassites, who came to assist David when he was persecuted by Saul (1 Chron. xii.), whilst the Books of Samuel only state that "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him" (1 Sam. xxii. 2), the author of Chronicles has been stigmatised as "an idealising historian" who, to dignify a favourite hero, surrounds him with noble and valiant supporters, while in reality he was only the leader of a band of lawless banditti. But the author of the Books of Samuel does not conceal that the followers of David performed bold and heroic deeds (comp. 1 Sam. xxvii. and xxx.); and it certainly does not follow that because a man is in distress and in debt, and under the pressure of these betakes himself to a lawless life, he must needs lose all the skill in the use of weapons and all the physical strength and all the reckless bravery he had before; nor is it reasonable to charge an historian with idealising exaggeration if, instead of simply stating that certain men joined one who was in the condition of an outlaw, and displayed immense powers of endurance and great courage, he takes occasion to specify the peculiar qualities by which some of them were distinguished, and by which they were fitted for the part they had to act.

Besides being charged with exaggeration, the chronicler's good faith as an historian has been challenged, on the ground that he makes *additions* and *embellishments*, with a view to exalt the Levitical system and aggrandise the tribe of Levi. In support of this charge the following passages are adduced, viz., 2 Chron. v. 11—14, as compared with 1 Kings viii. 10, 11; 2 Chron. vii. 5—11, as compared with 1 Kings viii. 63—65; 2 Chron. viii. 12, 13, as compared with 1 Kings ix. 25; 2 Chron. xxiii. 17—20, as

compared with 2 Kings xi. 18, 19; and 2 Chron. xxxv. 1—19, as compared with 2 Kings xxiii. 21—23. But when these passages are compared, it will be found that the chronicler has simply supplied some details which go to fill up the account, but which the writer of Kings did not, for some reason, think it needful to give. To stigmatise such additions as "embellishments" made with a sinister intent is simply absurd as well as unfair. Unless the critic is prepared to *prove* that what the chronicler narrates in addition to what the writer of Kings narrates is a pure invention, he has no ground whatever for his allegation. If what the writer states is *fact*, was he bound to omit it simply because a previous writer had omitted it?

It has been urged that a bias incompatible with historical fidelity is shown in the omission by the chronicler of so many of the sins of David and Solomon. But supposing the aim of the chronicler had been unduly to exalt and glorify these monarchs, how would the mere omission of certain facts, narrated in books of authority already extant and known to all men, have served that end? Had he laboured to show that the crimes alleged against them had not been committed by them, or had he resorted to ingenious hypotheses in order to apologise for them, he might have done something, if not to rescue them from the charge, at least to show clearly his own leanings and intentions. But simply to pass over in silence these well-known facts was to do nothing; and the writer's having so passed them over proves nothing against his historical good faith. To any one who will impartially read all that the chronicler has narrated of David and Solomon, it cannot fail to appear that, though he has omitted some things in which they did wrong, and which were so well known that no one was ignorant of them, he has not shown any disposition to represent them as without fault or as idealised patterns of perfect sovereigns.

It has been alleged that in 2 Chron. xx. 36, 37, there is a mistake of such a kind as to indicate gross ignorance or inadvertence on the part of the writer. There it is said that Jehoshaphat king of Judah joined himself with Azariah king of Israel "to make ships to go to Tarshish;" whereas from 1 Kings xxii. 49 we learn that the fleet which Jehoshaphat built consisted of "Tarshish ships to go to Ophir for gold." But is it quite certain that these two passages relate to the same affair? May not Jehoshaphat have built a fleet of Tarshish ships, *i.e.*, merchant ships like those of Tarshish, himself, to

go to Ophir for gold, and afterwards joined with Azariah to build another fleet to go to Tarshish? From the passage in Kings it is clear—(1) that Jehoshaphat acted in the matter there referred to for himself alone; (2) that the fleet he then built never left Ezion-geber, but was destroyed there, probably through the unskillfulness of his servants; and (3) that Azariah (learning, probably, the fact that Jehoshaphat's servants were unskilled) proposed that his servants should go in the ships with those of Jehoshaphat, a proposal which the latter rejected. From the passage in Chronicles it is clear—(1) that Jehoshaphat and Azariah combined to build a fleet at Ezion-geber; (2) that the fleet thus built was designed to go to Tarshish; and (3) that this alliance of Jehoshaphat with the king of Israel was displeasing to God, who, to show his displeasure, caused the fleet to be destroyed. When the two passages are thus compared, the conclusion seems irresistible that they relate to *different* transactions. They have not one particular in common, except that the place at which the ships were built and destroyed was in both cases Ezion-geber. Now, why should it be supposed incredible that Jehoshaphat, having had one fleet destroyed through the unskillfulness of his servants, should, though at first he refused the aid of the king of Israel, have, on after thought, resolved to unite with him to build another fleet, to go this time not to Ophir, but to Tarshish? It is true that, if by Tarshish we are to understand a port in Spain, Ezion-geber, on the eastern side of the Sinaitic peninsula, does not appear the most convenient place for building a fleet of ships to trade to that port. But there may have been reasons quite sufficient to overbalance this disadvantage; and though the ships were built at Ezion-geber, it does not follow that they were to return thither from Tarshish, supposing them to have reached that port (which, it may be remarked in passing, they might do, without sailing around Africa, by going up the Red Sea, and being transported across the Isthmus of Suez, as was not unusual with the fleets of the ancients); having once visited Tarshish, they may have been intended to traffic between that port and some of the ports on the western side of Palestine. There seems nothing improbable in all this; but any supposition is more probable than that a Jew, writing in the fifth century before Christ, should commit so gross a blunder as to confound Jehoshaphat's building of a fleet for himself to go to Ophir, which was de-

stroyed through the unskillfulness of his servants, with his combining with Azariah to build a fleet to go to Tarshish, which was destroyed by the judgment of God.

Another alleged mistake is that in 1 Chron. x. 6 it is said that all Saul's *house* died, together with him and his three sons, whereas in 1 Sam. xxxi. 6 the statement is that all his *men* died with him and his three sons. But may not *men* in the one passage mean the same as *house* in the other? "House," certainly, generally means "family," and might be so understood here; but the term is used sometimes widely for a man's servants or attendants, as in Gen. xxxvi. 2, where the "persons" (men) of Jacob's house are distinguished from his wives and sons and daughters; and other places: so that it is quite in accordance with the usage of the language to understand by the house of Saul his servants who attended him and were round him when he fell.

The most serious instance of discrepancy that has been pointed out is seen when we compare the statement of 1 Kings xv. 32, 33 and xvi. 8, with that in 2 Chron. xiv. 1, xv. 19, and xvi. 1. "How," it may be asked, "could the kings of Israel and Judah be at war all their days, if it was not till the thirty-sixth year of Asa's reign that Baasha made war on him? and how could Baasha, king of Israel, invade Judah in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Asa, if he died in the twenty-seventh year of that king's reign?" Here it must be confessed are serious difficulties. The former may be got over by supposing that though there was no actual fighting between the two nations for a season, they were at war in the sense of being in a state of hostility with each other. Attempts have been made to get over the other difficulty by supposing that when the chronicler says the thirty-fifth year of the reign of Asa he means the thirty-fifth year of the separate existence of the kingdom of Judah, which would be the fifteenth year of the reign of Asa. But this has too much the appearance of an evasion to commend itself to the candid inquirer; and besides, it makes the chronicler contradict himself, for it makes him say that during the thirty-five years that had elapsed since the severance of the kingdoms there had been no war between Israel and Judah, whereas he has himself narrated that there had been war between Abijah and Jeroboam (xiii. 2). The only resource is to admit that the numbers in Chronicles are incorrect. Probably for thirty-five we should read fifteen, and for thirty-six, sixteen. This would make all straight. For ten years after the accession

of Asa the land had peace, a season which he employed in fortifying the country (2 Chron. xiv. 1, 6); after this war broke out in consequence of an invasion of the Ethiopians (ver. 9); five years later Asa had completed his military preparations, and in the fifteenth year of his reign had a muster of his people at Jerusalem (xv. 10); and thus was prepared for Baasha's invasion, which took place in that year, so as, with the co-operation of Benhadad, king of Syria, to repel it, and frustrate the attempt of the Israelitish king to effect a lodgment within the territory of Judah (xvi. 6). The numerals 𐤁𐤍 might easily, through inadvertence, be changed into 𐤁𐤍; or some one, finding that the fifteenth year of Asa synchronised with the thirty-fifth year of the southern kingdom, may have marked this on the margin, and a subsequent transcriber, taking this for a correction, may have introduced it into the text, and to preserve consistency may have altered the sixteenth of xvi. 1 into thirty-sixth. If it be said that even with this alteration there remains the difficulty of reconciling the assertion that there was no war unto the fifteenth year of Asa with the account of the invasion of the Ethiopians, which must have taken place, according to this scheme, some time between the tenth and fifteenth year of Asa's reign, it may be replied that the context leads us to understand this assertion solely in relation to war between Judah and Israel, not to war with any enemy whatever.

Hitherto we have been considering those parts of Chronicles which are parallel to passages in other parts of the canonical writings; let us now look at those which are peculiar to the Chronicles, and see whether any of the charges of want of historical veracity which have been adduced against them can stand.

It has been insinuated that the chronicler has blundered, because he makes Obed-edom a Levite (1 Chron. xxvi. 15), whereas he was a Gittite (2 Sam. vi. 10), and therefore not an Israelite at all. But this goes on the assumption that "Gittite" in Samuel means a native of the Philistine Gath; whereas it more probably refers to Gath-rimmon, a Levitical city in the tribe of Dan (Josh. xxi. 24). Again, with regard to Obed-edom it is alleged that the chronicler represents four generations of his family as serving under David at once, viz., Jeduthun, his father, who was a master of music in the temple (1 Chron. xvi. 41, 42), Obed-edom himself, who was porter (ver. 38), the sons of Obed-edom and his grandsons, who rendered service (1 Chron. xxvi. 4—8). This is said not

to be credible. But it is to be observed that there are *two* persons of the name of Obed-edom mentioned as connected with the temple service (1 Chron. xvi. 38); and it by no means follows, therefore, that the Obed-edom whose descendants are enumerated in chapter xxvi. is Obed-edom, the son of Jeduthun; on the contrary, it would rather appear, from the way in which reference is made to the numerous descendants of the first Obed-edom in 1 Chron. xvi. 38, that it is he and not Obed-edom, the son of Jeduthun, whose sons and grandsons are named in 1 Chron. xxvi. 4—8. Then again it is to be observed that though the grandsons of Obed-edom are enumerated in 1 Chron. xxvi. 7, it is not said that they served along with their grandfather; it is only *his sons* who are said to have served with him (1 Chron. xxvi. 15); and it is probable that his grandsons are enumerated simply because they were born and registered during the later years of David's reign, though they did not enter on actual service till later. Even supposing, then, that we discount the other Obed-edom, and regard all those mentioned in 1 Chron. xxvi. 4—8 as the descendants of Jeduthun, there is nothing incredible in the chronicler's representation. David's reign at Jerusalem lasted for thirty-three years, and Jeduthun was appointed master of music in the first year of that reign. For aught we know to the contrary, Obed-edom, the son of Jeduthun, may have been then thirty years of age, and have had a son (Shemaiah) ten years old (for the Jews married early). Ten years later Shemaiah may have married, and during the twenty-three years that elapsed before David's death it is surely quite credible that he might have six sons born to him. It is quite possible, then, that three generations of the descendants of Jeduthun may have been born before the death of David, which is all the chronicler really affirms. That Jeduthun himself was alive when the youngest of his son's grandsons was born, there is no need for supposing.

It is alleged that the account of Solomon's consecration to the throne, given in 1 Chron. xxix. 22, is fictitious, because it represents him as anointed and recognised as king in a great assembly of the people, whereas we know, from 1 Kings i. 39, that he was hastily anointed by Zadok in the presence of a few friends. But those who urge this overlook the fact that the chronicler distinctly states that the anointing which he narrates was that when Solomon was made king *the second time*, evidently implying acquaintance with the

fact of his previous anointing, and merely adding to the earlier history the fact that the hasty consecration of the king, which was occasioned by the usurpation of Adonijah, was followed by one more solemnly gone about, and which was probably necessary for the full settlement of Solomon on the throne.

It seems hardly worth while to take up space with the refutation of certain other trifling and frivolous attempts which have been made to impeach the veracity of the Chronicles: as, for instance, when it is asked, How could David collect gold of Ophir (1 Chron. xxix. 4) when the ships were not yet built which Solomon sent to Ophir for gold?—as if Solomon's sending ships to Ophir for gold proved that gold had never been brought before from Ophir to Jerusalem! This and such-like objections can only be regarded as cavils, which to state is to refute. Had there been any valid ground for calling in question the authenticity of the books, it would not have been to such objections as these that we should have been called to listen.

We may now venture to say that the historical authority and veracity of these books stand above impeachment. Making allowance for clerical errors in respect of numbers—a department in which, of all others, such errors are apt to occur—it may be affirmed that there is nothing in these books which may not be received as a narrative of actual fact. No instance of intentional distortion of facts, culpable inaccuracy of statement, or exaggeration, on the ground of which the credibility and authenticity of these books could be assailed, can be pointed out. It may be added that the accordance of both Kings and Chronicles with the records of profane history vouches for the authenticity both of the sacred books and the secular. In some instances where confusion and uncertainty are found in the heathen annals, they may be corrected and restored to order by the help of the more authentic statements of the Biblical writers. The recent decipherment of the Assyrian and Babylonian monuments has added greatly to the evidence of the authenticity of the Scripture histories.*

If, then, there is otherwise ground for believing that Ezra wrote the Books of Chronicles, there is nothing in the books themselves to throw doubt or uncertainty on that position.

We are now prepared to enter on the last

inquiry—that respecting the *design* of the Books of Chronicles. According to some this is supremely and principally to exalt the Levitical institute, and with that the priestly order in the estimation of the nation. Now that in this there is an element of truth must, we think, be admitted; at least, it seems apparent that this was one part of the writer's design, though it may not be competent to say that this was his only or even his chief design. Nor is it to be wondered at that such a design should have been contemplated by him. The books, as we have seen, were composed soon after the return of the Jews to Palestine from the Babylonish captivity. Now at this time the priestly class were about to occupy a place of influence and authority in the nation much higher than had heretofore belonged to them. The royal power was no longer to be in the hands of a monarch; the prophetic office was soon to cease; and, as a consequence, the ruling and the teaching of the people were both to be in the hands of the priesthood. The chief priest was about to become virtually the sovereign of the nation, and the Levitical body were to monopolise the religious education and training of the community. The priest was to be "the messenger" or "angel of Jehovah, his lips were to keep knowledge, and the people were to seek the law at his mouth" (Mal. ii. 7). In the prospect of this, and as a fitting preparation for it, it was doubtless important that the people should be impressed with a high sense of the dignity, solemnity, and authority of the priesthood, and the importance of the rites they celebrated.

But besides and above this design there was another which one cannot fail to see in these books. It is that of showing how all through the history of the nation the Mosaic institute had kept its place as the one authorised directory of acceptable worship—how, amid abounding defections and many transgressions, God's law, as given by Moses, still retained its place of authority and supremacy—and how all through it was just as that law was honoured and obeyed by monarch and people that the condition of the nation was happy and prosperous. Such a representation was fitted to awaken and sustain in the minds of the community a reverence for God's revealed will, a zeal for his law, and an interest in his true worship; and this *religious* end it seems to have been the main design of the writer of the Books of Chronicles to promote.

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

* See Rawlinson's "Bampton Lectures," p. 113 ff, and "Ancient Monarchies," vols. i. and ii.; also Lenormant's "Manual of the Ancient History of the East," vol. i.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in *My Business Life*.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

III.—THE WISDOM OF FOOLS.

(Continued from p. 296.)

IT puzzled me sometimes to know whence the Blacks derived their income. They had no boarders but the Professor and me, and Mrs. Black often spoke as if the means of her early widowhood had been painfully narrow and uncertain. I could not understand how they had since increased, since the "training" of Stephen and Joanna had hitherto absorbed their whole lives, as it bade fair to do till the end. Mary certainly found enough to do in the house; one could not wonder that she always managed to escape for two or three hours' rest or recreation in that chilly, half-furnished chamber of hers, of which I had occasionally caught a glimpse through its half-opened door. Not that she ever secured these undisturbed. Lucy would follow her there to try to find some elasticity in Mrs. Black's hard-and-fast rules. Stephen and Joanna rapped at her door as often as they missed any article they themselves had mislaid through assigning it to some new "proper" place which they could not remember; and Mrs. Black herself often called her out, especially when she was making up her housekeeping-book. People who least endure disturbance often give most. I only wondered why Mary Black stayed so patiently in a home where she was not loved, and where her ceaseless labour was first eagerly demanded and then accepted as a proof of her mental and moral inferiority. Cold and stern and unloving as the outer world may be, it seemed to me that she would soon win from it a warmer welcome and a truer appreciation than she could ever find in the home in Desmond Street. It was but the strangers and hirelings there who understood or loved her.

We had no family prayers. We never said grace. As a household we regularly attended no divine service. Our neighbourhood possessed clergymen and ministers of nearly every shade of orthodox belief and natural gift; but Mrs. Black shook her head over them, and pronounced "that they were in darkness—behind the age—poor blind leaders of the blind." She preferred an irregular, erratic attendance on those wandering stars of the pulpit who, when they like and where they like, preach their own

little dogmas of doubt and sentiment; men who can understand no faith that is not faith in themselves, and who dare to hope by their farthing candle to illumine those depths which God's own sunshine is not meant to enlighten till the rocks fall and the mountains are brought low. Strange that the mortal who cannot believe in the healing power of the sparkling Jordan will often willingly go down to the muddiest creek of Abana and Pharpar!

Joanna always accompanied her mother to these services. Stephen did not. He was even beyond their liberality. But I was in no danger of theological discussion with him, for he affected to smile down with supreme superiority upon all who did not subscribe to his creed of "I believe in nothing," in his infidelity more dogmatic than the most bigoted Romish priest or narrowest sectarian. Professor Gessler attended nowhere, except that he went once or twice to the old German Lutheran chapel, rather from a kindly sentiment towards fatherland than any devout feeling.

I am thankful to say that though Mrs. Black's social and domestic theories had cast their spell over my inexperienced mind, it stopped short there. I was not ready again to venture on the morass of doubt and speculation; nay, wherever I detected its treacherous soil I could not help feeling suspicious of all crops that grew thereon. Therefore I did not falter in my habits of church-going, and brought down my own old-fashioned Sunday books. And there was one to keep me in countenance under Stephen's quiet sneers, and his mother's indulgent prophecies that I should become wider-minded some day. I might almost say there were two, for even in Mrs. Black's presence Professor Gessler ventured to say that humanity would be in a poor way if it was only to believe what it saw, especially as those who preached that tenet were generally very short-sighted. But as the Professor's own practice was not on my side, he was but a poor ally; and it was Mary Black who was my genuine stronghold and supporter.

Not that she said much on the subject. In fact, Mary Black talked but little, except

sometimes of an evening when the other Blacks were out, and the Professor was smoking his pipe, while she was perched like a little sparrow on the edge of the fender, for Mary Black was fond of low seats. All the intellectual conversation I ever heard in that house was at those evening firesides; very often the kitchen fireside, for even in the depth of winter Mrs. Black had a habit of announcing that there was an excellent lecture to be delivered here or there, and then setting out the parlour fire, on the strength of the conclusion that we would all go to hear it. I did not call it intellectual conversation to entertain the family circle with the programmes of classes and athenæums, or the cant phrases of art connoisseurs or scientific smatterers, as was the custom of Mrs. Black and Joanna. It seemed very fine and learned at first, but after a very few days I found a little originality in it as in a parrot's cry of "What's o'clock?" It was something far different at our little evening gathering. The Professor had known many people, and mingled in many events, and he hit off their alien points with quaint German precision and insight. Mary held her own brightly and well in these conversations, always in a happy harmony with her old friend, but with a curious suggestion of a something beyond him in her own soul which raised the young girl above the grey-haired man, and often, it seemed to me, made him turn towards her with a pitiful yearning, as towards a secret almost within his grasp, and yet withheld.

Mary Black was faithful in her attendance at divine worship. She went to a little chapel near at hand, where a lowly, good man preached to a poor, simple congregation. It was the very plainest spiritual food that was offered there. I thought it was rather below her, and once ventured to say so. She only shook her head, and said gently—

"It suits me best, just now."

And Sabbath after Sabbath she brought out her calf-bound, red-leaved edition of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." She never wearied of him. The good old bishop would have counted her fellow-worshippers as pragmatical schismatics, and they could probably have condemned him as a mere minion of a hateful hierarchy. But they each had something good for her. What in both was catholic and everlasting she took to her own heart—what in either was merely local and temporary fluttered harmlessly away, like a paper kite from its entanglement among the sturdy branches of a good old oak. Joanna pressed her head at her sister's "illogical in-

consistency." Mrs. Black bewailed it as resulting from a want of "severe mental training." But it seemed to me as if Mary had already the true secret of that universal church and brotherhood of which the others often talked so grandly and so vaguely.

Regularly coming in and going out to her set services, whilst the other women of the house were wandering at all hours to all distances, Mary became naturally the presiding spirit of the Sabbath-day. Not that she even altered her mother's regulations. She accepted it as her duty to submit and supplement, not to disobey. Now it was Mrs. Black's way to waive punctuality on the Sabbath. Her laws might circumscribe duty, and fight with necessity, but inclination was to be absolved. When you were free to obey, then you need not. Perhaps the easiest solution may be that on week-days it suited her to be punctual, and on Sundays it did not. Much philosophy can be best explained by reference to the philosopher's practice.

But with gentle tact Mary so managed the meals that her family's irregularity should not interfere with anybody who wished to be punctual. Stephen, who spent his Sundays dawdling about at home, generally sat down with his sister, the Professor, and me. It dawned upon me, by-and-by, that Stephen was an unusually weak man, and that he might be much more sociable if he had power to push back the character of lofty, contemplative genius which his mother had forced upon him; and presently I wondered whether at first his infidelity had been more than the querulousness of an idle and unhealthy boy, only so readily and almost proudly accepted as another proof of the untrammelled flight of his intellect, that it had grown upon him hard and strong, like a rock enclosing a helpless frog; and at last I came to the conclusion that poor Stephen Black was little more than an idiot, and differed from other men in an inverse ratio to what his mother's vanity concluded.

And really, when Mrs. Black and Joanna did not bustle in by the middle of the meal, we often had very pleasant times. Mary never expressly "talked religion," but I rather think she never talked anything else. You don't want to be told of the sunshine when it is in the room. There it is, in its purity and brightness and warmth, saying more for itself than you can say. She always brought forward topics that suited the Professor; and presently, just at the right point, she would appeal to Stephen for some date or reference,

and make him interested in the talk, because necessary to it. And over all she shed that soft, nameless influence of hers, like some sweet flower in a squalid court bearing silent witness of its home in sunny fields and scented gardens far away.

I noticed that there was always some bright attractive book left lying among the scientific or sceptical literature that the other Blacks brought out for their leisure hours. It might be but the translation of some Greek or Latin hymns, whose antiquity or debateable authorship might interest Stephen. Or it was the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which had an undying mystical charm for the Professor, whence some divine grace might drop by-and-by, like a loving letter hidden in a bunch of roses.

As time passed on, I began to learn that an unfeeling and irresponsible routine, planned on purpose to absolve one person from her natural duties, produces about as much order and comfort as an unguided steam engine running headlong in the public streets. Set dates for certain foods, or household habits, without consideration for the state of the markets or the weather, often produced ludicrous and tantalising results. Cooking on exact principles, with no kindly deviation allowed for natural irregularities in the ingredients, was frequently repulsive. Domestic work, that was never to be done out of its appointed season, however sorely accident required it, left the house often in a highly unsatisfactory state. Mary threw herself into the gaps as gallantly as she could, but nobody can fight an iron machine, though it may be somewhat turned aside, and I cannot venture to say what the house would have become without one intelligent and thoughtful woman, who was willing "to waste herself on trivial duties" of caring for the health and comfort of others, and making it possible for them to keep their tempers and live in cleanly, godly fashion. Mrs. Black's logic never brought her to the question what would happen if every woman thought it nobler to be a school-child than a house-mother, and aspired to lay her hands on the encyclopædia and the dictionary rather than the spindle and the distaff. I wonder what she thought was the aim and end of all knowledge?

I felt foolish enough whenever I visited my fellow-clerk, Mr. Giles, who still lived in Mrs. Summers's house. That good woman having presently filled my vacant place with a gentleman who was willing to pay what she thought liberal terms, though something

considerably less than I was giving Mrs. Black, had set about the work of repair and improvement with all promptitude and zest. The bright new hall-cloth that met my eyes the moment I entered the door was but a small matter. Who shall tell the glories of the neat druggist and tasty chintz in the parlour? Where were the old willow plates, and the coarse-blown glass? Happily supplanted by gay-rimmed white china, and good plain cut. She had set up a plain little book-case in one corner, and she told me its history, delightedly using a quite supererogatory duster all the while. It was the work of a poor young carpenter thrown out of employment by a great failure in a slack season—"a real deserving young fellow," said the good woman, "but not the sort that you can offer a few shillings to—and, in fact, I hadn't them to spare without something for them, being as my gentleman was so liberal, and it was my duty to be making things nice for them. But I thought they'd find a case a real comfort for their books, instead of having to hunt down in boxes for 'em, or leave 'em lying about, messing and dusty. So me and the young man soon came to terms. He named a price that paid him fair and yet was cheap to me. He got regular work the day after he'd finished, and it just saved him from having to pawn anything."

Mrs. Black would have been afraid of interfering with "the fundamental principles of political economy." What should we do with a man who feared to give away a cup of cold water, in case it should disturb the tide of the river? Should we call him a madman or a murderer?

"And you must just look here, too," continued Mrs. Summers, leading me to the other side of the fire-place. "My new lodger, you see, has travelled, and he'd brought home from the Indies those feather fans, and that lovely bit of carving. Well, he set 'em up in his bed-room, and I thought it was a thorough pity they should be hidden there, where nobody ever saw 'em, not even himself, for how can he, when he's asleep? So as there were a few bits left from the wood of the book-case, I told my workman I'd give him a trifle more if he'd knock up these shelves here, and then I brought down the feathers and the carving, and hunted out two or three pretty bits of my own. That, now, is a real Dresden, sir. It was made for a salt-cellar, and my grandmother had a set of four, but that one is all that's left. And that other's what they call a Chelsea shepherdess, I don't know why, for I don't believe

there ever were shepherdesses in Chelsea, but I know it's good, for it belonged to my husband's mother's mistress, and she set great store by it. It does me good to see 'em put out again; I didn't expect I ever should any more. It's quite like old times. And bit by bit, the other young gentlemen have added these trifles. That card model was made by that poor little chap that was always so ailing. Ah, you knew him, Mr. Garrett; he was here in your time. He used to be real weariful often. He couldn't go out ever in the evenings, and he couldn't go much even to business lately, and he couldn't be always reading, poor dear. That's about as wholesome as always eating, I reckon. And I tried to think what could pass his time away a little lighter-like. I remembered my old uncle Tom, who lost both his legs in the French wars, taught himself to make all kinds of pretty models with card and paper. It used to be a rare treat to us children to go to see 'em. I'd got one or two, old and yellow, crumpled up somewhere, and I brought them out and showed 'em to the poor boy, and said, 'wouldn't it amuse him to try to do the like?' He laughed, and asked what use was they? But I said anything was better than nothing, and that old uncle Tom had said he believed it was the Holy Spirit put him in mind of models, to keep him from swearing at his wooden stumps. So he said no more, but presently took to it, and by-and-by did it so beautiful, that Mr. Giles got him to let him take them and sell 'em at a meeting for the benefit of the Ragged School. After that, he made more, and gave them to a little bricklayer-boy, who had an accident to his right hand, and he took them round to genteel sort of neighbourhoods to sell, and it was as good as a living to that child all the winter, till he was fit for his bricks again. But my poor dear young gentleman had happened to hear that I took a fancy to that model of St. Giles Church, being as it was my own old parish, and he'd done it from a picture I'd lent him. He'd never sell it, and when he was going away he gave it to me. 'It'll be something to remember me by,' says he. And though he said not another word, and I might take it he meant now he was away, yet I know as well as well he was thinking of a longer journey than to his own home. He promised he'd let me know how he was going on, for he's downright ill now. He only went away last week."

"And I suppose there's nobody come in his place yet?" I asked, as nonchalantly as

possible, but with a pit-a-pat of anxious hope in my heart, which stopped heavily as Mrs. Summers replied—

"O yes, sir, I've been so fortunate as to get that clever young minister at the Independent chapel. I'd never have charged that poor dear boy more while he stayed, but of course I proposed the new rates to the new-comer, and he says he's well satisfied. The three gentlemen hit it off very well together. They're all as different as can be, but as they don't each think themselves everybody, they chime in fine, and as Mr. Giles said yesterday, it takes more than one note to make a tune. And Biddy——"

"What! You still have Biddy?" I said. "I thought you were going to get rid of her."

"Well, sir," Mrs. Summers explained, apologetically, "my object was to get the work done well—better than it had been. I always liked Biddy; she moves herself quick, and don't turn round nasty when you tell her of a thing. She'd only been with me six months when I made my changes, and it would have gone against the girl if I'd turned her off with that short character. So I spoke serious to Biddy. I told her I'd have in a real good charwoman once a week to do the roughest work, and then if I saw she could make up her mind to be quiet and careful in her ways, and willing to attend to whatever I told her, I would make it worth her while, and into the bargain she'd be fitting herself for a better place still when she should leave mine. I think we're always bound to make the best of those we've got, and to do our best for 'em," said Mrs. Summers, whose sweet simple nature had so utterly forgotten any pain at my leaving, that she administered this rebuke all unconsciously. "We know the worst of what we have, and we don't know the worst of what we haven't. It's better to mend an old bridge than to pass it by, in hope of finding another. Leastways, it's my way, and it generally answers."

Just after that visit to Mrs. Summers, we had some very bad weather. Though it was July, there were constantly recurring heavy rains and a perpetual damp mist in the air. I was very busy in the counting-house at that time, and scarcely noticed how frightfully comfortable the house was, for Mary Black had been called from home by the illness of the paternal aunt who had brought her up. When I say I did not notice, I mean that I simply felt no inclination for the dank salads and sickly plums that appeared in "their proper season" at our repasts, but ate them because I was hungry,—that I shivered in my bed (in a room

whose walls were moist through Mrs. Black's principles of "proper ventilation" at all hours of day and night), but went to sleep because I was so weary. Only at last I had no appetite at all, but emptied my water-bottle at a draught, and only closed my eyes to dream over again every torment or terror of my whole life.

I remember little after one morning when they told me at the office that I had better not stay any longer, but go home and go to bed. Mrs. Black was out when I returned, she and Stephen had gone with the Association on its archaeological excursion to some castle in Sussex. It was the Professor's busiest day,—he would not be home till evening. So when I staggered in, there was nobody to receive me but poor little frightened Lucy, who instantly volunteered to make me some lemonade. As I lay pressing my hot forehead to my damp pillow, I heard Miss Joanna come in from some of her classes, and when Lucy told her of my predicament, she said, "Indeed!"—and then told Lucy to go and buy her some Indian ink. I remember laughing feverishly to myself at a fitful recollection that she was studying a picture of "A Ministering Angel," and had spoken most enthusiastically of "the tender feeling" of the chief figure. At two o'clock poor Lucy roused me from a heavy doze to say that "dinner was on the table," and as the instant I sat up I felt my head too heavy to support, I fell back and told her I could not come, and was dozing off again when she once more knocked at the door to say that "Miss Joanna wanted to know if I would have dinner sent up to me?" I asked what there was for dinner, and Lucy answered, "only German sausage and potatoes, as missus was out," and I said, "Never mind, I don't want any."

I dozed through the day on my bed, but was sitting up when Mrs. Black came home in the twilight. She knocked at my door, and I opened it to her. She still had on her bonnet, and carried a large bouquet in her hand. Somehow, I felt an unaccountable longing towards some scarlet geraniums composing it.

"I'm sorry you have been unwell, Mr. Garrett," she said; "but such a nice long rest as you have had must have done you good. Silence and abstinence are the very best regimen for you. Of course they bring one down, so that you don't feel quite yourself yet. Oh we have had such a delightful day. It was so interesting to make out the carving on the walls of the old guard-house. We actually made out the soldiers' old accounts of money and food. Such a treat!

Are not these lovely flowers? I am going to set them up in dear Joanna's room. We must give beauty to those who love the beautiful, mustn't we? You will hear all our archaeological news if you come down to supper. You don't feel quite equal to it, eh? Well, let it be as you like; only to anybody who cares for these things it would be the very best medicine. Good night."

And I was left alone in the dusk. Poor me! I had a sick thought of home—a forlorn, helpless yearning for good Mrs. Summers, with her delicate mutton broth and comforting gruels, and her own wealth of helpfulness and good cheer which always made being sick the very next best thing to being well. But there was nothing for me but to lie down and forget myself as soon as I could.

I suppose I was called as usual next morning. I know I did not respond. I believe Professor Gessler paid me a visit, and insisted that a doctor should be sent for. During the day I was inquired for from the counting-house. I heard all this afterwards.

I know no more of myself for some time after that. I do not know when I slept, or when I waked. I had one curious dream of Mary Black, in a mourning dress, weeping bitterly. It must have been only a dream, for her good old aunt's sickness was unto death, and Mary was never able to return to Desmond Street during my illness. My attendants must have dropped some word before me, which produced this reflection on my poor distorted mind. I remember watching the flies, and thinking that they paid no rent for their house room.

And then I suddenly awoke in an old-fashioned, raftered chamber, and instead of feeling strange, joyfully felt myself at home in Mrs. Summers's own apartment in the old house at Calvert Terrace. Then somebody stepped to my bedside with a gratefully steaming cup of tea. It was my sister Ruth.

I was in no mood for explanations then. And I distinctly remember that I was not at all astonished. It is one of the strange attributes of that mysterious spiritual elevation and peace which generally follows the fierce rending of the physical frame, that it readily accepts harmonious change without the discord of inquiry. This often makes me wonder whether we do not raise a needless trouble when we restlessly inquire concerning the details of our surroundings in the Better Land. After the final wrench of Death, shall not our souls rise pure and humble, wise enough to find God's will their own, with no more need of prayer to make it so?

I was content to learn gradually how it all came to pass. I never received any set history of my lost days, but simply gathered, from time to time, that Mrs. Black had promoted some stray poor woman to be my nurse, in the assured conviction that she would do well enough under such sensible and superior superintendence as her own. It was an absurd fallacy in her eyes that an invalid had right to claim the exclusive attention of anybody but a very common and inferior person. I got worse and worse, and still no message was sent home. Even Mary Black, whose aunt died just at that time, had no idea of my illness. How it would have ended I do not know, but my fellow-clerk and old housemate, Mr. Giles, in making inquiries after me, happened at last to encounter the Professor, who at once raised his alarms about my state, and his suspicions as to my treatment. Giles wrote off to my home at Malloze instantly, and of course, when he got home to Calvert Terrace, told Mrs. Summers the whole story. At least forty-eight hours must elapse before my family could respond to the summons, and Mrs. Summers said promptly that Death travelled quicker than posts or coaches, and something must be done at once. If my fever was infectious, she would, on the strength of her old acquaintance, defy Mrs. Black, and instal herself at my bedside till she saw me in the hands of "my people." If it was not, and the doctor would allow me to be moved, she would bring me away to her own place at once. She and Giles (dear old Giles, whom I had often half despised as a mere rattle!) rushed off to the doctor, got his assurance and sanction, accompanied with sundry shrugs of the shoulder to convey his opinion of Mrs. Black, and then repaired to Desmond Street and bore me off in triumph to Calvert Terrace, where Ruth found me in the course of the following day.

Ruth is a model nurse. She does not put aside her iron will when she enters a sick room, but she draws over it such a warm silken glove, that it is as pleasant in touch as strong in force. She has power to sit with her hands before her—she, my energetic, industrious sister!—without any restless demonstration of doing nothing. I never even noticed how many patient hours she had passed so, till I was sufficiently recovered for her to allow herself to resume her favourite stitching. And she has a plain, grave, incidental way of "saying" a hymn, which refreshes one, mind and soul, long before one could bear to be read to.

And so I became convalescent, and presently Giles, and the minister, and the travelled young lodger were permitted to come in one by one, and talk a little to me, and put down new stakes of interest in my ploughed-up life, whereon my returning strength might twine its growing tendrils. By-and-by, Professor Gessler came too, on tip-toe, bringing a great bunch of dahlias, which had been sent to him by Mary, still away from home, winding up her aunt's little country household.

"I suppose we shall never have you back again, Mr. Garrett?" he said. "Eh, well," he added, "I must not wish it. It does well enough for me, the old Professor, who can be happy anywhere vid his pipe. The Frau-mamma is a queer woman. She thinks the little school-class is more grand than God's school in the world."

"Yes," said Ruth, who had learned to know the old man in the course of his daily calls of inquiry, "she thinks it is wasting intellect to tend a sick-bed, and using intellect to watch zoophytes."

"She makes her little rules, as if the world was one machine, and one dat never stops or falls out of gear," said the Professor; "but creation is guided by a higher and sweeter order than that."

"Yes," observed Ruth. "Rain does not come on a set day every week, but at the seasons when it does most good."

"Method and order are not the end, but the means," said the Professor.

"Therefore they consist in doing the right work at the right season, instead of the wrong work at a regular hour," responded Ruth.

"True. The Juggernaut car, crushing whatever comes in its way, is no true incarnation of law," the Professor remarked. "But the fact is, Miss Garrett, implements, whether of material tool or moral rule, are not all that is needed for any work."

"No, indeed," said Ruth, "a great work-basket generally means very little work. A genius with an iron nail, and a prison wall, does well; but a self-styled student, with studio, model, and marble does nothing. And he is always so particular about studio, model, and marble, poor fellow!"

"Be it in work of skill or deed of love," observed the Professor, "the secret of success lies in the soul, and not in the tool-box."

"And Providence generally brings the best work out of hard schools, where the scholars had to find their own books and materials," said Ruth.

"The fact is," answered the Professor, bending forward, as if to whisper a secret, "it is just all vanity in the Frau-mamma Black. It is just the same feeling that in other ladies brings out the wonderfulest out-of-de-way caps and dresses. It is just vanity and de busy idleness, the sort of thing that, when I was a boy, made me choose to learn de Chinese alphabets when I should have been at my Latin roots."

"It is just this, Professor," said my sister gravely; "an utter forgetting that the chief end of life is to glorify God; and that unless they contribute to that end, zoology, mathematics, and all learning, have no more intrinsic value than bare A, B, C."

"You have right, you have right," said the Professor thoughtfully. "I see it. When we know that is the chief end we shall be willing to go our nearest way towards it, and we shall see dignity in the kitchen and honour among the dishes and dusters. You have right, Miss Garrett. I see it now. That is the way the Fraulein Mary goes," he added. "That is where her religion meets her life—I see it now."

"Religion is just highest and truest life," said Ruth; "no excrescence, no mere repair, neatly executed."

And there was a silence till I inquired where and how Mary Black now was.

"She has not returned yet to Desmond Street," the Professor answered, rousing himself from a reverie. "You have heard that the good old aunt is dead. She has left our Fraulein the charge of all her affairs, and also her little property, which will be worth more than a hundred pounds yearly."

"What a good thing for Miss Black!" I said; "now surely she will be quite independent, and not feel herself bound to work so hard for people who despise her for doing it."

The Professor looked at me with a curious twinkle about his face. "The dear Fraulein Mary," said he, "has long been as independent as the angels in heaven, who yet delight to serve poor erring mortals. What do you think she was doing when she went away to her own room and shut the door, and stayed there as long as she could? She was keeping up the house over the heads of the students of science and art. She was working at her desk. I cannot tell you what she has written, for the Fraulein Mary keeps that a secret, but I have seen the great big cheques she has earned by it. I have told her she should not let herself be so interrupted and worried; but making believe, like an angel, that she did not notice who worried her, she

has always said, 'So my mother says—she tells me I do not give myself fair play; but you are both wrong. I know better. Can I write of life without living? Are you as cruel as Pharaoh, to bid me make bricks without straw?' The Fraulein Mary does not want ease—only duty; and she has, if I may so speak, a kind of divine selfishness, by which she knows that this must be the very best thing for herself as well as for others. She will stand in her lot and make the best of it."

"And high cultivation will bring more out of the poorest soil than will careless farming from the richest," said Ruth. "And though one may throw away what one has, how does one know what one may get? 'Meddle not with them that are given to change.'"

"I've learned that by experience," said I.

"And nearly paid for it with your life," she answered.

I can finish my story in a few words. Of course, I never returned to Desmond Street, and for years saw none of the Black household, except occasionally Professor Gessler and Mary. From the Professor I learned that everything continued to go on much in the same old way. Only that I found the Professor gradually fell into habits of holy Sabbath-keeping, and by-and-by, when he was quite an old man, took an infants' class in a Sunday-school, and taught the babes the grand old truths which he had found at last, strong and pure, amid the mists of his learning.

Joanna, after continuing her art-studies, with her old fruitless zest, till she was thirty, suddenly married a man whom she had only known for a few weeks, and who had neither fortune nor craft to depend on. Her mother was deeply offended—the more so, when Joanna presently sunk into a soured helpless slut, who did not fulfil her new domestic and maternal duties, yet made them an excuse for neglecting every decorum and amenity of life. But good-hearted Mary Black would not allow herself to rejoice in her mother's sudden accession of affection towards herself till she had induced her to pardon Joanna, and to receive her, if not with the old favour, at least with civil tolerance.

Under this disappointment Mrs. Black aged very rapidly, and so gently and imperceptibly did her daughter Mary slip into her place as household head, that the old lady was fain to believe that the sudden peace and happiness which fell upon the family were really the crowning of her own management!

But poor Stephen had been long sinking into very ill-health. His mother said that he had overstrained his mind. The Professor told me that the medical man said he had always been weak and ill-balanced in mind and body, and though the healthy bracing of some active work might have done much for him, it had long been too late for that. And at last Stephen laid aside the note-book and the Encyclopædia. And the old translated hymns, and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the Bible itself were always ready to his hand. He sunk into a strange somnolent silence,

but poor Mary, praying always as she worked, hoped that for once his mother's fond assertion was true, and that his thoughts were still active. But was she to live for years in the dim sunshine of such hope?

There came a sign to her prayer and her wrestling for her brother's salvation. Some few words whispered in her ear, and kept in a silence as sacred as her love for the soul whose secret they were. Some few little unconscious actions which showed that the idol of self had crumbled away, and revealed that glorious kingdom of



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Faith and Love which it had obscured so long. And at the very last, when the crude learning and philosophy of a wasted life lay dead in the numb brain, Stephen's failing fingers groped in the dark for her hand, and held it to the end.

And Mary dried her tears, and felt that she was not comfortless, and could wait till the next world for full satisfaction. Her God was a loving God, and would not demand much, where He had given so little.

Mary married at last, when she "was quite an old woman" by her own account.

She married a nephew of her dear old Professor Gessler, and they went, with his uncle and her mother, to live at Heidelberg. I went to see her off, surrounded with the tender gallantry of her bridegroom and his kinsman, with the fussily demonstrative attention of her mother, while even Joanna stood on the quay, tearful, with a child at each side and one in her arms. And when I remembered the barren desert in which Mary Black had waited and worked, I took anew to my heart the lesson—"He that endures overcomes."

EDWARD GARRETT.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—AT HOME.

FORECASTINGS.

IN these times, the close of one year and the advent of another seems to incline nearly all sorts of men to the prophetic mood. Whether Canon Liddon's lectures in St. Paul's, delivered about the close of last year, would have excited so much interest and discussion at another season, we can hardly say; at all events many minds have been exercised by the inquiry which he has raised, "Is Christianity on the decline, with reference to its intellectual circumstances?" The great principle, he argued, that had made Christianity victorious over all political and social forces in time past was faith—faith in the unseen, and there was no reason to suppose that that faith could be conquered by any social or political forces that might be arrayed against it in the future. But would that faith survive? Was not Christianity now brought into contact for the first time with a new and more formidable antagonist, real active human thought? Dr. Liddon considered that such an idea was due to the conceit which every age had of its own superiority and to ignorance of the past. Philosophy, doubt, speculation had been in the middle ages in antagonism with Christianity. Then there was the Deism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, succeeded by the wit of Voltaire, and the blank atheism of the Encyclopædists. Religion was in great danger in England then; but not only logicians like Butler had been raised up, but men like Wesley, Whitefield, Newton, Cecil, Venn, and Wilberforce, who showed the truth of Christianity by its power to change the human heart and will. It was indeed saddening to think that so much of the highest intellect of Europe was against Christianity in our day. But no one who considered the intellectual history of Christianity would conclude that for that reason it was on the decline. It fought its way through intellectual currents as subtle and as strong as any around us now to the throne of Europe; it was inaccessible to the subterranean murmurs of a wide-spread scepticism in the middle ages; it resisted the disintegrating enthusiasms of a renaissance; it had looked English Deism and French atheism, and it might be added the various forms of German pantheism, right in the face.

In another lecture Canon Liddon considered the prospects of Christianity with reference to its moral power. The result of that examination was, that if a just comparison were instituted with previous ages, there was no cause to suppose that the moral power of Christianity had declined. But if there was any fear of this, all of us might do something to prevent what we dreaded. The moral power of every man was out of all proportion to his social position or his intellectual culture, and it was well to reflect that some of the greatest works ever done for the Church, or for the interests of humanity, had been done by

persons who had neither position nor income. St. Augustine used to say, "Only love, and then do as thou wilt." He had no fear for the moral power of Christianity.

Apropos of Canon Liddon's very interesting lectures, it has been suggested that some one would do good service who should examine the views of the different schools of religious thought among us that concern themselves with the future. Ask the Romanist his plan for the regeneration of the world, he will say, it will be by God's judgments exterminating Protestantism, and divine Providence extending the sway of the Lady of the Seven Hills from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. Ask the Sceptic, his answer will be, all distinctive religions must disappear; Spinoza must be counted as good a man as John Bunyan, and David Hume coupled with Archbishop Leighton; creeds must be thrown to the winds; the Bible classed with the Talmud and the Koran; and a fine genial spirit of universal tolerance must sweep away the bitterness of dogmatism and the misery of superstition. Ask the Evangelical, he will answer, the Bible must be spread, missions extended, God's message to lost sinners must be everywhere believed, the Holy Spirit everywhere poured out; the Cross of Christ looked to by every human being as the source of pardon and all true blessing. Ask the Millenarian,—his view is that the world will become worse and worse, the Church will sink into carelessness, there will be a feeling of utter despair of the possibility of good coming to the world through any revival of existing instrumentalities; then will be seen the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens; and then will be created the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

DR. JOWETT AND DEAN STANLEY IN EDINBURGH.

The new year in the Scottish metropolis has been introduced by one of the new things for which, like the Athenians of old, the people of Edinburgh have a peculiar love. Two of the chief apostles of the Broad Church have been preaching in a Presbyterian pulpit. That the appearance of Episcopalian clergymen in a Presbyterian pulpit should in itself create any stir is rather humiliating; it only shows what a departure has taken place from the state of things in the Apostolic Church if it should be strange for one section of Christian ministers to take the place for a time of another. The really significant thing is that views very unlike those with which the Scotch Churches have been identified have been propounded; and congratulations expressed over the remarkable circumstance that in the Scotch Church as well as the English, clergymen are found to fraternise in brotherly sympathy over another Gospel from that either of the Evangelical or the High Church pulpit. Dr. Jowett urged very beautifully, beyond doubt, the spirit of brotherly love. To love one another was the eleventh commandment—the new commandment

of Christianity, and that love was something above all doctrines, above faith, ordinances, ceremonies, denominationalism, and everything of the kind. But though he preached from St. John, he overlooked the fact on which the Apostle dwells so much, that our love must be based *on the truth*. There was something almost ludicrous in the way in which he praised the superstructure while he discarded its basis. He admitted that in these times they did not find men prepared to die for religion—a strange assertion for one who must have known Bishop Patteson, and who ought to have known about the Madagascar Christians, the Madiai of Tuscany, and M. Metamoros of Spain. He said that the miraculous was more and more fading away from our conception of Christianity. No doubt from the conception of those who will not die for it, but not from the conception of those to whom “to live is Christ, and to die gain.” Dean Stanley reviewed the history of the Scotch Church. Kind, genial, complimentary in many points, he confessed that he could not understand, far less sympathise with, the grounds on which the secessions had occurred. He conveyed the notion that these were all gross blunders—much ado about nothing. Covenanters dying at the Grassmarket were very picturesque and very admirable, but intellectually they were quite wrong. If Dr. Jowett remarked that in point of fact men nowadays were not in the humour to die for religion, Dean Stanley seemed to imply that they never should have been. The merit of the Scotch Church was, that it had kept in its bosom a spirit of kindly tolerance, and a willingness to recognise the universal religion wherever it might appear—that Catholic Church which he seemed to think was constituted by culture as well as by grace, and more pleasantly perhaps by the one than by the other. Provided the Scotch Church continued to cherish that universal tolerance, she would go on to prosper; sects might wrangle round her, but she would flourish in immortal youth, sweetening the atmosphere and blessing the land.

THE DOCTORS ON ALCOHOL.

Considerable discussion has been going on, especially in the London papers, in connection with a manifesto in regard to the use of alcohol in different forms. It is designed to strengthen the hands of Government in attempting to restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks. The manifesto has been signed by about three hundred physicians and surgeons of London and the neighbourhood, including many of the highest eminence. It is as follows:—

“As it is believed that the inconsiderable prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men for their patients has given rise, in many instances, to the formation of intemperate habits, the undersigned, while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in the treatment of certain cases of disease, are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a sense of grave responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form,

should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions for its use should be so framed as not to be interpreted into a sanction for excess, or necessarily for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past.

“They are also of opinion that many people immensely exaggerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet, and since no class of men see so much of its ill-effects, and possess such power to restrain its abuse, as members of their own profession, they hold that every medical practitioner is bound to exert his utmost influence to inculcate habits of great moderation in the use of alcoholic liquids.

“Being also firmly convinced that the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working classes of this country is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying—more than anything else—the health, happiness, and welfare of those classes, and neutralising, to a large extent, the great industrial prosperity which Providence has placed within the reach of this nation, the undersigned would gladly support any wise legislation which would tend to restrict, within proper limits, the use of alcoholic beverages, and gradually introduce habits of temperance.”

II. OTHER COUNTRIES.

A NATIONAL SYNOD IN FRANCE.

The Reformed Church of France, after an interval of two hundred and twelve years, is about to hold a General Synod or Assembly. Her first was held in 1559, just one year before the first General Assembly of the Reformed Church of Scotland. It would be an interesting thing to run a parallel between the history of the two Churches, and to compare the expansion of the one, in colonies and elsewhere, with the comparative stagnation of the other. It is only now that the French Synod has succeeded in getting leave to meet. Again and again have applications been made, but always in vain, until just before the events that overturned the government that granted the permission. Renewed application having been made, M. Thiers granted his permission, with many expressions of regard for the rights of conscience, of respect for the character of the pastors who made the application, of earnest hope that the development of peace and good-will, and not the addition of religious to civil strife would be the result, and enureties to the applicants to use their great influence in healing the wounds of their country, and upholding the cause of order. Each of the one hundred and three consistories is to elect two delegates to its Provincial Synod; and the twenty-one Provincial Synods are to elect delegates to the National, one to every six pastors, half the number to be laymen. The time when it is to assemble is not yet fixed. The Rationalist section of the Church have been strongly opposed to the movement, and it may therefore be expected that when the Synod meets, it will be found to have an Evangelical complexion. The many hearts in all lands that are so earnestly seeking the good of France

will pray very earnestly that this meeting, and the other meetings that will follow it, may be of eminent service in the cause of truth.

THE LAST DAYS OF ROSSEL.

The celebrated Communist, whose execution excited so wide an interest on political grounds, turns out to have been worthy of an interest of a very different kind. His former religious profession was that of a Comtist—approaching pretty nearly to a secularist in this country. In prison he was visited by a Christian pastor, M. Passa, of Versailles, who earnestly sought to gain his soul to Christ. There is good reason to believe that success attended the endeavour. Rossel confessed his whole trust to be in Jesus Christ. He left the following most Christian letter addressed to Pasteur Passa:—"My dear M. Passa,—I charge you, if ever the party I represent come into power, and if it threatens its adversaries with its vengeance, to make use of this letter to tell them that at my last hour I entreat those who have the honour to defend liberty not to avenge its victims. It would be unworthy of liberty, and of us who have died. I have presided over a court-martial, and I am judged; I have condemned [others], and I am condemned. Judge not, that ye be not judged." It is alike beautiful to see the grace of Christ reaching one who seemed so far from it, and so unlikely to welcome it; and to see it transforming his spirit into the very image of Christ, and make it fragrant with the grace of forgiveness.

ITALY—TRACES OF WORK IN ROME.

There is not much to report on a large scale—only scraps. The wholesale distribution of tracts and Bibles has not produced satisfactory results, so many have found their way to the old book stalls. One of the great difficulties encountered by the evangelists is that of getting the use of a hall or church of tolerable dimensions. Among the richer classes there is great reluctance to let a house, and among the magistrates and government to designate a church for Protestant purposes. The old prejudice still lingers, and even Gavazzi has to conduct his services in small rooms, obscurely situated, and difficult of access. It is said, however, that the congregations of the several evangelists are good, and better accommodation may be expected soon. The Monday evening prayer-meeting, consisting of all the evangelists and their people, is still kept up, and according to the correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom*, is the best attended meeting in Rome. A few miles north, in the Sabine district, a remarkable evangelist has been at work for two years. John Santucci is an ex-priest, and a nephew of Cardinal Santucci. The writer just named says of him:—"Santucci is a simple-hearted Christian man, who has lived among the peasantry, shared their toils and their frugal hospitality, and is deservedly beloved throughout the whole district. He has laid himself out for Christian usefulness in every imaginable

way. He has travelled from farmyard to farmyard and from city to city, distributing, even beyond his means, the Word of God and religious books, so that the Bible is a familiar book in every household. He has gone about on the errand of teaching and preaching the glad tidings, and several remarkable conversions have taken place. Two miles from Poggio-Mirtelo he has obtained an old chapel, and transformed it into a school. There we found seventy persons of both sexes, chiefly of the young, although it was gratifying to see at least a dozen adults taking their turn without shame in reading the Testament, which is Santucci's text-book, and answering the questions put to them. From early morning till midnight, either in the school or in his home in an adjoining farm, this worthy man is occupied in instructing all who come in the things which belong to the kingdom of God. The scholars, whose intelligence and progress in learning greatly surprised me, come great distances to the school, and they and their parents have an unbounded confidence in their disinterested and devoted teacher. I was fitted by them on all hands, and formed the highest opinion of their honesty and earnestness in accepting the Gospel of Jesus in place of the teaching of the Church. In the Sabine country the fields are white unto harvest. O, if God would but grant us three hundred men throughout Italy like John Santucci!"

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN SICILY.

Signor Prochet, President of the Waldensian Commission of Evangelisation, sends most interesting reports regarding the interest in the preaching of the Gospel awakened in some parts of the island of Sicily. Nothing of the kind, he says, has yet occurred in the annals of Italian Evangelisation. At San Filippo d'Argiro, a Baron opened his palace, and desired that the meetings should be held in his great drawing-room. Signor Malan reports a visit to Riesi, a town of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. A requisition had come to him, signed by seventy-six persons, entreating him to come and preach to them. On his arrival the Syndic and other authorities arranged that he should preach in the church of St. Joseph. In the morning a gentleman of standing in the town, an advocate, rang the bell, the Syndic was present with his gendarmes, and some four or five hundred people of all ranks. Next day a still larger audience. Next three days not quite so large, but never under three hundred. On Sunday morning, a crowd. The people had never before heard the Gospel, and the attention with which they listened was intense. The result is that the whole population is with the Protestants, excepting only the priests and a few of their followers. An Evangelical settled preacher has become an obvious necessity. All the people that attended the course demand a settled pastor, and the magistrates have passed a resolution to the effect that the church of St. Joseph shall henceforth be appropriated for Protestant worship. In the course of his operations M. Malan was challenged by two priests to

a private discussion. He offered to discuss in public, but attached a condition that each party should deposit one hundred lire, to be forfeited if he did not make appearance. The priests declined. The people highly approved the condition, the rejection of which revealed the insincerity of the priests. M. Malan left Rieti amid shouts of "Viva il Pastore Evangelico!"

THE BIBLE IN A HUNGARIAN PRISON.

A Colporteur employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society to sell Bibles in Hungary, of the name of Novah, tells how, to his great delight, he got leave to visit the inmates of the prison at Gyula. He found a large number of prisoners, some sentenced to confinement for eight, ten, twelve, or eighteen years, to whom the possession of the Bible might prove an invaluable treasure, but most of them without a penny to buy it. Having got leave from his employers to give them copies, he returned with Testaments. He saw them in the yard, with chains on their feet and God's Word in their hands. His account of their interest in the Word has a primitive simplicity about it that reminds us of what we sometimes read of the days of the Reformation. "Oh, come," he writes, "and see the works of the Lord! It is delightful to see the prison transformed into a house of God, and to witness how those who, a little while ago, cursed God and their fellow-men, now read the Gospel attentively and search the Scriptures. Our Testaments have worked miracles in this prison; all seem so happy, and the guards say the prisoners have never before been so orderly. They tell me it is quite remarkable with what eagerness they read, and when they have any special work to do they hasten to finish it, that they may return to their reading. Shall not this produce a blessing? Three men advanced in years said, with a sigh, 'Ah! had we lived according to what is written in this Book, we would not now have been *here*!' Two were confined in a dark cell, but as they showed themselves so thankful to get the Testament, the Director did them the favour to remove them to a lighter place, in order that they might be better able to read. One young man was ordered to read out a portion. He happened to turn up John iii., and as he gave utterance to the words, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God,' the chief gaoler looked astonished, and exclaimed: 'This is just the Book you want. Read it diligently, and on Sundays I will come and question you and see what progress you are making.' I was again informed that those who had before bought copies used them with all diligence. May the Lord set free the hearts of these poor prisoners, and make them the willing captives of Jesus!"

III.—THE MISSION FIELD.

IS ANYTHING DOING?

The era of romance in the history of modern missions is now past, and the era of vague but sanguine expectation. The enterprise is much more a

matter-of-fact one than it used to be, and year by year the question occurs, Is anything in the course of being accomplished, worthy of all the effort? While scoffers exult in the small amount of visible progress in such countries as India, and those who think one religion as good as another take encouragement from this state of things, missionaries themselves, those especially of sober-minded and thoughtful character, candidly confess that the visible progress is not large. And at home it is felt to be a more difficult thing than it once seemed to keep the churches up to the effort needed for the lively and hopeful prosecution of missions. The fact is, we are coming to see the difficulties of the enterprise more clearly. At first, as our missionary pioneers went out, the church had a feeling similar to that which the nation had when our forces went to invade the Crimea. All was to be done with a rush and a dash. Sebastopol was to be taken by a *coup de main*. It was a dismal day on which the conviction dawned on us that Sebastopol could be taken only by a slow, laborious, exhausting siege. Moreover, the dread fortifications of Todleben began to rise, one after another in grim, massive strength, making the undertaking almost desperate. But when the conviction established itself that the place must be taken by siege, there was nothing for it but to prepare accordingly. Winter though it was, no true Briton dreamt of evacuating the Crimea, and leaving the Black Sea and the Turkish empire open to the aggressor. A somewhat similar conviction has been forcing itself on all thoughtful men in the Christian Church in regard to missions. We naturally look with great pleasure to passages of Scripture which speak of nations being born in a day. But, while we would not limit the great Lord of all, we are coming to see that the Christianisation of the world is likely to be a long, laborious, and often discouraging process. There is nothing for it but to dig trenches and run parallels before every fortress. Into these trenches the churches must descend, and they must not despair though year after year there be little more to tell than that a sortie was repulsed, or an outwork of the enemy's fired on. It is this spirit of patient, persevering, prayerful labour that the Christian Church has now to cultivate. In proportion as this spirit is established at home will the missionary work go forward abroad. But should this be too much for the Church—should she get tired or languid because brilliant victories are not reported by every mail, and there is nothing to feed a sensational appetite, the enterprise will indeed be reduced to desperation.

There is this, too, to encourage this attitude of persevering immovable application to missionary duty, that very frequently in the history of Christianity seasons of protracted, painful effort in sowing the seed have been followed by seasons of sudden and abundant harvest. The dawn of the Reformation took place a century before the Reformation itself. But though there was no visible progress, there was a silent process of preparation. The Hussites, the Lollards, the Wycliffites had been stamped out apparently, but their work remained. In spite of all

persecution and opposition, the train had been laid, the material dried, the connections established, and when Luther applied the torch, immediately the half of Europe was in a blaze. Who knows but a similar result may one day be experienced in the mission field? In any case, the Head of the Church expects every man to do his duty.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA'S RECENT TESTIMONY.

The hero of Abyssinia has been countenancing a Wesleyan mission in the Madras district, and delivering a very valuable address, giving his own impressions on the subject of Indian missions. He remarked that the benefits of missionary enterprise were to be found in three directions—in converting, in teaching, and in civilising the Indian people.

As to the first, he did not feel called in his position to say much. He would simply express his personal impressions. "The progress of Christianity is slow, but it is undeniable. Every year sees the area and the number slightly increase. The Gospel is brought more and more to the doors of the poorest and most ignorant outcast people. I cannot but believe that the time may come when these classes, who have no real religious belief, and no place in the social hierarchy of their own country, will be attracted in great numbers by the truths, the consolations, and the benefits of the Christian faith. The advance of Christianity has at all times been marked by occasional fitful and spasmodic movements in India. The present period is one of moderate progression, but it does not exclude the expectation of rapid and contagious expansions, such as were witnessed in the sixteenth century in Malabar and Madura, in the last century in Tanjore, and more recently among the Shanars in the South."

On the subject of Education, Lord Napier bore most cordial testimony to the invaluable aid which had been rendered in many ways by the missionaries in India. In one direction, in particular, it was vain for the Government to hope to do anything without them. "One of the greatest difficulties which the Government will meet in working its provisions for the education of the poor is the influence of caste, which keeps, and will long keep, the outcaste child from the village and municipal schools. Missionary agency is, in my judgment, the only agency which can at present bring the benefits of teaching home to the humblest ranks of the population. But the conciliatory sentiments which unite the missions with the Government are equally conspicuous in the relations between the missions and the superior classes of the native community. Nothing has struck me more than the intelligent confidence which reigns between the missionary and the Merasdar, between the Englishman and the Hindu, between the teacher and the taught. This harmony between the Christian and the heathen must be the result of much discretion and forbearance on the part of the clergy. It is the fruit of Christian zeal, tempered by practical wisdom. Nor is it less honourable to the natives of the country that they have so quietly discerned and appreciated

the motives, the temper, and the methods of the foreign teachers, who labour among them with so much constancy and so much love."

On the benefits of missions in promoting civilisation, his lordship felt that there could be no shadow of doubt. "Imagine all these establishments suddenly removed! How great would be the vacancy! Would not the Government lose valuable auxiliaries? Would not the poor lose wise and powerful friends? The weakness of European agency in this country is a frequent matter of wonder and complaint. But how much weaker would the element of good appear, if the missions were obliterated from the same! It is not easy to over-estimate the value in this vast empire of a class of Englishmen of pious lives and disinterested labours, living and moving in the most forsaken places, walking between the Government and the people, with devotion to both; the friends of right, the adversaries of wrong, impartial spectators of good and evil."

We thank Lord Napier for this able discrimination and very cordial testimony. It is worthy of the man who told us in Edinburgh that he felt in Abyssinia that God's people were praying for him. And we thank God for raising up such a man, and placing him in a position of such influence in India.

THE BASLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

In last month's *Christian Work* a gentleman who was present last year in the Cathedral of Basle at the "Einsegnung," or meeting set apart for asking God's blessing on the out-going missionaries, and who has attentively perused the reports of the Society, gives an interesting account of its present condition and work. "In 1870, the society had no fewer than 152 European labourers in the field—93 men and 59 women, of whom 51 were engaged in Africa, 93 in India, and 13 in China. All these European agents have been trained and educated in the mission-house; and in order to keep up and increase the annual supply, the society has at this moment in training no fewer than 84 missionary students, arranged in six classes, under ten masters. It provides also a home and school for the children of the missionaries who are sent home to Europe, besides caring for the missionaries when invalidated or superannuated, and also supporting their widows. In addition to its European agents, the mission had in 1869-70 the large number of 207 native agents in its service, in various capacities, as evangelists, catechists, travelling preachers, and teachers—133 in India, 51 in Africa, and 23 in China. Nor has this large amount of Christian agency been without a signal amount of blessing and fruit in recent years. The society reports a remarkable ingathering of souls into almost all their heathen churches; for whereas in 1859 the whole number of their converts in India, Africa, and China were between three and four thousand souls, in 1869 it had risen as high as 6,126 souls, showing a doubling of the number in ten years. In China, the increase in these ten years had been fourfold; in Africa, threefold; and in India, twofold. In 1869-70

the proportion of converts had continued to be greatest in China—a result which corresponds remarkably with the experience of our own British missions in the same field. In Hilang and Hong Kong alone the number of conversions had risen in that year to 100 souls." The writer was much struck with two special features of this society; its employment of nine missionary preachers (some with other charges) to preach in aid of the Society, and its "Half-batsen und Kreutzer Kollekte," or halfpenny collection. In half-batsen and kreutzers no less than 252,919 francs, or £10,116 was collected in fifty weeks, from Dec. 27, 1868 to Dec. 11, 1869. This humble machinery is designed as a means not only of collecting money, but of increasing sympathy and love for the work of God; and, along with that, an increase of the blessing which falls on all active and warm sympathy therein.

IV.—OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

The name of J. A. Dorner, of Berlin, is now one of the most eminent of the believing section of German divines. Many in this country will welcome with great cordiality the translation that has just appeared, in two goodly octavo volumes, of his *History of Protestant Theology, particularly in Germany, in connection with Religious, Moral, and Religious Life*. From the translator's preface it appears that the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, under the auspices of the King of Bavaria, lately undertook the issue of a complete history of the sciences in Germany. Of twenty-five histories embraced in the prospectus, one of the first to appear was the "History of Protestant Theology," which was entrusted to Dr. Dorner. To this there was a companion work, the "History of Catholic Theology," which was entrusted to Dr. Werner, but has not been received in Germany with the approval accorded to Dr. Dorner's. The Protestant historian has sought to explain the real nature and spirit of Protestantism, and to trace its manifestations and developments on a uniform principle. "It is therefore," says his translator, "not surprising that this production of his pen should have been spoken of as a classic, both in respect of matter and of form, and should have taken a foremost place as a standard work on the subject to which it refers." It discusses the preparation for the Reformation, the Lutheran and Zwinglian Reformations, the Lutheran and the Reformed Church, the Deistic Era, German Rationalism, the Regeneration of the Nineteenth Centuries in Germany, France, Holland, Great Britain, and the United States. In surveying this wide field, the author shows all the diligence and stores of information of a German scholar, with a penetrating habit of mind that gets at the roots of things, and produces results full of fresh thought, deeply interesting to every intelligent reader. His information is not always perfectly accurate, and in his account of recent movements in this country, we have detected some slips.

His point of view is that of a cordial believer in the revelation of God to men in the Holy Scriptures, but his relation to many questions of doctrine and detail is more free than is usually found in this country in connection with so much of earnest and positive faith. The earnest spirit of the believer, however, breathing warmly in his pages, makes us happy in his company, and enables us to follow him with respectful interest, even where we may not always agree in his conclusions.

Religious Thought in England, from the Reformation to the End of Last Century, by Rev. John Hunt, M.A., is a book framed on a very useful principle. It is designed to present a summary of all the important controversies that have been carried on in England since the Reformation, and of all important books written in connection with them. The positions assumed and defended by the different writers are stated clearly and succinctly, and the reader is greatly assisted not only by a very full table of contents, but by marginal headings to the successive paragraphs. The quantity of interesting and important information, both historical and literary, thus brought into view, is wonderful. The controversies between Romanists and Protestants, between Puritans and Churchmen, between Deists and Christians, and many other controversies, are spread out before us, and the summary of views has the remarkable peculiarity of not being dry while it is brief. The questions discussed are many of them under consideration at the present day, and if this work were read, it would save a great deal of writing, as the author remarks, "for many men will see that all they have to say has been said already." While we thus praise the general plan and execution of the work, we have to notice with regret, the author's bitterness against Calvinism, which shows itself once and again. His own opinion is in favour of a higher recognition of reason in religion, for he constantly objects to many divines and writers—Bacon and Milton among them—that they refused to give to reason a high enough place. In thus throwing in here and there his own opinions the author, we consider, has interfered with the general plan of his work. Either it should have been simply an historical statement of the views of the several authors, or it should have been professedly a review by Mr. Hunt of the religious history of the time.

BIBLE ANTIQUITIES.

Mr. Baring-Gould's *Legends of Old Testament Characters from the Talmud and other Sources* is rather a storehouse than a book. An incredible number of legends, as he remarks, exists connected with the personages whose history is given in the Old Testament. These traditions are derived from various sources—Mussulman, Talmudic, Jewish, Persian, and the exaggeration of Oriental imagery. In the two volumes now before us, Mr. Baring-Gould has given us a copious selection of traditions connected with the Old Testament, and he promises in a future work to perform the same task in connection with the New. The traditions are given for the most part in their original form,

and no attempt is made to digest them, or extract from them such elements of truth or such wholesome lessons as they may be supposed to contain. In truth, they contain very little of either. Their interest lies chiefly in the testimony which they bear to the characters and events of the Old Testament, for in all reason there must have been a foundation for the traditions that have been built on them in every varied form. Traditions so similar floating among all nations must have had a common basis in fact. But beyond this, the traditions are of very little value. For the most part, an element of childish absurdity is conspicuous in them. God, say the Rabbis, made Adam so tall that his head touched the sky, and the tree of life planted in the midst of the garden of Eden was so broad at the base that it would take a good walker five years to walk round it, and Adam's proportions accorded with those of the tree. Adam and Eve, according to another tradition, were made in one; they were back to back, joined at the shoulders; God took a hatchet and separated them, and then they were married. Even on points on which it might have been not unreasonably supposed that some true tradition might linger, the traditions are most unsatisfactory. Of what kind of tree was the forbidden fruit? One rabbi says it was a wheat-tree; another, a grape-vine; a third, an apple; a fourth, a fig. The Persian tradition was that it grew on a tree whose trunk resembled gold and its branches silver. The people of South America say it was the banana; the inhabitants of St. Vincent, the tobacco-plant; while according to an Iroquois legend it was the fat of bears, or a pot of bear's grease that tempted the woman! How does it happen that the Scripture narrative is so free of such absurdities, and maintains such a dignified reserve on such points, which ever stimulate mere human curiosity? There are but two feasible suppositions: either that the Scripture narrative was the result of direct inspiration; or that the faculties of those who compiled it were so wonderfully guided and raised above their fellows, that eschewing all that they might have wished to record, they confined themselves to the highest essence of the history, to that which has an interest and a lesson for all time and for all intellects. Mr. Baring-Gould's book is interesting not so much for any light it throws on Scripture, as for the contrast it shows between the Bible narrative and all that is the product of the ordinary faculties of men.

BIOGRAPHY.

We notice together the biographies of two notable Irishmen, in different walks of life—that of the Rev. Dr. Henry Cooke of Belfast, by his son-in-law, Professor Porter, and that of Chief Justice Lefroy, by his son, Thomas Lefroy, Q.C. The two men had much in common. The lawyer was twelve years older than the divine, but both spent their youth amid the agitating scenes of the Irish Revolution, a circumstance that may help to account for the intense political feeling on the side of conservatism by which during

their whole lives they were distinguished. Both were most earnest in their Christianity—Bible Christians of the most fervent type. Dr. Cooke was eminent even among eminent Irish speakers, for his eloquence, his power of wit and sarcasm, his singular ability in debate. His first great controversy was against Arianism in his own synod—a most trying warfare, in which, however, he was remarkably faithful and remarkably successful. He became not only the foremost man among Irish Presbyterians, but one of the leading men of his country. The biography reveals the workings of the spiritual life in a manner that increases respect and affection.

Mr. Lefroy was the descendant of a family of Huguenots that sought refuge in this country from the persecution of the Duke of Alva. An eminent barrister, he was for a considerable time one of the leaders of his party in Parliament, and somewhat late in life became a Baron of Exchequer, and afterwards Chief Justice. He remained on the bench till he was upwards of ninety years of age, a circumstance that did not escape public notice, and subjected him to a good deal of criticism. The memoir impresses us very strongly with his earnest piety, as shown in his letters and in the habits of his private and domestic life. He seems to have had the happy art of keeping his mind tranquil in agitating circumstances—a capacity due, in a large measure, to his habit of prayer. Though full of religious earnestness from his youth, he tells us that it was not till his fortieth year that he came to understand clearly God's way of salvation for sinners. He was an active promoter of the Kildare Place School Society and other schemes for the benefit of the Irish people. He is one of many instances of eminent lawyers retaining their vigour to the end of a very long life. Lord Eldon died at eighty-six, Lord Stowell at ninety, Lord Mansfield at eighty-nine, Sir Edward Coke at eighty-two, Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham both exceeded ninety, and Lord St. Leonards has already passed that year. We doubt if any other profession can present such instances of remarkable longevity.

THE CHURCH AND HER WORK.

Ecclesia, a second series of Essays on Theological and Ecclesiastical Questions, comes out, as before, under the editorship of Dr. Henry Robert Reynolds. The authors of the Essays are, besides the editor, Drs. Mellor and Lindsay-Alexander, and Messrs. Gilbert, Batchelor, Wilkins, and Dale. It is an able and interesting volume, written in an excellent spirit, though it cannot be expected to command the approval of all our readers. The authors are men of earnest faith, some of them having a tinge of "Cambridge Platonism." The essays present the view taken by the more cultured Congregationalists of some of the great questions of the day: such as baptismal regeneration, the incarnation, creeds, the spirituality of the Church, and its catholicity.

Free Churches: a Tract for my own Congregation, by the Rev. H. H. Dobney, is a pleading for a more

elastic and, at the same time, spiritual bond of Church fellowship. The author anchors himself to Baxter; and his point of view may be gathered from one of his quotations from the great puritan: "I see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did; I see that good men are not so good as I once thought that they were, but have more imperfections. And I find few are so bad as either their malicious enemies or censorious, separating professors do imagine. Even in the wicked generally there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God's holiness than I once believed there had been."

For *The Church's Work in our Large Towns*, by George Huntingdon, M.A., we cannot say much. It is made up mainly of a series of papers contributed to the *Church Times*, and is pervaded by the spirit of that well-known Ritualistic organ. The writer, however, is profoundly impressed with the difficulty presented by the awful condition of large towns. It is, of course, a great question how the masses are to be made Christian. There are three leading solutions, which compendiously stated are these:—1st. Elevate the priesthood, get men to believe in their divine and awful powers, especially their power to give the body and blood of Christ to sinners and to forgive sins, and get up an imposing ceremonial to attract the senses of the masses. 2nd. Make religion brighter, make God's aspect to men more attractive, cultivate humanity more, recognise a good side in every man, encourage men to do better, and hold out to them the hope of a blessed recompense. 3rd. Go to men as lost with the message of the Gospel, trust in the Word and Spirit of God, let the church stir up her own heart to more love and zeal, and thus fit herself to be the instrument of acting on other hearts; place no confidence in anything sensuous, let your dealings be directly with hearts and consciences. Among the supporters of this last method, some lean more to the letter, and some to the spirit; some are more exclusive, others more catholic; some take hints from the other methods, others hold them in absolute abhorrence; in the wider of these senses, we hold it to be the true and only effectual plan. Mr. Huntingdon's is the first; to us it seems more fitted to enslave than to emancipate, to darken than to enlighten; to degrade than to ennoble.

EXPOSITIONS AND SERMONS.

The Sunday Afternoon; fifty-two brief Sermons, by J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. A series of devout, thoughtful meditations, on texts chiefly connected with the inner life of the soul in Jesus. The pivot of Mr. Brown's teaching is "Christ is all and in all," and the volume is pervaded by an admiring, truthful, adoring spirit toward Him. We should like, however, to ask the author whether he holds his view of justification by faith to be the full view of Luther, or only a part of it? or whether he thinks that the definition of it at page 93 would be admitted by Luther himself to express all that he understood by it?

The King's Table: the Lord's Supper, in Letters to a Young Friend, by the Rev. Geo. Philip, M.A., is an exposition of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in twelve letters to a young inquirer. The view set forth is thoroughly Protestant, and it is opened up with great simplicity and scriptural fulness. A fuller consideration of the words of institution would, in our judgment, make this useful little work more complete.

Short Readings on the Four Gospels for the use of Families, by Selina, Viscountess Milton, is a substantial volume, in which the narratives of the four Gospels are arranged, with comments, for daily family use. If the comments are not particularly vivid, the purpose is good, the spirit is good, and the circumstances under which the volume was written are touching; the noble writer having found the study of the Gospels a solace in a season of affliction and sorrow, and a soothing occupation for hours which otherwise would have been tedious and wearying.

Light and Truth: or Bible Thoughts and Themes, by Horatius Bonar, D.D., is a brief commentary on the book of Revelation, spiritual and earnest, written by one who has the pen of a ready writer, and to whom it is very easy to express his thoughts on the class of texts which he selects from the Apocalypse.

Rays of Light: or Church Themes and Life Problems, by Rev. John Philip, M.A., is a collection of papers that seem to combine the qualities of sermons and every-day lectures. They bear on subjects on which all men are at present speaking and feeling, and exemplify a combination of shrewdness, of judgment, and directness of expression, which fit them for extensive usefulness.

TRAVELS.

Across the Ferry, by James Macaulay, M.D., editor of the "Leisure Hour," would be a misleading title but for the explanation that follows—"First Impressions of America and its People." It is a book on the "how it strikes a stranger" principle—an easy, chatty account of things in the United States that afford an obvious ground of comparison with things at home. Dr. Macaulay has been an attentive and accurate observer, and his book will afford easy occupation for a few quiet hours to those who wish to know how the country appears to the eye of an English traveller. It is pervaded by the most friendly spirit, the author evidently feeling that in this country justice has not been done to our brother on the other side. It cannot fail, we think, to have a good effect in this point of view. Dr. Macaulay does not attempt the deeper problems, either social or political, which the United States present. His expectation of the future of the country are most favourable, the two great instruments on which he relies being the common schools and the Bible. Singularly enough, though the author be an M.D., there is not a word on the state of the medical profession. It often surprises us that in books on America, even those professing to give an account of the country at large, the clergy are the only professional body of whom notice is taken.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—A REMARKABLE FACT.



SILENCE followed. I need hardly say we had listened intently. During the story my father had scarcely interrupted the narrator. I had not spoken a word. She had throughout maintained a certain matter-of-fact, almost cold style,

no doubt because she was herself the subject of her story; but we could read between the lines, imagine much she did not say, and supply colour when she gave only outline; and it moved us both deeply. My father sat perfectly composed, betraying his emotion in silence alone. For myself, I had a great lump in my throat, but in part from the shame which mingled with my admiration. The silence had not lasted more than a few seconds, when I yielded to a struggling impulse, rose, and kneeling before her, put my hands on her knees, said, "Forgive me," and could say no more. She put her hand on my shoulder, whispered, "My dear Mrs. Percivale!" bent down her face and kissed me on the forehead.

"How could you help being shy of me?" she said. "Perhaps I ought to have come to you and explained it all; but I shrink from self-justification—at least before a fit opportunity makes it comparatively easy."

"That is the way to give it all its force," remarked my father.

"I suppose it may be," she returned. "But I hate talking about myself; it is an unpleasant subject."

"Most people do not find it such," said my father. "I could not honestly say that I do not enjoy talking of my own experiences of life."

I. N.S.

"But there are differences, you see," she rejoined. "My history looks to me such a matter of course, such a something I could not help, or have avoided if I would, that the telling of it is unpleasant, because it implies an importance which does not belong to it."

"St. Paul says something of the same sort—that a necessity of preaching the gospel was laid upon him," remarked my father; but it seemed to make no impression on Miss Clare, for she went on as if she had not heard him.

"You see, Mr. Walton, it is not in the least as if living in comfort I had taken notice of the misery of the poor for the want of such sympathy and help as I could give them, and had therefore gone to live amongst them that I might so help them: it is quite different from that. If I had done so, I might be in danger of magnifying not merely my office but myself. On the contrary, I have been trained to it in such slow and necessitous ways, that it would be a far greater trial to me to forsake my work than it has ever been to continue it."

My father said no more, but I knew he had his own thoughts. I remained kneeling, and felt for the first time as if I understood what had led to saint-worship.

"Won't you sit, Mrs. Percivale?" she said, as if merely expostulating with me for not making myself comfortable.

"Have you forgiven me?" I asked.

"How can I say I have, when I never had anything to forgive?"

"Well then I must go unforgiven, for I cannot forgive myself," I said.

"Oh Mrs. Percivale, if you think how the world is flooded with forgiveness, you will just dip in your cup and take what you want."

I felt that I was making too much even of my own shame, rose humbled, and took my former seat.

Narration being over, and my father's theory now permitting him to ask questions, he did so plentifully, bringing out many lights, and elucidating several obscurities. The story grew upon me, until the work to which Miss Clare had given herself seemed more like that of the Son of God than any other I knew. For she was not helping her friends from afar, but as one of themselves—

nor with money but with herself; she was not condescending to them, but finding her highest life in companionship with them. It seemed at least more like what his life must have been before he was thirty than anything else. I could think of. I held my peace however, for I felt that to hint at such a thought would have greatly shocked and pained her.

No doubt the narrative I have given is plainer and more coherent for the questions my father put; but it loses much from the omission of one or two parts which she gave dramatically, with evident enjoyment of the fun that was in them. I have also omitted all the interruptions which came from her not unfrequent reference to my father on points that came up. At length I ventured to remind her of something she seemed to have forgotten.

"When you were telling us, Miss Clare," I said, "of the help that came to you that dreary afternoon in the empty house, I think you mentioned that something which happened afterwards made it still more remarkable."

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I forgot about that. I did not carry my history far enough to be reminded of it again."

"Somewhere about five years ago, Lady Bernard, having several schemes on foot for helping such people as I was interested in, asked me if it would not be nice to give an entertainment to my friends, and as many of the neighbours as I pleased, to the number of about a hundred. She wanted to put the thing entirely in my hands, and it should be my entertainment, she claiming only the privilege of defraying expenses. I told her I should be delighted to convey her invitation, but that the entertainment must not pretend to be mine; which, besides that it would be a falsehood, and therefore not to be thought of, would perplex my friends, and drive them to the conclusion either that it was not mine, or that I lived amongst them under false appearances. She confessed the force of my arguments, and let me have it my own way."

"She had bought a large house to be a home for young women out of employment, and in it she proposed the entertainment should be given: there were a good many nice young women inmates at the time, who, she said, would be all willing to help us to wait upon our guests. The idea was carried out, and the thing succeeded admirably. We had music and games, the latter such as the children were mostly acquainted with, only producing more merriment and conducted with

more propriety than were usual in the court or the street. I may just remark, in passing, that had these been children of the poorest sort, we should have had to teach them, for one of the saddest things is that such, in London at least, do not know how to play. We had tea and coffee, and biscuits in the lower rooms, for any who pleased, and they were to have a solid supper afterwards. With none of the arrangements however had I anything to do, for my business was to be with them, and help them to enjoy themselves. All went on capitally, the parents entering into the merriment of their children, and helping to keep it up.

"In one of the games, I was seated on the floor with a handkerchief tied over my eyes, waiting, I believe, for some gentle trick to be played upon me, that I might guess at the name of the person who played it. There was a delay—of only a few seconds—long enough however for a sudden return of that dreary November afternoon in which I sat on the floor too miserable even to think that I was cold and hungry. Strange to say it was not the picture of it that came back to me first, but the sound of my own voice calling aloud in the ringing echo of the desolate rooms that I was of no use to anybody, and that God had forgotten me utterly. With the recollection, a doubtful expectation arose which moved me to a scarce controllable degree. I jumped to my feet, and tore the bandage from my eyes."

"Several times during the evening I had had the odd yet well known feeling of the same thing having happened before; but I was too busy entertaining my friends to try to account for it: perhaps what followed may suggest the theory that in not a few of such cases the indistinct remembrance of the previous occurrence of some portion of the circumstances may cast the hue of memory over the whole. As—my eyes blinded with the light and straining to recover themselves—I stared about the room, the presentiment grew almost conviction that it was the very room in which I had so sat in desolation and despair. Unable to restrain myself, I hurried into the back room: there was the cabinet beyond! In a few moments more, I was absolutely satisfied that this was indeed the house in which I had first found refuge. For a time I could take no further share in what was going on, but sat down in a corner and cried for joy. Some one went for Lady Bernard, who was superintending the arrangements for supper in the music-room behind. She came in alarm. I told her there was

nothing the matter but a little too much happiness, and if she would come into the cabinet, I would tell her all about it. She did so, and a few words made her a hearty sharer in my pleasure. She insisted that I should tell the company all about it, 'for,' she said, 'you do not know how much it may help some poor creature to trust in God.' I promised I would, if I found I could command myself sufficiently. She left me alone for a little while, and after that I was able to join in the games again.

"At supper I found myself quite composed, and at Lady Bernard's request stood up, and gave them all a little sketch of grannie's history, of which sketch what had happened that evening was made the central point. Many of the simpler hearts about me received it, without question, as a divine arrangement for my comfort and encouragement—at least, thus I interpreted their looks to each other, and the remarks that reached my ear; but presently a man stood up—one who thought more than the rest of them, perhaps because he was blind—a man at once conceited, honest, and sceptical; and silence having been made for him—'Ladies and gentlemen,' he began, as if he had been addressing a public meeting, 'you've all heard what grannie has said. It's very kind of her to give us so much of her history. It's a very remarkable one, I think, and she deserved to have it. As to what upset her this very night as is—and I must say for her, I've knowed her now for six years, and I never knowed *her* upset afore—and as to what upset her, all I can say is, it may or may not ha' been what phylosophers call a coinydence; but, at the same time, if it wasn't a coinydence, and if the Almighty had a hand in it, it were no more than you might expect. He would look at it in this light, you see, that maybe she was wrong to fancy herself so down on her luck as all that, but she was a good soul notwithstanding, and he would let her know he hadn't forgotten her. And so he set her down in that room there, wi' her eyes like them here o' mine, as never was no manner o' use to me—for a minute, jest to put her in mind o' what had been, and what she had said there, an' how it was all so different now. In my opinion, it were no wonder as she broke down, God bless her! I beg leave to propose her health.' So they drank my health in lemonade and ginger-beer, for we were afraid to give some of them stronger drink than that, and therefore had none. Then we had more music and singing, and a clergyman, who knew how to be neighbour to them

that had fallen among thieves, read a short chapter and a collect or two, and said a few words to them. Then grannie and her children went home together, all happy, but grannie the happiest of them all."

"Strange and beautiful!" said my father. "But," he added, after a pause, "you must have met with many strange and beautiful things in such a life as yours; for it seems to me that such a life is open to the entrance of all simple wonders. Conventionality and routine and arbitrary law banish their very approach."

"I believe," said Miss Clare, "that every life has its own private experience of the strange and beautiful. But I have sometimes thought that perhaps God took pains to bar out such things of the sort as we should be no better for. The reason why Lazarus was not allowed to visit the brothers of Dives, was that the repentance he would have urged would not have followed, and they would have been only the worse in consequence."

"Admirably said," remarked my father.

Before we took our leave, I had engaged Miss Clare to dine with us while my father was in town.

CHAPTER XXII.—LADY BERNARD.

WHEN she came we had no other guest, and so had plenty of talk with her. Before dinner I showed her my husband's pictures, and she was especially pleased with that which hung in the little room off the study, which I called my boudoir—a very ugly word, by the way, which I am trying to give up—with a curtain before it. My father has described it in the Seaboard Parish: a pauper lies dead, and they are bringing in his coffin. She said it was no wonder it had not been sold, notwithstanding its excellence and force; and asked if I would allow her to bring Lady Bernard to see it. After dinner Percivale had a long talk with her, and succeeded in persuading her to sit to him; not however before I had joined my entreaties with his, and my father had insisted that her face was not her own, but belonged to all her kind.

The very next morning she came with Lady Bernard. The latter said she knew my husband well by reputation, and had, before our marriage, asked him to her house, but had not been fortunate enough to possess sufficient attraction. Percivale was much taken with her, notwithstanding a certain coldness, almost sternness of manner, which was considerably repellent—but only for the first few moments, for when her eyes lighted up, the whole thing vanished. She was much pleased with some

of his pictures, criticising freely, and with evident understanding. The immediate result was that she bought both the pauper picture and that of the dying knight.

"But I am sorry to deprive your lovely room of such treasures, Mrs. Percivale," she said, with a kind smile.

"Of course I shall miss them," I returned; "but the thought that you have them will console me. Besides, it is good to have a change, and there are only too many lying in the study, from which he will let me choose to supply their place."

"Will you let me come and see which you have chosen?" she asked.

"With the greatest pleasure," I answered.

"And will you come and see me? Do you think you could persuade your husband to bring you to dine with me?"

I told her I could promise the one with more than pleasure, and had little doubt of being able to do the other, now that my husband had seen her.

A reference to my husband's dislike to fashionable society followed, and I had occasion to mention his feeling about being asked without me. Of the latter Lady Bernard expressed the warmest approval; and of the former, said that it would have no force in respect of her parties, for they were not at all fashionable.

This was the commencement of a friendship for which we have much cause to thank God. Nor do we forget that it came through Miss Clare.

I confess I felt glorious over my cousin Judy; but I would bide my time. Now that I am wiser and I hope a little better, I see that I was rather spiteful; but I thought then I was only jealous for my new and beautiful friend. Perhaps having wronged her myself I was the more ready to take vengeance on her wrongs from the hands of another—which was just the opposite feeling to that I ought to have had.

In the meantime our intimacy with Miss Clare grew. She interested me in many of her schemes for helping the poor—some of which were for providing them with work in hard times, but more, for giving them an interest in life itself, without which, she said, no one would begin to inquire into its relations and duties. One of her positive convictions was that you ought not to give them anything they *ought* to provide for themselves, such as food or clothing or shelter. In such circumstances as rendered it impossible for them to do so, the *ought* was in abeyance. But she heartily approved of making them

an occasional present of something they could not be expected to procure for themselves—flowers, for instance. "You would not imagine," I have heard her say, "how they delight in flowers. All the finer instincts of their being are drawn to the surface at the sight of them. I am sure they prize and enjoy them far more, not merely than most people with gardens and greenhouses do, but far more even than they would if they were deprived of them. A gift of that sort can only do them good. But I would rather give a workman a gold watch than a leg of mutton. By a present you mean a compliment; and none feel more grateful for such an acknowledgment of your human relation to them, than those who look up to you as their superior."

Once when she was talking thus I ventured to object, for the sake of hearing her further.

"But," I said, "sometimes the most precious thing you can give a man is just that compassion which you seem to think destroys the value of a gift."

"When compassion itself is precious to a man," she answered, "it must be because he loves you, and believes you love him. When that is the case, you may give him anything you like, and it will do neither you nor him harm. But the man of independent feeling, except he be thus your friend, will not unlikely resent your compassion, while the beggar will accept it chiefly as a pledge for something more to be got from you; and so it will tend to keep him in beggary."

"Would you never, then, give money or any of the necessities of life, except in extreme and, on the part of the receiver, unavoidable necessity?" I asked.

"I would not," she answered; "but in the case where a man *cannot* help himself, the very suffering makes a way for the love which is more than compassion to manifest itself. In every other case, the true way is to provide them with work, which is itself a good thing, besides what they gain by it. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. It must be work with an object in it, however; it must not be mere labour, such as digging a hole and filling it up again, of which I have heard. No man could help resentment at being set to such work. You ought to let him feel that he is giving something of value to you for the money you give to him. But I have known a whole district so corrupted and degraded by clerical alms-giving, that one of the former recipients of it declared, as spokesman for the rest, that threepence given

was far more acceptable than five shillings earned."

A good part of the little time I could spare from my own family was now spent with Miss Clare in her work, through which it was chiefly that we became by degrees intimate with Lady Bernard. If ever there was a woman who lived this outer life for the sake of others, it was she. Her inner life was, as it were, sufficient for herself, and found its natural outward expression in blessing others. She was like a fountain of living water that could find no vent but into the lives of her fellows. She had suffered more than falls to the ordinary lot of women, in those who were related to her most nearly, and for many years had looked for no personal blessing from without. She said to me once that she could not think of anything that could happen to herself to make her very happy now—except a loved grandson, who was leading a strange wild life, were to turn out a Harry the Fifth—a consummation which, however devoutly wished, was not granted her, for the young man died shortly after. I believe no one, not even Miss Clare, knew half the munificent things she did, or what an immense proportion of her large income she spent upon other people. But, as she said herself, no one understood the worth of money better; and no one liked better to have the worth of it; therefore she always administered her charity with some view to the value of the probable return—with some regard, that is, to the amount of good likely to result to others from the aid given to one. She always took into consideration whether the good was likely to be propagated, or to die with the receiver. She confessed to frequent mistakes, but such, she said, was the principle upon which she sought to regulate that part of her stewardship.

I wish I could give a photograph of her. She was slight, and appeared taller than she was, being rather stately than graceful, with a commanding forehead and still blue eyes. She gave at first the impression of coldness with a touch of haughtiness. But this was, I think, chiefly the result of her inherited physique; for the moment her individuality appeared, when her being, that is, came into contact with that of another, all this impression vanished in the light that flashed into her eyes, and the smile that illumined her face. Never did woman of rank step more triumphantly over the barriers which the cumulated custom of ages has built between the classes of society. She laid great stress

on good manners, little on what is called good birth; although to the latter, in its deep and true sense, she attributed the greatest *a priori* value, as the ground of obligation in the possessor, and of expectation on the part of others. But I shall have an opportunity of showing more of what she thought on this subject presently, for I bethink me that it occupied a great part of our conversation at a certain little gathering, of which I am now going to give an account.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MY SECOND DINNER PARTY.

FOR I judged that I might now give another little dinner: I thought that, as Percivale had been doing so well lately, he might afford, with his knowing brother's help, to provide, for his part of the entertainment, what might be good enough to offer even to Mr. Morley; and I now knew Lady Bernard sufficiently well to know also that she would willingly accept an invitation from me, and would be pleased to meet Miss Clare, or indeed, would more likely bring her with her.

I proposed the dinner, and Percivale consented to it. My main object being the glorification of Miss Clare, who had more engagements of one kind and another than anybody I knew, I first invited her, asking her to fix her own day, at some considerable remove. Next I invited Mr. and Mrs. Morley, and next Lady Bernard, who went out very little. Then I invited Mr. Blackstone, and last of all Roger—though I was almost as much interested in his meeting Miss Clare as in anything else connected with the gathering. For he had been absent from London for some time on a visit to an artist friend at the Hague, and had never seen Miss Clare since the evening on which he and I quarrelled—or rather, to be honest, I quarrelled with him. All accepted, and I looked forward to the day with some triumph.

I had better calm the dread of my wifely reader by at once assuring her that I shall not harrow her feelings with any account of culinary blunders. The moon was in the beginning of her second quarter, and my cook's brain tolerably undisturbed. Lady Bernard offered me her cook for the occasion, but I convinced her that my wisdom would be to decline the offer, seeing such external influence would probably tend to disintegration. I went over with her every item of every dish and every sauce many times—without any resulting sense of security, I confess; but I had found that, odd as it may seem, she always did better the more she had to do. I believe

that her love of approbation, excited by the difficulty before her, in its turn excited her intellect, which then arose to meet the necessities of the case.

Roger arrived first, then Mr. Blackstone; Lady Bernard brought Miss Clare; and Mr. and Mrs. Morley came last. There were several introductions to be gone through—a ceremony in which Percivale, being awkward, would give me no assistance; whence I failed to observe how the presence of Miss Clare affected Mr. and Mrs. Morley; but my husband told me that Judy turned red, and that Mr. Morley bowed to her with studied politeness. I took care that Mr. Blackstone should take her down to dinner, which was served in the study as before.

The conversation was broken and desultory at first, as is generally the case at a dinner party—and perhaps ought to be; but one after another began to listen to what was passing between Lady Bernard and my husband at the foot of the table, until by degrees every one became interested and took a greater or less part in the discussion. The first of it I heard was as next follows.

"Then you do believe," my husband was saying, "in the importance of what some of the Devonshire people call *havage*?"

"Allow me to ask what they mean by the word," Lady Bernard returned.

"Birth, descent—the people you come of," he answered.

"Of course I believe that descent involves very important considerations."

"No one," interposed Mr. Morley, "can have a better right than your ladyship to believe that."

"One cannot have a better right than another to believe a fact, Mr. Morley," she answered with a smile. "It is but a fact that you start better or worse according to the position of your starting-point."

"Undeniably," said Mr. Morley. "And for all that is feared from the growth of leveling notions in this country, it will be many generations before a profound respect for birth is eradicated from the feelings of the English people."

He drew in his chin with a jerk, and devoted himself again to his plate, with the air of a "Dixi." He was not permitted to eat in peace however.

"If you allow," said Mr. Blackstone, "that the feeling can wear out, and is wearing out, it matters little how long it may take to prove itself of a false, because corruptible nature. No growth of notions will blot love, honesty, kindness, out of the human heart."

"Then," said Lady Bernard archly, "am I to understand, Mr. Blackstone, that you don't believe it of the least importance to come of decent people?"

"Your ladyship puts it well," said Mr. Morley, laughing mildly, "and with authority. The longer the descent——"

"The more doubtful," interrupted Lady Bernard, laughing. "One can hardly have come of decent people all through, you know. Let us only hope, without inquiring too closely, that their number preponderates in our own individual cases."

Mr. Morley stared for a moment, and then tried to laugh, but unable to determine whereabouts he was in respect of the question, betook himself to his glass of sherry.

Mr. Blackstone considered it the best policy in general not to explain any remark he had made, but to say the right thing better next time instead. I suppose he believed, with another friend of mine, that "when explanations become necessary, they become impossible," a paradox well worth the consideration of those who write letters to newspapers. But Lady Bernard understood him well enough, and was only unwinding the clue of her idea.

"On the contrary, it must be a most serious fact," he rejoined, "to any one who like myself believes that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children."

"Mr. Blackstone," objected Roger, "I can't imagine you believing such a manifest injustice."

"It has been believed in all ages by the best of people," he returned.

"To whom possibly the injustice of it never suggested itself. For my part, I must either disbelieve that or disbelieve in a God."

"But, my dear fellow, don't you see it is a fact? Don't you see children born with the sins of their parents nestling in their very bodies? You see on which horn of your own dilemma you would impale yourself."

"Wouldn't you rather not believe in a God than believe in an unjust one?"

"An unjust god," said Mr. Blackstone, with the honest evasion of one who will not answer an awful question hastily, "must be a false god, that is, no God. Therefore I presume there is some higher truth involved in every fact that appears unjust, the perception of which would nullify the appearance."

"I see none in the present case," said Roger.

"I will go farther than assert the mere opposite," returned Mr. Blackstone. "I will assert that it is an honour to us to have the

sins of our fathers laid upon us. For thus it is given into our power to put a stop to them, so that they shall descend no further. If I thought my father had committed any sins for which I might suffer, I should be unspeakably glad to suffer for them, and so have the privilege of taking a share in his burden, and some of the weight of it off his mind. You see the whole idea is that of a family, in which we are so grandly bound together, that we must suffer with and for each other. Destroy this consequence, and you destroy the lovely idea itself, with all its thousandfold results of loveliness."

"You anticipate what I was going to say, Mr. Blackstone," said Lady Bernard. "I would differ from you only in one thing. The chain of descent is linked after such a complicated pattern, that the non-conducting condition of one link, or of many links even, cannot break the transmission of qualities. I may inherit from my great-great-grandfather or mother, or some one ever so much farther back. That which was active wrong in some one or other of my ancestors, may appear in me as an impulse to that same wrong, which of course I have to overcome; and if I succeed, then it is so far checked. But it may have passed, or may yet pass to others of his descendants, who have, or will have to do the same—for who knows how many generations to come—before it shall cease. Married people, you see, Mrs. Percivale, have an awful responsibility in regard of the future of the world. You cannot tell to how many millions you may transmit your failures or your victories."

"If I understand you right, Lady Bernard," said Roger, "it is the personal character of your ancestors, and not their social position, you regard as of importance."

"It was of their personal character alone I was thinking. But of course I do not pretend to believe that there are not many valuable gifts more likely to show themselves in what is called a long descent, for doubtless a continuity of education does much to develop the race."

"But if it is personal character you chiefly regard, we may say we are all equally far descended," I remarked; "for we have each had about the same number of ancestors: with a character of some sort or other, whose faults and virtues have to do with ours, and for both of which we are, according to Mr. Blackstone, in a most real and important sense accountable."

"Certainly," returned Lady Bernard; "and it is impossible to say in whose descent the

good, or the bad, may predominate. I cannot tell, for instance, how much of the property I inherit has been honestly come by, or is the spoil of rapacity and injustice."

"You are doing the best you can to atone for such a possible fact, then, by its redistribution," said my husband.

"I confess," she answered, "the doubt has had some share in determining my feeling with regard to the management of my property. I have no right to throw up my stewardship, for that was none of my seeking, and I do not know any one who has a better claim to it; but I count it only a stewardship. I am not at liberty to throw my orchard open, for that would result not only in its destruction, but in a renewal of the fight of centuries ago for its possession; but I will try to distribute my apples properly. That is, I have not the same right to give away foolishly that I have to keep wisely."

"Then," resumed Roger, who had evidently been pondering what Lady Bernard had previously said, "you would consider what is called kleptomania as the impulse to steal transmitted by a thief-ancestor?"

"Nothing seems to me more likely. I know a nobleman whose servant has to search his pockets for spoons or forks every night as soon as he is in bed."

"I should find it very hard to define the difference between that and stealing," said Miss Clare, now first taking a part in the conversation. "I have sometimes wondered whether kleptomania was not merely the fashionable name for stealing."

"The distinction is a difficult one, and no doubt the word is occasionally misapplied. But I think there is a difference. The nobleman to whom I referred, makes no objection to being thus deprived of his booty, which, for one thing, appears to show that the temptation is intermittent, and partakes at least of the character of a disease."

"But are there not diseases which are only so much the worse diseases that they are not intermittent?" said Miss Clare. "Is it not hard that the privileges of kleptomania should be confined to the rich? You never hear the word applied to a poor child, even if his father was, habit and repute, a thief. Surely when hunger and cold aggravate the attacks of inherited temptation, they cannot at the same time aggravate the culpability of yielding to them?"

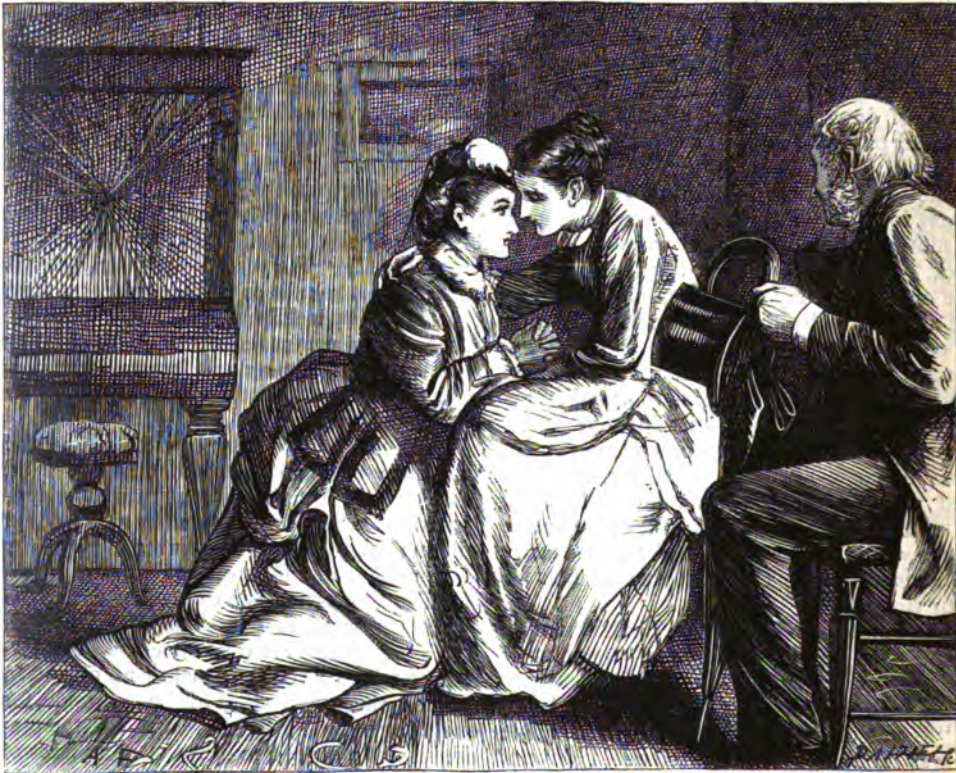
"On the contrary," said Roger, "one would naturally suppose they added immeasurable excuse."

"Only," said Mr. Blackstone, "there comes

n our ignorance and consequent inability to judge. The very fact of the presence of motives of a most powerful kind renders it impossible to be certain of the presence of the disease; whereas other motives being apparently absent, we presume disease as the readiest way of accounting for the propensity. I do not therefore think it is the only way. I believe there are cases in which it comes of pure greed, and is of the same kind as any other injustice the capability of exercising which is more generally distributed. Why

should a thief be unknown in a class, a proportion of the members of which is capable of wrong, chicanery, oppression, indeed any form of absolute selfishness?"

"At all events," said Lady Bernard, "so long as we do our best to help them to grow better, we cannot make too much allowance for such as have not only been born with evil impulses, but have had every animal necessity to urge them in the same direction; while, on the other hand, they have not had one of those restraining influences which a good



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home and education would have afforded. Such must, so far as development goes, be but a little above the beasts."

"You open a very difficult question," said Mr. Morley: "what are we to do with them? Supposing they *are* wild beasts, we can't shoot them, though that would, no doubt, be the readiest way to put an end to the breed."

"Even that would not suffice," said Lady Bernard. "There would always be a deposit from the higher classes sufficient to keep up the breed. But, Mr. Morley, I did not say *wild* beasts; I only said *beasts*. There is a great difference between a tiger and a sheep-dog."

"There is nearly as much between a Seven-Dials-rough and a sheep-dog."

"In moral attainment, I grant you," said Mr. Blackstone; "but in moral capacity, no. Besides, you must remember, both what a descent the sheep-dog has, and what pains have been taken with his individual education, as well as that of his ancestors."

"Granted all that," said Mr. Morley, "there the fact remains. For my part, I confess I don't see what is to be done. The class to which you refer goes on increasing. There's this garrotting now. I spent a winter at Algiers lately, and found even the suburbs

of that city immeasurably safer than any part of London is now, to judge from the police-reports. Yet I am accused of inhumanity and selfishness if I decline to write a cheque for every shabby fellow who calls upon me pretending to be a clergyman, and to represent this or that charity in the East-end!"

"Things are bad enough in the West-end, within a few hundred yards of Portland Place, for instance," murmured Miss Clare.

"It seems to me highly unreasonable," Mr. Morley went on. "Why should I spend my money to perpetuate such a condition of things?"

"That would in all likelihood be the tendency of your subscription," said Mr. Blackstone.

"Then why should I?" repeated Mr. Morley with a smile of triumph.

"But," said Miss Clare, in an apologetic tone, "it seems to me you make a mistake in regarding the poor as if their poverty were the only distinction by which they could be classified. The poor are not *all* thieves and garrotters, nor even all unthankful and unholy. There are just as strong, and as delicate distinctions too, in that stratum of social existence as in the upper strata. I should imagine Mr. Morley knows a few, belonging to the same social grade with himself, with whom however he would be sorry to be on any terms of intimacy."

"Not a few," responded Mr. Morley, with a righteous frown.

"Then I, who know the poor as well at least as you can know the rich, having lived amongst them almost from childhood, assert that I am acquainted with not a few who, in all the essentials of human life and character, would be an honour to any circle."

"I should be sorry to seem to imply that there may not be very worthy people amongst them, Miss Clare; but it is not such who draw our attention to the class."

"Not such who force themselves upon your attention certainly," said Miss Clare; "but the existence of such may be an additional reason for bestowing some attention on the class to which they belong. Is there not such a mighty fact as the body of Christ? Is there no connection between the head and the feet?"

"I had not the slightest purpose of disputing the matter with you, Miss Clare," said Mr. Morley—I thought rudely, for who would use the word *disputing* at a dinner-table?—"On the contrary, being a practical man, I want to know what is to be done. It is doubtless a great misfortune to the com-

munity that there should be such sinks in our cities, but who is to blame for it?—that is the question."

"Every man who says: Am I my brother's keeper? Why, just consider, Mr. Morley: suppose in a family there were one less gifted than the others, and that in consequence they all withdrew from him, and took no interest in his affairs: what would become of him? Must he not sink?"

"Difference of rank is a divine appointment—you must allow that. If there were not a variety of grades, the social machine would soon come to a stand-still."

"A strong argument for taking care of the smallest wheel, for all the parts are interdependent. That there should be different classes is undoubtedly a divine intention, and not to be turned aside. But suppose the less-gifted boy is fit for some manual labour; suppose he takes to carpentering, and works well, and keeps the house tidy, and everything in good repair, while his brothers pursue their studies and prepare for professions beyond his reach: is the inferior boy degraded by doing the best he can? Is there any reason in the nature of things why he should sink? But he will most likely sink, sooner or later, if his brothers take no interest in his work, and treat him as a being of nature inferior to their own."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Morley, "but is he not on the very supposition inferior to them?"

"Intellectually, yes; morally, no; for he is doing his work, possibly better than they, and therefore taking a higher place in the eternal scale. But granting all kinds of inferiority, his *nature* remains the same with their own, and the question is whether they treat him as one to be helped up or one to be kept down; as one unworthy of sympathy or one to be honoured for filling his part: in a word, as one belonging to them or one whom they put up with only because his work is necessary to them."

"What do you mean by being 'helped up'?" asked Mr. Morley.

"I do not mean helped out of his trade; but helped to make the best of it and of the intellect that finds its development in that way."

"Very good. But yet I don't see how you apply your supposition."

"For an instance of application then:—how many respectable people know or care a jot about their servants, except as creatures necessary to their comfort?"

"Well, Miss Clare," said Judy, addressing

her for the first time, "if you had had the half to do with servants I have had, you would alter your opinion of them."

"I have expressed no opinion," returned Miss Clare. "I have only said that masters and mistresses know and care next to nothing about them."

"They are a very ungrateful class, do what you will for them."

"I am afraid they are at present growing more and more corrupt as a class," rejoined Miss Clare; "but gratitude is a high virtue, therefore in any case I don't see how you could look for much of it from the common sort of them. And while some mistresses do not get so much of it as they deserve, I fear most mistresses expect far more of it than they have any right to."

"You *can't* get them to speak the truth."

"That I am afraid is a fact."

"I have never known one on whose word I could depend," insisted Judy.

"My father says he *has* known one," I interjected.

"A sad confirmation of Mrs. Morley," said Miss Clare. "But for my part I know very few persons in any rank on whose representation of things I could absolutely depend. Truth is the highest virtue, and seldom grows wild. It is difficult to speak the truth, and those who have tried it longest best know how difficult it is. Servants need to be taught that as well as everybody else."

"There is nothing they resent so much as being taught," said Judy.

"Perhaps; they are very far from docile; and I believe it is of little use to attempt giving them direct lessons."

"How then are you to teach them?"

"By making it very plain to them, but without calling their attention to it, that *you* speak the truth. In the course of a few years they may come to tell a lie or two the less for that."

"Not a very hopeful prospect," said Judy.

"Not a very rapid improvement," said her husband.

"I look for no rapid improvement so early in a history as the supposition implies," said Miss Clare.

"But would you not tell them how wicked it is?" I asked.

"They know already that it is wicked to tell lies; but they do not feel that *they* are wicked in making the assertions they do. The less said about the abstract truth, and the more shown of practical truth, the better for those whom any one would teach to forsake lying. So at least it appears to me. I despair

of teaching others except by learning myself."

"If you do no more than that you will hardly produce an appreciable effect in a lifetime," said Mr. Morley.

"Why should it be appreciated?" rejoined Miss Clare.

"I should have said on the contrary," interposed Mr. Blackstone, addressing Mr. Morley, "—if you do less—for more you cannot do—you will produce no effect whatever."

"We have no right to make it a condition of our obedience that we shall see its reflex in the obedience of others," said Miss Clare. "We have to pull out the beam, not the mote."

"Are you not then to pull the mote out of your brother's eye?" said Judy.

"In no case, and on no pretence, *until* you have pulled the beam out of your own eye," said Mr. Blackstone—"which I fancy will make the duty of finding fault with one's neighbour a rare one, for who will venture to say he has qualified himself for the task?"

It was no wonder that a silence followed upon this; for the talk had got to be very serious for a dinner-table. Lady Bernard was the first to speak. It was easier to take up the dropped thread of the conversation than to begin a new reel.

"It cannot be denied," she said, "whoever may be to blame for it, that the separation between the rich and the poor has either been greatly widened of late, or, which involves the same practical necessity, we have become more aware of the breadth and depth of a gulf which, however it may distinguish their circumstances, ought not to divide them from each other. Certainly the rich withdraw themselves from the poor. Instead, for instance, of helping them to bear their burdens, they leave the still struggling poor of whole parishes to sink into hopeless want, under the weight of those who have already sunk beyond recovery. I am not sure that to shoot them would not involve less injustice. At all events he that hates his brother is a murderer."

"But there is no question of hating here," objected Mr. Morley.

"I am not certain that absolute indifference to one's neighbour is not as bad. It came pretty nearly to the same thing in the case of the priest and the Levite, who passed by on the other side," said Mr. Blackstone.

"Still," said Mr. Morley, in all the self-importance of one who prided himself on the practical, "I do not see that Miss Clare has

proposed any remedy for the state of things concerning the evil of which we are all agreed. What is to be *done*? What can *I* do now? Come, Miss Clare."

Miss Clare was silent.

"Marion, my child," said Lady Bernard, turning to her, "will you answer Mr. Morley?"

"Not certainly as to what *he* can do; that question I dare not undertake to answer. I can only speak of what principles I may seem to have discovered. But until a man begins to behave to those with whom he comes into personal contact as partakers of the same nature, to recognize, for instance, between himself and his tradespeople a bond superior to that of supply and demand, I cannot imagine how he is to do anything towards the drawing together of the edges of the gaping wound in the social body."

"But," persisted Mr. Morley, who I began to think showed some real desire to come at a practical conclusion, "suppose a man finds himself incapable of that sort of thing—for it seems to me to want some rare qualification or other to be able to converse with an uneducated person——"

"There are many such, especially amongst those who follow handicrafts," interposed Mr. Blackstone, "who think a great deal more than most of the so-called educated. There is a truer education to be got in the pursuit of a handicraft, than in the life of a mere scholar. But I beg your pardon, Mr. Morley."

"Suppose," resumed Mr. Morley, accepting the apology without disclaimer,—"Suppose I find I can do nothing of that sort, is there nothing of any sort I can do?"

"Nothing of the best sort, I firmly believe," answered Miss Clare; "for the genuine recognition of the human relationship can alone give value to whatever else you may do, and indeed can alone guide you to what ought to be done. I had a rather painful illustration of this the other day. A gentleman of wealth and position offered me the use of his grounds for some of my poor friends whom I wanted to take out for a half-holiday. In the neighbourhood of London, that is a great boon. But, unfortunately, whether from his mistake or mine, I was left with the impression that he would provide some little entertainment for them; I am certain that at least milk was mentioned. It was a lovely day; everything looked beautiful; and although they were in no great spirits, poor things, no doubt the shade and the grass and the green trees wrought some good in them. Unhappily, two of the men had got drunk on the way, and, and, fearful of giving offence, I had to

take them back to the station—for their poor helpless wives could only cry—and send them home by train. I should have done better to risk the offence and take them into the grounds, where they might soon have slept it off under a tree. I had some distance to go, and some difficulty in getting them along, and when I got back I found things in an unhappy condition, for nothing had been given them to eat or drink—indeed, no attention had been paid them whatever. There was company at dinner in the house, and I could not find any one with authority. I hurried into the neighbouring village, and bought the contents of two bakers' shops, with which I returned in time to give each a piece of bread before the company came out to *look at* them. A gaily dressed group, they stood by themselves languidly regarding the equally languid but rather indignant groups of ill-clad and hungry men and women upon the lawn. They made no attempt to mingle with them, or arrive at a notion of what was moving in any of their minds. The nearest approach to communion I saw was a poke or two given to a child with the point of a parasol. Were my poor friends likely to return to their dingy homes with any great feeling of regard for the givers of such cold welcome?"

"But that was an exceptional case," said Mr. Morley.

"Chiefly in this," returned Miss Clare, "that it was a case at all—that they were thus presented with a little more room on the face of the earth for a few hours."

"But you think the fresh air may have done them good."

"Yes; but we were speaking, I thought, of what might serve towards the filling up of the gulf between the classes."

"Well, will not all kindness shown to the poor by persons in a superior station, tend in that direction?"

"I maintain that you can do nothing for them in the way of kindness that shall not result in more harm than good, except you do it from and with genuine charity of soul—with some of that love, in short, which is the heart of religion. Except what is done for them is so done as to draw out their trust and affection, and so raise them consciously in the human scale, it can only tend either to hurt their feelings and generate indignation, or to encourage fawning and beggary. But——"

"I am entirely of your mind," said Mr. Blackstone. "But do go on."

"I was going to add," said Miss Clare,

"that while no other charity than this can touch the sore, a good deal might yet be effected by bare justice. It seems to me high time that we dropped talking about charity, and took up the cry of justice. There now is a ground on which a man of your influence, Mr. Morley, might do much."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Clare. So long as I pay the market value for the labour I employ, I do not see how more can be demanded of me—as a right, that is."

"We will not enter on that question, Marion, if you please," said Lady Bernard.

Miss Clare nodded and went on.

"Is it just in the nation," she said, "to abandon those who can do nothing to help themselves, to be preyed upon by bad landlords, railway-companies, and dishonest tradespeople with their false weights, balances, and measures, and adulterations to boot—from all of whom their more wealthy brethren are comparatively safe? Does not a nation exist for the protection of its parts? Have these no claims on the nation? Would you call it just in a family to abandon its less gifted to any moral or physical spoiler who might be bred within it? To say a citizen must take care of himself *may* be just where he *can* take care of himself, but cannot be just where that is impossible. A thousand causes, originating mainly in the neglect of their neighbours, have combined to sink the poor into a state of moral paralysis: are we to say the paralysed may be run over in our streets with impunity? *Must* they take care of themselves? Have we not to awake them to the very sense that life is worth caring for? I cannot but feel that the bond between such a neglected class and any nation in which it is to be found, is very little stronger than, if indeed as strong as, that between slaves and their masters. Who could preach to them their duty to the nation, except on grounds which such a nation acknowledges only with the lips?"

"You have to prove, Miss Clare," said Mr. Morley, in a tone that seemed intended to imply that he was not in the least affected by mistimed eloquence, "that the relation is that of a family."

"I believe," she returned, "that it is closer than the mere human relation of the parts of any family. But, at all events, until we *are* their friends it is worse than useless to pretend to be such, and until they feel that we are their friends it is worse than useless to talk to them about God and religion. They will none of it from our lips."

"Will they from any lips? Are they not

already too far sunk towards the brutes to be capable of receiving any such rousing influence?" suggested Mr. Blackstone with a smile, evidently wishing to draw Miss Clare out yet further.

"You turn me aside, Mr. Blackstone. I wanted to urge Mr. Morley to go into parliament as spiritual member for the poor of our large towns. Besides, I know you don't think as your question would imply. As far as my experience guides me, I am bound to believe that there is a spot of soil in every heart sufficient for the growth of a gospel seed. And I believe, moreover, that not only is he a fellow-worker with God who sows that seed, but that he also is one who opens a way for that seed to enter the soil. If such preparation were not necessary, the Saviour would have come the moment Adam and Eve fell, and would have required no Baptist to precede him."

A good deal followed which I would gladly record, enabled as I now am to assist my memory by a more thorough acquaintance with the views of Miss Clare. But I fear I have already given too much conversation at once.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE END OF THE EVENING.

WHAT specially delighted me during the evening was the marked attention, and the serious look in the eyes, with which Roger listened. It was not often that he did look serious. He preferred, if possible, to get a joke out of a thing; but when he did enter into an argument he was always fair. Although prone to take the side of objection to any religious remark, he yet never said anything against religion itself. But his principles and indeed his nature seemed as yet in a state of solution—uncrystallised, as my father would say. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, seemed an insoluble mass, incapable of receiving impressions from other minds. Any suggestion of his own mind, as to a course of action, or a mode of thinking, had a good chance of being without question regarded as reasonable and right: he was more than ordinarily prejudiced in his own favour. The day after they thus met at our house, Miss Clare had a letter from him, in which he took the high hand with her, rebuking her solemnly for her presumption in saying, as he represented it, that no good could be done except after the fashion she laid down, and assuring her that she would thus alienate the most valuable assistance from any scheme she might cherish

for the amelioration of the condition of the lower classes. It ended with the offer of a yearly subscription of five pounds to any project of the wisdom of which she would take the trouble to convince him. She replied thanking him both for his advice and his offer, but saying that, as she had no scheme on foot requiring such assistance, she could not at present accept the latter; should, however, anything show itself for which that sort of help was desirable, she would take the liberty of reminding him of it.

When the ladies rose, Judy took me aside, and said—

"What does it all mean, Wynnie?"

"Just what you hear," I answered.

"You asked us, to have a triumph over me, you naughty thing!"

"Well—partly—if I am to be honest; but far more to make you do justice to Miss Clare. You being my cousin, she had a right to that at my hands."

"Does Lady Bernard know as much about her as she seems?"

"She knows everything about her, and visits her too in her very questionable abode. You see, Judy, a report may be a fact, and yet be untrue."

"I'm not going to be lectured by a chit like you. But I should like to have a little talk with Miss Clare."

"I will make you an opportunity."

I did so, and could not help overhearing a very pretty apology; to which Miss Clare replied, that she feared she only was to blame, inasmuch as she ought to have explained the peculiarity of her circumstances before accepting the engagement. At the time it had not appeared to her necessary, she said; but now she would make a point of explaining before she accepted any fresh duty of the kind, for she saw it would be fairer to both parties. It was no wonder such an answer should entirely disarm cousin Judy, who forthwith begged she would, if she had no objection, resume her lessons with the children at the commencement of the next quarter.

"But I understand from Mrs. Percivale," objected Miss Clare, "that the office is filled to your thorough satisfaction."

"Yes; the lady I have is an excellent teacher; but the engagement was only for a quarter."

"If you have no other reason for parting with her, I could not think of stepping into her place. It would be a great disappointment to her, and my want of openness with you would be the cause of it. If you should

part with her for any other reason, I should be very glad to serve you again."

Judy tried to argue with her, but Miss Clare was immovable.

"Will you let me come and see you then?" said Judy.

"With all my heart," she answered. "You had better come with Mrs. Percivale, though, for it would not be easy for you to find the place."

We went up to the drawing-room to tea, passing through the study, and taking the gentlemen with us. Miss Clare played to us, and sang several songs—the last a ballad of Schiller's, *The Pilgrim*, setting forth the constant striving of the soul after something of which it never lays hold. The last verse of it I managed to remember. It was this:—

Thither ah! no footpath bendeth;
Ah! the heaven above, so clear,
Never, earth to touch, descendeth;
And the There is never Here!

"That is a beautiful song, and beautifully sung," said Mr. Blackstone; "but I am a little surprised at your choosing to sing it, for you cannot call it a Christian song."

"Don't you find St. Paul saying something very like it again and again?" Miss Clare returned with a smile, as if she perfectly knew what he objected to. "You find him striving, journeying, pressing on, reaching out to lay hold, but never having attained—ever conscious of failure."

"That is true; but there is this huge difference—that St. Paul expects to attain—is confident of one day attaining; while Schiller, in that lyric, at least, seems—I only say seems—hopeless of any satisfaction: *Das Dort ist niemals Hier*."

"It may have been only a mood," said Miss Clare. "St. Paul had his moods also, from which he had to rouse himself to fresh faith and hope and effort."

"But St. Paul writes only in his hopeful moods. Such alone he counts worthy of sharing with his fellows. If there is no hope, why, upon any theory, take the trouble to say so? It is pure weakness to desire sympathy in hopelessness. Hope alone justifies as well as excites either utterance or effort."

"I admit all you say, Mr. Blackstone; and yet I think such a poem invaluable; for is not Schiller therein the mouth of the whole creation groaning and travelling and inarticulately crying out for the sonship?"

"Unconsciously then. He does not know what he wants."

"Apparently not. Neither does the creation. Neither do we. We do know it is

oneness with God we want, but of what that means we have only vague though glowing hints."

I saw Mr. Morley scratch his left ear like a young calf, only more impatiently.

"But," Miss Clare went on, "is it not invaluable as the confession of one of the noblest of spirits that he had found neither repose nor sense of attainment?"

"But," said Roger, "did you ever know any one of those you call Christians who professed to have reached satisfaction; or if so, whose life would justify you in believing him?"

"I have never known a satisfied Christian, I confess," answered Miss Clare. "Indeed, I should take satisfaction as a poor voucher for Christianity. But I have known several contented Christians. I might in respect of one or two of them use a stronger word—certainly not *satisfied*. I believe there is a grand, essential unsatisfaction—I do not mean dissatisfaction—which adds the delight of expectation to the peace of attainment; and that, I presume, is the very consciousness of heaven. But where faith may not have produced even contentment, it will yet sustain hope—which, if we may judge from the ballad, no mere aspiration can. We must believe in a living ideal before we can have a tireless heart—an ideal which draws our poor vague ideal to itself—to fill it full and make it alive."

I should have been amazed to hear Miss Clare talk like this, had I not often heard my father say that aspiration and obedience were the two mightiest forces for development. Her own needs and her own deeds had been her tutors; and the light by which she had read their lessons was the candle of the Lord within her.

When my husband would have put her into Lady Bernard's carriage as they were leaving, she said she should prefer walking home; and as Lady Bernard did not press her to the contrary, Percivale could not remonstrate.

"I am sorry I cannot walk with you, Miss Clare," he said. "I must not leave my duties, but——"

"There's not the slightest occasion," she interrupted. "I know every yard of the way. Good night."

The carriage drove off in one direction, and Miss Clare tripped lightly along in the other. Percivale darted into the house and told Roger, who snatched up his hat, and bounded after her. Already she was out of sight, but he, following light-footed, overtook

her in the crescent. It was however only after persistent entreaty that he prevailed on her to allow him to accompany her.

"You do not know, Mr. Roger," she said pleasantly, "what you may be exposing yourself to, in going with me. I may have to do something you wouldn't like to have a share in."

"I shall be only too glad to have the humblest share in anything you draw me into," said Roger.

As it fell out, they had not gone far before they came upon a little crowd, chiefly of boys who ought to have been in bed long before, gathered about a man and woman. The man was forcing his company on a woman who was evidently annoyed that she could not get rid of him.

"Is he your husband?" asked Miss Clare, making her way through the crowd.

"No, miss," the woman answered. "I never saw him afore. I'm only just come in from the country."

She looked more angry than frightened. Roger said her black eyes flashed dangerously, and she felt about the bosom of her dress—for a knife, he was certain.

"You leave her alone," he said to the man, getting between him and her.

"Mind your own business," returned the man in a voice that showed he was drunk.

For a moment Roger was undecided what to do, for he feared involving Miss Clare in a row, as he called it. But when the fellow, pushing suddenly past him, laid his hand on Miss Clare and shoved her away, he gave him a blow that sent him staggering into the street; whereupon, to his astonishment, Miss Clare, leaving the woman, followed the man, and as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, laid her hand on his arm and spoke to him, but in a voice so low and gentle that Roger who had followed her could not hear a word she said. For a moment or two the man seemed to try to listen, but his condition was too much for him, and turning from her he began again to follow the woman who was now walking wearily away. Roger again interposed.

"Don't strike him, Mr. Roger," cried Miss Clare; "he's too drunk for that. But keep him back if you can, while I take the woman away. If I see a policeman, I will send him."

The man heard her last words, and they roused him to fury. He rushed at Roger, who, implicitly obedient, only dodged to let him pass and again confronted him, engaging his attention until help arrived. He was



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

however by this time so fierce and violent that Roger felt bound to assist the policeman.

As soon as the man was locked up, he went to Lime Court. The moon was shining, and the narrow passage lay bright beneath her. Along the street people were going and coming, though it was past midnight, but the court was very still. He walked into it as far as the spot where we had together seen Miss Clare. The door at which she had

entered was open, but he knew nothing of the house or its people, and feared to compromise her by making inquiries. He walked several times up and down, somewhat anxious, but gradually persuading himself that in all probability no further annoyance had befallen her; until at last he felt able to leave the place.

He came back to our house, where, finding his brother at his final pipe in the study, he told him all about their adventure.

JOHN BUNYAN.

"He in the Pulpit preach'd Truth first, and then
He in his Practice preach'd it o'er again."

Old Elegy on Bunyan's Death.

JOHN BUNYAN, "that glorious dreamer," is now hardly known but as the writer of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" the rest of his books, except perhaps his "Holy War," are seldom read, possibly almost forgotten. But though the "Pilgrim's Progress" must always stand alone, several others among the sixty works of which he was the author are, in their way, quite as edifying and quite as well worthy of attention. The most important of these is his autobiography, called "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," which contains, in one of the most interesting narratives ever written, a simple and touching account of the terrible mental struggles which he endured, and of the continual troubles which beset him. It was composed by Bunyan during his long imprisonment in Bedford gaol, and sent to his "spiritual children" (as he called his congregation), that they might be encouraged to go on hopefully by hearing of the difficulties which he had overcome. He says in the preface that his little book was written because he, "being tied up," could not preach; and adds, "It is something of a relation of the work of God upon my soul, even from the very first until now, wherein you may perceive my castings down and risings up; for He woundeth, and his hands make whole." He reminds his people of their own trials.

"Remember," he says, "the word that first laid hold upon you, remember your terrors of conscience and fear of death and hell: remember also your tears and prayers to God—yea, how you sighed under every hedge of mercy. Have you never a hill Mizar to remember? Have you forgot the close, the milk-house, the stable, the barn, and the like, where God did visit your souls? Remember also the word, the word, I say, upon which the Lord hath caused you to hope. If you have sinned against light, if you are tempted to blaspheme, if you are drowned in despair, if you think God fights against you, or if heaven is

hid from your eyes, remember it was thus with your father: but out of them all the Lord delivered me. . . . I can remember my fears, and doubts, and sad months with comfort now; they are as the head of Goliath in my hand."

From this narrative, and from a later one containing an account of the writer's imprisonment, is taken nearly all that is known of Bunyan's life, and we shall endeavour to tell his story as much as possible in his own graphic words. A short sketch of his history was published in 1691 by Charles Doe, a Baptist minister, who had known him personally, and who collected most of his works (calling himself "The Struggler for the Preservation of Mr. Bunyan's Labours in Folio"), and from this and from a still shorter anonymous notice of him of about the same date (now preserved in the British Museum) a few additional facts have been collected.

Bunyan was born in the year 1628, at a village near Bedford, called Elstow, in which stood the remains of an abbey founded by Judith, the niece of William the Conqueror, and the old church in which is one of the very few in England dedicated to St. Helen. Bunyan's father was a tinker, and he too was brought up to that trade, though, according to a history of Bedfordshire, he afterwards became a brazier, having worked as a journeyman in Bedford. This statement is confirmed by an agreement still in existence for the purchase of ground for the erection of a meeting-house in the town, in which his signature appears as John Bunyan, Brazier, 1672. He says himself that he was "of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land," and it has been conjectured with some reason that his ancestors were gipsies.

"But," he continues, "notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased

God to put into their hearts to put me to school to learn me to read and write; the which I also attained according to the rate of other poor men's children, though, to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul."

This school was probably the one founded at Bedford in 1556 by Sir William Harpur, Lord Mayor, "for the teaching of grammar and good manners," which at the time of which we speak was open free to poor children.

Even as a child Bunyan was haunted with those dreadful dreams and imaginations which were so real to him, and with which he was to be troubled for so many years. The thought of the fearful torments prepared, as he believed, for those who felt, as he fancied he felt, drawn on by wicked spirits, weighed on him perpetually:

"At nine or ten years old," he says, "my soul was so distressed, that in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I did often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing that they were only tormentors; that if it must needs be that I went thither I might be rather a tormentor than be tormented myself."

But this state of feeling did not long continue; Bunyan was, as Southey has described him, "shaken by the hot and cold fits of a spiritual ague" even in his very early youth, and the pleasures which he enjoyed with his companions "quickly cut off the remembrance of those terrible dreams, as if they never had been." He owns that the thought of religion was now "very grievous" to him, even "as it were a prison," but at the same time he says,

"This I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet, even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things done by those who professed goodness it would make my spirit tremble. As once above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man it had so great a stroke upon my spirits that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time, being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might by my desperateness have brought myself to my end. This also I have taken notice of with thanksgiving. When I was a soldier I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go one of the company desired to go

in my room, to which, when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died."

This place is said by Bunyan's anonymous biographer to have been Leicester, which was besieged by the parliamentary troops in June, 1645; and he adds that the reason of the exchange of sentinels was that Bunyan "appearing to the officer to be somewhat awkward in handling his arms, another man voluntarily thrust himself into his place."

Soon after this event Bunyan married "a very virtuous, loving, and conformably obedient, and obliging woman;" to use his own words,

"My mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me (but all this while I met with no conviction). She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours; and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed."

She, besides this, according to the old biographer, "frequently enticed and persuaded him to read those books, and to apply them to himself, and to the voice of his wife he hearkened, and by that means recovered his reading, which, not minding before, he had almost lost." The name of Bunyan's first wife is not known; she had four children (one of them being the blind girl to whom he was so tenderly attached); and she died before he was imprisoned. By the diligent perusal of these books, Bunyan was brought to wish to reform his life, and his first impulse was to "fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life."

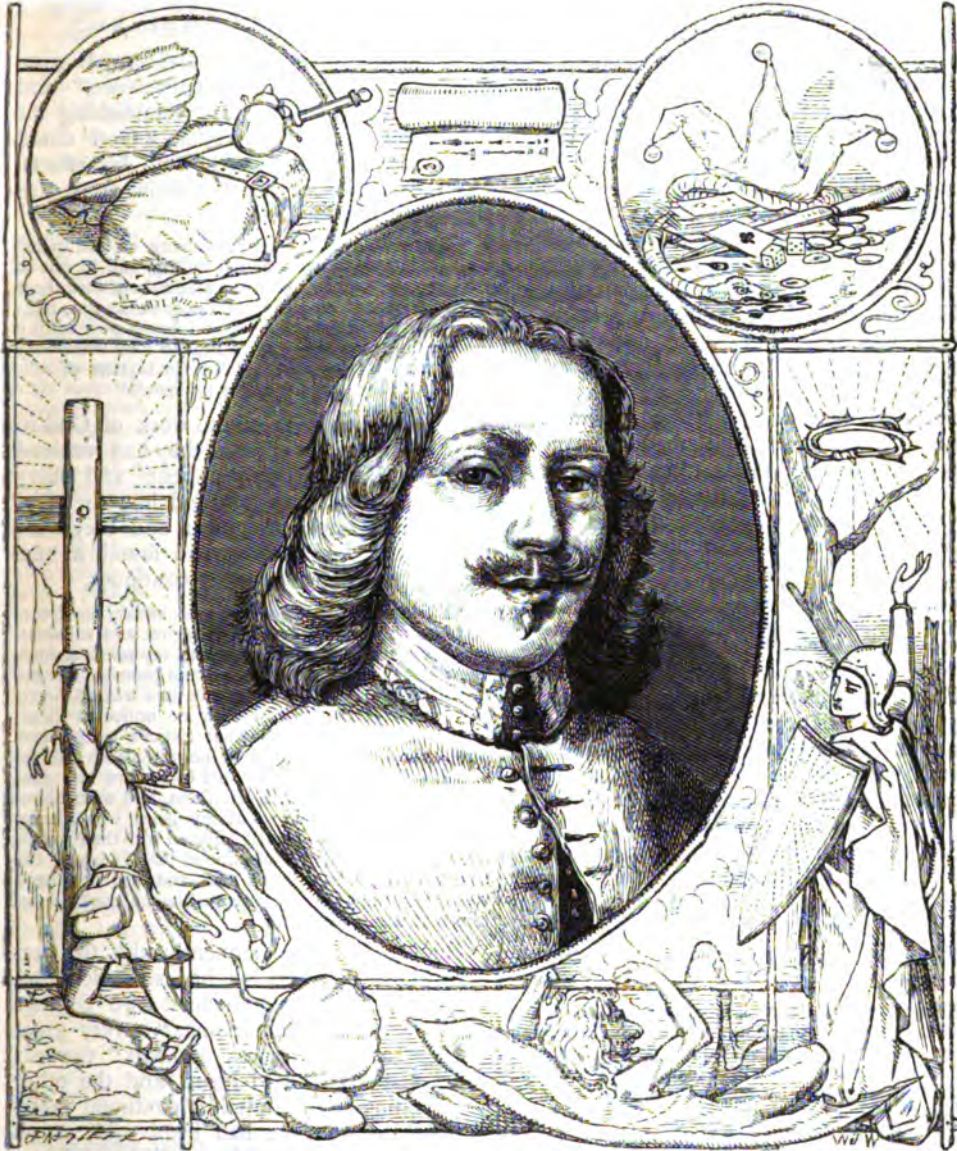
"But," he continues, "I was withal so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple to do his work therein."

But church services were not enough to satisfy Bunyan's restless and inquiring disposition; and after attending them for some time he suddenly became anxious to know whether

he belonged to the Israelites, "for," he says, "finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were one of this race my soul must needs be happy. Now again I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this

question, but could not tell how I should: at last, I asked my father of it, who told me No, we were not. Wherefore then I fell in my spirit as to the hope of that, and so remained."

During all this time he says he was not



really convinced of his sins, but at length a sermon against Sabbath-breaking made him feel his fault in that one respect, at least, and he went home "with a great burden upon his spirit." However, before he "had well dined, the trouble began to go off," and he went out

I. N. S.

as usual "with great delight" to his games. He continues,

"But as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said,

'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven? or, have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices."

Bunyan now imagined that it was too late for him to hope for forgiveness, and he resolved to go on in his sins; for, he reflected, "my state is surely miserable—miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them; I can but be damned, and if I must be so I had as good be damned for many sins as for few." He came to this conclusion as he stood still in the midst of his game, but said nothing of his vision to his companions, though it seemed to him that from that moment the hope of heaven was gone from him, and nothing remained but to get as much pleasure as he could whilst in this world. But about a month later, as he was swearing "after his wonted manner," he was severely rebuked by a woman who, though wicked enough herself, declared that his words made her tremble.

"At this reproof," he says, "I was silenced, and put to secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven; wherefore, while I stood there hanging down my head, I wished that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing, for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it that it is in vain to think of a reformation, for that could never be."

However, to his own great surprise, Bunyan began from this time to leave off swearing, and took much pleasure in reading the historical parts of the Bible ("as for Paul's Epistles and such-like Scripture," he observes, "I could not away with them"); he also endeavoured to keep the commandments, and thought he "pleased God as well as any man in England;" but he said later that at this time he was "nothing but a poor painted hypocrite." He goes on about his amusements:—

"Now you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but, my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither. Yet I forced myself and would look on still. But quickly after I began to think, How if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, Should the bell fall with a swing it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door, and now thought I, I am safe enough, for if a bell should fall I can slip out behind these thick walls,

and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, How if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought, It may, for aught I know, when I stand and look on, did continually so shake my mind that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head. Another thing was my dancing. I was a full year before I could quite leave that."

But after giving up these pleasures Bunyan enjoyed "great peace of conscience," and fully believed that he was "establishing his own righteousness," and that "God could not choose but be pleased" with his efforts. He thus describes his awakening from this state of feeling:—

"Upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford, to work at my calling, and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God, and being now willing to hear their discourse I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker in matters of religion; but they were far above my reach."

These women spoke of the work of God in their hearts, of the comfort they had received from the Bible, of their unbelief and many temptations and troubles, and how they had been enabled to resist them, and they were to Bunyan "as if they had found a new world." At their words, he continues,

"I felt my own heart begin to shake, for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation the new birth did never enter into my mind, neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them, neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted. Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them, and went about my employment again; but my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true token of a truly godly man, and also because I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one."

Bunyan was now frequently with the persons whose conversation had so struck him. He says that he experienced two feelings which astonished him; one, "a very great softness and tenderness of heart" towards the assertions he had heard, and the other "a bending in his mind, a continual meditating," on what he had been told or on what he read. "For," he continues, "I now began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and especially the Epistles of the Apostle St. Paul were sweet and pleasant to me; and then I was never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation, still crying out to God, that I might know the truth and way to heaven and glory." He became anxious to

discover whether he had faith or not, and after much thought it came into his mind that he could not be sure that he possessed faith unless he tried to work a miracle; he therefore, as he was walking one day between Elstow and Bedford, resolved that he would say "to the puddles that were in the horse-pads, 'Be dry, and to the dry places, 'Bé you puddles.'" But, just as he was about to speak, he reflected that if he tried in vain to perform this miracle he would be sure that he had no faith and was "a castaway and lost," so he determined to wait before attempting it. He "continued at a great loss, so perplexed that he did not know what to do," and in this time of anxiety he seems to have had a dream, in which, according to Southey, lay the germ of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It concerned the happy state of the poor people at Bedford with whom he had been conversing,

"I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shuddering in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds; methought, also, betwixt me and them I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain: now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could I would there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I bethought myself to go, again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein, but none could I find for some time; at the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway, in the wall, through which I attempted to pass: now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain; at last with great striving methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders and my whole body. Then I was exceedingly glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun."

Bunyan was not slow to see an allegory in this vision or waking dream, and he prayed wherever he was, "whether at home or abroad, in house or field," that he might become one of that happy com-

pany. But he was grievously troubled with two fears, and so discouraged, that sometimes he was as if "the very strength of his body had been taken away." The first of these torturing thoughts was whether he had been, as he called it, elected; and he would thus reason with himself:—"How can you tell that you are elected? and what if you should not? How then? O Lord, thought I, what if I should not indeed? 'It may be you are not,' said the tempter. It may be so indeed, thought I." He then considered that if this really were the case, he might "as good leave off, and strive no farther;" he was "driven to his wits' end," "often ready to sink with faintness in his mind." But at last, he says, "as I was giving up the ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life, that sentence fell with weight on my spirit, 'Look at the generations of old, and see: did ever any trust in God and were confounded?'" This text at first much comforted Bunyan, "as if it talked with him;" and though he was "somewhat daunted," when, after more than a year's search for it, he discovered it in the Apocrypha (Ecclus. iii. 16), he throughout his life found it "still oftentimes shine before his face." But his second doubt was even more painful. He imagined that the day of grace was past and gone, that he had come too late; for that those good people of Bedford "had got the blessing before he came, and were all that God would save in those parts." Full of this fear, he "went up and down bemoaning his sad condition," regretting that he had wasted so much time, and even feeling angry with himself that he should have had "no more wit" to prevent his trifling till too late. However, at length he was comforted by the recollection of the words, "And yet there is room;" and for a time the poor man felt less miserable.

C. PALMER.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGEL-FACE ON MAN.

3. Meditation.

"And all that sat in the council looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."—Acts vi. 15.

THE Jews were familiar with angels, at least in their literature. They knew that they had often appeared to their fathers, and that some of the greatest things in their national history had been accomplished by their agency. It was easier for them, there-

fore, than it would be to us, to believe in the appearance of an angel; and it was more natural and easier for them to liken human to angelic things, and to see any resemblance that might exist between a human creature and an angel of God.

In the present case, it does not seem quite certain whether "all they of the council," who saw the face of Stephen, likened it in their own thoughts to the face of an angel, and *said* something to that effect; or whether it is simply the observer and narrator who saw Stephen's angelic look before the council, and who here describes what he saw. It is clear, however, that the council were struck by Stephen's remarkable appearance, and gazed for some time, wonder-stricken, on the celestial face. Anyway, we have appropriately, for subject of consideration now—*The Angel-Face on Man*.

Here is a man who had the look of an angel, and yet was still a man. Nay, we feel instinctively that he was more a man now, than, perhaps, ever before. In this trying yet favoured moment, he towered as it were to the height of his manhood, and put on all its bloom. This was a kind of Mount of Transfiguration to him, where he did not so much put on a celestial dress of appearance, that was foreign to his own proper nature, as shone out rather in the usually hidden glory of his own. It was Stephen's face that was seen, and only that. It was Stephen's beauty that shone in the face. It was the real qualities of Stephen's character that made that beauty. It would seem, then, that a perfect man and an angel are brothers. Or say an *imperfect* man, in a mood of perfectness, or when he is wholly Christian—a believer when he is strong in faith—a child of God when he is looking homewards. And if this be the way of it, then surely there is many an angel-face on earth, and much beholding of the same from the higher spheres.

To obviate mistake, here let it be said, that of course we do not associate the angel-look of the individual with any particular *style* of face or cast of countenance—with, *e.g.*, what passes among men for symmetrical, or handsome, or beautiful. We know nothing about the personal appearance of Stephen: whether he was large or little; whether his countenance was soft or rugged; whether he carried dew or lightning in his eye. Only this seems plain, that such as he was in type and by divine intention, that he now became, and appeared with great clearness, and in becoming *that*, of necessity put on the likeness of the angel.

Yet, I think we may say that there are certain things *common* to the angel-face on man amid all the endless variety of type and form; certain things which we may look for (with at least but little exception) on *all* the faces which carry on them any image or re-

semblance to higher worlds and holier creatures. And by the mention of these we shall make the subject quite practical.

Brightness. We cannot be wrong in supposing that there was something luminous on the face of Stephen which was seen by those who "looked steadfastly" on him. Some hovering splendor, or some more settled halo. As we say, "a light upon the face." We always associate brightness with the angels, and their appearances. If they come like common men, wearing humanity for disguise (as they did to Abraham on the plain), the veiled brightness soon begins to shine through. If they come in their own nature, and proper state, then "the countenance is like lightning, and the raiment white as snow." If Stephen's countenance had been dull or sad on that day, this in the text had never been recorded of him. Why should any man wear darkness or heaviness on his face? There is something in the world which we may learn, there is something from God which we may have, that will change all to brightness. Not indeed to brightness such as the angels above live in, and continually behold. There are some things to weep over; there are many things to fear. This is a world of cloud and shadow. But the heaven in which the cloud floats is larger than the cloud, and all full of light. Shadows are melting things, and even while they continue, the very fact that they are *seen* to be shadows argues the presence and prevalence of a superior light. The true philosophy of life is this—to get the light within ourselves—the light of God, for without that all must be dark; and then to get the habit of looking for and seeing the light everywhere, according to that profound and beautiful scripture, "In thy light shall we see light." If I know that I have a Father in heaven who watches over all his children, and over me among them, who forgives while He condemns my sin, who strengthens the purpose of goodness in my heart by immediate touches and inspirations of his Holy Spirit, who provides for all my need, who cares for me in all my cares, who leads me and guides me, all blind and sorrowful as I sometimes am, in an everlasting way; and if I also know that He is the Father of the world, and holds it in constant rule and in constant training, leading it on through rainy days and wintry weather to the summer that is coming; if I know that He hates all the world's vileness and yet pities its miseries, and rules everything for its ultimate good, which He has bound Himself by word, and oath, and cove-

nant to secure—then why should I be sad? If it be true that there are foreshadows of evil which will certainly come, it is yet more true that there are foresplendours of good which will as certainly come, and come not to flicker for moments, but to stay for ages, and even for evermore. Therefore I will not go into the caves where the doubting dwell, and where the fearful mutter their apprehensions, and where the wilfully sorrowful cherish their miseries. I will walk the open plain where light shines, although often chequered with shadows, and set face to the upward way, although passing storms sometimes hide it from view. Since I may, I will wear the angel-look of cheerfulness, and live in the light of God.

Calmness. Stephen was preternaturally calm; and calm in a scene of the utmost excitement. There had just been eager disputation. False witness had been given against him. The people had been "stirred up" to fever heat. The council was in wrath. False men stood there confronting him to swear away his life—and yet he is as calm as if he were in an evening meeting of disciples. "What matters it?" he seems to have thought. "I have spoken the truth. I will speak it again if I may, and, by God's help, so keep my spirit *in* the truth, that all this turbulence and commotion shall remain outside of *me*, while I possess my soul in patience, and breathe in the serenity of the angels." The test of a man's soul-state is often thus made very practical in life. He is tried by the pressure of the hour, and by the hurry of the happening events sometimes even more than by the general aspect of affairs. And it is not enough to have a general cheerfulness as the result of a survey of life and the world on the whole. There must be superiority to particular disquietudes, and a keeping of the heart in the stillness of grace, in the great and deep peace of God in the very presence of any immediate agitations. It need not be disguised that this is sometimes a matter of supreme difficulty. *Present* things and living men are so powerful, especially when they are heated and eager! To be calm when the atmosphere of the time and place is at fever heat, and the passions of others around are in full play, seems almost like being inhuman. No; not *inhuman*, but *superhuman*; Christlike; gracious. And no one can hope to get the angel-face who furrows and flushes his own with daily excitements, and yields without a struggle to particular temptations in the hope that a general obedience will get him through. The

peace of God is to *keep* the heart and mind, as a garrison is kept. Surely "the helmet of salvation" should keep the head cool and quiet. The very feet should be "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." "Stand therefore," as Stephen stood, when anger burns, when falsehood lies, when cupidity grasps the shining dust, when pleasure sings that you may dance, when earth is magnified, when heaven is slighted. Look above, look beyond. Bring heaven the nearer, and dwell in its eternal calm while these fretful present things flow by. Yet this calmness had nothing unsocial, unbrotherly, unhuman in it. It was not, in Stephen, the sign of a mystical abstraction of the spirit from men and their ways and interests. Perhaps no man in the assembly was more intensely interested in what was going on than he; certainly no one had a kindlier concern for the real well-being of all who were before him. We may well suppose that

Benignity shone out in that wonderful arresting face; and that this was one feature of the angel-look on which they could not but gaze. Without this there could be no resemblance to an angel of God, still less any resemblance to God himself or to his dear Son. This is the one thing which, less than anything else, could be absent. This is the family likeness. For "God is love," and if He *could* assume any visible form, love and kindness would shine conspicuously there. And God so loved the world that He gave his Son, who, in being his Son, is also love; and all who become children necessarily wear the image. And he that loveth not is not of God, and cannot wear an angel-face. A man without love, without bowels of compassion, without inward fountains of human tenderness, without a heart that broods over the world in some measure like the heart of God, is without the chief feature of the great family likeness. The devil is great. The devil wears a kind of shattered splendour on his face. The devil is intellectual. The devil is calm. But there is no working of pity in his heart; no flush of benignity on his face; and by a long course of rebellion he has forgotten how to love. But those who, like Stephen, learn the lesson at the feet of Christ, and practise it among men—even among those who have no answering affection, even in the presence of their enemies—those who return good for evil, and love for hatred, who forgive all who trespass against them, as they are themselves forgiven of God, and seek the salvation of souls as men seek gold—they put on the image of the heavenly, they look like their

brothers of the upper kingdom, they look like what they are—the children of the King!

Lest there should be any thought of pusillanimity in all this we add, as another feature of the angel-face, *Fearlessness*. A faithful fearlessness to truth and duty, without regard to any present personal consequences. In Stephen's case those consequences were most threatening. Indeed, they proved to be what we call "fatal." But in the nomenclature of heaven fatal sometimes means vital. To the cowardly, life is death. To the fearless, death is life. Not that that issue hangs near us usually in ordinary life as the result of obedience. Courage often means safety, escape from petty annoyances and molestations, and entrance openly upon a wider and freer way. And in the highest sense it *always* means safety. He is safe who, on just grounds, can respect himself, who feels that he is bearing witness to the truth, who gives no place to traitorous suggestions of compliance for comfort's sake, who refuses to bend his spirit to the rule of circumstances, or to take moral law of guidance from "society," who although he never wishes often dares to be peculiar, who subjects the present to the future, and holds this vain world and this fleeting time cheap, in comparison with grander worlds and everlasting duration. If an angel *were* here, to live for a while the life of a man, you would see what it is to be brave. You would see him pass through sorrows smiling, his heart borne up already with foretaste of the afterjoy. You would see how easy it would be to make what we call "sacrifices," and how they would all be entered in his life-book as so many advantages gained. You would see how little he would care for the murmurings of men, for the stirrings up of the people by this or that, for threat, defiance, death itself. The death-gate would be to him a very goal, by entering which he would regain life for evermore. Now all this is just what you may be. The celestial courage is attainable in terrestrial scenes, if not perfectly yet in large measure, and those who attain it will, by so much more, put on celestial resemblance, and look on human scenes, as it were, with the face of an angel.

We venture to give one touch more to this picture. He who would have the angel-face must look high and far. He must learn to look not so much at things, as *through* them, to see what is in them, and what is beyond. In a little while Stephen "looked steadfastly up into heaven." There is a look for a mortal man to give! A look which in his case was well rewarded, for "He saw the glory of God,

and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And said, Behold! I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!" And that look gave him final victory. Men were gnashing their teeth beside him, and stopping their ears against his words, and crying with loud voice, and rushing upon him with one accord, to bear him away on the angry flood of their passion to a violent death. They did not know that to him the pains of death were over. He was already dead in spirit. He had "looked" himself into heaven. He had entered yonder gate of jasper. He had trodden the streets of gold. In a moment he had gone beyond all starry splendours, into God's pure glory, and had heard the rewarding welcome from the Saviour's lips. But this was not the first time he had looked into heaven. Ever since he became a believer he had been looking that way, and after Jesus had left them, and gone thither he had scarce looked any other way. "If ye then be men with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth"—where Christ sometimes *standeth*, as to Stephen, in token of all needful helping to those who look. "Things above!" You find them everywhere—in daily duties, in commonest things—but it needs the angel-eye to see them. Always look within, look through, look above, look beyond, look far on. Be an angel, or be a child in this; for the little child is not unlike the angel in its looking. Did you never see it on the little face—that calm, dreamy, distant look? that pierces quite through *your* world, and transcends all your ideas of prudence, and care, and duty, with a sublime indifference, which is none the less grand that it is so simple. Of course a child cannot be said to have an angel's thought. It has not even a man's. Yet in some respects the child is nearer the spiritual world than the man is. "It is more than a poetic fancy that 'heaven lies about us in our infancy.'" Children come out of the kingdom of heaven. They come from God, who is the centre and glory of that kingdom, and, all unconsciously, they behave themselves as those who are not yet far from home. They are in the fields nearest the home. By the least hint or suggestion they will look back to the door, and even think it not impossible to go in. They believe what they are told. Words of God, angel-visits, ghosts, wonders—all are taken *literally*. They have no difficulty in believing. The difficulty comes, alas! but too soon. The dream-like glory and freshness of the morning time fade away. The world becomes all materialism.

Knowledge lords it over faith. Experiences destroy simplicity; and amid the dust and hurry of secular things the wonders of eternity are veiled and hidden, as the great snow-mountains are often covered with mist and cloud. Then at night often (happy they to whom it is so) comes a clearing time. The true day begins to break at sunset, and the shadows flee away. Then the old child-faith comes back, but in a higher form. Then it is found that matter is the shadow and spirit is the substance. The soul begins to look through, to look high and far, and on the dying beds, and in departing hours, you find again the child-look—the angel-look on the face of the mortal man who is just putting on immortality. But although this is a sketch but too faithful of the course of many a life, it is not the course we are intended to run. It is not intended surely, that we should lose the battle of manhood, or wage it doubtfully, because, through divine grace, we may collect our forces and calmly retire into eternal safety at the last. It is intended that we should be victorious all the way, that we should walk by faith and not by sight, that we should pierce through disguises, and blow away the thick delusions of life with spirit-breath, as the north wind clears the sky, and “look” with angel-face, “not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

Practically the most important thing is yet to come, viz., *How* all this may be—how we may wear the angel-face among men. Of course it is quite vain to attempt to put it on directly, and by mental intention, as a soldier puts on his armour, or a king his royal robe. To put the matter plainly, could anything more absurd be conceived than this, that a man should say—“Now I am going to look like an angel!” If he is not like the angels, he never can look like them. If he has not got something of the angel soul, he never can wear the angel-face. You may think that the subject of this meditation is a-kind of outward superficial subject—not more than a branch of the fine arts of religion. It is really intensely inward and spiritual. It points to a state of things within, so clear, and strong, and spiritually vital, as to affect the outward ap-

pearance, and find there perpetual expression. Facial brightness, if you have it—and you may have it with any kind of features, plain, rugged, storm-beat; sunshine is nowhere more beautiful than on rough rocks—what is it but an overflowing from the light of God within? Calmness on the countenance is index to peace in the soul. Benignity appearing in the features is the flushing out of indwelling love. And so of each particular trait. Never mind the face. Forget if you will that you have a face. I believe one face is just as good as another, or almost as good, for the expression of divine sentiment and emotion. Keep soul-brightness, and the smile will, somehow, ripple through. Keep soul-peace, and fear or misery will not settle on your face. Steel your heart with heroic purpose, and you will never go with bloodless lips, and coward eye. Love God with heart, and soul, and strength, and mind, and your neighbour as yourself, and you will never need to think of putting up a face-advertisement of what will be found within. The poor will bless you, and the fallen will look up in your face, as they looked in the face of Christ, and see pity and help written there; and the children will play about your knee; and the very dogs will come to eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table. But don't think about the face itself. If you try to put any particular emotion into the features, it will not be surprising if the very opposite emotion should come instead. Try to look grand, and you may make yourself little. Try to look innocent, and (although you may not remember a single sin) the general consciousness of guilt may seize you and put its colour into your face. Have the angel within, and leave all else to come, as it will. Or, as we have it in the context, and in the case of Stephen, be “full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost,” i.e., be a Christian man, through and through, in belief and practice, among fellow-disciples, among worldly people, and the Lord your God will put his “beauty” on you, in one or other of its many forms, and in some supreme moments of life, in suffering, in trial, in death, may give your friends beholding you the privilege and joy of looking, as it were, upon the face of an angel. Amen.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.





THE PRAISE OF THE SAINTS.

"Chvala Svatch."*

IN wisdom's might and perfect ways
God in his saints now let us praise,
To whom o'er world, flesh, Satan, He
Granted to win the victory.

Haste we their lives, in mean estate,
But chief the Lord's, to imitate;
The holiest life of all was his,
Therefore his bliss transcendent is.

Saints in the world did live and move,
But yet the world they did not love;
Their hearts and hearts' desire were there,
Where endless joys for ever are.

While here, they did as wand'ers roam,
Their care, that everlasting home,
Where without silver, without gold,
Each soul possesses wealth untold.

No pride their thoughts exalted high,
They spake in deep humility,
Flesh to the spirit did subdue,
And in good works did labour true.

No flatt'ring praise did them ensnare,
No sorrow, no corroding care,
Drew from the love of God aside,
Whose strength did with them still abide.

No carnal love their spirits chain'd,
Their neighbour's wealth untouch'd remain'd,

Wrath, hate their path ne'er turn'd awry,
No avarice could blind the eye.

Heedless of this world's vanity,
They lived in love and unity,
Their care was man's salvation dear,
And still themselves to persevere.

The praises of the world they scorn'd,
And oft-times poverty adorn'd,
Rejecting wealth and suff'ring shame,
All for the sake of God's dear name.

Thirst, hunger, many a torment sore,
While in the flesh, their bodies bore;
Full oft they shrank from this world's grace,
In God alone their joy to place.

Men drove them from their towns away,
As criminals did beat and slay,
And into wastes and deserts hurl'd;
Of whom unworthy was the world.

They dwelt in cold and want and woe,
A scorn to evil men below,
They for God's truth their lives laid down,
To live and wear an endless crown.

Fit recompense to them is given,
High in the perfect bliss of heaven,
Where evermore the angel host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

This that we sinners may attain,
We beg, dear Lord, and beg again;
Aid us to lead pure lives below,
With Thee in heav'n true joys to know!

A. H. WRATISLAW.

* From the "KANTZIONAL," or Hymn Book of the "BHEMIAN BRETHREN," published at Prague in the year 1503.

HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE BOOKS OF CHRONICLES.—NOTES ON PARTICULAR PASSAGES.

1 CHRON. iv. 39. For "Gedor" here we should probably read "Gerar." Gedor was in the mountain district of Judah, probably where the ruined village of Jedur now is, about eight miles north of Hebron; and therefore could hardly be the scene of such a transaction as is recorded in this passage. Gerar, on the other hand, lying in the south of Palestine, and in the country of the Philistines, might well be the place where a colony of the ancient Canaanites dwelt as late as the time of Hezekiah.

41. "And smote their tents and the habitations that were found there:" *and smote their tents and the M'zunim who were found there.* This is the Q'ri, or marginal reading (חֲמֻצֵינִים, *hamm'zunim*); the K'tibh or textual is חֲמֻצֵינִים, *hamm'zinim*, the plural of חֲמֻצָּה, *a habitation or dwelling*. The original seat of this tribe was at Ma'an, near Petra, in the east of the Wady Musa.

Ch. x. 3. "And the archers hit him, and he was wounded of the archers:" *and he trembled before the archers.* So the verb is rendered in Ps. xcvi. 4; Deut. ii. 25; Ps. cxiv. 7, &c. The rendering in the Authorised Version has the effect of a tautology.

Ch. xi. 10. "Who strengthened themselves with him:" *who showed themselves strong [or brave] with him.* In 2 Sam. x. 12, the verb is rendered, "Let us play the man."

11. "Jashobeam, an Hachmonite, the chief of the captains:" *Jashobeam, son of Hachmoni, chief of the thirty.* This is the textual reading; our translators have followed that in the margin (Q'ri); but comp. ver. 15 and 25. In ch. xxvii. 2, Jashobeam is called a son of Zabdiel, so that "son of Hachmoni" here probably means "descendant of Hachmoni." In 2 Sam. xxiii. 8, we read in the Authorised Version, "The Tachmonite that sat in the seat, chief among the captains, the same was Adino the Eznite, *he lifted up his spear* against eight hundred," &c. The text here is exceedingly corrupt, and, in fact, as it stands, quite unintelligible. Our translators have made a sense by borrowing the words "he lifted up his spear" from Chronicles, and for this they have the authority of the LXX. and two codices (ap. Kennicott); but as the whole passage seems to refer to Jashobeam, the introduction of *another* person under the name of Adino the Eznite (for there is no authority for the rendering "the same is," by which our transla-

tors have sought to represent this as another name for "the Tachmonite"), to whom the latter part of the verb is made to refer, only makes the confusion the greater. Gesenius, by an ingenious conjectural emendation, effected by the transposition of two letters, instead of "Adino the Eznite," reads, "he brandished his spear." But to obtain this, he has to suppose the existence of a verb (חִצָּה, *idden*), and of a noun (חִצָּה, *antzen*), nowhere else found. In the opinion of other eminent critics and interpreters, the passage should be read thus: "And Jashobeam, son of Hachmoni, chief of the three, he brandished his spear over," &c., the reading in Chronicles being assumed to be the correct one. Instead of eight hundred as in Samuel, the chronicler gives three hundred, which is probably the correct number.

13. Several verses have fallen out from the text here which are to be supplied from the parallel passage in 2 Sam. xxiii. 9—11. The whole passage should be read thus: "It was he who was with David at Pas-dammim; and the Philistines were gathered together to battle, and the men of Israel went up (*i.e.*, betook themselves to the mountains in flight); but he arose, and smote the Philistines till his hand was numbed, and his hand clave unto the sword. And Jehovah wrought a great deliverance that day; and the people returned to him (after their flight) only to spoil. And after him was Shammah, the son of Agee the Hararite; and the Philistines had assembled in a troop where was a piece of ground full of barley," &c. For "barley" we find in Samuel "lentiles." The former is probably the correct reading, and "lentiles" (לְחִישִׁים) may have arisen from a transposition of letters from "barley" (שְׂעוּרִים).

19. "Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it:" *shall I drink the blood of these men? With their lives, yea, with their lives, have they brought it.* The Hebrews considered the blood to be the life or soul (comp. Lev. xvii. 11, 14).

21. "Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done many acts, he slew two lion-like men of Moab." The word rendered "lion-like" here is *Ariel*, which signifies "lion of God," and can by no means mean "lion-like." It is supposed that the word "son" before "of a

valiant man," where it is evidently superfluous, should be placed in a plural form before Ariel, and the verse read thus: *Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, a valiant man, abounding in achievements, from Kabuel, he slew two sons of Ariel of Moab.* Ariel was possibly a title of the kings of Moab, or the proud designation of one of the warrior chiefs of that nation. There is no difficulty now in supposing a Moabite king or chief to have had a pure Hebrew title or name; for since the discovery of the Moabite stone, it is known that the language of Moab was nearly identical with the Hebrew.

Ch. xii. 1. "While he kept himself close because of Saul:" literally, *while he was yet restrained or hindered from the face of Saul.* The meaning seems to be, while he was estranged from Saul or prohibited from appearing before him.

14. "One of the least was over a hundred, and the greatest over a thousand:" margin, *one that was least could resist a hundred, and the greatest a thousand.* The marginal rendering is to be preferred here. The literal rendering is, "One for a hundred the little one, and the great one for a thousand;" where the contrast between little and great, and the use of the preposition "for" and not "over," decidedly favour the rendering our translators have put in their margin. This is also the rendering of the LXX. and the explanation of the Jewish expositors. In the text our translators have followed the Vulgate.

19. "He will fall to his master Saul to the jeopardy of our heads:" *for our heads [i.e., with our lives as a price] he will fall away to Saul his lord.*

21. "And they helped David against the band of the rovers." The text is simply "against the band or troop." The "troop" referred to is that of the Amalekites, which invaded Ziklag; and the term seems to have acquired a sort of prescriptive application to them; at least, in the parallel passage in Samuel it is twice used of them without any further qualification; comp. 1 Sam. xxx. 8, 15.

31. "Mighty men of valour, famous throughout the house of their fathers:" *mighty men of valour, men of renown, according to their fathers' houses—i.e., they were so arranged.*

Ch. xiii. 6. "The Lord that dwelleth between the cherubim, whose name is called on it:" *Jehovah . . . who is invoked [or worshipped] there.* The difference between the word for name (שֵׁם *shēm*) and the word

for *there* (שָׁם *shām*) is so slight, that the one might easily be mistaken or substituted for the other. The word as pointed in the text means *name*, and the proper rendering of the clause as so pointed is "who is called Name." This punctuation was probably adopted by the Massorites to make the passage contain an allusion to Lev. xxiv. 16 (where the words "of the Lord" in italics are infelicitously supplied in the Authorised Version); but as it would be gratuitous to insert such a statement here, it seems more probable that the proper reading is שָׁם, *there*.

Ch. xv. 27. "Chenaniah, the master of the song, with the singers:" *the leader of the singing [the choir] of the singers.*

Ch. xvii. 17. "And hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree." The original here is very obscure, and various renderings have been given of it. The LXX.: *And thou hast looked on me as the seeing of men, and hast exalted me.* The Vulgate: *Thou hast made me notable above all men.* Luther: *Thou regardest me after the manner of men, of whom God on high is the Lord.* Zunz: *Thou hast regarded me as if I were a man of prominence.* Van Ess: *And hast regarded me; according to the manner of men is such elevation.* A recent writer has proposed by a slight change of the text, that of the verb from the Kal to the Hiphil form, to read: *And thou hast caused me to see, as it were, the order [or succession] of men hence upwards.* This gives a meaning so much in accordance with the context, and the alteration is so simple, requiring only the insertion of a single letter, that it seems hardly possible to refuse it. Diodati appears to have had a similar view of the meaning of the words, for he renders by "e mi hai proveduto di questo grado, come per un' ordine di successione humana."

Ch. xx. 1. "After the year was expired:" *at the time of the turn of the year, the time, &c., i.e., the spring, when warlike operations are wont to commence.*

5. By this verse must be corrected 2 Sam. xxi. 19. Elhanan is there called "the son of Jaare-oregim; but *Jaare* (יָעַר) is, by transposition of a letter, an error for *Jair* (יָעַר), and *oregim* (וְעִרְיָה, *weavers*) has been transposed from the end of the verse, through the eye of the copyist straying to the line below that which he was transcribing. In Samuel, Elhanan is called a Bethlehemite, and is said to have slain Goliath of Gath; in Chronicles he is said to have slain Lachmai, the brother of Goliath of Gath. There can be no doubt that the latter is the correct statement; and it is easy to see how

the words *לחמי אחי גוליית* *eth Lachmi achi Goliath* (*Lachmi, the brother of Goliath*), might be changed into *בית חלחמי אשתי גוליית*, *bayth hallachmi asyth Goliath* (*Bethlehemite, Goliath*).

Ch. xxii. 14. "Behold, in my trouble:" *behold by my severe* [or *strenuous*] *labour*. Comp. Gen. xxxi. 42; Ps. cxxxii. 1.

Ch. xxiii. 25, 26. "The Lord hath given rest unto his people, that they may dwell in Jerusalem for ever. And also unto the Levites: they shall no more carry the tabernacle," &c. *Jehovah hath caused his people to rest: He dwelleth in Jerusalem for ever; and the Levites also shall no more have to carry the tabernacle, &c.*

Ch. xxvi. 31. There is some obscurity in this verse, which may be removed by reading it thus:—*To the Hebronites* [belonged] *Jerijah the chief*—(to the Hebronites, according to their generations, according to fathers' [houses]; in the fortieth year of the reign of David, they were examined, and there were found among them mighty men of valour at Jaser in Gilead) *and his brethren, &c.*

2 Chron. i. 5. "Moreover, the brazen altar . . . he put before the tabernacle of the Lord." For "he put," there is in the margin of the Authorised Version the alternative reading, "was there." This is in accordance with the reading of many MSS., and with the LXX. and Vulgate versions, and is the reading adopted in some of the older editions of the Hebrew text, as, e.g., the Bomberg editions of 1521 and 1525. This seems the preferable reading. The difference between the two consists only in the placing of a point, *שם*, *there*, for *שם*, *he put*. In some MSS. the word for "all" (*כל*) is inserted before "congregation" and this is followed by the Arabic, Syriac, and Vulgate versions, and in the Alexandrian Codex of the LXX.

13. "And Solomon came from his journey to the high place that was at Gibeon." The LXX. and Vulgate have here, "Solomon came from the high place," &c. This is undoubtedly the correct reading.

Ch. ii. 4. "To dedicate it to him and to burn before him sweet incense," &c.: *to dedicate* [or *consecrate*] *it to Him, for the* [purpose of] *burning before Him sweet incense*.

7. "Send me now therefore a man cunning to work in gold . . . and that can skill to grave with the cunning men," &c. *Send me therefore a wise* [i.e., skilled] *man to work in gold . . . and who knows how to make carved ornaments, [to work along] with the wise men [skilled workmen] that are with me, &c.*

10. "Beaten wheat." What this may

mean it is not easy to say; it cannot mean threshed wheat, for as the wheat was to be measured, it would be superfluous to say it was threshed. In the parallel passage in 1 Kings v. 25 [11 in Authorised Version], the reading is, "twenty thousand measures of wheat for food," and so probably it should be read in the passage before us—*maccot/h* for *maccoth*.

Ch. viii. 2. "Solomon built them," i.e., fortified them; comp. ver. 4.

Ch. xi. 18. "And Rehoboam took him Mahalath the daughter of Jerimoth the son of David to wife, and Abihail the daughter of Eliab the son of Jesse." The "and" here is inserted from the LXX., and seems to be required. The meaning would be more clear if the verse were rendered thus: *And Rehoboam took for himself to wife Mahalath the daughter of Jerimoth the son of David and of Abihail, &c.* As the verse stands in the Authorised Version it would seem as if Abihail were a second wife of Rehoboam instead of being his mother-in-law. Comp. ver. 19, 20.

20. "Maachah the daughter of Absalom." In ch. xiii. 2, she is called "Michaiah the daughter of Uriel," and is represented as the mother of Abijah; but in 1 Kings xv. 10, Maachah the daughter of Absalom is represented as the mother of Asa the son of Abijah. The individual referred to is undoubtedly Maachah, who, as Josephus informs us, was the daughter of Tamar the daughter of Absalom; and the apparent discordance in the passages cited is to be accounted for by the free use of terms of relationship by the Hebrews. Strictly speaking Maachah was the granddaughter of Absalom and the grandmother of Asa; her father was Uriel, and her son was Abijah.

23. "And he desired many wives:" *and he asked* [for his sons, that is] *a multitude of wives*. The Authorised Version reads as if the statement referred to what Rehoboam desired for himself.

Ch. xx. 1. "And with them other besides the Ammonites." Our translators, to make any sense here, have introduced the word "other," and given a rendering to the preposition following which it cannot bear. As the verse stands, according to the Q'ri, it can be rendered only "and with them from among the Ammonites," which, coming after the words "and the children of Ammon," is unintelligible. The Targum on this passage reads, "and with them of the Edomites," which agrees with ver. 10 and 22, where the allies of the Moabites and Ammonites in this invasion are described as "of

Mount Seir," which was a seat of the Edomites. Another conjectural reading is, "from among the Meunites," a people mentioned in ch. xxvi. 7 [Authorised Version, Mehunim], and probably also in ch. v. 41 (see note on this passage). This is, on the whole, the more probable reading. The Me'unim were an Arab tribe, whose seat was in the mountainous district of Seir.

2. "From beyond the sea on this side Syria." If the invading hosts came from the east of the Dead Sea, they could not have come from Aram or Syria. Probably for *Aram*, אֲרָם, we should read *Edom*, אֶדוֹם. They came round the south end of the Dead Sea, and entered Judah by way of Edom, passing by En-gedi, which is on the west side of that sea (the modern Ain-jidy).

16. "Behold they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the brook before the wilderness of Jeruel:" *behold they are coming up by the ascent [or mountain road] Haziz; and ye shall find them at the end of the valley [the Wady] before the desert of Jeruel.* The name of Haziz probably survives in Husāsah, the name of a wady running from the plain of el Husāsah towards Ain-jidy; and el Husāsah is probably the desert [*i.e.*, pastoral district] of Jeruel.

22. "And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, which were come against Judah; and they were smitten:" *and as they began to sing and praise, Jehovah set liers-in-wait upon the children of Ammon . . . and they were smitten.* The liers-in-wait are supposed to have been angels sent by God for the deliverance of the people. They could not be an ambuscade of Jews, because the Jews, according to ver. 15 and ver. 17, were to be mere spectators of the destruction of their enemies: the battle was not theirs, but God's; He would destroy the invaders by supernatural agency.

25. "They found among them abundance, both riches with the dead bodies," &c. There is a various reading here which is received in some editions of the Hebrew text, and is probably to be preferred, בְּגָדִים *begadim* for פְּגָרִים *pegarim*. Adopting this, the passage may be rendered: *They found among them abundance [i.e., of spoil] both property [i.e., cattle, tents, &c.] and garments, &c.*

26. "Valley of Berachah." This is probably the modern Wady Bereikut, a few miles to the south of Bethlehem.

Ch. xxiv. 27. "Now concerning his sons and the greatness of the burdens laid on

him," &c. The word here rendered "burdens" often means a prophetic utterance (cf. 2 Kings ix. 25; Isa. xiii. 1; Jer. xxiii. 33; Hab. i. 1; Zech. ix. 1, &c.); it also means a tribute imposed on any one (cf. 2 Chron. xvii. 11). Between these two meanings interpreters are divided here; some rendering the passage, "*And his sons and the multitude of prophetic utterances regarding him,*" &c.; others, as in the Authorised Version, or as in the Vulgate: "*Porro filii ejus, ac summa pecuniæ quæ adunata fuerat sub eo.*"

Ch. xxv. 8. "But if thou wilt go, do it, be strong for the battle: God shall make thee fall before the enemy; for God hath power to help," &c. Every reader must feel that there is something wrong here; for how could God send a prophet to command the king of Judah to dispense with the services of the men of Israel whom he had hired, and to encourage him to go to war without their aid, and yet in the same breath tell him that God should make him fall before the enemy? It is probable a "not" has fallen out of the text here, and that we should read: *But come thou [i.e., without these auxiliaries], act, be strong for the war; God will not cause thee to fall before the enemy, &c.*

Ch. xxvi. 21. "And dwelt in a separate house:" literally, *and dwelt in the house of sickness or infirmity, i.e., in an infirmary or hospital.*

Ch. xxx. 5. "For they had not done it of a long time in such sort as it was written." There is nothing in the original about time here, and it is not desirable to have to make out a sense by so large a supplement as that which our translators have introduced. The words rendered "for a long" are used in 1 Chron. xii. 40 as an adverb, and are there rendered "abundantly," and in this sense they frequently occur. In some passages where they occur they are rendered "for multitude" (Deut. i. 10; Josh. xi. 4, &c.), and "multitude" is the proper meaning of the noun. We may therefore translate here: *For they had not done it as a body [en masse, as it were] as it is written [prescribed].*

16, 17, 18. For "genealogy" in these verses it would be better to read *list* or *register*.

Ch. xxxii. 3. For "stop" here we should probably read "hide" or "cover up." A stream might be covered up or drawn off in subterranean aqueducts, but could hardly be stopped. So also ver. 30.

5. "And raised it up to the towers." It is not easy to assign a meaning to this. The Vulgate has "et extruxit turre desuper," *and*

raised towers upon it. This would seem to indicate that St. Jerome had before him a different reading from that now extant, *ויעל על* instead of *ויעל עליו*, and this probably is the correct reading. The rendering in this case should be: *and raised towers upon it.*

Ch. xxxiii. 11. "Which took Manasseh among the thorns:" *who made him fast in chains.*

Ch. xxxiv. 6, 7. "And so did he in the cities of Manasseh and Ephraim and Simeon,

even unto Naphthali with their mattocks," &c. : *and in the cities of Manasseh Naphthali in their ruins, he broke down the altars and the statues of Ashera [the female Baal, the goddess of fortune] and returned to Jerusalem.*

Ch. xxxvi. 23. "Who is there among you of all his people? The Lord his God be with him and let him go up:" *whoever he may be among you of all his people, Jehovah his God bless him and let him go up.*

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

AN OLD FRENCH COMMENTATOR, HIS FRIENDS AND PRINTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HÔTEL DU PETIT ST. JEAN."

THE craftsmen and silversmiths of Ephesus complained when St. Paul preached in the city of Diana, that the men who turned the world upside down had come to threaten their goddess and her shrine. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the chair of St. Peter was shaken, not by an apostle and his solitary companion, but by men who came from far and from near, and whose numbers were often recruited from the ranks of the Church. They were of all classes: they were priests and artisans, doctors and painters, and it seemed as if the winds themselves carried an epidemic of free inquiry from the cloister to the class-room, from the studio to the potter's furnace, from the bowers of royal and learned ladies to the wayside inns where the travelling students, those knight-errants of literature, lay.

In the year 1512, Jacques le Fèvre, the earliest French commentator on the Bible, wrote thus to a favourite disciple:—"God is about to renew the world, and you will see it. Many signs announce that such a change is at hand, and while new paths are opened by Spanish and Portuguese conquests for the spread of the gospel, it is to be hoped that God will also visit his Church." During sixty years of life Jacques le Fèvre had seen clouds gathering, and though their thunder had not yet spoken, they were now about to burst.

Great and remarkable changes were going on in Europe: knowledge was increased, many discoveries had been made, and the world was on the eve of more, and it is noteworthy that the general agitation thus produced should have resulted in a religious movement. The love of the truth is surely fixed in the human heart, and the necessity for truth is surely imperious there, since as the world

emerged from the darkness of the middle ages its first care was for Faith, since its first battle was fought for leave to pray and read aright, while questions of political rights were postponed to another day. It is noteworthy that the Reformation in England preceded the Rebellion, while in feudal France the day of her social reckoning was deferred to the very close of the eighteenth century.

The importance of the Reformation only revealed itself by degrees to those who originated it. Their cry was originally for nothing but fair dealing and the removal of abuses, and the Reformers were perhaps hardly prepared for the chorus of voices that, rising in every direction, showed in how many breasts similar convictions had been both formed and cherished long.

Jacques le Fèvre d'Etaples (or, as he was called among the learned, "Faber Stapulensis") was born in 1445, in the diocese of Amiens, in a village of the Picardy shore, called Etaples. He was bred a scholar at the University of Paris, and ordained a priest, and after his ordination he travelled into Italy. It does not seem, however, to have been the religious aspect of the schools that first fascinated this future commentator on the Scriptures. He threw himself rather into the philosophical studies that had come into vogue with the revival of Greek learning in Europe. Le Fèvre was at first a devoted pupil of the Renaissance; his masters were either the learned Byzantines or their Italian followers, and these alike gave a Platonic tinge to his studies. His mind reverted, however, ultimately to theology, and he took his doctor's degree in Paris—an honour which his friends say that he preserved all his life, but of which his unfriends say that he was deprived by the Sorbonne, on account of

his undisguised sympathy with the Reformed opinions.

His religious convictions were certainly unfavourable to his fortunes. He was banished from Paris, and took refuge at Meaux, where Briçonnet gave him shelter, until he too began to fear for his reputation as an orthodox prelate, and Le Fèvre with his friends had to be driven from the diocese. He next took refuge at Nérac, in Guienne, and there, in spite of troubles, and of an amount of intellectual energy that might have exhausted a duller nature, he lived to a very advanced age. The period of his literary activity was from 1509, to 1523, his first Commentary on the writings of St. Paul preceding the New Testament of Erasmus by four years. His Commentary on the Gospels was contemporary with the German Testament of Luther. In the following year Le Fèvre appeared as a translator, and thus completed the debt of gratitude owing to him in France. There is a tradition extant of how the young Calvin, then making his *début* in the south of France, came to do obeisance to this aged commentator, an incident so natural and so pretty that one regrets to know that it depends only on tradition, though it is certain that Le Fèvre's last hours were soothed by a nurse no less distinguished than Marguerite of Angoulême, herself one of the earliest and bravest patrons of reform.

Bayle said of Jacques le Fèvre that he was the first person who broke up the darkness of the University of Paris; and he is remembered as having inaugurated there great and lasting reforms. Of his biblical studies his pupil Budeus said, that thanks to them truth was returning from exile. Le Fèvre himself would have asked for no higher praise. His mind worked incessantly. He held chairs both of philosophy and mathematics, and between the years 1498 and 1520 published many reprints of old authors, comprising works on mathematics, divinity, and that mystical lore which his contemporaries Reuchlin and Cornelius Agrippa, had fastened on so eagerly.

The friendships of Le Fèvre's life are its most noteworthy feature. First on the list was John Reuchlin, a man whose name recalls all that is most interesting in the dawn of the Reformation. Some have called Reuchlin the father of the movement; others have styled him the eye of Germany, and he was beyond contest the greatest of the Humanists, the first knight who broke a lance with intellectual tyrants, the first pioneer on a road that has since led the world to liberty and

to light. In Reuchlin's warfare with the Dominicans he collected on his side all the kindred spirits of France and Germany. With him sided Erasmus, Hütten, Ecclampade, and Cornelius Agrippa, also Albert Dürer the painter, to whom he sat for his portrait, and to whom he was probably first known through their common friendship with Pirckheimer of Nuremberg. Opposed to him was the whole phalanx of the Obscurantists, with every stupid and selfish prejudice that ever engaged priests to stifle the truth, and to foster errors that were for their own advantage. The reasons why such Churchmen opposed themselves to progress and science in the person of Reuchlin were of the most self-interested and patent description; for when the Pope refused to consider him as a dangerous or Judaizing teacher, even this Papal verdict was set aside by the Inquisitor of Cologne in his pursuit of the too daring innovator. Reuchlin, so accused of heresy and condemned by three universities, appealed to Jacques le Fèvre, and asked for his help in Paris. Both friends were uneasy at their position, yet both felt that no attitude could be too firm in the face of such vindictive foes. "*Si vincas, nos tecum vicimus*," wrote Le Fèvre, and then Reuchlin refused to withdraw his book, or to recant his errors, let Hochstraten and the other inquisitors report on it as they might, and universities decide as they pleased. The most interesting of the letters that then passed between Le Fèvre and his friend is the one in which he sorrowfully has to intimate to him at last the unfavourable sentence of the Sorbonne; he still advises him to firmness. "Farewell," he concludes; "be happy, live long, and live for all the wise and good." Reuchlin lived with them, and so did Le Fèvre, who, in his green old age, saw pupils grow up by his side whose minds, formed by his precepts, were capable of enlarging on his theories, and of carrying forward the work he had begun, in faithful anticipation of a great impending change, alike in religion, life, and letters.

Of these pupils, the most sympathetic was Guillaume Farel. Like his master, he studied at Paris, and, like him, he enjoyed the friendship of Bucer, Zwingli, and Calvin. Like Le Fèvre, he considered it the essential duty of Churchmen to furnish the Church with a translation of the Scriptures, and with devotional books in the vulgar tongue; and finally, to carry out the likeness, he also received the patronage of Briçonnet, and, during his stay at Meaux, met with the same trials from the pusillanimity of the bishop.

Brignonnet relished the new opinions, but he could not relish their consequences; still, the way in which he dallied with the Reformers, and collected round himself all the enlightened scholars of the day, made him a Bishop of Meaux second only in importance to Bossuet. The nature of Guillaume Brignonnet was, it is true, more yielding, or less noble, than was that of the imperious genius who, in the reign of Louis XIV., confronted alike the assembled wisdom of the Huguenots, and the pretensions of the Roman See. Brignonnet only followed his friends in their abstract speculations, and then withdrew his aid when active aid was called for. He also admitted the excesses of the clergy, and spoke of the religious orders as of a class that was ruinous to the rest. The agitated state of his diocese frightened him; intimidations of all sorts were brought to bear upon him by the Cordeliers, and Bishop Brignonnet, driven by his fears, became the persecutor of those whom he had cherished. Six months after appointing Farel vicar-general of his diocese, he included him in a public censure. He denounced "teachers who, making an ill use of the Gospels, denied purgatory and the intercession of the saints;" their words he declared to be pestilent venom, and he forbade the sale of Luther's books throughout the diocese.

Truth had in this instance, apparently, a point so hard and sharp, that it pierced the heart that first loved and then disowned it, and the search after truth was about the same time the cause of a deadly quarrel and estrangement between Le Fèvre and Erasmus. The letters that passed between them must have been numerous, though a few only have come down to us. In one of these Le Fèvre congratulates Erasmus on having settled in Germany, and closes by expressing admiration for the Phoenix of his century. Their sentiments with regard to scriptural studies seemed identical. "Christ," said Erasmus, "is the centre of the Christian life, and in the Bible nothing is to be sought but Christ." Yet there existed in the scholar of Rotterdam some unwillingness to push his opinions to their logical conclusions as regarded the authority of the Church, and between himself and Le Fèvre there grew up in consequence a painful estrangement. Erasmus, like Reuchlin, abhorred the stigma of heresy; but he did what Reuchlin would never do—he took refuge from the storm. The difference lay in the temperaments of the two men, in the degree of moral courage rather than in the amount of their knowledge or orthodoxy, since it must be remembered that Erasmus

held what we feel to be juster views of Scripture than did Reuchlin and Cornelius Agrippa. Both those scholars had thrown themselves into those mystical studies which, at different times and under different shapes, have had such a hold on the minds of learned and imaginative men. Both thought, with Pico de Mirandola, that no study was so fitted to reveal the glory of God as that of magic; and both, the one as master, the other as pupil, gave the best years of their lives to the study of the Kabbala. It would seem as if in this superstitious use of Scripture lay the chief weakness of many of the early Reformers; as if there also lay the difference between such a scholar as Reuchlin, and such a doctor as Luther.

The humanistic importance of Reuchlin is as great as that of any thinker can be, but Luther was vastly his superior in individual earnestness: in Reuchlin the element of wonder has the ascendancy; in Luther conscience reigned, and it also ruled his mind. Reuchlin treated Scripture as a magical and preternatural book. From certain signs and letters in it he combined words, and these he believed to be possessed of a mystical power. For him this "Mirific Word" was the supreme secret of the universe, that "*absolu*," which he sought for in Scripture, as others have since searched for it in the laboratory.

Luther reasoned after another fashion. His analysis of any word or name in Scripture was made for practical purposes, and for practical purposes only. He pondered, but he never juggled. For example, one day, at dinner with Dr. Justus Jonas, he said:—

"I, who am a doctor grown old in Holy Writ, am still at childish lessons, and do not understand the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and use the Catechism with my son Hans, and my daughter Magdalena. When shall I ever deeply and truly understand the first words of the Lord's Prayer: as when we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven?' for if I thoroughly apprehended and believed this saying, that God who made heaven and earth, and sustains them by his hand, that *this* God is my Father, then am I also a lord in heaven and earth, then is Christ my brother, then are all things mine, then is Gabriel my servant and Raphael my messenger, and all angels ministers to my need—all are given to me by my Father which is in heaven to comfort and to guard me."

This extract leads us back to the subject of scriptural text and exegesis, and explains why, with Reuchlin, Hutten, and many others of the pre-Reformers before us, this old French commentator, Jacques le Fèvre, has been selected to-day as a representative man. This is done less because of his worth as a man of letters, or because of the rareness of his books, which are, become curiosities in

literature, but because he was the first translator and commentator on the French Bible.

The attitude of Le Fèvre with regard to biblical study and to freedom is, after all is said, the real point of interest, and for ourselves, living as we do in a time of much religious movement, it seems very important to ask what was that attitude? how did it affect the Reformation? and how has it affected the Church in later ages?

The Reformers took their stand on two points. First, on the right of free inquiry for both clergy and laity; and secondly, on the existence of a Revelation (as comprised in Holy Writ), from which men may deduce the nature of their relations with God, and with each other. Such a creed necessarily entails both labour and responsibility, but they did not shrink from either. They constituted no man, and they would allow no man to constitute himself, the keeper of their conscience. They would have been the first to disclaim the pseudo-infallibility which has since been virtually claimed for themselves: they were fallible men, and as such, not always disposed (as in the matter of Servetus) to extend to others the liberty they demanded; but they accomplished a great, and, in some senses, an undying work. They prevailed because they acknowledged less the letter than the spirit, less the Law than the Word made Man: they were strong to the pulling down of error because they taught not the Church, but the Shepherd and Bishop of all souls: because in Scripture they beheld not a Book, but a Life, that Life which is at once the Light and the Life of men.

What Albert Dürer called "a piping sound of human error" was not likely to affect hearts thus illuminated. Let us see how Jacques le Fèvre approached his subject when about to open the treasury of Scripture for all the countries where French was spoken.

"This is the preface of Jacques le Fèvre d'Étaples" to the Christian readers of the work which follows:—

"O you whom God has truly loved, know that those are truly Christians who love our Lord and his word with perfect purity. Now, the word of Christ is the word of God, the gospel of peace, of liberty, of joy, the gospel of salvation, redemption, and life; the gospel of peace after a continual war, of liberty after the hardest slavery, of salvation after utter perdition, of redemption after the saddest captivity, of life itself after death eternal."

Kings and pontiffs, he goes on to say, ought to welcome and befriend the truth, and to make every effort to raise it up when it has succumbed. He maintains that the word of God, if freely read, is of itself sufficient to

teach the truth, but proposes to himself to dissipate the clouds of error by a careful exposition of the Gospels, and he prays his readers to take in good part the labour he has so far completed. In his preface to the second part he is even more explicit, and he enters into some curious details about the first translations of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. He praises that of Johan de Rély, made by order of King Charles VIII. in 1488, in emendation of that of Guyart des Moulins; but his own translation is, in truth, vastly superior to either, being an exact reproduction of the text of the Vulgate. "Therefore," he continues, "every time that you read in this New Testament of our Lord, you ought not to forget in your prayers those right noble hearts who have procured for you so divine and salutary an exercise."

From this he proceeds to an analysis of the Epistles, and in speaking of St. John, he rises into fervour.

"What shall I say to you of St. John? He lies in the couch of that divine love which is the breast of Jesus Christ our Lord, upon which he also bent himself in life so deeply that he since thinks of nought but love. He speaks of love, and love alone he breathes, for he who has charity hath all. He has faith in full light, shining clear as the Spirit of God, and is more inflamed by love than is the sun at mid-day on the clearest and hottest of days. In God he has a faith so perfect, that neither heaven nor earth, nor things in them, are aught to him, and that which is his trust is all in all. God grant us then to rest on the Heart of Jesus, that we may drink of the Wine of angels, and of all holy men and women in heaven and earth, in the love of Jesus Christ."

The volume closes with this note, that it was printed in the house of Simon de Colines, printer to the University of Paris, in 1523. The earlier works of Le Fèvre have, however, the stamp of Henri Etienne, the eldest of a family which is associated with all that is best in printing, and also greatly identified with the Reformation in France. This Henri Etienne was the father of the well-known Robert, printer to the king, the friend of Calvin, and one of the greatest experts in his art that has ever existed. The history of his life as well as the fate of his celebrated Greek type—which he is said to have carried with him to Geneva when he went into exile—forms a curious chapter in Huguenot records. This personal sympathy between the Reformers and the printers seems as it were a fitting tribute to the power of the press in forwarding the Reformation, and in spreading the religious movement which was certainly inaugurated in French literature by the publication of the Commentaries of Jacques le Fèvre d'Étaples.



"MARGARET."

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in My Business Life.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

IV.—THE GAIN OF LOSS.



MONG my "experiences," I must tell of some for which others paid the premium. One life can no more illustrate every moral truth, than one man can act in every stirring event of a single year. One life in its ups and downs may know the

trial of poverty and the temptation of wealth, the pang of sorrow and the ecstasy of joy, the extremes of degradation and honour. There may be no limit to the tests and changes which may come to it from without. But yet it is set within the borders of its own nature. The wind that withers the tender flower scarcely shakes the giant tree in whose shadow it grows—the lightning which rends the oak in twain, probably leaves the tender flower unscathed. There are aims lurking in human breasts which divide each from his fellows, into almost a different species. Even God's changing grace does not eradicate these differences. In His heavenly kingdom as in His world of nature, there shall be the lion and the lamb, only there they shall lie down together, the strong and the gentle, with all their ferocity or their weakness taken away for evermore.

We have not to make ourselves. God has made us. But Satan has done his best to spoil us. We must find out as well as we can, what of us is of God. It underlies the other, like some grand old master's painting beneath a repairer's daub. Very likely the repairer has not altered much, only deepened the tints and darkened the lines, and perhaps put in a figure or two, to suit his own coarse taste.

It seems to me that herein lies a great

I. N.S.

mistake of much attempted good. It is destructive rather than constructive, aggressive rather than defensive. It would catch a lion and clip his mane in sheep-fold fashion, so that he would fain go roaring back to his native forest to hide himself till his glory was grown again. How few modern evangelists would have accepted the fire of Peter, and the timidity of Thomas, just as we accept the green apples and hard buds of spring as the earnest of the golden fruit and glowing flowers of a later season! Though they are forced to admit that most work needs many kinds of tools to perfect it in every part, yet they seem often bitten by a strange desire not to sharpen the knife and weight the hammer, but to change the knives into hammers. Too often is zeal chilled by suggestions of intemperance, and patience disheartened by imputations of lukewarm indolence. It was not so with Christ. He took men as they were, and made the best of them and not the worst, knowing that hasty Peter could "weep bitterly," and that fearful Thomas, who dared not hope, could dare to die.

When I first entered our firm, a Mr. Swift was a junior partner in it. He scarcely ever came to the counting-house, for although not more than thirty-five years of age, and a man of stalwart build and great animal spirits, he was suffering from some disorder which rendered it dangerous for him frequently to encounter the whirl and excitement of active city life. When he did come, he usually arrived in a cab, from which he stepped leaning on a staff, and passed through the establishment with a separate joke for every individual therein, from the porter up to Mr. Lambert himself. He had a keen eye for business, and a clever head for every detail of the ledgers or correspondence. But he did everything as if it was play, and it was often hard for the uninitiated to believe in the exactitude and steadfastness of such a merry man. I have often noticed that a few commonplace words from grave, stately Mr. Lambert would inspire full confidence in a customer who had been only rendered more and more doubtful by really clever explanations from Mr. Swift. But we youngsters were always glad to see him, for besides making work like holiday, he was generally

the first to find out when any of us would be the better for a real holiday, and to get it for us.

Even these few and far-between visits of his, gradually grew fewer and farther between. Even the cab-journeys were too much for him. Yet the merry mind lived on brightly in the wreck of the sturdy frame, and two or three times a week I was deputed to go to his villa at Canonbury, and take with me sundry of the accounts, and the whole of the South American correspondence, which he, as a good Spanish scholar, invariably answered.

I grew to know him better in these visits. He was a man whose whole nature reveals itself, more or less, in every action, even if it be but the summing of dry columns of figures. But in this world of many shams, his utter frankness kept its secret better than any reserve. For few people can keep faith to believe that any man is what he seems, and that the good he shows is only a sample, and perhaps not the best, of what is stored in his heart. I learned that Mr. Swift was as popular at home as abroad: that his outer-world gaiety was not purchased by dour tempers and peevishnesses in retirement, and that the bounty and largess he scattered about him was no more the outcome of mere good-nature, than a rich crop is the result of a mere genial season, independent of the soil it springs from. His kindness and liberality might seem random and over-ready in their gushing wealth, but there was a wise providence and thrift underlying them all, so that in their beneficent purposes they failed far more seldom than the cautious charity and tardy alms of colder natures.

In the course of these business visits of mine, which always ended in a snug little supper, he told me all of his history that he remembered. He had travelled much and known many people, and was full of graphic pleasant stories of what he had seen and heard. But over this world of anecdote and experience his landmarks of personal history lay far apart and dim as the latitude lines on the map of the earth. They centred and intensified, at the two poles, as it were, of his life, the home whence he had started as a boy, and the present home, where he knew with a sure and silent but cheerful knowledge that he was waiting for Death. He would speak gleefully of himself among the sports and pleasures of his old paternal farm under the Cumberland hills, and again he would tell sly little stories of the adventures and misadventures of his courting days, and the

"scoldings" he got as a husband. But between these two he had little to tell of himself, except that he had gone abroad, and hunted buffaloes and jaguars over the pampas of the Paraguay. He had been "in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea," but he was not an artist to spoil his picture by painting his own figure larger than the wild bull in the hunt, redder than the flame of the prairie fire, or taller than the mast in the shipwreck. Once or twice, when he narrated rather curtly and coldly some exploit of "a fellow who was there," I fancied that he might have better used the pronoun "I." Only one heroism could we ever lay directly to his charge, which was that, within two days after his landing at Liverpool from America, he had borne a leading part in saving the crew of a coaster wrecked off Northumberland. He could not hide or gainsay that, because when his work was over, he had been carried senseless into the house of a sea-captain, whose only daughter he had presently married.

Poor Mrs. Swift! She had been the one girl in a household of six boys. Her father had been one of a true race of sea-kings; but he had married, for pure love, the delicate, dainty daughter of a ruined "gentle" West-of-England family, whom he had found hiding away their poverty in a cottage at Tynemouth. Reversing the frequent descent of traits, Tom and Dick, Fred and Harry, Willie and Jem had all "taken after" their hardy father, while the little Lucy alone resembled her weakly mother. She was the last of the tribe, too, like a sweet sprig of jessamine, sent at the top of a hamper of big red apples. When she opened her eyes on the world, Tom and Fred were already ship's apprentices, and Dick a midgy on a man-of-war. By the time she was sewing her sampler, and learning Mrs. Hemans's poetry, all the brother-birds had taken wing; even little Jem, only two years older than herself, being adopted by her father's childless brother and carried off by him to Canada, to send home a few round-written letters about skating and sleighing, and then be heard of no more, except that an occasional Canadian newspaper or packet of Indian finery made the pitiful protest of natural affection against the silence of far distance and strange interests.

All the others, like the true-hearted lads they were, had drifted back from time to time to the old home-nest, filling it with strange sailor-cries and good tempered practical jokes. Sometimes they came with great sea-chests, with costly, sickly-perfumed East-

ern trifles stowed in odd corners, and struggling with the fresh salt smell of the garments from the ship's laundry. Sometimes, like the prodigal sons that they were not, they arrived bronzed and battered and torn, with one hand-borne bundle of salvage. But they were not all absolutely sailors. Harry travelled as a supercargo, and often went far inland of the ports where he touched; and Willie was altogether a landsman—a working pupil in a colliery not more than thirty miles from home.

One would have thought that the girl Lucy would have grown up brave-hearted and free-souled in such a breezy atmosphere. But then there were long weary months when she was left alone with her mother. The poor tender woman grew always frailer and more ailing, full of restless fears and darkening superstitions. Dearly as her husband and boys loved her, she perhaps had a jealous sense that she was not a power in their lives, and revenged herself by the narrow strength of her dominion over Lucy. The delicate girl was not taught to strengthen herself by fresh air and exercise; she was never to meet the east wind, which her father and brothers loved. She was kept from morning till night at her elaborate cooking, and her fine embroidery, and her endless readings of wire-woven essays and tearful poetry. Even her mother's type of religion was fitter for some underground chapel, with candles burning and incense-laden air, than it was for the grey storm-beaten church on the rock where the two went to pray for "all that travel by land or by water." By the steps of prayer through the mists of fear, her piety never mounted into the sunshine of praise on the mountain of faith. Perhaps there were some women who followed our Saviour up the *via dolorosa* and down to Joseph's sepulchre, but who were weeping at home when they might have met their risen Lord in the Garden, and watched Him ascend to his throne from the hill of Bethany. Such a one was Lucy's mother.

Less gentle-hearted men than those of their household might have wearied of the endless lamentations over their daring and their dangers, or sickened of the feeble exhortations and morbid rebukings of a narrow devotion that could not believe in their quiet, manly godliness. But their sweet tempers and calm nerves bore this all unruffled, albeit it could not but set the mother and daughter apart from them, much as the fragile Dresden toys on the mantel were set apart from the honest, useable household china. The poor women

themselves were left with an ignorant void aching within them, since the appetite of the daintiest nature cannot be satisfied wholly with moral sugar-plums and pound-cake. And when Fred was killed by a fall from his mast, and Willie was brought home to die a lingering unconscious death from a terrible injury received in his mine, their sister felt, amid all her grief, the dumbness of a remorse, that she had let them go away without ever really knowing them.

I daresay she tried to draw nearer to those who remained. But by that time she must have been about twenty-seven, and they were all older; and if they had not made an ideal of woman, out of their own home-experience, at least they had found full satisfaction elsewhere for anything that their fuller natures required. Tom was married, Dick was openly engaged, and even Harry's brief visits home were sadly curtailed by a restless wish to spend a good deal of his leisure in London. It is little use to plough at harvest. But it was just at this time that George Swift was carried unconscious into the dim home at Tynemouth, there to recover from the penalty of his heroism.

George Swift had never known mother nor sister since he was quite a little boy. Women seemed angels to him; and these had just the gentleness and patience that he had missed in the masculine virtue among which he had lived. They did not chide or lament over him, for he was not their own son or brother. And in his blank innocence of any possible obstacle, George Swift walked straight into the little castle of Lucy's heart, and actually made it wonder how it would beat when he was gone, before he asked to remain and be its master for evermore.

They were married then and there. Perhaps it was a vindication of Lucy's kinship to her decided, dashing father and brothers, that she took the crowning step of a woman's life with none of the delay, less than a quarter of the warning, and not half the preparation and doubt that most women demand. At any rate, it caused several of her townswomen, who had laughed at her as a punctilious precise little fool, to change their minds and pronounce her a sly, deep puss. Even her mother had no foreboding or lamentation at the marriage, for were not George Swift's wandering days over, and was he not going to settle down as a staid, orderly merchant in London city? Lucy's mother put but one minor note into the whole wedding tune, and that was only in plaintive self-pity, as she kissed the bride, and bade her to rejoice

"that she would never have to sit listening to the wind, and wondering whether she was really a wife or a widow."

I remember Mrs. Swift from my very first visit to Canonbury. She was quite a unique female figure in my life at that time. For good Mrs. Summers, with all her bountiful humanity, was just a lowly working woman, while Kate Wills, and even Annie Cromer, as the very crown of their innate ladyhood, were often obliged to sacrifice the conveniences of existence for its vitalities. Whereas Mrs. Swift had every lawful right to the soft silk dresses and fine lace that were in such harmony with her quiet manner and delicate fairness. It would have been a sin for Mrs. Wills or Mrs. Cromer to spend hours in pottering about a conservatory, trimming away the first spot of blight, and making all like a fairy-built abode for fairies. It would have been a sin for them to attempt to cultivate stores of china and styles of dress, whose care and elaboration could be trusted to no hiring hand, but must gracefully occupy the leisure of the lady of the house. But Mrs. Swift had full right to all these things. When I heard her husband playfully exalting his wife's uncommonly superior taste and industry, I used to think that circumstances were hardly fair to others whose taste had to be exerted to make "old clothes look like new," and whose industry was spent to maintain sheer plain cleanliness and common order. And I used to wonder how it was that Mrs. Wills was more blooming, and Mrs. Cromer more vivacious than Mrs. Swift. Also I must own that I preferred the scent from Mrs. Cromer's penny pots of musk to all the dainty odours of Mrs. Swift's *pot-pourri*.

Mrs. Swift was a devoted wife. Her husband's ailments throwing him more and more upon her gentle, patient offices, had all the touching appeal of the weakness of strength to the strength of weakness. No want of his arose which she could not supply. Stout and robust as his spirit remained to the last, his physical strength was so surely shorn away, that no effort of his even strained the slender withes that bound him.

For months before he "went away" his extreme weakness had quieted down the amenities of their pretty married home into something like the solitude and monotony of a cloister. I still made my weekly calls, no longer with ledgers and correspondence, but simply with the inquiries of his fellow-partners, and news of the business in which his active mind still took interest. I found the house always silent and serene. It seemed to me that if a ray

of sunlight was shining anywhere it was always brightest there. The costliest of Mrs. Swift's china was brought to the bedside with the invalid's puddings and possets. The couch itself was brightened with a gorgeous coverlet which had once belonged to a rajah. The choicest of Mrs. Swift's favourite books were not grudged to the poor damp, risky fingers. They were all ranged in readiness on a side table, cheerful in their morocco and gilding—"The Christian Year," Herbert's "Temple," A Kempis's "Imitation," Quarles's "Emblems," and an antique edition of "sweet Willison's" works. I could see the light of their soothing influence on Mrs. Swift's pale face, even as I knew that it was on the strength of their sure foundations that her husband stood so bravely and so cheerily face to face with death.

It strikes me now that perhaps his wife's weakness of grasp and narrowness of vision were not so utterly unknown to George Swift as tenderly concealed and comforted. For I remember that during one of my last interviews with him, when we two happened to be left alone for a while, a gaudily bound, coarsely-printed copy of "Robinson Crusoe" fell from the bed. I picked it up, and with his old, gay smile, he stretched out his feeble hand for it, and tucked it under the pillow, saying—

"Their Uncle Tom, the captain, sent it to our lads for a New-year's gift. I had one sent to me when I was about their age, and since I lost it when I was wrecked off St. Helena twenty years ago, I've never seen a copy. It's like talking to an old friend who has a pleasant tongue, but still means more than he says. I don't let Lucy see me reading it, for I know it must seem a queer thing to be amusing myself with shipwrecks and desert islands, when I'm within a day's journey of heaven. It might make her think I was heedless, or else losing my head. But God, He knows it's neither. Death is one thing to the living and another to the dying. God Himself has lived and died, and knows all about it. Lucy will know in time. But it's no use fretting her needlessly. It might make her think I did not care about her bonny hymns and wise old sermons. She'd not find it easy to believe that I can take my thoughts straight from one to the other, and that they seem to me to be no more apart than the sun and the trees in the same landscape. So I just keep the book here, and have a gossip with it between whiles. And now, good-bye to you, Edward Garrett, and another good-bye in case I don't see you

again. Always have a turn at cricket when you can—a steady lad is not in danger of having too much of it, and will love his Bible all the more for his healthy game. You can't read or understand any better for having bile spots floating before your eyes. Good-bye to you, Ned, and God bless you and everybody else in or under the old firm."

On my way down-stairs, with a strange moisture in my eyes, I nearly stumbled over Mrs. Swift, bringing a child in each hand to receive the good-night blessing of their dying father. They were two little lads of six and ten years of age, and though they had learned to be quiet and obedient in the house of sorrow, the shadow it cast over them was still so short, that when I had arrived I had seen them enjoying a hearty game of romps in a neighbour's garden. But I thought that their earthly father, as well as the heavenly one, understood all about it.

Next day they were orphans.

But although Mr. Swift's death rendered my visits to Canonbury much less frequent, yet my acquaintanceship with the widow never dropped. She continued to hold a small sleeping interest in our firm, under some provision of her husband's partnership-deed, and one little business or another brought her now and again to our counting-house. She used to come in softly, in her deep plain mourning, generally leading a rosy-faced boy by the hand, who always escaped from her while she sat and talked, and made himself at home with the porters and warehousemen in a game at hide-and-seek among the big bales and dark closets.

I am quite sure that Mrs. Swift mourned for her husband deeply and sincerely, but I am equally sure that she did not suffer as much in her mourning as do those spirits whose quicker flow and keener sympathies can never be utterly frozen and self-absorbed. She never knew that anguish of the involuntary mirth of an aching heart. And she carried about with her a subduing atmosphere that toned down all disturbing elements before they reached her, as a painted window softens the glaring sunlight into harmony with the dim grey cloisters.

By-and-by, something of my old intimacy with the household at Canonbury was renewed. Mrs. Swift had little business affairs of her own, and was very feminine in their management. She wished to economise for the sake of her children's future. And her way to do so, was with a great trouble and much scraping to save a trifle which she could have netted at once by cutting off any

single household luxury. For instance, she had money in the funds, and was anxious to spare the trifling expenses of receiving the dividends under a power of attorney to the sleepy old legal firm, who took care of her marriage settlement, partnership deed, and two or three leases. At the same time she was too timid to go alone to the bank to receive them. The way she hit the happy mean, was to ask me to go with her, and out of that, it came quite naturally to invite me home to superintend the tremulous filling up of her tax-papers, and even to help her to write her letters to her solicitor.

Whenever I saw that mother and her boys together, I could scarcely refrain from a smiling remembrance of the old, old fable of the hen and the ducklings. They were taken such care of, those two dear, hearty, spanking boys! They had the softest and warmest of muffetees and socks, the most daintily nourishing food, the most aggravatingly punctual physic. It was rearing young oaks as if they were exotics! Mrs. Swift had an excellent servant, a good faithful woman, who never felt she was doing her duty unless she was toiling from morning till night, polishing the bright and cleaning the spotless. Her name was Jane Shipton. I remember on one occasion she shed tears because Alan Swift called her "Old Mother Shipton."

"I don't know what I've done to deserve it," she said. "I only hopes he'll always have some one to serve him as faithful. And when his ma told him to ask pardon, he said I might know he couldn't mean it, because I'm an old maid!"

I took Alan Swift to task about this mis-demeanour, thinking that he might respect the reproof of one who, if only two-and-twenty himself, was quite a "grown-up man" to a boy of thirteen.

"It is not kind to make any sort of fun of people, even in play, if they don't like it," I said; "and it's always rude to call nick-names."

Alan didn't attempt the defensive. "She needn't have snivelled," he said; "she might have boxed my ears. What right had she to snivel?"

Mrs. Swift told me once that she was sorry she could not satisfy her sons with her choice of acquaintances for them. They might invite the schoolmaster's little boy (who was about seven years old) every evening if they liked—and he was the dearest little well-bred child, she could assure me, and so intelligent that she herself could make quite a com-

panion of him. And there was a nice lad next door, who it was real kindness to ask in, since he was a cripple. Yet her two boys would not be satisfied with these companions, but would stay out playing with who-knows-who on Newington Green. They were always asking for this or that school-fellow to be invited, but she was not going to ask children to her house of whose parents she knew nothing, except perhaps what shop they kept or where they sat in church. Alan was getting a great notion of boating. She did not believe in it. She should be terrified to death to know he was out on the water, rowing in one of "those horrible cockle-shells." She was afraid he might go without her knowledge; he was always so restless when she tried to get him to promise never to attempt such a thing.

I ventured to suggest that it might be better to desire Alan to indulge in no surreptitious rashness, with a promise of free permission at the proper time and with fitting protection.

"I don't believe there is any proper time, or any sufficient precaution, Mr. Garrett," she answered, with her little fizzing heat. "How should I feel if I planned my boy's going, and he was brought home drowned? No, I will keep him from going as long as I can. I only fear he will soon grow beyond my keeping."

I got the boy's version too.

"What do we want with a baby of seven?" Alan would ask indignantly. "I'll set up his toy farms for him, and play with the magnet and lode-stone a bit. I'll do what is agreeable for anybody. But I want something of my own—somebody that can go in for a jolly game, without fear of his being hurt and squealing—like that baby."

"The baby's old enough to be a tell-tale though," George Swift chimed in, with a wise shake of his curly yellow head.

"I don't mind that," responded Alan with lofty scorn. "All we do bears telling. Only it does make one look a fool to have all sorts of trifles talked over in the school. As for lame Jamie Scott, he's a real brick, and as clever as he can be. But what's the good of having two legs if you're to be tied up to them that have one? I know Jamie himself is awful sorry he can't play foot-ball."

I made all the peace I could, by doing my utmost to bring the mother and sons to a good understanding of each other's feelings. It seems a strange thing to say, but I think their soundness of nature, and their great love for each other by no means diminished

the strife. If Alan and George had held their mother lightly, and been prepared to go their own ways without strict deference to her opinion, the struggle would have ceased. But they were good lads, who wanted to be obedient and dutiful, while she was not to be pleased except by sacrifices against which the natures which God had given them rebelled more than they did. I have often quite pitied little George Swift wistfully walking on the bank of a hard-frozen stream where he might not slide, or Alan, deprived of his own delights, still making believe to enjoy a hand at conversation cards.

I am sorry to say that peace did not come with years. I often wondered what would be the end of it, when Alan walked home with me in the twilight, building boyish castles in the air, of future adventures by land or sea, whilst his mother had been confiding to me that she should presently open negotiations with her solicitor and her stockbroker, as to their receiving him as an articulated pupil, adding that she had no wish to force her son's inclinations—he could choose between the two, or, if he preferred it, she dared say either of these gentlemen would kindly introduce him to some reputable merchant who would find him a seat in his counting-house.

One dull winter evening I called at the house at Canonbury, relative to some little question concerning some cottages belonging to Mrs. Swift. I found the widow alone, and, in spite of her nervous attention to the details of her trifling business, it struck me that she was uncomfortably preoccupied.

Tea-time came, and Jane Shipton was already setting out the pink china, the thin bread and butter, seed-cake, and muffins, when George Swift rushed in, flushed and eager, pausing to acknowledge my presence with pleasant frankness, and then pleading—

"Mamma, I've come to ask if Alan and I mayn't stay for the evening with Captain Shaw. He's telling us such jolly stories, and he's got out the model ship."

The blue-eyed boy was far too candid to withhold a word of the very delight which would endanger the prayed-for permission.

Mrs. Swift answered suddenly with that sharp hardness which is the sole form of active decision possessed by some natures—

"No, you shall not. Go back and tell Alan to come away instantly. I will not have you gadding about while there are good friends sitting in your own comfortable home."



"PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE."

It made me feel that the boys would hate the sight of me.

"Oh, do let us stay!" George begged, with a pitiful quiver about his mouth, which showed how well he understood that tone. "You can't say you don't know Captain Shaw, ma. You've met him at all the parties at the rectory. And Uncle Tom liked him so much when he saw him. And he's such a good man!"

"When I speak, George, I intend to be obeyed," Mrs. Swift answered chillingly. "And people may be very good in their own way, without being desirable friends for you. Uncle Tom is not you, and you are not Uncle Tom, George: Go back and give my message to Alan, and say Mr. Garrett is here, and he is to come straight home, for tea is on the table, and the muffins are getting cold."

As the boy went off, she turned to me, half crying:—"I can't endure their constantly going to Captain Shaw's. He's an old sea-captain, and his wife lets him have a glass of grog at tea-time, and smoke in the parlour. I know he's sober and good, and thoroughly religious, I do believe; but he's a rough man, that's quite enjoyed his own hardships, and makes the boys think them just fine fun. It's the same with their uncles. It's quite a relief to me that none of them come into London—except Uncle Tom now and then with his ship, and then he's too busy to leave it much. They've no consideration for my feelings as a mother. I've nothing in the world but those two boys, and I can't give them up. How could I sit here lonely, not knowing where they were, or what they were doing? Why can't they be left in peace to settle down in good, comfortable situations, and come home to me in the evening? It seems hard to find them so glad to leave this pretty, snug parlour for Captain Shaw's smoky room, with old cane chairs and a bit of torn drugget on the floor."

I could see the poor lady was far too excited for me to suggest that you may spoil a beagle or a St. Bernard by keeping it on the hearthrug and feeding it with milk, but that no efforts will turn it into a satisfactory tabby cat. I knew that my own sister Ruth had restrained many wild vagaries of my much tamer nature, but then she had done it by counter-temptations of a far different kind from muffins and china ornaments. She had trained, where Mrs. Swift was fain to transform.

The lads came in, George woeful, Alan flushed and tart. Their mother spoke to

them in a fretfully caressing way, and for the first time I was sorry to see Alan treat her with a contemptuous indifference. But I presently found I had been invited there that evening with an ulterior object to the letting of the cottages. Mrs. Swift had a bit in readiness for the mouth of her fiery young colt, and instinct told her it was such a trying one, that her timidity sought the restraint and screen of a third party's presence.

"Mr. Denham was asking after you in his last letter, Alan," she said. Mr. Denham was the family solicitor.

"Very much obliged to him," said Alan gruffly.

"He was remarking that you must be quite a young man," she added. "He wants to know your exact age."

Alan said nothing.

"The fact is," she went on, with desperate courage, "I had written to him about you. I thought it would be such a fine thing if he took you for an articled clerk."

"Denham's too knowing," said the unsuspicious Alan. "He knows I'm not the right sort."

"On the contrary," answered the mother, delighted, "Mr. Denham says that he will be most happy to receive you, and he has really made a very handsome offer as regards premium."

Alan dropped his muffin in his dismay. "I'll never be a lawyer," he said, "I couldn't if I tried. And I'd sooner break stones in the road!"

Mrs. Swift burst into tears, and buried her poor thin face in her soft, scented handkerchief. "I've always been afraid of this," she sobbed, "and it will break my heart." Then pathos breaking into passion, she cried, "It's all through your uncles and Captain Shaw! Nothing will satisfy you but to go to sea, and bring down my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. You won't hear reason. You've just set your heart on that one thing—now, haven't you, Alan? Own it."

"That I'm sure I've not," said the youth, shamed and flurried by his mother's breakdown. "I've not made up my mind to anything. I'd like to go to sea, but I'd as soon settle in the bush or backwoods, or even take a turn at the diggings."

I believe he said it in all candour, thinking to soothe her, for most of her expressed terrors had been in regard to the profession of the maternal grandfather and uncles, and the dreaded Captain Shaw. She had never known her husband in the perils of his early adventures, and had so far failed to bring

them within the realisation of her fears, that sometimes her sons had actually induced her to tell what she knew about them. But now, as poor Alan uttered his alternatives, each seemed worse than the other, and she fairly shrieked with horror.

I never passed a more painful evening. I was the reluctant and sorrowful witness of the first open breach in the sympathy between mother and son. The weak, timid woman was shrill and voluble in her agony; more than that, she grew hard and unjust, threatening the powers of her maternal guardianship, with about the same effect as a red flag is waved before a bull. Alan had been pained at first, anxious only to gain a fair hearing and a little time. But presently he grew sullen and then fierce, till at last with angry words he flung himself out of the apartment and locked himself into the cold and darkness of his bedroom. When I came away, having utterly failed to pour oil on the troubled waters, I heard Jane Shipton knocking at his door with a candlestick and a supper-tray, her knock and her nasal exhortations appearing to be alike fruitless.

Within a month afterwards, Mrs. Swift had occasion to call at our counting-house. In spite of a formality and precision even deeper than usual, there was a little uneasy triumph in her manner which I could not at all understand till just before she went, when she let drop in quite an accidental way, that she might as well call in at Mr. Denham's office and take up her son Alan, who had just entered on his articles there.

I was glad to hope that the mother and son had come to a right understanding of one another. But I could not repress a doubt.

By-and-by, I came across Alan Swift in the City streets. I could see that the poor lad could not forget the degradation of that miserable evening. He shunned me when he could, and when he could not, he was either shy or reckless. Once or twice I saw him with companions whose appearance did not prepossess me. One evening when I was at Canonbury, he did not come in all the while I was there, and his absence was not mentioned or explained in the old friendly way. George dawdled about lonely and listless, and his mother was absent-minded. On another occasion, he came in to tea, but went out immediately afterwards, without any word of explanation. Mrs. Swift tried to feel herself satisfied; but I was sadly afraid she had bought a rag of flimsy power at the terrible price of her real influence.

He was a handsome young fellow, Alan Swift. Our good old Mr. Lambert had often said in his kindly way, that the lad's face was as good as a change of air. It had beauty of feature and nature together, each adding to the other. There are faces whose goodness is their sole beauty, as there is sweetness in the flattest tract of country that boasts bountiful homesteads and well-tilled fields. There are other faces which keep a beauty of their own in spite of the curse that is on them, like some grand old rock that shelters a pirate's den, or like those lovely German dells, whose sun-lit towers are but the turrets of gaming hells. The one beauty makes one smile, the other makes one sigh, but when the two meet in a young innocent face, somehow one smiles and sighs at once, and looks away, and almost fears to look back again lest in the meantime something should have vanished!

I tried to hope it was only the consciousness I had accidentally acquired, which made me fancy that Alan grew to look hard and old, that the fresh bloom died off his face, and left it worn and hollowed, "like the side of a brae where the torrent has been." I said to myself that his sedentary confinement would naturally make him paler and thinner, and I would not allow myself to think anything worse till one day, our head traveller, a shrewd, but thoroughly worldly man, remarked with a complacent sneer—

"Young Swift has broken his tether at last. He's no better than the rest now. I daresay he will end worse. That sort generally do. Their strict bringing-up makes 'em run to the opposite extreme."

I knew the man who was speaking. Outwardly respectable, and honest in his business, he was so thoroughly godless, that his words alarmed me greatly. I had but one hope left—that some indiscretion on Alan's part had been taken for a great deal more than it was worth by the sinister judgment of a man who knew nothing about charity. The folly of poor Mrs. Swift's fight with nature was bringing discredit on godly discipline. I wished I could do something for Alan, but it was difficult to know what movement to make. I was a sufficiently old acquaintance to have a right to speak to his mother, but I knew enough of her feeble, alarmed nature to doubt whether that might not do more harm than good. The boy himself seemed a more hopeful subject. I lay awake half the night thinking over it.

If I had only known what was going on while I lay sleepless! Somewhere in the

small hours, the neat hall-door of the Canonbury villa opened, and a young slight figure crept stealthily out in the darkness. I wonder if it turned to take a last look at its old home. It was a starlight night. The stars looked down and kept their secret.

Next morning, Alan Swift "was not."

Oh, it was a sad time for the widow's household! There was no doubt that the lamb had gone forth among the wolves of its own poor wilful choice. We discovered reasons for its going—disgraces and dangers

that had pricked it out of its homefold. Sins truly, follies manifold, but not one that might not have been repented of humbly before God, and atoned for honourably unto man. "God keep the boy's conscience ever as tender and as pure," said good Mr. Lambert, not ashamed to drop a tear on the useless advertisements which he wrote out for his old partner's son.

Mrs. Swift puzzled us almost to anger. Though bitterest suffering was written sternly on her parched, pinched face, she seemed



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only concerned to make her own justification out of the condemnation of her boy. She blamed herself truly, but it was only for not being strict enough, and earlier repressive. She turned round upon her brother, Uncle Tom, and her neighbour, Captain Shaw, accusing them fiercely. "This is your doing. You were determined to rob me of my boy somehow. Rejoice in your work. For me, if I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved. But at least, I will not fret myself over a reprobate runaway, as I might well have done, if I had consented to his going. I have kept him in as much as I could. He

was not to be kept in. He must go his way."

Jane Shipton shed more tears—at least visibly—than her mistress. Jane had her own private fears, though she never doubted Mrs. Swift's wisdom.

"You see, sir," she said, "I'd known him from his cradle, and lived with him so long that I kind of forgot he wasn't a little boy now, but a grown young gentleman. I never meant to nag him. It was only my way of trying to keep peace between him and his ma. I'm sure I'd give all my savings, though I'm an old woman that shan't make many

more, to see him safe and well, a-going straight through the big plate o' buttered toast!"

I could not help thinking that Mrs. Swift's heart must belie her hard and bitter words. Even her obstinate adherence to her old opinions did not shake my belief. As there are people who will not cast up their accounts for fear of the balance against them, so there are others who will not even reconsider their ways when they are half self-convicted, but try to stave off repentance because it is the forerunner of too bitter a remorse.

She strengthened the narrow limits in which she set her only remaining son, but she did it feverishly, and with unnecessary reiteration that she might spare her trouble, for he was a dear good boy, quite different to poor Alan; though the brothers were really reflections of each other, except that Alan's waving brown locks were golden on George's head, and that George had hitherto been considered the least studious and the most gamesome of the pair.

There was a silent pain and question between the mother and son. George was loyal to his lost brother, and there was a gap made in his young life which could never be filled up; it set a discord in everything, marking the boy out for much morbid notice and criticism. After the first season of anxious inquiry, I don't think Mrs. Swift and George ever spoke to each other of the subject which each knew was uppermost in the other's thoughts.

Life rolled on sluggishly in the house at Canonbury. Quiet as it had always been, it was now no more its old self than a canal is the river which feeds it. Birthdays, Christmas days, New Years, came and passed, each with its own type of memory and pain. George saw that his mother often trembled a little when a letter was put into her hands. She cared no more to go to her old favourite tea-parties, though she was better pleased than ever to receive a visitor at home. And she came to need a fire in the grate on the warmest day in June, and to know directly whenever the wind was in the east—an instinct which she had entirely lost for many years.

It was noticeable, too, that her dictation to George never took certain forms. She might speak sharply or maintain a pathetic silence of disapprobation as to his comings-in and goings-out. She might make herself the law as to when he should carry an umbrella, or begin to wear muffetees; but he was now past eighteen, and she never

made an inquiry or dropped a hint as to his future career. Confident as she still professed to be in her own wisdom and rightness, she evidently shrunk from giving it that final test under which it had exploded in the first instance.

But where there is no explosion, there may be effervescence. The signs of deterioration in George Swift were quicker and plainer than they had ever been in Alan. He lost his energetic step, his taut trimness of apparel. He dawdled; he slouched; he could sit doing nothing till he absolutely fell asleep. He had no particular pleasures, no particular friends—just a few limp pursuits and slight acquaintances. And yet one could see that it was not natural inertness, only the rust of good metal unused, something like a railway engine lying idle for lack of steam. And moral engines, like physical ones, are too valuable to be left useless long. Somebody will take possession of them, and drive them—somewhither!

He would stir up sometimes. Once he helped to save a woman from a burning house. His mother did not know he was at the fire till it was over. She would have expostulated with him for going, but she was proud of his humane feat.

"It was nothing at all," he said. "You don't think what you're doing till you've done it. What credit does that deserve?"

But one heroism no more fills a life than one statue furnishes a house, though it may make the surrounding emptiness more painful. I found presently that George had dropped all habit of divine worship. He just lounged away his Sundays. His mother submitted. Whilst she stuck stoutly to her old theories, she had learned to dread putting them in practice. Her petty power had turned round and torn her own heart; influence she did not know. She understood no legislation but Draco's. She was like an unwise colonist, who trying to introduce formal codes among wild natives, signally fails, and when the march of civilisation overtakes and demands them, finds them branded as obsolete and impracticable. Her word was still in her mouth, but her heart dared not obey it. She had lost the consistency on which she had prided herself—she was self-despised.

Poor mother! I often pitied her when I came upon her in her dainty parlour, with the spring-smell of hyacinths in its lace-draped window, while she sat in her easy chair before the fire, and drew her Indian shawl about her with nervous, transparent

fingers. There was always some costly, elaborate work in the basket at her hand, always a set of Mudie's books on the table. There were always long, elderly sentimental letters coming in from lady correspondents all over the town, and careful old Jane never failed to provide some chicken's scrap of seasonable dainty for every meal. But the woman's heart, wider and deeper than it knew, had a want which none of these things could supply. In grasping at the husk, it had missed the kernel; in striving to keep the flowers into the fruit-season, it was left with empty basket among dropping, faded leaves.

The little treasured store of holy-soothing books was still always at hand, their soft hues and rich gilding scarcely dimmed for all her constant but careful use. Yet I think she found them like a jewel-casket of which she had lost the key; or rather, their words were as unstrung pearls, straying about her heart, only to show the dust and darkness of its corners. The suffering of selfishness is not the suffering which wins the peace that passeth understanding. There are crowns of very real thorns which can never blossom into crowns of glory.

One day I chanced to find her with the traces of hastily-dashed-away tears very visible on her face. A little homely edition of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" lay near her, with her gold eye-glass on its page. It was open at the chapter of "The Case of a Christian under the Hidings of God's Face."

But she had a little news for me that day. She was expecting a visit from the widow of her almost unknown brother James, the American settler. She had not yet seen her sister-in-law, who had only arrived in England two or three days before, and was still detained at Liverpool. She said that Mrs. James "was said to be a very charming person; quite a cultivated lady, although she had passed so many years among the rough ranchmen and Indian 'braves' of Colorado. She should think the poor thing, who was by birth a New England woman, and very well connected, must be heartily glad to get back to civilisation."

She wanted to persuade me to come and meet Mrs. James on the very day of her arrival, pleading that time, distance, and silence had rendered the sanctities of relationship between them merely nominal. However, I refused to put in my appearance until the second day of Mrs. James's visit.

When I went, I found a more living atmosphere in the house than had been there for many a day. Mrs. Swift was not hugging

herself over the parlour fire, but bustled in from the kitchen. There was but her at home just then, she apologised. George had escorted his aunt to call on her man of business, and they must have been detained, but they would be sure to be in presently. The good lady had evidently bestirred herself to be hospitable, and the gracious law of compensation had reflected back the sunshine.

"No," she said, with the little soft laugh that I had not heard for many a day, "she should not tell me one word about Mrs. James; I should see her in less than half-an-hour, and that must be soon enough."

Aunt and nephew came in. The lady went to lay aside her out-door apparel, the youth came straight to the parlour. He looked aroused and freshened. "They had come back as quickly as they could," he said. "Aunt Eunice was a famous walker."

"And yet she looks but a little frail thing," commented his mother.

"It's not strength, it's spirit," George replied, in a tone conveying that the latter was everything in his opinion.

A soft rustle at the door, and a small neat woman came forward, with old-fashioned courtesy. She was dressed in some clinging black material, with a Quaker-like cap tied tightly over her waving brown hair. You could not find a quieter woman in dress or person. It was not for the first moment that you noticed the flash of her fine diamond ring, or the deep steady light of her clear eyes.

But it was long since I passed a pleasanter evening than that proved. Yet the stranger seemed by no means its heroine. She might tell a few good stories of her settler life, with graphic details of its surroundings, but that might have all gone for nothing, had Mrs. Swift not been so uncommonly genial and gracious, and George so interested and lively. Yet what made them so? I was afraid our hostess might be prejudiced by these "traveller's tales." But no. Told by a gentlewoman, whose every word seemed redolent of piety and peace, Mrs. Swift caught the inner meaning which she had quite lost in the rough narrations of her old home at Tynemouth, and the later histories of Captain Shaw. All the physical hardship, all the danger, all the privation, but made more beautiful the sweet spiritual light that sanctified them, like sunshine on rugged black rocks.

Somehow, it struck me that Mrs. James had for Mrs. Swift the fascination of one who is gently and wisely unfolding a valuable

secret—the attraction we would feel for one who holds for us a glass that will bring near a beautiful landscape that has been lying before us always, but hitherto unseen.

I have never met a more cultivated woman. You may multiply Ladies' Colleges as you like through the length and breadth of the land, but such education as hers will be as rare then as now. She had only studied under a Yankee "school-ma'am," but God and Love and Duty had been patiently teaching her ever since, whether she was reading rare treatises in her uncle's Harvard library, or watching the stars and the flowers from her Colorado hut. She was no learned woman. She did not call anything by its scientific name. She knew much because she had kept her eyes and her heart open, and whatever she did not know she sought to make her own, as candidly and cordially as she turned strangers into friends.

It was quite settled that she was to make a long stay in the villa at Canonbury.

I was with them during her first Sunday there. The two ladies had been to chapel. I don't know whether Mrs. James had any suspicion how her nephew had passed the morning, but at any rate she inquired demurely—

"And what service do you attend, George?"

The young man coloured a little. "Well, I'm not attending anywhere just at present," he replied. "Mother's chapel is so slow, and the minister gives me the horrors."

"I'm sure it was an excellent sermon this morning," sighed Mrs. Swift; "did not you think so, sister?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. James. "It was quite a rich treat to me, whose outward spiritual privileges have been rather poor during my travels. But still tastes differ, especially under different circumstances."

"So I always say," George readily assented.

"Is this very far from Gore Chapel?" she inquired presently.

"Gore Chapel is half-way across London," I said.

"O dear! Then I cannot venture there by myself," she observed. "I am so sorry."

"Who preaches there?" asked George.

"I don't know who is the regular minister," she answered, "but to-night the sermon is to be by a man whom I have often longed to hear or even just to see! For if one gets a glimpse of God's glory by gazing at a grand mountain or beautiful lake, I think one is likely to get quite as much by looking upon the face of a man who, for the love of God, left all that he had and lived for forty years among the savages of Africa."

"He must be a good, earnest man," said Mrs. Swift.

"It takes something to realise all that is meant by forty years in the wilderness," Mrs. James observed. "The nearest approach I ever knew to it was when I did not see one woman's face for six months when we first went to Colorado. That was a very small matter in comparison, but it helps me a little to understand the other."

"Why, he must have built his own house and done his own housework," cried George. "What a glorious muddle it must have been! Jolly, though!"

"I daresay he didn't find it jolly," said his mother, shaking her head.

"Oh, I'm not at all sure of that," interposed Mrs. James, quite briskly; "of course flesh and spirit might fail sometimes. But depend upon it, some natural inclination and suitability were his 'leading' to that kind of work. A college professor would have been very uncomfortable and out of place at it, and perhaps my missionary would have been as uncomfortable and out of place in a divinity hall. One man can preach the plain Gospel, and show forth the rudiments of industry and cleanliness, and another can combat the arguments of infidelity, and keep a herd of students in order. The one who is fittest to bear hardship and loneliness and danger, would perhaps but ill endure studious confinement, the midnight lamp, and theological antagonism. Every man to his work, in the kingdom of God, as in the world of nature."

"But we are meant to sacrifice our own inclinations, sister," put in Mrs. Swift.

Mrs. James turned upon her with a power of sunshine in her gracious face.

"We must sacrifice them so far as they would sacrifice Christ," she said; "but we must not sacrifice them when by so doing we should sacrifice Christ too. If a man was translating the Bible, would you make him transcribe it with his feet instead of his fingers, because that would be the greater sacrifice of comfort? Is that the sacrifice which God requires? Would it not be rather that he should do his work in the way that would best and soonest accomplish it, not leaving it for any call of pleasure or inclination, or even passing weariness? Why, sister, God made the world to be an easy and pleasant world; all the difficulty and struggle has been rendered necessary through the devil. Self-sacrifice is but the saint's first step on the ladder to heaven. The higher he goes, the less he knows of it; for his will conforms to his Lord's, and

it becomes no sacrifice to do whatever his King requires. Do you know, Lucy dear, I don't know that I should so deeply reverence my missionary, if I did not hear that after all his sublime experience, he is the most glad some of men, and says that he is longing to leave our fogs and rains and morning calls and evening dress, and to go back to his dear Africa and a 'sensible way of life.' I am very sorry to miss seeing him !"

"I'll be most happy to take you this evening, aunt," George volunteered ; and was instantly thanked as warmly and spontaneously, as if this offer were not the very mark at which she had been aiming all the time !

A few weeks afterwards, I chanced to meet George, with his mother and aunt, all going together to the once despised "slow" chapel. After two Sabbath evening attendances on the great missionary, and some other celebrated preacher whom Aunt James wanted to hear, on the third Sunday morning George took her to the usual family place of worship. The sermon was no better than it always was, for it was always excellent, and it must have been some change in George which made him say that the minister was improving, for the discourse was really capital. In the course of the week, the minister chanced to call at the Canonbury villa, led there, perhaps, by the re-appearance of the stray lamb of his flock. All the household were at home, and Mrs. James drew out George himself into giving their guest some interesting details of the great missionary's sermon, the pastor having a strong personal interest in the subject, because he had a brother who had traded on the same savage coast. I fancy the good old man must have understood Mrs. James's cue, for presently he began to tell of a night-school which he had started in a rough district, with all its half-humorous, half-patetic difficulties, and his urgent want of young, strong, spirited help, such as George himself could give. And when George drew back shamed and self-distrustful, feeling that he needed rather to learn than to teach, the kind old pastor bade him remember that trying to teach was the best way to learn, but that, meanwhile, he only wanted "some strapping fellow to keep the lads in order," and should call in that very evening on his way to the school, and carry George off by sheer force !

George went, and I understood became both useful and popular, and he certainly developed so much liveliness and energy,

that he often touchingly reminded me of my old favourite, Alan. But by-and-by he grew grave, not with the old, listless dumpishness, but with a manly, noble gravity, as of one before whom the solemnities of life and death had opened.

Have I a reader who does not believe in conversion ? Do not think I am dreaming of a Fijian or Bosjesman auditor. There are very civilised people, and people who pass as religious, who do not practically believe in conversion. They will tell you what such and such a man used to be—tell them that "he is changed," and they will only smile incredulously. I don't know what they make of the Bible ; I don't know why they think Christ wasted his life and death. Perhaps they have a dim idea that nations may be converted, though not individuals. For my own part, I doubt all reformation that is not conversion. I can easily believe in the blackest sinner transformed into the brightest saint. I suspect the most moderate reprobate when he professes to adopt the most ordinary respectability. Man may sweep the devils from his own heart, but only God can fill it with his Spirit, and if it lie empty, the old legion will come back with many recruits, and the last estate of that man shall be worse than the first. Therefore I thanked God that, along with the outward signs of revived brightness and activity in his young life, George Swift gave unconscious evidences of that humility, patience, and submission, of which the mere natural man is no more capable than is the thistle of bearing grapes.

He took a very lowly, hard-working situation in a City office, and persevered in his duties with diligence and contentment. One could not doubt what a struggle it was. The ageing, subdued lines on the handsome young face told what he did not.

I never quite understood how it came to an end. There was a proposal of emigration for some of the youths at the night-school where George Swift taught. He interested himself in this project with characteristic enthusiasm. I think his aunt, whose stay in the Swifts' house had only terminated by her settlement in their immediate neighbourhood, put one or two plain questions to him. She was a shrewd woman, and could frame them so, that his candour could only answer yes or no. Then, I think, she had a little conversation with his mother. Perhaps one, perhaps two, perhaps three. I daresay the two ladies wept together. I am sure they prayed. For only prayer could have strengthened poor Mrs. Swift's motherly

heart to bid her son go forth, and live out the full life that was in him, in the way that God intended. All the particulars I ever heard was in one short conversation with Mrs. James.

"It was very hard for sister Lucy," said the little woman with a tender shake of her gentle head, "very hard. For he was her all. But she had grown to see that what was best for him must be best for her. I could see she was deeply impressed by my history of the very happiest family I ever knew. There were three boys and one girl. And they, every one of them, went away from their parents, thousands of miles. The daughter did not care to go for going's sake, but she followed her husband, like a true wife, and her mother was proud of her for it. And none of the four ever missed a post in writing home, and the old people's cottage was quite a pretty sight for the curiosities which their children sent them. Two of the boys died in their parents' lifetime, one at sea, and one in a foreign hospital, and were very sadly bemoaned, but not by comfortless mourners. 'They've got first to the real Home,' said the mother. 'It seems cheerier-like to know they're waiting there for us. There's generally a child or two taken first. Maybe the Lord sets 'em to work getting ready a place for the old folk. It's what my boys were always saying they'd do, and perhaps they'll do it yet, better than they could here below.' 'It's hard to hear folks saying we can't miss them much, since we'd really lost them long ago,' said the father, who was a pious, plain Vermonter. 'I guess we aint lost them yet. I'd not give a cent for the boy that puts his foot on the stove in the old house, and sits there, wishing he was anywhere else in the world. Give me the lad that can go anywhere, and say, 'There's no place like home.' I reckon it don't matter where the body is, if the heart's in the right place.' I think, Mr. Garrett, that brave story did Lucy good. They are both dead now, those good people, but you see they have left a memory like a bracing breeze. And so, at last, dear sister Lucy spoke to George himself, and though he tried very hard to make her believe that he was quite healthy and happy where he is, the dear honest fellow could not succeed, and it is settled that he shall go out with the little emigrant party. It almost puts me in mind of the good old days of the *Mayflower*. They are not to sail for six months, which they are to spend each in learning what will be most useful to him. There are to be a

young minister and his wife of the party, who are both well known in the night-school, and the assistant in the medical dispensary of the neighbourhood is also going with them. They will found a little village of their own, that may grow into a great city some day, and it is to be called Cobb's-town, after our good minister himself. Besides the young pastor, there are three married couples among the emigrants, and four of the elder lads are engaged to very decent girls, who are not to follow them for at least a year, but to remain behind in good domestic service. Mrs. Swift has taken one, and Jane Shipton is quite proud of teaching her, Jane is a capital teacher, she has such thorough economy and industry, and can train the lassie to knit stockings and sew shirts, and make something of every odd and end. Indeed, we shall all be busy enough for the next six months, for we wish to do as much as we can among ourselves, to spare the expedition every penny. It is but poor, and then money is worth so much in a new country. George is to spend his six months on a farm, learning both theory and practice of agriculture, and picking up every self-helping habit he can acquire."

During that six months' probation I often called in at Canonbury, and I must say, that though I frequently saw tears glinting in Mrs. Swift's eyes, yet I had never seen her more energetic and cheerful. She got through piles of needle-work, and had some cosy woollen knitting to save even the moments "between the lights." She made kindly acquaintance with all the friends and relations who were to be left behind, and was particularly careful and considerate in her provision for such among the lads—there were several—as had nobody even to leave. "We must just make them a little sorry to leave ourselves, Sister Eunice," she said; "it will not be good for them to go out to a new land without one regret for the old country."

They were off at last. I could well believe, as Mrs. James reiterated, "that it was very hard indeed for sister Lucy." But a neighbourly warmth closed round her. When she listened, trembling, to the wind and the storm, she knew that there was a warm young heart in her kitchen that listened too, and hoped and prayed with her. She was not lonely in her loneliness. And when George's first letter came, and another letter to the kitchen, and the street door grew noisy with knocks that had come to tell of another letter, and another, all full of love and good cheer, Mrs. Swift laughed and bustled in her cheerful gladness,

and, I think, felt a keener joy and pride in her boy and his affection than she could have ever felt when he sat rusting by her slighted hearth.

* * * *

Mrs. Swift lived to a good old age. Her son came home three or four times and made long stays with her. He married happily and had children. One little girl was sent to England for her health, and found a happy home with her grandmother, whose last days were, I think, her best.

But there never came any tidings of the lost Alan. I think he must have died soon after he ran away from home. I cannot think that my frank-eyed favourite could long have hardened his heart against his mother. We must leave the mystery with God. But I knew what was in Mrs. Swift's mind when I once found her cheerily packing a Christmas hamper to send across the sea.

"It seems quite home-like," said the old lady brightly, popping in a pretty box of sweetmeats. "There's always something to

be prepared for—Christmas, or birthdays, or something. It is cheery work for me. But I should like to do twice as much of it," and there the old eyes looked up and thrilled me with their pathos. "I might have had twice as much. I would not carry God's cross, so I must bear my own. If I had only understood the words I knew so well—

'Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod,
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscerned by all but God!'

Oh, Mr. Garrett, I do not murmur; but if I could be only sure that ALL the suffering of my sin is mine! O Alan, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee! But God loved Alan better than his mother did, and I must hope on in His mercy."

And I thought of the old proverb which says—"What we keep we lose, what we give we gain." Did not Solomon mean the same when he said, "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches?"

EDWARD GARRETT.

THE SEALED BOOK.

III.—THE THRONE OF INIQUITY.

CHIEF among the many bitter fruits of our neglect of St. John's Sealed Book are these.

So long as we neglect his divine "unveiling," we neglect the best—because only inspired—commentary extant, on all previous Holy Writ.

We neglect the book that, above all others, proves the organic unity of Holy Writ: and in these days this is important, because one plan proves one mind, and one mind proves inspiration. We neglect, therefore, the strongest bulwark of the faith in believers, and the sharpest and best weapon of offence and defence against unbelievers.

Amid the prevailing scepticism of the day, one very common and easy form of attack lies in selecting isolated fragments of Holy Writ, and thereon charging God with sin and Christianity with immorality. Or, mayhap, the sceptic turns to history, and says, "Behold the overflowing iniquity, the physical and moral evil, the crushing sufferings, calamities, and oppressions of mankind—the wars, murders, lust, and crime—thick darkness covering many lands—and where there is light, wolves devouring the fold! Does not all this negative the providence, and goodness, and wisdom of God? How can a

God of righteousness and of love tolerate so much evil in the world?"

This charge is easy to make, and difficult to parry. The more so, that believers have a lurking suspicion that God *is* responsible for much of the evil that is in the world. Their defence, therefore, if made at all, is but half-hearted: the false impeachment of the Almighty stands, in whole or in part, and the sceptic gains an apparent, though temporary, triumph.

This bold assumption on one side, and unsoldierly weakness on the other, spring from our failing to perceive that there are in Holy Writ, and consequently in the world's history, two thrones—one of Righteousness, and one of Iniquity.

These two thrones are mysteries, but St. John has unveiled them. In doing so he has unlocked the problem of the universe, and reconciled the phenomena of sin, suffering, pain, crime, and calamity, with the love and the Fatherhood of God.

Let us, then, continue our inquiry into the throne of iniquity, its tactics and its laws; for it is by understanding this agency that we shall vindicate God's ways from the false impeachments so frequently laid to their charge.

I. *Error's invisible agency.*—In the Book

of Job we learn that the Spirit of Evil goes to and fro in the earth, and walks up and down in it; while in the New Testament he is depicted as a lion, prowling about in the earth, in search of his unwary prey. We read too of "Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him" (Zech. iii. 1).

It is also written, "I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him, on his right hand and on his left. And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead? And one said in this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Where-with? And he said, I will go forth, and will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth and do so" (1 Kings xxii. 19—22).

We have this important narrative repeated in 2 Chron. xviii. 18—21, and both are accompanied with the emphatic injunction, "Therefore hear thou the word of the Lord." There are many similar references in Holy Writ, such as "He sent evil angels among them;" "The Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him." We read also of Michael the archangel contending and disputing with the great prince of evil, and not daring to bring a railing accusation against him (Jude 9). Jeremy Taylor says, "The angel of Judea could not prevail in behalf of his people, because the angel of Persia opposed it" (Dan. x. 13—21; xii. 1). It is also written, "There was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon: and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not: neither was their place any more found in heaven." And that we may not doubt who the great dragon is, he is styled "that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan" (Rev. xii. 9).

Now this great dragon has not only a host of fallen angels who obey his behest, but he has many minor powers, called "serpents and scorpions, and all the powers of the enemy." He has also two remarkable co-adjutors in iniquity, the spirit riders on the black and livid horses of the third and fourth seals. These three riders on the red, black, and livid horses, form the trinity of evil, whose number is 666; and who are subsequently named the dragon, the beast, and

the false prophet. And to the beast and false prophet the dragon gives his power, and seat, and great authority, so that, like him, they "deceive them that dwell on the earth." These three are full of conjoint action; they co-operate in all evil, they work together, they war together, and finally perish together.

Here, then, we have a very remarkable conjoint organisation—natural and supernatural—ever at work on behalf of evil: vast in its ramifications, seen and unseen, and demanding our deepest scrutiny. And until we have fathomed its depths, how dare man—"who is of yesterday, and knows nothing"—charge the Almighty with evil?

Let us see how little ground there is for any such charge. We behold in our everyday experience a constant, instant, hourly creation of human beings—finite likenesses of God.* But was the great Creator quiescent before this work began, scarce six thousand years ago? "The plurality of worlds like ours has long been deemed," says Sir David Brewster, "the creed of the philosopher and the hope of the Christian." The testimony of the starry firmament therefore tells us that the Creator was not quiescent in heaven: the testimony of the rocks tells us He was not so on earth: the testimony of Scripture tells us He was not so in the higher spiritual intelligences. And just as the material creation was drawn out in an almost endless and unbroken succession of orders, realms, and classes, from monad up to man; so, among the spiritual intelligences, do we find angels and archangels, cherubin and seraphin, legions of spiritual agents, realms, orders, classes, thrones, dominions, armies, principalities, and powers—a multitude which no man can number—filling that vast and measureless expanse that stretches between man and God.

These higher spiritual intelligences and powers are presumably like us, finite likenesses of Deity, and, like us, they are free. But free agents are fallible—powers must have liberty, or they cease to be powers—and, being free, must be free to err. Hence an apostacy in the spiritual world, as it is written, "The angels kept not their first estate," and fell. And this was followed, after the lapse of ages, by a similar apostacy in the material world, that of man.

The constant instant creation of souls in ceaseless succession is to us an unfathomable mystery; the fall of souls created in God's own image is equally so; the fall of spiritual

* "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness" (Gen. i. 26).

intelligences in heaven is the greatest mystery of all. But they are revealed facts, and as such we must accept them.

This double fall, however, though mysterious, is made sufficiently plain even to our finite minds.

In the material worlds we behold harmony and order, in the moral and spiritual, disturbance and confusion. But God, we are told, is not the author of confusion. Whence, then, this disparity in his works? Clearly because the former are bound by immutable laws, while the latter are free.

Angels and men are created powers, differing vastly in degree, but still powers, endowed with freedom of action and of will. They are not minerals or vegetables bound by immutable laws and devoid of liberty. Matter has no power, mind and spirit have many. Free powers are sovereign in their liberty, both of action and of choice, and responsible for both. If they fall, it is by consent and through their liberty. Free will coerced ceases to be free will. A power deprived of freedom of action and of will ceases to be a power. Hence it follows that God could not prevent apostacy without contradicting his own action in creation, and He is a God that changes not.

We learn from Holy Writ that these free powers—heavenly and earthly—abused the law of liberty under which they were created—they broke the covenant and condition of their existence—they abused their moral freedom and their moral power. And from this abuse sprang moral evil, the fruitful parent of all the physical evil we see around us.

Does not this apostacy of the higher and heavenly spiritual intelligences explain both the virulence and the vast power of evil—a power so great that God Himself must die* to expiate and eliminate it; and does not its conjoint action with man explain all the seething physical evil wherewith this life is instinct?

Thus we begin to see that man, the accuser of the Godhead, is himself, conjointly with fallen spirits and the powers of darkness, the real author of all the evil in the earth. Their combined efforts constitute a permanent rebellion against God, and turn God's otherwise goodly world into a wilderness of sin. While God, far from being the author, is the irreconcilable antagonist of sin—ever working and warring in ceaseless campaign against it. His whole plan of government, his whole

scheme of redemption, are two mighty organisations for its extinction and destruction, and for the re-establishment of innocence.

Sympathy with this world's sin and suffering drew Christ from heaven. He came down to destroy the king of terrors, and the very Spirit of Evil; and man's highest gratitude is to impeach him with the ill He died to eliminate!

Our Lord, when He cleansed the Temple of the money-changers, and of those who bought and sold therein, did so by making a scourge of small cords. Now, the heart of every believer is called the temple of the Holy Ghost, and each must be similarly cleansed. But observe, the small cords were of man's creating; our Lord turned them to his own use, and made a scourge of them. Just so all the bitter, stinging cords of earth are either of man's creating or the enemy's; but God turns them into a scourge of stringent discipline, eminently suited to our state of spiritual alienation, and admirably calculated to bring erring apostates back into the paths of truth and righteousness.

Man's entire action tends to confirm him in apostacy, and to assimilate him to the world: God's, to uproot him, and assimilate him to Himself. Hence the jar and strife of earth. Hence all history is suffering, and all life a warfare, wherein he that overcometh, shall inherit all things.

The very element wherein evil exists is suffering. God's surroundings are joy, peace, love, liberty, and light. Those of evil are pain, suffering, cruel bondage, bitter anguish, and all the tyrannies of earth. Hence we read in Scripture of "all who were oppressed of the devil." His cruel bondage is frequently alluded to—hence, "we being burdened, do groan." We find him even prevailing to make God's chosen people sacrifice their innocent offspring unto Moloch. His is the power of death, and to this end He is ever wielding his "great sword" (Rev. vi. 4): it is never sheathed, and never satiated with blood. Our Lord calls him "a murderer from the beginning;" and in order to show that his children would be murderers also, he adds, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do."

It is quite clear that war, bloodshed, rebellion, cruelty, and, in fine, suffering of every shape, are of Satan; for when he is subdued and bound, they all cease. Then "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "The wolf also shall dwell with the

* Christ died that "through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil" (Heb. ii. 14).

lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf and the young lion and the fating together, and a little child shall lead them." "The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain ; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

It may be argued that God could blot these spiritual and human rebels from creation, and so speedily put an end to sin. But who shall dictate His course to the Almighty? and what is time to the Eternal? It seemeth Him good not to make haste ; and not to rule responsible creatures—first causes in their own free action—by the laws of force and of compulsion, but by the moral and spiritual laws of liberty and love. He rules moral powers by moral means ; and when these powers of their own free choice fall and become wicked powers, He turns them into a moral police, ruling the world and punishing sin, through them and by them. Hence we read of being "chastened with the rod of men," and of "the wicked, which is thy sword." Thus God uses sin to correct sin—like is made to cure like ; as in the wilderness, the serpent bit, and the serpent cured.

The waters of Bethesda had a healing power, but not until they were supernaturally troubled : and so it is with the waters of life, when troubled they are doubly healing, and when sanctified, become to many sufferers phosphorescent with light from heaven.

It is not sufficient that holy and heavenly influences alone should be brought to bear on man ; he requires punitive and penal ones also, in order to effect his renewal. And thus God patiently works out his mighty plan with influences from above and from below : as if the wheat intended for the heavenly garner were placed between the upper and nether millstone, there to be ground, bruised, unhusked, and made fit for the Master's use.

In other words, God governs this world in the interests of the Heir-Apparent. Our conformity to Him is the end in view. Man is manageable only in a moral way. God sees fit to educate—not coerce—him into that conformity. Hence He utilises evil, by making it punish and correct evil : and out of it frames a stringent moral discipline, admirably suited to work the divine principle into the mind of man, and to fructify the soul.

Christ's great aim is to make us joint-heirs

with Him in his redeemed inheritance. But in order to insure our admission there, He must present us faultless to his Father, without spot or blemish. To this end He not only cleanses us with his blood, but He also transforms us, by successive purgations, into his own image, scourging us with small cords, the "rod of men."

And here it may naturally be asked how these small cords of man's making—the serpent brood of sin—become a rod in the hand of the Almighty, to purge each temple, to chasten us, and to urge us forward out of sin, into salvation?

We reply, just as the serpent became, at the word of Jehovah, a rod in the hand of Moses, so does sin, in all its protean forms and myriad shapes, become a rod in the hand of the Almighty. Our daily and hourly experience also helps us to reply ; for in it we find a myriad formative influences, all combining and working together to make up the rugged yet essential discipline of life. Suffering is only another name for the discipline wherein sin has set us. The very element wherein sin exists is pain—it is the unfailing and inevitable concomitant of evil ; but in the hand of God it becomes a pioneer of good, an interpreter of law and love, of right and wrong : pointing on the dial-plate of retribution—true as the needle to the pole—the sin it aims at.

Hence we find every pang of earth charged with teaching. The pain of want leads to energy and industry, while it evokes charity. Danger leads to watchfulness, and calls forth courage. Suffering excites sensibility, mollifies the affections, fertilises the character. Failure checks pride, and shackles passion. Earthly disasters purge us from our dross, and pave the way to spiritual triumphs. The mutabilities of fortune cause all our anchors to drift, until we anchor on the immutable. While the treachery, unrest, deceitfulness, fickleness, and instability of this life, all tend to shape and fashion us for the permanence, rest, and stability of the next.*

Thus is our daily life and experience made a training in truth and righteousness, just as the Jewish dispensation was of old on a lower platform. And thus, by subjecting man to many influences, good and evil, is elaborated by the Great Alchemist, the spiritual education of the world, and that mighty problem of vital moment to each of us, how a soul, embedded like a fossil in evil, can be

* This supposes that an angel comes down to sanctify the troubled waters, and make them really healing. In the two thieves on the cross we have a remarkable illustration of sanctified and unsanctified suffering,—the same outward conditions producing different inward results.

fashioned anew into God's likeness; and thereby be entitled to a place in the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness only, and from which all evil must be for ever excluded.

II. *Error's wisdom and power.*—The wisdom of the spirit of error far transcends that of man—hence we are told to have the wisdom of the serpent. Satan knew and rightly applied that somewhat obscure prophecy in the Psalms, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." The spirits of evil knew our Lord when men did not. Their language to our Saviour is, "Let us alone: . . . art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of Israel;" while "all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not."

"And unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God." But when our Lord asked his disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" they answered, "John the Baptist: but some say Elias: and others, one of the prophets."

They know his power too, for they say, "If Thou cast us out," suffer us to go into the herd of swine. They seem even to have a certain knowledge of prophetic periods which the Father has kept in his own hands; for their words to our Lord are, "Art Thou come to torment us *before the time*?" And we read that the devil comes down to earth in great wrath, "knowing that his time is short." Men rather say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" And to our Lord's assurance that He will *shortly* bruise the serpent's head under his heel, they reply, "All things continue as they were."

So much for the wisdom of the spirit of evil; but who shall adequately describe its power? Scripture only can—and it terms this great power a god, a prince, a king; while it speaks of man as a worm, a vapour, a shadow!

And as to the range of his power, we are distinctly told that he deceiveth the whole world; while he wars with the angels and archangels of heaven, and is "cast out into the earth, and his angels cast out with him." He is also called the angel of the bottomless pit. And this great power and great authority he is able to delegate to his coadjutors and executive (Rev. xiii. 2).

Our Lord likens Satan to lightning; and the comparison is instructive; for electricity seems to be one of the most active motive powers of the universe—so strong and so

swift—so hidden and mysterious—so all-pervading, yet so intangible.

The great power and terrible malignity of evil is also shown in the vast efforts made by God to subdue it. The Son of God came down from heaven, became a partaker of our flesh and blood, in order that "through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil." God makes one act subserve a myriad ends; but this one is emphatically pressed upon our notice, teaching us that creation is penetrated and poisoned by this subtle spirit, causing it to groan and travail in pain, to such an extent, that the great Jehovah puts forth all his powers, in order that by successive purgations He may restore and renew the earth, and re-establish righteousness.

"Whence," writes Dr. Chalmers, "the might and whence the mystery of that spell that so binds and infatuates us to the world? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceived imagination, that in looking onward through our earthly career it appears like the vista or perspective of innumerable ages? He who is called 'the god of this world.'"

Doubtless some will exclaim—for it is a very easy, and therefore a very common talent to find fault—"All this savours of Manicheism." And unthinking men are constantly scared from truth, by the error that has been associated with it. But the error is not the result of the truth, any more than the tares are the result of the wheat. The enemy places it there in the hopes of darkening the truth, and driving timid souls from it. Were we to reject truth because erring man, doing the lusts of his father, has overlaid it with error, we should reject all truth, because it is the adversary's unceasing aim to overlay and confound every truth with some counterfeiting, and so far neutralising error.

Thus Zoroaster, the Manichees, the Gnostics, and many philosophers have accepted the scriptural truth of a "God of this world," and from it framed the monstrous heresy of two equal Gods—one of good, and one of evil—existing together from eternity. These are the vain imaginings of vainer men. Far from being equals, how vast the difference between these two powers, as depicted in Holy Writ! The one, Uncreated, Almighty, Immortal; the other, created, fallen, finite, doomed—and yet a mighty power from his fall to his doom—the apostate god of an apostate world!

Heresies are Satan's masterpieces ; they are bulwarks to his throne, and pillars to his synagogue : all his deepest craft, all his most subtle and refined ingenuity, seem devoted to them. He is the author of confusion, and in heresies he so commingles truth and error, that those "who have not their senses exercised to discern between good and evil," cannot distinguish one from the other. The ignorant fall an easy prey to the heresy ; while others timidly keep aloof, alike from the truth and its associated falsehood. It may be doubted whether this old and impious heresy has not deterred many from setting forth Satan as he is depicted in Scripture, as the almost omnipotent and well-nigh all-pervading god of this world.

But great as the power of the god of this world is, it is limited : Jehovah has set bounds that he cannot pass. In Job's case the limit was, "but spare his life." Thus is Satan curbed, or as the destroyer he would never cease to destroy. Error tempts, suggests, harasses, stimulates, discourages, blinds, misleads, presents stumbling-blocks and opportunities ; "preaches smooth things," "prophecies deceits." He cannot force men to ruin, but he perseveringly allures them thereto. The enemy plots, but God foils : and the sentence, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," meets him and thwarts him in every effort.

III. *Error partially subdued.*—The kingdom

of Satan received a great check at our Lord's first coming, when, "having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them ;" thereby typifying the great issue of the second advent. Before his sufferings, our Lord also said, "Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out."

The words of Scripture need no confirmation by man. But it is remarkable, that both heathen and Christian writers in the early ages of Christianity relate that the famous heathen oracles were struck dumb. The Delphic ceased, they say, to give answers from the birth of Christ. Several historians relate that, being questioned, it replied : "There is a Hebrew boy, who is king of the gods, who has commanded me to leave this house and begone to hell ; so expect no more answers." In Scripture these heathen idols are styled devils.

Many heathen writers wrote much on the oracles being silenced, not knowing the cause ; and Plutarch's treatise thereon is still extant. Porphyry writes : "It is no wonder if the city be overrun with sickness for so many years, Esculapius and the rest of the gods having withdrawn their converse from man : for since Jesus began to be worshipped, no man has received any public help or benefit from the gods." Porphyry, it is well known, was no believer in Christianity.

C. E. FRASER-TYTLER.

RETROSPECT.

OH ! to go back in our lives,
To live them over again,
Knowing all that now we know,
Seeing all we saw not then.

Oh ! to refrain from speaking
Where that hasty word was said,
Oh ! but to break that silence
Which weighs on our heart like lead.

Oh ! but to tarry once more
At that point where two roads met,
And choose as we chose not then,
Made wise by a life's regret.

Oh ! but to set out afresh
With some who from earth are fled,
Now we've read them by the radiance
Death sheds around the dead !

Thus cry we now and again
In words of remorseful pain,
Yet deep in 'our heart of hearts
Thank God that the prayer is vain.

L. J. W. —

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XX.

"And though so easily learnt, and brief
Is the form our new faith's put in,
When we've said, 'I believe in a Round of Beef,
And live by a Leg of Mutton,'
We come to another region of facts,
That are met quite as well by the Gospel and Acts
As by any teaching that's newor."

DORA GREENWELL.



WO days later, and Margaret's dress was again buoyed up by the rippling grass and daisies; but not the grass and daisies of Fernhill. She was in a strange place, amongst strangers, and going to a strange church

across the fields.

She had purposely hung behind the rest of the party, and it was a large one; and not till she saw the last parasol disappear from the avenue had she set forth. No one had asked her to walk with them, nor had any one missed her. But it was from no aggrieved or morbid feeling that she chose to walk alone. She liked the quiet, and she felt she had nothing in common with the party at Beauchamp Towers.

She was mistaken, however; for with two at least she had much in common, or would have hereafter.

The grass waves gave ominous warning of approaching footsteps. Margaret looked round.

"Walking alone, Miss Marshall?" said Mr. Leslie, to whom she had merely bowed across a large table. "How is that?"

He had a pleasant open expression, that atoned for much that was faulty in Margaret's eyes; such as an exceeding white and pinkness, a perfectly girlish smoothness of face, and a sunny head of hair, too "pretty," she thought, to be manly, according to her ideas.

Gaspar's large brow and ruddy beard always started up before her, and "all men else were shadows."

Mr. Leslie had other faults: such as wearing suits of mauve serge, with magenta stockings; and pea-green Norfolk coats, with canary stockings. Knickerbockers, of course (for Mr. Leslie was very well made), except on Sundays; and now he came out resplendent in long black coat, white waistcoat, pale blue tie, and a moss-rose in his button-hole. It was thanks to his good pleasant face, and his easy gay manner, and the sunny hair that Margaret disliked, that Mr. Leslie bore his striking variety of attire as he did. Most men would have been utterly vulgar in his clothes: as it was, he carried them off marvellously, cared not at all for the jokes made at his expense, or enjoyed them a good deal more than the rest of the party. He had a certain amount of good looks of his own, and he thought he had a right to treat them as he pleased. Besides, he had fifteen thousand a year; and what may not fifteen thousand a year do, or leave undone?

How he came into it? From his father, certainly. But how his father came into it is a different thing. The son was not ashamed of it, why should he be so?

"My father was a son of the soil," said he to Margaret. "He made all his money in mills. It is a very good thing for me and my sisters he did; for I should never have done it. You are not aristocratic, I suppose, Miss Marshall? I hope not."

"Oh no," said Margaret, laughing.

"But you are not good family, are you? You aren't one of the Yorkshire Marshalls?"

"The same family," said Margaret. "My father was a younger brother of the then Mr. Marshall of Levington; but I never saw him, and I have never seen my cousin. I do not know anything about them."

"How is that—eh?"

"We have such different spheres," said Margaret. "I live in London to work. They come there to go out and to be gay. We have nothing in common. My brother——" she begun; but she hesitated and stopped.

He had too much good feeling to notice it, and went on talking.

"I was very sorry for you—that I was—when you first came. It must be beastly for a poor girl arriving by herself among such a

lot of strangers. But you don't seem to care—you look so very proud and quiet."

Margaret opened her eyes. "*Proud?*" she said; and then she laughed softly at the notion.

"You know what I mean: not *proud*, exactly, but dignified, somehow. It goes a long way, that, and prevents people sitting on you."

"Miss Beauchamp has been very kind," said Margaret.

"Has she? it's not her line: but I suppose she can be when she likes. What do you think of mine hostess?"

"She is very like her daughter, only I have seen less of her."

"Like her daughter? Oh dear no, not the least. I hate Madam Beauchamp, to tell you the truth. You should hear her inviting her guests—no, writing her lists of guests out: it is a *fine* thing. 'Philip darling,' she says, 'we must have a little party.' That's the first cram—she asks fifty-two at a time, if she can get them all of one sort."

"Of one sort?" inquired Margaret.

"Yes. The shabby lot is on now. No, don't look at me, Miss Marshall: I'm a tame cat, and come when I like; and I think I come oftener than I should: I come with any set. With the vulgar lot, why there I am, one of them. With the *comme-il-faut* lot, I go down as very passable because of my fortune. Well, but I was telling you about the party, you know. 'Philip-pine, love, bring a pencil' (that's Miss Beauchamp, you know); 'who shall we have for Thursday three weeks? Remember we shall have Lord and Lady Tomnoddy here at that time.' Philippina—Miss Beauchamp, I mean—suggests a Johnson or a Black. She knows they won't go down, but they came into her head first, and she likes them probably as well as any de-anthings. She's not at all stuck-up or aristocratic, like the mother. You don't know Miss Beauchamp yet. She is quite different from what you think, and as clever as—you are, perhaps. Not that she is ever over-polite to me, Miss Marshall, and I don't see much chance that she ever will be." And poor Mr. Leslie's face lost its beaming smile for a moment, as he pulled an ox-eye daisy into pieces and threw it away.

The story of Mrs. Beauchamp's invitation list was cut short just as Mr. Leslie related with much gusto that Miss Beauchamp had once suggested to her mother that the business would be best settled by asking people alphabetically. "Only the day all the S's come, I shall have a sick headache, mamma, and not come down."

They had now reached the church, and Margaret had no further conversation with

Mr. Leslie for some time; for on their return homewards he escorted Miss Beauchamp, and she found herself walking by a most amiable old-maid relation of the family, who, being without settled home, vocation, will, property, or gifts of any sort (barring the angelic temper), was at the beck and call of any one, kin or no kin; and, moreover, was under unceasing and overpowering obligations to them, as she thought, for favours tossed at her side-ways, and gratefully gathered up. She wore a faded purple merino, which took up as little room as possible in the world. In fact, she always presented the appearance of being in a state of chronic apology for her existence.

She rattled on to Margaret in a weak, garrulous strain, that would have been fatiguing, but for the extreme simplicity and child-like enjoyment of life that shone through every sentence.

"So very magnificent a park! Oh yes, indeed. And the ferns—did you ever see such ferns? Oh I *am* so fond of ferns! And the house, Miss Marshall—what a vast residence, is it not? And what a large party, is it not? Oh I was so very glad to see you when you came. I *am* very fond of young ladies, you know;"—and Miss Middlemay slipped her hand confidentially into Margaret's arm, and rambled on for ten minutes in the same strait, without pause or variety, save for the way in which she skipped from subject to subject, and found fresh beauties and pleasures in each.

Here Miss Beauchamp and her escort joined them.

"You have been doing the charitable all day, Miss Marshall," said Philippine, "both going to church, and coming back."

Poor Mr. Leslie, who overheard the remark, winced visibly. Miss Middlemay was singing a tuneless ditty to herself among the roses, so she escaped her share of discomfort.

"Don't look shocked, Miss Marshall," continued Philippine. "Mr. Leslie is quite harmless."

'All these serpents kept by charmers
Leave the natural sting behind.'

you know. Have you spoken to Mr. Cargrave? *He* is clever, if you like. He has opinions of his own—bad ones, I dare say, but still opinions; and that is a relief. One gets so tired of perpetual concord and everlasting affirmatives." And she cast a side glance of contempt at Mr. Leslie.

"I am not allowed any opinions of my own, Miss Marshall; they are all nipped in the bud. What should you do in my case?" said Mr. Leslie, laughing feebly.

"Take the opposite course, undoubtedly."

"Yes; go home instead of coming here," broke in Philippine. "I should like to talk to Miss Marshall now. I think I have given you my mind for to-day. Now, if I were you, I should rifle Miss Middlemay for some fresh ideas." And she turned round and took Margaret away.

"I daresay you think me very rude," said she, "but really I am bored out of all patience; and we have known each other since we were children. He always called me 'Phil' till the other day, but I made him give it up."

"It must have been difficult," said Margaret.

"Oh dear no! I told him people said I was engaged to him, and that I should be much obliged to him to put an end to so preposterous an idea."

"And how did he take it?"

"As he always does. He thinks everything I say is clever. When one knows one's self a fool, it is aggravating, you know. Mr. Cargrave now contradicts me as rudely as I contradict Jack Leslie. It is so refreshing. I don't like the man, he is so presumptuous; but I don't feel that I can bruise him under my heel, as he bruises Genesis, or as I bruise Jack. So I have a sort of respect for him that is, after all, no respect. I do not pretend to be a pious woman, but Mr. Cargrave, I must own, makes one's hair stand on end."

Two days afterwards Margaret found herself deep in an argument—a dinner-table argument too—with this man.

She had not sought it, for she had no opinion of her own powers, and the discussion was a most painful one to her. Happily for her, such sentiments were not wholly novel. Gaspar's friends or acquaintances had sometimes conversed before her in like manner, and the paralysing horror at the first knowledge that such things were abroad in the world had passed away—not the horror, but the paralysis. And when Mr. Cargrave challenged her indirectly with some profane remark, she was up in arms immediately.

Any one who has any knowledge of the human countenance, or its diverse expressions, must know the peculiar cast of an atheist's face—the brow devoid of all grandeur, the fixed and soulless expression of the eye, the look of stern calculation, the intense materialism of his creed, or no creed, pervading all.

Mr. Cargrave had such a face: limp sandy hair and keen blue-grey eyes, the brows slightly contracted and lowered over them. But the self-satisfaction, amounting almost to insolence, which he took no trouble to con-

ceal, but rather gloried in, enlisted all Margaret's sympathies against him.

"You feel, then, no consciousness of a second and higher life—a life that has nothing to do with organisms and species, or very indirectly? You feel no necessity for a spiritual life?"

"Certainly not. Why should we exhaust ourselves in misty and obscure imaginations? What do they lead to, but to mistiness and obscurity?"

"That depends upon who leads and who is led," said Margaret.

"It is all barren. And why turn to things we know nothing of, when we can have glorious materials for endless knowledge within our grasp?"

"That is the snare, I fancy," said Margaret; "at least, for men of great intellectual capacity and scientific research. Grasping much, they think they can grasp all, and that what lies beyond their reach must of necessity be non-existent. It does not occur to you, I suppose, that it is possible to become too materialistic, as well as for us to become too superstitious?"

"Man's reason is his highest gift——"

"Who is the giver?" broke in Margaret.

"And to employ that," he continued, not heeding her remark, "is his highest duty."

"I cannot see who *you* owe any duty to, Mr. Cargrave."

"To humanity, Miss Marshall."

"And you can conceive nothing greater than man? You must have a nobler acquaintanceship than most of us if you are so content." She could not help thinking, as she looked at his face, that he was hardly capable of a single aspiration.

"Nothing but Nature. To her law we all bow. She is supreme. We see her, we can inquire into her; our reason convinces us that what we see is so and so. What does Bibliolatry convince us of? What does it lead us to?"

"Beyond nature, I hope, to God. That is, if we will suffer ourselves to be led. Have you ever seen a person die, Mr. Cargrave?"

"That seems to me a matter of no moment—at least, irrelevant to our subject. Life, as you know, or might know, is a certain disposition of material molecules."

"That is Huxley," said some one across the table, who had been listening with some interest to the discussion, and inwardly backing up Margaret.

Mr. Cargrave bowed. "I cannot be on safer ground, or quote from better sources. Mr. Huxley may have used the words as I gave them, or not."



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"He did," across the table; but the interruption was not heeded.

"We have no right to suppose, until it is proved, that anything is without its natural cause. Of life itself—as I informed you a minute ago—the materials are now known and determined. Carbonic acid, ammonia, and water——"

"I have read that, Mr. Cargrave; but I should like to ask you something. How is it that, holding, as you do, that every effect has its cause, and that nothing need be accounted for by superhuman agency—how is it that some of you believe in what you call 'spontaneous generation,' and hold that we arise from a germ or germs in the waters of the globe? Surely what is spontaneous is without a cause, unless you allow that the cause is superhuman and beyond your knowledge, and therefore God."

"Knowledge is increasing every day. It has not grown to full stature. What is beyond my reach will not of necessity be beyond the reach of the third and fourth generation after me. I maintain, together with many thoughtful men, the opinion that nothing is unaccountable for by purely natural causes. Do I make myself plain enough? I deny that anything is without a cause."

"And yet you deny the First Cause," said Margaret quietly. "There is a limit to your theory, then, and a contradiction in it. For you come to a place where cause you cannot find, and where that place is, is God."

There was a general movement at the table. Margaret was surprised to find that when she stooped to pick up her handkerchief her hand trembled so that she could hardly hold it.

"How pretty that creature looks tonight!" said a lady to Mrs. Beauchamp.

"She seems to have a great deal to say," returned the hostess drily, pulling on her lace shawl with a jerk.

XXI.

"Dark-browed sophist, come not anear;
All the place is holy ground;

The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer."

TENNYSON.

MARGARET overheard the remark and the rejoinder, and the flush of excitement on her face died away. She slipped silently into the conservatory opening from the drawing-room.

It was all aglow with flowery glories. Passion-flowers hung their lovely arms about the place, their blossoms closing one by one upon the beauties that had all day been displayed unseen. Heliotropes, rosy geraniums,

jessamine, all the sweeter for their "old familiar faces," had been trained up the wall and over the glass, and the rarest creepers of other countries fraternised with them in wild luxuriance.

"Phil" Beauchamp joined Margaret immediately. She had heard her mother's cutting speech, and hastened to smooth away its bitterness to the poor stranger girl, who interested her not a little. And yet she, too, was cruel to Mr. Leslie. What strange anomalies we human beings present—we women, I think, especially!

She took Margaret's arm, and sat down on the bench beside her.

"I am so glad I managed that you two should sit together at dinner. Perhaps you may do the poor man good. But he is so arrogant and self-satisfied. How could you keep your temper? I never could. But then I could never have attempted fairly to argue with him."

"Perhaps he deserves some praise for keeping *his*," she answered. "I, of course, am ignorant on all the matters he is so well up in. I know very little about molecules and organisms, and no doubt he thought me very presumptuous. But when he attacks our faith, our God—all that makes life bearable—oh!——" And Margaret stopped short, all words failing her.

"He is not fit to know of anything that is not earthly and scientific," said Philippine. "Don't laugh, they are synonymous terms to me. Is there anything, do you think, he would not materialise, and grind down into a system? We won't have him in here, or he will bring his calculations to bear on all the roses and the passion-flowers, and then they will never look beautiful nor smell again. We should have a lecture on protoplasm—isn't that the word? And when he talks like that, I feel inclined to say, 'Kill me, and put me out of my pain!' like Victor Galbraith. What have we to live for, if it is all as he says?"

Mr. Leslie had joined them, and had taken his place timidly on the edge of a cane chair. But Miss Beauchamp took no notice of him. She was a grand girl, with a tall, symmetrical figure, and such eyes! Margaret had not thought her so beautiful before; but now, as she stood holding a long trail of passion-flower in her delicate fingers, and looking into the closing buds with an expression of wonder and delight that was almost holy, she made a picture indeed.

Mr. Leslie's eyes were fixed on her.

"I find it quite easy to believe in heaven,"

said he, *sotto voce*, casting his eyes down, and moving his foot nervously on the stone.

"Don't creak on your chair, please, Mr. Leslie," said Phil, without looking at him. "The calm in this place was so delicious."

"After Mr. Cargrave," put in Margaret, smiling, and full of compassion for poor Jack.

"And before Mr. Leslie," said Phil, carrying a little water-pan to a tap in the corner with an air of provoking independence.

"Let me fill it," he said, springing up from his seat and holding out his ringed hand.

She held the pan firmly in her own. She knew he did not dare touch *that*.

"You do want dampening," she said, looking majestically over her shoulder at him; "but I will do it for you, when it is required." And then she stooped and filled the pan, while he went meekly to his seat again.

"Will you stand for your picture to me tomorrow, Miss Beauchamp?" said Margaret.

"Oh, yes, if you like it. But won't you have Mr. Leslie? He has got nothing to do.

What? not in his canary stockings with the pea-green coat? I wonder at your taste, Margaret. May I call you Margaret? Of course I am 'Phil' to every one—the present company on that creaking chair always excepted. And on gala-days I am Philippina to mamma. So you will not immortalise the canary stockings? Oh, how I wish Mr. Cargrave would find there is no cause extant for such an effect as canary stockings, and then, perhaps, the effect would shrivel up! Here you are, Mr. Cargrave; is there any protoplasm in canary stockings? And, if so, will you please extract it at once? But please don't come into the conservatory. All the protoplasm here is mine, and not to be interfered with. You had much better take Mr. Leslie, and experiment on him; he has got nothing to do. I wonder if you will find anything in him; I can't."

The next day, after breakfast, Margaret gave her pupil her second lesson. She had very little talent, and the task would have been hopeless but for her extreme good humour and her pleasant, half-childish, half queen-like ways, that both amused and delighted Margaret. It was something very new to her to see a life so full of sunshine, and she watched it with the interest of a phenomenon.

Philippine soon discovered this.

"You have had a great deal of trouble, I can see that. And beginning to teach seems a good opening for fresh annoyances."

"I am happier than I have been for some time past," Margaret answered, "because my

mind is at rest about—those I care for, and I see my way to helping myself at last—and them." And she blushed involuntarily.

Phil gave an uneasy sigh, and was silent.

"What agreement did you make with mamma?" she asked at last abruptly.

"None."

"None at all? is it possible? Did that artist, Mr. Pickering, not put you up to that?"

"He would not think of it," said she; "and, I must say, I never thought of it either, at least, of making any definite arrangement. I must leave it to Mrs. Beauchamp."

Mrs. Beauchamp and Mrs. Penrhyn came in at that moment, Miss Middlemay following in the rear.

"I hope you are earnest, my dear, over your work," said the mother. "Remember that such opportunities must not be thrown away. Have you any card of terms, Miss Marshall, by you?"

Margaret coloured again, and said, "None."

Mrs. Beauchamp wore an eyeglass, and so did Mrs. Penrhyn. They both brought them into play at once. Phil had taken the precaution of throwing her unsuccessful darts to the other end of the room at the sound of approaching voices, but Margaret's stood on a chair before her.

There was a long silence. She did not work, for she could not, with those criticising eyes upon her. Mrs. Penrhyn was waiting to hear what Mrs. Beauchamp would say; so was Miss Middlemay. Mrs. Beauchamp, being no judge, gave her opinion very positively.

"You have got that arm too long by far."

Margaret ventured to differ, and to prove that the arm was exactly as it should be.

"Measurement or no measurement, no one will persuade me that is in proportion. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Penrhyn?"

"It certainly appears so," responded that lady.

"—appears so," echoed Miss Middlemay from the background.

"I think it is a great pity you have so little colouring in your picture," continued Mrs. Beauchamp; "who ever saw a girl with those brown shades on her neck?"

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Penrhyn, nodding her head sagely.

No echo from the background this time. Miss Middlemay saw that Margaret was being assailed, and that she was fighting single-handed, or rather bearing it all patiently. And after this she could not be induced to corroborate Mrs. Beauchamp's statement. This was the less difficult, because her opinion was never asked for.

We must be prepared to find in all our avocations, whatsoever they may be, that even the measure of real merit which does exist and transpire, will not by the ignorant among our friends and critics be recognised and acknowledged. Superiority can afford to stoop, and to single out such beauties as are to be found. A botanist by a muddy roadside will see the one rare or interesting plant that lifts its tiny head, when common passers-by would only see the mud. The very difficulties, too, that genius must surmount to reach its pinnacle make the man of genius (of whatever degree) merciful to the shortcomings of others, and appreciative of whatsoever of good and great they have attained to.

And, again, nothing is so easy as to depreciate. To find fault, it might seem, at first sight, would necessitate that the fault-finder be on a certain moral elevation; but there is no doubt that to appreciate demands a higher still. And have we not fallen to the lowest stage of degradation when, unable to conceive or to create beauty, intellectual, artificial, or moral, we are also incapable of admiring the creation or the conception of others?

Poor Margaret, she suffered what all aspirants must suffer. The first time the heart aches, ay, and the second time too. Perhaps the third time the heart takes courage, and rebels, and cries, "What care I?" and the fourth time it is part sorrowful, part doubtful, part thankful. The first fury is past; the self-satisfaction, too, is past. There remains a little wholesome indecision, a certain wondering over the criticism given, a deal of doubtfulness of self, a little courage at the thought that all men, great or small, that *would* be great must pass through the ordeal. A compound that makes surely that state of unrest which is the lot and inheritance of humanity.

And this very unrest—is it not proof of itself of a hereafter? We strive for the mountain-top, and attain, as we think, our goal. We find it is no summit after all. But does that make us question whether there be a summit and an end at all? Surely not, however often the disappointment is repeated.

So it is in this life to most men; Mr. Cargrave naturally excepted, and his school. We at least believe in One whose word shall not return unto Him void—who having made man and man's work, is not willing that one jot or tittle should be labour in vain. The insufficiency now, is a Balaam's ass taking to itself language to tell of the Then that is to be. Everything is desired of us; everything is commenced by us; and completion crowns

nothing. Something more!—perfection, perfection!—somewhere in the time to come.

Mr. Cargrave would tell us we are teleologians and enthusiasts. We answer that our aspirations are as natural as our instincts—that to us a wiser and higher life (without which our higher man cannot exist any more than our bodies without food; or, as he would put it, without carbonic acid, ammonia, and water) is as apparent as this daily commonplaceness which surrounds us. With some, indeed, this lower existence is but a passing dream—the body is but a servant of the mind; and that mind lives elsewhere, in a reality of its own.

I have said "this commonplaceness." For is it not all commonplace, robbed of all that lends it majesty and beauty here? Life without hope; death without hope—which is hardest; which most awful?

"Kill me and put me out of my pain!" said Phil Beauchamp hastily; but had she paused a moment she might have shrunk, I think, from parting with the only happiness she was ever to know—from laying aside the beautiful face she wore, and the pure, glad heart, even the paltry pleasure of teasing Jack Leslie—for a yawning grave, and corruption, and silence everlasting.

Ceasing to be. If we could believe it, if our whole inner man did not rise against the notion with the force that only the inner man can have, we were of all creatures most miserable. To come to the knowledge of something infinitely high, and grand, and vast, and pure, and to be told it never can be ours. It is strange that that nature that Mr. Cargrave worships—that we too worship under another name—should for once so bitterly deceive us.

Margaret was thinking somewhat in this strain on the evening following her argument, when she was disturbed by the rustle of Mrs. Beauchamp's dress, which fold after fold was composing itself in a chair beside her. Mrs. Beauchamp gave it an admonitory pat, and then a smooth of approval. Lastly she shook out her lace sleeves, and tried to disentangle one from the clasp of her bracelet.

She began talking to Margaret in a manner so changed and affable that she seemed to be a totally different person. Margaret had heard Mrs. Penrhyn say that Mrs. Beauchamp was a most charming woman. Now she began to think so too.

"I am so surprised to hear you are a near relative of my very dear and old friend, Lady Margaret Marshall. Mr. Leslie has been telling me she is your cousin," she said, after some conversation.

"She married my cousin," said Margaret. "I do not know her at all; I have never seen her."

"We hope to go to Levington next month," continued Mrs. Beauchamp, taking a cup of coffee from the tray held before her; "and then I hope certainly to bring you to her remembrance."

It was lucky that Mrs. Penrhyn came up at that moment, and seating herself on the ottoman beside Margaret, interrupted, or rather broke in upon the subject, and led it out into another channel. The wilful colour had mounted into Margaret's face, and she had drawn herself up threateningly.

"I think I am not mistaken in supposing you are first cousin to Marshall of Levington, Miss Marshall?" And Mr. Penrhyn smiled blandly, and raised his somewhat nervous eyebrows into interrogative shapes.

The same form of question and answer was gone through again. It was wonderful what a difference this "connection" made in the eyes of the small world at Beauchamp Towers.

Margaret became quite a subject of interest and conversation. Every one knew Levington, and the Marshalls thereof, either personally or by hearsay. By the end of the evening the news had percolated through the entire assembly; and even Miss Middlemay had conveyed her veiled congratulations to Margaret. The "pale spectrum of the salt" was rapidly fading away.

Next day, when Philippina Beauchamp ran up-stairs with a paper in her hand, and told Margaret that a gentleman was calling there, who spoke of a Gaspar Marshall as his friend, she was greatly surprised to find that Margaret did not seem more anxious to meet him.

"What, Margaret?" she said, "not go down and see the man who may have seen your brother later than you?" For Margaret, with tears in her eyes, had little by little discovered to Philippina the secret of her affection for her brother; each time retracting half she had said, as if it were too sacred for strangers' ears, and each time forgetting herself again in praise of the beloved one, and under the seductive charm of the girl's manner.

"You have not said anything about me? About my being here—about my—" and Margaret left her sentence unfinished, and looked appealingly into Philippina's face.

"No, nothing. I came up as soon as I had heard him mention the *Something Review* for some month, 'in which,' he said, 'my friend Gaspar Marshall wrote a first-rate paper.'"

"I cannot go," said Margaret nervously; "don't ask me, please." And she squeezed

twice too much light red on to her palette by mistake.

"Do you know who he is, Margaret?" asked Phil kindly.

"No, not at all. But I would rather not go down. Please do not mention me at all, Philippine."

Philippine was quite bewildered. What could Margaret mean? It almost seemed as if she were ashamed of the position in which she found herself at Beauchamp Towers. Could Margaret know such miserable shame? Philippine looked in her face and said "No."

"Well, keep the paper; I will not tease you. Papa sent it up with a paragraph marked. They all said 'Well done!' when they had read it. Papa is quite proud of having you in the house."

And so Philippine went away.

And Margaret read: and her heart beat fast. And she covered her face with her hands and thanked God once again.

"I think that fellow Pickering pays some one to write you up, Miss Marshall," said Mr. Beauchamp at lunch-time, smiling.

"Indeed, I think he must," said Margaret innocently.

"Have you tried Phil?" he asked.

"Yes; I am doing a sketch now."

"Well," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper, "I give you an order for one, remember." And he tapped the table significantly. "No hurry, you know; whenever you like to send it me: that will just suit me. I want one of Phil in my study. O yes! I shall be much indebted to you if you will do me this little favour"—and "Whose plate is this?" to the butler—Mr. Beauchamp went on carving the cold chicken.

After luncheon the ladies had a way of grouping round the drawing-room window, where they discussed plans for the afternoon; while the gentlemen sauntered through the flower-beds and smoked.

"Who is that, Philippine," said her mother, raising her eye-glass, "between us and the second elm?"

Phil raised her glass, too, to her wicked eye.

"It is either Mr. Leslie or a dahlia," said she.

But I am afraid it was neither Mr. Leslie nor a dahlia.

XXII.

"Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds."—*In Memoriam*.

A TRAIN is rolling: slowly along through green fields, now powdered with July dust.

Wayside crucifixes, ghastly enough when they are approached, are placed at intervals along the line, or rather in the fields below

it. A short, sturdy woman, with full dark petticoats, and a jacket bedecked with much silver and many coins, passes, or is passed now and then. Sometimes she kneels for a moment under the shadow of the outstretched figure with the upturned face of agony, painted, alas! but too vividly by the poor artist of some neighbouring village. Too vividly for our peace, who are conscious for an instant that life is going too easily with us who are followers (so-called) of Him; too vividly for those who have turned aside from the old ways for

"The Titan child's decree,
The baby Science, born but yesterday,"

and who, as the upturned face is for a moment brought before them, start inwardly as the words of a mother's hymn come to their minds, and the soul whispers, "What if the old way were the true way, after all?"

I would not harp to weariness on the theme that has already tinged two chapters. They have much to answer for who weary humanity out of all interest in great and high things by their unskilful and injudicious handling. And how repetition deadens the keen edge of interest, and how habit and familiarity make the greatest of mysteries appear to us as commonplace, is well known to us all.

But an age has come when thinking men and women cannot be satisfied with nominalities. Lukewarmness has had its reign; now zeal for good or evil is abroad in all the earth. Traditions, however ancient and venerable, say the materialists of to-day, shall not stand before the touchstone of Truth.

The answer of Gamaliel were not amiss here. If the tradition be not of God, verily it shall not stand. If it be of God, it stands, and shall, to everlasting.

People are thinking now as they have never thought before; and people are more honest than they have ever been before. Man's mind is working with a vigour and a sincerity of purpose that seems to be wholly new. The world has had its play-time, and when it was frivolous and ignorant it accepted the highest and holiest truths, not altogether from piety, not altogether from faith, but because it was easier to accept than to refuse. Yes, and sometimes because there existed no degrees of ease and difficulty for it. It is easy for those who have never thought for themselves to swallow what is offered them by others.

This is too often mistaken for faith. Is it faith in the eyes of God? I think not. Faith cries, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may see!" as David cried; not, "Blind me,

that I may accept all Thou givest, or that is given in Thy name."

Does it displease Him, think you, that the man to whom He has given vast gifts of reasoning and intellect, should use these for *all* other services than for the contemplation of Him? When Reason has reached her limit, the soul that is greatest cries out indeed, "There is yet more beyond!" How should the finite comprehend infinity? "Is the servant above his lord?"

God says to man as to the waves of the sea, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." And what shall follow here if not that holy thing called faith? And what is faith but the boundary line where man, losing himself, would fain lose himself in God? And what is poorer, meaner, more narrow and dogmatic, than that teaching which says, "Because I see no more, no more exists?"

The same maxims fell heavily upon the heart of one Christopher Columbus, who dared to believe in something he could not see; and who, believing, and likewise searching, found that in which he had believed, after all.

Honesty is good; but the abuse of honesty comes round again to self-deception. Faith is good; but faith itself may be degraded into a superstition. There is a prayer which beseeches of our Father to give us a "right judgment in all things." We need that blessing very often.

In the train that is rolling into Munich and in one carriage, there is a faith that has been degraded into an obstinate superstition, and there is a follower of honesty who is verging upon self-deceit. And perhaps there is one who, as nearly as may be, takes the equal course between them; as nearly as the delicate balance of the human judgment will allow of.

Besides these, there is a Frenchman, who is rattling out profane jokes, and talking with impudent familiarity of the "bon Dieu" whom he does not know, and of the "ciel," in which he does not believe. And there is an American, with opinions like his clothes, very loose and badly put together.

The conversation had begun between the American and a young Englishman. Each had given his opinion freely about some question of the day, more or less directly connected with the question of religion. The American, with a bravado that was offensive and vulgar, had given his views unasked; the Englishman had stated his own without ostentation, even with some unwillingness, because he felt himself challenged by an English

lady, who called him to her assistance in "sitting upon" the American.

"I must tell you," said he, in answer to her garrulosity and vehement appeal, "that I share some of this gentleman's opinions, and that you are mistaken in supposing I can take up the cudgels against him."

And then he had looked down at the *Times* on his lap with a heightened colour.

There was something in his voice, and the honesty of his words and manner, that impressed one with the idea that he was at least as truthful as the daylight. He had doubts; he would not therefore that a stranger should suppose him, even for one moment, to be better or other than he knew himself to be.

The English lady turned upon him with all the weapons of her mistaken and ignorant zeal. Mistaken in its form I mean; for so narrow, unchristian, and almost revolting, did Christianity appear through the medium of her eloquence, that she proved herself but an ill advocate of her cause.

Mere abuse, ill-temper, contradiction, and bold assumptions, will help no cause that is worth helping. The very decision with which this unworthy champion spoke was her worst enemy. People of liberal opinions, and with minds that they would fain think unprejudiced, turn with disgust from all that is narrow, and obstinate, and decided. The men that would have listened to Margaret's well-weighed words and patient manner, treated this woman as a fanatic. God made religion grand and pure and catholic, but men have sought out many inventions to bring it down and to degrade it.

No wonder we come to think with the poet—

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds;"

creeds believed in too often only because they are not thought about at all. A man's worst enemies are his ill-judged friends; too often the most prominent of God's servitors are his virtual foes.

Margaret did speak at last—for Margaret is here now, you will hear presently. And when she spoke the manner of both the combatants changed at once. The lady who had been so valiant having delivered herself of all her logic and no-logic, was now maintaining an indignant silence in the corner.

The American, who cared little one way or another, soon retired from the conflict, and betook himself to sleep. And Margaret and the Englishman, who sat side by side, had the rest of the conversation to themselves.

They were sad enough, both of them.

She with the sorrow of suspense upon her, and he with that weary burden—a troubled mind. *He* at least had no unreasonable decision. To Margaret he spoke with the diffidence of one addressing his superior. He had one worship left, that of purity and holiness, only as yet he could not accept the beaten track.

"Sometimes," said he, "I can see it all as you do, and then thoughts come, and science seems to go so against it all, and then it is as dim as ever."

He spoke with such hatred of all that is low and evil, with such reverence and respect for all that is good and true, that even Margaret marvelled, and questioned within herself whether her standard were as high.

"He *cannot* go wrong," she said to herself: "following purity as he does, there is only one place where he can end; that is, where he finds purity and holiness incarnate."

They stopped for a long time at some small station, and no one got in or left the train.

"They're calling at the houses round about to see if any one's coming, I guess," observed the American drily, curling himself up to sleep again.

"This is the last station before Munich," said the young Englishman to Margaret. "Do you get out there?"

"Yes," she said. Her eyes were very bright—that had been so sleepless since England had seen them—but her face was so drawn and thin that it would have attracted the attention of the most unobservant.

Her fellow-traveller was very much concerned.

"You will have some sherry, will you not?" and he held the cup of his flask to her, while his kind open face looked anxiously into hers. He had a different face to Mr. Cargrave's; and yet the impetuous lady opposite would have made and seen no distinction between the two.

But Margaret could not taste it, though her lips were parched and dry. The anguish that for a short time had been suspended or controlled while she talked eagerly and earnestly to her neighbour, had returned with redoubled force. He saw it, and with intuitive good feeling was silent. No one could have been otherwise than respectful to Margaret: this man would never have been otherwise if he could.

As they neared Munich Margaret came back to herself for a moment, and remembered his kind thought of and care for her. She remembered too his troubles, and she felt sure she should not easily forget the look of sadness on that open, almost sweet face.

Most women would have been ashamed to say to a stranger what Margaret said. For most, perhaps, it might be ill-judged, or impertinent, or unnatural. To Margaret, with all her reserve, it was perfectly natural.

"You will be happier some day soon. I will pray for you."

The tears welled into his eyes, that were almost childish in their plaintive, searching expression. After a long pause he said:

"If I had lived with good women I do not think I should be as I am now."

"Have you no home, no sisters?" said Margaret. (I fear most girls would have said, "O no!" and disavowed the power that good women have.)

"Not a home that does me any good. It has done me harm. That and college together have set me wrong. They are too good for me; I cannot talk to them and ask about my doubts and my fears. They have not heard there are any such things in the world. I never saw a woman as patient as you are with a fellow who does not think just as she does: not because he will not, but because he *cannot* do it honestly, somehow. God knows I would if I could." And he put his hands over his face and turned away from Margaret.

"If my mother had lived," said he, "it would have been different. As it is, I never go home now; and they don't care at all. They have given me over to all evil for ever. But I am talking to you and tiring you, and you look so ill. Here is Munich: I will get your luggage out: please sit down on that bench; the waiting-rooms are generally too dirty to go into."

He got the luggage and called a droschke.

"Your address?" he asked. "Where shall he drive to?"

"Hôtel Sophienbad," said Margaret. Her face was so ghastly by this time that he forced her to take some of the discarded sherry before he would let the man drive on.

"I shall be here a few days," said he; "if I can be of any use will you let me know? Here is my card." Then he took off his hat and was gone.

While the droschke rattles through the white dust of Munich, and down the Maximilian Strasse, we must go back a little, to account for Margaret's sudden removal from Beauchamp Towers.

There is a certain yellow envelope, with the ominous, "immediate" printed on its forehead, that is never quite a welcome messenger amongst us. Never at least until the contents have yielded themselves to

trembling fingers, and sick hearts have bounded to the words of joy and healing.

Every one looked round (on that Tuesday after luncheon) when the door opened, and every eye followed with dread the course of the yellow envelope. They were all women at that moment, remember, and most of them had some one to hope for and to fear for. And swift as lightning thought carried them each to her own, and each went through a little dream of fear, and suspense, and hope, and relief, before the unwelcome missive found its destination.

There was one exception to this variety of feeling—if hope and fear may be called feeling. From the moment that Margaret had seen the swift-footed messenger, who in his haste had crossed the lawn beneath the windows, an overpowering dread had seized her. She did not once make place for hope: she did not once question from whom and of whom the tidings came. Before the footman had crossed the room she was as certain that some evil had befallen Gaspar as if she had seen it written by a hand of fire upon the wall.

When she had looked out of the window, and the dread had first seized her—it was more than dread, it was a conviction—Margaret had sat down, because she could not stand, a little apart from the others. In that moment every vestige of colour ~~from~~ ^{from} her face, and the hands she had folded closely together gathered round them a cold dew.

Now it lay upon her lap an instant, unopened. Now it was seized almost fiercely between the cold dewy hands, for a stranger's hand had been put forth to touch it. Philippine had placed herself between Margaret and the lookers-on, and she laid her hand on her shoulder. She wished Margaret to know the worst, or to put an end to her vain fears, if such they were, at once; and she hit upon the right expedient when she attempted to open the telegram herself.

"Ludwig Gessler, Hôtel Sophienbad, München,
to Mademoiselle Marshall,
Fernhill, &c., London.

"Your brother is very serious ill here. Pray come now."

Margaret's courage came back to her with the demand for action. She tried to stand up, but Philippine pushed her gently into her seat again.

"I will get the train-table," said she, "and then you shall come with me to your room, and we will see when the next goes."

They sat together for ten minutes, that seemed an hour to both, and Philippine

drew her taper fingers over column after column of the hopeless railway-guide. One at 5.15 p.m.—three hours hence—that did not go as far as London. One at 4.15—that stopped at Draybridge; two hours to wait there.

"If you went by that," said Philippine, stroking Margaret's hair soothingly with her soft hand, "you could drive home and see your children; and then join the express at Draybridge again at 6.15. You would be in London by 7.15, and get down to the quay in good time. Boats start for Antwerp on Mondays, Wednesdays, and——"

"This is Tuesday," said Margaret, with a groan.

The table was taken down to Mr. Beauchamp, and Margaret had ten minutes alone. When Phil came back, she was on her knees before her box, packing the few things she would require, and the look of desolate helplessness had been lifted off her face.

"Dear Margaret," said Phil, raising her by the waist as if she had been a little child, "let me do that. You drink that wine I have brought you, and then put on your bonnet. There is a train at 3.50 that you



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can meet at the station beyond ours, and the carriage is coming round at once. You will have plenty of time. Take some books with you—these are yours, are they not? I will put them in, and some of mine too, because when he is getting well, you know, he will like being read to. Many people are seriously ill, Margaret, over and over again, and get through it quite safely. Don't lose heart."

"If I may but see him once!" she whispered, tying her bonnet-strings so tightly that she nearly choked herself. Too ill to write! How could she have much hope that he would recover?

"Once, once!" she kept saying to herself, half in a dream, half in an agony of prayer. Words that came to her lips a hundred times and more, before suspense itself was suspended, as the slow Bavarian train puffed lazily into Munich station.

There lay the quaint white town, with its dark crimson cupolas, baked to a white heat under the July sun. There stood the grand figure of "Bavaria" among the dusty trees. And there stands a colourless Englishwoman, in a foreign land and among strangers.

But friends arise for us from among strangers, and in strange places.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—AT HOME.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

A GREAT nation at God's footstool, in the person of its Sovereign, accompanied in spirit by praying thousands, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, is a rare and a great sight. A royal cavalcade and *spectacle* is too noisy an affair to be easily wedded to the spirit of true devotion, and is not to be compared with the vision seen by faith, in every city, parish, and hamlet, of hearts turned with one consent to heaven, uttering thanks unfeigned, and heaving with emotion under the prayer that the life spared may be a life blessed. Men may say what they please of the spread of unbelief, but there is another side to the picture. Thank God, there is evidence of the spread of faith and the spread of prayer, as well as the spread of scepticism. And this is not the only thing that proves it. The week of prayer at the beginning of the year, which, without the order of any king, or the ordinance of any Church, has silently become a real institution, because it has answered to the convictions and cravings of the godly everywhere, testifies to the widespread prevalence of earnest fellowship between earth and heaven. Not in Clapham sects only, or exceptional coteries, but more or less throughout the whole community, are to be found earnest men and women who believe in the ladder between earth and heaven, and see the angels of God ascending and descending on it. We thank God for a Queen who thanks God, and for all in every place who thank God with her. Would only the whole nation partook of their spirit! Britain would not be less great if all her people knew and assumed their fit attitude before Him who doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.

THE WASHINGTON TREATY.

Come what may of the misunderstanding between Britain and the United States as to the extent of the claims proposed to be submitted to arbitration, there is one great interest involved in the case which, we apprehend, in any case can hardly fail to suffer. In fact there is but one light in which the question is a great question; we mean as the conspicuous inauguration of a more sensible, Christian, holy method of settling international quarrels than has hitherto prevailed. In this light, we hailed it as a great advance in Christian civilisation; and in this light we deplore the interruption that has taken place as a great public calamity. Discredit has fallen on the plan which seemed so likely to command universal admiration. When the treaty was agreed to, it seemed as if the shadow on the dial of progress had made a great advance; as we write, it looks as if it had as certainly gone back. No doubt it would have been a very great thing had the friendship of Great Britain and the United States been so cemented that

I. N.S.

henceforward they would have gone hand in hand in all efforts and enterprises for the world's good; but it would have been a still greater thing if, by carrying the arbitration to a peaceful issue, they had shown to the world how public differences may be peacefully settled; discouraged the bloated armaments of the nineteenth century, and induced the nations to begin at last to beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. It is painful that the warm feeling of brotherhood which the Chicago fire and other disasters evoked should have been chilled by a renewed misunderstanding; but it would be still more painful should the noble opportunity of witnessing for Christian principle and Christian practice in the settlement of disputes be lost through the resuscitation of claims never believed, on this side, to be seriously put forward. We cannot help thinking that this high view of the case cannot have been fairly and fully under the notice of our brethren on the other side. If our voice could reach them, and could have any weight, our entreaty to them would be to look at the matter in this high and most Christian light, and to consider whether any gain that could be imagined would compensate for the loss of the satisfaction of contributing to the success of a policy that would go to secure the peace of the world, and bring honour, where hitherto there has been disgrace, to the Christian name.

EDUCATION BATTLES.

Over the bureau of education the sky is far from serene. The Nonconformist conference in Manchester brought out the firm resolve of the Nonconformists not only to demand religious equality in schools, but to demand that such equality, in their sense of it, shall be part of the policy of their political leaders. The Birmingham league has revived to new activity, and seems to discern a possibility of yet accomplishing its aims. The Lord Advocate's bill for Scotland, leaving the whole subject of what is to be taught in schools to be determined in each place by the school-boards, is exposed to an opposite fire—the Nonconformists and the secularists objecting that it does not exclude religious teaching, the Established Church and a few Free Church Adullamites objecting that it does not enact religious teaching. Amid all this cross fire, there is a wide conviction that if some such measure as the Advocate's bill were carried, little or nothing would be heard in practice of the religious difficulty. In Ireland, the cry of the Romish bishops suffers no abatement—the public money must be given to support their religious tenets. No wonder, though many have the uncomfortable feeling of travellers about to pass through a thunderstorm, with so many conflicting forces one looks the more wistfully to the Power that can control them all, and make them conspire, even in their wildest commotion, to the glory of God and the good of men.

THE LICENSING BILL.

Though the publicans succeeded in putting an end to Mr. Bruce's bill last year, it is apparent that they are not to be left in possession of the field. The battle will be renewed. The excitement on the part of the remonstrants is evidently no mere temporary effervescence, but a settled and abiding determination. Men are determined not to sit still and see a system expanding on every side under which every evil that preys on the community thrives and multiplies. What is the use, they ask, of police, and education, and poor-rates, and charity without end, if the institutions that engender neglect, ignorance, lust, violence, and disease swarm in every thoroughfare and open their jaws for the weak and wavering on every side? One thing is plain—the Permissive Bill gains rapid support, less in many cases as a measure intrinsically prized, than as a definite proposal, the bringing of which forward will at least have the effect of giving a better chance to a more moderate measure. Wherever we look into the reports of Christian home missions we invariably find the public-house system closely connected with the worst and most active forms of evil, and whenever a very bad one is closed, the fact is always welcomed as one of the greatest boons. It can hardly be that some substantial improvement in this matter will be delayed much longer; but it can only be by great, united, earnest effort that the friends of temperance can hope to prevail against the powerful influences with which they have to contend.

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT."

The old Scottish motto, which seemed to create an uncomfortable feeling in the breast of Dean Stanley as he crossed the border to have a quiet laugh at Jenny Geddes and her very large and foolish family, has shown its vitality to an extent which has probably exceeded his expectations. Professor Rainy, of the Free Church College, took the field against the Dean with a promptitude that could not have been surpassed, and, smiting him beneath the fifth rib, left him on the ground bleeding and dismembered. The unusual step of giving public battle to a stranger whose courtesy was marked and winning, would not have been taken, had Dean Stanley not indicated an unmistakable design of striking at all definite faith and earnest religion—the treasures of which, above all things else, Scotland is most jealous. The Dean would have been allowed to say a great deal without challenge; but when he praised David Hume as an example of Christian goodness, and held up Robert Burns as a Christian teacher; when he extolled the moderate clergy as the salt of their country, and pronounced its entire martyr-roll as a list of gallant men, no doubt, but fools and fanatics withal, it was felt that an offence had been committed that demanded an unusual counter manifestation. Not in the interests of any sect or party, but in the interests of vital religion, and of revelation itself, Dr. Rainy

entered the lists with the Dean, and on no point, we believe, has the testimony of competent judges been so strong and so unanimous for many a day as on the completeness of the overthrow which Dr. Stanley has sustained. The three lectures of Dr. Rainy have been published, and will be found to present a very interesting and important view of Scottish church history in opposition to Dean Stanley. The only attempt at a reply was in a local newspaper, which could not even rise to its ordinary level of smartness, and closed a dreary article without establishing a single point for itself, or shaking a single position of its opponent's. But whatever feeling of triumph this result of Dr. Stanley's lecturing might occasion, is sadly damped by the thought that the vanquished champion is a man of so many attractive qualities—so kind, so scholarly, so fascinating as a man and as a writer. That such a man should regard Christianity as little more than an agency of civilisation, and should take up a position in reference to it, little, if at all, in advance of that occupied by the Deists of last century, is greatly to be regretted, and we cannot but cling to the hope that he himself will soon see his position to be untenable.

DEAN STANLEY BETTER EMPLOYED.

The *City Mission Magazine* for February presents the Dean of Westminster in a better light than his lectures in the Music Hall of Edinburgh. An account is there given of a very extensive lodging-house in Westminster, the property of a once poor man, who has been able out of its proceeds, according to rumour, to keep his carriage and send his children to a boarding-school. Here hundreds of "bloaks" for fourpence may have the use of bed and fire, of gas and culinary utensils, and the society and jollity of the great common kitchen. The evening services for the working-classes at Westminster Abbey were but a stone's throw from their abode, but to no such place would anything induce them to go. "On two Sunday evenings," writes the *City Missionary*, "the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley accompanied me to visit them. Great respect was paid to them by one hundred and ninety-five men. They ceased to cook and eat. Pipes were extinguished, despite their strong attractions. Clean faces and clean shirts were unusually numerous. The Dean expounded to them the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians. As he was proceeding, an old man exclaimed, 'I am glad to hear you, and see you here to-night.' When the Dean made a reference to Chaucer's poems, another man cried out, 'I read him forty years ago.' And when the Dean kindly invited the men to ask questions, one young man, a once respectable author of a six-shilling book, and a loser of £1,500 in mining shares, quoted the New Testament in Greek, and made critical remarks which received the Dean's approbation. The men were most grateful for the visit. 'What did the Dean think of us?' they subsequently asked. 'Ah, sir, the coat is mout, and the crib a bloak is in its mout, but the bloak

himself and his manners is everything.' " We wonder whether it occurred to the Dean, as he gazed on his motley congregation, that something more than the vague sentiments of natural religion is needed to reach and reclaim such waifs and wanderers.

REFORMS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Session of Parliament is not likely to pass without vigorous efforts to procure some reforms in the services of the English Church. Two bodies appear likely to move in the matter—Convocation and a body outside, which held a meeting on the 15th inst. The Earl of Shaftesbury and the Dean of Westminster both belong to this movement. The objects of the latter body are such as these: to reform but not disestablish the Church; to get passed into law the Archbishop of Canterbury's proposal for increased liberty in the use of the Prayer Book; to discontinue the Athanasian Creed; to secure the representation of the laity in the Church; and to procure the reform of patronage, of the constitution of Convocation, and other abuses. Convocation having at length obtained liberty to meet for business, its decisions will now carry increased importance.

II.—ABROAD.

FRANCE.—UP OR DOWN? THE PARISIAN STAGE.

Alike in the secular and religious press, the tone of correspondents from France is desponding. The political atmosphere, especially, is heavy and threatening. M. Thiers, that seemed lately as indispensable as Louis Napoleon had seemed previously, has provoked the opposition of the whole chamber, and been driven to temporary resignation; no man being able to think how the deluge could be prevented after him! Strange expressions drop from unbelieving men's lips indicating their sense of the need of a moral element to give anything like stability to their country. The deputy who proposed to build a temple in the Champs de Mars and dedicate the country to Jesus Christ was greeted with derisive shouts, but from all accounts some who believe nothing are coming to believe that it is something in this direction that is needed. But, on the other hand, there is no indication of any abatement of the popular frivolity and even immorality. A special correspondent of the *Times* in Paris has lately published in that paper a most lamentable account of the Parisian stage. He says that for a time after the siege it was possible for a respectable man to take a wife to the theatre, or to leave a newspaper on the drawing-room table. For a time the acts and manners of the women of the *demi-monde* were left unnoticed by the newspapers, and the last new scandal was allowed to pass unrecorded. The *régénérateurs* of Paris were not laughed at. By-and-by the old writers and players returned. The smaller journals again reported the *bon-mots* of the *demi-monde*, devoted whole columns to scandalous feasts, and the programmes of the theatres recalled more than ever the worst days of Imperial corruption. The writer then gives some notice of popular plays.

Of one he says, "The subject of the piece is of such a character that I do not know how to relate it to an English newspaper, and yet every evening young women of the better class of the *bourgeoisie* and even young girls listen during four hours, and applaud the most objectionable parts so heartily as to drown the conclusion of the sentences." Of another popular piece, set off by wonderful machinery, he says, "the illusion is so great that one does not perceive that one is at a play. This play, in spite of its decorations and its naked women suspended in the air, is certainly not worth being spoken of seriously, but it is a sad sign of the times. It is hard to know which to lament the most, the authors who seek success by such means, or the people who applaud them."

How comes it that the stage becomes the most shameless exponent of these abominations? Or that immorality finds in her so ready an organ for her corrupting tendencies?

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE VICAR OF THE MADELEINE.

Since the humiliating surrender of Bishop Maret and le Père Gratry, it has seemed as if Gallican independence had been stamped out. But the following communication from the correspondent of the *Daily News* indicates that there are clergymen in Paris who can in no way be induced to swallow the dogma of infallibility:—

"M. Michaud, the Vicar of the Madeleine, who is an honorary canon of Chalons, in a letter to the Archbishop, dated this day, resigns all his ecclesiastical preferments. The reason he gives for this step is that the Archbishop requires the clergy, not only publicly to profess belief in the dogma of the Pope's infallibility, but to believe it sincerely in their hearts. M. Michaud declares open war against the Archbishop, and directly defies the excommunication which he expects will be launched against him. He cares nothing for the scandal which he knows his protest will cause. He will remain a priest and a Catholic, but a Catholic believing with regard to Jesus Christ what has been everywhere, always, and by everybody believed, and not in a belief decreed by a man in Rome just as fallible as himself. He acts not merely on his own account, but for a party in the Church, and announces that to-morrow a committee will assemble at his house, 74, Boulevard Neuilly, in connection with Russian, German, English, Italian, and Spanish committees, and that as soon as sufficient funds are collected, churches will be opened independent of the Ultramontane Episcopacy. The priests, led by the Abbé Michaud, will not allow the Pope to supplant Christ by the Syllabus."

As to the probability of the priests of Paris agreeing to follow the Abbé Michaud, we fear that the opinion of the *Times* correspondent is much more likely to turn out well-founded:—

"As for the priesthood, upon which the Abbé seems principally to rely, they are only those who have all this time been really believing one thing and pretending to believe another, and are not likely to

join them, unless they see their way to a provision. Whether such men are likely to possess the independence, courage, and self-sacrifice which such a crusade as the Abbé invites them to undertake would involve is, I think, a very doubtful question. They will prove, like the rest of the party of order, a very broken reed to trust to when hard knocks have to be given and received, and though there are doubtless in the Church many men who sympathise with every line which the Abbé has written, and even may envy him the position he has taken up, they are as unable to tear themselves from the Church to which they are united, but in which they cannot believe in spite of all their professions, as a good man might be to separate himself from a wife with whom he kept up decent appearances, but whom he felt he could never love."

GERMANY.—BISMARCK AND THE ULTRAMONTANES.

The great German Chancellor has shown his determination not to yield to the Ultramontane scheming. The blunt and open way in which he has set himself right in opposition to the party of Rome has in it a dash of Oliver Cromwell. In the first place, a great change has been effected in the arrangements of the ministry of education which will tell sorely against the Romish party. Herr von Mühler, who has held the portfolio for a considerable number of years, is no longer in office, and with his retirement terminates the system with which he was identified. The practice hitherto has been to leave the management of the Romish schools pretty much in the hands of the bishops. But under Dr. Falk, the new Cultus-minister, different arrangements will be made. The rumour at first circulated that Von Mühler had been driven out by Jesuit influence, appears not only without foundation, but opposed to all that the Jesuits might have been expected to do. The fact is, the new step is obviously in the direction, and is announced to be in the direction of the separation of the Church from the State. The Pope is to have leave if he pleases to send a nuncio from Rome to look after the affairs of his Church, for it is evident that Prince Bismarck has no intention of bestowing much attention on the matter. In one of his speeches in the chamber the Prince showed with much power how the Catholic party sought political influence for ecclesiastical objects, and against this he was determined to set his face. The struggle about to be waged in Germany is evidently one of the liveliest interest, and all eyes, interested in the progress of the kingdom of God, may well be turned in that direction.

ROMANISM IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

In the course of the discussion just referred to in the German Parliament, Dr. Virchow had occasion to remark that in all professorial chairs, Roman Catholicism was declining :—"The clergy know that in the German universities, not alone in the Prussian, the equality is no longer maintained. It is certain that the number of Catholic professors is constantly drop-

ping off. I can speak from my own experience as Professor at Würzburg. I was one of the first Protestants called to Würzburg. We wore there the robes of the Jesuits, for whom the posts were first established. I must confess I wore myself the Jesuit robe, and, so far as I know, the other new professors wore the same. Now the number of Protestant professors has become still greater; and even the Professorship of Medicine, hitherto thought the bulwark of Catholicism, will soon be occupied by a Protestant. This post is an especially holy one, since the old professors of medicine are bound to read Mass daily." The member also spoke of a proposed plan of the bishops to establish a new German university, where "Catholic only should be spoken."

BAVARIA—ALT-CATHOLIC VICTORY

The fight in the Lower Chamber of the Bavarian Parliament has ended in victory for the party who sympathise with the Alt-Catholics, but only by an equality of votes. The charge against the government was that they refused to remove an excommunicated priest. The Chamber consisted of a hundred and fifty-four, and of the members in health it was understood that the votes would be equal. So the Ultramontanists dragged from his bed a deputy with a broken leg, and kept him for two days in the Chamber. The vote was taken, when, *horribile dicta!* the sick deputy voted with the government, and thus saved them from defeat. One of the most telling speeches was that of Professor Sepp, formerly a strong ultra. The following account of his speech is from the correspondence of the *Guardian* :—

"He remarked that speakers had condemned the party spirit of the government; but what of the intolerant spirit of the Church party? And who were the Church party? Not the intelligent laity, but the clergy. They who on Sunday prayed publicly for peace were the disturbers of the peace: the clergy had kindled the blaze, and poured oil on the fire. And for what? To further a doctrine which was contrary to all Church interpretation, and to all Church Catechisms hitherto in use; a doctrine, it is true, carried in the Vatican Council, but only by the creation of a crowd of titular bishops obedient to the Pope—bishops *à la suite*, as he might call them. The adherents of the novelty were only to be found in the masses of the half-educated peasantry, 'the old and young women of both sexes.' 'And if the bishops, who in their slavish submission now punish what they formerly did themselves, do not do their duty, then we will. The greater part of the bishops do not believe themselves in the dogma. (Cries of "Quite right" and "Shame.") Shame! Why, a high prelate had declared that if he had to go to Rome again, he would again oppose the definition.' Then, turning to the clerical fraction, the speaker made the hit of the debate by asking them, 'Do you, then, believe this dogma?'—a question followed by loud laughter, amid which one feeble 'Yes' was heard."

ROME.—DEATH OF DR. LEWIS.

In glancing at Rome, we have room only to notice the heavy blow which the Protestant cause has sustained in the sudden death of Dr. Lewis, minister of the congregation there of the Free Church of Scotland. For about half a dozen years, during a very critical time, Dr. Lewis has filled this place at Rome, and the efficiency of his services has been evinced not only by the erection of a church, but also by his maintaining his ground when the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli were bent on driving him away. A wise counsellor, a faithful servant of his Master, firm in purpose, conciliatory in manner, he seemed to have fallen into the very place which he was qualified above most men to fill; and his sudden removal at so critical a moment in the religious history at Rome appears most mysterious. Thankful for the service which he has been enabled to render, we can but hope and pray that the seed which he has sown may yet bear ample fruit, and that the mantle that has fallen from his shoulders may light on those of a like-minded successor.

III.—MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The most interesting missionary intelligence of the month is to be found in the *Monthly Reporter* of the British and Foreign Bible Society. This report is now issued in an enlarged form, and its communications are often very interesting. It begins by recording that the Emperor of Germany has expressed both verbally and in writing his sense of the benefit conferred on his troops by the efforts of the society to secure that every soldier should have a copy of the Sacred Volume.

In regard to AUSTRIA, it is announced that a great International Exhibition is to be held at Vienna in 1873, and that the directors, mindful of the opportunities of circulating the Bible enjoyed at Paris in 1867, are taking steps to have a dépôt erected for similar purposes at Vienna.

In SPAIN the colporteurs meet with rough treatment in some places, but in many are gladly welcomed. Sometimes the Bible is bought only to be torn to pieces. But occasionally this policy works the other way. "In a town called M—— I sold to the owner of a shop a Spanish Bible for ten reals. The priests, who became aware of the fact, charged the shopkeeper to burn the book, which the poor fellow was loath to do, seeing it would become valueless. However, he tore off the binding, and wrapped up his grocery sales in the naked leaves, which he handed to his customers. This occasioned a few to read the stray leaves, who made inquiries of the shopman about their meaning, and it ended by his telling them that they were part of a book he had purchased of a lame heretic (our colporteur has but one leg). What I am telling you now was kept quietly by the curious themselves, but on my appearing again this second trip they welcomed me most heartily, and I sold in two days one hundred and forty reals' worth of Scriptures. It fairly looks like the hand of Pro-

vidence, and the shopkeeper has been the instrument used in the little awakening, everybody expressing themselves most kindly towards me."

For LABRADOR, it is announced that the printing of the entire Bible in the language of the Esquimaux is now completed. A Moravian missionary says:—"A full century has passed since our missions were commenced among the fierce tribes of the north, and who could say how many weary hours had to be spent by the missionaries before they could with any confidence make the first attempts to translate the word of Divine Truth into a language which, though rich in terms relating to hunting and fishing, was utterly devoid of all expressions referring to the relation of sinful man to the God of holiness and truth and righteousness. Now the great work has, by the aid of the Lord, been accomplished, and though no doubt many imperfections and misconstructions and wrong expressions may be pointed out here and there, to be corrected in time to come, still the Eskimos on the rocky and ice-bound coast of Labrador can now say with the Cretes and Arabians of old, 'We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.'"

At ROME, an Italian Bible Society has been formed in connection with the parent Society.

IV.—OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A DUKE'S THEOLOGY.

It is a rare and yet not an unknown thing to find dukes writing on theological subjects. The late Duke of Manchester wrote on prophecy, and the present Duke of Argyll has written ably and well on topics that lie on the border-land between science and theology. We have received another contribution to theological literature from a duke, and both for the sake of his order and for the sake of religion, we regret very much that he should have made it. It is too much in the line of the Lord Shaftesburys and Bolingbrokes of other days. The Duke of Somerset has committed to the press a hundred and eighty pages on *Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism*. The second of these titles would more fitly have denoted the character of a volume which is intended to destroy the one and to establish the other on its ruins. Christian Theology has survived many attacks directed against it from all sorts of quarters, and though the noble author often tells us that it is now finally exploded, we are disposed to think that it may possibly survive even the Duke of Somerset's publication.

Of one thing we accept his grace as a competent, though perhaps not quite an unprejudiced witness, when he tells us that "educated society in England" is pervaded by scepticism. This is undoubtedly a very serious state of things, so far as it is the state of things, and yet it is not different from what Bishop Butler in the Preface to the *Analogy* tells of his time. It shows the very critical nature of the time in which our lot is cast, although it is by no means fitted to cause any approach to despair.

The duke complains very bitterly of the trouble

which religious inquiries are giving. We do not relish the spirit in which this is said. It is like that of a man out of temper because all is not plain sailing in this region. He tells us that religious questions "incessantly interfere" with the progress of the community; that the "causes of disturbance" are increasing; that religious teachers are for ever intermeddling with politics; and that in consequence of religious disputes, even "the wisdom of Parliament is perplexed." What a consummation!

He wonders very much that the more that religious questions are examined the more uncertainty do they seem to give rise to. On every other subject modern inquiry has produced certain settled convictions; on religion the result of the process has been quite the reverse. If Christianity, as traditionally held, were really true, would not inquiry bring this more and more out? But he entirely overlooks the fact that a great multitude which no man can number, in all countries, and tribes, and tongues, have reached settled convictions, and are wonderfully at one in their religious faith. He forgets the vast "Consensus Evangelicus," the communion of the saints in all parts of the world, who not only believe the same great truths, but to whom these truths are dearer than their life-blood. If it be true, as doubtless it is, that outside of this great catholic body there is great uncertainty among those who investigate theological truth, may not some share of the blame lie with themselves? Do many not begin their inquiries with foregone conclusions? The duke cannot believe a miracle, nor can he believe in the historical truth of any narrative containing a miracle; if he begin his inquiry with this conclusion, what can he come to but uncertainty? In like manner, are there not some who begin their inquiries determined that religion must bend to their science, bend to their philosophy, bend to their reason, or to all their ideas of what is right, true, good; it must bend to their criticism, bend to their antiquarianism, bend to their philology: what else but uncertainty can such persons look for? Religion is a complex thing, and the heart as well as the head is concerned in inquiring into it; if the heart be not in a right condition for making the inquiry the opinions of the head are little to be trusted. The Christian revelation professes to be a revelation for the sinner; if men will not view it as such, what certainty can they make out of it? It comes, moreover, telling us that unless we enter as little children into God's kingdom, we cannot enter at all, and that God reveals to babes what He hides from the wise and prudent. If the childlike spirit be wanting, it is no wonder if uncertainty be complained of. There are times when a large class of men treat religion simply with spathy, and are not earnest enough to be even sceptics. There are other times, and the present age is one of them, when the same class, or many of them, make religion a subject of inquiry. They find much in God's Revelation in which they cannot acquiesce. Those who persevere in a humble spirit, will doubtless be helped through their doubts and difficulties; as for others, their case is explained by the words of

Scripture, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

It is quite true that there are many questions about religion that continue to occasion much difficulty and perplexity to many an honest mind. Many serious and good men cannot see their way through them. But such men fall back on the glorious kernel of truth which they do receive, and on which their hopes of salvation rest; and they can afford to trust that remaining difficulties, perplexing though they be, will some day be scattered by the light of God.

The duke ridicules the ordinary rule of Faith; but virtually he substitutes another—the opinion of "Educated Society!" Educated society has thrown overboard evil spirits, therefore it is a waste of time to argue for them, or for the trustworthiness of the New Testament that maintains their existence. The "Educated Protestant" no longer believes what the Evangelists believed; therefore the Evangelists must go to the wall. The "Educated Protestant" does not believe in the inspiration of St. Paul; therefore it is needless to uphold his teaching. After all, there is nothing like education. The difficulty is, that one cannot well see how far it will carry one, when it is completed. It does not seem to have begun till lately. Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton of course were uneducated men, for they believed in the inspiration of the Scriptures. It is men like the Duke of Somerset that are the real sages of the theological world. Certainly, if we may judge from the number of things which he cannot believe, the duke's education must be well advanced. It does not appear from anything in his book that he believes in sin, in redemption, in regeneration, in the divinity of Christ, in the Trinity, in the atonement. His whole creed consists of two short articles—"There is a good God, and man ought to have charity." Colourless Christianity, as he calls it, has no doctrines—it is an essence, a flavour, a spiritual aroma in society. Yet this aroma has revolutionised the world! This aroma has sustained the dying, cheered the bereaved, converted the profligate, animated the missionary, everywhere blessed and brightened the habitations of men. Wonderful aroma! and wonderful discovery of recent times that the old foundation of the apostles and prophets was a delusion, and that this is the victory that overcometh the world—the aroma of "Educated Society."

The views adopted by the duke are mainly those of Strauss and the Tübingen divines. We have been accustomed to think that such views, however they might find favour among men brought up under the dreamy idealism of German philosophy, could not be accepted by the broad common sense of Englishmen. Surely the Duke of Somerset cannot have reflected on the utterly inadequate explanation they afford of the origin of Christianity—the utter inadequacy of the cause to the effect—or he could not, as an Englishman, have adopted them. We should like to see him try his hand on an endeavour to account for Christianity on his own principles. If the great Founder of Christianity was not such as the Gospels

portray Him, did not do the miracles they allege, did not establish in the minds of his followers the conviction that He had come to save them, and was able to save them, we demand how Christianity could have arisen? How is the conduct, as well as the creed, of the early Christians to be accounted for? The whole thing is an absolute incredibility. To believe even in the bare fact of Christianity, without believing in the evangelical Christ, is a pure absurdity, utterly unworthy of the "educated Protestant."

We have dwelt long enough on the duke, otherwise we might show his ignorance of many things. Thus he expresses his wonder that if the Apostles had the power of curing disease, they did not cure one another. So might he argue, If Jesus had the power of turning stones into bread, why did He hunger in the wilderness? If Jesus could set aside the laws of nature, why did He not come down from the cross? It never seems to strike him that a rare self-denial was associated with that miraculous power. Again, he is displeased with St. Paul because he never drops a tear over the awful sufferings of our Lord. It never seems to have occurred to him that out of the very class of facts of which that is one instance, there arises a strong argument for the authenticity of the Gospel history. The absence of all high colouring and laboured description on the part of the Evangelists and the writers of the Epistles alike; the matter-of-fact manner in which the historians record both the miracles and the sufferings of our Lord, and the calm confidence with which they assume them as matters of notoriety not requiring, at that time of day, either to be proved or wondered at, go to establish the truth of their narrative.

The duke, too, strange to say, seems to think that the ingenious confession of the Evangelists that some did not believe in the resurrection of Christ is a proof that there was no resurrection. Can the duke be so ignorant of human nature as not to know that other causes besides want of evidence may make men unbelievers? And has he so little appreciation of honesty as to make a frank confession by an historian a proof of his knavery? Further, he finds great fault with the Apostle Paul for allegorising certain passages of the Old Testament history. Has the duke studied typology? Does he fancy himself entitled to assume that the interesting and very remarkable symbolical connection of the two dispensations is a mere dream of a disordered fancy? Once more he argues that if Jesus really expelled evil spirits, St. Paul would surely have made some allusion to the fact in his Epistles. But again we ask, how has he contrived to overlook the fact that the Epistles generally are singularly sparing of allusions to the miracles of Christ? Except the great crowning miracle of his resurrection from the dead, they hardly allude to any. They did not need to do it, for in the age in which they were written there was not the slightest tendency to doubt them. Moreover, in this way that very notion is utterly discredited on which the duke builds his theory of the miracles. It is seen that they were not mere traditions added in after times to the genuine

records of Christ's life. If the miracles were myths invented by the fond fancy of his admirers, who should have been so ready to invent them as the Apostles? Yet what trace is there in the epistolary writings of any such thing? What trace in the Epistles of Peter or of John? Then when were the miracles invented, and by whom? We give the duke a challenge. Let him trace in a way that would satisfy any legal tribunal, such as his own House of Lords, the mythical origin of a single miracle in the Gospels; or let him give from fathers, or pagans, or heretics of the first two centuries any real hint of such a thing; and though we cannot say that we will agree with his conclusions, we promise—what will please him as much—that hereafter our respect shall be immensely increased for that "educated society" which he delights to honour.

AMERICAN APOLOGETICS.

Boston Lectures, 1870. Christianity and Scepticism; comprising a Treatment of Questions in Philosophical Criticism.

Boston Lectures, 1871. Christianity and Scepticism; comprising a Treatment of Questions in Biblical Criticism.

These lectures are chiefly by New England professors and ministers, of the Congregational churches, in opposition to the scepticism which has found in Boston so extensive a home. Without necessarily committing ourselves to all the views which they contain, we remark that they exemplify some of the best features of American thought and style. The true American is never dull or heavy, he has a wonderful power of enlivenment, puts his thoughts in a fresh and modern dress, makes a copious use of facts, marshals his arguments with cumulative power, and throws unusual pith and vivacity into his language. We have read several of the lectures in these two substantial volumes with great interest and profit, but our limits forbid any attempt at reproduction. As a whole they are very able, and we regard them as remarkably well fitted for the purpose in view. Some of the ablest professors at Yale, Andover, and other New England colleges and seminaries, contribute very effectively to these volumes.

What is Truth? by Rev. E. Burgess, A.M., is the title of a series of twelve lectures "on the antiquity and unity of the human race, with an examination of recent scientific speculations on those subjects." The lectures were delivered in Boston, and the author, who died soon after their delivery, was a missionary in India of the American Board. In the lectures, the various arguments in favour of the antiquity and complex origin of the human race are carefully examined. First, the subject of Bible Chronology is discussed, and the author decides in favour of the Septuagint Chronology, which gives some 1,500 years more than the Hebrew between the Creation and the Christian era. This he deems sufficient to account for every event that occurred in the Valley of the Nile. In successive lectures he examines the argument from

history, embracing Egypt, Greece, and Rome, the Chaldees, the Hindus, and the Chinese; then the argument from ethnology; next the arguments from physiology, language, tradition, and mythology; and lastly the argument from geology. After a full statement of all the principal facts, he comes to the conclusion that there is no real evidence for any antiquity greater than that allowed by the Septuagint, or for a complex origin of man. On reading such a treatise, one cannot but be amazed at the credulity that from the place of a skeleton on the banks of the Mississippi infers that it must have been there 50,000 years; and the incredulity that rejects the mass of direct evidence, historical and moral, for the authenticity of the Gospel history and the reality of the miracles of Christ.

It is interesting to see how the practice of public or popular Apologetic Lectures is becoming prevalent in all countries where there is a tendency to scepticism. *The Bremen Lectures on Fundamental, Living, Religious Questions*, translated from the German by the Rev. D. Heagle, and just published at Boston, exemplify our remark. The questions which these Lectures discuss are just the questions that press for discussion at home. The Bible and Natural Science—Reason, Conscience, and Revelation—Miracles—The Person of Christ—the Resurrection of Christ—the Atonement—the Authenticity of our Gospels—the Kingdom of God—Christianity and Culture—are treated in this volume from the side of faith. Among the lecturers are such well-known names as those of Luthardt, Tischendorf, and Lange, the others being those of men of similar stamp. When we name Luthardt, whose lectures are so well known in this country, we give our readers an idea of the whole volume.

BIOGRAPHY.

Whoever maintains that the days of Christian heroism are gone, and fancies, with Professor Jowett, that we have lighted on times when no one would die for his religion,—let him read *The Daughters of Syria, a Narrative of Efforts by the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson for the Evangelisation of the Syrian Females*. We are glad to think that, high and noble record though it is of the life-work of an English lady who willingly devoted herself to the Christian good of her Syrian sisters, it is not more than is done by many a Christian lady of our time whose whole-hearted devotedness is one of the brightest and most hopeful things in the chequered aspect of the Church of the present day. Mrs. Thompson was the wife of Dr. James Bowen Thompson, a medical missionary, who, having offered his services during the Crimean war, when our soldiers were in such need of medical aid, succumbed to an attack of fever, to the unutterable distress of the young widow, who was left in a foreign land. It was after the terrible massacre in the Lebanon, when many of the Hasbeyan widows and orphans fled destitute to Beirut, that Mrs. Thompson was led to devote herself to the cause of the Syrian female schools. Her strong belief was that the Bible alone could be the means of regenerating Syria, and delivering its inhabitants from such revolting mas-

sacres; and the schools which she established were set going and carried on with the direct and acknowledged purpose of bringing the girls to the Saviour. A very signal blessing has rested on them. The central institution is at Beirut, but they have spread to Damascus, and over the Lebanon. All the races of Syria are represented in these schools, and they are attended by married women, girls, and infants. Little Syrian girls of nine or ten years old have become Bible readers to their parents and others who have grown up in ignorance. Rich Mahometans send their daughters, and pay liberally for their education. The schools have excited a deep interest in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Worn out by toilsome journeys, Mrs. Thompson had to return to England in 1869, and died at the house of her sister, in the midst of her years. The volume before us is a simple and modest record of her labours, edited by Dr. H. B. Tristram, who has always been deeply interested in the work. The only observation with which we qualify our hearty approval of it is, that we should have liked it better had it made more reference to the devoted fellow-labourers in the Gospel who have been at work, though in a somewhat different manner, in the same deeply interesting field.

Threescore and Ten: a Memorial of the late Albert Barnes, is not properly a life, but a characteristic and memorable discourse preached by him when he reached the allotted term, with an essay *in memoriam* by one friend, and a sermon by another. The discourse is interesting, fresh, energetic, well-fitted to induce us to take a hopeful view of life, and to work well and steadily while it is called to-day. We learn from the other papers that Mr. Barnes was born in the year 1798; that he was originally a tanner, that his love of learning bore him to school and college; that at college he was converted through the influence of a fellow-student telling him of his own conversion; that he gave up the law, which he had formerly intended to study, and at Princeton studied for the ministry. His great monument is his commentaries on Scripture, begun, as he tells us, as a side-work, with the view of helping his Sunday-school teachers, and all written before breakfast. Mr. March concludes his *in memoriam* sketch with the following incident: "A stranger meeting him while walking along the seaside, and hearing his name, went up to him, and courteously begged to be allowed to tell him of the good he had derived from his 'Notes on the New Testament.' The stranger was a native of another country, a gentleman of culture and high position in his own land, and he thought it a memorable day in his life when he met Mr. Barnes, and acknowledged his obligation. And so now I love to think of Albert Barnes as walking on the shore of a crystal sea, and there, not one but thousands from many lands meeting him with joy, and telling them how much he had enriched them by his life of toil; and I love to think of him there in the same modest and manly spirit, which marked his character here, ascribing the glory of all he did unto Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—MY FIRST TERROR.



NE of the main discomforts in writing a book is, that there are so many ways in which everything, as it comes up, might be told and you can't tell which is the best. You believe there must be a best way, but you might spend your life in trying

to satisfy yourself which was that best way, and, when you came to the close of it, find you had done nothing—hadn't even found out the way. I have always to remind myself that something, even if it be far from the best thing, is better than nothing. Perhaps the only way to arrive at the best way is to make plenty of blunders, and find them out.

This morning I had been sitting a long time with my pen in my hand thinking what this chapter ought to be about—that is, what part of my own history, or of that of my neighbours interwoven therewith, I ought to take up next, when my third child, my little Cecilia, aged five, came into the room, and said—

"Mamma, there's a poor man at the door, and Jemima won't give him anything."

"Quite right, my dear. We must give what we can to people we know. We are sure then that it is not wasted."

"But he's so *very* poor, mamma!"

"How do you know that?"

"Poor man! he has *only* three children. I heard him tell Jemima. He was *so* sorry! And I'm very sorry too."

"But don't you know you mustn't go to the door when any one is talking to Jemima?" I said.

I. N.S.

"Yes, mamma. I didn't go to the door; I stood in the hall and peeped."

"But you mustn't even stand in the hall," I said. "Mind that."

This was, perhaps, rather an oppressive reading of a proper enough rule; but I had a very special reason for it, involving an important event in my story, which occurred about two years after what I have last set down.

One morning Percivale took a holiday in order to give me one, and we went to spend it at Richmond. It was the anniversary of our marriage, and as we wanted to enjoy it thoroughly, and, precious as children are, *every* pleasure is not enhanced by their company, we left ours at home—Ethel and her brother Roger (named after Percivale's father), who was now nearly a year old, and wanted a good deal of attention. It was a lovely day, with just a sufficient number of passing clouds to glorify—that is, to do justice to—the sunshine, and a gentle breeze, which itself seemed to be taking a holiday, for it blew only just when you wanted it, and then only enough to make you think of that wind which, blowing where it lists, always blows where it is wanted. We took the train to Hammersmith; for my husband, having consulted the tide-table, and found that the river would be propitious, wished to row me from there to Richmond. How gay the river-side looked, with its fine broad landing stage, and the numberless boats ready to push off on the swift water, which kept growing and growing on the shingly shore! Percivale, however, would hire his boat at a certain builder's shed, that I might see it. That shed alone would have been worth coming to see—such a picture of loveliest gloom—as if it had been the cave where the twilight abode its time! You could not tell whether to call it light or shade—that diffused presence of a soft elusive brown; but is what we call shade anything but subdued light? All about, above, and below, lay the graceful creatures of the water—moveless and dead here on the shore, but there—launched into their own elemental world and blown upon by the living wind—endowed at once with life and motion and quick response.

Not having been used to boats, I felt

nervous as we got into the long, sharp-nosed, hollow fish which Percivale made them shoot out on the rising tide; but the slight fear vanished, almost the moment we were afloat, when, ignorant as I was of the art of rowing, I could not help seeing how perfectly Percivale was at home in it. The oars in his hands were like knitting-needles in mine, so deftly, so swimmingly, so variously did he wield them. Only once my fear returned—when he stood up in the swaying thing—a mere length without breadth—to pull off his coat and waistcoat; but he stood steady, sat down gently, took his oars quietly, and the same instant we were shooting so fast through the rising tide that it seemed as if *we* were pulling the water up to Richmond.

"Wouldn't you like to steer?" said my husband. "It would amuse you."

"I should like to learn," I said,—"not that I want to be amused; I am too happy to care for amusement."

"Take those two cords behind you, then,—one in each hand, sitting between them. That will do. Now, if you want me to go to your right, pull your right-hand cord; if you want me to go to your left, pull your left-hand one."

I made an experiment or two, and found the predicted consequences follow: I ran him aground, first on one bank, then on the other. But when I did so a third time—

"Come! come!" he said; "this won't do, Mrs. Percivale. You're not trying your best. There is such a thing as gradation in steering as well as in painting, or music, or anything else that is worth doing."

"I pull the right line, don't I?" I said; for I was now in a mood to tease him.

"Yes—to a wrong result," he answered. "You must feel your rudder, as you would the mouth of your horse with the bit—and not do anything violent, except in urgent necessity."

I answered by turning the head of the boat right towards the nearer bank.

"I see!" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I have put a dangerous power into your hands. But never mind. The queen may decree as she likes; but the sinews of war, you know—"

I thought he meant that if I went on with my arbitrary behaviour, he would drop his oars; and for a little while I behaved better. Soon, however, the spirit of mischief prompting me, I began my tricks again: to my surprise I found that I had no more command over the boat than over the huge barge which, with its great red-brown sail, was slowly

ascending in front of us; I couldn't turn its head an inch in the direction I wanted.

"What does it mean, Percivale?" I cried, pulling with all my might, and leaning forward that I might pull the harder.

"What does what mean?" he returned coolly.

"That I can't move the boat."

"Oh! It means that I have resumed the reins of government."

"But how? I can't understand it."

"And I am wiser than to make you too wise. Education is *not* a panacea for moral evils. I quote your father, my dear."

And he pulled away as if nothing were the matter.

"Please, I like steering," I said remonstratingly.

"And I like rowing."

"I don't see why the two shouldn't go together."

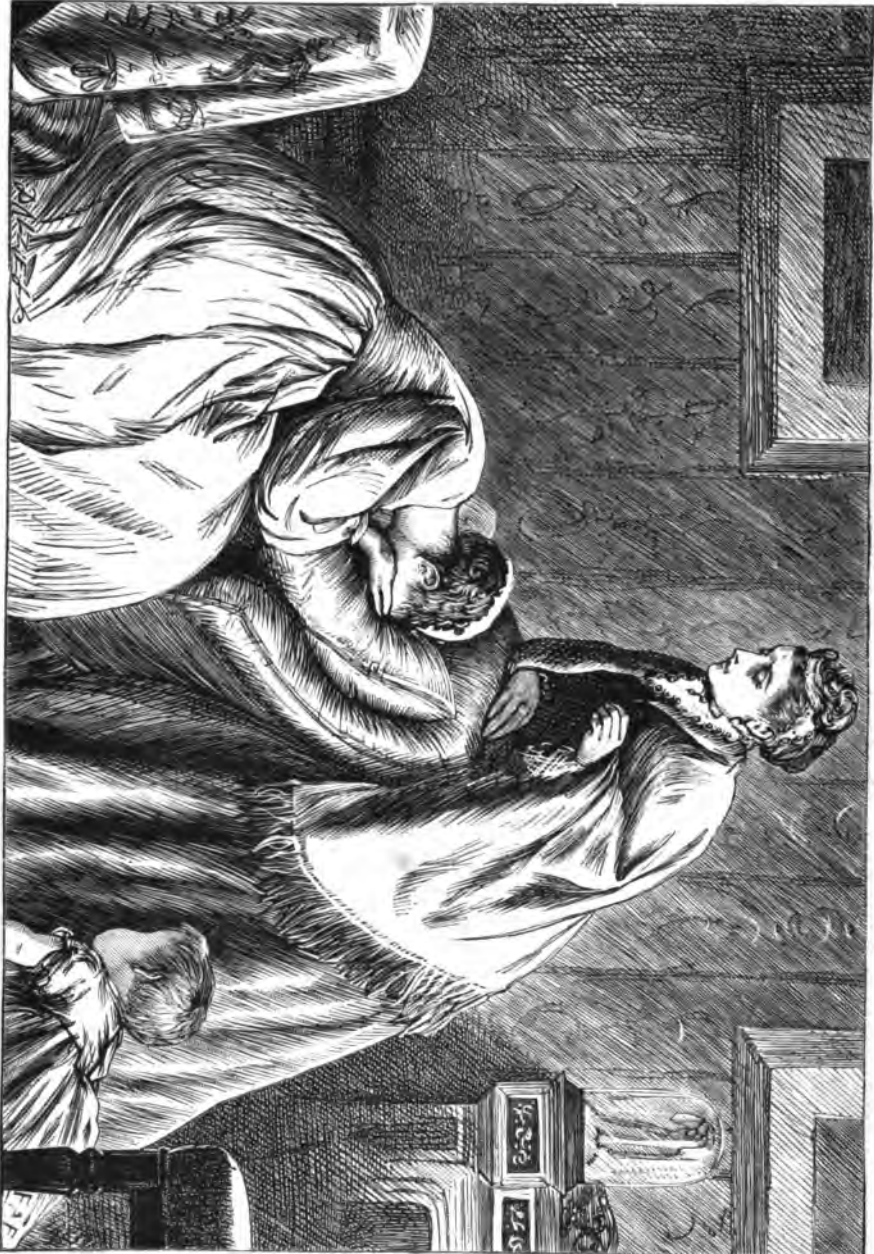
"Nor I. They ought. But not only does the steering depend on the rowing, but the rower can steer himself."

"I will be a good girl, and steer properly."

"Very well; steer away."

He looked shorewards as he spoke; and then first I became aware that he had been watching my hands all the time. The boat now obeyed my lightest touch.

How merrily the water rippled in the sun and the wind! while so responsive were our feelings to the play of light and shade around us, that more than once when a cloud crossed us, I saw its shadow turn almost into sadness on the countenance of my companion—to vanish the next moment when the one sun above and the thousand mimic suns below shone out in universal laughter. When a steamer came in sight, or announced its approach by the far-heard sound of its beating paddles, it brought with it a few moments of almost awful responsibility; but I found that the presence of danger and duty together, instead of making me feel flurried, composed my nerves, and enabled me to concentrate my whole attention on getting the head of the boat as nearly as possible at right angles with the waves from the paddles; for Percivale had told me that if one of any size struck us on the side, it would most probably capsize us. But the way to give pleasure to my readers can hardly be to let myself grow garrulous in the memory of an ancient pleasure of my own. I will say nothing more of the delights of that day. They were such a contrast to its close, that twelve months at least elapsed before I was able to look back upon them without a



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

shudder; for I could not rid myself of the foolish feeling that our enjoyment had been somehow to blame for what was happening at home while we were thus revelling in blessed carelessness.

When we reached our little nest, rather late in the evening, I found to my annoyance that the front door was open. It had been a fault of which I thought I had cured the cook—to leave it thus when she ran out to fetch anything. Percivale went down to the study, and I walked into the drawing-room, about to ring the bell in anger. There, to my surprise and further annoyance, I found Sarah, seated on the sofa with her head in her hands, and little Roger wide awake on the floor.

"What *does* this mean?" I cried. "The front door open! Master Roger still up! and you seated in the drawing-room!"

"Oh, ma'am!" she almost shrieked, starting up the moment I spoke, and, by the time I had put my angry interrogation, just able to gasp out—"Have you found her, ma'am?"

"Found whom?" I returned, in alarm both at the question and at the face of the girl; for through the dusk I now saw that it was very pale, and that her eyes were red with crying.

"Miss Ethel," she answered, in a cry choked with a sob; and dropping again on the sofa, she hid her face once more between her hands.

I rushed to the study door, and called Percivale; then returned to question the girl. I wonder now that I did nothing outrageous, but fear kept down folly, and made me unnaturally calm.

"Sarah," I said, as quietly as I could, while I trembled all over, "tell me what has happened. Where is the child?"

"Indeed it's not my fault, ma'am. I was busy with Master Roger, and Miss Ethel was down stairs with *Jemima*."

"Where is she?" I repeated sternly.

"I don't know no more than the man in the moon, ma'am."

"Where's *Jemima*?"

"Run out to look for her?"

"How long have you missed her?"

"An hour. Or perhaps two hours. I don't know, my head's in such a whirl. I can't remember when I saw her last. Oh ma'am! What *shall* I do?"

Percivale had come up, and was standing beside me. When I looked round, he was as pale as death; and at the sight of his face, I nearly dropped on the floor. But he caught

hold of me, and said, in a voice so dreadfully still that it frightened me more than anything,

"Come, my love; do not give way, for we must go to the police at once." Then, turning to Sarah—"Have you searched the house and garden?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every hole and corner. We've looked under every bed, and into every cupboard and chest—the coal-cellar, the box-room—everywhere."

"The bath-room?" I cried.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; the bath-room, and everywhere."

"Have there been any tramps about the house since we left?" Percivale asked.

"Not that I know of; but the nursery window looks into the garden, you know, sir. *Jemima* didn't mention it."

"Come then, my dear," said my husband.

He compelled me to swallow a glass of wine, and led me away, almost unconscious of my bodily movements, to the nearest cabstand. I wondered afterwards when I recalled the calm gaze with which he glanced along the line, and chose the horse whose appearance promised the best speed. In a few minutes we were telling the inspector at the police-station in Albany Street what had happened. He took a sheet of paper, and asking one question after another about her age, appearance, and dress, wrote down our answers. He then called a man, to whom he gave the paper, with some words of direction.

"The men are now going on their beats for the night," he said, turning again to us. "They will all hear the description of the child, and some of them have orders to search."

"Thank you," said my husband. "Which station had we better go to next?"

"The news will be at the farthest before you could reach the nearest," he answered. "We shall telegraph to the suburbs first."

"Then what more is there we can do?" asked Percivale.

"Nothing," said the inspector, "—except you find out whether any of the neighbours saw her, and when and where. It would be something to know in what direction she was going.—Have you any ground for suspicion? Have you ever discharged a servant? Were any tramps seen about the place?"

"I know who it is!" I cried. "It's the woman that took *Theodora*! It's *Theodora*'s mother! I know it is!"

Percivale explained what I meant.

"That's what people get you see, when they take on themselves other people's business,"

returned the inspector. "That child ought to have been sent to the workhouse."

He laid his head on his hand for a moment.

"It seems likely enough," he added. Then after another pause—"I have your address. The child shall be brought back to you the moment she's found. We can't mistake her after your description."

"Where are you going now?" I said to my husband, as we left the station to re-enter the cab.

"I don't know," he answered, "except we go home and question all the shops in the neighbourhood."

"Let us go to Miss Clare first," I said.

"By all means," he answered.

We were soon at the entrance of Lime Court.

When we turned the corner in the middle of it, we heard the sound of a piano.

"She's at home!" I cried, with a feeble throb of satisfaction. The fear that she might be out had for the last few moments been uppermost.

We entered the house, and ascended the stairs in haste. Not a creature did we meet, except a wicked-looking cat. The top of her head was black, her forehead and face white; and the black and white were shaped so as to look like hair parted over a white forehead, which gave her green eyes a frightfully human look as she crouched in the corner of a window-sill in the light of a gas-lamp outside. But before we reached the top of the first stair we heard the sounds of dancing as well as of music. In a moment after, with our load of gnawing fear and helpless eagerness, we stood in the midst of a merry assembly of men women and children, who filled Miss Clare's room to overflowing. It was Saturday night, and they were gathered according to custom for their weekly music.

They made a way for us, and Miss Clare left the piano and came to meet us, with a smile on her beautiful face. But when she saw our faces, hers fell.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Percivale?" she asked in alarm.

I sunk on the chair from which she had risen.

"We've lost Ethel," said my husband quietly.

"What do you mean? You don't——"

"No, no; she's gone; she's stolen. We don't know where she is," he answered with faltering voice. "We've just been to the police."

Miss Clare turned white; but instead of

making any remark, she called out to some of her friends whose good manners were making them leave the room,

"Don't go, please; we want you." Then turning to me, she asked, "May I do as I think best?"

"Yes, certainly," answered my husband.

"My friend, Mrs. Percivale," she said, addressing the whole assembly, "has lost her little girl."

A murmur of dismay and sympathy arose.

"What can we do to find her?" she went on.

They fell to talking among themselves. The next instant, two men came up to us, making their way from the neighbourhood of the door. The one was a keen-faced elderly man, with iron-grey whiskers and clean-shaved chin; the other was my first acquaintance in the neighbourhood, the young brick-layer. The elder addressed my husband, while the other listened without speaking.

"Tell us what she's like, sir, and how she was dressed—though that ain't much use. She'll be all different by this time."

The words shot a keener pang to my heart than it had yet felt. My darling stripped of her nice clothes, and covered with dirty, perhaps infected garments! But it was no time to give way to feeling.

My husband repeated to the men the description he had given the police, loud enough for the whole room to hear; and the women in particular, Miss Clare told me afterwards, caught it up with remarkable accuracy. They would not have done so, she said, but that their feelings were touched.

"Tell them also, please, Mr. Percivale, about the child Mrs. Percivale's father and mother found and brought up. That may have something to do with this."

My husband told them all the story, adding that the mother of the child might have found out who we were, and taken ours as a pledge for the recovery of her own.

Here one of the women spoke.

"That dark woman you took in one night—two years ago, miss—she say something. I was astin' of her in the mornin' what her trouble was, for that trouble *she* had on *her* mind was plain to see, and she come over something, half-way like, about losin' of a child; but whether it were dead, or strayed, or stolen, or what, I couldn't tell; and no more, I believe, she wanted me to."

Here another woman spoke.

"I'm 'most sure I saw her—the same woman—two days ago, and no furrer off than Gower Street," she said. "You're too good by half, miss," she went on, "to the

likes of sich. They ain't none of them respectable."

"Perhaps you'll see some good come out of it before long," said Miss Clare in reply.

The words sounded like a rebuke, for all this time I had hardly sent a thought upwards for help. The image of my child had so filled my heart that there was no room left for the thought of duty, or even of God.

Miss Clare went on, still addressing the company, and her words had a tone of authority.

"I will tell you what you must do," she said. "You must, every one of you, run and tell everybody you know, and tell every one to tell everybody else. You mustn't stop to talk it over with each other, or let those you tell it to stop to talk to you about it, for it is of the greatest consequence no time should be lost in making it as quickly and as widely known as possible. Go, please."

In a few moments the room was empty of all but ourselves. The rush on the stairs was tremendous for a single minute, and then all was still. Even the children had rushed out, to tell what other children they could find.

"What must we do next?" said my husband.

Miss Clare thought for a moment.

"I would go and tell Mr. Blackstone," she said. "It is a long way from here, but whoever has taken the child would not be likely to linger in the neighbourhood. It is best to try everything."

"Right," said my husband. "Come, Wynnie."

"Wouldn't it be better to leave Mrs. Percivale with me?" said Miss Clare. "It is dreadfully fatiguing to go driving over the stones."

It was very kind of her; but if she had been a mother she would not have thought of parting me from my husband; neither would she have fancied that I could remain inactive so long as it was possible even to imagine I was doing something; but when I told her how I felt, she saw at once that it would be better for me to go.

We set off instantly, and drove to Mr. Blackstone's. What a long way it was! Down Oxford Street and Holborn we rattled and jolted, and then through many narrow ways in which I had never been, emerging at length in a broad road, with many poor and a few fine old houses in it; then again plunging into still more shabby regions of small houses, which, alas! were new and yet

wretched! At length, near an open space, where yet not a blade of grass could grow for the trampling of many feet, and for the smoke from tall chimneys, close by a gasometer of awful size, we found the parsonage, and Mr. Blackstone in his study. The moment he heard our story he went to the door and called his servant. "Run, Jabez," he said, "and tell the sexton to ring the church-bell. I will come to him directly I hear it."

I may just mention that Jabez and his wife, who formed the whole of Mr. Blackstone's household, did not belong to his congregation, but were members of a small community in the neighbourhood calling themselves Peculiar Baptists.

About ten minutes passed, during which little was said: Mr. Blackstone never seemed to have any mode of expressing his feelings except action, and where that was impossible they took hardly any recognizable shape. When the first boom of the big bell filled the little study in which we sat, I gave a cry, and jumped up from my chair: it sounded in my ears like the knell of my lost baby, for at the moment I was thinking of her as once when a baby she lay for dead in my arms. Mr. Blackstone got up and left the room, and my husband rose and would have followed him; but, saying he would be back in a few minutes, he shut the door and left us. It was half an hour—a dreadful half hour, before he returned, for to sit doing nothing, not even being carried somewhere to do something, was frightful.

"I've told them all about it," he said. "I couldn't do better than follow Miss Clare's example. But my impression is, that if the woman you suspect be the culprit, she would make her way out to the open as quickly as possible. Such people are most at home on the commons; they are of a less gregarious nature than the wild animals of the town. What shall you do next?"

"That is just what I want to know," answered my husband.

He never asked advice except when he did not know what to do; and never except from one whose advice he meant to follow.

"Well," returned Mr. Blackstone, "I should put an advertisement into every one of the morning papers."

"But the offices will all be closed," said Percivale.

"Yes; the publishing, but not the printing offices."

"How am I to find out where they are?"

"I know one or two of them, and the people there will tell us the rest."

"Then you mean to go with us?"

"Of course I do—that is, if you will have me. You don't think I would leave you to go alone? Have you had any supper?"

"No. Would you like something, my dear?" said Percivale turning to me.

"I couldn't swallow a mouthful," I said.

"Nor I either," said Percivale.

"Then I'll just take a hunch of bread with me," said Mr. Blackstone, "for I am hungry. I've had nothing since one o'clock."

We neither asked him not to go, nor offered to wait till he had had his supper. Before we reached Printing-house Square he had eaten half a loaf.

"Are you sure," said my husband, as we were starting, "that they will take an advertisement at the printing-office?"

"I think they will. The circumstances are pressing. They will see that we are honest people, and will make a push to help us. But for anything I know it may be quite *en règle*."

"We must pay, though," said Percivale, putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out his purse. "There! Just as I feared! No money!—Two—three shillings—and sixpence!"

Mr. Blackstone stopped the cab.

"I've not got as much," he said. "But it's of no consequence. I'll run and write a cheque."

"But where can you change it? The little shops about here won't be able."

"There's the Blue Posts."

"Let me take it, then. You won't be seen going into a public-house?" said Percivale.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Blackstone.

"Do you think my character won't stand that much? Besides, they wouldn't change it for you. But when I think of it, I used the last cheque in my book in the beginning of the week. Never mind; they will lend me five pounds."

We drove to the Blue Posts. He got out, and returned in one minute with five sovereigns.

"What will people say to your borrowing five pounds at a public-house?" said Percivale.

"If they say what is right, it won't hurt me."

"But if they say what is wrong?"

"That they can do any time, and that won't hurt me either."

"But what will the landlord himself think?"

"I have no doubt he feels grateful to me for being so friendly. You can't oblige a man more than by asking a *light* favour of him."

"Do you think it well in your position to be obliged to a man in his?" asked Percivale.

"I do. I am glad of the chance. It will bring me into friendly relations with him."

"Do you wish then to be in friendly relations with him?"

"Indubitably. In what other relations do you suppose a clergyman ought to be with one of his parishioners?"

"You didn't invite *him* into your parish, I presume."

"No; and he didn't invite me. The thing was settled in higher quarters. There we are anyhow; and I have done quite a stroke of business in borrowing that money of him."

Mr. Blackstone laughed, and the laugh sounded frightfully harsh in my ears.

"A man—" my husband went on, who was surprised that a clergyman should be so liberal—"a man who sells drink!—in whose house so many of your parishioners will to-morrow night get too drunk to be in church the next morning!"

"I wish having been drunk were what *would* keep them from being in church. Drunk or sober, it would be all the same. Few of them care to go. They are turning out better, however, than when first I came. As for the publican, who knows what chance of doing him a good turn it may put in my way?"

"You don't expect to persuade him to shut shop?"

"No; he must persuade himself to that."

"What good, then, can you expect to do him?"

"Who knows? I say. You can't tell what good may or may not come out of it, any more than you can tell which of your efforts, or which of your helpers, may this night be the means of restoring your child."

"What do you expect the man to say about it?"

"I shall provide him with something to say. I don't want him to attribute it to some foolish charity. He might. In the New Testament, publicans are acknowledged to have hearts."

"Yes; but the word has a very different meaning in the New Testament."

"The feeling religious people bear towards them, however, comes very near to that with which society regarded the publicans of old."

"They are far more hurtful to society than those tax-gatherers."

"They may be. I dare say they are. Perhaps they are worse than the sinners with

whom their namesakes of the New Testament are always coupled."

I will not follow the conversation further; I will only give the close of it. Percivale told me afterwards that he had gone on talking in the hope of diverting my thoughts a little.

"What then do you mean to tell him?" asked Percivale.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Mr. Blackstone. "I shall go in to-morrow morning, just at the time when there will probably be far too many people at the bar—a little after noon. I shall return him his five sovereigns, ask for a glass of ale, and tell him the whole story—how my friend, the celebrated painter, came with his wife—and the rest of it, adding, I trust, that the child is all right, and at the moment probably going out for a walk with her mother, who won't let her out of her sight for a moment."

He laughed again, and again I thought him heartless; but I understand him better now. I wondered, too, that Percivale *could* go on talking, and yet I found that their talk did make the time go a little quicker. At length we reached the printing-office of *The Times*—near Blackfriars Bridge, I think.

After some delay, we saw an overseer, who, curt enough at first, became friendly when he heard our case. If he had not had children of his own, we might perhaps have fared worse. He took down the description and address, and promised that the advertisement should appear in the morning's paper in the best place he could now find for it.

Before we left, we received minute directions as to the whereabouts of the next nearest office. We spent the greater part of the night in driving from one printing-office to another. Mr. Blackstone declared he would not leave us until we had found her.

"You have to preach twice to-morrow," said Percivale: it was then three o'clock.

"I shall preach all the better," he returned.—"Yes; I feel as if I should give them *one* good sermon to-morrow."

"The man talks as if the child were found already!" I thought with indignation. "It's a pity he hasn't a child of his own!—he would be more sympathetic." At the same time if I had been honest I should have confessed to myself that his confidence and hope helped to keep me up.

At last, having been to the printing-office of every daily paper in London, we were on our dreary way home. Oh, how dreary it was!—and the more dreary that the cool, sweet

light of a spring dawn was growing in every street, no smoke having yet begun to pour from the multitudinous chimneys to sully its purity! From misery and want of sleep, my soul and body both felt like a grey foggy night. Every now and then the thought of my child came with a fresh pang—not that she was one moment absent from me, but that a new thought about her would dart a new sting into the ever-burning throb of the wound. If you had asked me the one blessed thing in the world, I should have said *sleep*—with my husband and children beside me. But I dreaded sleep now, both for its visions and for the frightful waking. Now and then I would start violently, thinking I heard my Ethel cry; but from the cab-window no child was ever to be seen, down all the lonely street. Then I would sink into a succession of efforts to picture to myself her little face—white with terror and misery, and smeared with the dirt of the pitiful hands that rubbed the streaming eyes. They might have beaten her! she might have cried herself to sleep in some wretched hovel—or, worse, in some fever-stricken and crowded lodging-house, with horrible sights about her and horrible voices in her ears! Or she might at that moment be dragged wearily along a country-road, farther and farther from her mother! I could have shrieked and torn my hair. What if I should never see her again? She might be murdered, and I never know it! O my darling! my darling!

At the thought a groan escaped me. A hand was laid on my arm. That I knew was my husband's. But a voice was in my ear, and that was Mr. Blackstone's.

"Do you think God loves the child less than you do? Or do you think he is less able to take care of her than you are? When the disciples thought themselves sinking, Jesus rebuked them for being afraid. Be still, and you will see the hand of God in this. Good you cannot foresee will come out of it."

I could not answer him, but I felt both rebuked and grateful.

All at once I thought of Roger. What would he say when he found that his pet was gone, and we had never told him?

"Roger!" I said to my husband. "We've never told him!"

"Let us go now," he returned.

We were at the moment close to North Crescent.

After a few thundering raps at the door, the landlady came down. Percivale rushed up, and in a few minutes returned with Roger. They got into the cab. A great talk followed, but I

heard hardly anything, or rather I heeded nothing. I only recollect that Roger was very indignant with his brother for having been out all night without him to help.

"I never thought of you, Roger," said Percivale.

"So much the worse!" said Roger.

"No," said Mr. Blackstone. "A thousand things make us forget. I daresay your brother all but forgot God in the first misery of his loss. To have thought of you and not to have told you, would have been another thing."

A few minutes after, we stopped at our desolate house, and the cabman was dismissed with one of the sovereigns from the Blue Posts. I wondered afterwards what manner of man or woman had changed it there. A dim light was burning in the drawing-room. Percivale took his pass-key and opened the door. I hurried in and went straight to my own room, for I longed to be alone that I might weep—nor weep only. I fell on my knees by the bedside, buried my face, and sobbed and tried to pray. But I could not collect my thoughts, and, overwhelmed by a fresh access of despair, I started again to my feet.

Could I believe my eyes! What was that in the bed? Trembling as with an ague—in terror lest the vision should by vanishing prove itself a vision—I stooped towards it. I heard a breathing! It was the fair hair and the rosy face of my darling—fast asleep—without one trace of suffering on her angelic loveliness! I remember no more for a while. They tell me I gave a great cry and fell on the floor. When I came to myself I was lying on the bed. My husband was bending over me, and Roger and Mr. Blackstone were both in the room. I could not speak, but my husband understood my questioning gaze.

"Yes, yes, my love," he said quietly; "she's all right—safe and sound, thank God!"

And I did thank God.

Mr. Blackstone came to the bedside with a look and a smile that seemed to my conscience to say, "I told you so." I held out my hand to him, but could only weep. Then I remembered how we had vexed Roger, and called him.

"Dear Roger," I said, "forgive me, and go and tell Miss Clare."

I had some reason to think this the best amends I could make him.

"I will go at once," he said. "She will be anxious."

"And I will go to my sermon," said Mr. Blackstone, with the same quiet smile.

They shook hands with me, and went away. And my husband and I rejoiced over our first-born.

CHAPTER XXVI.—ITS SEQUEL.

My darling was recovered neither through Miss Clare's injunctions nor Mr. Blackstone's bell-ringing. A woman was walking steadily westward, carrying the child asleep in her arms, when a policeman stopped her at Turnham Green. She betrayed no fear, only annoyance, and offered no resistance, only begged he would not wake the child, or take her from her. He brought them in a cab to the police-station, whence the child was sent home. As soon as she arrived, Sarah gave her a warm bath and put her to bed, but she scarcely opened her eyes.

Jemima had run about the streets till midnight, and then fallen asleep on the doorstep, where the policeman found her when he brought the child. For a week she went about like one dazed, and the blunders she made were marvellous. She ordered a brace of cod from the poulterer, and a pound of anchovies at the crockery shop. One day at dinner, we could not think how the chops were so pulpy, and we got so many bits of bone in our mouths: she had powerfully beaten them as if they had been steaks. She sent up melted butter for bread sauce, and stuffed a hare with sausages.

After breakfast, Percivale walked to the police-station, to thank the inspector, pay what expenses had been incurred, and see the woman. I was not well enough to go with him.—My Marion is a white-faced thing, and her eyes look much too big for her small face.—I suggested that he should take Miss Clare. As it was early, he was fortunate enough to find her at home, and she accompanied him willingly, and at once recognized the woman as the one she had befriended.

He told the magistrate he did not wish to punish her, but that there were certain circumstances which made him desirous of detaining her until a gentleman, who, he believed, could identify her, should arrive. The magistrate therefore remanded her.

The next day but one my father came. When he saw her, he had little doubt she was the same that had carried off Theo; but he could not be absolutely certain, because he had seen her only by moonlight. He told the magistrate the whole story, saying that, if she should prove the mother of the child, he was most anxious to try what he could do for her. The magistrate expressed grave doubts whether he would find it possible

to befriend her to any effectual degree. My father said he would try, if he could but be certain she was the mother.

"If she stole the child merely to compel the restitution of her own," he said, "I cannot regard her conduct with any abhorrence. But if she is not the mother of the child, I must leave her to the severity of the law."

"I once discharged a woman," said the magistrate, "who had committed the same offence, for I was satisfied she had done so purely from the desire to possess the child."

"But might not a thief say he was influ-

enced merely by the desire to add another sovereign to his hoard?"

"The greed of the one is a natural affection; that of the other a vice."

"But the injury to the loser is far greater in the one case than in the other."

"To set that off, however, the child is more easily discovered. Besides, the false appetite grows with indulgence, whereas one child would still be the natural one."

"Then you would allow her to go on stealing child after child until she succeeded in keeping one," said my father, laughing.



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"I dismissed her with the warning that if ever she did so again, this would be brought up against her, and she would have the severest punishment the law could inflict. It may be right to pass a first offence, and wrong to pass a second. I tried to make her measure the injury done to the mother by her own sorrow at losing the child, and I think not without effect. At all events, it was some years ago, and I have not heard of her again."

Now came in the benefit of the kindness Miss Clare had shown the woman. I doubt if any one else could have got the truth from

her. Even she found it difficult; for, to tell her that if she was Theo's mother, she should not be punished, might be only to tempt her to lie. All Miss Clare could do was to assure her of the kindness of every one concerned, and to urge her to disclose her reasons for doing such a grievous wrong as steal another woman's child.

"They stole my child," she blurted out at last, when the cruelty of the action was pressed upon her.

"Oh, no!" said Miss Clare; "you left her to die in the cold."

"No, no!" she cried. "I wanted somebody to hear her and take her in. I wasn't far off, and was just going to take her again, when I saw a light, and heard them searching for her. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Then how can you say they stole her? You would have had no child at all but for them. She was nearly dead when they found her! And in return you go and steal their grandchild!"

"They took her from me afterwards. They wouldn't let me have my own flesh and blood. I wanted to let them know what it was to have *their* child taken from them."

"How could they tell she was your child, when you stole her away like a thief? It might, for anything they knew, be some other woman stealing her, as you stole theirs the other day? What would have become of you, if it had been so?"

To this reasoning she made no answer.

"I want *my* child; I want my child," she moaned. Then breaking out—"I shall kill myself if I don't get my child!" she cried. "O lady, you don't know what it is to have a child and not have her! I shall kill myself if they don't give me her back. They can't say I did their child any harm. I was as good to her as if she had been my own."

"They know that quite well, and don't want to punish you. Would you like to see your child?"

She clasped her hands above her head, fell on her knees at Miss Clare's feet, and looked up in her face without uttering a word.

"I will speak to Mr. Walton," said Miss Clare, and left her.

The next morning she was discharged at the request of my husband, who brought her home with him.

Sympathy with the mother-passion in her bosom had melted away all my resentment. She was a fine young woman of about five and twenty, though her weather-browned complexion made her look at first much older. With the help of the servants, I persuaded her to have a bath, during which they removed her clothes, and substituted others. She objected to putting them on, seemed half-frightened at them, as if they might involve some shape of bondage, and begged to have her own again. At last Jemima, who, although so sparingly provided with brains, is not without genius, prevailed upon her, insisting that her little girl would turn away from her if she wasn't well dressed, for she had been used to see ladies about her. With a deep sigh, she yielded, begging however to have her old garments restored to her.

She had brought with her a small bundle, tied up in a cotton handkerchief, and from it she now took a scarf of red silk, and twisted it up with her black hair in a fashion I had never seen before. In this head-dress she had almost a brilliant look, while her carriage had a certain dignity hard of association with poverty—not inconsistent however with what I have since learned about the gipsies. My husband admired her even more than I did, and made a very good sketch of her. Her eyes were large and dark—unquestionably fine; and if there was not much of the light of thought in them, they had a certain wildness which in a measure made up for the want. She had rather a Spanish than an eastern look, I thought—with an air of defiance that prevented me from feeling at ease with her; but in the presence of Miss Clare she seemed humbler, and answered her questions more readily than ours. If Ethel was in the room, her eyes would be constantly wandering after her, with a wistful, troubled, eager look. Surely the mother-passion must have infinite relations and destinies.

As I was unable to leave home, my father persuaded Miss Clare to accompany him and help him to take charge of her. I confess it was a relief to me when she left the house, for though I wanted to be as kind to her as I could, I felt considerable discomfort in her presence.

When Miss Clare returned the next day but one, I found she had got from her the main points of her history, fully justifying previous conjectures of my father's, founded on what he knew of the character and customs of the gipsies.

She belonged to one of the principal gipsy families in this country. The fact that they had no settled habitation, but lived in tents like Abraham and Isaac, had nothing to do with poverty. The silver buttons on her father's coat, were, she said, worth nearly twenty pounds; and when a friend of any distinction came to tea with them, they spread a table-cloth of fine linen on the grass, and set out upon it the best of china, and a tea-service of hall-marked silver. She said her friends—as much as any gentleman in the land—scorned stealing; and affirmed that no real gipsy would "risk his neck for his belly," except he were driven by hunger. All her family could read, she said, and carried a big Bible about with them.

One summer they were encamped for several months in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, making horn-spoons and baskets,

and some of them working in tin. There they were visited by a clergyman who talked and read the Bible to them and prayed with them. But all their visitors were not of the same sort with him. One of them was a young fellow of loose character, a clerk in the city, who, attracted by her appearance, prevailed upon her to meet him often. She was not then eighteen. Any aberration from the paths of modesty is exceedingly rare among the gipsies, and regarded with severity; and her father, hearing of this, gave her a terrible punishment with the whip he used in driving his horses. In terror of what would follow when the worst came to be known, she ran away, and, soon forsaken by her so-called lover, wandered about, a common vagrant, until her baby was born—under the stars, on a summer night, in a field of long grass.

For some time she wandered up and down, longing to join some tribe of her own people, but dreading unspeakably the disgrace of her motherhood. At length, having found a home for her child, she associated herself with a gang of gipsies of inferior character, amongst whom she had many hardships to endure. Things however bettered a little after one of their number was hanged for stabbing a cousin, and her position improved. It was not however any intention of carrying off her child to share her present lot, but the urgings of mere mother-hunger for a sight of her, that drove her to the Hall. When she had succeeded in enticing her out of sight of the house, however, the longing to possess her grew fierce, and, braving all consequences, or rather, I presume, unable to weigh them, she did carry her away. Foiled in this attempt, and seeing that her chances of future success in any similar one were diminished by it, she sought some other plan. Learning that one of the family was married and had removed to London, she succeeded, through gipsy acquaintances, who lodged occasionally near Tottenham Court Road, in finding out where we lived, and carried off Ethel with the vague intent, as we had rightly conjectured, of using her as a means for the recovery of her own child.

Theodora was now about seven years of age—almost as wild as ever. Although tolerably obedient, she was not nearly so much so as the other children had been at her age—partly, perhaps, because my father could not bring himself to use that severity to the child of other people with which he had judged it proper to treat his own.

Miss Clare was present with my father and

the rest of the family when the mother and daughter met. They were all more than curious to see how the child would behave, and whether there would be any signs of an instinct that drew her to her parent. In this, however, they were disappointed.

It was a fine warm forenoon when she came running on to the lawn where they were assembled—the gipsy mother with them.

"There she is!" said my father to the woman. "Make the best of yourself you can."

Miss Clare said the poor creature turned very pale, but her eyes glowed with such a fire!

With the cunning of her race, she knew better than bound forward and catch up the child in her arms. She walked away from the rest, and stood watching the little damsel, romping merrily with Mr. Wagtail. They thought she recognized the dog, and was afraid of him. She had put on a few silver ornaments which she had either kept or managed to procure notwithstanding her poverty; for both the men and women of her race manifest in a strong degree that love for barbaric adornment which, as well as other their peculiarities, points to an eastern origin. The glittering of these in the sun, and the glow of her red scarf in her dark hair, along with the strangeness of her whole appearance, attracted the child, and she approached to look at her nearer. Then the mother took from her pocket a large gilded ball, which had probably been one of the ornaments on the top of a clock, and rolled it gleaming golden along the grass. Theo and Mr. Wagtail bounded after it with a shriek and a bark. Having examined it for a moment, the child threw it again along the lawn, and this time the mother, lithe as a leopard, and fleet as a savage, joined in the chase, caught it first, and again sent it spinning away—farther from the assembled group. Once more all three followed in swift pursuit; but this time the mother took care to allow the child to seize the treasure. After the sport had continued a little while, what seemed a general consultation of mother, child, and dog, took place over the bauble; and presently they saw that Theo was eating something.

"I trust," said my mother, "she won't hurt the child with any nasty stuff."

"She will not do so wittingly," said my father, "you may be sure. Anyhow, we must not interfere."

In a few minutes more the mother approached them, with a subdued look of triumph

and her eyes overflowing with light, carrying the child in her arms. Theo was playing with some foreign coins which adorned her hair, and with a string of coral and silver beads round her neck.

For the rest of the day they were left to do much as they pleased, only every one kept good watch.

But in the joy of recovering her child, the mother seemed herself to have gained a new and childlike spirit. The more than willingness with which she hastened to do what, even in respect of her child, was requested of her, as if she fully acknowledged the right of authority in those who had been her best friends, was charming. Whether this would last when the novelty of the new experience had worn off, whether jealousy would not then come in for its share in the ordering of her conduct, remained to be shown; but in the meantime the good in her was uppermost.

She was allowed to spend a whole fortnight in making friends with her daughter, before a word was spoken about the future, the design of my father being through the child to win the mother. Certain people considered him not eager enough to convert the wicked: whatever apparent indifference he showed in that direction, arose from his utter belief in the guiding of God, and his dread of outrunning his designs. He would follow the operations of the spirit.

"Your forced hothouse fruits," he would say, "are often finer to look at than those which have waited for God's wind and weather, but what are they worth in respect of all for the sake of which fruit exists?"

Until an opportunity, then, was thrown in his way, he would hold back; but when it was clear to him that he had to minister, then was he thoughtful, watchful, instant, unswerving. You might have seen him during this time, as the letters of Connie informed me, often standing for minutes together watching the mother and daughter, and pondering in his heart concerning them.

Every advantage being thus afforded her, not without the stirring of some natural pangs in those who had hitherto mothered the child, the fortnight had not passed before to all appearance the unknown mother was with the child the greatest favourite of all. And it was my father's expectation, for he was a profound believer in blood, that the natural and generic instincts of the child would be developed together; in other words, that as she grew in what was common to humanity, she would grow likewise in what belonged

to her individual origin. This was not an altogether comforting expectation to those of us who neither had so much faith as he, nor saw so hopefully the good that lay in every evil.

One twilight, he overheard the following talk between them. When they came near where he sat, Theodora, carried by her mother, and pulling at her neck with her arms, was saying, "Tell me; tell me; tell me," in the tone of one who would compel an answer to a question repeatedly asked in vain.

"What do you want me to tell you?" said her mother.

"You know well enough. Tell me your name."

In reply she uttered a few words my father did not comprehend, and took to be Zingaree. The child shook her petulantly and with violence, crying,

"That's nonsense. I don't know what you say, and I don't know what to call you."

My father had desired the household, if possible, to give no name to the woman in the child's hearing.

"Call me mam, if you like."

"But you're not a lady, and I won't say ma'am to you," said Theo, rude as a child will sometimes be when least she intends offence.

Her mother set her down, and gave a deep sigh. Was it only that the child's restlessness and roughness tired her? My father thought otherwise.

"Tell me, tell me," the child persisted, beating her with her little clenched fist. "Take me up again, and tell me, or I will make you."

My father thought it time to interfere. He stepped forward. The mother started with a little cry, and caught up the child.

"Theo," said my father, "I cannot allow you to be rude, especially to one who loves you more than any one else loves you."

The woman set her down again, dropped on her knees, and caught and kissed his hand.

The child stared; but she stood in awe of my father—perhaps the more that she had none for any one else—and, when her mother lifted her once more, was carried away in silence.

The difficulty was got over by the child's being told to call her mother *Nurse*.

My father was now sufficiently satisfied with immediate results to carry out the remainder of his contingent plan, of which my mother heartily approved. The gardener and his wife being elderly people, and having no

family, therefore not requiring the whole of their cottage, which was within a short distance of the house, could spare a room, which my mother got arranged for the gipsy, and there she was housed, with free access to her child, and the understanding that when Theo liked to sleep with her, she was at liberty to do so.

She was always ready to make herself useful; but it was little she could do for some time, and it was with difficulty that she settled to any occupation at all continuous.

Before long it became evident that her old habits were working in her and making her restless. She was pining after the liberty of her old wandering life—with sun and wind, space and change, all about her. It was spring; and the reviving life of nature was rousing in her the longing for motion and room and variety engendered by the roving centuries which had passed since first her ancestors were driven from their homes in far Hindostan. But my father had foreseen the probability, and had already thought over what could be done for her if the wandering passion should revive too powerfully. He reasoned that there was nothing bad in such an impulse—one doubtless which would have been felt in all its force by Abraham himself; had he quitted his tents and gone to dwell in a city—however much its indulgence might place her at a disadvantage in the midst of a settled social order. He saw too that any attempt to coerce it would probably result in entire frustration; that the passion for old forms of freedom would gather tenfold vigour in consequence. It would be far better to favour its indulgence, in the hope that the love of her child would, like an elastic but infrangible cord, gradually tame her down to a more settled life.

He proposed, therefore, that she should, as a matter of duty, go and visit her parents, and let them know of her welfare. She looked alarmed.

"Your father will show you no unkindness, I am certain, after the lapse of so many years," he added. "Think it over, and tell

me to-morrow how you feel about it. You shall go by train to Edinburgh, and once there you will soon be able to find them. Of course you couldn't take the child with you, but she will be safe with us till you come back."

The result was that she went, and having found her people, and spent a fortnight with them, returned in less than a month. The rest of the year she remained quietly at home, stilling her desires by frequent and long rambles with her child, in which Mr. Wagtail always accompanied them. My father thought it better to run the risk of her escaping than force the thought of it upon her by appearing not to trust her. But it came out that she had a suspicion that the dog was there to prevent, or at least expose any such imprudence. The following spring she went on a second visit to her friends, but was back within a week, and the next year did not go at all.

Meantime my father did what he could to teach her, presenting every truth as something it was necessary she should teach her child. With this duty, he said, he always baited the hook with which he fished for her;—"or, to take a figure from the old hawking days, her eyas is the lure with which I would reclaim the haggard hawk."

What will be the final result, who dares prophesy? At my old home she still resides—grateful, and in some measure useful, idolizing, but not altogether spoiling her child—who understands the relation between them, and now calls her mother.

Dora teaches Theo, and the mother comes in for what share she inclines to appropriate. She does not take much to reading, but she is fond of listening, and is a regular and devout attendant at public worship. Above all, they have sufficing proof that her conscience is awake, and that she gives some heed to what it says.

Mr. Blackstone was right when he told me that good I was unable to foresee would result from the loss which then drowned me in despair.



THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

VI.

1 COR. xv. 35.

THE literal meaning of the Greek word *ἀνάστασις* rendered into the English one "resurrection," is the rising up, or standing up again, of those who had fallen, or were lying prostrate. Applied generally to the dead, the term might mean no more than their revivification, their restoration to life, without indicating anything of the manner or circumstances of that restoration. The natural and appropriate position of life, of consciousness, activity, is that of standing. When it was said of the dead that, though smitten down by the hand of the great destroyer, yet they should stand up again, no more *might* have been signified by that expression than that they should awake once more to a conscious, continued, and active existence. Our common usage of the term has almost limited it to the raising of the buried body from the grave—so that whenever the resurrection of the dead is spoken of, it is the raising of the body, and it exclusively, that we think of; but in its Scripture usage the word has a wider sense, and while not excluding, nay, as we shall see presently, while including the idea of a re-embodiment of the spirit, it takes in the broader thought of the reawaking of the dead to life. You meet often in the New Testament with the expression "the resurrection of the dead," but never with the expression the *resurrection of the body*. More than once you find the resurrection of the dead spoken of in a way that proves the expression to have been at the time employed as equivalent simply to the future existence of the dead; but you never meet with the phrase occurring in such a connection as to show that it is the revivification of the body, and that alone which is meant by it. I am speaking at present merely about the meaning of the phrases "resurrection," and "resurrection of the dead," as they occur in the New Testament, and not about that great fact which to our ear and mind these phrases do almost exclusively suggest—the resuscitation of the bodies of all the dead which is to take place at the last day. When Jesus is said to have proved the resurrection of the dead by quoting that saying of Jehovah to Moses, uttered so long after the death of the patriarchs, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," and draws from that declaration the very plain and

simple inference that God was the God of the living and not of the dead, it seems obvious that it was not so much the reanimation of the dead body as the continued and conscious existence of the departed spirit that our Lord designed to establish against the Sadducean unbelief. So also, in the course of that pleading which Paul enters on with those who were inclined to deny that there was any resurrection of the dead, when he argues that if Christ had not risen then they who had fallen asleep in Him had perished; and "that if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men the most miserable;" and that if there were no resurrection we might just as well take up the motto and act upon it—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"—it seems equally obvious that the Apostle counted the denial of the resurrection to be substantially a denial of any future life for man—a holding that death ended his career.

But that life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel pointed to no airy unembodied being beyond the grave—whose shadowy and unsubstantial lineaments left nothing for the eye of faith to fix on, or the hand of faith firmly to grasp and keep hold of. The life to which the believer was to be begotten was to be a present, deep-pervading, quickening of the human soul, which was not to reach its culminating point of entire deliverance from all the earthly and sinful elements in midst of which it had its birth—till all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of Jesus and shall come forth, and the sea shall give up the dead which be in it, and death and Hades the dead that be in them, and all the dead, small and great, shall stand up before God for judgment at the last great day.

In this announcement of a future re-embodiment of all the dead—a future rising of all the buried from the long deep sleep of the sepulchre—there was something new and strange that those men of Athens and of Corinth had never dreamt of. Here was something outward and tangible for thought to busy itself about, to pry into curiously. In the very nature of the event, in the certainty with which it was foretold, but in the generality and vagueness of the terms in which it was spoken about and described—here were inviting openings for incredulity to

creep in by, ready handles for positive unbelief to lay hold of. "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" The imaginary questioner sees something in the event foretold which creates a difficulty on his part as to admitting it to be true. The direct and positive evidence in its favour he overlooks. He overlooks, too, its main and essential characteristics, and, fastening upon what is but a secondary or supplemental incident of the resurrection, he asks, How are the dead raised up—how is it, how can it be, that those bodies, which corruption has fed upon, or the fire has burned into ashes, or the water has utterly dissolved—how is it, how can it be, that these bodies can ever be rebuilt again? It is a thing too strange, too inconceivable, too difficult, if not impossible in execution, for me ever to believe it. Thou fool, says the Apostle in reply, is that which *is* to set its measure and limit to that which *shall be*? Are all things for ever to move on just as thou seest them progress before thine eyes? Are the ideas of the creature to set bounds to the doings of the Creator? Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead? Is anything too difficult for that great power of the Omnipotent, by which all things were created, and by which all things have been sustained?

Nor is it, after all, a thing so new and strange, that life should spring out of the arms of death—that the decay and corruption of one form of life should be as it were the cradle in which another and new form of life should be nourished; for look intelligently but at one of the sights you are most familiar with, and do you not see there a type or illustration of the resurrection? Look at what happens to that corn-seed thou castest into the ground. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;" it is by and through an intervening death that the new life cometh. Beneath the sod that covers it, that buried seed undergoes corruption—it bursts, it rots, it consumes away, till by far the larger portion of it mingles with and becomes assimilated to the soil in which it lies. Yet out of the very bosom of that rottenness, out of the very heart of that death, there riseth that little sprout, which, full of the fresh energy of infant being, presses the incumbent clay, and adds a new member to the great family of the vegetable kingdom, with which it is connected. No life for that new plant but through the death of that buried seed. And if it be so with buried seeds, if with them the gate or avenue

to all new being be through corruption and dissolution, why may it not be so with the buried bodies of our dead? Does not that which we see happening within one region of the world of nature serve at least to remove any alleged original inherent incredulity attaching to the one idea of the resurrection of the dead?

It is so far and no further that this illustration from the seed goeth. It offers no positive proof of the resurrection. It does not even contain within itself a strong presumptive argument in favour of it, as a very strict and unvarying analogy pervading the entire region of animated nature might have supplied; for, in the first place, you will notice that even in that specific instance of the seed the analogy is not perfect. The seed is not dead when we bury *it*, as the man is when we bury him. In both instances there is decay and dissolution; but in the one case they are but partial, in the other they are entire; the vital principle that the seed had in it when you planted it in the ground never dies. It is quickened into germinating action by the corruption that takes place around it; but it was there before that corruption began its work, it remains there throughout—the living thread that connects the two existences, that of the old plant, which perishes, and that of the new one, which arises out of its rotting seed. You have nothing parallel to this taking place within the grave; no thread of life lies there, so far as we can trace, to bind together the body that moulders away with that which is to spring out of its remains. Failing here, the analogy becomes feeble in the way of furnishing any positive evidence in favour of the resurrection. It is an analogy besides that is unsupported in that department of animated nature, the animal kingdom, to which man himself belongs. You have no case there of death producing life. The animal creation dies; but where in all the mouldering ruins of that empire which life once animated, is there any sign or token of its restoration?

But whilst comparatively powerless to prove that the dead shall rise again, even such a single and imperfect analogy as that which the Apostle here employs is quite sufficient to silence the objector who would hastily and presumptuously affirm that their resurrection is in itself inconceivable and incredible. By showing that something very like it does elsewhere take place, it forbids the affirmation that it would be wholly out of harmony with the creation. Nor is the instance that

Paul quotes the only one of the kind that Nature furnishes. The insect world, in the passage of the slow creeping caterpillar into a dull and apparently lifeless condition, out of which, throwing off the integuments that bound it, there bursts forth the gay and gaudy butterfly, floating with light and airy wing over the place where the relics of its former self lie decaying, presents perhaps a still nearer analogy to the resurrection. That and the many other wonderful transformations that the insect world exhibits—the waning away of life only to recover itself and to rise in newer and higher forms—all these are helps to faith. They do nothing to establish it that there must be, but surely they are enough to establish it—if indeed any evidence were needed on that point—that there *may* be a resurrection. They do not plant faith in the heart of the believer (that faith he draws from a quite different source), but they pluck its foolish and impatient objection out of the mouth of incredulity.

But some man will say, "How are the dead raised?" Thou fool! they are raised up as the seed riseth, quickened out of death. "And with what kind of body do they come?" Thou fool! that which thou sowest thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain—it may chance of wheat or some other grain—but whatever be the grain, it is but a small smooth bare round pile or pickle of it that you lay within the soil. It corrupts; it dies. but not that out of that corruption and that death there may come another pile or pickle of the same grain. The body that shall be is not the same as the body which thou sowest. It is connected with it, it springs out of it, is in fact a continuation of its being—but how unlike in form, how different in materials—the blade, the stalk, the flower—from that single seed from which they spring! When in answer thus to the question, With what kind of body shall the dead come? Paul answers by an illustration from the planted seed and says, Thou sowest not that body that shall be, is not the fair and necessary inference from his words, that the human body which dies and is buried is not the identical body that shall be at and after the resurrection. Had the Apostle said nothing more than that, it should have been sufficient, in our judgment, to prevent our entering upon any curious inquiries as to whether the resurrection body will be composed or reconstructed out of the same material particles which constituted it at death.

But the Apostle does not stop here. Adopting the same kind and line of illus-

tration that he had entered on, to show, not that the resurrection body *shall* be, but that it may be quite different from the dead and buried one, he refers to the wonderful variety of bodies that we see even in the world that now is, every different seed having its different body given to it by the great Creator; all flesh being not the same flesh—men, beasts, birds, alike in having fleshly bodies, yet differing in the kind of flesh that their bodies are made of; there being also celestial bodies, such as the angel's wear, and bodies terrestrial, differing at once in form and substance; differing, too, in the glory that surrounds them, even as the sun, the moon, the stars, the various inanimate bodies that the heavens contain, differ also in brightness from one another. Such in bodies animate and inanimate, in earth and heaven, is the marvellous variety that it has pleased the Creator to exhibit in his works. And are we to imagine, then, that this great power has exhausted itself in that which we now see? that no new form, no differing glory, shall be witnessed when those buried bodies of the saints arise?

Not so, saith the Apostle. In beautiful harmony with all that teeming diversity of earthly organisations, the glorified spirit shall at the resurrection have a glorified body prepared for it, differing not only in outward aspect but in many inward and essential qualities from that which it laid down in the grave. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. The contrast drawn out here is not between the body as it lies mouldering in the tomb, but between the body as it now is and the body as it hereafter is to be. It is sown in corruption, liable now to disease, subject to decay, ready to become the prey of putrefaction, consuming away like the moth, and saying to the worm that feeds on it, "Thou art my brother." It is raised in incorruption, relieved from all assaults of pain and sickness, open no more to decomposition, incorruptible and indestructible as the spirit to which it is to supply its apportioned and eternal home. It is sown in dishonour; vile, degraded, the seat and source of ignoble passions that link us with the brutes that perish, and too often even sink us below their level. It is raised in glory; the shame of all its former vileness buried in the grave, cleansed away by the humiliating processes of the tomb, made like unto that glorious body which sits, not in shadow, but shining with kindred brightness amid the splendours of the throne. It is sown in weakness; feeble of structure, irregular in

action, limited in its range of power, easily fatigued, speedily exhausted, subject to continued waste, needing the daily repair and the nightly repose, often a heavy drag upon, at least an ally yielding but a limited assistance to the spirit. It is raised in power. All its powers enlarged, and made capable of unfatigued and uninterrupted exertion, old inlets of knowledge widened, new ones struck out, its range and reach of faculty on every side and in every way so expanded as to be the meet companion of the indwelling spirit, promptly yielding to all its impulses and bearing buoyantly that spirit on and up in its highest and its loftiest flights. It is sown a natural (*ψυχικόν*) body, it is raised a spiritual body. Natural here, we see at once, cannot be equivalent to material, nor spiritual to immaterial. The one adjective must mean something that is peculiar to and characteristic of the body as it now is, the other of that body as at the resurrection it is to be. You find the substantive from which the first of these two adjectives is derived, and of whose meaning it partakes, in the verse that follows. The first man Adam was made a living soul (*ψυχὴν ζώσαν*). Turn that term soul into an adjective, and you have the word translated natural.

According to the notion of the ancients, adopted often in Holy Writ, man is composed of body, soul, and spirit; by the soul, when used in such connection, the lower faculties of his nature being understood, all those faculties, whether animal or intellectual, which link him to the present life, and make him as it were part and parcel of that material world in midst of which he dwells. His present body is one suited to such a soul as his now is—fitted by its senses, its organs, its appetites, its functions, to be the instrument of such a soul. It is—if one could venture upon such a literal rendering of the original word here—it is a soulish or soulical body, flesh and blood its chief constituents, sensuousness one of its prominent and prevailing qualities. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. Besides the body and the soul, there is a spirit in man, a part of him the highest of the whole, which links him with the infinite, the eternal, the future,

the unseen, the God that made him, the life divine for which he was made. Of that spirit, lying dead or dormant in our humanity, Jesus is the great quickener, stirring it up to assert and exercise its prerogative of supremacy, giving to it a new object, and inspiring it with a new power. The spirit, quickened thus by the last Adam, has to struggle now with that body of sin and death in which it lodges. Burdened thus, it groans and travails thus in birth, waiting for the adoption, the redemption, the renewal of that body. Nor shall it wait and long in vain; for that which is sown a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body, its entire organisation altered to meet a state in which there shall be no sickness, no suffering, no eating, no drinking, no hungering, no thirsting, no sleep, no night, no marrying or giving in marriage, no weakness, no weariness, no waste, no decay, no death; when redeemed spirits, enshrined in redeemed bodies, shall be as the angels of heaven.

What in their essence, in their structure, in their organism, in their functions, the future resurrection bodies of the saints shall be—called spiritual bodies here from their assimilation, their congruousness, their congeniality with the spiritualism within them and without them, the spiritualism of that not immaterial, but pure and holy, heavenly kingdom over which God and the Lamb for ever are to reign—it were vain for us to try to fancy. Even Paul could not describe them without being forced to employ an expression that to our ear savours of self-contradiction. Did he not feel himself the large demand that he was making upon human faith when, having used that phrase, he repeated it with emphasis, saying, "There is a natural body—that all of you know; but there is also a spiritual body—that, too, however difficult you may find it to form anything like a definite conception of such a thing, let all of you believe, believe, assuredly, as one among the few things about the future state and future home of the redeemed that the Lord from heaven has been pleased for your encouragement and your comfort to reveal."

WILLIAM HANNA.



DRESS.

IN endeavouring to form a Women's Dress Association, we were met on every side with the questions, "What do you hope to do?" and "What results can you expect?" Now, it is not easy to see the meaning underneath these remarks; they may either mean that the evil is so great and extensive that it is hopeless to try to remedy it, or that it is not of sufficient extent and importance to justify the trouble we are taking. But however this may be, it is quite certain that no effort for good was ever made without raising up an army of objectors, sometimes, it may be, consisting of those who do not care to share in the trouble and labour of reform. And beside the objections, we have received such numerous suggestions as may perhaps convince us that there *is* a field in which something may be done and some good effected. Our hopes of success may be said to be the same as apply to any other movement, of which *influence* must be the main-spring, and the example of the *few* an encouragement to the *many* to join them. Whether we like it or not, or think it wise or foolish, this is an age of combination and association, and we must not leave so powerful an engine in the hands of those who would use it for evil. Surely if union be strength, and there is support in numbers, we were right in trying to form an association for regulating and directing women's minds on so important a subject as dress.

But we were met again with the remark, "There always have been foolish and extravagant fashions, and there always will be; they are not worse now than formerly." This, too, may be true, and we do not dispute it, for there is probably no new evil under the sun; but is it any *reason* why we should not try to counteract the folly and check the extravagance of the times we alone can influence, those in which we live? And, though we admit the truth as to the folly of fashions in former years, we do believe there is a sense in which the present evil is far greater, because it is so far more *widely spread*. The great-grandmothers of this generation did indeed pile up their heads and extend their hoops in a style that their descendants have endeavoured to rival, but it was limited to a comparatively small class of women, and the dress was worn chiefly, if not solely (in its full extent of preposterous extravagance), on going into society. What would have been thought then of any attempt at imitation by

the lower classes or maid-servants? Herein lies the whole point and essence, as we believe, of the present evil, causing the greatness of its danger,—viz., the influence of the upper classes on the lower, and the demoralisation of all kinds caused by the efforts of the lower classes, down to the lowest, to dress in exactly the same style as those far above them. The nature of the materials employed, and their scarcity and costliness in former times, of course rendered such attempts impossible; and if the evil were now limited to those women who frequent the Court and move in the upper circles of society, we should be inclined to leave them alone, and say they were only injuring their own selves and must take the consequences.

But that this is far from being the case now, we think every one will admit. Indeed, the magnitude of the evil is not denied; it rather *seems* to be accepted as an inevitable necessity as much as the existence of evil itself, and must therefore be acquiesced in. How far this is consistent with the command to "resist" evil of all kinds we think cannot be proved. And it is *evil*, not merely bad taste or ugliness, and defiance of all acknowledged laws of beauty, that we are trying to combat, as we think we can show.

It is surely sinful to dress in such a manner as to injure or alter the body which God has so "wonderfully made;" it is as much as to say to Him that we could have made it better than He; and yet by how many of our customs we do this! Our waists are not slender enough, so we must make them smaller by our efforts at compression; our legs are not long enough, so we must add an inch or two to our heels, and by so doing alter and disturb the exquisite machinery (if we could but see it) of the muscles and tendons and veins of the leg, thus preventing that part of the foot which God *intended* to touch the ground from doing so.* Then again the colour of our hair does not please us, and we think we can improve or change it; and of all our efforts this does appear to be one of the most vain and senseless, the difference between the shades of colour attainable being so very trifling. Could we wish for or obtain scarlet or green or blue hair as a variety, there might be some object and some excuse for our

* "If you raise the human heel above the level of the ball of the foot, it is clear that the whole of the natural gearing of the arch of the foot is disordered, the muscles of locomotion deranged, the strength of the limb lessened, and the balance of the erect human figure seriously interfered with."

efforts. Our hair is not long or thick enough, so we must send out merchants all over the known world to search the huts and the cottages and the tents of the poor peasants for locks wherewith to add to our own, ay, and let us add to these localities, the hospitals also, where the sick and the dead may be robbed for our benefit. Then the size of our bodies does not satisfy us, (what a pity it seems that the sculptors of the Venuses of old did not know of our improved ideas of form and amendment of the human figure!) and so we add on lumps or humps of various dimensions, to increase our circumference.

And, again, we are not satisfied with the colour of our skin, so that must be modified by a covering of red or white, injurious, and even poisonous, though the process is known to be. We are ready enough to perceive the folly (even calling it wickedness) of the Chinese people who deform the feet of their women, so that they go all their life long as cripples; but does this custom differ in any way in principle, if in degree, from many of the habits to which I have alluded? I would ask, again, how do we distinguish between the practice of civilised nations in piercing the ears for the insertion of rings, and that of uncivilised tribes in piercing their noses or lips for the same purpose? It is surely only custom that can have reconciled us to habits, so utterly barbarous in their nature.

There would be more sense in some of them if there were a standard of beauty placed before us, which we were desirous to attain to, and from which we lamented our departure; we might think we were doing a kindness to our neighbours by endeavouring to present ourselves as more pleasing objects, and by serving the general cause of good taste; but no such charitable supposition can account for our efforts in this line. And can we persist in saying that all this is harmless, even if foolish, and hurts none but those who practise it? When falsehood and deceit lie at the root of every one of these customs, can we believe that they are harmless, either morally or physically? Nothing can be harmless that injures either body or mind, or is directly contrary to the laws which our Creator has, in nature, laid down for us. It is impossible for us to estimate the extent of the evil, or to say how far the numerous maladies (rather, perhaps, bad health) of the present day, especially amongst young women, may be traced to these causes, now, alas! so prevalent; for, as I said before, it is their universality that makes them so dangerous.

Again, as to the point of demoralisation. Who can fail to trace the close connection between the love of dress and sin? One of the saddest sights I ever saw, so suggestive and full of warning, was the room in one of our large London prisons in which the garments of the inmates were kept, awaiting their release to be once more resumed by them. One could have wept for pity and shame as one thought of the training that must have led to this climax of degradation and misery, to which, perhaps, the love of the tawdry finery displayed there had been the first step. O that all my sisters of the servant class could see the sight and take warning from it! It was impossible to picture to oneself the image of any of those guilty creatures committing such crimes in modest and womanly apparel. Such garments and such wearers were the fitting counterparts of each other. And yet what hundreds and thousands of other women there were, quite as guilty in the sight of God, though not condemned by man's judgment, to bear the penalty of their sin! Surely, if no other thought will restrain women of the upper classes from indulging in such vain folly and excess of dress, this might avail to do so—viz., the influence they *must* exercise for good or evil over countless numbers of their fellow-creatures. Are we not sure that all example is contagious, and must descend from the upper to the lower strata of society? If *they* were to dress as "women professing godliness," may we not feel certain that those below them would imitate them, from the vague and undefined, but sure, instinct which makes them wish to be thought ladies?

It is impossible not to feel a sense of humiliation and sadness as one writes on this subject—humiliation that woman's influence should have fallen so low; sadness that she should so have forgotten her high position.

And, lastly, if we look at it in the light of God's word, and with the thought of the world to come, what can we think then? Our sadness deepens into awe, and we know not what to say, as we dwell on the solemn and immense incongruity between such signs of human vanity and all that is real and abiding for eternity.

Surely if "truth in the inward parts," and purity—yes, of body and soul—shall alone "see God," what can we think of those who indulge in the habits and customs we have been considering, in which neither truth nor purity are to be found?

LOUISA TWINING.

HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE BOOKS OF EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

THESE two books were by the Jews reckoned as one, or two parts of one, as we learn from Josephus (*Cont. Apion.* i. 8), and the Talmud (*Bava Bathra*, c. i, fol. 14); and so they appear in the catalogues of Origen (*ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccles.*, i. vi. c. 25), of the Council of Laodicea (*Caranza, Summa Concill.*, p. 140), of Hilary (*Præf. in Psalmos*), and of Jerome (*Prolog. Gal.*), &c. Both are cited as the work of Ezra; sometimes distinctively as the first and second book of Ezra (as in the LXX. and Vulg.)

These books contain the history of the Jews after the Babylonian captivity, from the first year of the reign of Cyrus, when the first company of the exiles returned under Zerubbabel, to the close of the administration of Nehemiah, or at least to the thirty-second year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus. They thus embrace a period of nearly one hundred years.

The Book of Ezra may be divided into two principal parts. In the former of these (i.—vi.) we have the history of the first return of the exiles and the building of the Temple; in the latter (vii.—x.) we have an account of Ezra's coming to Jerusalem, and what he did there for the better ordering of the religious and social affairs of the people.

The book begins by reciting the edict issued by Coresh (*Authorised Version*, Cyrus) in the first year of his reign, permitting such Jews as were willing to return to their own land, and there to rebuild the Temple. Availing themselves of this permission, the chiefs of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, with the priests and Levites, made preparation for a return to Judea under the lead of Sheshbazzar (the Persian name of the person elsewhere called by his Hebrew name, Zerubbabel, *comp. v. 14, 16*); to whom Coresh restored the holy vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had carried away from the Temple (i. 1—11). At this point in his narrative the historian introduces a list of those who at that time returned with Zerubbabel and the other princes, according to their families or former places of residence; the number of these was fifty thousand, among whom were two hundred singing men and singing women; they brought with them also seven hundred and thirty-six horses, two hundred and forty-five mules, four hundred and thirty-five camels, six thousand seven hundred and twenty asses, and large sums were contributed by the heads of houses

for the building of the Temple and the furnishing of the priests (ii. 1—70). An account is then given of the steps taken to restore the service of Jehovah. In the seventh month the whole people assembled at Jerusalem to keep the feast of tabernacles, and sacrifices were offered on the altar of burnt-offering, which Zerubbabel and Joshua the high priest had set up again on the place where it formerly stood. Preparations were made for the rebuilding of the Temple, and in the second year after their return the foundation of it was laid with solemn pomp and amid the deepest emotion on the part of the assembled multitudes (iii. 1—13).

An account is then given of the interference of the Samaritans, the descendants of those who, after the destruction of the kingdom of the ten tribes and the deportation of the people by the king of Assyria, had occupied the land of Israel; they wished to share with the Jews in the rebuilding of the Temple; but this being repudiated by the Jews, they became hostile and endeavoured to hinder the work. In this they succeeded, so that nothing more was done during what remained of the reign of Coresh. Until the reign of Daryavesh [Darius] the enemies of the Jews prevented their work; also in the beginning of the reign of Achashverosh [Ahasuerus] they sent in a complaint against them, and in the days of Artachshashta [Artaxerxes] certain persons, named by the historian, with their associates, sent a letter to the king of Persia, written in the Aramaic dialect, against the Jews. A copy of another letter written by others of the enemies of the Jews is given by the historian, without any further remark, in the original Chaldee; in this the writers remind the king of the old hostility of the Jews to his empire, and urge on him the danger of allowing them to fortify their city. The result was that the king gave orders for the stoppage of the works at Jerusalem (iv. 1—24).

The historian goes on to narrate how the king Daryavesh was led to permit by a new decree the Jews to proceed with the building of the temple. Encouraged by the prophets Haggai and Zechariah, Zerubbabel and Joshua had resumed the work; this led to a demand on the part of the Persian governor and his associates for their authority for such a proceeding; and on their pleading that they were acting under a decree of Coresh made in their favour, the governor

referred the matter to the king, requesting that search should be made if such a decree existed. On this being done the document was found not among the archives at Babylon, but at Achmetha (Ecbatana, the summer residence of the Persian kings), and Daryavesh accordingly gave orders that the Jews should not only not be hindered, but should be assisted in their work. The building accordingly proceeded, and in the sixth year of the reign of Daryavesh the temple was finished. A solemn service of dedication was kept, and the order of the sanctuary restored (vi. 1-22).

The rest of the book is occupied with the history of Ezra, whose descent from Aaron is given, and who is described as one well skilled in the law of Moses. In the seventh year of Artachshashta he went up by permission of the king to Jerusalem, and on his arrival there set himself to remedy certain irregularities which had crept in among the Jews, especially in respect of intermarriage with the heathen. A copy of the letter which the king gave to him is given in the original Chaldee (vii. 11-26), the names and genealogy of those that accompanied him from Babylon are recorded (viii. 1-14); the measures which he took before setting out are described (15-30); their journey to Jerusalem is briefly noticed (31-22); and what they did on their arrival is more fully narrated, especially the steps taken by Ezra in reference to the mixed marriages (ix. 1-x. 17). The book concludes with a list of the sons of the priests, Levites, and others who had taken strange wives (18-44).

The greater part of this book is written in Hebrew, but the section iv. 8-vi. 18, and the section vii. 12-26, are in Chaldee. In the latter part of the book, Ezra writes in his own person, excepting at the beginning of ch. vii., where he is introduced, and the letter of the king giving him permission to go to Jerusalem is recorded, and throughout ch. x., where he is referred to in the third person. In the earlier part of the book the narrative is in the third person, except at v. 4, where the first is once introduced.

The second book bears the superscription, "The words of Nehemiah the son of Hachaliah," and is throughout, with the exception of one section, a narrative by Nehemiah in the first person. It is wholly written in Hebrew.

Nehemiah relates how, whilst serving as cup-bearer, or butler, to the king Artachshashta, he was moved by intelligence he received concerning the depressed condition

of his countrymen at Jerusalem, and having been led to communicate to the king the cause of his trouble, was by him permitted to go up to Jerusalem in the twentieth year of his reign, and empowered to set about the rebuilding of the walls of the city. He narrates how his arrival on this errand excited the displeasure of the Persian functionaries; but in spite of their opposition, he, after a careful survey of the ruins, proceeded immediately to the work of restoration (i. 1-ii. 20). The names of those who assisted him in this work are given, with the part of the building each specially undertook (iii. 1-32); the opposition offered by the enemies of the Jews, and the means he took to evade it, are graphically described (iv. 1-23); an account is given of troubles which arose among the Jews themselves from the oppression of the poorer portion through usury, and the suppression of these by Nehemiah, who caused those who had obtained in this way the possessions of their brethren to restore them, enforcing his admonition by his own example, inasmuch as during the twelve years he had held the place of governor he had not exacted anything of the people for the support of his establishment, though entitled to do so (v. 1-19); and the finishing of the work in spite of the attempts of the adversary to hinder it, and the secret treason of some of the Jewish chiefs; is recorded (vi. 1-19).

The work of building the walls being completed, and the city placed under the charge of proper officers, Nehemiah set about obtaining a register of the inhabitants. A list was found of those who had come up at first with Zerubbabel, and this is given; it corresponds to that given by Ezra, ch. ii., but with several differences both in individual names, and in the numbers of the members of each family, though the sum total is the same in both (vii. 1-73). The historian then proceeds to narrate how in the seventh month Ezra read to the assembled people the law of Moses, and induced them to keep the feast of tabernacles, and to observe a solemn fast and season of humiliation; a prayer offered by the Levites is recorded; the making of a covenant to which the princes, priests, and Levites set their seal is mentioned, followed by the names of those who sealed; and certain ordinances as to the observance of the Sabbath, and separation from the heathen adopted at this time, are specified (viii. 1-x. 39). The whole of this section (viii.-x.), throughout which Nehemiah is referred to in the third person, is supposed by some to be the production of

another writer, possibly Ezra, who was the principal actor in the scenes described; but for this there is no sufficient reason. With xi. 1 the narrative, interrupted by it, is resumed, and Nehemiah returns to the register of the people resident in Jerusalem, which he caused to be made. As Jerusalem was only partially inhabited (vii. 4), lots were cast to bring every tenth man to dwell there, in addition to the princes of the people who permanently resided in the city, a catalogue of whose names is given, as well as of the places where the rest of the people dwelt (xi. 1—36). A list of priests and Levites who came up with Zerubbabel is then given, as also those who lived under the son of Joshua, Jehoiachin the high priest (xii. 1—21), followed by other lists of Levites, who lived at different times not very clearly defined (22—26). An account is then given of the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem, at which the body of Levites and singers were assembled, and in which Ezra took part as leader of a choir; of the appointment of the priests and Levites who were to officiate in the Temple; and of the measures that were taken to separate the people from all the mixed multitude (27—xiii. 3). Nehemiah then mentions some things that happened while he was at the court of the king of Babylon, whither he had gone in the thirty-second year of Artachshashta; and describes certain abuses which had crept in among the Jews during his absence, and which he took immediate measures to correct (xiii. 4—31). The book closes with a prayer that God would remember him for good.

There is some difficulty in determining the *chronology* of these books. The dates are given according to the years of the reigns of the Persian kings, four of whom are mentioned. Their names, as given in Hebrew, differ greatly in sound from the names of the Persian kings reigning at this time as given by the Greek historians; but there can be no doubt that by Coresh is intended Cyrus, and that by Daryavesh is intended Darius Hystaspes. The name Ahasverosh bears so close a resemblance to Khshayarsha, the name which appears on the old Persian monuments as that of the king whom the Greek writers call Xerxes, that very little room is left for doubting the identity of these. Artachshashta, or, as it is sometimes written, Artachshasta (e.g., vii. 1, 11, ff), is a name which occurs several times in the narrative,—1. As the name of the Persian king to whom Bismah and his companions, as well as Rehum and his, wrote accusing the Jews (Ezra iv. 7, ff); 2. As the

name of the king under whom, in the seventh year of his reign, Ezra went up with the second company to Jerusalem (vii. 1, ff); 3. As the name of the king in whose service Nehemiah was, and under whom he acted as governor of Judea for a long period of years (Neh. ii. 1, ff; v. 14; xiii. 6). The question has been raised whether in all these passages it is the same prince who is referred to, or different princes of the same name. The opinion in which scholars generally concur is that only one prince is intended, and that the person so named is the king known in classical history as Artaxerxes Longimanus, or Longhand, the successor of Xerxes, who reigned B.C. 465—424. That it is not Xerxes who is thus designated is evident from the fact that the king under whom Nehemiah served must have reigned at least thirty-two years, whereas Xerxes reigned only twenty (Diod. Sic., xi. 69, 2). The name Artachshashta, moreover, is almost identical with that which appears on the monuments as the native name of Artaxerxes, viz., Artachshatra. It is true that there was another Artaxerxes, who reigned at a later period, viz., Artaxerxes Mnemon (B.C. 404—361); but that this cannot be the Artachshashta of Nehemiah is certain from the fact that in the twentieth year of that king's reign, when Nehemiah came to Jerusalem (ii. 1), the high priest there was Eliashib (iii. 1), the grandson of Joshua (xii. 10), the contemporary of Zerubbabel and of Cyrus, and this man could not be living and in active discharge of the functions of his office in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes Mnemon, that is, one hundred and fifty years after the time of Cyrus. Nor can the Artachshashta of Ezra be a later prince than Artaxerxes Longimanus.

There is a difficulty arising from the insertion of the section iv. 6—23, in which mention is made of Ahasheveosh (Xerxes) and Artachshashta (Artaxerxes Longimanus), as if they came in between Cyrus and Darius. But it is evident that the events recorded in this action took place at a period subsequent to that of the events recorded in v.—vi., for whilst the latter relate to the building of the Temple, the former relate to the building of the wall, which was not commenced till long after the Temple was finished. Why this section should have been introduced out of its proper order we may not be able to say; but perhaps it was for the sake of presenting together, *in one view*, the persistent opposition of the Samaritans to the undertakings of the Jews, that the historian departed in this instance from the chronological order which

he elsewhere preserves. There is no ground for supposing this section to be an interpolation by a different hand.

Throughout the Book of Nehemiah the author writes in the first person with the exception of the passages mentioned, and the same may be said of the latter part of the Book of Ezra. The natural inference from this is that Ezra was the author of the one book, and Nehemiah of the other. Both, doubtless, made use of documents which they found extant, and some of which they have inserted at large. Of this class is the letter of Rehun and his companions to Ahasuerus, as well as the king's answer, both of which are given in the original Aramaic (Ezra iv. 11—22). As to this all are agreed; but a question has been raised as to whether the entire section, iv. 8—vi. 18, which is throughout written in Chaldee, is not to be regarded as an earlier document found by Ezra, and by him incorporated with his work. It certainly does seem strange, if the whole is the writing of Ezra, that he should pass in his own narrative from Hebrew to Chaldee simply because he had to cite Chaldee documents, and should continue to use that language through a long passage following. Besides, the use of the first person "we" in v. 4 seems to indicate that this is written in the name of those who were employed with Zerubbabel in the building of the Temple, and therefore not by Ezra, who was not among them. We are here, as it would seem, decidedly led to the conclusion that the writer has in this instance incorporated with his own narrative a document which he found already written, and which is the production of one of those who went up with Zerubbabel. It is not a sufficient answer to this that "this section, as respects its contents, is not so rounded off as to make us believe it to have once existed as a separate document" (Bleek, *Einleit.*, p. 386); for this only proves that the writer has so ingeniously dovetailed it into his own story that the points of junction are not left prominent. But though the writer may have incorporated this and other documents with his narrative, there is no reason to doubt that the book is one connected whole, and that as a whole it is the work of Ezra, to whom the latter part (vii. to x.) undoubtedly belongs. The words with which ch. vii. begins, "Now [and] after these things," the usual formula of transition, speak conclusively for this. As for objections to the genuineness of the latter part of the

book drawn from such statements as that Ezra was "a ready scribe in the law of Moses," and that "he had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord" (vii. 6, 10), statements which, it is alleged, Ezra himself would not have used, they may be left to be valued as they deserve. If the statements were true, why should they not be made by Ezra himself, seeing they had an important bearing on the history he was about to narrate?

In the Book of Nehemiah the writer in the earlier part (i.—vii.) is Nehemiah himself, as is evident from the use of the first person, and from various favourite forms of expression which run through it (as *e.g.*, "God hath put it in my heart," ii. 12; vii. 5; "God think upon," v. 19; vi. 14, &c.). The concluding section (xi.—xiii.) bears also unmistakable traces of being the work of Nehemiah, and its commencement connects it with vii. 5, for it contains the account of the carrying out of the resolution which it is there announced that Nehemiah had adopted. From xii. 27 onwards Nehemiah writes in the first person. There is more uncertainty, as already observed, about the middle section (vii. 73—x. 40), for here not only is the narrative not in the first person, but Nehemiah is described by his title of Tirshatha (viii. 9; x. ii.), whereas in the earlier part he is styled Governor (*Pehhah*, v. 14, 15, 18), and generally he retires here into the background. But these seem very insufficient grounds on which to question the genuineness of this section, especially as they may be explained satisfactorily. That Nehemiah should appear less prominently in this section is simply the result of the fact that the events recorded, being of a solemnly religious character, were such as he, a purely civil officer, could not take any leading part in; and with regard to the use of Tirshatha, it is to be observed, 1. That Nehemiah uses this title in the first section (vii. 65), so that it was not unknown to him; and, 2. That Tirshatha, being a title of honour rather than a designation of office, is appropriately used only when speaking of or to another, not when a man is speaking of himself; just as we say "your lordship," or "his lordship," but no one would think of saying "my lordship."

From v. 14, and xiii. 6, it appears that this book could not have been written before the thirty-second year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, but how much later we have no means of satisfactorily determining.

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

DARIA.

In Calderon's drama, *Los Dos Amantes del Cielo*, Daria, a beautiful Roman girl, eventually a Christian convert and martyr, declares, while yet Dagan, that she will never love until she finds some one who has died to prove his love for her.

O H, proud and fair was she !
 Yet only proud perchance in being fair,
 And in her speech, and in her smiling free,
 As Rose to summer air.

And near her in the dell
 Another damsel sat who sweetly sung,
 And one who Love's fond ancient Chronicle
 Read, and these three were young,

And fair, and richly dight ;
 But she I speak of read not, neither sung,
 But deemed she ministered enough delight
 In being fair and young.

"Love !" said she in disdain,
 "Now am I weary of the vows and sighs
 Of lovers that to die for me are fain,
 Yet find I none who dies."

She spoke again in jest
 Or sadness—which, I knew not then nor she :
 Deep words are spoken, deepest thoughts confessed
 By hearts in careless glee.

"Yet might I in that train
 Find one who for my love indeed had died,
 Then let him come to ask for love again,
 And I will be his bride !"

Oh meek was she and fair,
 But then most fair, methought, in being meek ;
 And yet the same was she whom elsewhere
 I heard so proudly speak.

Her voice rose clear and soft
 As is the dove's, and dove-like still caressed
 One tender note, as if returning oft
 To what it loveth best.

She sang, "My soul is bound
 By that sweet olden promise, One who died
 For me and for my love now have I found,
 I quit no more His side."

DORA GREENWELL.



THE CHARISMS OR GIFTS OF THE CORINTHIAN CHURCH.

IN the twelfth and fourteenth chapters of the First Epistle to the Corinthians we meet with one of the most remarkable and interesting characteristics of the Church at Corinth; but one, at the same time, so entirely different from those exhibited by the Christian communities of our own day, that it is extremely difficult for us to form anything like a right conception of it. We refer to the spiritual gifts or charisms that were possessed by its members in such great abundance and variety. Christians now have been so long accustomed to rest themselves in the hands of ministers; they have committed so much to them the whole teaching, guiding, and ruling of the Church, that the very idea of their having any independent part to act, any commission to discharge, any responsibility to fulfil, has almost entirely vanished from their minds. They place themselves in a position nearly, if not altogether passive. They are to be worked upon. They are not to work. It was not so, however, at the first. Every Christian felt that he was called to be a living member of a living body. He had to give as well as to receive.

But this was not all. The most striking part of the general spirit of action in the early Christian congregations was the extraordinary, the miraculous nature of the powers then exercised by their different members. "The word of wisdom," "the word of knowledge," "faith," "gifts of healing," "the working of miracles," "prophecy," "discerning of spirits," "divers kinds of tongues," "the interpretation of tongues,"—all the gifts, in short, mentioned from the 8th to the 10th verse of the twelfth chapter of 1 Corinthians, were either wholly, or in the degree to which they were possessed, of an extraordinary character. They were something over and above what we understand by the ordinary operations of the Spirit of God; and they were so generally distributed throughout the Christian community, that while one man possessed one gift and another another, no follower of Jesus seems to have been left without some endowment peculiar to himself. "How is it then, brethren?" says the Apostle (chap. xiv. 26), "when ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation?" Their extremely wide diffusion at least must be admitted.

In endeavouring to understand such a state

of matters, there are one or two important considerations that we must take along with us. In the first place, none of these gifts are to be looked upon as wholly new powers or faculties added to humanity for the time then being, and since withdrawn. Every one of them had its basis in the old powers and faculties of man, those powers and faculties bestowed at the creation, and still possessed by him. The peculiar tendency, the special energy, the intellectual, emotional, or moral peculiarity of each follower of Christ was only quickened into extraordinary working under the influence of the Spirit. As in the parable of the talents every servant received "according to his several ability" (Matt. xxv. 15), i.e., in a manner corresponding to the nature originally bestowed upon him by the Almighty, so it was here. Each was raised, indeed, to a higher platform, was elevated into a nobler region of spiritual life than formerly, but in the essential endowments of his nature he was still the same. The man of emotion did not receive gifts of action, nor the man of action gifts of emotion. The same principles were at work, the same laws were observed, as in the more ordinary operations of divine grace. There was no essential distinction between that working of the Spirit of God which issued in these remarkable results, and those, his more ordinary influences, by which we every day see the Christian advancing to higher knowledge, deeper feeling, and a more zealous life than he exhibited before his conversion to Christianity. What has now been said finds confirmation in the fact that it was in the rich life of Greece that, so far as we have opportunity of judging, these gifts were especially displayed. We do not read of them either in the Churches of Palestine or Asia Minor, the pentecostal gift of tongues in the former being only the manifestation of one gift, and the healing of the sick alluded to by St. James (v. 14, 15) possessing an entirely different character from the healings spoken of in the chapters before us. We read, indeed, of the existence of some of them at Rome (Rom. xii. 6—8), but they are not spoken of as having been numerous, nor are they so much out of the ordinary line of the Spirit's working, as at Corinth; and besides, we know from other sources that the Greek element was powerful at Rome. No doubt it might be a hasty inference from the silence of Scripture to say that they did not exist to

a considerable extent in other places than Corinth; but the fact that we do meet them there as nowhere else, corresponds with that characteristic of them of which we have been speaking—that they were the extraordinary quickening of powers and activities already existing in their subjects.

In the second place, it is to be observed that the manifestation of the early Christian gifts or charisms was in some way or another limited by special circumstances, and that it does not appear to have stood at the command even of apostles at all times and in all circumstances. There are many allusions in the New Testament which it is hardly possible to explain, except on the supposition that the Apostle Paul was the victim of much bodily weakness and suffering. It would, we may readily enough think, have been of immense importance that that Apostle, amidst his many labours, had been strong in body. He does not seem to have been able to heal himself, and no other Christian, possessed of the gift of healing, seems to have even endeavoured to effect his cure. When the same Apostle was in Rome his companion Epaphroditus was "sick nigh unto death," and yet, referring to his recovery, St. Paul only says, "But God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow" (Phil. ii. 27). His other companion, Trophimus, he tells us in another passage, he "left at Miletum sick" (2 Tim. iv. 20). The gift of healing was obviously intended not for the removal of private griefs, but for special public purposes. We shall by-and-by see that it was the same with the gift of tongues.

In the third place, we have to remember that the time with which we are dealing was the very dawning of the Gospel age. It was, as it were, the morning of the day when the Church was married to her Lord, and when, therefore, not only were her emotions deepest, but when there was a peculiar propriety in her being decked in bridal garments. A new spirit had just been introduced into the world, a spirit of power, as yet unstraitened by the bonds that after ages, compelled to guard against abuse, have imposed upon it for the sake of order. Whether it was sustained by actually larger measures of divine grace than have since been vouchsafed to the Church, it might be difficult to say. There seems no authority in the Word of God for thinking that all the fulness of that grace is not as free to us as it has ever been to any before us, and it is better not to resort to the supposition that there was once more of it than

now, unless it be for the sake of condemning ourselves for our own remissness. Enough that things were then in their beginning; in their first burst of life; in the first exuberance of a growth that had been long struggling to get free. Keeping this in view, we can have less difficulty in conceiving that the effects of the Spirit's presence should have been manifested in more striking illustrations of a spiritual power at work in man than we witness now.

In the fourth place, we are not to conclude that, because in possession of such gifts, the Church was then at a higher stage than she is at present. We know, on the contrary, that in this very Church of Corinth these gifts existed contemporaneously with many grievous defections from Christianity. It does not follow that, because there was more lively feeling, there was therefore more of what is best fitted to exhibit the power of divine grace. The Christians of that time were really less advanced than we are. They had a far less perfect view of the whole field of divine truth, of the extent, of the proportion, of the harmony of its parts. They saw less of its bearing on all the multiplied relations of the life of man. The experience of Christian centuries, rich both in the development of Christian doctrine and in monuments of Christian action, had not then been gathered. The followers of Jesus believed with a simple, child-like faith, and loved with a similar love; but, after all, they stood to us in a relation corresponding to that in which a group of happy children stands to grown-up men whose minds are filled with the knowledge, and braced with the exertions, of ripened years. "Finest devout men," says one whose interesting thoughts upon many points have lately been given to the world,* "these old Christians were. But what did they do? They came together, and prayed, and read a great deal of Scripture, and sang, and talked, and went away again, and fell to tent-making; then came back, and read, and prayed, and sang, and so forth." It is in grace as it is in nature. We can conceive that, on that morning when Noah and his family came forth from the ark after the deluge, they would behold such a burst of new creative life as they had never previously witnessed. After their long submersion trees would rush into leaf, plants would spring with a rapidity far greater than they had ever before displayed. The chorus of song from the delivered birds would be such as had never before been heard. Everywhere life would show an intensity of action unseen before or since. It

* Dr. Duncan's "Colloquia Peripatetica," p. 2.

would be a glorious spectacle, renovated nature's first offering to her God, a fitting accompaniment to the smoke of Noah's sacrifice when, as it went up in the morning air, the Lord smelled a sweet savour, and declared that He would no more curse the ground for man's sake—but not so glorious, not so calculated to exalt our notions of the fulness of the Divine Presence, as when, season after season, and morning after morning, nature at God's bidding puts forth her calmer powers, leaves gradually decking the trees, the grass gradually becoming green, one sustained quiet energy causing the earth, through successive ages, to renew her youth, with no agitation, no noise, no excitement, but deep, undisturbed, irresistible, the power of Him who, amidst all changes, is Himself unchanged. We are not, therefore, when we think that gifts such as those of the Corinthian Church are not found among us, to complain that, on that account alone, "the former days were better than these." Nay rather, it may perhaps be said, the more we advance towards the great goal fixed for us in the providence of God, the more may we expect that occasional manifestations of divine power will disappear; not because God will then dwell less, but because He will then dwell more in us than in the earlier stages of our progress. His felt presence, His presence in all its power, so far as our natures are capable of receiving and exhibiting it, will then be the *rule* of the life of man. All will be supernatural, and yet all will be in the best sense natural, making manifest a regularity, a steadiness, and a harmoniousness like that of the laws of nature.

The considerations now adduced may help to throw light upon two questions of great interest and importance often asked in connection with the "gifts" of the early Christian Church.

The first of these is, "When did they cease?" But, viewed in the light in which we have spoken of them, it is, perhaps, as needless to make such an inquiry as it is, at all events, impossible to answer it. They were not bestowed in an arbitrary manner at the first, and no arbitrary line can be drawn to mark the period when they passed away. Had they been enjoyed only by apostles it might have seemed reasonable to say that they ceased with the apostolic age; but they were not confined to apostles, and we cannot even so connect them with apostolic influence as to allege, with any measure of probability, that they could be no more had when an apostle was no longer alive to lay his hands

on the heads of the baptized. Besides which, there are statements of the fathers that imply their existence, at least to a certain extent, in the Church long after the age of St. John, the last of the apostolic band. Nor, again, does it appear possible so to classify them as to distinguish some, of which we may at once say that they were in their nature temporary, from others which we may maintain to have necessarily a continued existence in the Church. No data for drawing such a distinction are given us in Scripture. Those which experience would seem to say were temporary did not, strictly speaking, cease. They passed into other forms more suitable to the stage at which, under the leavening influence of the Gospel, men had arrived. Those which continue in existence differ from those which have ceased in this alone, that the time for their disappearance in still higher forms has not yet come. But they, too, will pass away in that further development which awaits believers in Jesus. "Prophecy" will be unnecessary when "no man shall need to say to his neighbour, Know the Lord." "Discerning of spirits" will have no sphere to work in when deceit and hypocrisy have vanished, and all is true. There is one principle by which, in trying to form a judgment upon this point, we ought certainly to hold fast, that a measure of spiritual power equal to that enjoyed by our fathers in any age of the Christian Church is at our command, although it may exhibit itself in a different form. It may have appeared once in sudden and striking manifestations. It may appear now in a more general and pervading establishment of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men. But the same Spirit is working in the one case as in the other, and we shall not be straitened in Him if we are not straitened in ourselves. Whatever be the point of time at which the gifts in question ceased, it chiefly concerns us to bear in mind that they were not arbitrarily withdrawn, and that they did not cease, either because the Redeemer loved his Church less, or because He was less willing to bestow his grace upon her than "in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."

The second question, a solution of which may be aided by what has been said of the Corinthian "gifts," is, "May we expect them to be again at any time exhibited in the Church?" Looking at the matter simply in itself, it is impossible to say that they might not be, and that any assertion that they have actually reappeared is to be ascribed to

superstition or fanaticism. If they were once worthy of the divine power, it cannot be urged that they are unworthy of it now. If they once served an important purpose in the revelation of divine grace, it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that circumstances might arise in which they would be as valuable as ever. But if the view that has been taken of them in this paper be correct, it is not less clear that, while the Church pursues her ordinary path, they are not to be expected. Had they indeed been simply intended to be an *evidence* of the supernatural character of the Christian faith, it might be pled with considerable force that such evidence is not less needed now than it was in the early age of Christianity; and that, at all events in heathen lands, they would form a most valuable auxiliary in the proclamation of the Gospel. We have seen, however, that this was not their character. They were an evidence, but they were not primarily designed to be so. They were natural and appropriate to the stage of her progress in which the Church was standing. They are not so natural or appropriate now. Other evidences of a far deeper, more impressive, and more convincing nature, testifying to her heavenly origin, are within the Church's reach; and it ought to be her care to exhibit these, not so much in bursts of enthusiastic feeling, as in her closer walk with God, her holy and heavenly life. Should any still maintain that the older gifts ought to be exhibited, and that they exist, the true method for dispelling all scepticism on the point is to let men see them. It cannot be said with truth or fairness that Christians now will not believe even though they do see. The Church has not lost faith either in the divine power or in the living presence of her Lord. She will not deny that what He once did He may do again. She would welcome all by which He may think meet to reveal Himself either to her or to the world. She is only both entitled and bound to ask that she have clear evidence that He is doing so. Neither can it be pled that it is owing to the Church's faith and prayers not being directed to this particular mode of her Saviour's manifestation that He withholds such particular tokens of his presence. The miracles of the New Testament were not wrought because the Church expected and prayed for them, but because God saw proper that they should be given; and, if they are not given now in such a manner as to remove all doubt, we have in that circumstance alone a proof that He who knoweth what is best for us would

have us strengthen our faith by something else. It may be that these "gifts" will again appear. It would be presumption to say that they will not. But all the conditions of their first appearance render the prospect of them at least improbable, and both the general teaching of Scripture and the experience of the Church bid us seek for proofs of the divine presence with us in things more difficult to cultivate, and in which we are less liable to be deceived.

Following the method hitherto pursued in these papers, we might now have proceeded to deduce from the state of matters in the Corinthian Church, of which we have been speaking, certain lessons applicable to our own day. But, before doing so, there is one of these "gifts" so interesting in itself, and so intimately associated with the portion of the Epistle to the Corinthians now before us, that it is hardly possible to pass it without a few special remarks. We refer to what was known as "the gift of tongues." The most important passages of the New Testament bearing upon this gift are Acts ii. 1-13 and 1 Cor. xiv.

In reference to the first of these passages it must be at once admitted that the natural and even necessary interpretation is, that the "other tongues" there referred to are foreign languages. It is perhaps just conceivable that another interpretation might be adopted, and that we might suppose that not only was a certain gift of speaking bestowed upon the men on whom the tongues of fire descended, but also a gift of interpretation upon all the assembled crowd that heard them. In this case it might not be absolutely necessary to think that all the various languages and dialects represented on the spot were used for the proclamation of "the wonderful works of God." It might be enough to believe that the speakers used their own tongue, and that the hearers, hearing and *understanding* what to them were truths as new as they were wonderful, and finding these truths go home to them with power, imagined not unnaturally, in the excitement of the scene, that they were addressed in their native languages. On this supposition their own language was all that the hearers thought they knew; but, taught suddenly by the gift of God to comprehend a divine proclamation in another language, it was hardly possible for them to draw any other inference than that that language must be the one which they had always used. Such an explanation of the phenomenon may be accepted, without doing

dishonour to the sacred text, by those to whom it either appears that a mere gift of speaking in foreign tongues is beneath the dignity of the scene taken as a whole, or who cannot persuade themselves that the gift here referred to is to be understood differently from that spoken of in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The explanation, however, though possible, has little to commend it. It introduces another miracle of which no mention is made, and it is out of keeping with the general tenor of the narrative, more especially with the words of verse 6, "because that every man heard them speak in his own language." The only legitimate interpretation of the passage seems to be that the "other tongues" spoken of were the tongues of the various nationalities assembled at the time.

While this is the case with the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, it is hardly less clear that the "tongues" of the Corinthian Church were something else. (1.) It is distinctly said in 1 Cor. xiv. 2 that "he who speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God, for no man understandeth him." It is not disputed that the word "understand" is a correct translation of the original, and it is impossible to suppose that "no one" means only the majority. But speaking in foreign languages was speaking to men whenever any were present whose tongues were spoken. (2.) To speak in foreign languages cannot be described as being, in any special sense, a speaking to God. To Him all languages are alike. (3.) We read in the same verse, "Howbeit in the spirit he speaketh mysteries." These words evidently refer us to the *substance* of what was spoken as the kernel of the gift, and not to the mere form in which the substance was clothed by the speaker. (4.) It is plain that a speaker with tongues could only be understood by means of an interpreter, and that the Apostle left it to be of importance that the speaker should himself interpret: "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the Church. *Wherefore* let him that speaketh in a tongue pray that he may interpret;" "Greater is he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues, except he interpret, that the Church may receive edifying;" "If any man speak in a tongue, let it be by two, or at the most by three, and let one interpret" (verses 12, 13, 5, 27). The necessity for an interpreter could not have been asserted with so universal a reference had speaking in foreign languages been the gift. Such languages must often have been under-

stood, and they would, indeed, on the supposition we are combating, have only been resorted to where they, and not the interpretation, were the thing intelligible. (5.) The nature of this "interpretation" is very clearly set before us at verse 13: "Wherefore let him that speaketh in a tongue pray that he may interpret. For, if I pray in a tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. What is it then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." The "interpreting" spoken of in these words is obviously not a translation from one language into another, but a translation of expressions, uttered in some high region of spiritual life, into expressions belonging to the region of the understanding, into expressions that may be grasped by the intellect. (6.) In verse 28 direction is given that, if no interpreter be present, the speaker with tongues shall be silent; he shall speak only to himself and to God. The idea of silent communion with God in a foreign rather than a native tongue is so highly improbable as almost of itself to render some other interpretation necessary. (7.) What object can we imagine to have been connected with a gift of ability to speak foreign tongues? It was long imagined that it would assist in the propagation of the Gospel. But the gift was enjoyed by many who were not, and were never intended to become, missionaries of the cross. Besides this, there is a total want of evidence that early Christians who were missionaries, and in possession of the gift, ever used it for such a purpose. St. Paul spoke with tongues more than all the Corinthians. Was this for the sake of preaching the Gospel in the native or provincial dialect of any of the districts that he visited? Then why did he not, for it is involved in the supposition that the Greek tongue was not everywhere sufficiently known, also write some of his epistles in these dialects? The language, sufficient for building up a church wherever planted, must surely also have sufficed for the planting of that church. Or if, again, it be said that to speak to a strange nation in its own tongue was a wonderful token of the power of God, it must be borne in mind that there was little chance of the miracle's being appreciated. It would be supposed that the skill of the Evangelist had been acquired in the ordinary way. Finally, there is no force in what is sometimes said that the speaking in foreign languages presents a beautiful contrast to the confusion of tongues at Babel.

It does, on the supposition that one language was intelligible to all. On any other supposition the gift, instead of showing us the differences of tongues passing into a higher unity, must rather be regarded as confirming and sanctifying them in their separate state. Upon the whole the conclusion is unavoidable that the gift of tongues, as it existed in in the Church at Corinth, was something entirely different from ability to use, without the ordinary preparation, another than one's native language.

What it really was is far less easy to determine. The most probable supposition seems to be that it consisted of high and mysterious and enraptured expressions, but these expressions uttered in the speaker's native tongue. The possessor of the gift was hurried, under the immediate inspiration of the Spirit, into some lofty region of spiritual life. There his soul was fired with the wondrous visions that burst upon his view. Not in wild expressions, or with wild gesticulations like those of the Pythian goddess, did he then pour forth the emotions stirred within him; but, in impassioned spiritual eloquence, in sentences that belonged to another than the common domain of spiritual life, in words unintelligible to any who were not also sharers of his feelings, he spoke, he prayed, he sang—giving evidence by his tones, his looks, his whole appearance, that he was holding communion with God, that he was, in the sight of his fellow mortals, caught up into the third heaven, and listening to the unspeakable words that were uttered there. Nay, it is even possible that this speaking in a tongue may have, to no small degree, consisted only in the expression of divine truth in such visions and symbolic forms as we find in the Revelation of St. John.* This much, at least, is worthy of notice that, in 1 Cor.

xiv. 1, compared with the second verse of the same chapter, speaking with tongues is spoken of by pre-eminence as "spiritual gifts," or, as it ought rather to be translated, "the spiritual gifts" or "spiritual things," that, in 1 Thess. v. 19, the words "quench not the Spirit" are, by the unanimous consent of the best commentators, to be understood of it, and that both passages immediately connect themselves with the language of St. John in Rev. i. 10, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." It may be unnecessary, therefore, to go beyond the idea of such teaching as we find in the Apocalypse for an explanation of "the tongues" of the Church of Corinth. At all events we have no call to think of anything else than speaking in one's native language, although that speaking would be of such a fervid and impassioned character as at once distinguished it from the speaking of an ordinary instructor. This seems to be the most natural supposition that we can form upon the difficult and mysterious subject of the Corinthian tongues. It is only necessary to observe in conclusion that, if we adopt it, we must admit that, between the time of Acts ii. and 1 Cor. xiv., the "tongues" had already in some degree changed their character, and that they were already passing from a more outward impressiveness of effect to a more inward, yet exceptional, communion with God. Even that was not to last. It was to be followed soon by that calm dwelling in God's long-experienced love which makes the whole Christian life a psalm, a hymn, a spiritual song, and its whole expression a "new tongue."

The Corinthian "gifts" have passed away, but other gifts remain or have taken their place, and the principles laid down by the Apostle for the one are not less valuable for the other. What these are must, however, be considered at another time.

* Compare Trautmann's "Apost. Kirche," p. 319.

WM. MILLIGAN.



HYMN.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE VINET.)

THOU, of earth desired, adored ;
 Joy and glory of the skies ;
 Thou, my Brother, Saviour, Lord,
 Lo ! I bend before Thine eyes :
 O that mild yet awful mien !
 Grace commanding, yet serene !
 Of Thy gifts the triple dower,
 Light, hope, peace, upon me shower.

Long have I my feeble sight
 Strain'd, and nothing met my view :
 Long my mind hath yearn'd for light,
 Fathom'd all, yet nothing knew :
 O the blessings thus foregone !
 Fleeting lights in vain that shone !
 Useless griefs which fail'd to bless !
 Draughts of deadly happiness !

Say, my soul, but now forlorn,
 Whence is come this calm to thee ?
 Say, my mind, with searching worn,
 How so clearly dost thou see ?
 All my doubts, behold, they cease !
 Sinks the storm to deepest peace !
 O strange mystery of love !
 Grace my highest thoughts above !

Greater than all names that are,
 JESUS is our Saviour's name :
 Gulfs to fill, which sever'd far
 God from sinners, JESUS came !
 To my tongue that Name how dear,
 Melting hardness, calming fear ;
 Name to make the rebel mourn,
 And remorse to sorrow turn !

Heart Divine ! my comfort be ;
 Be my refuge in the strife ;
 From the tempest shelter me ;
 Be at death my better life !
 See my wound, how deep and sore ;
 Heal me,—heal ten thousand more ;
 Yea, o'er all this world of woe
 Bid Thy boundless mercy flow !

HENRY DOWNTON.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Well, if a woman hadn't better be in her grave than be married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man."
—Mrs. Caudle's *Curtain Lectures*.



R. and Mrs. Pickering put themselves on board the Southampton and Havre packet one hot day in June.

The green waves were a little rebellious, the hot bright weather notwithstanding. Perhaps they protested against the unusual

weight they were called upon to bear.

Mrs. Pickering poised herself upon the narrow bench and leant heavily upon the bulwarks. She was in full travelling costume, brown holland suit with a loose jacket, a white bonnet with yellow ribbons, and a large blue "ugly." This last appendage protected her complexion from the detrimental effects of brine and wind.

Mrs. Pickering had a very large carpet-bag, and a very small maid. With little luggage she had consented to put up, but without her Abigail move she would not.

"You have no feelings, Pickering, for the feelings of a delicate woman arrivin' in foreign parts by herself."

"By yourself, old woman?"

"Yes, Pickering, begging your pardon—you ain't no use in the ways I refer to. Do you remember, Pickering," she continued, in a solemn and impressive voice, "do you remember when we was on that blessed tower through Germany, and you would have me go alone and unprotected—do you remember one event as happened? Oh no, very likely not; it didn't make no odds to you if a furrin' flunkey came a-marching in my room, quite composed and imper'ent, before I was out of my bed. 'Wussi les letters,' said he,

puttin' 'em on the table and a-staring at me as if he'd never seen a nightcap before. And 'Wussi le door!' says I, screaming at him till my throat was split."

"He never came again, did he, my woman?" asked Mr. Pickering, who was smoking his pipe cross-legged. "No, I thought not. One look was enough, eh?"

Mrs. Pickering whisked her portly person round with such activity as was possible, and sulked. Sulkeness brought on a worse complaint, and pride had to fall before necessity.

"Pickering, call Pamela," said she.

Mr. Pickering stared.

"Who's Pamela?"

"Jane, Jane! Can't you call her by one name or another? Pamela's a more suitable name surely, Pickering, for foreign parts than Jane? I *told* you she was to be called Pamela, long ago."

Pamela, *alias* Jane, was called to her mistress, and took up her station beside her. But in the woeful match the servant outstripped her mistress. She was fairly ill before Mrs. Pickering could even lose her colour.

"I do feel that ill, Pickering," said she nevertheless, holding her side, and groaning, and flinging herself half over the bulwarks, "that I could wish—I never was born." And she looked into his face for some loving response; for a word of entreaty that she should not wish anything so fatal to his happiness.

"So could I—almost—my woman, do you know!" he answered coolly. Not being in any way a sufferer himself, the words could admit of but one interpretation to any one but Juliana.

"Walk up and down, Pickering, my dear love," said she coaxingly, "or I'll make you worse."

He was too glad of the opportunity, and strode about with his hands in his pockets, his slouch hat tied down over his ears, and the wind stirring up even his thick, bushy eyebrows. He was a sociable man, with kindly manners; and a deal of rough humour; just the man to make friends after a fashion with idle, wind-blown people on the deck of a steamer.

But there is very little peace for some people in the world, besides the wicked.

Juliana's eyes followed her husband restlessly from point to point.

"Pamela," said she at last, startling the poor little maiden, who, really unfit to move, had laid her head upon the bulwarks, "go and tell your master to speak to me a minute. Don't run, Pamela: it don't look dignified nor well."

Poor little Pamela, who, at the age of fifteen, generally moved very quickly, and ran up and down the dingy London stairs, had no thoughts of running to-day. She tottered towards her master and gave the message, and then fell back into her place.

"Come to the fore-part, Pickering!" said his wife. "I wonder at your going down there, as you wasn't a gentleman at all. Who'd think what your per-annual income is, to see you hob-nobbing with the low classes down there?"

"You go to sleep, Juliana my girl, and don't fret about me. You'll never be well till you get a sleep."

That she would not, if it could be avoided. But go to bed she very soon found she must. With misty eyes she looked round for her husband to help her; and, failing to see him, she and Pamela reeled to the cabin together.

There sleep overcame them both, and the green waves tossed them to and fro in vain. Even the hard old velvet on the sofas was a soft pillow for poor little Pamela, after the sharp edge of the bulwarks she had left above. To the lullaby of creaking port-manteaus, and heavy footsteps overhead, and the seething of the water against the vessel as she cut her way across the channel, and the tramp, tramp of restless and provokingly able people up and down the cabin-stairs, mistress and handmaiden not only fell asleep, but dreamed.

Mrs. Pickering had just prevailed upon her restive husband to make over a large picture and two purses of money to a gorgeous foreign dignitary, in exchange for a baronship, which, printed in full form on pink paper, she was holding tightly in happy hands, when the fall of a handbag from its place on to her foot dispelled the fond delusion, and brought her back to fusty cushions, and the smell of distasteful cooking, and the jingling of bottles in a farther corner. A bundle of maps and a crumpled newspaper were on the floor beside her; on the saloon-table a parrot's cage (with a ruffled and dejected inmate) swung its brass ring ceaselessly from side to side. Its proprietress, well enough to be

playful, poked her umbrella ever and anon through the bars. Packets of pressed sandwiches littered the seats; Charles Lever and Miss Braddon lay unheeded, or had been eclipsed by the greater attraction of hot brandy-and-water and a recumbent position.

It was all painfully real and material to Mrs. Pickering's eyes, still radiant from the glitter of the coronet of her dreams.

"Dear me! what a delicious dream I was having, to be sure! O dear me!" and she yawned, and tried to pull the "ugly" that had been disarranged into its place again.

The next thought was, of course, "I wonder what has become of Pickering?" and it acted like magic, bringing back energy and vivacity into the whole frame.

Mrs. Pickering had on the whole a kind heart; at least she cast a glance at Pamela, and seeing she slept, proceeded to pick herself up and put herself together unassisted.

It was a matter of some little time, and when it was completed, she was aware that her complexion was not quite what it ought to be. Green, I fear, was the prevailing tint; and this green had been ploughed into small and irregular furrows by the merciless cushions. In fact, one side of Mrs. Pickering's face was unbecomingly seamed, and one of the eyes, that had done such havoc at Margate in the days gone by, was swollen and disfigured. But an arrangement of the "ugly" helped to modify this, and anxiety as to her husband's proceedings overruled for the most part other considerations.

After a few unsuccessful attempts the stairs were surmounted, and the sea-breezes began to trifle with Mrs. Pickering's locks. The "ugly" bent and bowed, and the hairs streamed wildly across her eyes; but they were impatiently removed, lest by any means the object of her search should escape her. Not on any seat, nor by the helm, nor on the paddle-box, nor by the funnel, wrapped up in his wife's shawl, and talking to another lady: such things had happened, but not to-day. Not even among the "low" steerage people at the other end, for Mrs. Pickering soiled her genteel skirts so far as to go to the very verge, almost to cross the line of demarcation—and still Pickering was nowhere to be seen.

"You haven't seen a gentleman of quality lately on the deck, my good man?" inquired the anxious Juliana at last of one of the crew; "the gentleman that came on board with me and suite?"

"Dunno' who 'sweet' is, and didn't 'appen to see you come aboard, ma'am; but what sort of a gen'leman is it?"

"A gentleman of position, I tell you, my good man, with a slouch hat fastened down because of the wind, and——"

"Gen'leman of position, is he? O—ay—well. I can't say as to position, ma'am, only he's in a wery queer position now, and no mistake. And that's in the steerage cabin a-larking with people who ain't got no position, 'cept the boards as is under their feet. It ain't a fit place for a lady——"

But before he could finish, Mrs. Pickering, with the agility of a chamois, was half-way down the stairs of the steerage cabin. They at least maintained the character she had assigned to that part of the vessel; they were so low and steep that, had not fear and wrath and retaliation armed Mrs. Pickering with a manly courage, she must have given up the attempt in despair.

Such a scene was presented to her when she had reached the door, that even the swollen eye assumed its natural proportions, the better to serve its mistress.

A motley crowd of poorly-clothed people, some looking very hungry, some very noisy, some very ill, occupied the so-called saloon. The sufferers lay upon the ground or benches, the hungry ones sat still, or, if they were children, cried. The noisy members stood round the table, on which a bottle of brandy and some glasses were placed. They were far from being a disreputable set; indeed, most of them were respectable enough in their normal condition. But under the influence of brandy, sea-sickness, and jollity, and in Mrs. Pickering's eyes, they appeared to be the scum of the earth.

To be sure the motley group came in but as a background or foreground to the one central figure, standing up with graceful prominence among them.

Devoid of coat, his hair tossed upon his face, his face itself purple rather than red, Joshua Pickering, member of a hundred Academies, and rejoicing in a "per-annual income" of some thousands, and before the eyes of his delicate and tortured wife, was employed in carrying about the very slouch hat by which she had described him, to each member of the strange fraternity; and into it each member (a pale young woman in black with two children clinging to her, and a baby in her arms, excepted) dropped a contribution.

"Who'll pay the piper? who'll pay the piper?" he kept exclaiming lustily, as he

made his rounds. "Come! that's good! that's a brave penny! we'll have a fiver yet between us!" And the willingness with which coppers, and threepenny-pieces, shillings, even now and then a half-crown, dropped into the hat, bade fair for the fulfilment of the prophecy.

"Another, another!" shouted several of the noisy members, rapping on the table with their fists, or the handles of their knives. "Tip us a stave yet, old fellow!" And loud and deep burst out a song from Mr. Pickering's vast lungs: long enough to please the greediest, and rough enough for the most vulgar, and withal a vein of humour and cordiality, what the French call *bonhomie*, running through it, that made it touch a chord in every heart.

Loud and long as was the song, the applause was longer and louder.

Mr. Pickering had not had such a "fling" for a long time: he was beside himself with joy at the so-long-foregone freedom. He tossed his hair back as a horse let loose tosses his mane in the wind; but he had not got his head down yet; there is a hand on the bridle after all.

"Joshua Pickering!"

That was all she said; but poor Joshua very nearly fell to the earth.

His crest-fallen appearance was too ridiculous for the manners of the company. They burst into a loud laugh.

Mr. Pickering carried it off as well as he could; but after all it was but a poor success. He shook hands with one or two of his new friends; he pulled on his coat with a would-be air of indifference; he tried to chaff his wife, but it was very feeble chaff. Finally, he emptied his hat as quickly as he could into the lap of the young woman with the hungry children.

"There! that'll take you to Paris, poor soul, and keep you there a bit too. Stuff and nonsense! what did I sing for, but to give you the halfpence? Take it, that's a good woman, and don't make a kick-up. Ah, *don't* be a fool!" he added, hastily, almost fiercely, for the poor young woman had stooped suddenly and kissed his hand. Such a great brown, Esau-like hand it was; but to her what should it seem but the hand of an angel? In a moment afterwards she was washing her children's faces, and talking to them cheerily for the first time for many a day. Well she might be cheerful, raised from almost starvation to the competency of ten pounds sterling, not including two francs. The "fiver" may have been collected in the

hat, but a second had found its way, I think, from Joshua Pickering's pocket.

I cannot attempt to describe the situation in which this unfortunate gentleman of position found himself, when the friendly faces of his associates in the steerage were shut out from him by the portly figure of his injured wife. Every ribbon on her bonnet, every hair of her head was stiff with horror: every step she took was a reproach, every look an arrow. Such times happily pass over at length; and the distraction of landing at Havre, and being called upon to use a foreign language, made a blessed diversion in Mr. Pickering's favour.

They found themselves very soon in an omnibus, crowded to overflowing and unpleasantly warm, but on their way to the station for Paris.

One of the windows fell down of its own accord close to Mr. Pickering's head. He was thanking it silently for the great favour it had conferred upon him in so marked a manner, when the conductor appeared on the door-step, and challenged him to pay for the broken glass.

Mr. Pickering could be very generous to the deserving, but he had no idea of being swindled out of even a few francs. The argument waxed hot, and Mr. Pickering waxed hotter.

"Je vous dis—je n'ai pas cassé! Je vous dis—do you hear?—je n'ai pas! je n'ai pas! Et je ne will not pay for it—so there!"

And persistent and impudent as was the conductor with his valuable French, Mr. Pickering had the best of it at last. For he held up his good English pine walking-stick a little threateningly in one hand, and his sketch-book in the other, as he stepped out of the omnibus.

"Je suis Official d'Angleterre—et si vous me dites quelque chose de plus—je vous donnerai un good thrashing—so there!"

And the little conductor vanished, while Mrs. Pickering called out loudly, to the admiration of Pamela, whose ignorance was her bliss,—

"Les choses ne sont pas rendu! Comment! vous allez laisser un dame toute par elle-même with the luggage? J'avais entendu vous êtes très cum-il faut dans France! Mercy, mercy—toutes là!—et là!—oui, oui, to the station—pour Paris—wussi Mon-suire—là! Come along, Pamela, he understands perfectly. It's wonderful, to be sure, how a language do come back when it's wanted."

The lithe little porter, with his good manners, thought it wonderful too.

XXIV.

"Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me."—JON xix. 21.

"TAKE care how you lift him! There, my poor fellow. The pillows, Philippine—no, a little more round—there! Are you pretty easy now?"

And the difficult and anxious experiment over, Mr. Beauchamp's kind face relaxed into its normal serenity.

Gaspar Marshall bowed his head, but hardly answered. What a changed face since we have seen it last! The cheeks fallen in and of a ghastly paleness; the face, whose contour was so full and faultless, now buried in the bush of auburn beard. His head sank helplessly back upon the red pillows behind him, and Margaret and Mr. Beauchamp took their places on the seat opposite.

As the wheels turned round, the sick man opened his eyes. They saw that he was trying to speak, and bent over him to catch the sound.

"Not to-day," said Margaret softly. She alone had heard the question. His lips moved again.

"Her head aches, Gaspar; she could not come to-day. She will drive with us to-morrow, perhaps."

Then there was silence. They left the hot streets, and passed out where the trim houses stand farther apart, with gay gardens round them. They came upon the Café Reib'l, where a gay crowd loitered about among the trees, or sat lazily beer-drinking at little tables.

Gungl's band was playing gloriously. Now a swinging melodious German waltz, now a selection from the *Trovatore*, or *Faust*, or the *Nozze di Figaro*.

Mr. Beauchamp signed to the coachman to stop. They stopped there every day. Gaspar listened for a while with closed eyes to the music: it seemed always to soothe him, and a sort of peace would steal over his face as over a sleeping child's.

He never gave the signal to drive on; but when the sun became too hot, or they thought a crowd was about to leave the gardens, Margaret and Mr. Beauchamp would call to the coachman to move on into the quiet country roads. Gaspar could not bear a crowd. One day he tried to struggle into a sitting posture when the sound of many feet passed the carriage, and then an attack of faintness and pain had followed.

It is a pitiful thing to see him so. And a pitiful tale would be the story of his illness from first to last.

He stood one day in such a crowd as now buzzed about the band-stand, as hale a man as ever trod on ground. He had lighted his cigar from that of an Austrian hussar who stood beside him, and they talked together fluently, sometimes in German, sometimes in French.

Suddenly a giddiness came upon him, a black mist stole over his eyes. He knew no more till he found himself conscious in a small room in the Hôtel Sophienbad.

Conscious, but not the same Gaspar he had been before. The strong limbs that had been his stout servitors, and had never known ache or ill, suddenly refused to serve him longer. The clear head was confused and dizzy, the fingers that were used to guide the pen, that at his desire would fly so glibly and so well, lay upon the counterpane powerless and white.

When he could speak, he bade the people of the hotel telegraph to Margaret. And Margaret came.

"I don't understand it," he would say to her with an assumed cheerfulness. "I ought to be about again by this time. Never had a day's illness before, and I don't intend to be an invalid now, especially in this miserable hole. Why did they not take me to my own hotel? There is no one you know in the house, is there?"

"No one, Gaspar."

Then he looked satisfied, and would sleep a little.

And after a few days, peevishness took the place of the assumed cheerfulness, and he would move restlessly to and fro upon his bed. Margaret's unceasing watchfulness and care seemed all in vain.

"You and your doctors don't do me much good, Margaret," he would say. "Just move the pillow, will you?"

And a moment afterwards,

"Put back the pillow—it is worse than ever. What time is it? Can't you read to me? Look here, you will find my manuscript in that dressing-bag. Read that to me. I want to know how it sounds."

Then she would read, and he would find fault all the while. At last he would say,

"Put it away; you have no notion of doing justice to a good bit of composition."

And she would beg to be allowed to go on, pleading that the writing was a little indistinct; but in vain.

Once she tried to paint by the half light near the darkened window, thinking he was asleep. But he called her impatiently away. To be distracted from his own thoughts, not

to be left alone—these seemed to be his ruling desires.

Sometimes he was like a little child craving to be told stories to while away the hours.

The day that Margaret came he had discovered for the first time that she had been absent from home, and upon what business. For her letters had naturally missed him, as he moved restlessly from place to place.

He accused her of having hidden her plans from him, of neglecting the children, worst and bitterest taunt of all, of being greedy of gains and regardless of his wishes. Margaret with trembling mentioned the name of Beauchamp Towers.

Gaspar Marshall was not a passionate man, but his eyes gathered to themselves a look of horrible malignity when he was angered. Margaret knew the look, and dreaded it more than any blows, or than the most bitter speeches. His quiet severe speeches were bitter enough to her, Heaven knows.

He wanted to find out whether any of his friends had fallen upon Margaret during this visit, and in her capacity as teacher of drawing.

"Gaspar," she said, fearing more than she could say the effects of this excitement for him in his weak state, and anxious at any cost to set his mind at rest. "Gaspar, I saw no one who knew you. A gentleman called one day who is a friend of yours. I was upstairs, and Miss Beauchamp came to tell me. I did not go down, and I did not know his name. I begged Miss Beauchamp not to mention mine, and she promised not to do so. He did not stay more than half an hour, and the drawing-room was full of people. I am certain that no one told him there was a drawing-mistress in the house at all; and if he had heard my name, he would never think I was your sister. I wrote to tell you what I had done: I tried to make myself a little independent of you, and to help you and the children. Before I could earn anything I was called away to you, or I should have more money now to get a few comforts for you. But the children have their own money now, so I have only you to think of. Try and go to sleep, dear Gaspar, for indeed I will do my best to think for you, and to keep off every annoyance I can."

If Gaspar Marshall could be ashamed, he should have known shame then. I think he must have known it; a faint tinge must have stolen into the white cheeks. But he fell asleep, and slept soundly with a comparatively easy mind.

So things went on from day to day, and from week to week.

"When shall I get up?" asked Gaspar of the English doctor.

"Next week, perhaps; but you must keep yourself quite quiet, and not be anxious and impatient."

Next week came. "May I get up?" asked Gaspar, who, alas! had not had the bitter lesson of trying.

"Well—hardly yet. Another week, I think. But we might try a little carriage exercise."

Margaret ordered a droschke, the best that she could find. But the motion was uneasy, and Gaspar's face was knit with pain. He did not ask again for some time when he might get up.

To amuse him she would tell him long stories of her stay at Beauchamp Towers, though she never felt certain that the theme was altogether pleasant to him. But Margaret described vividly, and in spite of himself he would become interested: in Philippine and her sharp retorts; in Mr. Leslie, with his humility and despair; in Miss Middlemay, with her mild, far-off echo from the background.

Then Margaret would show him Philippine's photograph, and the sketch she had taken of her in the Conservatory, holding the passion-flower between her long lovely fingers. And Gaspar would be amused for a little, and look at it off and on, and Margaret would leave it on the table beside him with his books. Poor books! They were little read now. If he tried to think, the pain in his head came on immediately.

So there was little left to be done but talking; and there was little to talk of but Philippine. Jeanie Carter would not have interested him at all. The children's pretty quaint sayings fell on careless ears. He liked to hear about the Beauchamps, about the large house and gardens, about the library with its goodly store of books. When Margaret inadvertently spoke out the gratitude that was in her heart for the order Mr. Beauchamp had given her, her brother's face fell. The intellect that had been so proud and self-confident in the knowledge and strength of its own power was losing ground a little. The keen memory had dimmed. I think Gaspar forgot sometimes in what capacity Margaret had come to visit the Beauchamps and Beauchamp Towers, and when the knowledge was forced upon him again, her stories lost something of their pleasurable-ness.

Margaret was afraid to tell him of the arrival of a letter from Philippine, saying

that she and her father would be in Munich in a few days' time. Mrs. Beauchamp had gone with Miss Middlemay to Ischl for the waters—her husband and daughter were to take a tour through Italy and Germany. Munich was as much in their way as anything else; in fact, Mr. Beauchamp was very anxious to see the Rubens in the gallery.

They did not take rooms in the Hôtel Sophienbad, but in the Bavarian, where they could have them large and airy, and good attendance. But they were with Margaret every day.

Margaret judged rightly when she foresaw that had Gaspar had time to expect them, he would have been sadly disturbed. In small rooms, with no attendance but what Margaret could give him, and in what he could not help considering the somewhat undignified position of utter helplessness, the advent of strangers (especially such strangers as the Beauchamps) would have been most unwelcome.

But once aware that there was no escape from them, that Mr. Beauchamp had been in the hotel itself, and that in half an hour he would be at his bedside, Gaspar's cool self-possession came into play.

"He is a gentleman every inch, and I should say a clever one too," said the father to his daughter, after the first interview.

The doctor said it would be good for the patient to be moved daily on to a sofa, so a small sitting-room was taken opening out of his own. Margaret was spared for half an hour to buy a new blue dressing-gown and a new razor, and he received his visitors for the first time together on the next day.

The dressing-gown was of a German cut, and that distressed poor Gaspar not a little. But Margaret's fingers went to work to alter the ugly sleeve and the unbecoming collar, and when the auburn beard was spread upon it, Gaspar still looked a handsome man. Philippine, who had never seen him before, thought him more than handsome.

Gaspar could be very courteous when he liked. His courtesy to Philippine was very touching—touching, because every attempt was such an exertion to him, and so many failed while they were still attempts only. At length he had to give up trying to raise himself when she came in with her father, as she did every day now—sometimes twice a day. He had to suffer her to pick up the book or paper that slipped off his sofa if Margaret were not close at hand.

Margaret's offices were accepted by the sufferer as a matter of course. Day and night



"MARGARET."

were alike devoted to him, and hardly a murmur of gratitude or a common expression of thanks would pass his lips. But an earnest "Oh, thank you! how sorry I am!" would follow upon Philippine's least and most trifling service.

Do you think it pained Margaret to note the difference? Margaret was human, and she had human weaknesses. The first, and the second, and the third time that the fact was brought before her, a half-pained, half-rebellious feeling swelled into her heart. But conquer it she felt she must, and conquer it she did. "What is my love for him," she said to herself, "if it allows of jealousy?" And after that she forced herself to bring Philippine to the front, as it were, implored her to come often to see Gaspar, and told her, what indeed was true, that her presence was the only thing that roused him or gave him pleasure.

Mr. Beauchamp hired a comfortable carriage by the month, and regularly as the afternoon returned came the carriage to the door of the Hôtel Sophienbad, and then they drove together—Gaspar, Margaret, Mr. Beauchamp, and Philippine.

The party created no little excitement in Munich. Philippine's beautiful face and Margaret's dark, sad eyes attracted the attention of many a passer-by. Some wondered if all English girls were as pale as these, for Philippine's rich, delicate colour was fading little by little from her face; as Margaret's had done long before.

When, on the day we have met them, she excused herself from the drive on the plea that her head ached, and walked back slowly to the Hôtel Bavarian with her maid, Mr. Beauchamp began to fear that Munich was not a healthy place.

Gaspar was not so well either. At least he was very soon tired of the drive, and begged to be taken home earlier than usual.

MEY.

"In the June twilight, in the soft grey twilight,
The yellow sun-glow trembling through the rainy eve,
As my love lay quiet, came the solemn fiat,
'All these for ever—for ever—thou must leave.'"

DINAH MULOCK.

It came to Philippine's ears that Gaspar Marshall had missed her from her accustomed place in the carriage, and that he had come home terribly weak and worn. And after that she never more excused herself, and the drives would be late and long.

July melted into August, and at the end of August the Beauchamps were still at Munich.

"I think we ought to be going back to your mother," said the father periodically to

his daughter. But she was his guiding star, and the guiding star chose to tarry over Munich for the present.

"We could not leave Margaret alone, papa, could we?" she would say.

Once she said it standing by the window of their own rooms, and looking with vacant eyes at the statues of great men on their pedestals below. She was not trying to distinguish Körner from Goethe, nor to discover if Goethe and Körner were there at all. I think both of these are of the group, looking blindly out with stony eyes upon the puny passers-by: eternity gazing upon fleeting time.

Mr. Beauchamp was reading *Galignani* in the arm-chair. They were waiting for a hasty luncheon of fruit and wine before the carriage should come round.

"Ah, poor fellow," said he, "it can't last very much longer now. I doubt if he will be here this day week. It would be merciful to wait and take the poor girl with us. Poor thing! she will break down after all this heroism. Wonderful nature it is, to be sure—wonderful!" And Mr. Beauchamp turned the *Galignani* round with a sigh, and began reading the latest from England.

Philippine said it was too hot to eat. She drank a glass of water, and took up the paper, which her father had laid down. There was a long silence, broken only by the pouring out of some *Marsala* into Mr. Beauchamp's glass, and the crunch, crunch of the *Galignani*, as Philippine folded and unfolded, and turned it restlessly in her hands.

"Papa," she asked at last, "does Margaret know?"

Mr. Beauchamp was at that moment in the preserves at Beauchamp Towers; myriads of pheasants crossed the retina of his mind's eye. He had quite forgotten the casual remark he had made to his daughter.

"Know what, my dear?" he asked.

"That he is—so ill, papa!"

"Ah, indeed! poor child, poor child! I never thought of that. It ought to be broken to her. Those doctors will deceive her to the last. How long has he been ill?"

"Seven weeks," said Philippine. She could have said "seven weeks to-day," but she forbore.

There was another long pause, and then Philippine went up-stairs to put on her hat. When she came down the carriage had been some moments at the door. They got in—in a silence which neither noticed. As they came in sight of the Hôtel Sophienbad Philippine said,

"I will tell Margaret, papa. I think I can do it best. You are sure there is no hope?"

"There never has been any from the very first. You tell her, darling; you will do it best. But how will you manage it, eh?"

"Let us have a droschke, papa. You take him in the carriage."

Margaret was standing at the door to meet them. They had grown used to see the

drawn, pained expression in her blanched face. Only Philippine noticed that there was a new look in her face to-day.

Margaret came up to the carriage and took Philippine's hand. She is always Philippine now, not Phil. "Phil" was passable when she was in her wilful humours at Beauchamp Towers. Here in Munich, with her pale face and her quiet manner, she could be none



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other than Philippine. Margaret fancied that Mary of Scotland might have changed just so, from the gay Dauphiness of France into the sad, beautiful woman of the later days, and under greyer skies. But Philippine's grander beauty, her womanhood, had fallen upon a sudden, without cause, and under bluer skies than had seen her blithe and girlish.

All this Margaret had discovered in the last week of the time we have necessarily

passed over in silence. That the change could be without cause she could not believe. Outwardly the weeks passed evenly enough—an hour in the Pinacothec, a drive, the band at the Café Reib'l—such was the order of the day for all, except that Margaret, who at other times would so have feasted on the treasures of the gallery, never shared the visits that the Beauchamps made, more as a matter of duty than of taste.

Gaspar indeed varied a little from day to day, and with his health Margaret's spirits rose and fell. Sometimes, when he had eaten some breakfast, or slept soundly for a few hours, or had come home from his drive without suffering afterwards, she would look almost happy for a little while. Then the hope would ebb and wane, to rise again, and ebb again continually. It was like the tide, a sorrowful thing, I think, always, only that there was the lurking fear beneath that one day with the ebb a something would be carried out to the shoreless ocean, never to return—never to give hope any more, nor fear any more.

Margaret in her brave soul had tried to face the possibility from the beginning. When the doctor's visits slackened, and he told her there was nothing that he could do any longer, and when the stronger measures employed at first were replaced by opiates and refreshing drinks, things that might alleviate but could not cure, she had courage enough to recognise that the possibility had become a probability.

How bitter it was we need not ask. The God who alone could know gave her the strength sufficient to the hour.

Is this a platitude, or a fanciful imagination? They who have passed through dark waters as Margaret did, and with the same faith that upheld her, will answer. They alone are able to judge.

But Margaret was more than most women tutored in sorrow. Her whole life had been more or less uneasy and troubled. She had learnt as all children of sorrow have learnt, or ought to learn, the lesson of looking beyond herself, even when the bitterness was hers alone.

She was not quite sure that the bitterness now was hers alone.

The probability had passed into an almost certainty the evening before Mr. Beauchamp had first spoken to his daughter of the hopelessness of Gaspar Marshall's case.

Into the agony of that night it is not for us to look. We must see Margaret only as she came down next day, as she stands with Philippine's hand at the carriage door.

I have seen pictures of St. Agnes with such a look as Margaret wore. Whoever knows such pictures will not wonder that she was strong enough to go through all things unflinchingly, nor that she spoke calmly to her friend what sounded common words. I should like materialists to have seen her then, to be haunted by the sight for ever: that they might see there is a Far-off reflected in those

far-off eyes, and that a strength not ours is a verity.

"I will drive with you alone to-day," said she, anticipating Philippine's plan and words. And before Gaspar Marshall was carried down they had driven off.

The coachman had told the driver that the Café Reib'l was the point daily made for, and he drove accordingly. But Margaret stood up and ordered otherwise.

Philippine did not understand German, and she was lost in thought. She was unmanned too, if we may apply the term to a woman. A blow that unnerves some of us, nerves others. And then the night had passed over it for Margaret, and not an hour for Philippine. But after all, what was Gaspar Marshall to Philippine? The brother of her friend at least, and a dying man.

They drove on silently again through the streets. Then the town, nowhere dense, became thin and irregular. They passed under a three-arched gateway with strange old pointed-roofed towers to right and left. The driver turned round and gave its name and history in Bavarian patois. But neither Margaret nor Philippine understood the strange jargon, nor cared to understand.

Here the road became wider, with clumps of trees on either side, and they were in the open country. A few minutes more, and the carriage stopped. Here there were gateways on either side, and at the one on the left they drew up.

The bustling, good-natured driver jumped off his seat in a moment, chattering merrily of what was to be seen. But to ears used to North-German pronunciation and idiom the dialect of Bavaria and the Tyrol is almost unintelligible.

"Where are we going to, Margaret?" asked Philippine at length, as they went through the gate on foot.

Margaret drew her hand on to her arm and held it there. That was all her answer.

What a beautiful resting-place the Germans give to their dead! What a beautiful name—God's Acre! There are no trampled graves there, no obliterated mounds, no spots uncared for and neglected. There are gardeners here as for any other public place; and how they care for their silent garden!

This one at Munich is indeed a fit habitation for the mortal of the beloved dead. Here there is a soldier's grave, on which the soldier's widow has hung her fresh wreaths not an hour ago. There is a little child's, an iron cross overshadowing it, roses trailed about the cross and over the mound; in the

centre of the cross itself a picture of the child is placed, covered with glass to protect it from the sun and rain. We can all see what they have lost who laid their little burden down when the snow was falling over Munich, and the garden of the dead was spread with a pall of spotless white. A little further on, a woman is kneeling beside a grave. We cannot disturb her by drawing near enough to see by whom she prays and watches. So many Rizzpahs come here, that the sight is common, though they have nothing viler than scattered rose-leaves to drive away from the sacred mounds.

Margaret and Philippine walked slowly and silently down the narrow paths. Neither had courage yet to look in the other's face.

There was no need for looking nor for words. Each had come out meaning to break as gently as might be to the other the sorrowful tidings known to each. Now the silence and the graves spoke for both. Philippine read Margaret's message; and Margaret felt that she had read it aright.

Margaret stopped at last, and pointed to a pillar of marble, over which autumn clematis had wreathed itself.

"I cannot read it," said Philippine in a low voice.

"Das grab ist nicht tief," it said; "es ist nur der Fuss-tritt des liebenden engels der uns sucht."

"The grave is not deep," translated Margaret firmly; "it is but the footprint of the loving angel who seeks us."

It cannot bear translation; such German sayings seldom can. The phrases are too terse, too pregnant, too full of poesy for our colder and poorer tongue.

They passed on again; and again in silence.

"Will you sit down, Margaret?" asked Philippine, after a little.

"No, no!" said Margaret nervously; and she walked on quickly, moving from one path into another, till they found they had taken a circle, and were at the gate once more.

Margaret stood still then, and took a long, lingering look behind her.

"I am glad it will be here," she said.

Philippine thought this calm so unnatural, and was so alarmed by the fixed yet wander-

ing look in Margaret's eyes, that she looked round for some seat or resting-place, and saw for the first time that just inside the gate stood a small house, the door of which was within reach. She drew Margaret, who offered no resistance, towards it.

The door was open; but there were inner doors, the upper part of glass, on either side, and these were locked.

It was rather an awful sight to come upon all unprepared. The room to the right, into which they found themselves looking, was lighted all round by large windows. The centre was bare and uncarpeted; but there were silent inhabitants of the still place.

Round the walls wooden beds or litters were standing, and five or six of these were tenanted by the dead.

Here was an old man, the sun falling upon his bald white forehead, his head turned on one side, his arms falling listlessly before him.

Here was a little child, dressed in white, and with a wreath of white flowers upon her head. She was veiled completely, but under the veil you saw the innocent upturned marble face, the smile upon the half-opened mouth, the tiny hands folded upon the flowers that lay upon her breast.

Next to her, another child, also in white, also veiled, but hardly more than a baby.

And a few places off, a young man—his forehead smooth and high, his features finely cut and firm, fixed by the hand of death, who yet moulds and re-moulds after the final blow is given, and makes every day give its account of his reign of terror.

But there was no terror here. Perfect peace was upon the young face of the man, who had lived just long enough to know that life is sweet. Now he found death sweeter.

There is a list of names outside the door; the date of death and the age are given. This is August Hendel, painter, aged twenty-one. Like Lazarus, he has been four days dead. They will take him away and bury him at eventide, and none will roll away the stone.

Not now. Not till the world's great eventide. Till then, sleep on, August Hendel, and take thy rest.

A thousand years in thy sight will be but as yesterday, seeing it is passed as a watch in the night.



NAMING AND LEADING THE SHEEP.

A Meditation.

"He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."—JOHN X. 3.

THERE is no difficulty in the general interpretation of this language, although there seems to be, practically, no little difficulty felt in the actual belief of what is here asserted. An eastern shepherd is, in some respects, in closer relations with his sheep than our shepherds are accustomed to be with theirs. He knows them individually, names them, makes them know their names, and answer to them; does not follow them, driving, but goes before, leading. Now, when our Lord here designates Himself the Shepherd and his people the flock, He is not contented with the use of the metaphor in a comprehensive and quite general way, but, very expressly, adopts it also in some of its particular applications; and, in the passage before us, especially in this—that "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out." You will remember another specific application of the general metaphor which is, perhaps, still more tender and beautiful, in which our Lord makes us see the good shepherd leaving the folded flock behind him in safety, while he treads the solitary wilderness in search of "the one" which has gone astray.

What, then, is this calling by name? for the specific application carries in it the specific meaning, whatever it be. The use of this phrase does not begin with our Lord. It had come down from Old Testament times. Grandly is it used, in a manner as beautiful as it is surprising, by the Psalmist and by the prophet Isaiah in relation to the heavenly worlds. Jehovah is the Shepherd of the stars. They lie beneath his sight like a flock in peaceful pasturage, scattered far and wide over the fields of space. But not one of them is lost; not one forgotten; not one unseen. "He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names;" *i.e.*, He knows the nature and peculiarity of each world as it is called or named, and loves each with some distinctive and special affection. It is the Divine Shepherd of those celestial fields who comes down here and speaks of and to individual men in the very language He uses to the stars. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out." It would be hard to say whether the Shepherd appears more amiable and illustrious within the heavenly, or within this earthly field of his care—guiding the stars

with his Shepherd "rod" into their "paths of order and serenity, and folding the vast universe daily in the love which is yet vast than itself; or "calling" the individual man the sinful, helpless, suffering human creature to follow Him into green pastures, and bring him again of the great flock of God.

At any rate we see the meaning. He has a personal knowledge of his disciples of the most complete and intimate kind; callin each by name, treating him as an individual according to the nature he possesses, and the actual circumstances of his life. So far there is no difficulty. He is omniscient, needs no information, "knows what is in man." But evidently, this personal knowledge is the least part of the meaning here. The language points to something much closer and more affectionate than "knowledge" of itself expresses. The naming of the name indicates the existence of a personal regard for each. What, without exaggeration, may be called a personal friendship is established between the Lord and each of his disciples. We do not get the proper conception of his Shepherd care if we think of Him as driving them in mass, feeding them in flock, shutting them up by the company in pens of safety. Rather, He comes in among them, sees them one by one, and has personal communication with each suitable to himself and unknown to all the rest, calling him by his own name, and expressing a personal love in the calling.

And this is the thing which we have said is hard of belief. For, practically, it certainly is not strongly believed by Christian people. By many it is scarce believed at all. By none would it be denied as it stands here in the general assertion. But by how few is it realised and fully accepted as true for himself and in his own daily life! We will now try to show how much the meaning is, by the use of some familiar analogies. We may come thus to see how feebly we believe it in our own case; to see also how much we lose by our incredulity; and how much we shall gain, immediately, by simpler faith and a more loving heart. A good man has many friends; and all are dear to him, and each is dear. If he were asked, "Do you love your friends?" of course he would answer, "Yes." But if he were asked, "Do you love them all alike, with exactly the same kind, and quality, and strength of attachment to each?" he would

answer, "No. I love them as I find them, know them, feel them, individually, with manifold and delicate differences, no two of them exciting exactly the same kind or colour of emotion. If they were announced as coming to me one by one, I must see the face of each, or hear the name, before I can be conscious of that definite emotion which is the substance of my felt friendship with him."

Make the analogy more familiar still. You are seated by your fireside on a winter night when the announcement is made—"A friend has come!" That announcement makes you benevolently expectant; yet your state of mind is then only vague and uncertain, for there are friends, and friends. But in the next moment the name is spoken, or the face of your friend shines in the door of your room; and that face appearing, or that name uttered, in a moment calls up the proper feeling. No other face appearing there, nor any other name that could be pronounced in your hearing, would call up exactly the same feeling. Each friend has his own place in your heart, and gets his own welcome when he comes. There is a general affection which you bear to all your friends; there is a specific and differentiated affection which you bear to each. So it is with the Shepherd and the flock. The whole flock is known, and loved, and led. And, to our first thought, it is apt enough to seem that such general care on the part of one so high, and who has so many other things on hand, is really what is most suitable to the case, and that anything more minute and specifically personal would be hardly worthy of his dignity. Yet here it is as plain as it can be made; and the more we think of it, putting our heart into the thinking, the more plain it will appear to us that each has separate and individual recognition, and love, and leading, for "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

There would be no irreverence or impropriety in taking the help of another analogy. When friendship between man and woman passes into the higher and holier phase of love, there is a mutual regard of a much more intense kind established. There is a meeting of affinities. Each has a sight of qualities in the other which are revealed to no one else. Something, of course, may be imaginary here, and nothing is more common in social life than pleasantries on the mutual credulity and boundless charity of "lovers." But, in the immense majority of cases, a great deal also is real. It is a real excellence in the other that is seen by each. Love is the great

revealer. This is true in the highest sphere of all; and that highest sphere gives law to the lover. We do not see God in his beauty until we begin to love Him. "He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Some knowledge may be necessary antecedent to any love—at least we are accustomed to think so. But the highest and best knowledge, that which has fulness and reality in it, and which brings some satisfaction to the mind, always comes after, and as the fruit of, love. Or, to the consciousness, it may be simultaneously. It is no otherwise as between human creatures. A man, a woman, must be loved before they can be thoroughly known and appreciated. Watch them, study them, criticise them, talk with them, trade with them, work with them—and still you do not know them. Each is still, in many things, as an undiscovered country, the landscapes of which lie beneath cloud and mist, waiting for a sun that has not yet risen. Each is as a sparry cave with many gems in it, which, however, are yet set in darkness, and which feel hard and sharp and cold to the touch. The clearness, and the bright colours, and the flashing lights are waiting for the love-torch to reveal them. But when that torch is kindled they are revealed. Always. And when the love-troth is plighted, and the life-vow made by each as on the altar of the other's heart, what a revelation there is to each of excellence in the other largely unseen till then! And unseen then by all except the loving one. And what a meaning is thrown into little things! And what a tender significance there may then be in no more than the naming of the names, each by the other, of the loving pair! To one who knows himself, herself, purely, deeply loved, the sound of his own name on the lips of his beloved will be more musical than all nature's harmonies. All over the world, souls thus enraptured and refined by the great passion "call each other by name and lead each other out." Even so is it with the Lord and the Church—with the Lord and the individual disciple. Put aside, I pray you, all unworthy fear of the degradation of the subject by the use of such an illustration as this. With ourselves be the blame and shame of such degradation if it comes; for to those who think and feel rightly nothing is holier, nothing mightier, than love. Nor is anything better fitted for the interpretation of divine mysteries and divine affections to the children of men. "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." No enraptured bridegroom ever had love to his loved one so warm,

and strong, and pure as that of the lover and seeker of souls to the souls He loves, and finds, and marries, and "leads" home, rejoicing. That nothing and no one may come between Him and them, He asserts strongly, jealously, the husband's right—"He that hath the bride is the bridegroom"—claims each recovered one as engaged, and for ever affianced to Himself, names the name of each with a lover's tenderness, and "leads" them through these earthly scenes towards "the King's palace." Now if this be true of all, then it is true of each, and of course it is true of you.

The difficulty is, I suppose, to see or feel how this can be true in any consistency with parts of your own moral consciousness. You can understand how He might name your name in condescension, or in pity, or in reproof; but how He should name your name in pure warm-hearted love—in love to you, to your own very self, as cherishing a real, heartfelt, personal attachment to you, that altogether baffles your comprehension; because you feel that there is nothing in you which is deeply suitable to his love. He, of all beings, cannot love what is not lovable; and He cannot call you the thing He wishes to love, and then love the name He has given you. He sees you and treats you, simply and exclusively, as what you are. Even to your own imperfect sight, and in your own deepest consciousness, you are anything but lovely and lovable. An old description holds but too true—"Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked." Is this "the bride, the Lamb's wife?" Is this "the King's daughter all glorious within," for whom marriage feast is waiting, who is to be brought home "with gladness and rejoicing?" Yes, even so. Such are the wonders and mysteries of our life. Only some things must be borne in mind which will help our apprehension and belief.

This, for instance—that Christ loves in us only what is lovable. He does not love the "poverty," and the "wretchedness," and the "blindness," and the "misery." He loves the inner, better self—the real Me, of which those are not the essential and abiding characteristics, but only the temporary conditions. He loves the soul which can, and will, by his help, divest itself of those and wear another dress. He loves the heart that turns itself to Him, smitten by the beauty of his image, yearning and striving after the possession of it. He loves the goodness that is begun. In one word, He loves the ideal "you," and resolves, by his own grace, to

make it in due time the real you. Through all the darkness and misery of the sinful state He sees some shavings of the glorious outline, which in time will fill up into the perfect image of Himself, and "counting that which is not" as yet, "as though it were," He holds loving converse with what will be assured nobleness, and truth, and purity, in far future time, and in a higher world. It is, therefore, in no mere mood of poetic imagining, but in the full perception both of what is and of what is to be that Christ, in the Canticles, says to the spouse, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." The shadow and the darkness will soon pass away, leaving the abiding comeliness of grace, "the beauty of the Lord our God upon us," eternally.

Is not this just how we feel and what we do among ourselves with growing things? The stem of the vine is carefully tended in early spring, although it is then only a dry, knotted, leafless thing, because the summer leafage and the autumn clusters are fully expected. So, too, the tall, thorny rod is propped and cherished, because in a while it will crown itself with its blooming, fragrant roses, and scatter perfume on every breeze. The little infant, at times all crossness and self-will, is yet cherished in its crossness, and loved for what has hardly yet begun to appear. When your redeeming Lord calls you by name, it is that He may lead you forth to all the beauty and all the blessedness which are yet to be. Of this we may be sure, that with Him there can be no illusions. He is never in the least beguiled by mere appearances—by what we say, or what we seem. His pure affection settles only on what is, or will be, good; and if ours is to correspond with his, and be truly an answer to it, we ought to believe in our own possible goodness, through his gracious help. Bright thoughts of our lineage, of our destination, of our bridegroom—Lord calling us by name to daily preparations for celestial marriage, ought to stir within us continually. We ought to write our "winter" and its "rains" as "past," and to be looking for the early flowers; for surely some are beginning to bloom. What!—not a snowdrop above the ground—not a song among the trees—never a flush of summer yet in the sky? Is your life all dead earth, and cold air, and short, dark winter day? You dare not say so. There is a whispering and a stirring at the roots of your being, some glow of the "tender green" among your branches,

some buds surely where blossoms lie cradled, and—unless you hinder and spoil all by heedlessness and unbelief—the day cannot be distant when you will say, “Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits.”

But still doubts arise. You think if the Good Shepherd were calling you by name and leading you out, the leading would, full surely, be into other fields and paths than those through which you have of late been passing, or in which, haply, you still are found. You look for peace, and behold trouble. You are very weary, and He appoints you more work. You had sweet companionship, but in one desolating hour He sent you out alone. You know, indeed, that all these things, according to the promise, will work together for your good if you love God. You know this, and try to believe it, but yet venture to doubt whether such things as these can ever be put down as symptoms of any special attachment on his part, or indeed as consistent with anything that deserves the name of special love to you. Let me beseech you to be careful here. Walk softly, for we are now within holy ground. Any mistake here on your part will be far-reaching. If it be that He, the Good Shepherd, deeply considering the things which really make for your peace, taking the long look for you, and providing for a future you cannot see, is meantime giving you the cross, the thorn, the cup of anguish, in very love—thus making these his love-tokens—then be sure it will be a sad loss to you if you never come to see this; while to Him who thus loves, and who is thus requited, it can hardly be less than sorrow and grief of heart. I have seen a shepherd, on a bitter snowy day, gathering all his sheep carefully to the windy side of the hill. The silly creatures, left to themselves, would all take the other side; they would go straight to the most dangerous places, to the sheltered spots where the deep snow-wreaths form silently, in which they would soon find at once a refuge and a grave. On such a day the life of some of the sheep depends on facing the blast. The shepherd would not let the youngest, he would not let the weakest one of the flock, lie down in the shelter. For the very love he bears it, “he calls it by name, and leads it out,” or drives, or carries—even in such an hour as that—facing the bitter wind and the blinding snow!

Indeed, my brethren, it will come to this, that if we know the love of Christ in a deep and true manner, and if we really believe that it is a personal love to ourselves, we shall not

be so apt to distinguish and select certain special modes for its manifestation as alone suitable and proper. One mode will seem to us almost as good as another if it be the one that He selects, and we shall hear the loving voice in the darkness as well as in the light; in the roar of the wintry storm as in the hush of the summer silence. The lover of souls can make tryst with his beloved ones, and will keep it anywhere, and in almost any manner. He is, in fact, calling his own by name, and leading them out by means of circumstances of every variety of aspect. Some are being led as into the garden where the roses bloom and the rich fruits hang ripely; and some into the wild, where there seems to be no sustenance. Some are led gently by the soft-flowing streams, and under the pleasant shadow of the trees; and some up among the misty mountains or across the stormy billows of the sea, towards unknown shores. What matters it, if He be the leader—if He be the guide? You can go into tranquillity, you can go into conflict, you can go up the breezy hills of health, or lay yourself down in the sick chamber—you can stand at the marriage altar, or lie down on the bed of death—if only He calls you by name, and leads you out.

“But the leading out of the sheep literally is, generally, into pasturage; and the analogy to that in the spiritual sphere must surely be things which are in themselves pleasant and desirable. Sheep will not eat bitter grass unless they are famishing.” Yes; but “how much is a man better than a sheep?” Surely so much better that he can see the good which sometimes lies in seeming evil; can take the bitter for the sake of the after sweetness; can endure sentient or sympathetic pain as a means of the spiritual health which may come of it. Medicinal plants will grow up among the steep and jagged rocks. Some prickly thorns bear sweet leaves. Spiritual pasturage for saintly souls is not all green grass growing in sheltered spots by the banks of soft-flowing streams. What, in the widest extent, is the pasture-land of a healthy and growing soul in this world? Is it not the whole of this human life, as far as the individual can be affected by any of its persons, or scenes, or circumstances? How we narrow our life and degrade it when we consider that for us good can be found only in sugared sweetness, in silky softness, in glittering sunshine—in health of body, in prosperous circumstances, in quietness of mind, in religious feelings of the happy order! How, on the other hand, do we enlarge our life, and raise it to the tone of its native

grandeur, when we confidently claim also the darker parts, as fields in the one undivided realm; and when we give Christ, the lover and the leader of our souls, in thought and trust what He already possesses in fact—a clear property and sovereignty of the whole! Many fields has He in this great pasture-land of life; and He has some of the well-loved sheep in them all. There are the fields of peace, much sought after, which, however, are apt to lose their charm and stay their benefits when too long tarried in. There are the fields of toil, where the nourishment comes by working more than by eating. There are the fields of danger, where all the senses need to be in exercise, and all the energy bent towards getting through. There are the fields of darkness, where the sheep crowd close to the shepherd in timid trustfulness. There are the fields of prospect, where at times refreshing sight may be had of the higher pasture-land up to which all the flock will be led one day amid celestial light and song. And again we say that every one of these fields is as a *trysting-place*, where the divine lover of human souls can meet with such of them as for the time He may “call;” and where He can give them, one by one, such tokens of his love and care as their needs for the time require. Nor will it be long until He leads them through the particular field, and into the gate of some new “time” or “season” which has meanwhile arrived.

This is the last thought in our meditation—the union of the calling and the leading. Those two are always united. He calls that He may lead. He utters the name that he, that she who answers to it may, at the thrilling word, arise and follow Him whithersoever He goeth. There are some who wait for the “calling,” who listen eagerly for the sound of the “name,” and who would be more than satisfied to hear it spoken in kindness by the Shepherd every day, but who are far from having any corresponding readiness to accept the leading of the Shepherd. “To be fondled,

to be fed, nourished, healed, kept against prowling wolves and stormy weather—that is salvation! To arise and follow is another thing.” No; it is the same thing—so much the same that, in fact, it is only by means of each that the other can be realised. The first in order is calling of the name—the assurance to the lost creature that the Seeker and Saviour of mankind has found him, and will love him unto the end, and for evermore. But that first word of joy grows faint and dies away unless the named one immediately “arises,” and begins to follow the Shepherd. For the Shepherd is in movement; his “Arise, let us go hence,” breaks in on many a quiet scene, ends many a soul feast, as also many a sore struggle. He comes to abide with us, but not to keep us abiding in the same states and circumstances. In this sense He always comes to “lead,” never to linger and stay. If He finds one so wounded and torn and near to death as to be unable to follow, He will lay that sheep on his shoulder. If He finds a lamb faint and homeless, He will “carry it in his bosom.” But in most instances He gives from the first the strength to follow, and expects it to be used. “He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out”—“out,” of course, from the whole natural sinful life, from all its darkness and misery, into the light and joy of acceptance; “out” of infantine feebleness into manly strength; “out” of narrow views into wider; “out” of first experiences into more matured; “out” of mistakes and disappointments into wiser ways and better fortunes; “out” of dreamy indolence into those activities by which alone it can be escaped; “out” of overstrained activity into some quiet hour or time of “refreshing from the presence of the Lord;” “out” of besetting sin into waiting duty; sometimes “out” of safety into perils which lie on the way to a higher safety; and so on and on in a movement which cannot cease until at length, in his own time and way, it will be “out” of earth into heaven.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.



JOHN BUNYAN.

(Continued from p. 395.)

THE next doubt which attacked Bunyan was whether he had been "called" or not. He feared that he had not, and he says,—

"I cannot express with what longings and breathings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me. . . . Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what would I have given for it. Had I had a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this. . . . I could seldom read of any that Christ did call, but I presently wished, Would I had been in their clothes; would I had been born Peter, would I had been born John, or would I had been by and have heard Him when He called them, how would I have cried, 'O Lord, call me also!' But oh! I feared He would not call me. . . . But, at last, after much time spent and many groans to God, that word came in unto me, 'I will cleanse their blood that I have not cleansed, for the Lord dwelleth in Zion' (Joel iii. 21). These words, I thought, were sent to encourage me to wait still upon God, and signified unto me that if I were not already, yet time might come, I might be in truth converted unto Christ."

Thus, alternately fearing and hoping, Bunyan lived on in Elstow. He "told his condition" to his friends in Bedford, who belonged to the Baptist congregation formed by John Gifford—who had been a major in the Royalist army, and had narrowly escaped hanging after the execution of Charles I. Gifford naturally disliked the Puritan party, and at one time his hatred was so great that he made plans for killing a man named Anthony Harrington, simply because he was one of the principal Puritans in Bedford. But, one night, Gifford, after having gambled away as much as £15, became almost mad at the loss, and thought of destroying himself; he was checked by a sentence which he accidentally saw in a book urging all sinners, however unworthy, to come to Christ for rest and pardon, and from that time he amended his ways. He declared that from that hour till his death, he "lost not the light of God's countenance—no, not for an hour;" and after a certain period of trial, he, on the invitation of that very Anthony Harrington whom he had so much disliked, became minister of the little Baptist congregation in Bedford. This Gifford did what he could to help Bunyan, but it may be supposed that a man so well assured of his spiritual state would be little able to understand the doubts and ever-varying miseries of his new follower. Poor Bunyan's mental struggles became even greater than before; he, in spite of all his efforts, felt his heart "as a clog on the leg of a bird, to hinder him from flying;" he "found himself as in a miry bog that shook

if he did but stir;" he thought that "every one had a better heart than he had," for sin "would as naturally bubble out of his as water out of a fountain;" and he fully believed that he was as wicked in the sight of God as in his own. He was astonished to see "old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always," and to find "professors much cast down and distressed when they met with outward losses," for it seemed to him that such things would be to him as nothing.

At length he enjoyed a short respite from his troubles, after hearing a sermon on Christ's love to man. As he was going home his heart "was filled full of comfort and hope," and "now," he says, "I could believe that my sins would be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of his love, and have told of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me; had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul with much gladness, Well, would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any further, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence. But alas! within less than forty days I began to question all again, which made me begin to question all still." And very soon after this happy day he observes that "a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before; it came stealing upon me, now by one piece, then by another." He was maddened with doubts whether there could be a God, whether the Bible were true, and, above all, whether Mahomet could not be proved to be as much a saviour as Christ. For, he reasoned, "could I think that so many ten thousands, in so many countries and kingdoms, should be without the knowledge of the right way to heaven (if there were indeed a heaven), and that we only, who live in a corner of the earth, should alone be blessed therewith? Every one doth think his own religion rightest, both Jews, and Moors, and Pagans; and how if all our faith, and Christ, and Scriptures, should be but a thinking so too?"

The force of these doubts was so great, that Bunyan felt as if there could be room

for nothing else in his mind. He fancied that he could not prevent himself from committing the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost; and this temptation, he says, was so strong, that "often I have been ready to clap my hands under my chin to hold my mouth from opening; at other times to leap with my head downward into some muck-hill hole to keep my mouth from speaking."... "I would gladly have been in the condition of a dog or a horse, for I knew that they had no souls to perish... My heart was at times exceeding hard; if I

would have given a thousand pounds for a tear I could not have shed one; no, nor sometimes scarce desire to shed one." For a whole year Bunyan continued in this distress, torturing himself with one terrible imagination after another, fancying at one moment that he was unable to pray except to "a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like," at another time thinking that in spite of all his struggles, his heart would at last become fatally chilled. He had indeed a few happy moments, but these were "but hints, touches, and short visits; like Peter's sheet, 'of a



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sudden they were caught up from me to heaven again.'"

Bunyan longed "to see some ancient godly man's experience, who had lived some hundreds of years before," and he chanced to find Luther's "Commentary on the Galatians,"—a book "so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece" as he turned over the leaves. But in it he found great comfort, for he saw there the description of his own condition, "as largely and profoundly handled as if the book had been written out of his heart." To the end of his life Bunyan de-

I. N.S.

lighted in this Commentary; but at first its effect on him was transient, for he was now almost overpowered with a fresh trouble. This was what he calls "a temptation to sell and part with the most blessed Christ, to exchange Him for the things of this life, for anything," which lasted with varying intensity for a year. The sufferings of poor Bunyan at this time were greater than any which he had previously endured; the temptation, he says,

"Did always, in almost whatever I thought, intermix itself therewith, in such sort that I could neither

eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this and that, but still the temptation would come, 'Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that, sell Him, sell Him.' Sometimes it would run in my thoughts not so little as a hundred times together, 'Sell Him, sell Him; against which I may say for whole hours together I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply before I were aware some wicked thought might arise in my heart that might consent thereto; and sometimes the tempter would make me believe I had consented to it, but then I should be as tortured upon a rack for whole days together. This temptation did put me to such scares lest I should at some time, I say, consent thereto and be overcome therewith, that by the very force of my mind my very body would be put into action or motion by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows, still answering as fast as the destroyer said 'Sell Him,' 'I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds;' thus reckoning lest I should set too low a value on Him, even until I scarce knew where I was, or how to be composed again."

But at last Bunyan, as he lay in bed one morning, felt, as he says, "after much striving, this thought pass through my heart, 'Let Him go if He will;' and I thought also that I felt my heart freely consent thereto." He believed that he was undone for ever, and writes:—

"Now was the battle won, and down fell I as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and fearful despair. Thus getting out of my bed I went moping into the field, but, God knows, with as heavy a heart as mortal man I think could bear, where for the space of about two hours I was like a man bereft of life, and as now past all recovery and bound over to eternal punishment. . . . Oh! methought, this sin was bigger than the sins of a country, of a kingdom, or of the whole world, no one pardonable, nor all of them together was able to equal mine; mine outwent them every one. . . . Now was I both a burden and terror to myself; now was I weary of my life, and yet afraid to die."

For Bunyan was sure that he had now really committed that sin against the Holy Ghost, the dread of which has weighed down so many earnest, imaginative, and excitable Christians. He applied to himself the passage (Heb. xii. 16, 17) about the rejection of Esau, and says of it, "These words were to my soul like fetters of brass to my legs, in the continual sound of which I went several months together." He continued in great misery for more than two years.

"What, thought I, is there but one sin that is unpardonable? But one sin . . . among so many millions of sins, for which there is no forgiveness, and must I commit this? Oh, unhappy sin! Oh, unhappy man! These things would so break and confound my spirit, that I thought at times they would have broke my wits, and still to aggravate my misery that would run in my mind, 'You know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected.' Oh, no one knows the terror of those days but myself. . . . I did now feel myself to sink into a gulf, as a house whose foundation is destroyed; I did liken myself in this condition unto

the case of a child that was fallen into a mill-pit, who thought it could make some shift to scramble and sprawl in the water, yet, because it could find neither hold for hand nor foot, therefore at last it must die in that condition. . . . I began to compare my sin with the sin of Judas. . . . Oh, thought I, if it should differ though but the breadth of a hair, what a happy condition is my soul in! And by considering, I found that Judas did this intentionally, but mine was against prayer and strivings; besides, his was committed with much deliberation, but mine in a fearful hurry on a sudden: all this while I was tossed to and fro like the locust, and driven from trouble to sorrow, hearing always the sound of Esau's fall in mine ears, and the dreadful consequences thereof."

This conviction that the sin of Judas was greater than his own was for a short time a relief to Bunyan, but it soon passed off; he then consulted "an ancient Christian" as to his state, and told him he was afraid he had sinned a sin against the Holy Ghost. This man replied that he thought so too, which, as Bunyan remarks, was "but cold comfort." However, he does not seem to have been quite cast down by this opinion, and he had now one or two short intervals in his time of trouble. The first of these came after a temptation "to flee from God as from the face of a dreadful judge," and is thus described in his autobiography:—

"Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning my sad and doleful state, affliction myself with self-aborrence for this wicked and ungodly thought, lamenting also that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing I should not be pardoned, praying also that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would show it me: and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, 'Didst thou ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?' And within, my whole life of profession past was in a moment opened to me, wherein I was made to see that designedly I had not; so that my heart answered groaningly, No. Then fell with power that word of God upon me, 'See that you refuse not Him that speaketh' (Heb. xii. 25). This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that did before me like masterless hell-hounds to roar and bellow and make a hideous noise within me. . . . This lasted in the favour of it for about three or four days, and then I began to mistrust and to despair again. Wherefore still my life hung in doubt before me, not knowing which way I should tip; only this I found my soul desire, ever to cast itself at the foot of grace by prayer and supplication."

At another time Bunyan observes:—

"Thus was I always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settle in the street, and fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to, and after long musing, I lifted up my head, but, methought, I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light, and as if the very stones in the street and tiles upon the houses did bend themselves against me. Oh, how happy now was every creature over I was! For they

stood fast and kept their station, but I was gone and lost. Then breaking out into the bitterness of my soul, I said to myself with a grievous sigh, 'How can God comfort such a wretch!' I had no sooner said it but this returned on me, as an echo doth answer a voice, 'This sin is not unto death.'"

Bunyan adds that he was now "as if he had been raised out of the grave," and that this thought for a few days "stood like a mill-post at his back," but soon he despaired again. He went on thus for a considerable time, "sometimes comforted, and sometimes tormented," now distressing his spirit with misapplied texts, now receiving a temporary relief from other texts. The passage about Esau's rejection, and the verse, "My grace is sufficient for thee," were "like a pair of scales within his mind; sometimes one end would be uppermost, and sometimes again the other, according to which were his peace or troubles."

After this time Bunyan, though often troubled in mind, was never so utterly miserable as he had been. "Now," he says, "only the hinder part of the tempest remained, for the thunder was gone beyond me, only some drops did still remain that now and then would fall upon me." By degrees his troubles passed away, and he was comforted: one of the texts on which he built most was, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and he says of it, "I would in these days often in my greatest agonies even flounce towards the promise (as the horses do towards sound ground that yet stick in the mire), concluding (though as one almost bereft of his wits through fear), On this will I rest and stay, and leave the fulfilling of it to the God of heaven that made it." But, gradual as the change was, the relief that Bunyan experienced, when at length his fearful visions and doubts left him, was so great that his mind almost gave way. He had a severe illness, and for some time was not expected to recover, but when he was at the worst, and tormented with fears for the future, he was revived by a kind of vision. "But behold," he says, "just as I was in the midst of those fears, those words of the angel carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom darted in upon me, as who should say, 'So it shall be with thee when thou dost leave this world.' This did sweetly refresh my spirits, and help me to hope in God; which, when I had with comfort mused on a while, that word fell with great weight upon my mind, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' At this I became well in body and mind at once, for my sickness did presently vanish, and I walked comfortably in my work for God again."

In 1653, not long before this illness, Bunyan had been formally admitted into the little Baptist congregation at Bedford, and had been baptized by Gifford in the river Ouse. Gifford had been established as minister only three years before, and, with a tolerance that was scarcely to be expected from a man of such violence of feeling, had declared that to become a member of his church two things only were required, namely, faith in Christ and holiness of life, without respect to any outward observances. Gifford died in 1656, and was succeeded by John Burton, who, till his death in 1660, maintained a close friendship with Bunyan. In 1657 the meeting passed a resolution that those members of the congregation "to whom the Lord had given a gift" should occasionally preach to the rest, and eight men were accordingly selected. Bunyan, now about twenty-nine, and having been "five or six years awakened," was one of these; another was that learned cordwainer, Nehemiah Coxe, who, when tried at the Bedford Assizes for preaching, pleaded his cause in Greek and Hebrew, and from whom it is probable that Bunyan learnt the Latin words which are to be found in some of his books. When the wish of the meeting was first made known to Bunyan, he says that he was "much dashed and abashed," but at length he consented, and "did twice, at two several assemblies (but in private), though with much weakness and infirmity, discover his gift." He adds, "After this, sometimes when some of them did go into the country to teach, they would also that I would go with them; where, though as yet I did not or durst not make use of my gift in an open way, yet more privately still as I came among the good people in those places I did sometimes speak a word of admonition unto them also; the which they received with rejoicing at the mercy of God to me-ward, professing their souls were edified thereby. . . . At last, being still desired by the church, after some solemn prayer to the Lord, with fasting, I was more particularly called forth, and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the word, not only to and among them that believed, but also to offer the gospel to those who had not yet received the faith thereof." And for five years from this time Bunyan travelled about as an itinerant preacher in the neighbourhood of Bedford, often addressing large congregations, for the people came to hear him "by hundreds, and that from all parts."

C. PALMER.

(To be continued.)

THE CALL OF ST. MATTHEW.

Mark ii. 13, 14; Luke v. 27, 28; Matt. ix. 9.

"AFTER these things," after the dispute with the doctors and the healing of the paralytic, the Lord Jesus "went forth" from his home, a great multitude gathering round Him as He went, to the seaside. He left his home, but it was on an errand which deeply concerned the home He left. For in this house, as we have reason to believe, there dwelt two families: the family of which Joseph and the Virgin Mary were the heads, and the family of Alphæus and of Mary, the sister of the Virgin. Whether at Nazareth or Capernaum these two, the family of Alphæus and the family of Joseph, appear to have had a common home. Matthew was the son of Alphæus. He was therefore the cousin of Jesus. And, in calling him to his service and apostleship, our Lord was reclaiming to a higher life one who was already dear to Him by ties of blood and affection: He was reclaiming a cousin who seems to have sinned against all the habits and traditions of his home, and to have been a grief and a disgrace to those who loved him best.

In these few words we have the outlines of a domestic tragedy, such as most of us have witnessed with keen regret; a tragedy, however, which mounted to a happy close, very unlike the dark catastrophe to which it commonly leads. That we may fill up these bare outlines and breathe some breath of life into them, we must study a little in detail the history of the family of which, in his wild youth, Matthew seems to have been the scapegrace and prodigal. It is a very pleasant study, though it may a little tax our patience; for it gives us many glimpses into the family life of one of those poor but honourable households which appear to have been at least as common in Palestine as, happily, they are in England.

We begin with the father. At times he is called *Alphæus*; at other times, *Cleophas*, or, more accurately, *Clopas*. Are these two names, or one? Differently as they look and sound, they are nevertheless one and the same. The original Hebrew name was *Chalphai*; but, from the difficulty many men had in pronouncing the initial letter of the word, the *Cheth* (ח), in *Chalphai*, it was often dropped, and the name became *Alphai*. From *Alphai*, *Alphæus* would be easily formed; and from *Chalphai*, *Cleophas*, *Clopas*.

This Alphæus, or Clopas, married Mary, the sister, and probably the elder sister, of our Lord's mother; and seems to have been among those who early believed Jesus to be the Christ of God. It is not unlikely that he was the Clopas who walked to Emmaus on that first day of the week on which the risen Lord appeared to the two despondent disciples, as "they walked and went into the country," and talked with them till their hearts burned within them by the way.*

Mary, the wife of Alphæus, the sister of the Virgin Mary, was one of the holy women who ministered to Jesus, her nephew, who stood weeping by the cross on which He died, and who hurried, early on the morning of the first day of the week, to the sepulchre from which He had risen. In the New Testament† she is called "*Mary of Clopas*," and "*Mary of James the Little*," James being one of her sons; and these homely designations—"Mary of Clopas," "Mary of James"—can hardly fail to remind us of a similar mode of speech which still obtains in the north of England, where a woman is often called, for instance, "William's Mary," or "John's Mary," William being her husband, perhaps, and John her son. It is a little surprising to us, but would not be nearly so surprising to the Jews, that two sisters should bear the same name. If we may retain the common reading and punctuation‡ of John xix. 25, there can, however, be no doubt of the fact: "There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, *Mary of Clopas*, and Mary Magdalene." And the fact is to be partly explained by the veneration paid to Miriam, the sister of Moses. *Mary* was only a more modern form of *Miriam*; and we can easily understand how the pious women of Israel would delight to perpetuate that name, and would even give it to more than one of their daughters, especially if the first were sickly and did not promise to live.

With this elder Mary and Clopas her husband the Virgin Mary seems to have resided from the time of her husband Joseph's death. So that, *ex hypothesi*, Jesus would grow into an intimate knowledge of his

* Luke xxiv. 13—30.

† John xix. 25, and Mark xvi. 1.

‡ The whole weight of evidence is in favour of this reading, but the *Peschito* Version renders the passage: "His mother and his mother's sister, and Mary of Cleophas and Mary Magdalene." And on this very slender foundation many good and learned men have not scrupled to pile up their hypotheses.

uncle Clopas, his aunt Mary, and their children, his cousins.

Of these cousins there appear to have been at least eight—five young men, and three young women. We know nothing of the sisters; but the five brothers form a very striking group in the New Testament Scriptures. Their very names indicate the piety of their parents, and show how much they loved the men whose memory was sacred to every devout Jew. One, probably the eldest, was called James—"James the Less," our version names him; "*James the Little*," it should be; and the epithet is said by tradition to have been taken from his low stature. Another was called Simeon or *Simon*; a third, Judah or *Jude*; the fourth, *Joses* or Joseph; and the fifth *Levi*, afterward surnamed *Matthew*. Now all these were memorable names. James was the modern form of Jacob (when- ever our English version reads *James* the Greek reads *Jacob*); so that James the Little was named after the patriarch by whose later name all *Israel* was called. "Simeon," "Judah," "Joseph," and "Levi," were among Jacob's most distinguished sons, the founders of four of the leading Hebrew tribes. Just as the holy Virgin, when her heart was full of devout gratitude, broke into psalms, the phrases of which were taken from the Old Testament Scriptures, so her sister went to the Old Testament history for her children's names.

We have another proof that this family was in the true sense "a holy family," that they "walked in all the ordinances and commandments blameless," in the titles conferred on these young men as they came before the eye of the world. James the Little was also called "*James the Just*," or, more simply and emphatically, "*the Just One*." Simon was "*Simon Zealotes*," i.e., "*Simon the Zealot*" for the law and for God. Jude was also called "*Jude the Zealot*," and, in addition, "*Jude the Hearty*," and "*Jude the Lion*;" while Joses, like his elder brother, was "*Joses the Just*." As we find all the sons of the family, or all save one, distinguished either as eminently *just* men or as *zealots*, we may be sure that it was, in the strict Hebrew sense, a devout and godly family, a family trained in the obedience and love of the Divine law, and very zealous for the traditions of the fathers. In short, they were patriotic and religious men of the purest Hebrew type.

But whatever their zeal for tradition and law, they were not bigots. They must have "waited for the Consolation of Israel," for the promised Messiah, and have kept their minds

open to the signs of his advent. They must have been men who, while "standing in the old ways," could nevertheless "look for the new," and walk in them so soon as they found them. For they were among the first to believe on Jesus as the Christ. Two of them were certainly enrolled among the Twelve Apostles; James the Little, who became the first bishop of the Church at Jerusalem, and Simon the Zealot. Possibly, Jude the Lion was also an apostle; it is admitted that he wrote the letter known as "*The Epistle of Jude*;" and Joses the Just, though not an apostle, was an active member of the infant Church. Good men, and patriotic Jews, they were nevertheless faithful and eminent disciples of Him whom they must have known as boy and man before they knew Him to be the Lord's Christ.

Curiously enough, however, these Christian disciples and apostles remained devout Jews to the very end. The Epistle of St. Jude, and the speeches of St. James, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, are penetrated by a profoundly Hebrew spirit. Their authors believe in circumcision; they keep sabbaths; they observe the Jewish ritual. The Gospel is mainly a better law to them, a fulfilment and completion of the old law which came by Moses. The church is a synagogue in which a higher wisdom is taught, a purer worship offered. For them the Gospel is "the law of liberty;" and the Christian ritualism, like the Hebrew, is "to visit widows and orphans in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." This characteristic blending of the new with the old, of Gospel and law, so natural in devout Hebrews, seems to have marked the whole family. It pervades St. Matthew's Gospel, for instance, to so eminent a degree that his memoir is known as "*the Hebrew Gospel*," because its author is so careful to mark how almost every action of our Lord's life was done in order that this or that ancient scripture might be fulfilled.

But perhaps the most striking illustration of the dominant spirit of this devout family is to be found in the closing period of James the Little's life, when he had long been an apostle, and for some years a bishop, of the Christian Church. The story of that period is told us by an historian* who wrote only a few years after the canon of the New Testament was closed. After telling us that James was bishop of the Church at Jerusalem, and that he was named "*James the Just*" by all, the historian proceeds thus:—"This Apostle was holy from his mother's womb. He

* *Hegesippus*, cited by Eusebius, Book ii. chap. 23.

drank no wine nor strong drink. A razor never came upon his head. He alone might go into the holy place. . . . He was in the habit of entering the Temple alone, and there he was commonly found upon his knees, praying for the forgiveness of the people, so that his knees grew hard like a camel's from his constant supplications. . . . Many of the rulers believed through him. There arose a tumult therefore among the Jews. And certain scribes and Pharisees came to James and said, 'We pray thee restrain the people, for they have gone astray after Jesus as though he were the Christ. . . . Persuade all that come to the Passover, for we all give heed to thee; we and all the people testify of thee that thou art just and acceptest not the person of men. Stand therefore on the gable of the Temple, that thou mayest be conspicuous on high, and that thy words may be heard by all the people; for all the tribes, and even the Gentiles, are come together for the Passover.' Therefore the forementioned scribes and Pharisees placed James at the gable of the Temple, and cried out, 'O Just One, to whom we ought all to give heed, since the people are led astray after Jesus who was crucified, tell us, what is the gate of salvation?' And he answered with a loud voice, 'Why ask ye about Jesus, the Son of Man? He sitteth in Heaven, on the right hand of the Great Power, and will come again in the clouds of heaven.' And many were convinced, and gloried in this testimony of James, and said, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' Whereupon the scribes and Pharisees said one to another, 'We have done ill in bringing forward such a witness to Jesus; but let us go up and cast him down, that they may be terrified and not believe him.' And they cried out, 'Woe, woe, even the Just One is deceived!' They went up therefore, and cast down that just man, and said one to another, 'Let us stone James the Just.' And they began to stone him, for he was not killed by the fall; but, turning round, he knelt down, and said, 'I beseech Thee, O Lord, God and Father, forgive Thou them, for they know not what they do.' And while they were stoning him, one of the priests, a Rechabite, cried and said, 'Cease! what do ye? The Just One is praying for you!' Then one of them, who was a fuller, took the club with which he used to beat the clothes, and beat out the brains of that Just One. And so he bore his witness. This man was a true witness, both to Jews and Gentiles, that Jesus is the Christ."

This story, which we have every reason to

accept as authentic, gives us perhaps our best illustration of the dominant tone and spirit of the sons of Clopas and Mary. They were Israelites indeed. Poor as they were, they never forgot that they were descendants of King David, of Jacob, the prince with God, of Abraham, the father of the faithful. They gloried in their fathers and in their fathers' God. They loved the Temple. They were zealous for the law. They observed the austere Nazarite and Rechabite customs even after they became the ministers of Christ. They worshipped in the Temple even after the Church was founded. The scribes and Pharisees respected them although they worshipped God after the way which the priests called heresy. The people, we are told, vied with each other to touch the hem of James's garment. And he is but most conspicuously of the type to which the whole family seems to have conformed. Such as he was—so holy, so just, so devoted to prayer, so austere of habit—such they all were.

Now to such a family, what calamity could be more terrible, more quick with misery and shame, than that one of the sons should abandon their strict devout habits of life, forget or wilfully trample on all he owed to the honour of his race and the sanctity of his religion, and become a renegade to the Hebrew faith, a traitor to the Hebrew commonwealth, in becoming a publican?

This was the trial, the bitter and shameful sorrow, which Clopas and Mary, with their four just zealous sons, had to endure. For Levi had taken service with the Romans. Day by day, in their own city of Capernaum, he was to be seen sitting at the receipt of custom. Whenever boats came into the little port, it was his duty to take dues of them. Whenever a caravan reached the city, he had to take toll of the goods with which the weary camels were laden. And these tolls and dues were paid, not into the Jewish treasury, but into the purses of the Roman knights. For the true *publicani* were Romans of wealth and credit who "farmed" the taxes of a province. In the collection of these taxes they commonly employed natives of the province, called *portitores*, who were, as a rule, infamous for their extortions. Only the lowest and most profligate of the people would accept so degrading an office. For this payment of taxes to a foreign conqueror was where the chain of bondage galled men to the quick. And of all men the Jews were sensitive of the chain. It was their pride, their boast, that they had never been in

bondage to any man. The exactions of the publican were the constantly recurring proof that, despite their boast, and even though native princes ruled them, they were in bondage to Rome. No patriotic Jew but would starve rather than accept so shameful and humiliating an office. To Jews of the devout and heroic stamp of Clopas, James, Simon, Jude, and Joses, it would have seemed a degradation had Levi accepted the highest post as soldier or governor in the Roman service. But that he should stoop to collect taxes of his countrymen, in his own province, in his own city, of his own kin; that he should bring this public shame on a poor but ancient and honourable family; that he should thrust this disgrace on them day after day in their native town—this, to men so patriotic and of so stern and Hebrew a temper, must have been a pain more bitter than that of death.

What led Levi thus to wound and put to shame those who had loved him so well? It may be that the very austerity of their piety alienated him from them, that he rebelled against bonds of discipline too rigidly held. It may be that he was simply thoughtless, indolent, pleasure-loving. It may be that he was dissipated, profligate, reckless; that, in a moment of passionate mutiny against rebukes he had deserved only too well, he had sold himself to do evil and taken a bitter pleasure in running counter to all the habits in which he had been bred, in inflicting what seemed an indelible disgrace on himself and on all belonging to him. But whatever his motive or impulse, we may be sure that he did not sink all at once, or without many struggles, to so low and base a point. We may be sure, too, that, having once sunk to it, his recovery would seem quite hopeless both to himself and his friends. It is not difficult to imagine the devout Clopas calling his Zealot sons around him, and, with grief veiled under inexorable severity, bidding them cease all intercourse with their abandoned brother, commanding them never so much as to mention his name again. Lost to Israel and to God, he would be lost to them.

But his mother—had she also given up all hope? May not aunt Mary, who loved Jesus and believed on Him, when she perceived that He had come to seek and to save that which was lost, have pleaded with Him for her lost son? Nay, did Jesus need that any should plead with Him? Did He not love his cousin? love him despite his wild reckless life, his sins against home, country,

religion, God? We need imagine no motive beyond that of his own love, though we may be sure it would be a keen joy to the Lord Jesus to give joy to such good and kind people as his uncle and aunt and cousins, to restore union and peace to the family in which He had lived so long, and from whom He and his mother had met so sincere a friendship and affection.

This was his pleasant errand this morning as He left the house in which his mother dwelt with her sister, and Clopas, and their children, and passed through the city to the shore of the lake. As He passed through the official quarter, He saw Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom. Possibly He had not seen him for a long time. In all likelihood Matthew had hitherto slipped out of his way, had held aloof from all who belonged to the home which he had abandoned. But now at last, as He passes with a crowd of neighbours about Him, the Lord Jesus sees Matthew sitting at his post. What a divine constraining power there must have been in the words of Him who spake as never man spake! As He looks at Matthew, He says simply, "Follow me;" and his cousin, so hardened and degraded by his sins, rises, "leaves all"—his work for the moment, his official post and wage—and follows Him as though drawn by an irresistible power.

Had Matthew grown weary of his hard service? of the scorn of his neighbours? of the reproaches of his own heart? Again we cannot tell. But it gives one pleasant and hopeful thoughts of him, it suggests that there was some remnant of true piety under all the impieties of his life, that, before he leaves the scene of his shame, he invites the publicans with whom he had long laboured and conversed to dine that day at his house, to meet Jesus and to hear what He has to say to them. He is hardly a disciple before he begins the true work of a disciple, and brings other sinners to the Saviour from sin.

It speaks well for him, too, that, as St. Luke tells us, "Levi made Him (Jesus) a great feast at his house;" that he gave Him of his best, that he celebrated his deliverance from the death of sin, and took thought and pains to honour Jesus, not his cousin only, but now and henceforth his Lord. It is with a certain gladness and triumph that he returns to his old life as a faithful and loyal Israelite, that he enters on his new life of discipleship to Christ, a life in which the rigid Hebrew obedience was made sweet by faith and love.

And, indeed, it would seem that the call

of Matthew occasioned a great awakening among the lost and outcast classes of Capernaum. Matthew himself merely tells us that "*many publicans and sinners came and sat down with Jesus.*" But St. Luke tells us that, at Levi's great feast, "*there was a great multitude*" of these publicans and sinners; while St. Mark adds that they not only sat down to meat with Jesus, but "*they followed Him about,*" i.e., they forsook their evil lives and became his disciples. We shall not wonder at that when we hear, as we soon shall, how Jesus talked while He sat at Matthew's table; for we shall find that, in the publican's house, He showed Himself to be the very Friend and Saviour of whom these wandering and neglected souls were in bitter and conscious need.

Did Clopas and Mary, did little James the Just and Joses the Just, did Zealot Simon and Jude the Lion, come to Levi's feast and sit at his table? We may hope they did; for, if they rejoiced with trembling, surely they did rejoice over the son and brother who had been dead but was alive again, who had been lost but was found. Still, if they were not there, Jesus, whom they loved and trusted, was there; and, besides the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth, He repaid his host with one gift which he could never forget. Jesus gave him a new name now that he was, and to indicate that he was, a new man. Hitherto he had been called Levi, after the son of Jacob. And the word "*Levi*" simply meant "*link*." Leah had given it to her baby because she hoped that the boy would be a new "*link*" between her and her husband; because she hoped that now the baby was come Jacob would think more of the homely mother and his children, and less of pretty Rachel in her childless tent. But, as yet, Levi, the son of Clopas and Mary, had by no means proved himself a new "*link*" in that holy and austere family. He had broken away from all the ties of home and duty; he had been lost to them, and, as they thought, lost beyond recovery, out of reach of all but God. But Jesus had "*found*" and "*saved*" him; and He brings him back to the old home a new man, with a new name. Henceforth Levi, now a true and strengthening "*link*," is to be called *Matthew*, i.e., "*the gift of God*;" the very moment he rises to the level and meaning of his old name, a new name, a new ideal, is given him. A true gift of God was this recovered son to the wounded and sorrowful hearts of his father, and mother, and brethren. Nay, even to us also Matthew is a true and

excellent gift of God; for this wild Levi, who left his father's house and dwelt among publicans and sinners, has, by the grace of God, become "*a link*" between us and Christ. We read Matthew's Gospel; and as, by his aid, we come to know Jesus the Saviour, we also bless God for this his "*gift*" to us; we rejoice and are glad that the son of Clopas and Mary was brought back to them "*clothed and in his right mind.*"

One can never tell into what hands a book may fall, or what unlikely-looking word it may be well to utter. It may be that some who read this comment on the Call of St. Matthew may feel that they have a special, a personal, interest in that pathetic story. And therefore it may be well to draw out the most obvious moral of the story instead of seeking out some more recondite lesson.

Matthew, then, was "*the sinner,*" the scapegrace, of a holy family, the wild prodigal son of devout parents. He rent asunder the ties of home and duty, and became the shame and despair of all who had loved him. Father, mother, brothers, sisters were ashamed of him, and had reason to be ashamed of one who was an alien from God, a traitor to his country, a companion of the outcast and vile. Yet even he was not beyond the reach and sway of Christ. Christ called him, changed him, saved him. He raised him to be an apostle, and inspired him to write a Gospel which has carried salvation to many hearts as sinful as his own. The obvious moral of his story is, therefore, that we are none of us beyond the reach of Christ, none so base but that He can redeem us, none so hateful but that He loves us and is fain to save us. The very wickedest thing we can do, the one fatal thing, is—to despair of ourselves because we despair of his mercy and its power to recover us. If any man has sinned against home and its pious training, if he has been a grief to those who loved him best and a disgrace to those he should have honoured most—let no such man's heart fail him. Let him but leave his sins, his follies, his vices, and go after that gracious Friend and Saviour, who cries even to the vilest and most debased, "*Arise, and follow Me;*" and, like Levi, he too will be recovered to a better life, and raised into the service of the truth. Whatever he may be, whatever he may have done, there is in Christ a grace which can sweep away all his sins, and a saving health which can redeem him into spiritual life and vigour, into a heavenly service and rest.

SAMUEL COX.

NIGHT AND DAY.

THE day is Thine,—
 The long bright summer day,
 From the first dawning light till evening closes,
 And all its merry birds and blooming roses,
 And all its golden beauty bid us say,
 The day, O Lord, is Thine.

And life's brief day
 Is also Thine, when we
 Must work while light doth last for our dear Master.
 O that our sluggish feet could travel faster,
 And we with readier service give to Thee
 Our life's fast-fleeting day!



The night is Thine,—
 The long dark winter's night,
 Hushing our birds to sleep, our flowers concealing;
 But, by its hosts of glowing stars, revealing
 Through the deep sky, Thy glory and Thy might.
 The night, O Lord, is Thine.

That darker night
 Is also Thine, O Lord,
 When Thou sweet sleep to Thy beloved givest;
 For while they needs must die, Thou ever livest,
 And o'er Thy dear ones keepest watch and ward,
 Till darkness ends in light.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in My Business Life.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

V.—A SIN OF OMISSION.

AMONG the connections of our firm was a Mr. Ravel. I had heard the name through all the years of my service, but I had never come in much personal contact with the man till about the time that I myself became a partner in Lambert and Co., when, from certain mutual sympathies that we discovered (but which need not be enumerated here, as they have nothing to do with this story), we were considerably attracted to each other.

The house of La Croix, Ravel, and Co. was of the old aristocracy of commerce. A Louis La Croix and a Hubert Ravel had "come over" after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They had been bankers in Avignon, but in their exile, like the opulent and liberal Huguenots that they were, they withheld their wealth from usury, and laid it out in looms and factories for their needier compatriots. There they established in Spitalfields, where the exiles for conscience' sake then swarmed, but unlike the poor modern refugees for dream and theory, brought prosperity with them in their busy brains and skilful fingers. M. La Croix and his prim, ancient, maiden aunt, who was "devoted" to the memory of one slain at Rochelle, established themselves among their work-people; and presently the Ravels, a younger and sprightlier family, built a stately and commodious mansion in the same locality. The street was not narrower than the ancestral rue in Avignon, and so far from shrinking from the shops and courts which came crowding up round their new residence, young Madame Ravel would have thought herself a dull and defrauded woman had she not been able to peep between her flowers, and watch the chaffering and bustle of an industrious thriving thoroughfare.

The La Croixes died out with that generation, but their name was kept up in the firm, perhaps out of some tender French sentiment for saintly childless people. The Ravels had been rather a long-lived race, for the Mr. Ravel that I knew was but the great-grandson of the young French pair who built the Spitalfields mansion.

He bore the family Christian name of Hubert. He was a bachelor and the last of his race. His Huguenot descent had been

twice crossed by Scotch blood on the female side, and Hubert Ravel was no typical Frenchman. The romance and fire of Provence might be there, but it lay under strong reserve. In person, Mr. Ravel was small and slight, with finely-cut features, and he was daintily neat in his apparel, without being in the least a dandy. To see him in his counting-house, or among his business friends, he seemed that rare being, a man of strong character, yet peculiar only for the absence of peculiarities; except one, which I dare say not five people among all his acquaintances had ever noticed. I cannot think how it first caught my observation, but it having once done so, I never failed to see it again and again, till I grew almost angry with myself for watching for it, and felt ready to believe that it might be only the result of some morbid fancy of my own.

With all his quietness, Mr. Ravel was interesting company. He had a dry powder of Scotch humour sprinkled over his clear, glistening French wit. There was nobody more ready than he to recognise a "point" or to make one, and he was given to laugh with a heartier enjoyment than is altogether common among middle-aged men of business. Perhaps it was its very heartiness which first made me notice how suddenly his laughter would stop—like a ringing bell arrested by a hand upon its clapper.

It was after being struck by this that I observed, that however pleased Mr. Ravel might be to meet one, however cheerful he might be throughout the conversation, he no sooner said good-bye than a cloud dropped over his face, and he turned away like one who has stepped for a moment into a merry roadside inn, but must go out again, and lift up his burden, and pursue his uphill way.

It was invariable. Morning, noon, or night, summer or winter, dry business interview, or pleasant friendly chat always ended so. Even after consultation over bad losses or sad news, which had given no opportunity for smile or witticism, there was still that curious sense of a shutting up or a shutting out. I have seen fine old cabinets with doors painted in strangely diverse subjects: outside, with cornucopias and heaps of roses, to

make beauty and brightness for the chamber, but within, reserved for moments of contemplative mortification, pictures of grim skeletons, or scenes of martyrdom. And the change of expression I have noted on sight-seers as the showman unfolded these, is the nearest to the change that always fell on Hubert Ravel's face as he turned himself back to his solitude.

It grew upon me that with such a man as he, this could be the result of no coarse sensational shifting of mood. It was something that was always there, like a sorrowful letter hidden behind a mirror, though merry faces are reflected for a moment on its surface.

The first visit I ever paid to his house was in quite a chance kind of way. It was on a Sunday afternoon. I had been wandering dreamily about the quiet city streets, thinking what a blessed God He is, who sent man such a sweet message of rest and peace as the Sabbath-day. I was musing how many, who laud the prince or the legislator who grants a single secular holy-day, have never once remembered to thank the King of kings for his punctual, ideal holy-day which sets the soul at leisure to climb Pisgah, and survey its Promised Land. Suddenly, as I turned from the gloomy by-ways into a thoroughfare, who should I see, issuing from a ponderous gate, but Hubert Ravel.

He had been to an afternoon service. I, already a city man of some seventeen years' standing, did not even know that there was a chapel on that spot, although I knew that heavy old gate shut in the buildings of one of the most important city guilds. As the scanty congregation were slow of coming out, Mr. Ravel and I turned back that I might see the building.

It had no particular interest, even of association. Comfortable burgesses had sat for two hundred years on the soft cushions of those panelled seats, and gazed dreamily at the rich glow of the painted windows. There was plenty of elaborate carving and fine brass-work. There were two or three mural tablets to forgotten citizens and brothers of the Company. There was a fine organ, sighing forth a rather sleepy voluntary, and there was a kindly, commonplace-looking preacher taking off his gown in the vestry. I could understand the charm such a place might have for the worn-out old almsmen who came there to quaver forth their pious responses, and I should not have wondered to find any aspiring struggling lad turning aside to find a short respite from himself in such a quiet spot consecrated by centuries of undoubting

prayer and praise. But it was a strange place for Hubert Ravel, midway between hectic youth and weary age, unjaded by the tear and hurry of commercial excitement, for such business as he meddled with was but a formal ceremony to him,—he had wealth and position beyond its reach. An unworried, lonely, thinking man, one would have fancied he would seek more stirring regions,—would need food rather than anodynes. But he told me he went there every Sabbath.

After a glance round, we returned to the street, and as we were within a few hundred yards of his abode, I did not see any reason why I should refuse his courteous invitation to accompany him there, and join his tea-table.

He no longer lived in the old Spitalfields mansion in Church Street. He himself had not deserted it, but his grandfather had. It had grown unfashionable in the days of that ancestor, and as his grandson succinctly said, "He was not the wisest or best of the Ravel race."

Since that grandfather's time the Ravels had adhered to the mansion which he took in Corded-Friars, though it had certainly become as unfashionable as a place of residence as Spitalfields itself. Mr. Ravel had invited me to visit him before that Sunday, and the direction he had given me was, "Lose yourself in Corded-Friars, and you will find my place." He seemed to follow his own advice, for I could see no method in the way we twisted up one narrow turning and down another, now diving under a frowning arch, then crossing a flagged court, with flying glimpses of an old church that seemed to have hidden itself among the houses, until at last we came to a paved square, with no thoroughfare even for foot-passengers.

One of its four sides was a high dead back wall of a house that must have been built in the days of the window-tax. Another was the side of a building used as offices, with casements dotted irregularly here and there, and stairs winding past them. The two other sides were stately old red houses, with broad flights of steps, and great stone pillars enlivening their ruddy fronts. One was let out in chambers, and desecrated with a house-agent's notice-board; the other was Hubert Ravel's home.

The place was as still as a nook among the mountains, or as a church on a week-day morning. I followed Mr. Ravel up the steps, and through the great hall, which had a stained-glass window at the farther end. The walls were covered with dark old pic-

tures in heavy frames. Here and there, great white statues menaced us with fierce frowns or stretched-out hands, and our feet fell dumb on the thick Turkey carpet. Ours seemed to be the only life there. There must have been servants somewhere to maintain that wonderful neatness and cleanliness, yet the place had the atmosphere of an urban hermitage.

We went straight down the hall, and then Mr. Ravel opened the last door on the right, and we entered a chamber, small in dimensions, and meagrely plain in appointment. It was scarcely suitable for the "house-keeper's room" in such an establishment. The pattern was nearly worn from the druggist, the chairs were hard and shabby, the table-cover was dim and colourless, and there were no pictures but one over the mantel—an ill-painted portrait of a rather striking-looking youth. Yet the cheerful fire in the cramped grate, and the common tea-service set in readiness on the table, proclaimed this to be the ordinary living apartment of Hubert Ravel.

He bade me take a seat, remarking that Mrs. Chance would soon come in, and she presently entered—an elderly woman, some years older than my host, with a rather vacant face, which might have been pretty at that early period of life when wisdom is not a necessary ingredient in feminine good looks. She had a limp, lackadaisical, eighteenth-century kind of elegance about her, and was altogether the type of being whom I should have thought particularly aggravating to a straightforward sensible man like Mr. Ravel.

She rattled away with her tongue and the tea-cups. Did I live in the city too? And did I really like it? Well, for her part she could not think how anyone stayed in London who could get out of it. She loved nature. Give her a cottage among the trees, with fresh flowers in the garden, and dear little birds hopping about.

I glanced at Mr. Ravel. He only smiled gravely, and observed, "I thought you said that your nerves suffered from the sparrows' noise on our great tree."

"Well, to be sure, so she did. Sparrows were different—common, sooty things—she meant dear little robin red-breasts, and larks, and linnets, and that sort. A *nuance* of difference made all the difference in the world." Mrs. Chance sprinkled her discourse with French, as one peppers flavourless meat.

She was not a woman who is diffident in giving her opinions on things in general, or in particular. She was vain of her folly,

which is by no means an uncommon vanity. She had no toleration or forbearance towards the statesman who was just then painfully steering his country through a great storm. She could not understand the magnitude of his task, the terrible responsibility on his hands—but she could condemn. He was a bad man—a heartless man—an incipient tyrant—a hypocritical panderer to the lower orders. And such things as were said about his private life! Of course they were all true; she was never one to believe there could be so much smoke without any fire. Not she! She knew the world!

She was one of those people who fancy they know the world, when they only half know their own shallow rotten hearts. Does a man know a country because he has raked in one of its ditches?

Then our conversation happened to touch on a man who lay in Newgate that Sabbath evening, and who would be led forth next morning to die on the gallows. A dreadful man, whose mad passionate murders were almost the least inhuman part of a godless, heartless, selfish life—but Mrs. Chance had sympathy for him. She declared that some of his letters were beautiful, and that nobody knew to what temptations he had succumbed. She was pathetic on the duty that religious charity owed to such monsters, and then perhaps noticing that Mr. Ravel sat silent, she turned to him and inquired if they were to expect "darling Fanny" that evening.

"I suppose so," he answered gravely. "You have taken care of my household for nearly twenty years now, Mrs. Chance; and Miss Fanny Sheldon has only failed to pay you her Sabbath visit twice, when she was ill."

I felt quite curious to see the woman who could be such a constant friend to this provoking nonentity; but she did not arrive early. Mr. Ravel asked me whether I had ever read a powerful religious book which had just then come out; and hearing I had not, he took it up, and began reading it aloud, in that quiet, unpretentious way which is better than all but the best emphasis. Mrs. Chance sat aside, and picked out the lace border of her pocket-handkerchief. It must have been after evening service that Miss Fanny Sheldon arrived.

Surely, to its uttermost corner, the quiet old house must have known when she entered! It was like a rush of hearty crusaders into a silent monastery, or the onslaught of the "boys' rom school" into a philosopher's sanctum. Life is so oddly measured out sometimes. Some crowds seem to have only

one share among them—some people have the share of a crowd in themselves. Miss Fanny Sheldon had the crowd.

Do not fancy that I mean she was a noisy, trooping kind of woman. Not at all.

She was quite middle-aged; and one felt sure that she looked older than she was, with that pathetic age that comes to youth, and encloses it as in a crystal, drying up its evanescent freshness only to preserve its real beauty to the end. She had plentiful hair—almost white—cheerful eyes, and a strong, satisfied mouth that seemed to enjoy her own pleasant words. For her dress, it was plain, good, and serviceable, with a bountifulness about it as if her draper's bills were so safe within her means that she did not require to be exact as to an extra breadth of stuff or another yard of ribbon. Altogether, she gave one the idea of a woman with a large life and a larger heart.

She did not begin to talk about herself or her doings. It was only her frank answers to Mr. Ravel's inquiries which let me know that her life-work ranged from a guardian angel's to that of a maid-of-all-work—that she was equal to saving souls, and not above making beds.

"Any news from Rolt Court?" Mr. Ravel inquired.

"Well, a good deal this week," she answered. "The Blewitts have at last made up their minds to emigrate. Poor Sally Blewitt used to say she'd rather starve in old England than feast elsewhere. I've often thought that she ought to feel that those who had to keep her from starving had a right to speak in the matter. But what was the good of saying that to a poor creature, who was really well-meaning, and willing to work if she could? You might as well put things easy as hard. So I've always kept on telling her, quite incidentally, you know, about the young noblemen and gentlemen who have to go abroad to take Government posts, and so on, and how their friends neither grieve nor grizzle, but only think what a fine thing it is for the young fellows. Poor Polly, I used to see this brought quite a new idea to her. And at last she gave in of her own accord: it was the next day after I'd been reading a letter from Ann White, who went last year, in which Ann told how she wore a seal-skin cap and moccasins, and went to church in a sleigh. Says Polly to me, 'Bill and I have made up our minds, miss, and we'll go. I'm sick o' this ere old shawl o' mine, an' it's falling off at last, an' I don't know where the next's a-coming from. I ain't likely ever to

get a tuppence to ride on the Whitechapel bus, so I might as well go in for the slay, whatever it is.' So the night-school is at work this week on the Blewitts' 'kit,' and they'll be off next. Polly is chief comforter and stand-by to the other women who are going. 'You're a set o' poor creturs,' I heard her saying yesterday. 'If you was nobilities and gentries you'd go off with a thankye, and ne'er a grumble.' There now, Mr. Ravel."

"Highly satisfactory," he said. "There is a use in fashion after all, if it can make right things become easy. And what about the others?"

"I've caught Wild Hatty again!" she answered triumphantly. "I was coming up Sclater Street from helping blind Mrs. Booth to tidy up her place against her sailor boy's return, when who should I see, just going into a public-house, and looking as if she'd been too much in one already, but Wild Hatty herself. So I caught hold of her, and says I, 'You've made a mistake, Hatty, you're not going that way—you're coming this.' Poor Hatty was so confounded with the suddenness of it, that she could not help herself, and came away without a word, till I'd got her seated in my own room at the night-school. And then, says I, 'Now, Miss Hatty, I'm as sure that you really want to do well as that I want to help you to do so. But I don't believe either of us quite knows her own part of the business. I can tell you a bit of yours, Hatty, and that is, when you're off the streets, and at honest work, as I had you three months ago, don't go prying about where you're likely to meet old friends, but whenever you feel a longing to do so, go down on your knees, and pray the Lord Jesus to keep tight hold of you, for the devil is tugging dreadfully hard. And now I've told you what you ought to do, Hatty, can't you tell me what I can do for you? I've tried my own best, Hatty. I've given you work, and good food, and neat clothes, and taken you for holidays, Hatty, but I've made a mistake somewhere, or you never would have gone away as you did.'

"'I won't be talked to,' said Hatty, quite fierce. 'You're just saying all this to throw up how ungrateful I am. I don't ask you to do nothin' for me. Let me alone. I can get on in my own ways. I saw you lock the door; let me out, or I'll kill you—I won't be kept prisoner by anybody, unless it's the beak.'

"'Certainly not, Hatty,' says I; 'and that's just what I'm determined you shan't be. You're the devil's prisoner just now,

Hatty, and I only locked the door to make you stand still while I cut his ropes."

"And then for want of a better argument, she stamped her feet with passion, and I stamped mine back again, firmly, of a purpose, which had a deal more meaning in it, and was so comical that Hatty burst out laughing, and that ended in tears and penitent prayers for another chance."

"She'll only go off again," said Mrs. Chance.

"Then I'll fetch her back again," responded Fanny Sheldon, with a decisive nod. "I'm a tougher woman than poor Hatty. She'll tire before I shall."

"And is everything else going on satisfactorily?" Mr. Ravel inquired.

"Yes, I think so. Except that the Wynns have lost another little one. There is some dreadful smell from the house that comes up to the back of theirs—stagnant rain-water, or something of that kind."

"Not one of my houses?" asked Mr. Ravel, by which inquiry I gathered that he held property in the highly eligible neighbourhood of Rolt Court, Leman Street, Whitechapel.

"Oh dear no," said Miss Sheldon. "I found out the landlord. He has a place of business near St. Paul's, and a villa at Tulse Hill. I went twice to his office about this matter, and then I thought I would take him at his leisure, when his heart was soft among his own children at home. But he did nothing. Then, considering I had done my duty in first exhorting him privately, and then before one or two friendly witnesses, I set the parish on him. It will be all right by next week. And he'll have to do a deal more than I asked him in the first instance."

A servant brought in supper, and during the interruption of setting the wine and sandwiches on the table, I noticed Miss Sheldon's eyes rest on the expressive, rude portrait over the mantel. The look of merry energy did not die in her face, but it changed, like a sunbeam passing from a laburnum tree to a cedar.

Miss Sheldon and I left together. Our host himself showed us to the door, and as I could scarcely forbear glancing from right to left at the beautiful things we passed, I observed—

"Your house seems full of art treasures, Mr. Ravel."

"Yes, I suppose it is," he answered, with that sudden gravity of his. "Are you fond of art treasures, Mr. Garrett? I will show you over the place any evening that you

care to look in. You will always find me at home—and alone. Good night."

And the door closed abruptly behind us.

"You live a very active, good life, Miss Sheldon," I said presently. "Surely you are very happy to be so useful."

"I'm not very useful," she responded, with her cheerful, sincere laugh. "I just go about, and find out things and take notice of people. I always had a turn that way. When I was a tiny girl living in my old home in Bloomsbury, I used to coax my big boy-cousins to take me to Clare Market on Saturday nights. An odd turn, isn't it? I was born with it. But I don't know that it was ever useful in itself. My big boy-cousins used to give me halfpence to buy pudding for the bare-footed children that were looking in at the steamy cook-shop windows. And now Mr. Ravel gives me a great deal more than halfpence to do whatever good I can find out. If I'm useful to anybody, it is to Mr. Ravel himself—for I'm sure I make his money go a great deal farther than he could!" And she laughed, with simple, genuine self-satisfaction. "But you don't know what a good man he is." Yet as she said that, there fell upon her face the very shadow which always fell on his.

"Does he go about himself among these poor people?" I asked.

"No," she said seriously. "I wish he could. I tell him that he makes me feel like a cheat—his money gives me so much pleasure and himself so little."

"You are a friend of long standing, I think," I observed.

"I have known Hubert Ravel five-and-twenty years," she said, adding simply, "I used to design for La Croix and Ravel. We have only been on visiting terms since Mrs. Chance has kept his house. She was an old family friend of mine, you know. He has shown her great kindness."

"It must be rather a trial to her to live in the city," I said, "when she so dislikes London."

"Dislikes London!" echoed Fanny Sheldon, laughing. "She dislikes it so much that when Mr. Ravel took lodgings at Boxhill for her, while he went on a pedestrian tour in Scotland, she had a touch of yellow jaundice in less than a fortnight, and came back to Corded-Friars to enjoy the advice of her old doctor in Finsbury Square! When she describes her ideal cottage, with the bees and the birds and the breeze, she keeps a mental reservation that it must be within five minutes' reach of the Quadrant or the Bank!"

And so Fanny Sheldon and I parted, and I went home wondering. I was sure there was more in it than met the eye. I could not read the drama itself yet, but the *dramatis personæ* had in it the elements of strong interest. This wealthy, cultivated man, living in the barest chambers of his beautiful mansion, starving his full, active heart in the society of that shallow, frivolous old spinster—and this zealous, eager, affectionate old maid, with that bountiful humanity which is kin to both prince and pauper,—there must be some hidden link between these three which had drawn and kept them together. What had made empty Mrs. Chance a friend of heartsome Fanny Sheldon, and how had Fanny Sheldon's friend become Hubert Ravel's housekeeper? And whose portrait was that over the mantel—quite a modern picture—and yet Hubert Ravel had never had a brother?

It was not long before I availed myself of Mr. Ravel's running invitation. I found him, as he had said, at home and very literally alone, for Mrs. Chance had gone to pay a visit, and he had let the maid-servants out for a little walk.

He led me straight into the dining-room. A vauntful man might have called it "the banquetting hall."

I have seen many "show houses," great and glorious, and fit for the state occasions of royalty and rank. I do not mean to compare the house in Corded-Friars with these. It was on a different level—not necessarily a lower one, because the home was not sacrificed to art, but art brought, in her best mood, to serve the home.

I have not wondered at all, when I have peeped into the shabby studies and slight boudoirs where dukes and countesses take refuge from their grandeur. But the more I saw of this city mansion, the more I wondered why the least ostentatious man need banish himself to that half-furnished back room, with its ill-painted picture and ordinary china.

Nothing was mere upholstery. I am sure the thick Turkey carpets were older than Hubert Ravel. Some of them, and some of the hangings too, might be almost dated from the time of that grandfather who migrated from Spitalfields to Corded-Friars. Time has hues which no dye can match, priceless hues of its own. You can no more buy them than you can build an old house. Yet—like precious stones and rare lace—few people know their value, and they are put away as shabby, or shut up in relics, instead of receiving the one glory meet for every good thing—that of

being honourably worn out in its own proper place.

There were pictures and statuary in Corded-Friars, but they did not stare one out of countenance. One could have read one's family prayers, brought up one's children to be neat and industrious, and taught them their catechism, under the eyes of the quaint Huguenot ancestry ranged on the dining-room walls. One need not have feared one's little girl asking any too-difficult question about grim Madame Ravel, in the peaked cap, and one's sons and one's daughters might discuss together any point in the history of pretty Madame Celestine, immortalised in her bride's dress. There was a mountain scene by Salvator Rosa, too, hanging over the mantel, just where the evening sunshine struck it.

"Look," said Mr. Ravel, opening a drawer, and taking out a coarse old print, "my great-grandfather bought this because it depicted the defile which his people held against the Duke of Savoy. It is the same landscape which is given in that picture from rather a different point. I was very proud when I bought that Salvator five-and-twenty years ago. It had a double value to me."

"And will always have," I echoed enthusiastically.

But the light had gone out of Hubert Ravel's face, and without any response he passed on.

I have said there was statuary. The great, many-cornered house took up much, as its natural right, as a queen can wear a thousand gems without vulgarity. It had not been gathered promiscuously as the fashion of a season or the whim of a moment had dictated. "A Bacchante" did not insult a "Faith," nor a "Venus" flaunt beside a "St. Jerome." Here were no Bacchantes nor Venuses. Here was indeed the glory of physical strength, the perfection of animal beauty. But it was all a consecrated glory and perfection. At the end of the great hall, beneath the richly-stained window, a St. George towered triumphant over the fallen dragon. In an archway of the dining-room stood Charity, smiling down at the little naked children that were clinging to her feet. And here and there, just before some flitting shadow, or beneath some winsome sunbeam, stood busts of men whose very mortality is immortal. There was a snowy "Silence" keeping mystic watch among the crimson curtains of the retired library, the "book-room," as Mr. Ravel simply called it.

The brighter, lighter saloons struck me with a sadder sense of desertion than the

stately dining-room. The grim Huguenot ancestry seemed in some way to inhabit it. But these would have been such a perfection of setting for a beautiful, happy life, that one was haunted by a ghostly idea of enchantment in their cold and lonely order. There was something else about them which I did not consciously notice then, but distinctly remembered afterwards, which was that, for this style of apartment, they were already behind the times. An inhabited house, though none of the furniture had been renewed, would not have looked so. There would have been books of the season on the tables, fashionable needlework latel mounted, and here and there, in many a corner, trifles of the period—purchases or presents.

All was faultless, from carpet to cornice. Here were pictures, too, with great names to them—many originals which I had hitherto only studied in engravings. But it was still the home, not the gallery or collection. Even its subtle aroma of the past did not destroy this effect. It was the ghost of a home. Everything was perfect according to its use and kind; but its perfection had been studied in that connection, and not only for itself. It had the secret of harmony,—no part was out of proportion to the whole. Just as the ideal strong man is not the acrobat who can balance himself on his little finger, but he who can longest bear most fatigue with least injury; and as the ideal genius is not the poet who cannot remember clean-shirt day, or keep his accounts, but the mighty mind that reaches from Hamlet to Simple, and returns to its native village to buy unto itself a mansion,—so the ideal house is not a museum of wonders, but a "household,"—a place where people can be good and comfortable, and where all order and beauty are brought in for those ends.

"There are only bedrooms above this," Mr. Ravel paused to say; "but you must come up to the next flat, just to see a statue there."

It was an angel's figure. But the wings drooped, and the eyelids were almost down. If one could associate weariness with an angel, one would have said that this was weary with long flight. There was an awful peace on the marble face; but yet there was a sadness too. The sadness was under the peace—its foundation, as it were. The whole was wonderfully conceived and executed. I forgot to ask who the sculptor was, or what name he had given to his work. It came into my mind that just so might look the soul of some mortal, on whose mighty strength

God had laid heavy burdens, but who, somehow, had not fulfilled the powers of his nature, but had been caught in the whirlwind of despair, and had rushed to death through the gate of madness, and who now stood in heaven, forgiven indeed, but low in the ranks which he should have led, and yearning, not over his own loss, but over the Love he had disappointed, and the work he had left undone!

The statue stood by a chamber door.

"Is that your room?" I whispered.

"No; it is Mrs. Chance's," he replied.

And without another word we turned again to the stairs. We had not gone half-way down before the door was assailed by a sudden hasty knock.

There are knocks and knocks. Those which nobody hurries to answer; leisurely knocks—somebody come to ask how you are, and to chatter away an idle hour; other knocks which set the mistress ringing the bell for the servant, who is already half on her way to answer it.

This knock was one of these.

Mr. Ravel's serving-maids had just come in, and one of them, who was lingering in the hall, had opened the door before we got down-stairs.

It was only Fanny Sheldon.

But Fanny Sheldon not herself. All her bountiful energies concentrated at one point, like a mighty river narrowing towards a cataract. She did not see me, or she did not heed me.

"The man Bentham is out of prison, Mr. Ravel," she began, without one word of ceremony. "He has come home to his old place in Rolt Court. It is awful to see him. He says he never meant to kill his wife (and I quite believe it), and he says he can't repent, as it will not bring her back. He does not care for anything I say, because he says I don't know what I'm talking about. You must come and speak to him, Mr. Ravel. You will know what to say. You must come. You will be able to make him hear you!"

How should he? Where was his secret spell?

"I cannot—oh! I cannot," he said.

"Yes, you can," she said, "and you will. God means it. It is his way. Here are your hat and coat, Mr. Ravel."

His face was white, and set with the whiteness and rigour of death itself; but he no longer hesitated. Not one word did he speak, except to say—

"You will come with us, Mr. Garrett."

(To be continued.)

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—AT HOME.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

ONCE in a lifetime, perhaps, one may see an annular eclipse of the sun, or the transit of Venus; and once in a lifetime, perhaps, a royal thanksgiving. We have our historical days—the 5th of November, with its memory of Guy Fawkes; the 15th of June, celebrating Waterloo; “black Friday,” recalling a dark time of commercial ruin; but henceforth “thanksgiving day” bids fair to eclipse them all. Yet its story is a very simple one. The only memorable thing it can hand down is that on that day the Queen with her family appeared in St. Paul’s Cathedral, kneeling before the Almighty, thanking Him for his mercy, acknowledging Him “whose their breath is, and whose are all their ways.” Of course it was only their duty. But it was a great public acknowledgment of the Most High, and a great national rebuke of the miserable secularism that has been trying so hard to get out its horns and convince us that Natural Law is the King of Kings. The acknowledgment was very timely. We live in an age when outward forms have lost much of their importance, and when men have come to value little but spirit and life. We have been clinging less and less to those formal acknowledgments of God which were so congenial, and most sincerely so, to the piety of our fathers, and striving to get men to exemplify godliness in sacred acts rather than in pious forms. But what between the undoubted change in this respect which the course even of true godliness has undergone, and the atheistic cant which has been obtruding itself here and there on the public ear, we seemed to be greatly in need of some open repudiation of Baal, and some decisive recognition of the Living God. And it came with a heartiness that has greatly refreshed every earnest soul. It was the British nation assembling as it were at Mizpeh, setting up a stone, and calling the name of it Ebenezer, saying, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” And in some respects we have begun to reap the blessing. The Queen’s letter, so heartily thanking the people, has stirred their hearts anew by the very evidence it has given of the depth of her own gratitude, and has opened a new vista of peaceful hope for the nation. The preservation of the Queen’s life, not indeed from actual danger, but in a way that shows how entirely it is in God’s hands, and how mercifully He preserves it day by day, has stirred fresh feelings of thankfulness. Well may we hope and pray that the emotion roused by “thanksgiving day” may not be as the “early cloud and the morning dew,” but a fruitful seed of blessings that shall continue to be reaped for years to come.

THE ARCHBISHOP’S TEXT.

“Members one of another.” The preacher treated his subject by making a few simple remarks on the family, the State, and the Church, as being all divine
I. N.S.

institutions, and by viewing the events connected with the Prince’s illness as fitted to draw us together in all these several relations. The discourse was too short and slight for any great accumulation of moral force in the direction to which it pointed. Yet, how to make the different elements of society “members one of another” still remains the great problem of the day. And we are not sure that it is in so fair a way to a satisfactory solution as it seemed some years ago. There is always something very interesting in the first awaking of a community to a long-neglected duty. There is a freshness, an ardour, a hopefulness of tone that seems the harbinger of success and triumph. So it was in the beginning of the century, when the enterprise of missions to the heathen was begun. But by-and-by there comes a lull. The morning enthusiasm fades, errors of judgment become apparent, difficulties multiply, the work assumes a more prosaic aspect, and many get tired and fall away. A few years ago the upper classes seemed to awaken to their duty to the lower, and looked as if about to take them to their very heart. A few actually did so, and the many seemed not indisposed to follow. At the present moment, we apprehend, this spirit is suffering something of a chill. The wealthy classes are not much less intent than formerly on luxury and self-indulgence, whatever may betide the lower. The East-end is not less a separate world from the West than it was. Noble-hearted workers are indeed busy, but they are paralysed by the thought that they are but units in a harvest-field whose boundaries are too far off to be seen. Will this great national experience really make the different classes of society to feel that they are “members one of another?” This is what we would fain hope, but what we do not see any great ground for expecting. The link between the people and the royal family has indeed been made much stronger, but what of the intermediate links, binding class to class, where the social gulf is not so wide? Strangely enough, it is easier to join the extremes than the intermediate links. The people love the Queen, and the Queen loves the people; but what of the feelings of the aristocracy and the mercantile class, and what of the feelings of the employer and his men? Will the old jealousies go on smouldering all the same as if there had been no thanksgiving day? Will the day have any appreciable influence in sweetening the breath of society, and oiling the joints of our social machinery? *There* lies the real difficulty. It is not so difficult to make things right between the throne and the multitude. It is the classes of society that are nearest to each other, and that have thus the greatest need to be on the best terms with each other, that are morally and socially most widely separated. To establish Christian and happy bonds between them is the real difficulty—*hic labor, hoc opus est.*

THE EDUCATION BATTLE.

The House of Commons has determined, by an overwhelming majority, not to listen to the proposal

of the Birmingham League. The voice of the nation has been expressed very clearly against restricting the education of our children merely to the secular branches. The feeling of the country shrinks from a policy that would make God's holy book an exception to other books, and, instead of honouring it more, would honour it less in our seminaries for training the young. At present, at all events, the strong inclination is rather to put up with the difficulties that connect themselves with the teaching of religion in a community so divided on religious questions, than to cut the knot by proscribing religion altogether. The same feeling has been evinced in connection with the second reading of the Scotch Education Bill. Only seven members of the House of Commons joined in condemning it, on the ground that it did not enact that there was to be no religious teaching in the public schools of Scotland. Such facts as these are a strong evidence that the country at large feels deeply that Christianity is the great educator, and that an education which is not founded on Christianity, and does not embrace it, is hardly worth the State's pains to provide. The principle of the Scotch bill, as introduced by the Lord Advocate, is that in every district it be left to the board elected by the rate-payers to determine as to the religious teaching, provided it be either at the beginning or the end, and that a time-table and a conscience clause shall allow parents who object to the religious instruction to withdraw their children at the time when it comes on. This, in fact, is substantially what is done in most schools at present, but many persons object to the bill that it does not enact that the Bible shall be read in all schools. Some object likewise to the dissolution of the connection between church and school, which has hitherto been a great feature of Scotch education. All candid men admit that the subject is encompassed with difficulties, and that it is not to be expected that a measure which to be workable must command the acquiescence of all can be perfectly satisfactory to each. One of the most important provisions of the bill is that for making education compulsory. The appointment of school-boards, too, is not permissive but obligatory over all the country. There can be no doubt that the bill would bring about great changes, and that the working of it would demand great good sense and good feeling on the part of the people. Most probably the effect of it would be to make the people of Scotland exert themselves with new energy to raise their educational pre-eminence to a higher point, and make Scotland in its educational provisions a model to the whole kingdom.

**"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT"—OF WHAT CHURCH
ARE THEY?**

A recent critic in a High Church paper has been criticising a book written by a Nonconformist, who gives evidence of having some share of Mr. Matthew Arnold's celebrated "sweetness and light." The critic expatiates on what seems to him a new pheno-

menon—that members of that class anywhere should be giving attention to that literary culture and refinement which has never flourished heretofore in such soil. Will not the new wine burst the old bottles into which such men are pouring it? Has not the strength of Nonconformity hitherto lain in the exclusive and unchallenged regard which it has given to the doctrines of Calvinism? and if it publish books and deliver lectures in which art, literature, philosophy, and other such secular developments of the human mind are treated with respect and interest, will it not become like Samson, with his locks shorn and his strength departed? On what will it then depend for its acceptance with the people? The critic goes on to reason that the alliance between culture and Evangelical doctrine is impossible, and that this is proved by the case of the Evangelical party within the Church. That party, he maintains, have virtually repelled art, literature, or science—have frowned on such things as of the earth earthy, not to be thought of with any regard or affection by immortal beings, whose one interest and aim should be to flee from the wrath to come. Puritanism, all along, has, in his view, been the foe of every such development of the human mind. If we leave out of account Milton, whose tastes were really quite alien from those of the party to which he belonged, what name but that of Bunyan can Evangelicals point to as possessing either genius, or the faculty that appreciates and encourages it? Have not Evangelical men always been dry, hard, unsympathetic? and are not their writings generally marked by the absence of appeal to any feelings or faculties but those which have their home in the hard realm of dogma? In short, it would seem to be laid down that culture cannot dwell with what is variously called Calvinism, Puritanism, Evangelicalism, and Protestantism, and that these cannot dwell with culture. The attempt to wed them is monstrous—it is impossible that it can succeed.

Of course, it must be admitted that there is a class of persons within the Evangelical fold to whom this criticism does apply. It is not uncommon to meet with extreme dogmatists, whose life is spent in "testifying" for what they call their principles, who seem to think that the more disagreeable they can make themselves, the more are they to be commended for their faithfulness. Of such persons we make the critic welcome to the whole host, only wishing that it were possible to get rid of men who have so little heart for the true expansive functions of the Christian Church, and embarrass and obstruct those who have.

But, apart from these, how stands the fact? Our minds go back to Calvin himself and the French school of the Reformation, which numbered in its ranks, and continued to do so for a considerable time, many of the first scholars and most cultivated men of the age. If we take the Puritan period, is Bunyan absolutely alone? Do John Howe or Richard Baxter exhibit no flashes of genius, no gleams of poetry? And, coming down a century, what shall

we say of William Cowper—is his name so obscure that it may be omitted from the list of our great men of genius and culture? Or take a still more recent age. Was Chalmers not eminently a man who combined Calvinism and culture, and while incessantly urging the great truths of the one, showed a respect, amounting to deference, for the votaries of the other? If with Chalmers we associate Robert Hall, John Foster, and Isaac Taylor, have we not a large representation of true "sweetness and light?" If we speak of science, men like Faraday and Sir James Simpson, Hugh Miller and Sir David Brewster, may surely vindicate their common creed from the reproach thrown on it. Edward Irving and James Hamilton had surely enough both of natural genius and acquired culture to save them from being ranked with the uncircumcised Philistines. It may be that the combination has not, been a common one, but the notable cases which we have specified show that to speak of it as impossible is utterly unwarranted.

But why has it not been common? Mainly, we apprehend, because there is something in the Evangelical view of a sinner's relation to God so overwhelming, that in comparison of it, all interests that are merely human become quite trivial and insignificant. In this view every man is naturally lost; and until he is restored through a living faith in Jesus Christ, all is utterly wrong with him. He needs not merely a little help, to bring him to the gate of heaven, or a mere brush of ecclesiastical paint to make him a Christian; he needs a new heart and a right spirit—a change of the most radical kind. Till this great business is accomplished, the Calvinist has little heart for any other. He is like a man trying to extinguish a consuming fire—the matter is too absorbing for him to be able to attend to lesser concerns. But when the great matter has been settled, he finds scope for the full development of his nature and for the culture and exercise of every faculty. Having sought first the kingdom of heaven and his righteousness, the other things are added in due course. No finer example could be imagined than that which is furnished in the life of Chalmers. The science which he loved before his spiritual change, he loved most dearly afterwards; but it sunk to a secondary place, it was overshadowed by the direct interests of the soul. This is the great lesson of Calvinism. Human culture is secondary—faith and regeneration are of primary importance. And for our part, it seems all the better entitled to our respect that this is what it teaches. If it drew the line very slightly between the church and the world, or obliterated it entirely, and encouraged men to regard culture as quite a good substitute for religion, it would take the most effectual way that has yet been devised for rubbing out religion itself. It is its glory that it requires of every man first to get into a right relation to God, while thereafter it leaves him free to occupy himself, as much as his circumstances will permit, with the development and gratification of every real and legitimate part of his nature.

A QUAKER PHILANTHROPIST.

The death of Mr. Joseph Pease, formerly M.P. for the county of Durham, has been duly chronicled by the newspapers. Mr. Pease was a member of a well-known family, and succeeded Mr. Joseph Sturge as President of the Peace Society. He was a remarkable representative of that combination of solidity of character, tranquillity of temper, and unswerving moral integrity, that seems to have its home among the Quakers. He had great worldly shrewdness and business ability, and at the same time an intense regard to the welfare of his fellows. The following little sketch of his philanthropic labours was written a few years ago, after a personal visit, and seems worthy of being reproduced here, in the hope that others may be stimulated by so good an example:—

"In Mr. Pease's efforts to improve the condition of the five thousand workpeople with whom he is connected, he has combined the charm of an attractive spirit and manner, with plans wisely contrived and vigorously worked. The number of cottages built by him approaches one thousand, and in those more recently erected the number of apartments is no less than five. This large number is deemed requisite by Mr. Pease for the right accommodation of families, where there are often grown-up young men and women, and no lodgers are allowed to be taken. Mr. Pease has built about thirty schoolrooms; besides serving their ordinary purposes, these are placed at the disposal of ministers and preachers of any denomination, except Roman Catholics and Unitarians, for religious meetings, fire and light being supplied gratuitously. There are several circulating libraries, partly furnished by the proprietor, who removes his books from station to station after they have been read at each, and partly by subscribers of a penny a month, the books bought with their money remaining stationary.

"Intemperance, fostered by public-houses, has been found by Mr. Pease the great enemy of his workpeople. Himself a total abstainer, he has used his influence to promote abstinence among them. At his sea-coast residence at Redcar he has built a large hall for tea-meetings and other gatherings of a pleasant, social kind. One of his recent tea-parties amounted to about two thousand four hundred. As the hall accommodates only six hundred at a time, they had to be taken in four successive relays. Acting on the principle that 'who rocks the cradle rules the world,' he has been most desirous to render the influence of mothers wholesome and blessed. I should judge his efforts to have been not unsuccessful in that as in other departments, if a little anecdote which he gave me of the tea-party referred to can be taken as a sample of what is common among his people. Going up, or led up (for the 'dim suffusion' has fallen on his eyes), to a mother with an infant, he inquired if it was her first. 'No, sir, it is my thirteenth.' 'And how many of these are with you now?' 'Well, sir, it has pleased the Almighty to take two to Himself; but we have still the eleven,

and my husband and myself make up thirteen—all living in one of your cottages, and all teetotalers, and *such a happy family we are!*"

"Mr. Pease's efforts for the benefit of his work-people appear to have been highly successful in evoking a pleasant spirit on their part towards him. When any dispute about wages seems impending, it has been his custom to meet his people personally in a frank and friendly manner, hear all they have got to say. If a case for advance can be made out, agree to it; if not, refuse it. The feeling between them is such that when on an emergency an additional day's work is needed they will give it for him, though they would not give it for his neighbours. His efforts are believed to be telling with beneficial effect upon other employers. The good master, it is seen, makes good servants; and virtue is its own reward."

Eight years ago, when the visit referred to in this sketch was paid, the venerable philanthropist seemed like one who might be called soon to put off this mortal tabernacle; but the newspaper accounts show that to the very end of his life he continued unwearied in well-doing, and that even his blindness—an infirmity so apt to prove a fatal drag on the spirit of enterprise—did not quench his ever-burning zeal.

II.—ABROAD.

FRANCE.—THE JANVIER SCANDAL.

One of the most conspicuous of the tableaux that France has exhibited to the world during the past month is not a pretty one. The prosecution of M. Janvier de la Motte for embezzling public money was an ugly business, and uglier still when it was made so apparent that the money embezzled had been appropriated to the most barefaced sensuality—to the keeping up of splendid establishments for wicked women. Even his acquittal, bad though it was when his justification lay in the fact of the peccadillo being so common, was made still worse by M. Pouyen-Quertier's, the Finance Minister, attempt to white-wash him. It is one comfort that enough of public morality remained to constrain the Finance Minister to resign his portfolio. There must be some wholesome elements left in a public opinion that demands so emphatic a tribute to decency.

It is in quite another direction, however, that we must look for comfort in regard to France. But there is a rift in the clouds, and a bright gleam beyond. In Burgundy, and other districts there seems to be springing up an earnest desire to hear the Word of God. The servants of God are not left to cry in vain, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the hurt of the daughter of my people healed?" We cling to the hope that that land of holy martyrs and confessors has yet a bright future awaiting it.

A GOOD WORK AMONG WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

We have had the opportunity of reading a letter from a lady in Boulogne-sur-Seine respecting a work of Christian activity, small in itself, but important in

its susceptibility of being taken up by others, and interesting in connection with a request from its author. All the women out of work are invited to come three times a week to her house, where they get sewing-work for three hours, and half a franc each for their work. While the work goes on, a chapter of the New Testament is read by the women verse by verse, and explained by the lady. Hymns are taught and sung, and suitable tracts or other Christian publications are read. Beginning with five women six months ago, the meetings are now attended by one hundred and fifteen. Of these but one is a Protestant: but, while the Gospel is taught, there is no attempt to proselytise. Maledictions, as usual, have been hurled at the class and at the women individually, but in vain. The conductor of this good work would fain put into the hearts of Christian people in this country the thought of praying that the work may advance under the blessing of God. Such labours show what can be done by a single willing heart; and small though the number of like-minded Christian ladies may be in France, if they followed this example the results might be beyond all calculation.

GERMANY.—THE JESUITS TO THE RESCUE, HO!

It is difficult to believe one's eyes as one reads in the newspapers of the day the evidence of movements on the grandest scale, the bearings and issues of which are truly too great for our grasp. The religious struggle on the Continent is evidently entering on a new stage. History is going to repeat itself. After the Reformation the Church of Rome put herself into the hands of the Jesuits, who restored her fortunes and ruined her character. In her present state of desperation she is about to repeat the operation. Among all the sons she has brought forth there is none else to help her. The old weapons—intrigue, fomenting of strife and discord, and unscrupulous conduct generally—are again to be called into play in order to restore the Vicar of Christ to his throne, and the sheep of Christ's fold to the protection of their Shepherd. So at least we are assured, on the authority of Prince Bismarck and others, not likely without cause to raise the cry of "The Wolf."

The outline of the plot, as sketched by the German correspondent of the *Times*, is to this effect:—The first field of operations is to be Germany. The unity of the empire is to be broken up. Religious strife is especially to be relied on for this purpose. It is hoped that such dissensions will be sown as may prevent Germany from acting unitedly in the next great war. Then the jealousy and hatred of France toward Germany are to be excited. The inflammable materials there are to be kept in a state of activity, and if the Comte de Chambord can be set on the throne so much the better. An alliance will be fostered between France and Austria, which last, we regret to say, seems to have bent to ultramontane influence in measures of repression lately taken against the Catholics. Italy, too, will in a very special degree be

the object of attack. Whether Italy or Prussia should be first attempted, might depend on the attitude of Russia, or on other things. Anyhow, these seem to be the elements in the political caldron—now set on the fire to the old tune—"Bubble, bubble, toil, and trouble."

To all this, however, whether actual or only potential, the eyes of Prince Bismarck are wide awake. And with an energy and a purpose equal to those which he showed in the war with France, he has set himself to meet and crush the ultramontane movement in his own country. The battle is at present fought on the bill for school-inspection, which he is determined shall no longer be left as a matter of course in the hands of the clergy. The energy of Bismarck's speeches has astounded his opponents. It is the political view he takes of the situation; but he sees that ecclesiastical arrangements are to be made the pretext for trying to divide Germany, and he is determined to resist to the uttermost:—

"Nowhere," he exclaimed in the chamber, "has a Government less interfered with the management of ecclesiastical concerns than in Prussia; nowhere have the two Christian denominations so long lived in such perfect concord. But we are now to be deprived of this invaluable boon, and must guard against our adversaries carrying out their charitable intention. One of our weapons of defence is the School Inspection Bill. Need I point out who our enemies are? While two Catholic Powers existed on our borders, each supposed to be stronger than Prussia, and more or less at the disposal of the Catholic Church, we were allowed to live in peace and quiet. Things changed after our victory of 1866, and the consequent ascendancy of the Protestant dynasty of Hohenzollern. And now that another Catholic Power has gone the same way, and we have acquired a might which, with God's help, we mean to keep, our opponents are more embittered than ever, and make us the butt of their constant attacks."

The result of the Prince Chancellor's energetic speech was that, contrary to all expectations, the Inspection of Schools Bill was carried by a majority 125 to 76.

GERMANY. DR. VON DÖLLINGER'S LECTURES.

Döllinger's lectures at Munich on the Prospects of Re-union of the Christian Churches have been extremely interesting. The theme—the man—the circumstances—have all contributed to this interest. Nothing more fills the mind and stirs the heart of the Christian Church everywhere than the great problem of union. Any man with a keen eye, an independent judgment, and a Christian feeling, who utters himself on such a subject, is sure to command interest and attention. But all eyes have been so turned of late to Döllinger, and all Protestant hearts so interested in his position, that his utterances command a tenfold greater attention. When we see such a man surveying the whole field of Christendom, and giving judgment on its state and prospects, we are compelled to listen eagerly.

Yet we, at least, feel that what we listen to is little more than a great intellectual generalisation. So far as the Protestant Churches are concerned, there is little to show that Döllinger grasps their vital characteristics. There is no evidence of his appreciating the true force of Luther's "articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ," or of his having a clear perception of the meaning and the bearings of that doctrine of salvation which has proved in the really Protestant Church the world-moving and conquering power.

But a few samples of Döllinger's views will well repay perusal. The account of which we make use is that furnished by the correspondent of the *Guardian*.

INFLUENCE OF CHURCH-DIVISIONS ON MISSIONS.

"When we survey the world," he says, "we are met by the appalling fact that eight hundred millions, or more than two-thirds of the human race, are yet without the knowledge of Christ. England has done much for India; 'she governs with such wisdom, justice, and mildness, as is extremely seldom to be found in the history of conquered peoples.' But this is not equivalent to converting them. What have missions been doing? The Catholic mission has a three-hundred-years' history, and the Protestant about fifty. This history is rich in martyrdoms for the faith, and in heroic endeavours to do good; but all friends of missions lament that only a small part of the heathen world has as yet been touched in India. True, our surprise at this is diminished, when we find no less than twenty Christian bodies teaching in India, so that the intelligent heathen only get to know Christianity in the form of schism and sectarianism. Then many Indian tribes who had been formerly converted have found their Christianity unable to save them from extinction. In North America, in Paraguay, the Jesuit missions, once so flourishing, have disappeared, and left no trace behind. In Eastern India, Cambodia, Siam, Burmah, missions have been established for a century, but now only a few thousand converts remain." As an instance of the evil of disunion in mission work, the lecturer cited the case of Tahiti, which was the seat of Protestant missions, until the French Government seized it, sent their own Catholic missionaries, and had to buy out the English missionary Pritchard, an arbitrary act, which cost them very dear, for it more than any other act justified the complaint against Louis Philippe—that he humbled himself and France before other powers. Madagascar has shown a similar spectacle of Catholic and Protestant at war; at Fernando Po, in 1845, the Spaniards drove out the Protestant and sent in their own missionaries:—"This is the spectacle which Christians present before the eyes of the heathen world. Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation—so said the Founder of the Church. We understand the impotence of the missionaries. I remember this—that in the place, which for all Christians is the holiest, the spectacle of Christian dissension is held up year by year for the scornful laughter of the

unbelieving. There all Churches and sects, Greeks Russians, Latins or Western Catholics, Armenians, Copts, Jacobites, Protestants,—all confessions have together set up their forts and outworks,—they are mutually striving to damage each other, to snatch away a square foot here or there of the holy places from other Churches. In the holy places at Jerusalem Turkish soldiers keep watch, to keep Christians apart, who otherwise would tear each other to pieces; the key of the Grave is in the hands of the Turkish Pacha. The strife between the Latins and Greeks about the possession of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, afforded, as is well known, the chief cause for the great Crimean war of 1854.

"Should not every one who values the name of Christian every day call upon God in his prayers, that a pouring forth of the spirit of peace may come, that a new Pentecost of unity and enlightenment may at last be solemnised among Christians?"

PROSPECTS OF UNION IN ENGLAND.

Döllinger's hopes of internal union in England are not very high. He finds in Calvinism, whether in or out of the Established Church, a too sharp element of opposition to Rome. And as for the Established Church herself, he deems that she must cease to be the ruling State Church, for while she continues so, she will find irreconcilable elements on the right hand and on the left:—

"As regards England, the number of the friends of Church reunion is very large and still daily increasing. The movement which has been for thirty-five years in progress, the so-called Oxford school, which was termed Puseyism, or now Ritualism, this is in its essentiality, and for the most part in the consciousness of its adherents, an effort towards reunion with the old Churches, the Western Catholic and the Greek. For some years a religious publication has appeared in England, solely devoted to the work of Church union: but, on the other side, there is in England also the sharp Protestant spirit, the antagonism, above all, to Rome and to every extension of religious symbolism which goes beyond the strictest Biblical prescription, to every extension or adornment of the form of divine worship. This antagonism is nowhere so great as in England; in the great bodies of the Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, or Methodists in England, this spirit—the Calvinistic spirit they call it there—is exceedingly powerful, and from them it operates also on the members of the State Church. And as regards the State Church itself in England, there must, if she will deal seriously with the attempts at union, first be accomplished a deeply based alteration in the situation of the Church. She must, as I think, lose her present position, by which she is the ruling State Church: since, through this position, she is at once too narrow and too broad, too loose and too confined, too free on the one side and too dependent on the other."

Döllinger is very sanguine that the Anglican party in the English Church will ultimately aid in a great union. Evidently his heart is set on embracing Angli-

cans, the Eastern Church, and the Western. But there are rocks a-head, and the greatest of these is connected with

THE EASTERN CHURCH.

He reviews the history of the Eastern Church, the first alienation, so unhappily nursed into inveterate opposition. Yet even the *filioque* clause might not present an insuperable difficulty to a reunion with the West. In fact, all obstacles might be overcome, save one, and the thought of that fills Döllinger with despair. It is the Supremacy of the Pope—the cause of an antipathy now made more than ever intense and inveterate by the proclamation of Infallibility. The language of Döllinger is that of a man in the deepest distress of soul.

"For all Orientals the great stumbling-block is the Papacy such as it exists since the eleventh century, since Gregory VII., as an absolute unbounded lordship over the whole Christian world in spiritual and worldly matters. And now again, by late events, all hopes of a reconciliation and future reunion have, as we might say, lost the last gleam; as it appears at the first glance, they are torn out by the root." Lately the Pope has promulgated three new articles of faith—in 1854 the Immaculate Conception, in 1870 the Papal universal Episcopacy, and the personal Infallibility. For eighteen hundred years past no Pope ever put forth anything like this. Bonifacius VIII. tried to put out a single dogma, and failed. The whole history and literature of the Eastern Church is opposed to these dogmas; the two Churches are no longer separated as they were before: Rome must declare, if she is consistent, the whole Eastern Russian Church, with her seventy-five millions of souls, to be heretic and apostate, and let the Curia and the Jesuits take the consequences. "Under such circumstances to hope for union borders on madness. We can only indeed assume that it was the intention of Rome to make the separation most complete for all eternity. But man proposes and God disposes."

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

A great share of the power of Luther is ascribed by Döllinger to his personal character, which, along with the corruptions of the Church, stubbornly adhered to, mainly caused the Reformation.

"Luther's surpassing power of mind and wonderful many-sidedness it was which certainly made him the man of his time and of his people, and it is the case that there never has existed a German who so intuitively understood his countrymen, and was on the other hand so thoroughly comprehended by the nation, so incorporated, I might say, by them, as this Augustinian monk of Wittenberg. Mind and spirit of the Germans was in his hand as the lyre in the hand of a master. To his people he gave more than any man in Christian time had ever given to his people: language, handbook, Bible, hymn,—and all that his enemies could oppose or place by the side of these seemed dull, feeble, and colourless, against the

overpowering rush of his eloquence. They stammered, he spoke; he alone it was who stamped on German language and German mind the imperishable seal of his spirit; and even those amongst the Germans who hated him from the bottom of their hearts as the great false teacher and seducer of the nation, could do none other than speak with his words and think with his thoughts."

Döllinger is very much dissatisfied with the manner in which the Reformation was treated. Had the spirit of wise concession prevailed, the schism might have been healed. Unhappily, as it seems to him, the influence of the Jesuits became predominant, with their motto, "No concession to Luther," and so the Reformation was perpetuated.

Luther, too, he thinks, committed a grave fault. He allowed that, in the New Testament, Episcopos and Presbyter were the same, and so Episcopacy came to be regarded as a mere human institution. But by giving up this, the bridge was broken down which connected with the old Church, and then co-operation became impossible. This is seen in the position which the Lutheran Church assumed towards the English, which was likewise reformed. "Thus, the English Church, preserving, as she did, the Episcopacy, and with it the succession and ordination, is forced to submit those German Protestant clergymen who wish to enter her ministry to the condition of Episcopal ordination, while the same English Church admits at once a priest of the Catholic or Greek Church who comes over to her, his ordination being considered valid."

III.—THE MISSION-FIELD.

THE "MAHOMETAN REVIVAL."

Mr. Gifford Palgrave, whose travels in Arabia are so well known, and whose opinion of Mahometanism stands so much higher than that of almost any other Englishman, has lately published a paper under the title of "The Mahometan Revival." He holds that of late years there has been a wonderful manifestation of new life in Mahometanism, showing itself in many ways both intellectual, social, and religious. It is fair that our readers should know what such a writer thinks on the subject. We must remark at the same time that his article has a number of quiet but significant enough hits at the proselytising "resources of well-to-do missionaries," and that the spirit of the writer is not in sympathy with Christian evangelistic efforts.

Referring to a period of a hundred years back, he says that Mahometanism then was at the lowest ebb. In Constantinople itself the precepts of "The Book" were publicly set at nought, and in Mecca and Medineh, the sacred cities, things were not much better. The wine-taverns of the Janissaries, the rakee-shops of the citizens, the prostitutes of the Hejaz, and the Be-illahs, or sons of Belial, of Bagdad and Cairo, had become recognised institutions; opium-eating was next to universal; the mosques stood unfrequented and ruinous, and the public schools and colleges of Mahometan law and dogma had fallen into dreary

decay. It seemed as if the days of Mahometanism were numbered.

Pass a hundred years, and the revival, originated by the too famous Abd-el-Wahhab in the land of Nejd, has gradually, but surely, extended itself over the whole realm of Islam. Passing over the vehemence of Arab Wahhabeism and its recent aggressive attempts, Mr. Palgrave notices the evidences of revival in Turkey. The "Rush-dee" public schools, that were formerly somewhat Catholic and European both as to branches and nationality of the scholars, are now as thoroughly and emphatically Mahometan as an Omar or an Ottoman could desire. Another sign is the great diminution in the use of alcoholic liquors. In former times, the injunction of the Koran on this subject were everywhere set at nought. But now the Turkish soldier is as eminent in his abstemious sobriety as his predecessor, the Janissary, was in his shameless drunkenness; the Turkish sailor has abandoned the grog-shop to the Maltee, the Levantine, and the Greek; the Turkish *sans-culotte* no longer spends his chance piastre on a glass of rakee, and his night in the lock-up. "Twice a-year the great Mahometan festivals turn out the entire Turkish population to three or four days of continuous idleness and amusement, yet no extra duty, necessitated by popular sobriety, devolves on the patrol and the police force—a fact rendered still more remarkable by the contrast afforded in this respect on the recurrence of the drunken Christian festivals about Easter and the New Year. . . . Egypt alone would seem to form an exception to the general law of Mahometan progress or retrogression: yet even in Egypt my own observation would lead me to think that the westward and alcoholic tendencies of its upper classes and rulers are only superficial, and find little or no correspondence among the masses."

The catalogue of mosques, colleges, schools, and chapels, and the like, repaired or built within the last fifteen years, even within the reach of Mr. Palgrave's own acquaintance alone, he declares would require several pages. Year after year sees a steady increase in the number of pilgrims to the holy places of Islam; while such a thing as a convert from Mahometanism to Christianity he declares to be unknown. On this point his information seems not only to be limited, but subject to the influence of a powerful prejudice. On the whole, "Islam is even now an enormous power, full of self-sustaining vitality, with a surplus for aggression; and a struggle with its combined energies would be deadly indeed." "The changes and divisions in the Western world, both political and religious, affect the Moslem with a calm sense of superiority; he looks on them with a sort of pitiful pride, conscious himself of a position of unchanging stability and security."

Mr. Palgrave's practical object in urging these views is to guide this country in her treatment of Mahometanism in India. He would regard it as a great and fatal error if we should look on Mahometanism as extinct or effete, and treat it accordingly. Our wisdom, according to him, is to act

toward India with justice, truth, and charity, qualities which the Mahometan can appreciate, and for which he will be pleased with the Anglican rule.

In reference to this, we may notice a remarkable address of Sir William Muir, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. In addressing Mahometans, he assures them that they may rely on the justice and toleration of the British Government, unless, under religious pretext, they shall violate the laws. Sir William Muir is an earnest friend of missionary enterprise, and such sentiments, expressed by him, are sure to exercise a remarkable influence.

MEXICO.

We have noticed on former occasions the remarkable evangelical movement going on in Mexico, especially in the City of Mexico. The adherents of the Protestant Church have been exposed to fierce persecution, and riots and bloodshed have followed. It does not appear, however, that the violence resorted to has proved hurtful to the cause. Mr. Pretherick, a Wesleyan gentleman in Mexico, has recently written interesting accounts of Christian progress. Among other things, he tells us that at present there are at least sixty Protestant congregations in the republic, varying in number from ten to five hundred each. In the church of San Francisco, formerly a Romish, now a Protestant place of worship, the Lord's Supper has been dispensed for the first time, about four hundred having taken part in the sacred feast, under the presidency of Dr. Riley and four ex-popish priests. A number of interesting anecdotes are told indicating the progress of Protestant views. A boy, whose mother stood in a certain relation to a priest, having gone to the Protestant worship, was first severely beaten by her, but having persuaded her to hear a Protestant sermon, she was so conscience-stricken that she could not sleep, but had to get up and destroy her crucifix. A retired captain of the army having heard that the archbishop had said that the Bible was not a good book, went, with his Testament, and demanded that the archbishop should show him its errors—the archbishop having to confess at last that he could not. The remarkable change in public feeling that has occurred is evinced by the fact that if any one had done the same to the archbishop a few years ago, he would have been sent to the stake or to prison for his pains.

MADAGASCAR.

The accounts of the progress of Christianity in Madagascar continue to be of the most encouraging kind. But there is a very great lack of labourers. Mr. Ellis, whose name is so closely connected with Madagascar, writes in the *London Missionary Chronicle* that in a part of the large province, Betsileo, where there is but one English missionary, there is a population of one hundred thousand, and that in many of the towns there are not even native teachers. Yet in some of these the people have built chapels, and come and sit in silence every Lord's day without any

one to speak to them or pray with them. Occasionally, after sitting the usual time, perhaps an hour or more, a man will rise, and lifting his hands, will look up and say, "O God, we wish to worship thee, but we do not know how! Teach us, O God, how to pray, or send some one to teach us!" It needs not to be said in what an eminently critical position such persons are placed. Here is an account of a native service, and we fear it is just what may be expected in the absence of proper instruction and superintendence.

"Ramikamba was most active in getting the people seated, and most earnest in telling the people when to sing and when to assume the attitude of prayer. Many of the principal men were stationed at different parts of the building for this purpose, and were most demonstrative in the performance of their duty. Once, when prayer was about to be offered, there was a discussion between one of these men and some Betsileos who had not obeyed his orders to the letter. I could not tell who was to blame; but the voice of the extemporary beadle was heard all over the place, which effectually stopped for a time any attempt to pray. After a while, two or three poor unfortunates were marched out in charge of some Hovas. What was to be their fate I could not tell. We were much shocked at this method of getting order, but I have seen the same practice of stationing men in different parts of the chapel not five miles from the capital; and when we consider that the people have just come out of heathenism, and many of them are very ignorant even of the most elementary principles of Christianity, this state of things is not so surprising. What grieved us most, however, was the flippant or rather off-hand disorderly way in which the service was conducted by the preachers. The pastor, a good-natured and apparently earnest man, took no text himself, nor did he read the Scriptures. He left that to his son, a boy of some thirteen or fourteen years of age. This lad, after he had read and prayed, stood up to preach, and gave out as his text, 'The husbandman that laboureth must be first partaker of the fruits.' He did this with all the confidence imaginable—then proceeded to give out his divisions, and to preach in much the same way, with not the slightest sign of nervousness. His sermon lasted just about six minutes. I could not understand much of what was said; but he spoke repeatedly of the produce of the country, and I understood him to infer that the people were to remember their teachers when they gathered the fruits of the earth. After he had sat down, Mr. Brockway rose and spoke to the congregation, as well as he was able, about the blessed Gospel of Christ, and I did likewise. Of course we were somewhat at a loss for words, and made many mistakes, as we had only been in the country some few weeks, but we thought it well to say a few words under such circumstances. We dined at the pastor's house that day, and attended service in the afternoon. There were not quite so many present as in the morning. There were then some six hundred people, two-thirds of whom were Hovas."

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—TROUBLES.



IN the beginning of the following year, the lady who filled Miss Clare's place was married, and Miss Clare resumed the teaching of Judy's children. She was now so handsomely paid for her lessons that she had reduced the number of her engagements very much, and had more time to give to the plans in which she laboured with Lady Bernard. The latter would willingly have settled such an annuity upon her as would have enabled her to devote all her time to this object; but Miss Clare felt that the earning of her bread was one of the natural ties that bound her in the bundle of social life, and that in what she did of a spiritual kind, she must be untrammelled by money-relations. If she could not do both—provide for herself and assist others—it would be a different thing, she said, for then it would be clear that Providence intended her to receive the hire of the labourer for the necessity laid upon her. But what influenced her chiefly was the dread of having anything she did for her friends attributed to professional motives instead of the recognition of eternal relations. Besides, as she said, it would both lessen the means at Lady Bernard's disposal, and cause herself to feel bound to spend all her energies in that one direction, in which case she would be deprived of the recreative influences of change and more polished society. In her labour she would yet feel her freedom, and would not serve even Lady Bernard for money, except she saw clearly that such was the will of

I. N.S.

the one master. In thus refusing her offer, she but rose in her friend's estimation.

In the spring, great trouble fell upon the Morleys. One of the children was taken with scarlet-fever; and then another and another was seized in such rapid succession—until five of them were lying ill together—that there was no time to think of removing them. Cousin Judy would accept no assistance in nursing them beyond that of her own maids, until her strength gave way and she took the infection herself in the form of diphtheria, when she was compelled to take to her bed, in such agony at the thought of handing her children over to hired nurses, that there was great ground for fearing her strength would yield.

She lay moaning, with her eyes shut, when a hand was laid on hers, and Miss Clare's voice was in her ear. She had come to give her usual lesson to one of the girls who had as yet escaped the infection—for, while she took every precaution, she never turned aside from her work for any dread of consequences; and when she heard that Mrs. Morley had been taken ill, she walked straight to her room.

"Go away," said Judy. "Do you want to die too?"

"Dear Mrs. Morley," said Miss Clare, "I will just run home, and make a few arrangements, and then come back and nurse you."

"Never mind me," said Judy. "The children! the children! What *shall* I do?"

"I am quite able to look after you all—if you will allow me to bring a young woman to help me."

"You are an angel!" said poor Judy. "But there is no occasion to bring any one with you. My servants are quite competent."

"I must have everything in my own hands," said Miss Clare; "and therefore must have some one who will do exactly as I tell her. This girl has been with me now for some time, and I can depend upon her. Servants always look down upon governesses."

"Do whatever you like, you blessed creature," said Judy. "If any one of my servants behaves improperly to you, or neglects your orders, she shall go as soon as I am up again."

"I would rather give them as little opportunity as I can of running the risk. If I may bring this friend of my own, I shall soon

which is darkness, but I did not say so. Strange tableau, in this our would-be grand nineteenth century—a young and poor woman, prophet-like rebuking a wealthy London merchant on his own hearth-rug, as a worshipper of Mammon! I think she was right—not because he was wrong, but because, as I firmly believe, she did it from no personal motives whatever, although in her modesty she doubted herself. I believe it was from pure regard for the man and for the truth, urging her to an irrepressible utterance.

And no one can tell what effect the words may have had upon him. I do not believe he ever mentioned the circumstance to his wife. At all events there was no change in her manner to Miss Clare. Indeed I could not help fancying that a little halo of quiet reverence now encircled the love in every look she cast upon her. She firmly believed that Marion had saved her life and that of more than one of her children. Nothing, she said, could equal the quietness and tenderness and tirelessness of her nursing. She was never flurried, never impatient, and never frightened. Even when the tears would be flowing down her face, the light never left her eyes nor the music her voice; and when they were all getting better, and she had the nursery piano brought out on the landing in the middle of the sick-rooms, and there played and sung to them, it was, she said, like the voice of an angel come fresh to the earth with the same old news of peace and good will. When the children—this I had from the friend she brought with her—were tossing in the fever, and talking of strange and frightful things they saw, one word from her would quiet them, and her gentle firm command was always sufficient to make the most fastidious and rebellious take his medicine.

She came out of it very pale, and a good deal worn. But the day they set off for Hastings, she returned to Lime Court. The next day she resumed her lessons, and soon recovered her usual appearance. A change of work, she always said, was the best restorative. But before a month was over I succeeded in persuading her to accept my mother's invitation to spend a week at the Hall, and from this visit she returned quite invigorated. Connie, whom she went to see—for by this time she was married to Mr. Turner—was especially delighted with her delight in the simplicities of nature. Born and bred in the closest town-environment, she had yet a sensitiveness to all that made the country so dear to us who were born in

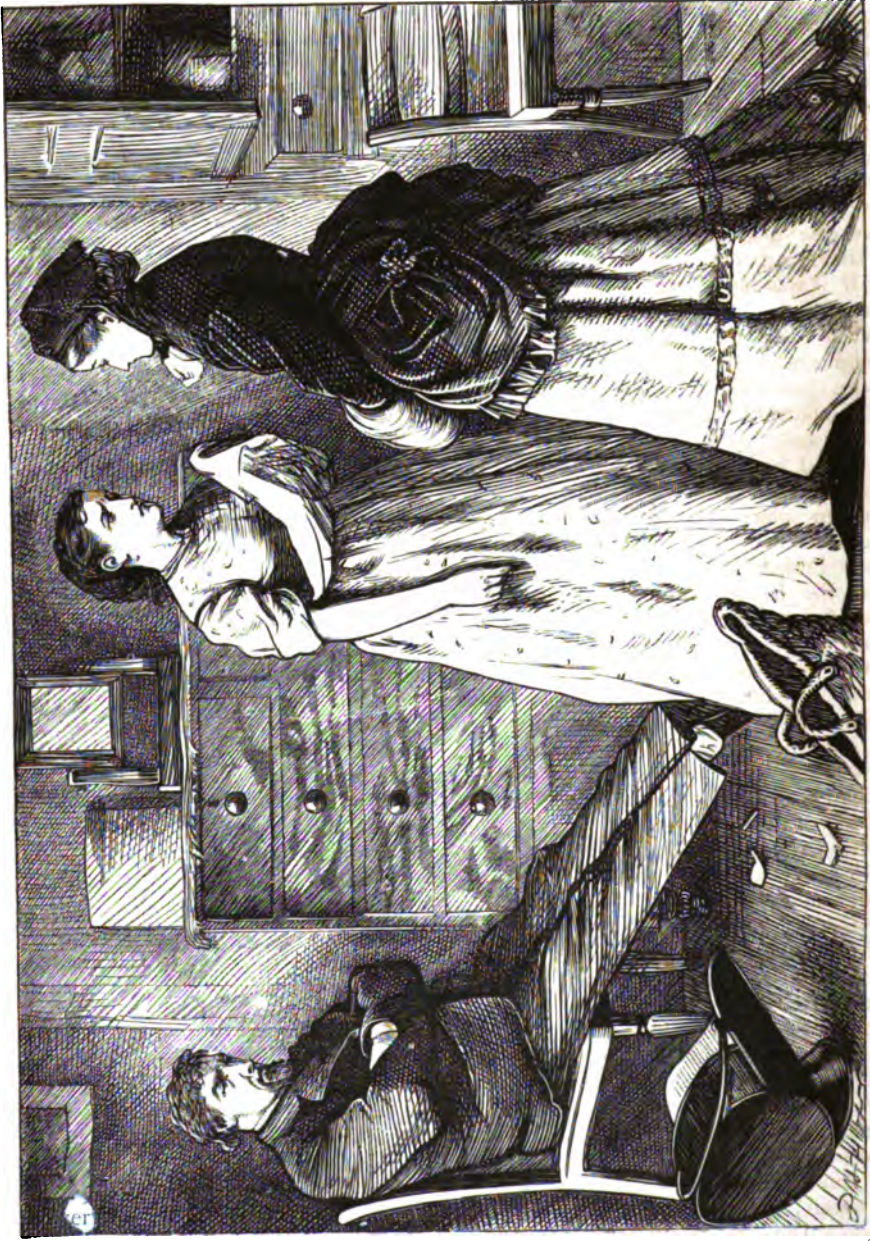
it, which Connie said surpassed ours, and gave her special satisfaction as proving that my oft-recurring dread lest such feelings might be but the result of childish associations, was groundless, and that they were essential to the human nature, and so felt by God himself. Driving along in the pony-carriage—for Connie is not able to walk much, although she is well enough to enjoy life thoroughly—Marion would remark upon ten things in a morning that my sister had never observed. The various effects of light and shade, and the variety of feeling they caused, especially interested her. She would spy out a lurking sunbeam, as another would find a hidden flower. It seemed as if not a glitter in its nest of gloom could escape her. She would leave the carriage and make a long round through the fields or woods; and when they met at the appointed spot, would have her hands full, not of flowers only, but of leaves and grasses and weedy things, showing the deepest interest in such lowly forms as few would notice except from a scientific knowledge of which she had none: it was the thing itself—its look and its home that drew her attention. I cannot help thinking that this insight was profoundly one with her interest in the corresponding regions of human life and circumstance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MISS CLARE AMONGST HER FRIENDS.

I MUST give an instance of the way in which Marion—I am tired of calling her *Miss Clare*, and about this time I began to drop it—exercised her influence over her friends. I trust the episode, in a story so fragmentary as mine, made up of pieces only of a quiet and ordinary life, will not seem unsuitable. How I wish I could give it you as she told it to me!—so graphic was her narrative, and so true to the forms of speech amongst the London poor. I must do what I can, well assured it must come far short of the original representation.

One evening, as she was walking up to her attic, she heard a noise in one of the rooms, followed by a sound of weeping. It was occupied by a journeyman house-painter and his wife, who had been married several years, but whose only child had died about six months before, since which loss things had not been going on so well between them. Some natures cannot bear sorrow; it makes them irritable, and instead of drawing them closer to their own, tends to isolate them. When she entered, she found the woman crying, and the man in a lurid sulk.

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"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

"What *is* the matter?" she asked, no doubt in her usual cheerful tone.

"I little thought it would come to this when I married him," sobbed the woman, while the man remained motionless and speechless on his chair, with his legs stretched out at full length before him.

"Would you mind telling me about it? There may be some mistake, you know."

"There ain't no mistake in *that*," said the woman, removing the apron she had been holding to her eyes, and turning a cheek towards Marion, upon which the marks of an open-handed blow were visible enough. "I didn't marry him to be knocked about like that."

"She calls that knocking about, do she?" growled the husband. "What did she go for to throw her cotton gown in my teeth for, as if it was my blame she warn't in silks and satins?"

After a good deal of questioning on her part, and confused and recriminative statements on theirs, Marion made out the following as the facts of the case.

For the first time since they were married, the wife had had an invitation to spend the evening with some female friends. The party had taken place the night before, and although she had returned in ill-humour, it had not broken out until just as Marion entered the house. The cause was this: none of the guests were in a station much superior to her own, yet she found herself the only one who had not a silk dress: hers was a print, and shabby. Now when she was married, she had a silk dress, of which, she said, her husband had been proud enough when they were walking together. But when she saw the last of it, she saw the last of its sort, for never another had he given her to her back; and she didn't marry him to come down in the world—that she didn't!

"Of course not," said Marion; "you married him because you loved him, and thought him the finest fellow you knew."

"And so he was then, grannie. But just look at him now!"

The man moved uneasily, but without bending his outstretched legs. The fact was that since the death of the child he had so far taken to drink that he was not unfrequently the worse for it, which had been a rare occurrence before.

"It ain't my fault," he said, "when work ain't a-goin', if I don't dress her like a duchess. I'm as proud to see my wife rigged out as e'er a man on 'em—and that *she* know! and when she cast the contrary

up to me, I'm blowed if I could keep my hands off on her. She ain't the woman I took her for, miss. She 'ave a temper!"

"I don't doubt it," said Marion. "Temper is a troublesome thing with all of us, and makes us do things we're sorry for afterwards. You're sorry for striking her—ain't you now?"

There was no response. Around the sullen heart, silence closed again. Doubtless he would have given much to obliterate the fact, but he would not confess that he had been wrong. We are so stupid that confession seems to us to fix the wrong upon us, instead of throwing it, as it does, into the depths of the sea.

"I may have my temper," said the woman, a little mollified at finding, as she thought, that Miss Clare took her part, "but here am I slaving from morning to night to make both ends meet, and goin' out every job I can get a-washin' or a-charin', and never 'avin' a bit of fun from year's end to year's end—and him off to his club, as he calls it!—an' it's a club he's like to blow out my brains with some night when he come home in a drunken fit; for it's worse *and* worse he'll get, miss, like the rest on 'em, till no woman could be proud, as once I was, to call him hers. And when I do go out to tea for once in a way, to be jeered at by them as is no better nor no worse 'n myself, acause I 'ain't got a husband as cares enough for me to dress me decent!—that do stick i' my gizzard. I do dearly love to have neighbours think my husband care a bit about me, let-a-be 'at he don't, one hair; and when he send me out like that——"

Here she broke down afresh.

"Why didn't ye stop at home then? I didn't tell ye to go," he said fiercely, calling her a coarse name.

"Richard," said Marion, "such words are not fit for *me* to hear—still less for your own wife."

"Oh! never mind me; I'm used to sich," said the woman spitefully.

"It's a lie," roared the man; "I never named sich a word to ye afore. It do make me mad to hear ye. I drink the clothes off your back—do I? If I hed the money, ye might go in velvet and lace for ought I cared!"

"*She* would care little to go in gold and diamonds if *you* didn't care to see her in them," said Marion.

At this the woman burst into fresh tears, and the man put on a face of contempt—the worst sign, Marion said, she had yet seen

in him—not excepting the blow—for to despise is worse than to strike.

I can't help stopping my story here to put in a reflection that forces itself upon me. Many a man would regard with disgust the idea of striking his wife, who will yet cherish against her an aversion which is infinitely worse. The working man who strikes his wife, but is sorry for it, and tries to make amends by being more tender after it—a result which many a woman will consider cheap at the price of a blow endured—is an immeasurably superior husband to the gentleman who shows his wife the most absolute politeness, but uses that very politeness as a breast-work to fortify himself in his disregard and contempt.

Marion saw that while the tides ran thus high, nothing could be done—certainly at least in the way of argument. Whether the man had been drinking she could not tell, but suspected that must have a share in the evil of his mood. She went up to him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said—

"You're out of sorts, Richard. Come and have a cup of tea, and I will sing to you."

"I don't want no tea."

"You're fond of the piano, though. And you like to hear me sing, don't you?"

"Well, I do," he muttered, as if the admission were forced from him.

"Come with me, then."

He dragged himself up from his chair, and was about to follow her.

"You ain't going to take him from me, grannie, after he's been and struck me?" interposed his wife, in a tone half pathetic, half injured.

"Come after us in a few minutes," said Marion in a low voice, and led the way from the room.

Quiet as a lamb Richard followed her up stairs. She made him sit in the easy-chair, and began with a low plaintive song, which she followed with other songs and music of a similar character. He neither heard nor saw his wife enter, and both sat for about twenty minutes without a word spoken. Then Marion made a pause, and the wife rose and approached her husband. He was fast asleep.

"Don't wake him," said Marion; "let him have his sleep out. You go down and get the place tidy, and a nice bit of supper for him—if you can."

"Oh! yes; he brought me home his week's wages this very night."

"The whole?"

"Yes, grannie."

"Then weren't you too hard upon him?"

Just think:—he had been trying to behave himself, and had got the better of the public-house for once, and come home fancying you'd be so pleased to see him; and you——"

"He'd been drinking," interrupted Eliza. "Only he said as how it was but a pot of beer he'd won in a wager from a mate of his."

"Well, if, after that beginning, he yet brought you home his money, he ought to have had another kind of reception. To think of the wife of a poor man making such a fuss about a silk dress! Why, Eliza, I never had a silk dress in my life; and I don't think I ever shall."

"Laws, grannie! Who'd ha' thought that now!"

"You see I have other uses for my money than buying things for show."

"That you do, grannie! But you see," she added, somewhat inconsequently, "we 'ain't got no child, and Dick he take it ill of me, and don't care to save his money; so he never takes me out nowheres, and I do be so tired o' stoppin' indoors, every day and all day long, that it turns me sour, I do believe. I didn't use to be cross-grained, miss. But laws! I feels now as if I'd let him knock me about ever so, if only he wouldn't say as how it was nothing to him if I was dressed ever so fine."

"You run and get his supper."

Eliza went, and Marion, sitting down again to her instrument, improvised for an hour. Next to her New Testament, this was her greatest comfort. She sung and prayed both in one then, and nobody but God heard anything but the piano. Nor did it impede the flow of her best thoughts that in a chair beside her slumbered a weary man, the waves of whose evil passions she had stilled, and the sting of whose disappointment she had soothed, with the sweet airs and concords of her own spirit. Who could say what tender influences might not be stealing over him, borne on the fair sounds; for even the formless and the void was roused into life and joy by the wind that roamed over the face of its deep? No humanity jarred with hers. In the presence of the most degraded, she felt God there. A face, even if besotted, *was* a face only in virtue of being in the image of God. That a man was a man at all, must be because he was God's. And this man was far indeed from being of the worst. With him beside her, she could pray with most of the good of having the door of her closet shut, and some of the good of the gathering together as well. Thus was love, as ever, the assimilator of the foreign, the

harmonizer of the unlike; the builder of the temple in the desert, and of the chamber in the market-place.

As she sat and discoursed with herself, she perceived that the woman was as certainly suffering from *ennui* as any fine lady in May-fair.

"Have you ever been to the National Gallery, Richard?" she asked, without turning her head, the moment she heard him move.

"No, grannie," he answered with a yawn. "Don'a'most know what sort of a place it be now. Waxwork, ain't it?"

"No. It's a great place full of pictures, many of them hundreds of years old. They're taken care of by the government, just for people to go and look at. Wouldn't you like to go and see them some day?"

"Donno as I should much."

"If I were to go with you now, and explain some of them to you? I want you to take your wife and me out for a holiday. You can't think, you who go out to your work every day, how tiresome it is to be in the house from morning to night, especially at this time of the year when the sun's shining, and the very sparrows trying to sing!"

"She may go out when she please, grannie. I ain't no tyrant."

"But she doesn't care to go without you. You wouldn't have her like one of those slatternly women you see standing at the corners, with their fists in their sides and their elbows sticking out, ready to talk to anybody that comes in the way."

"My wife was never none o' sich, grannie. I knows her as well's e'er a one, though she do 'ave a temper of her own."

At this moment Eliza appeared in the doorway, saying—

"Will ye come to yer supper, Dick? I ha' got a slice o' ham an' a hot tater for ye. Come along."

"Well, I don't know as I mind—jest to please *you*, Liza. I believe I ha' been asleep in grannie's cheer there, her a playin' an' a singin', I make no doubt, like a werry night-ingerl, bless her, an' me a snorin' all to myself, like a runaway locomotive! Won't *you* come and have a slice o' the 'am, an' a tater, grannie? The more you ate, the less we'd grudge it."

"I'm sure o' that," chimed in Eliza. "Do now, grannie; please do."

"I will, with pleasure," said Marion; and they went down together.

Eliza had got the table set out nicely, with a foaming jug of porter beside the ham and potatoes. Before they had finished, Marion

had persuaded Richard to take his wife and her to the National Gallery, the next day but one, which, fortunately for her purpose, was Whit Monday, a day whereon Richard, who was from the north, always took a holiday.

At the National Gallery, the house-painter, in virtue of his craft, claimed the exercise of criticism, and his remarks were amusing enough. He had more than once painted a sign-board for a country inn, which fact formed a bridge between the covering of square yards with colour and the painting of pictures; and he naturally used the vantage-ground thus gained to enhance his importance with his wife and Miss Clare. He was rather a clever fellow, too, though as little educated in any other direction than that of his calling as might well be.

All the woman seemed to care about in the pictures, was this or that something which reminded her, often remotely enough I dare say, of her former life in the country. Towards the close of their visit they approached a picture—one of Hobbima's, I think—which at once riveted her attention.

"Look, look, Dick!" she cried. "There's just such a cart as my father used to drive to the town in. Farmer White always sent *him* when the mistress wanted anything and he didn't care to go hisself. And, oh Dick! there's the very moral of the cottage we lived in! Ain't it a love now?"

"Nice enough," Dick replied. "But it warn't there I seed you, Liza. It wur at the big house where you was housemaid, you know. That'll be it, I suppose—away there like, over the trees."

They turned and looked at each other, and Marion turned away. When she looked again, they were once more gazing at the picture, but close together, and hand in hand like two children.

As they went home in the omnibus, the two averred they had never spent a happier holiday in their lives; and from that day to this, no sign of their quarrelling has come to Marion's knowledge. They are not only her regular attendants on Saturday evenings, but on Sunday evenings as well, when she holds a sort of conversation-sermon with her friends.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MR. MORLEY.

As soon as my cousin Judy returned from Hastings, I called to see her, and found them all restored, except Amy, a child of between eight and nine. There was nothing very definite the matter with her, but she was white

and thin, and looked wistful; the blue of her eyes had grown pale, and her fair locks had nearly lost the curl which had so well suited her rosy cheeks. She had been her father's pride for her looks, and her mother's for her sayings—at once odd and simple. Judy that morning reminded me how, one night, when she was about three years old, some time after she had gone to bed, she had called her nurse, and insisted on her mother's coming. Judy went, prepared to find her feverish; for there had been jam-making that day, and she feared she had been having more than the portion which on such an occasion fell to her share. When she reached the nursery, Amy begged to be taken up that she might say her prayers over again. Her mother objected, but the child insisting, in that pretty petulant way which so pleased her father, she yielded, thinking she must have omitted some clause in her prayers, and be therefore troubled in her conscience. Amy accordingly knelt by the bed-side in her night-gown, and having gone over all her petitions from beginning to end, paused a moment before the final word, and inserted the following special and peculiar request:—"And, p'ease God, give me some more jam to-morrow-day, for ever and ever. Amen."

I remember my father being quite troubled when he heard that the child had been rebuked for offering what was probably her very first genuine prayer. The rebuke however had little effect on the equanimity of the petitioner, for she was fast asleep a moment after it.

"There is one thing that puzzles and annoys me," said Judy. "I can't think what it means. My husband tells me that Miss Clare was so rude to him the day before we left for Hastings, that he would rather not be aware of it any time she is in the house. Those were his very words. 'I will not interfere with your doing as you think proper,' he said, 'seeing you consider yourself under such obligation to her; and I should be sorry to deprive her of the advantage of giving lessons in a house like this; but I wish you to be careful that the girls do not copy her manners. She has not by any means escaped the influence of the company she keeps.' I was utterly astonished, you may well think; but I could get no further explanation from him. He only said that when I wished to have her society of an evening, I must let him know, because he would then dine at his club. Not knowing the grounds of his offence, there was little other argument I could use than the reiteration of my certainty that he must have mis-

understood her. 'Not in the least,' he said. 'I have no doubt she is to you everything amiable, but she has taken some unaccountable aversion to me, and loses no opportunity of showing it. And I *don't* think I deserve it.' I told him I was so sure he did not deserve it, that I must believe there was some mistake. But he only shook his head and raised his newspaper. You must help me, little coz."

"How am I to help you, Judy dear?" I returned. "I can't interfere between husband and wife, you know. If I dared such a thing, he would quarrel with me too—and rightly."

"No, no," she returned, laughing; "I don't want your intercession. I only want you to find out from Miss Clare whether she knows how she has so mortally offended my husband. I believe she knows nothing about it. She *has* a rather abrupt manner sometimes, you know; but then my husband is not so silly as to have taken such deep offence at that. Help me now—there's a dear!"

I promised I would, and hence came the story I have already given. But Marion was so distressed at the result of her words, and so anxious that Judy should not be hurt, that she begged me, if I could manage it without a breach of verity, to avoid disclosing the matter; especially seeing Mr. Morley himself judged it too heinous to impart to his wife.

How to manage it I could not think. But at length we arranged it between us. I told Judy that Marion confessed to having said something which had offended Mr. Morley; that she was very sorry, and hoped she need not say that such had not been her intention; but that, as Mr. Morley evidently preferred what had passed between them to remain unmentioned, to disclose it would be merely to swell the mischief. It would be better for them all, she requested me to say, that she should give up her lessons for the present; and therefore she hoped Mrs. Morley would excuse her. When I gave the message Judy cried, and said nothing. When the children heard that Marion was not coming for awhile, Amy cried, the other girls looked very grave, and the boys protested.

I have already mentioned that the fault I most disliked in those children was their incapacity for being petted. Something of it still remains, but of late I have remarked a considerable improvement in this respect. They have not only grown in kindness, but in the gift of receiving kindness. I cannot but attribute this, in chief measure, to their illness and the lovely nursing of Marion. They do not yet go to their mother for pet-

ting, and from myself will only endure it, but they are eager after such crumbs as Marion, by no means lavish of it, will vouchsafe them.

Judy insisted that I should let Mr. Morley hear Marion's message.

"But the message is not to Mr. Morley," I said. "Marion would never have thought of sending one to him."

"But if I ask you to repeat it in his hearing, you will not refuse?"

To this I consented; but I fear she was disappointed in the result. Her husband only

smiled sarcastically, drew in his chin, and showed himself a little more cheerful than usual.

One morning about two months after, as I was sitting in the drawing-room, with my baby on the floor beside me, I was surprised to see Judy's brougham pull up at the little gate—for it was early. When she got out, I perceived at once that something was amiss, and ran to open the door. Her eyes were red, and her cheeks ashy. The moment we reached the drawing-room, she sunk on the couch and burst into tears.



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"Judy!" I cried, "what is the matter? Is Amy worse?"

"No, no, cozy dear; but we are ruined. We haven't a penny in the world. The children will be beggars."

And there were the gay little horses champ-ing their bits at the door, and the coachman sitting in all his glory, erect and impassive!

I did my best to quiet her, urging no questions. With difficulty I got her to swallow a glass of wine, after which, with many interruptions and fresh outbursts of misery, she managed to let me understand that her hus-

band had been speculating, and had failed. I could hardly believe myself awake. Mr. Morley was the last man I should have thought capable either of speculating, or of failing in it if he did.

Knowing nothing about business, I shall not attempt to explain the particulars. Coincident failures amongst his correspondents had contributed to his fall. Judy said he had not been like himself for months, but it was only the night before that he had told her they must give up their house in Bolivar Square, and take a small one in the suburbs.

For anything he could see, he said, he must look out for a situation.

"Still you may be happier than ever, Judy. I can tell you that happiness does not depend on riches," I said, though I could not help crying with her.

"It's a different thing though, after you've been used to them," she answered. "But the question is of bread for my children, not of putting down my carriage."

She rose hurriedly.

"Where are you going? Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered. "I left my husband at Mr. Baddeley's. He is as rich as Croesus, and could write him a cheque that would float him."

"He's too rich to be generous, I'm afraid," I said.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"If he be so generous, how does it come that he is so rich?"

"Why, his father made the money."

"Then he most likely takes after his father. Percivale says he does not believe a huge fortune was ever made of nothing without such pinching of one's self and such scraping of others, or else such speculation, as is essentially dishonourable."

"He stands high," murmured Judy hopelessly.

"Whether what is dishonourable be also disreputable depends on how many there are of his own sort in the society in which he moves."

"Now, coz, you know nothing to his discredit, and he's our last hope."

"I will say no more, I answered. I hope I may be quite wrong. Only I should expect nothing of him."

When she reached Mr. Baddeley's her husband was gone. Having driven to his counting-house, and been shown into his private room, she found him there with his head between his hands. The great man had declined doing anything for him, and had even rebuked him for his imprudence, without wasting a thought on the fact that every penny he himself possessed was the result of the boldest speculation on the part of his father. A very few days only would elapse before the falling due of certain bills must at once disclose the state of his affairs.

As soon as she had left me, Percivale not being at home, I put on my bonnet, and went to find Marion. I must tell her everything that caused me either joy or sorrow; and besides, she had all the right that love could give to know of Judy's distress. I

knew all her engagements, and therefore where to find her; and sent in my card, with the pencilled intimation that I would wait the close of her lesson. In a few minutes she came out and got into the cab. At once I told her my sad news.

"Could you take me to Cambridge Square to my next engagement?" she said.

I was considerably surprised at the cool way in which she received the communication, but of course I gave the necessary directions.

"Is there anything to be done?" she asked, after a pause.

"I know of nothing," I answered.

Again she sat silent for a few minutes.

"One can't move without knowing all the circumstances and particulars," she said at length. "And how to get at them? He wouldn't make a confidante of me," she said, smiling sadly.

"Ah! you little think what vast sums are concerned in such a failure as his!" I remarked, astounded that one with her knowledge of the world should talk as she did.

"It will be best," she said, after still another pause, "to go to Mr. Blackstone. He has a wonderful acquaintance with business for a clergyman, and knows many of the City people."

"What could any clergyman do in such a case?" I returned. "For Mr. Blackstone, Mr. Morley would not accept even consolation at his hands."

"The time for that is not come yet," said Marion. "We must try to help him some other way first. We will, if we can, make friends with him by means of the very Maimon that has all but ruined him."

She spoke of the great merchant just as she might of Richard, or any of the bricklayers or mechanics whose spiritual condition she pondered that she might aid it.

"But what could Mr. Blackstone do?" I insisted.

"All I should want of him would be to find out for me what Mr. Morley's liabilities are, and how much would serve to tide him over the bar of his present difficulties. I suspect he has few friends who would risk anything for him. I understand he is no favourite in the City; and if friendship do not come in, he must be stranded.—You believe him an honourable man—do you not?" she asked abruptly.

"It never entered my head to doubt it," I replied.

The moment we reached Cambridge Square she jumped out, ran up the steps, and knocked at the door. I waited, wondering if she was

going to leave me thus without a farewell. When the door was opened, she merely gave a message to the man, and the same instant was again in the cab by my side.

"Now I am free!" she said, and told the man to drive to Mile End.

"I fear I can't go with you so far, Marion," I said. "I must go home—I have so much to see to, and you can do quite as well without me. I don't know what you intend, but *please* don't let anything come out. I can trust *you*, but——"

"If you can trust me, I can trust Mr. Blackstone. He is the most cautious man in the world. Shall I get out and take another cab?"

"No. You can drop me at Tottenham Court Road, and I will go home by omnibus. But you must let me pay the cab."

"No, no; I am richer than you: I have no children. What fun it is to spend money for Mr. Morley, and lay him under an obligation he will never know!" she said, laughing.

The result of her endeavours was that Mr. Blackstone, by a circuitous succession of introductions, reached Mr. Morley's confidential clerk, whom he was able so far to satisfy concerning his object in desiring the information, that he made him a full disclosure of the condition of affairs, and stated what sum would be sufficient to carry them over their difficulties; though, he added, the greatest care, and every possible reduction of expenditure for some years, would be indispensable to their complete restoration.

Mr. Blackstone carried his discoveries to Miss Clare, and she to Lady Bernard.

"My dear Marion," said Lady Bernard, "this is a serious matter you suggest. The man may be honest, and yet it may be of no use trying to help him. I don't want to bolster him up for a few months in order to see my money go after his. That's not what I've got to do with it. No doubt I could lose as much as you mention, without being crippled by it, for I hope it's no disgrace in me to be rich, as it's none in you to be poor; but I hate waste, and I will *not* be guilty of it. If Mr. Morley will convince me and any friend or man of business to whom I may refer the matter, that there is good probability of his recovering himself by means of it, then, and not till then, I shall feel justified in risking the amount. For as you say, it would prevent much misery to many besides that good-hearted creature Mrs. Morley and her children. It is worth doing if it can be done—not worth trying if it can't."

"Shall I write for you, and ask him to come and see you?"

"No, my dear. If I do a kindness, I must do it humbly. It is a great liberty to take with a man to offer him a kindness. I must go to him. I could not use the same freedom with a man in misfortune as with one in prosperity. I would have such a one feel that his money or his poverty made no difference to me; and Mr. Morley wants that lesson, if any man does. Besides, after all, I may not be able to do it for him, and then he would have good reason to be hurt if I had made him dance attendance on me."

The same evening Lady Bernard's shabby one-horse-brougham stopped at Mr. Morley's door. She asked to see Mrs. Morley, and through her had an interview with her husband. Without circumlocution, she told him that if he would lay his affairs before her and a certain accountant she named, to use their judgment regarding them in the hope of finding it possible to serve him, they would wait upon him for that purpose at any time and place he pleased. Mr. Morley expressed his obligation—not very warmly, she said—repudiating however the slightest objection to her ladyship's knowing now what all the world must know the next day but one.

Early the following morning, Lady Bernard and the accountant met Mr. Morley at his place in the city, and by three o'clock in the afternoon £15,000 were handed in to his account at his banker's.

The carriage was put down, the butler, one of the footmen, and the lady's-maid were dismissed, and household arrangements fitted to a different scale.

One consequence of this chastisement, as of the preceding, was, that the whole family drew yet more closely and lovingly together; and I must say for Judy that after a few weeks of what she called poverty, her spirits seemed in no degree the worse for the trial.

At Marion's earnest entreaty no one told either Mr. or Mrs. Morley of the share she had had in saving his credit and social position. For some time she suffered from doubt as to whether she had had any right to interpose in the matter, and might not have injured Mr. Morley by depriving him of the discipline of poverty; but she reasoned with herself that, had it been necessary for him, her efforts would have been frustrated; and reminded herself that, although his commercial credit had escaped, it must still be a considerable trial to him to live in reduced style.

But that it was not all the trial needful for him, was soon apparent; for his favourite Amy

began to pine more rapidly, and Judy saw that, except some change speedily took place, they could not have her with them long. The father, however, refused to admit the idea that she was in danger. I suppose he felt as if, were he once to allow the possibility of losing her, from that moment there would be no stay between her and the grave: it would be a giving of her over to death. But whatever Dr. Brand suggested was eagerly followed. When the chills of autumn drew near, her mother took her to Ventnor; but little change followed, and before the new year she was gone. It was the first death beyond that of an infant they had had in their family, and took place at a time when the pressure of business obligations rendered it impossible for her father to be out of London; he could only go to lay her in the earth, and bring back his wife. Judy had never seen him weep before. Certainly I never saw such a change on a man. He was literally bowed with grief, as if he bore a material burden upon his back. The best feelings of his nature, unimpeded by any jar to his self-importance or his prejudices, had been able to spend themselves on the lovely little creature; and I do not believe any other suffering than the loss of such a child could have brought into play that in him which was purely human.

He was at home one morning, ill for the first time in his life, when Marion called on Judy. While she waited in the drawing-room, he entered. He turned the moment he saw her, but had not taken two steps towards the door, when he turned again, and approached her. She went to meet him. He held out his hand.

"She was very fond of you, Miss Clare," he said. "She was talking about you, the very last time I saw her. Let by-gones be by-gones between us."

"I was very rough and rude to you, Mr. Morley, and I am very sorry," said Marion.

"But you spoke the truth," he rejoined. "I thought I was above being spoken to like a sinner, but I don't know now why not."

He sat down on a couch, and leaned his head on his hand. Marion took a chair near him, but could not speak.

"It is very hard," he murmured at length.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," said Marion.

"That may be true in some cases, but I have no right to believe it applies to me. He loved the child, I would fain believe, for I dare not think of her either as having ceased to be, or as alone in the world to which

she has gone. You do think, Miss Clare, do you not, that we shall know our friends in another world?"

"I believe," answered Marion, "that God sent you that child for the express purpose of enticing you back to himself; and if I believe anything at all, I believe that the gifts of God are without repentance."

Whether or not he understood her she could not tell, for at this point Judy came in. Seeing them together, she would have withdrawn again, but her husband called her, with more tenderness in his voice than Marion could have imagined belonging to it.

"Come, my dear. Miss Clare and I were talking about our little angel. I didn't think ever to speak of her again, but I fear I am growing foolish. All the strength is out of me, and I feel so tired—so weary of everything!"

She sat down beside him, and took his hand. Marion crept away to the children. An hour after Judy found her in the nursery, with the youngest on her knee, and the rest all about her. She was telling them that we were sent into this world to learn to be good, and then go back to God from whom we came, like little Amy.

"When I go out to-morrow," said one little fellow, about four years old, "I'll look up into the sky vewy hard, wight up; and then I shall see Amy, and God saying to her, 'Hushaby, poo' Amy! You bette' now, Amy?' Shan't I, Mawion?"

She had taught them to call her Marion.

"No, my pet; you might look and look all day long, and every day, and never see God or Amy."

"Then they *ain't* there!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"God is there anyhow," she answered; "only you can't see him that way."

"I don't care about seeing God," said the next elder; "it's Amy I want to see. Do tell me, Marion, how we are to see Amy. It's too bad if we're never to see her again; and I don't think it's fair."

"I will tell you the only way I know. When Jesus was in the world, he told us that all who had clean hearts should see God. That's how Jesus himself saw God."

"It's Amy, I tell you, Marion—it's not God I want to see," insisted the one who had last spoken.

"Well, my dear, but how can you see Amy if you can't even see God? If Amy be in God's arms, the first thing in order to find her, is to find God. To be good is the only way to get near to anybody. When you're

naughty, Willie, you can't get near your mamma, can you?"

"Yes, I can. I can get close up to her."

"Is that near enough? Would you be quite content with that? Even when she turns away her face and won't look at you?"

The little caviller was silent.

"Did you ever see God, Marion?" asked one of the girls.

She thought for a moment before giving an answer.

"No," she said. "I've seen things just after he had done them; and I think I've heard him speak to me; but I've never seen him yet."

"Then you're not good, Marion," said the free-thinker of the group.

"No; that's just it. But I hope to be good some day, and then I *shall* see him."

"How do you grow good, Marion?" asked the girl.

"God is always trying to make me good," she answered; "and I try not to interfere with him."

"But sometimes you forget, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"And what do you do then?"

"Then I'm sorry and unhappy, and begin to try again."

"And God don't mind much, does he?"

"He minds very much until I mind; but

then, for Christ's sake, he forgets it all—takes all my naughtiness and throws it behind his back, and won't look at it."

"That's very good of God," said the reasoner,—but with such a self-satisfied air in his approval, that Marion thought it time to stop.

She came straight to me, and told me, with a face perfectly radiant, of the alteration in Mr. Morley's behaviour to her, and what was of much more consequence, the evident change that had begun to be wrought in him.

I am not prepared to say that he has as yet shown a very shining light, but that some change has passed is evident in the whole man of him. I think the eternal wind must now be getting in through some chink or other which the loss of his child has left behind. And if the change were not going on, surely he would ere now have returned to his wallowing in the mire of Mammon, for his former fortune is, I understand, all but restored to him.

I fancy his growth in goodness might be known and measured by his progress in appreciating Marion. He still regards her as extreme in her notions; but it is curious to see how, as they gradually sink into his understanding, he comes to adopt them as, and even to mistake them for, his own.

BORN AGAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

BENEATH the spreading elms of a country churchyard there stands a remarkable tombstone—remarkable not for the elegance of its design or the richness of its materials, but for this, that, with the name and age of him who lies below, it records the dates of two distinct and separate births. The man, we read, was born in such a year, and after the lapse of a long time was born again in such and such another year. This was a case where the date of conversion could be precisely fixed; not the year only, nor the month, but the very day of the second as well as of the first birth being set down on that burial-stone.

Strange, if not incredible, as this may seem to some, Paul's conversion was such a case; as was that of the thief on the cross; and that also of each of the three thousand whom Peter converted by a single sermon—a greater

fisher than ever gathered into the kingdom of heaven with one sweep of his net. No doubt such cases happen still, but they are not common; not many coming out of corruption, as Lazarus out of his grave, in a moment, at a single step. The kingdom of God, as our Lord said, cometh not with observation; resembling more the noiseless, gentle, gradual break of day than a flash of lightning, or the shock of a reeling earthquake. In most instances, indeed, the change from a state of nature to one of grace is so gradual that it is impossible to fix with the same precision the date of the second as of the first birth. And yet, as all men are born once, all believers are and must be born twice. On this subject the language of Scripture is explicit—"Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God;" and so, with the exception of our first parents,

who were never born, and of Enoch and Elijah, who never died, every saint in glory has lived two lives, undergone two births, and suffered the pains and agonies of two separate deaths—has, strange as it reads, been twice born and twice buried, twice dead and twice made alive!

As to the two lives, the child of God has that vital flame, in common with other men, which, when eyes grow dim and the brow grows cold and the breath passes away with a shivering sigh, is extinguished by the hand of death; but, besides that, he has another and a better life—one full of immortality; the life of which our Lord, as he stood face to face with the grave, to the comfort of many more than the weeping sisters, spake these grand words, "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." Of the two deaths through which all the saints of God pass to glory, where shall we find an example so illustrious, so "full of grace and truth," of hope to the hopeless, of help to the helpless, as in the scene that closed the career of the penitent thief? Twice that blessed penitent died on the bloody tree, died twice within the short space of some three hours. Wounded by the hand of mercy—Christ's own hand—first he died to sin; then wounded by the hand of justice—executed by men for his crimes—he died to nature, expiring on the cross. And as to the two births—this, leading down to a grave, that to a throne in glory—every saint, like all of woman born, enters the world a child of wrath, but afterwards born of the Spirit at his conversion becomes a child of God, an heir of grace. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

In regard to the two births, with the most important of which we have here to do, the usual normal order of things is occasionally reversed; as may be found happening in other departments of the Divine government. The usual order of nature is for the leaves of plants, for instance, to appear first; the flowers afterwards. Yet in the crocus—not the golden herald of spring, but the pale ornament of gardens at home and fields abroad in autumn—and in those trees also whose hoary blossoms supplied Solomon with a type of age, the flowers present themselves before the leaves. And so, paradox as it seems, the second birth sometimes precedes the first. Of this remarkable circumstance we have examples in the history of two remarkable men. Jeremiah and John the Baptist, happy

babes, were both of them sanctified from their mothers' womb. Born again before, in the common sense of the word, they were born at all, they stepped on the world with the seal of God already stamped on their forehead; showing this, if nothing else, how "God ordaineth strength out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." This great, thank God, gracious, saving change is one that may occur at any period of life. Its time is not infancy, nor childhood, nor ripe manhood, nor unimpassioned and unimpressible old age, but a line which, with an unborn Baptist at this end and a dying thief at that, embraces all ages. In the mercy that is not willing that any should perish, it reaches from the borders of the cradle to the very brink of the grave. It might seem too early to save, to use the means of salvation, in the first case, and in the second too late; but by both cases God teaches us that where life is begun we cannot begin too soon; and while it lasts, while "the lamp holds on to burn," it is never too late to pray. A poet sings of one who, killed by a fall from his horse—

"Mercy found
Between the saddle and the ground."

Desperate venture! Yet, however faint might be our hopes of such a happy issue, of such a marvellous escape, we dare not deny its possibility. Who shall limit the Holy One of Israel? With him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; nor since the hour he sanctified John in the womb and saved a thief on the cross, is his hand shortened that it cannot save, or his ear heavy that it cannot hear. Who then may not as well for themselves as others both hope and pray—even such as have to cry with the men of old, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." It is of vital importance, however, to know, what we shall endeavour to set forth, the true source of a change that all need; and without which, whatever be the Church they have been baptized in or belong to, none can enter the kingdom of God. Neglecting "this great salvation," dying a stranger to the new birth, what fate awaits the poor sinner but, as he lifts up his eyes in torment, to cry with Job—and with more reason than he—"Let the day perish wherein I was born; let that day be darkness; let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let no joyful voice come therein; let them curse it that curse the day; because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes; why died I not from the

womb? Then had I been at rest." Would that men considered this in the day of their merciful visitation! for how may those awful words our Lord spake of Judas Iscariot, the disciple who sold and betrayed him, be applied to all that die unconverted, Good were it for that man if he had never been born!

This change, whether called Conversion or Regeneration, is not of blood. Men may be noble by birth, but none are by blood or birth religious. Coronets, titles, and estates descend by inheritance from father to son, but piety does not. A child, indeed, may bear very little resemblance to its parent, as happened in Solomon's family; he, the wisest of men, having been the father of a fool. On the other hand, there are properties that, to a greater or less extent, do flow in the blood; are so hereditary, that in his complexion, features, temper, and talents, we often see the father live again in his son. Other properties, due entirely to blood, descend from parent to child, from one generation to another, with the regularity of a law of nature; of which we have a familiar example in the dusky hue of a Negro's skin. Difficult, or rather impossible, as it is to account for it, there are also properties of the heart and mind that descend, like an entail, from sire to son; and what example of that so remarkable and terrible as sin offers? More hereditary than consumption or any other disease, sin runs in the blood. "Behold," said David, speaking for all men as well as for himself, "I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." Ever since the fall, though created originally in God's holy, man has begotten children in his own sinful image; and this as certainly as, by the ordinary laws of nature, thorns produce thorns, or thistles thistles.

Some rivers as they run part with their impurities—the "blue and arrowy Rhône," for instance, which enters the Lake of Geneva a foul and turbid torrent, leaves it, to pursue its way to the sea, pure, beautiful, and transparent as the heavens reflected on its bosom. Many fevers, also, lose their violence by transmission, being much less fatal afterwards than at their first appearance. Accidental fires, also, wasting what they feed on, burn themselves out. These have their analogies in certain constitutional tendencies, both of mind and body; they entirely disappear in the course of time, or are greatly modified by change of circumstances. Alas! it is not so with sin. Here the stream, polluted at the fountain, flows on, defiled

throughout all its course. Man has now lived on earth for the long period of at least six thousand years; lived in all conditions of society—here roaming the forest a naked savage, there, in courts, presenting the highest polish of manners, and in halls of learning pursuing the profoundest trains of thought; lived in all variety of climates—here panting under a burning sun, there shivering amid arctic snows; yet, during these vast ages and amid all that variety of circumstances, sin has lost none of its virulence, the heart none of its depravity. Though dormant meanwhile, it is as strong in the child born this morning as long centuries ago, when, little dreaming that she nursed a serpent on her bosom, Eve kissed the brow of Cain; and proud of her boy, hoping great and good things of him, held him up to Adam, saying, "I have gotten the man from the Lord." In the matter of descent, as indeed in many other respects, sin and grace stand quite opposed to each other—asunder as the poles. Sin springs from hell, grace descends from heaven; sin seeks its gratification in the world, grace in the love of God; sin runs in the blood, grace is not transmitted by natural generation. The disease goes down, not the remedy; the curse of the Fall, not the blessings of the Cross.

Again, the New Birth is certainly not of blood. How many parents, tried by ungodly children, know that to their bitter cost? David himself exclaimed, as he lay a-dying, "My house is not so with God." And, besides him, many, finding in a living sorrow a heavier calamity than any dead one, have shed more bitter tears over the wrecks and crimes of the living than ever fell on the pale face and coffin of the dead. Did grace run in the blood, did it descend, as an entail, from father to son, Isaac had never had an Esau; nor had Eli's grey hairs been brought with sorrow to the grave; nor had grief wrung from David this heart-broken cry, "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

A solemn, and in some aspects a very sad truth this. How should it stir up godly parents to spare neither pains nor prayers to bring their children to the Saviour—on their knees pleading with God for them; and, even on their knees, pleading with them for God. And how, on the other hand, should this teach their descendants that a godly ancestry affords no good ground of trust. Some of the best parents have had the worst children. The

boast of the Jews was—We have Abraham to our father! But what said our Lord in reply to them, vaunting of their high and holy ancestry? Think not, he replied, to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father. I say unto you, God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham! What more or else can the holiest parent say to his best-loved child, as he leaves him his parting blessing, than the Psalmist said to God, "My goodness extendeth not to thee?" Wealth, titles, honours, and even the advantages of a good name—which is "to be desired rather than great treasures,"—the dying Christian may bequeath to his family, but not the grace of God. No property *that*, to be devised by will or inherited by heirs and successors—no mantle *that* for the saint, as he ascends to heaven, to drop on the shoulders of one who stands by the lifeless body, dissolved in tears, and crying, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" The righteousness of Jesus finds one of its grandest images in the sea that, rolling in its countless waves, bathes all its shores and buries all their sands. There the saint of God finds righteousness enough to save himself and to cover all his sins; but no more, He gets enough for himself; nothing to spare for others. Like ships, that reach the harbour with sails torn to ribbons and bulwarks gone by the board, "the righteous scarcely are saved." And where then, be they the children of praying or prayerless, of pious or careless, parents, shall the wicked and ungodly appear?

Again, the New Birth, whether called conversion or regeneration, is not of the will of man or of the flesh.

It is related of Isaac that he loved Esau because he did eat of his venison—a mean and ignoble reason, no doubt. The mother's partialities lay in another direction. Of the twin-brothers Rebekah loved Jacob best. Unhappy family, out of whose parental preferences umbrage and pique and ill-blood and acrimony were sure to spring, yet in the fortunes of these two—the elder, the father's, the younger, the mother's, favourite—we see, as by a type, how the blessings of salvation are bestowed not of the will of man but of God. Isaac said, "Esau have I loved;" but the Lord said, "Jacob have I loved." Isaac's purpose was to bestow the blessing on the elder, but God's to bestow it on the youngest son; and whether the issue there turned on the will of man or on the will of God, let the history tell. Contrary to his fixed intentions, and notwithstanding the

greater affection he cherished for Esau, events were so overruled in providence that, to follow the story, "his father Isaac said unto Jacob, Come near now and kiss me, my son. And he came near and kissed him. And he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed; therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine; let people serve thee, and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethren, and let thy mother's sons bow down to thee; cursed be every one that curseth thee, and blessed be he that blesseth thee." There it was, not of the will of man, but of the will of God.

No more is Conversion of the will of man. Man, so to speak, holds the helm: but who holds the winds that move the ship, and swell her sails, and blow her either on the foaming reef, or into the calm waters of her desired haven? We stand, for instance, on the beach, and watch with beating heart the barque that bears a son, as she comes tearing through the tempest; rugged rocks on this hand and a fatal shoal on that, and—reminding us of the gate that leadeth to everlasting life—but a narrow sea-way between. On she comes reeling, plunging, tossing the wild sea from her bows; and what is our horror to discover that, unless the gale shifts a point on the compass, her fate is sealed; she goes broadside on destruction, and with our son and all her crew is whelmed in the waves of the angry deep. With the veriest shift of wind she is saved; without it is lost. Dreadful crisis! Yet though ready with gold, with our very life, to save the loved one whom we see, as he stands on the deck, casting longing looks to the shore, and eyeing his danger with pallid horror, we cannot shift the wind by a hair's breadth. God only can; nor can we do more than in our agony and this terrible extremity, fall on our knees, or lift the secret prayer to Him who "maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh on the wings of the wind."

As it is in saving a son from such a shipwreck, it is in saving a son, or any one else, from the jaws of hell. The wind bloweth, said our Lord, where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit. It is not of the will of man. Were it so, what parent would not turn to God, saying, My children shall be thy children!—and embracing them in the arms of affection carry them

all, not one a-missing, with himself to heaven, to say, Here am I and the children that thou hast given me? Were it of the will of man what minister, worthy of the name, travelling in birth for souls, animated by the spirit of Him who died on Calvary, would not be ready to address God, saying, My people shall be thy people; and address them also, almost saying with Paul, Though I should be accursed from Christ for my brethren's sake, none of you shall perish! But conversion being a work—however much wished and earnestly wrought and prayed for—beyond human power, we can save none; those we wish most to save being perhaps lost; and such as we think most likely to be so being chosen to life eternal. "Two women are grinding at the mill, two men are in one bed, one is taken and the other left;" and a greater mystery of the kingdom still is that, as our Lord announces and many instances illustrate, "The first shall be last and the last first." The preacher ascends the pulpit, and from this vantage-ground lets fly his arrows among the crowd below; yet his bow is drawn altogether at a venture. It is God not man who directs, as well as shapes, the shaft; and, in convictions that result in conversions, sends it quivering into the sinner's heart. I have planted, Paul says, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. Who is Paul, he asks, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man. The Lord gave to every man! He has promised to do so. Conversion, the New Birth, with every other good and perfect gift, is to be got simply for the asking; and how, be we preachers or teachers, parents or Christian friends, should *that* inspire our prayers? Here assuredly, whatever disappointments await us in other fields, we shall reap, if we faint not. The prayer of faith shall save, not the sick only, as St. James says, but the soul. More than in the sick-chamber and the past days of miracles, even in the higher concerns of the soul, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months; and he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit.

Again, this great change, which we have shown not to be of blood, or of the will of man, is the work and of the will of God. Many figures are employed in Scripture to describe it; but, however varied and many

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they be, all, without one exception, teach us to seek its source above, in God—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." Sometimes it is represented as an introduction to a new existence. We are said to be "created anew in Jesus Christ;" and who can *create* but God? Elsewhere it is a change like that from death to life—from the deep silence, the darkness, coldness, and foul corruption of a grave to the light of day; the breath of morning; the song of skies and woodlands; the bounding limbs, the busy hands, and all the activities of life. Change even greater and more beautiful—equally enduring as that day shall witness when, to the trumpet of the angel echoing through its profoundest caves, the sea shall yield up its dead, and, in the case of all the saints, a form of immortal beauty shall spring from every dusty tomb. To impart life to a lifeless spirit; to restore to a polluted soul the image of God; to make yon reeling drunkard, fallen woman, prowling thief, grasping, greedy miser, like Jesus Christ; to build up from its ruins the holy and noble temple where God had his abode, is, compared with the resurrection of this body, by far the greatest work. And if man cannot do the less, cannot lighten the hue of an Ethiopian's skin, cannot wash out a leopard's spots, cannot change even a hair of his own head—if he cannot do the less, how can he do the greater? As the prophet says, If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?—if they wearied thee in the land of peace, how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?

The river that runs over glittering sands springs where the gold ore lies; mossy waters have their source in mossy wells; and just as the nature of the fountain may be known from the character of the stream, a holy life cannot proceed but from a holy heart, nor can a holy heart be the gift and work of any but a holy God. Show me a man who, once a drunkard, is now sober; once a thief, is now honest; once a liar, is now true; once a profligate, is now chaste; once a lover of pleasure, is now a lover of God; who has undergone a change, not of habits only, but of heart; and the work proclaims its author. A work *that*, as much beyond our power as to turn night into day, or ugliness into beauty; to restore the bloom of youth to an old man's cheek, or life to a form that has ceased to breathe. Were men as wise as one of the kings of Israel, they

would know that no power short of one divine could change their hearts. See how on the receipt of a letter from the Syrian monarch requesting him to cure a leper, he rends his clothes, to cry, "Am I a god, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?"

The very manner and means of this saving change, as well as its nature, demonstrate that it is "not of might nor power, but of my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." How do the fields on this coast, for example, bear only stunted crops or lie a waste of brown and barren pastures; while elsewhere, though the soil, the seed, and sowers were alike, "the fields," to use the beautiful language of Scripture, "are joyful together,"—the earth out of her green lap flinging many a goodly flower, and golden harvests falling to the reaper's song? The rain-gauge solves that mystery: showing how the heavens there had been like brass and the earth like iron, while here clouds tempered the ardent heat, and poured, from time to time, their watery treasures on the thirsty ground. In that case, fertility is due to showers of rain; and where men are converted, sinners are saved as well as saints sanctified, the results are due to showers of heavenly grace. Granted to prayer, or withheld from the prayerless, this explains why the same truths, from the lips of the same preacher, within the walls of the same church, fall on some like snow-flakes, and on others like a shower of arrows—why one says of God's house and its services, "It is a weariness, when will it be over?" while others, never satisfied with hearing of Jesus and his love, would borrow the words of the horseleech's daughter, and cry, "Give, give!"—why, while many rush from church like children let loose from school, God's people

hail each returning Sabbath, and would linger on the Mount of Ordinances, saying with Peter on that of Christ's glorious transfiguration, "It is good for us to be here!"

It is the business of the preacher to toil on though, seeing no fruit from his labours, he seems to run his horses on a rock, and plough there with oxen—it is his business to convey the message of salvation though he has to go back to his Master with the old complaint, Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?—it is his business to sound the warning in a world's drowsy ears, though, like Lot by the bedside of his son-in-law, he should be "as one that mocks;"—it is his business, preaching Christ and him crucified, to stand by the open door, though, like Noah, he fails to persuade one sinner to enter, and thereby escape the impending doom. And what is, on the other hand, the business of those to whom the Gospel is addressed? Let them besiege the throne of heaven; praying God to send a plenteous rain on his weary heritage, make a willing people in the day of his power, and by the numbers converted, through the preaching of the word and effusion of the Holy Spirit, revive the memories of Pentecost—of that grand old day when the whole assembly, like corn in the wind, was swayed and moved; when sinners were converted, not by tens, but thousands; and, with trumpets sounding, swords flashing, banners flying, and every heart burning for the holy fight, they stood up—in what is a "valley of dry bones" no longer—an exceeding great army to the living God. Such a day is coming. The Lord hasten it in his own time!—the Church meanwhile praying, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, and in the generations of old!"

JOHN BUNYAN.

(Continued from p. 499.)

BUNYAN in his autobiography, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," gives an interesting account of the general tenour of his preaching; his first thought was of the terrors which had so powerful an effect on himself, and his sermons were full of the doctrine which he believed to be the beginning of revelation, that the curse of God was on all men born into the world, by reason of the sin in them. His great aim was "to unfold and demonstrate and fasten upon the con-

sciences of others" those truths which were so present to his own mind; sometimes he felt "as if an angel of God stood by at his back to encourage him," and that his hearers must be convinced by his words; but more frequently after his most earnest efforts he felt disheartened. He says, "When I have done the exercise it hath gone to my heart to think the word should now fall as rain on stony places, still wishing from my heart, 'Oh that they who have heard me speak this day did

but see as I do what sin, death, hell, and the curse of God is : and also what the grace and love and mercy of God is through Christ to men in such a case as they are who are yet estranged from Him.' And indeed I did often say in my heart before the Lord, 'That if I be hanged up presently before their eyes it would be a means to awaken them and confirm them in the truth, and I gladly should be contented.' He "never cared to meddle with things that were controverted," because he saw that to do so "engendered strife," nor for the same reason would he reply to those "doctors and priests of the country who did open wide against him."

He did not, however, exercise this forbearance with regard to some of the more fanatical and least-instructed Quakers, with whom he had a controversy in the parish church at Bedford in 1656. Many hard words passed on both sides, under the name of faithful dealing ; Bunyan being described as a crafty fowler and a subtle fox, and he on his part denouncing his principal adversary, Edward Burroughs, as a railing Rabshakeh. It was as a reply to these opponents that Bunyan wrote his first book, "Some Gospel Truths Opened," which was published in 1656, with a preface by Burton, the Baptist minister at Bedford.

In the following year Bunyan was indicted for preaching at Eaton, near Bedford, but the action broke down ; and he continued to hold services until the Restoration, when severe penal laws against Dissenters were passed, and spies encouraged by large rewards to give information of Nonconformist meetings. Bunyan and his congregation "being unwilling to appear contemptuous to the government they lived under, assembled privately, sometimes in a barn, at other times in a milk-house or stable, or such convenient places as they could, to avoid giving offence ; but these places were not so secret but prying eyes got an inlet ;" and Bunyan found that he must either cease to preach, and escape from Bedfordshire, or submit to an imprisonment which would certainly be long, and would probably be attended with much suffering. We will give his own account of his decision, and of his arrest and trial :—

"In November, 1660, I was desired by some of the friends in the country to come to teach at Samsell, by Haslington, in Bedfordshire ; to whom I made a promise, if the Lord permitted, to be with them at the time aforesaid. The justice hearing thereof (whose name is Mr. Francis Wingate), forthwith issued out his warrant to take me and bring me before him, and in the meantime to keep a very strong watch about the house where the meeting should be kept—as if we that were to meet together in that place did intend

to do some fearful business to the destruction of the country ; when, alas ! the constable, when he came in, found us only with our Bibles in our hands, ready to speak and hear the word of God ; for we were just about to begin our exercise. Nay, we had begun in prayer for the blessing of God on our opportunity, I intending to have preached the word of the Lord unto them there present. But the constable coming in prevented us ; so that I was taken, and forced to depart the room. But had I been minded to have played the coward, I could have escaped, and kept out of his hands ; for when I was come to my friend's house there was whispering that on that day I should be taken, for there was a warrant out to take me ; which, when my friend heard, he being somewhat timorous, questioned whether we had best have our meeting or not, and whether it might not be better for me to depart, lest they should take me and have me before the justice, and after that send me to prison (for he knew better than I what spirit they were of, living by them). To whom I said, 'No, by no means. I will not stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer, let us not be daunted, our cause is good, we need not be ashamed of it ; to preach God's word is so good a work that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that ;' or to this purpose. (But as for my friend, I think he was more afraid of me than of himself.) After this I walked into the close, seriously considering the matter. I thought, I have showed myself hearty and courageous in my preaching, and made it my business to encourage others ; if, therefore, I should run now and make an escape, it will be of a very ill savour in the country ; for what will my weak and newly-converted brethren think of it, but that I was not so strong in deed as I was in word ? . . . These things, with others, being considered by me, I came in again to the house with a full resolution to keep the meeting, and not to go away, though I could have been gone about an hour before the officer apprehended me, but I would not, for I was resolved to see the utmost of what they could say or do unto me. And so, as aforesaid, I began the meeting ; but, being prevented by the constable's coming in with his warrant to take me, I could not proceed. But before I went away, I spake some few words of counsel and encouragement to the people, declaring to them that they saw we were prevented of our opportunity to speak and hear the word of God, and were like to suffer for the same ; desiring them that they would not be discouraged, for it was a mercy to suffer upon so good account, for we might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers, or for other wickedness ; but, blessed be God, it was not so, but we suffered as Christians for well doing, and we had better be persecuted than be the persecutors."

On the following day Bunyan was brought before the magistrate, Mr. Wingate, who, he continues, asked him several questions, "namely—What I did there ? And why I did not content myself with following my calling, for it was against the law that such as I should be admitted to do as I did. To which I answered, that the intent of my coming thither and to other places was to instruct and counsel people to forsake their sins, and close in with Christ, lest they did miserably perish ; and that I could do both these without confusion, to wit, follow my calling and preach the word also. At which words he was in a chafe, as it appeared, for he said that he would break

the neck of our meetings. I said, 'It may be so.' Then he wished me to get sureties to be bound for me, or else he would send me to the gaol. My sureties being ready, I called them in; and when the bond for my appearance was made, he told them that they were bound to keep me from preaching, and that if I did preach their bonds would be forfeited. To which I answered, that then I should break them, for I should not leave speaking the word of God, to counsel, comfort, exhort, and teach the people among whom I came, and I thought this to be a work that had no hurt in it, but was rather worthy of commendation than blame. Whereat he told me that if they would not be so bound my mittimus must be made and I sent to the gaol, there to lie to the quarter-sessions."

Wingate seems to have been anxious to spare Bunyan, for he told his friends and others who were present that if Bunyan would but abstain from preaching he should be discharged. Bunyan, however, was not to be persuaded. He says, "I feared I should in something or other dishonour my God and offend my conscience. Wherefore I lifted up my heart to God for light and strength to be kept, that I might not do anything that would either dishonour him or wrong my own soul, or be a grief or discouragement to any that was inclining after the Lord Jesus Christ." After Bunyan had been for a week in prison he was told that he might, perhaps, be let out on bail till the sessions; but this course proved to be impossible, and he was sent back again. "Whereat," he continues, "I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, and saw evidently that the Lord had heard me, for before I went down to the justice I begged of God that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty, but, if not, his will be done; for I was not altogether without hopes but that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country, therefore I could not tell well which to choose; only I in that manner did commit the thing to God. And, verily, at my return I did meet my God sweetly in the prison again, comforting of me and satisfying of me that it was his will and mind that I should be there."

Seven weeks later the sessions were held at Bedford, and Bunyan was brought up before the five magistrates who presided, whose names were Keeling, Chester, Blundell, Beechir, and Snagg; his indictment was, "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, hath devilishly and perniciously

abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the King." Bunyan was asked what answer he could make to this. He says—

"I answered that as to the first part of it, I was a common frequenter of the church of God. And was also by grace a member with the people over whom Christ is the Head. 'But,' saith Justice Keeling (who was the judge in that court), 'do you come to church (you know what I mean), to the parish church, to hear divine service?' I answered 'No, I did not.' He asked me why. I said because I could not find it commanded in the Word of God. He said we were commanded to pray. I said, 'But not by the Common Prayer-book.' He said, 'How then?' I said, 'With the Spirit,' as the Apostles saith, 'I will pray with the Spirit and with the understanding.' He said, 'We may pray with the Spirit and with the understanding, and with the Common Prayer-book also.' I said that the prayers in the Common Prayer-book were such as were made by other men, and not by the motion of the Holy Ghost within our hearts, and as I said, the apostle saith he 'will pray with the Spirit and with the understanding,' not with the Spirit and the Common Prayer-book." Another justice said, 'What do you count prayer? Do you think it is to say a few words over before or among a people?' I said, 'No, not so; for men might have many elegant or excellent words and yet not pray at all: but when a man prayeth he doth through a sense of those things which he wants (which sense is begotten by the Spirit) pour out his heart before God through Christ, though his words be not many, and so excellent as those of others are.' They said, 'That is true.' I said, 'This may be done without the Common Prayer-book.' One of them said, 'How should we know that you do not write out your prayers first, and then read them afterwards to the people?' This he spake in a laughing way. I said, 'It is not our use to take a pen and paper and write a few words thereon, and then go and read it over to a company of people.' 'But how should we know it?' said he. 'Sir, it is none of our custom,' said I. 'But,' said Justice Keeling, 'it is lawful to use the Common Prayer, and such like forms, for Christ taught his disciples to pray, as John also taught his disciples. And, further,' said he, 'cannot one man teach another to pray? Faith comes by hearing, and one man may convince another of sin, and therefore prayers made by men and read over are good to teach and help men to pray.' While he was speaking these words, God brought that word to my mind, in the eighth of the Romans, at the 26th verse; I say God brought it, for I had not thought on it before; but as he was speaking it came so fresh into my mind, and was set as evidently before me as if the Scripture itself had said, 'Take me, take me,'—so when he had done speaking, I said, 'Sir, the Scripture saith, that "it is the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Mark,' said I, 'it doth not say the Common Prayer-book teacheth us how to pray, but the Spirit. And, "It is the spirit that helpeth our infirmities," saith the Apostle: he doth not say it is the Common Prayer-book. And as to the Lord's prayer, although it be an easy thing to say "Our Father"

with the mouth, yet there are very few that can in the Spirit say those two first words of that prayer; that is, that can call God their Father as knowing what it is to be born again, and as having experience that they are begotten of the Spirit of God, which if they do not, all is but babbling.' Justice Keeling said that this was a truth. And I said further, 'As to your saying that one man may convince another of sin, and that faith comes by hearing, and that one man may tell another how he should pray, I say men may tell each other of their sins, but it is the Spirit that must convince them . . . and the Spirit worketh faith in the heart through hearing, or else they are not profited by hearing . . . and a man cannot pray unless the Spirit help.' . . . With other words to the same purpose. At this they were set. But says Justice Keeling, 'What have you against the Common Prayer-book?' I said, 'Sir, if you will hear me, I shall lay down my reasons against it.' He said I should have liberty, 'but first,' said he, 'let me give you one caution; take heed of speaking irreverently of the Common Prayer-book, for if you do so you will bring great damage upon yourself.' So I proceeded and said, 'My first reason was because it is not commanded in the Word of God, and therefore I could not use it. One of them said, 'Where do you find it commanded in the Scripture that you should go to Elstow or Bedford, and yet it is lawful to go to either of them, is it not?' I said, 'To go to Elstow or Bedford was a civil thing, and not material, though not commanded; and yet God's Word allowed me to go about my calling, and therefore if it lay there then to go thither. But to pray was a great part of the divine worship of God, and therefore it ought to be done according to the rule of God's Word.' One of them said, 'He will do harm, let him speak no further.' Justice Keeling said, 'No, no, never fear him, we are better established than that; he can do no harm; we know the Common Prayer-book hath been ever since the Apostles' time, and it is lawful for it to be used in the Church.' I said, 'Show me the place in the Epistles where the Common Prayer-book is written, or one text of Scripture that commands me to read it, and I will use it.' But yet, notwithstanding,' said I, 'they that have a mind to use it they have their liberty, that is, I would not keep them from it,' but for our parts we can pray to God without it. Blessed be his name! With that one of them said, 'Who is your God? Beelzebub?' Moreover, they often said that I was possessed with the spirit of delusion, and of the devil. All which sayings I passed over; the Lord forgive them! And further, I said, 'Blessed be the Lord for it, we are encouraged to meet together and to pray and exhort one another; for we have had the comfortable presence of God among us, for ever blessed be his holy name.' Justice Keeling called this pedlar's French, saying that I must leave off my canting. The Lord open his eyes! I said that we ought to exhort one another daily while it is called to-day. Justice Keeling said that I ought not to preach, and asked me where I had my authority? with other such like words. I said that I would prove that it was lawful for me, and such as I am, to preach the word of God. He said unto me, 'By what Scripture?' I said, 'By 1 Peter iv. 11, and Acts xviii., with other scriptures,' which he would not suffer me to mention. . . . He said he was not so well versed in Scripture as to dispute, or words to that purpose. And said, moreover, that they could not wait upon me any longer, but said to me, 'Then you confess the indictment, do you not?' Now, and not till now I saw I was indicted. I said, 'This I confess,—we have had many meetings together, both to pray to God and to exhort one

another, and that we had the sweet comforting presence of the Lord among us for our encouragement, blessed be his name; therefore I confess myself guilty and no otherwise.' 'Then,' said he, 'hear your judgment. You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm; and if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special licence from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly;—and so he bid my jailer have me away. I told him as to this matter I was at a point with him; for if I were out of prison to-day I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God. To which one made me some answer, but my jailer pulling me away to be gone, I could not tell what he said.'

Bunyan was taken back to prison, still maintaining that he would rather remain there throughout his life than give up preaching. The jail in which he was confined was built on the bridge over the river Ouse, at Bedford; the bridge itself was only fourteen feet wide, and the dungeons therefore were extremely small, they were on a level with the water, and very low and damp. This prison seems to have been the first noticed by John Howard, and his first act on being appointed High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, in 1788, was to improve its condition; he found, however, that it could never be made fit for the reception of prisoners, and in consequence of his representations it was pulled down. Besides the suffering caused by being closely confined in such a jail as this, Bunyan had the trial of being obliged to leave his wife (this was his second wife, whom he married shortly before his imprisonment), and his four children, totally unprovided for. He says,

"The parting with my wife and four children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all besides. . . . Oh! I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet thought I, I must do it, I must do it. And now I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them (1 Sam. vi. 10)."

Yet even in the midst of this sorrow Bunyan was at times able to rejoice; he says, "I never had in all my life so great an inlet into the Word of God as now; those scriptures that I saw nothing in before were made in this place and state to shine upon me. . . . I never knew what it was for God to stand by me at all turns . . . as I have found Him since I came in hither; for look how fears have pre-

sented themselves, so have supports and encouragements." These fears were not only connected with his anxiety about his family; he was once "in a very sad and low condition for many weeks," believing that his imprisonment was likely "to end at the gallows," and tortured with an apprehension that if this should be so he might indeed make "a scrambling shift to clamber up the ladder," but would die with a pale face and tottering knees, or, with "quaking and other symptoms of fainting, give occasion to the enemy to reproach the way of God and his people for their timorousness." "Therefore," he continues, "I prayed to God that He would comfort me, and give me strength to do and suffer what He should call me to;" after long consideration he reflected that it was "for the word and way of God" that he was suffering, and was convinced that he would not be forsaken of Him. Thus after three months passed in that dismal prison Bunyan was able to stand firm against the persuasions and threats of the Clerk of the Peace, who was sent by the magistrates to induce him to promise never to preach in public, and to warn him that if he continued obstinate he might be "sent away beyond seas into Spain or Constantinople, or some other remote part of the world," where he could never do any good. The jailer also entreated him to be ruled by this advice, observing that he might do much good in England if he would but be still, but Bunyan had the same answer for them both. He said, in reply to their final argument that as Nonconformist meetings were forbidden by a divinely-appointed king, they must be wrong, "Paul did own the powers that were in his day to be of God, and yet he was often in prison under them for all that. . . . The law hath provided two ways of obeying: the one to do that which I in my conscience do believe that I am bound to do actively; and where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down and to suffer what they shall do unto me." Upon this he was left to the fate which he had deliberately chosen; and no more was heard of him till the next assizes, when he, through his wife, presented a petition to the judges, begging them to consider his case; and to hear what he had to say. They refused to see him, but his wife was allowed to plead for him, and the touching account of her appearance before them must be given in Bunyan's own words:—

"The first time my wife went she presented a petition to Judge Hale" (Sir Matthew Hale), "who very mildly received it at her hand, telling her that he

would do her and me the best good he could, but he feared, he said, he could do none. The next day again, lest they should through the multitude of business forget me, we did throw another petition into the coach to Judge Twisden, who when he had seen it snapped her up, and angrily told her I was a convicted person, and could not be released unless I would promise to preach no more. Well, after this, she yet again presented another to Judge Hale as he sat on the bench, who, as it seemed, was willing to give her audience. Only Justice Chester, being present, stepped up and said that I was convicted in the court, and that I was a hot-spirited fellow (or words to that purpose), whereat he waived it, and did not meddle therewith. But yet, my wife being encouraged by the high-sheriff, did venture once more into their presence (as the poor widow did before the unjust judge), to try what she could do with them for my liberty before they went forth of the town. The place where she went to them was to the Swan-chamber, where the two judges and many justices and gentry of the county were in company together. She then, coming into the chamber with abashed face and a trembling heart, began her errand to them in this manner:—'My Lord' (directing herself to Judge Hale), 'I make bold to come once again to your Lordship to know what may be done with my husband.' To whom he said, 'Woman! I told thee before I could do thee no good; because they have taken that for a conviction which thy husband spoke at the sessions: and unless there be something done to undo that, I can do thee no good.' 'My Lord,' said she, 'he is kept unlawfully in prison; they clapped him up before there were any proclamations against the meetings; the indictment also is false; besides, they never asked him whether he was guilty or no, neither did he confess the indictment.' Then one of the justices that stood by, whom she knew not, said, 'My Lord, he was lawfully convicted.' 'It is false,' said she, 'for when they said to him, "Do you confess the indictment?" he said only this, that he had been at several meetings both where there was preaching the word and prayer, and that they had God's presence among them.' Whereat Judge Twisden answered very angrily, saying, 'What! you think we can do what we list; your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is convicted by the law.' Whereupon Judge Hale called for the statute-book. 'But,' said she, 'my Lord, he was not lawfully convicted.' Then Justice Chester said, 'My Lord, he was lawfully convicted.' 'It is false,' said she, 'it was but a word of discourse that they took for a conviction, as you heard before.' 'But it is recorded, woman, it is recorded,' said Justice Chester. (As if it must be of necessity true because it was recorded). With which words he often endeavoured to stop her mouth; having no other argument to convince her but 'It is recorded; it is recorded.' 'My Lord,' said she, 'I was a while since at London to see if I could get my husband's liberty, and there I spoke with my Lord Barkwood, one of the House of Lords; to whom I delivered a petition, who took it of me and presented it to some of the rest of the House of Lords; for my husband's release, who when they had seen it said that they could not release him, but had committed his release to the judges at the next assizes. This he told me, and now I am come to you to see if anything may be done in this business, and you give neither release nor relief.' To which they gave her no answer; but made as if they heard her not. Only Justice Chester was often up with this; 'He is convicted,' and 'It is recorded.' 'If it be, it is false,' said she. 'My Lord,' said Justice Chester, 'he is a peevish fellow; there is not such a fellow in the country

again.' 'What,' said Twisden, 'will your husband leave preaching? If he will do so, then send for him.' 'My Lord,' said she, 'he *dares* not leave preaching as long as he can speak.' Twisden said, 'See here, why should we talk any more about such a fellow? Must he do what he lists? He is a breaker of the peace.' She told him again that he desired to live peaceably, and to follow his calling, that his family might be maintained; 'and, moreover,' said she, 'my Lord, I have four small children that cannot help themselves, one of which is blind, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people.' 'Hast thou four children?' said Judge Hale, 'thou art but a young woman to have four children.' She explained that she was but mother-in-law to them, having not been married yet full two years, and added that her own little infant had died, owing to her trouble when Bunyan was apprehended, for she was young and unaccustomed to such things, 'and was smayed at the news.' Whereat Hale, looking very soberly on the matter, said, 'Alas, poor woman!' But Judge Twisden told her that made poverty her cloak, and said, moreover, that he understood I was maintained better by running up and down a preaching than by following my calling. 'What is his calling?' said Judge Hale. Then some of the company that stood by said, 'A tinker, my Lord.' 'Yes,' said she, 'and because he is a tinker and a poor man, therefore he is despised and cannot have justice.' Then Judge Hale answered very mildly, saying, 'I tell thee, woman, seeing it is so that they have taken what thy husband spake for a conviction, thou must either apply thyself to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error.' But when Justice Chester heard him give her this counsel, and especially (as she supposed) because he spoke of a writ of error, he chafed, and seemed to be very much offended, saying, 'My Lord, he will preach and do what he lists.' 'He preacheth nothing but the Word of God,' said she. 'He preach the Word of God!' said Twisden (and withal she thought he would have struck her), 'he runneth up and down and doth harm.' 'No, my Lord,' said she, 'it is not so. God hath owned him, and done much good by him.' 'God!' said he, 'his doctrine is the doctrine of the devil. My Lord,' said he to Judge Hale, 'do not mind her, but send her away.' Then said Judge Hale, 'I am sorry, woman, that I can do thee no good; thou must do one of those three things aforesaid, namely, either to apply thyself to the king, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error; but a writ of error will be cheapest.' At which Chester seemed again to be in a chafe, and put off his hat, and, as she thought, scratched his head for anger."

Bunyan had no money, and perhaps no wish, to enter into the tedious legal proceedings suggested by Sir Matthew Hale; and it is more than probable that even had he been able to sue for his pardon it would have been refused. He therefore remained for twelve weary years in his wretched prison, supporting his family by tagging laces, which were sold by his wife and children, and occupying much of his time in writing. The "Pilgrim's Progress" and his autobiography, as well as several of his other books, were written in gaol. He refers to this in the first sentence of the "Pilgrim's Progress": "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted

on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream." In the margin Bunyan himself wrote that the den here meant his prison. At first the gaoler allowed him to go out occasionally, and once he even went "to see the Christians at London." This expedition, however, was the cause of his being strictly confined for nearly the whole of the remaining time of his imprisonment, so that he was not allowed "to look out of the door." Yet his courage never failed, for in 1672, when he had been imprisoned for eleven years, he wrote in the preface to his "Confession of Faith" (after alluding to "so weighty an argument as above eleven years' imprisonment," and to "that tedious tract of time"), "I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on mine eyebrows, rather than violate my faith and principles."

However, in the following year, 1672, or early in 1673, Bunyan was set at liberty. It is not quite clear how his release was obtained, but he was included in the pardon granted by Charles II. to the four hundred and ninety-one Nonconformists who were at that time shut up in various English gaols. Most of these persons were Quakers; and great efforts had been made to obtain their pardon by George Whitehead, and other well-known members of their society, who had so pleaded before the king that he had promised to release them all.

From this time Bunyan was allowed to preach unmolested. He had been, in 1671, whilst still a prisoner, chosen as an elder in the Baptist church at Bedford, and he now travelled about for the sixteen remaining years of his life, holding services in different places. He often preached in a meeting-house in Southwark, where as many as three thousand persons came to hear him; so that, as his biographer Doe says, "half were fain to go back again for want of room, and then himself was fain, at a back door, to be pulled almost over people to get up-stairs to the pulpit. I have seen by my computation," he goes on, "about twelve hundred at a morning lecture by seven o'clock on a working day in the dark winter time." Bunyan was indeed possessed of extraordinary natural eloquence. The celebrated Dr. Owen was so much impressed by it that he said, in reply to Charles II.'s inquiry how such a learned man as he could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker, "Could I possess that tinker's abili-

ties for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."

Towards the end of Charles II.'s reign the Nonconformist's were again severely persecuted, but Bunyan escaped punishment, though "his enemies often searched and laid wait for him, and sometimes narrowly missed him." In August, 1688, he undertook a journey from London to Reading and back, in order to reconcile a father and son, who had quarrelled about the succession to a property, and on his return, "being overtaken with excessive rains, and coming to his lodging extremely wet, he fell sick of a violent fever, which ended in his death. This last illness is thus described by the anonymous writer of the sketch in the British Museum. "Taking a tedious journey in a slabby rainy day, and returning late to London, Bunyan was entertained by one Mr. Strudwick, a grocer on Snow Hill, with all the kind endearments of a loving friend; but soon found himself indisposed with a kind of shaking, as it were an ague, which increasing to a kind of fever he took to his bed, where

growing worse he found he had not long to last in this world, and therefore prepared himself for another, towards which he had been journeying as a pilgrim and stranger upon earth the prime of his days."

Bunyan died of this fever in August 31, 1688, at the age of sixty, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, where many Nonconformist ministers were laid. His wife and three of his children survived him, but the poor blind girl had died some years before. It is curious that none of his descendants can be found in England; the last known was his great granddaughter, Hannah Bunyan, who was buried at Bedford in 1770. Bunyan's appearance is thus described by his anonymous biographer: "He was tall of stature, strong boned though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his latter days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderate large; his forehead somewhat high, and his habit always plain and modest."

C. PALMER.

MANY WAYS HOME.

"Are we going home, mamma?"—"Yes, darling."—"I didn't know this was the way home, there are so many ways home, mamma, aren't there?"

A SHINING day, a moorland country fair,
Breathings of spring in the soft-blowing air;
Two figures on a common wide and high,
Bordered by woods of pine that hide the sky;
A pause upon the homeward track, a turn,
A straggling bypath through the furze and fern,
A puzzled look, a question, answer clear,
A few sweet words of childly faith and cheer.

There's naught so beautiful as morning light;
No sound so pure, so tender as the bright
Fresh words of children when they chatter free
In their grave mystical simplicity,
Words homely and yet lofty, like the star
That looks familiar and yet shines so far;
Soft broken echoes, flickering glimpses given
Of what their angels do behold in heaven.

So many ways, so many on them roam,
Nor wist they journey to the same large home;
So many ways, so many far apart,
Many soon severing that in concert start,
And e'en in lives that travel side by side
Deep gulfs of feeling each from each divide;
Who scales the mountain, or who sails the main,
Floats pilgrim of the unromantic plain,
Who lists soft harmonies in woodlands dim,
Must lose the city's thunder grand and grim;

Yet splendour, baldness, wildness, mildness, mirth,
 Make up the picture of one perfect earth,
 And all the differing winds that range the sky
 Go somewhere in the same great air to die.
 Ah ! dear to hope, to feel where'er we wend
 Many His children's ways, but one the end ;
 That those who blundering grope, or vaguely fear,
 Or meekly trust, or clasp with vision clear,
 Or prayerful doubt, or passionately yearn,
 Shall still one day the same great secret learn ;



That for base wills, "hurt minds," tired hearts, blind eyes,
 Redemption, healing, rest, and light may rise ;
 That unto all the same sufficing boon
 Be brought of Life Eternal, late or soon.
 Yes ! fair to fancy, good and glad to know
 The Sundered streams to the same ocean flow,
 The widely strayed but all-returning feet
 In the vast House of Christ at last may meet.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

INDWELLING OF THE WORD OF CHRIST.

3. *Substitution.*

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly."—Col. iii. 16.

ONE attribute or result of a certain kind of refinement in these times is seen in the extraordinary aversion which is felt to anything having the quality of moral exhortation in it. It is thought to be an impertinent, almost a monstrous thing for any one to exhort cultivated people to this or that. "State your case and leave it," is the new doctrine. I am afraid this chapter has not much chance of cordial acceptance if we are to try it by that canon, for you may reckon up at least twenty distinct exhortations in it within the limit of about the same number of verses. It must be allowed that exhortation may easily be much overdone, in which case it has little or no effect. Scarcely anything is of less force than a continued stream of it, when it comes not from visible and adequate truth-springs. When, to change the figure, there is a very narrow and slender foundation of fact, truth, argument, laid down, and then one earnest counsel and injunction is added to another, the edifice, if it may be called so, comes to be more than the foundation will support. But these exhortations of the Apostle Paul are founded, as we know, and as they knew to whom they were first addressed, upon the broadest of all foundations. They rest on the proved actuality of the revelation of God to men; on God manifest in the flesh; on redemption accomplished; on Christ risen; on the believer risen with Christ; on all that is peculiar, vital, permanent, in the Christian system.

This exhortation is a very comprehensive one, and when duly attended to and fulfilled, will make a full, rich, happy life.

The word of Christ, its indwelling, and its outflow will be the points of thought and consideration for us now.

I. *The Word of Christ.*—The literal word of Christ is one of the most wonderful things that ever has been in the world. All at once, up in Galilee, a silent man—for He was then known only as a man—began to speak. Not from Roman rostrum, not in terms of Greek philosophy, not as a Jewish rabbi with Targum and Cabala at hand, but simply and naturally to simple and ordinary men wherever they could be got together—in village synagogue, on the sea-shore, among the boats and nets, on the road, on the hillsides—and as He spake, the words seemed literally to root themselves in the hearts of some of the

hearers. There were many who heard and idly wondered and straightway forgot; there were some who heard and hated what they heard, because it seemed to make against their own power and influence. But others caught the word like living seed, and gave it living soil within them, where it grew and soon became the power of their whole life. But so it was, amid friends, and foes, and crowds of thoughtless, indifferent people, the speaker continued to speak; and as He spake the word grew and multiplied, and became increasingly a living spiritual force in the life of the whole nation. Then came the last struggle, which, in its human aspect, rapidly resolved itself into this alternative—that He must cease to speak or die. He had chosen his part of the alternative long, long before. Those who hastened on his death did not know it, but they were, so, expressly fulfilling the dearest purpose of his life. He had come to speak, but, still more, He had come to die. And He went on speaking the word up to the very moment of his death, when He cried with a loud voice, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. Then He rose from the dead, and immediately began again to speak; not so much, not so often. But every word was precious then. Every word was treasured and recorded. And then He went away from this world, as to visible presence, and left nothing behind Him but his word. He had lived, and suffered, and died; but at that time these were unknown powers. And He did not, personally, leave the least written explanation of them. He published no books, wrote no letters, left not a line that we know of—He did all that was done by his word. The word of Christ dwelt in this world richly before it was committed to writing. It not only was, at the time of the ascension, but it continued to be for many years afterwards, the great power of the world without being written. There must have been writings immediately, of various kinds, but the writing did not take the organized and authoritative form until long after the living word was himself in heaven. When this Epistle was written they had not the Gospels. They had, as yet, little comparatively, even of the apostolic writing; but they had the word of Christ in its newness, its energy, its vitality.

Whether that word would have lived in the world without being, in the fulness of

time, enshrined and preserved in the inspired Scriptures, is a question which, happily, we are not required to settle. For, evidently, it was always Christ's purpose to condense and embody his living speech, through the agency of others, into writings and books for the instruction and salvation of men. It was his purpose to continue and complete the process which had been begun long before, and to furnish the world, at length, with those "holy Scriptures which are able to make men wise unto salvation." And I think there is a clear reference here—the Apostle knowing very well that this process was going on—to the written as well as to the spoken word of Christ. Thus the phrase takes, naturally, its most comprehensive sense—it means the gospel, all that is revealed of God for human enlightenment and salvation.

Now, manifestly, to us, all this lies solely in the Scriptures. There is authoritative word of Christ for us nowhere else. I do not say that if we *could* be certified sufficiently of other words spoken by Christ when here, that it would not be our duty and joyful privilege to receive them. If we could depend on the accuracy of the transmission, if we could be sure that the oral testimony of one to another, down through all the troubled ages, has come out to us pure and simple, giving us the precious quickening words of our Lord Jesus Christ—why, in that case, surely there is no living Christian who would not accept them with gladness. We reject the tradition of the Church, Roman and Anglican, in this matter—not because we say that it is in all circumstances unreasonable to receive anything expressly divine in this manner, but because *this* tradition of theirs cannot be substantiated; because it is confused, contradictory, insufficient, and, happily, not necessary to our salvation.

I make no doubt there is now in the world, and especially in Christendom, something Christian that never came through the Scriptures—something that has come down through the ages by what may be called the tradition of souls, unwritten and almost unspoken. Jesus Christ, by his living presence in this world, and by his spoken word, generated and set in motion a spiritual force that has never died, and never will. But the rule of this force is in the Scriptures. Its explanation is the Scripture. It is not so much a tradition that could be expressed in any human language, as a living influence that flows on, and must flow as long as the world lasts. As when a great force has been ap-

plied to water, lake or sea, you cannot stop the onward movement of the ripple, you cannot stop the procession of the wave, except by some much greater contrary force. And no spiritual force has come into this world, nor ever will, so great as that which came in Jesus Christ, his life, and word, and death, and spirit; and therefore the mighty influence will travel on through the ages of the future, as through the ages of the past; nor will it even be consumed in a burning world, or quenched with expiring time, for other worlds and eternal time will receive it. But that general influence is not what, in the ordinary and intelligible sense, we can call "the word of Christ." This is, manifestly, something which is to be apprehended by our intelligence, to be kept in our memory, which is to operate, through the understanding, upon the affections, and the conscience, and the will; which is to shape the habits and rule the life. Such word of Christ we have only in the book, which is *all his* now. He has fulfilled it, explained it, inspired it, made it a living word from first to last, that He might by his Spirit give it living and blessed applications in the guidance and purification of human souls.

II. *Its Indwelling.*—The exhortation is, that we let this word *dwell* in us. "Let it inhabit you. Let it make house and home of you. Yield yourselves up as sacred dwellings, to be occupied and filled with the word of Christ." This means, of course, that, willingly, other tenants shall not be suffered to remain unless they are in full agreement with this chief dweller. Thoughts and words of men, plans of earthly ambition, vain flickerings of earthly hope, pleasures of sin—away! that the living and gracious word of Christ may come in, and be sole occupant of the living house. Sole occupant, for there is a sense in which it may be truly said that nothing dwells in a Christian but the Word of Christ. His word touches and transmutes everything else. All thoughts are ruled, all cares are hallowed by it, and all enjoyments made safe, and pure, and good. It must be this much, or it can be nothing vital. Christ's word in the morning, selfish prudence all through the day? That will not do. Christ's word for the religious service—the word of man for the mercantile transaction? Surely not. Christ's word for sickness, for sorrow, for death, for the funeral, the grave—other words than his, any that are most pleasant, for times of health and happiness, for the holiday, the evening party, the concert, the country? That never can

be. Considering this word as the tenant or occupier, and the human soul as the house, the only possible terms of occupation will be found summed up in this—the sole and complete possession of the tenement. Day and night, summer and winter, without let or stay, on and on for ever. There is to be no lapsing of the lease, and no change of the tenant, who has become proprietor. “Let the word of Christ *dwell* in you.”

Of course the figure fails in some points of exact analogy, but perhaps becomes all the more striking from the reversal of the terms of the illustration. An ordinary house does not move. The tenant moves, out and in, up and down, as he will. Here it is the house that moves, to the city, to the country, to work, to rest—while the tenant, the occupying word, never stirs from its place. The living habitation is filled with the indwelling word.

The exhortation is to *let* it dwell, to let it dwell “richly.” There is plenty of it to fill the mind, to furnish, and adorn, and light up every room in the large and wonderful house. Down to the deepest base of life it will go, where the passions lurk and slumber, and, flowing round them and through them, it will purge away what is hateful and unhallowed, leaving only wholesome forces, to do their part in the strengthening and perfecting of the character. Into the rooms that lie more open to common day, and more level with the world, where many busy feet come and go—where knowledge gathers her stores, and prudence holds her scales, and judgment records her decisions, and diligence plies her tasks, and acquisition counts her gains, and foresight watches the opening future; into all these rooms this living word will enter, and at her ingress the darkening shadow melts, and the wrinkles of a gathering care are smoothed, and sinuous and slippery things cease their blandishments and pass out more quickly than they entered, and injustice and unkindness, ashamed, hide their heads. Up higher yet the word will flow, where imagination lights her lamp, and invention stirs her fires, and desire bends the knee, looking upward, and hope sits watching with nothing between her and the stars. This living word fills alike the deepest and the loftiest rooms. Inspired by Him whose word it is, it gives the old salutation of the first gospel messengers, “Peace be to this house,” and like them it there abides. “Let the word of Christ dwell in you.”

“Richly”—in great abundance and readiness; in its best forms, in its sweetest

fragrance, with all its refreshing luminous guiding powers. Fill yourself with it. Open all the doors, throw wide the very windows that it may come in. You have only to do that. You have not to make the word: then, you might call for the aids of science. Nor to “feel after” it, and laboriously to conjecture what it may be: then you might avail yourself of what lights philosophy can give. Nor even have you to send for it, across the seas, or up into any heights, or down to any depths: then you might call in the resources of mechanical, practical force. The word is nigh thee. It is in thy mouth and in thy heart, if only thou wilt, if thou wilt but let it dwell in thee richly. We may, if we will, truly figure it to ourselves as a bright, delightful, fulfilling thing, *waiting* to come in, as the sunshine of the morning waits for the opening of the windows to come flowing into the dark room with its soft delicious waves—as the mild air waits until the timid buds are sure that frost and winter will not grip them when they open. It breathes about our wintry conditions, our chills, our fears, our distrusts, as the summer breathes over the woods, and over the fields, and down to the roots of all that grows. “*Let* the word of Christ come in, and dwell in you richly.”

But, of course, more is meant than a mere passive allowance. There is here direct appeal to the will, and to the activity of the mind. The word, abundant as it is, will not come to dwell in us richly, will not come to dwell with us at all, without consent, without careful and diligent endeavour. Here, perhaps, we have some insight into the meaning of the phrase we have not yet touched: “in all wisdom.” We need not raise discussion here on what may be the exact meaning and application of those words; but this at least may be said, which is to the point, that much wisdom is needed for the due remembrance and for the proper and seasonable entertainment of the various parts of the word or gospel of Christ in order to meet the needs of life as they arise. The gospel will never dwell richly in a man without some godly care and solicitous endeavours on his own part to apply it wisely. In this every man must be his own minister. He must give each day, and each duty, and each trial, and, if possible, each mood of mind, its portion in due season. It will be a great matter to have the spiritual senses so well in exercise that they may easily and naturally fix on the proper aliment, and go with directness to the proper places to get it. You cannot carry the Bible from

Genesis to Revelation in your memory every day, and all day long. No man can do that. Nor is there need. We do not need *all* the Bible every day. The world needs it all. Individually we need it as we need corn in the granary; as we need clothes in the wardrobe; as in a journey we need the hostel, or wayside house to rest in, when we come to it; as we need the boat to take us over the broad river which we can neither ford nor swim; as we need the lamp to go through the wood by night; as we need the guide, across the mountains, to the distant city. There is many a chapter, and many a precious verse, in the Bible, which lies thus in reserve for us. We glance at them to-day with a sincere, but with only a general interest as knowing that they form part of the great treasure of divine truth given to the world; but the day will come, and may be near, when perhaps those chapters will be better unto us than thousands of gold and silver, and we shall read them through our tears.

Meantime, it is a great matter to know what is the daily bread for this day.

Am I dark in mind, about myself? about other men? about the world? Do I feel sometimes as if God had not spoken expressly to man? as if the problem of life were yet unsolved, and in fact insoluble? as if human creatures were little more than ghosts and shadows—man truly walking in a vain show, every man at his best state altogether vanity? Then it will be wise and well to let the word of Christ come to me, and dwell in me richly as a word of revelation—as the opening out and public declaration and verification of things which had been hidden from the beginning of the world. I must, that is, try to vanquish and cure such a state of intellectual despondency, by remembering how much Jesus Christ has revealed—how far, how very far He has transcended and surpassed all other teachers by what He has said, and by what He has done; how, especially, He has “brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel,” thus translating dim conjecture into firm and clear certainty. I must remember, and realise it as a fact about which there can be no dispute, that it is his hand alone that has drawn the veil from the invisible world and the future life, so that now, if not all the glory of that high state, there yet shines out upon us the fair vision of the Father’s house with many mansions, which can be seen by the lowly, and the suffering, and the weary, and the dying, all the world over, if only their eyes are thitherwards.

Am I—not doubting the revelation, or its preciousness—doubting and desponding much about myself, my wretched self? finding few signs of grace? observing little progress through the years? feeling little but hardness within? fearing that I have no part nor lot in the matter? Then let me remember the word of Christ as a word of redemption, of complete, assured salvation. The gospel is not an argument, a process, an education, a curriculum, a growth, merely, although all these things are in it. It is a redemption, and those who receive it are redeemed. It is saving the eyes from tears, the feet from falling, and the soul from death. It is the annulling of penalty, the blotting out of sin for ever, the slaying of enmity, and the kindling of love, the death of the old man, the creation of the new. If this be so, then what have I to fear? If I find no virtue, nor any good in myself, I find the more in Him, and by his complete redemption I am warranted in believing that all his own goodness will become a growth in me, through righteousness unto eternal life. If, when I look more narrowly, my very virtues, or what seemed so, darken into sins, do I not see, may I not at least see, and most clearly when things are at the worst, the light of a Saviour’s face beaming compassion on me in my helplessness and misery, as He says, “Believe, and thou too shalt be saved? Come unto me, thou weary one and heavy laden, and I will give thee rest!”

Am I, although calmed with forgiveness, very weak, and as to my own feeling, altogether unfit for continuing the struggle of the nobler life? Then let me take some strong promise adapted to the need, and drink it up, as a fainting man would drink a cordial, until I am refreshed; let me seize it as a sinking man would grasp a strong staff if it were offered to him, and lean upon it and be borne through.

Am I sorrowing? And can I forget that word of Christ which has sounded so sweetly in so many mourners’ ears, in so many desolated homes, over so many graves, “Let not your heart be troubled?”

Am I, myself, now in the very process of passing away from earth and time? “Warned of God,” by some sensible signs, by some inward utterances more and more audible, of the sentence of death, am I now beginning to turn face away from the interests and the homes of earth, and, in spirit, sometimes to part company with the nearest and dearest companions of the way? Ah, then, do not I the more need to take Him at his word,

who has said, "I will not leave ; I will not forsake. I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also?"

Thus the thing is to find and bring in the word of Christ which is suited for the time, for the day, for the need, for the mental state, for the moral struggle, for the peculiar providence, and make that master and occupant of the house.

And yet there will be times when there is no sharp consciousness at all, no sense of distinct and particular needs, and still the word of Christ may dwell richly within. It is everything to have a real faith in Christ, and in his blessed gospel, and a real sense of the love of God therein, to be answered by our love and obedience for ever. Life with some has few turns and changes, inward or outward, but with Christ and his word in the heart, it will be, in the main, what life ought to be, a passing from darkness into light, a growing through grace into glory.

III. *The Outflow.*—Something must now be said of this, but it shall be very little. It may seem a paradox, yet is it one of the divinest and most necessary of the truths of our practical life, that in order to have we must give. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Or, put according to the figure of our own text, the paradox will be this—that the word of Christ, in order to sure continuance in us, must be always leaving us; the indwelling word must be always going abroad. It is the universal law. Go among the mountains, and you will see that it is the living spring that flows away. And where it flows the grass is green, and the flowers bloom, and the cattle drink, and the children linger to dip the foot, and hear the sweet song of the little rill. Yet the spring itself is in no way exhausted by all this. Exhausted? It never will be. It is fed by the drawing sun, by the condensing mountains, by the bountiful clouds, by the great and wide sea. When the sea is empty, and the heavens are dry, the little fountains of the earth will yield no more. Well up without stint, ye springs sent into the valleys, which run among the hills! Give drink to every beast of the field, let even the wild asses quench their thirst! Go murmuring into rills of laughter,

and rolling into rivers of song, and never be afraid or give one backward look. You have the sun above you, and the hills around you, and the great oceans of the earth behind you, all holding themselves bound, and ready, to serve you, if you continue to serve others by your flow. Christians, let your inner life, fed and nourished by the indwelling word of Christ, have—not ostentatious or self-confident, or noisy, but yet—natural, continuous outflow and expression. So, light will come to you from the land of lights. So, you will draw from the infinite ocean of divine love. It may seem to you perhaps that you have very little to express. Be it so. That is too true of us all. Then you need not call it much; you need not sound a trumpet, or ring a bell, or put out a flag. But, be true, faithful, loving, sincere. Just remember this, that what purifies and refreshes your own life, and guides and cheers you amid the tasks and troubles of this earthly way, will do the same beneficent service for any other human life into which it is received. And remember this, that the constituted way by which this divine thing does enter into and possess human lives, is by natural communication and outflow from other human lives. As we have it in close connection with the text, "Teaching and admonishing one another, in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." A beautiful life! By far the most beautiful that has ever been described in ideal characters, that has ever been actually lived among men. A life of poetry, and heart-music, and gracious sweetness, and clear-seeing, and faith-power, and happy thankfulness, and God-like benefaction hour by hour. A life, too, open and possible alike to all—to the humblest and least worthy as well as to the highest and best. A life, therefore, into which I, by grace, may enter, whoever, whatever, wherever I may be; and in which, by the same grace, I may continue, until, through the shades of death, I shall pass away to the world of unchanging reality and life eternal.

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.



CRUX MEA SALUS.

BY THE REV. ALAN BRODRICK.

AMONG the dry streets I pine for the sea,
 Each ripple across the white foam,
 The brown sail hauled taut, grey shore on our 'ee—
 In dreams down mid-channel I roam.

O joy to my sleep, curved crimson coast-line,
 Green vista of Devonshire combes,
~~Man~~head's dark crest and Luscombe's proud pine,
 Where "~~Parson~~ and Clerk" dimly looms—

Dawlish, ~~wave~~-shrined beneath thy red cliff,
 Outlooking on ~~Caryton's~~ Cove,
 Thou art mine, though these hands grow palsied and stiff,
 Ever mine in the might of my love !

O rose-clustered lanes, O Haldon's ~~sere~~ height,
 Thou sun-spangled creek of the Exe,
 Dusk ocean that beatest on ~~Dorset's~~ chalk cliffs,
 Sing softly above mortal wrecks !

I droop mid these walls, to awake with a sigh
 That one with a heart so alive
 To the marvellous magic of stream, sea and sky,
 Must toil mid this gold-drudging hive !

To fret that I boast this passionate gift
 Of love for His beautiful world,
 While mid the mud-banks of a city I drift,
 And the sail of each longing is furled !

Lost home of my love, thou hast music to me,
 Ringing on till each pulse-beat grow cold ;
 O Devonshire tints ! thou sapphire-crowned sea,
 Ye have youth that may never grow old !

Tho' weary and worn in the mêlée of life
 I chafe at wealth's insolent smile,
 I can smile at earth's babble, and fanatic strife,
 As I wander o'er youth's fairy isle.

Heav'n has left me the star that first brightened life's wave,
 A love that has never known change :
 Clasping that, I am rich, I am strong, I am brave,
 I can gaze far beyond the death-range !



I can take up my cross, 'tis but little for Him—
 Far better to lie at His feet,
 When through yellow fog the river swirls dim,
 And the rain glimmers down the wan street.

Far better to follow His fluttering dress,
 To pause when He knocks at the door,
 Where sorrow and sin in Shame's frenzied distress
 Have crouch'd to rise up nevermore !

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXVI.

"O, what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?"

In Memoriam.

"COME away!" said Philippine, with a shiver, drawing Margaret from the spot where she stood as if enchanted, and from which she found it hard to tear herself away.

"Come away! let us go home! I must go home!" she said, impetuously.

And Margaret suffered herself to be led through the gateway, and got mechanically into the carriage.

"I will go home with you," said Margaret, as they neared the town.

"No, no!" returned Philippine, in the same nervous hurried tone. "You must not come to-day—you must go back. I would rather!" she added imploringly, as Margaret looked as if she would press the matter.

Very soon she said, "Come to a church: let us go in there—tell him to stop, Margaret!"

It was the Frauen-Kirche, that with its sentinel steeples and its quaint round cupolas upon their summits, stands up grey and venerable against the blue sky, and the white town.

They entered by a side door, through which one or two people were passing and repassing. It was nearly the hour for vespers, and a priest with two acolytes hurried past behind one of the side altars.

Such quaint adornments these altars have. Glass boxes, with the skeletons, or supposed skeletons of saints, lying exposed to view in a ghastly panoply of jewels and gold and silver. The grinning skulls bedizened with

emeralds and sapphires,—it looks like pure mockery of death, of God's judgment upon sin, of the dead saint himself.

Upon these, in the Frauen Kirche, these side altars are frequently reared. Into the glass case passers-by peer as into a peep-show. For is it conceivable that any feelings of respect, to say nothing of piety, can be aroused by sights like these? Quiet churchyard graves make us think of sleep, and rest, and heaven: jewelled skeletons speak of the bitterness of mortality, of man's shamelessness, of man's folly. The hour-glass and the scythe and the skull may be good reminders sometimes, but if the skull be jewelled, what incongruous bewildering lessons does it convey!

Margaret and Philippine knelt down far out of sight of the glass boxes, and the paper flowers upon the altars. The floor was hard enough, but aching hearts forget such things as these. Only when the crowd thickened for vespers, and a low monotonous chant began from some unseen voices, did they rise and pass out.

There is a miraculous footstep on the floor, and a lame woman, telling her beads and begging alternately, hobbled towards the English ladies to tell its marvellous history. But they did not notice her, as they hurried past, anxious to avoid the crowd coming in.

There was a notice outside the door that a mass of Pergolesi was to be given next day.

"Would he like it?" asked Philippine, in an under tone.

"Oh, he is not able—but we may tell him of it," said Margaret.

"I will go home with *you* now," said Philippine. "I should like to."

Margaret looked at her, and the look meant "Can you, Philippine? he would like it if you can."

Philippine understood, and assented silently. Gaspar Marshall might be disappointed if she did not go. And besides, she felt as if she had thrown off all her weakness, and that all her strength was needed to help Margaret, to help Margaret's brother in any way she could.

"I am so glad we stopped there, in the church," said Philippine. "I never prayed really before, Margaret."

When they reached the hotel, the waiter

said that the sick gentleman had been home for an hour. Margaret hurried up-stairs to relieve Mr. Marshall from his post.

But he had already gone, only for a walk, said Gaspar, and would come back to fetch Philippine.

"You should be in your room, my dearest," said Margaret, leaning over him. Of the two faces which was the most worn and pallid, it is hard to say.

He knew he should have been in his room: the laboured breathing told him so, the lassitude even to suffering in the limbs that were never used, and that knew no other feeling now. But he had remained in the sitting-room notwithstanding, watching the door with anxious eyes.

He asked Margaret to go and see if his room were ready for him, and stretched out feebly his helpless arm from the sofa to push a chair nearer to Philippine.

It was five minutes before Margaret could return. The waiter stopped her to ask about some order; then Mr. Beauchamp, coming up-stairs, stopped her again.

"How is he now?" said he. "I was a little alarmed about him during the drive. He complained so of fatigue and was so restless. I just called and asked the doctor to come in and try his pulse."

They went into the sitting-room together. Margaret had only answered the question by opening the door, and pointing to her brother with an expression of patient despair. It would have struck Mrs. Beauchamp as something unusual and hardly judicious had she found her daughter kneeling by Mr. Marshall's sofa, and alone. Mr. Beauchamp did not notice it at all, or if he did, took it as a matter of course. Gaspar had probably dropped something, and Philippine was picking it up.

Margaret, through her sorrow, saw it all. What had Gaspar done? Had Philippine withdrawn something from his hand as the door opened? And if so, what was it?

It seemed that a bitterness could still be added to the burden Margaret already bore. She could know nothing, be sure of nothing; but the suspicion that Gaspar had done something unworthy of himself and hurtful to Philippine weighed upon her heavily. Was it possible that, knowing himself to be at the gates of death, he had sought the love of one to whom in health and vigour he had not ventured to aspire? Beautiful, trustful, child-like Philippine, is it possible he could wrong you so?

Perhaps he did not know fully the hope-

lessness of his case. The effect upon a nature like his would surely have been fatal, had they told him that the end was near. The doctor told Margaret it would be fatal. And for all that she said to herself, "It is coming! it is coming!" hope asserted itself, and said, while there is life there need not be despair. We do not know how large an element of hope we keep and cling to in our direst straits, till suspense turns into certainty, and the torch of hope with a dying quiver goes out.

Little by little Margaret tried to prepare her brother for the end in which she could not as yet believe. If it should be so, cried her aching heart, and no one to tell him, no one showing him the way! If Philippine could have spoken to him of dying, of a something which should serve him in the dark valley where intellect avails not, and resistance is in vain, he would have listened perhaps, and heeded. But could Philippine at any time have spoken to him so? Out of the life of childish unrealities with which she had been surrounded, could she have risen to teach another concerning the awful realities of death and the future?

Circumstance and experience, a keen sympathy, all of which were hers, are wonderful tutors, and can teach us on a sudden many new things, and grant many new powers. But now things have changed. It seemed so at least to Margaret. To Philippine she could no longer turn and bid her tell Gaspar that for him life had well-nigh ended, for what might not that ending mean for her, as well as him?

Margaret, I repeat, knew nothing. She resolved that she would know nothing. She sealed the bitter fear within her heart, and turned for help and comfort to the Father in heaven, the Father with whom is no variableness, no shadow of turning.

It became a necessity at length that she should take a decided step, and keep closely to the way she had chosen.

Philippine's young beautiful life, or Gaspar's last days of sickness—which should be considered first—which was to be sacrificed to the other?

Her love for Philippine was that of a loving friendship: her love for Gaspar was an all-absorbing love. When, after much struggling with self, more wrestling with God, she laid aside the last for the first, it seemed to her that she had given herself a more bitter pang than death itself could give. For death would take Gaspar from his pain; and she must needs add another pain, that would

embitter, so she believed, his dying hour, to the weary suffering he was already called upon to bear.

But once certain that she had chosen rightly, Margaret was not one to flinch or waver. Maybe she was still in time. The irrevocable word might still be all unspoken. And between this, the promise-binding, and the shadow of the far-off promise that had rested for many days upon Philippine's face, there lies a gulf as wide as many oceans. This Margaret knew, with a woman's instinct, and that the gulf should not be passed was her firm determination.

Gaspar was going, so the bitter tidings told; what would the love of a few days be to him? If he went not, if God spared him, it were time enough when health and strength had come again to pursue the love he reached to. Philippine was in Margaret's eyes a sacred trust; to be given account for to God and to her parents. Mr. Beauchamp's happy blindness made it but the more needful that some one else should shepherd the happiness that seemed to be her dower. Alas, poor Margaret! she knew too well the face of sorrow not to dread its turning upon Philippine.

Gaspar heard of Pergolesi's mass in the *Frauen-Kirche*. He was restless and uneasy; he liked music; he would go. The carriage was ordered, and with great difficulty he was lifted in. Philippine sat opposite him with face averted and compressed lips. Now and then she took a furtive glance at the wan features before her. But Gaspar's eyes were closed.

They were all silent; how should they be otherwise? It hardly seemed that the prostrate figure amongst them was still in life. He had never been so speechless nor so regardless of outer things.

When they came to the church door there was the same difficulty in lifting him out. Two street porters, Mr. Beauchamp, and the *valet de place* were not more than enough to move the helpless weight. Two women pushing aside the curtain, crossed themselves as they came upon the dying man. "Heilige Maria!" said a child to his mother, "ist er tod?"

The lame and blind beggars within the door forgot their whining story as the little procession moved slowly by. The dumb man used his tongue to make an exclamation of wonder.

Gaspar was laid upon a seat, and his head supported by pillows. When the pain of moving had subsided a little, the eyes closed

again. Not till the organ had played a few bars did he open them.

"This is not Pergolesi," said he faintly.

Margaret rose and asked a monk standing by if this were not Pergolesi's mass.

He answered in English—

"Not to-day. They have changed it. A bishop has died, and he lies there, near the high altar. This is Mozart's Requiem."

"It has been changed," said Margaret, leaning over Gaspar; "this is Mozart, he says."

"I know," said he peevishly, "the Requiem. Let us go home; I am so tired. Can't you call them to carry me out, Margaret?"

As they carried him out they passed a coffin laid upon the ground near the high-altar. A pall of black embroidered with gold was stretched over it, and on this there lay the mitre, the crozier, and a mass of flowers.

Margaret whispered something in Philippine's ear. She hesitated a moment, and then stooped and gathered a flower or two from the pall.

She looked at Margaret again, and then gave them into Gaspar's hand, lying limp beside him.

They were asphodels. He took them silently and lifted them to his face. Perhaps he has accepted the message at last.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"SHALL we drive home, Marshall?" asked Mr. Beauchamp tenderly, when the invalid had been laid in the carriage and pillowed as before.

"No, no! To the Englische Garten and the band."

So they drove off, a sad company for so gay a scene.

It was the same sight almost every day. Here, a tall thin officer with a clanking sword, a tiny dark-eyed Austrian wife on his arm. There, a group of lank-haired students making for the café and the beer-tables. In the distance, under the trees, the café itself, the little chatting groups of idlers; some fair-haired Americans, recognisable from afar by their dress, their pretty faces, and their unmistakable accent. And last but not least, Gungl's band, playing music such as only Germany can give us.

As the English carriage drew up, the last notes of an irresistible waltz ended in crisp melodious chords, dropped like so many pearls from the mouths of the exhausted bandsmen.

As they wiped their instruments, and raised their hats for relief to the poor heads so used

to hot sun and exertion, they had time to look round and take note of the strangers, now become a familiar sight. Some of them noticed that the ill gentleman did not sit up as before, the better to enjoy their music.

Perhaps it was not quite the thing for people "of quality," as Mrs. Pickering would have said, to countenance even in the distance the café and its environs. It is not thought correct in most parts of Germany, but Englishmen abroad are never correct. Sometimes it would be well if they were more so.

But when the best of music, and given to the greatest perfection, can be enjoyed for threepence, fivepence, or fivepence-halfpenny, as the case may be, why should we not enjoy it and be thankful? The foreigners "of quality," who prefer hot rooms to a street, or the amusement of cooking and housekeeping, excuse English people who go among the "*gemeine Leute*" in public resorts. The English, it is well known, are mad, and may do anything.

After a pause the instruments were relifted to their place. The music-leaves were turned over on their stands. Another pause, and then a clash of melodious discords. What a wonderful thing is music, and such music! How it sends the blood thrilling through one's veins, and how it changes phlegmatic people into enthusiasts!

It is provoking when some enthusiast or would-be enthusiast overdoes his part, and makes himself an object of ridicule. Need I say he is never a German, but, alas! one of our own countrymen?

He stands with his head down, his hands folded, his eyes melancholy and wild, his shoulders bent as if the incubus of his emotions were too much for his lank frame. Five minutes before the instruments are tuned, he is all attention and his chair is turned in a marked manner towards the stand. He clutches the back, as if to a frame like his the first chord would be a galvanic battery.

The first chord is struck: he hears a voice behind him. Two men are talking together about ten yards off. He rushes at them headlong. "Hush!" says he wearing the face of a rather tame Fury, and touching the nearest on the back, while he lifts up his warning and reproachful fingers deprecatingly.

The man he touches looks slowly round over his shoulder, but by this time the enthusiast has re-settled himself in the attitude of profound attention. Did Newton look as profound when he wrote the *Principia*?

"Englandér!" remarks the German, with a shrug, and a sardonic smile, as he puts his arm into that of his friend. He can tell the enthusiast every note that has been played, the key, the composer, whether it be symphony, or pastorate, or sonata. When the selection is over, he will show his approval or disapproval by silence or a short energetic applause. But all the time he will smoke and talk, and drink his beer in apparent indifference.

There was just such an enthusiast at Munich, and Philippine's ire had been greatly raised against him. Now his antics were thrown away upon her; the gay scene had no attractions left. Why were they here, why had Gaspar chosen to come here? So they all thought, who knew him to be so near Eternity.

The overture to *Zampa* finished, they noticed a polka as the next thing on the programme. They asked him if they should drive on.

But he said he wished to hear it all. Was it Strauss's? What was the name of it? So he asked.

After the polka there was a long pause, as the conclusion of the first part of the concert. He permitted that the carriage should drive round the Garten, on hearing that Philippine felt the heat.

When they returned, the band struck up an air of Mendelssohn's. It was not in the list, but it is not an unusual thing to add or omit, at the request of some one in authority. I suppose that officer in blue with the black and gold helmet, who is stepping off the stand, had effected the change.

"Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath"—so the air is called, from the first words of the mournful volkslied, to which the great musician lent his music.

Most people know the song, and how the words go on: the burden, death, and the last parting, and the far off "*Wiederseh'n*."

Gaspar knew well the song: Margaret knew it too. To these the air suggested of course the words. Mr. Beauchamp and Philippine not knowing, wondered that Gaspar became impatient and restless again, and that he begged to drive on.

Margaret laid her hand upon his arm and said, "Stay, dearest—if you can." But he would not change his mind, and the weary wheels went round. They were emblems of the restlessness, the vain flight before the dread messenger, that Gaspar Marshall to his last hour was keeping up.

All that night Margaret sat up with him,

talking to him in the short intervals between his disturbed and unquiet sleep, reading to him when he would allow her, moving him when his position became uneasy, cooling his parched lips with iced water or milk.

What a long night it was, how loudly the clocks ticked inside and boomed without, and how chill was the face of the morning as it looked into the sufferer's room, through the creaks of the half-closed Venetians!

Margaret fell into a heavy sleep towards morning, at her post by the bedside. She awoke with a start to find the house astir, and a letter unopened upon her lap.

It was from Philippine, but the writing was straggling and hurried. Mrs. Beauchamp had telegraphed for them to meet her at Innsbrück, as she was laid up there. She, Philippine, had tried to see Margaret that morning before five o'clock, but hearing she was in her brother's room, and that he slept, she had written the hurried note instead. But Innsbrück was but little more than half a day's journey and—"Papa has promised me to come back," ended the letter, "so I shall see you again very soon, Margaret—in a few days' time."

We are very ungrateful for present mercies. Margaret did not know what a comfort the Beauchamps had been to her till she looked out on the quiet town, the first thin blue smoke rising into the clear air, and knew that she was alone. Alone, and with the dying.

The day wore through wearily and painfully. There was no peace upon Gaspar's face, no resignation, no hallowed silence about the dying-bed.

For it was a dying-bed now: he would never rise and stand upon his feet again. He would never pass through the low doorway till strangers' hands carried him, like St. Peter, whither he would not go.

Margaret did not know this. Mercifully, like little children, we are led step by step, little by little; and of the next step we know as little as of the hundred years hence we shall never see. The doctor had said Gaspar would probably linger through the winter. Margaret was weighing the possibility of having the children and Elspet sent out, so that she might in some measure fulfil her task of keeping them beneath her eye. She had spoken of it to Philippine, and she had encouraged the plan. In the long night, the letter bidding Elspet to be ready to come before long had been mentally written and re-written. It was well that there was something to distract her thoughts from time to

time from the present and the impending sorrow.

Besides, so far from giving up all hope, Margaret clung to the idea that God would raise up her brother even from the gates of death. Life without him was so awful a prospect, such a fearful blank and void, that it was little wonder that, look it in the face as she would and did, she could not realise it, she could not grasp it; it was a ghastly phantasm that danced before her for ever, but a phantasm without shape or form.

When it took form, as it did at times, the bitterness of the hour can only be conceived of by those who have loved and suffered as Margaret did. Out of her *Marah* she would providentially be roused by some call of duty—a word from Gaspar, a sigh, a restless movement told her he was there still—still to be loved and cared for—still, maybe, to be saved.

So He leads us through our dark valleys and deep waters, by paths we know not of. He weeps over our suffering, and like oil upon the ocean fall His tears. He wept over Lazarus, about to rise. Shall He not weep over the many whose sleep must be so long?

As the day stole on, Margaret began to see how it must end.

The doctor came, stood by the bedside, shook his head, and said he would come again at evening. Gaspar did not seem to be aware of his presence, though his eyes wandered restlessly about the room.

When the day was waning a clergyman staying in the hotel came at Margaret's bidding and prayed beside his bed.

"Peace be to this house," said he. But peace came not.

Margaret, with both hands clasped upon her brother's knelt beside him too. The beautiful prayers to that God who is "the Lord of life and death" were read and offered up, as the incense of a heart well-nigh broken.

Would he not join in them too? Had he nothing to beseech for—no mercy, no forgiveness?

No Amen followed upon the prayers, no look of sorrow or remorse stole into the ashy face. Once, when Margaret would have urged him to repeat the words of comfort or of hope, he withdrew the hand she held, as his only answer.

It did not grieve her: she was too full of grief to notice the further drop of bitterness in the brimming cup. With head bowed upon her empty hands, she besought the pitiful Father for him who prayed not for himself.

If it might be possible! if it might be possible!

But if not—O then, that the dark way might be made light for him! that he might call even once for mercy, and the Eternal One might listen to the call!

XXVIII

AFTER a few hours, night set steadily in. The door below opened less and less frequently. The clatter of dishes and of tongues ceased. Feet passing in the street, rang a strange hollow echo through the empty town.

The lamp-lighter, with his ladder, had finished his work, and a dim glow fell here and there in patches on the white pavement. A sister of mercy, leading a little child by the hand, passed swiftly and silently up the street, the light falling upon her as she neared the lamps, and showing the silver crucifix on her breast, and the badge of her order just above. She looked at the straw laid down before the windows of the hotel, and crossed herself in haste. The little child crossed herself too, and said an Ave Maria as she clung to the black skirt of her protector.

Where were they going to, these two? Passing from where, to where? From a house of death, I think, to the home of the black-robed sisterhood. Gaspar Marshall, will you suffer none to lead you from your house of death into a home prepared for you?

Now he is awake, and tossing restlessly to and fro. Now he sleeps, a heavy, uneasy slumber, with laboured breathing, that breaks off suddenly now and then, and brings Margaret from her trembling knees to her more trembling feet, while the fixed stony eyes fall from looking on God's face to the poor struggling human face before her, and she cries, "Gaspar, Gaspar! O my darling!" but has no answer, and no reply.

After a while the power of prayer leaves her. O hardest, bitterest grief of all, when sorrow's face turns stony with despair, and God's hand presses too heavily on the bowed head to allow of looking up, even to Him, even to the outstretched rod of mercy or of judgment. It is both mercy and judgment here, surely; only the mercy is hidden as by a veil, and thank God the one watcher by this dying bed discerns not the judgment. It would be bitter for her, indeed, poor Margaret, did she see the last without the first.

Some say that the devil's supreme hour is this—when like the Holy One, on whom all suffering culminated, we cry out no longer, "Lord save us!" but "My God, my God, why hast

Thou forsaken me?" If it be his hour, thank Heaven, it is a short one! After a time the rod in striking causes the waters to flow out upon the barren soil, from the stony rock; and then because we rebel no longer, we are blessed.

But the agony (to one who believes in prayer) of seeing a beloved life ebbing little by little, falling like sand between the clasped fingers, and knowing that the power to pray has been taken from us—does anything approach the anguish, in this grief-full world?

It is then that thoughtlessness, mockery, earthly aids, and comforters are shorn away, and the soul stands face to face with Him in whose hands are the issues of life. It is then that what we have been used to call visionary and unreal, becomes sublime and awful in its reality. It is then that we look upon the anxieties, the disappointments, the many carking cares that in our cramped horizon have seemed so vast and so important, as worthless specks upon the turning-page of life. It is then, with the windows of eternity opened upon us, that life and the past shrivel into nothing, before Death and the awful Present. It is then, with an instinctive shrinking of the still human soul from the vast mysteries of God, that we turn round on a sudden to the life before us—the little span called life, which by-and-by we shall call by a fitter name. It is then that with eyes purified by the insight into heaven, we use their brightness to look across our way on earth, and cry out passionately in the poet's words—

"O love, my love, if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thyself in any spring,
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope,
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope,
The wind of death's imperishable wing?"

It is then that, losing sight for an instant of the Father's face, we forget to pray our Father's prayer—"As in heaven, so on earth! Amen."

Doubtless He knows our helplessness. Maybe our silence is the voice to reach Him more than all—the silence of a little child who turns in sorrow from the mother who has chidden him in love. O golden silence, enter into His presence, and tell the story words may not speak!

I think He hears. Gaspar moves in his restless slumber. He opens his lips: Margaret bends over him to catch the sound. She thinks he may have asked her to pray.

The words of the Litany come to her unconsciously.

"By all his sufferings, by his precious death and burial, by his glorious resurrection and



"MARGARET."

ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost—Good Lord deliver us!”

Did he repeat the last words, or was it an echo in the silent room?

There is no time for wondering, no moment for delay. Even now the spirit is hovering on the open lips, looking for the last time through the restless eyes, poising itself on the brink of its human dwelling-place, for its flight into the place not made with hands.

“In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment—Good Lord deliver us!”

He does not hear. He is wandering. He speaks fast and eagerly; but even Margaret cannot understand.

“Gaspar!” she cries. “God is taking you to Himself; say good-bye to me, Gaspar—kiss me once! Just once before you go!”

She bent over him. He started up suddenly from his pillow.

“My God!” he tried. “I am dying!” Then he struggled, a last long struggle. A gasp, a sigh—he fell back upon her shoulder.

The eyes were still open, and still Margaret whispered in his ear: “Pray!” she would say at first, but now she knew he could not, and prayed for him.

“Into Thy hands!” she said, “into Thy hands!” as she swayed gently to and fro, the heavy head lying still upon her heart.

But even now he is no longer hers. He has passed into the hands to which she commends him. The last struggle is over—let him rest.

“Who made thee a judge or a ruler?” a voice is saying. The time for earthly judgment is past: he is before another tribunal now.

All we know of, all we can see, lies in the dim twilight on this ruffled bed.

Rather in the arms of that patient love that has been his through life, and now through death.

She will not leave him go; she will not lay the burden on the cold pillow. Here—next her heart; the grey eyes looking into hers with awful constancy; the parted lips making no response; the hands stiffening on the coverlet before her; the pale forehead relaxing into the peace of sleep, the very hair waxing cold upon her shoulder.

What a beautiful time is the night for dying! No bustle breaks upon the solemn stillness, no outer words jar upon those lost whose price is nameless; no cold bright daylight looks in through open windows on the dying face, with its hard, heartless sounds of business or of play; no stranger comes to break upon the long vigil of the mourner, and its bitter sweetness.

Gaspar died in the night. The dawn saw the Angel of Death issuing into the grey silence.

Not till the Frauen-Kirche tolled out the hour of six, did the door open, and a woman in black make her way across the room.

She took Margaret in her arms, and led her gently away. Speechless, tearless, and unresisting, it was not a hard matter.

This friend took her to her own room.

“Make her lay down, ma’am; she has not slept these three weeks, they tell me,” said the maid.

But the lady knew better. “She could not lie down while she is like this. Here, my poor child”—and she led her to an arm-chair, a little way from the window. The blind was half up. Margaret could see the blue sky above, but not the stirring of life in the street below. The lady had wished it be so.

For an hour she was left alone; and when her friend returned, she had not altered her position by the movement of hand or foot. Then she knelt by her, talked to her, smoothed her forehead, kissed her once upon her lips, and left her again. After that, Margaret fell to the ground in a heavy swoon.

XXIX.

“O that ‘had I’ how sad a passage ‘t is!”

SHAKSPEARE.

As the weary days flew by, that time came for Margaret which comes to all, after the first fierceness of misery has passed away. A time when she must look up and know herself still living. A time when she must realise that the blow which had stunned could not kill. That duty was no phantasm now, any more than it had been before, though pleasure having come out and separated itself therefrom, its face could wear no sunshine any longer, and stern necessity sat ruling in the place of love.

It mattered nothing to Margaret that our eyes are not as hers. Love is love, and a poet says,—

“Good love, howe’er ill-placed,
Is better for a man’s soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.”

Besides, by the prayer of our childhood and of our Lord, we dare not will away the blessing from all but the deserving. Their trespasses as our trespasses—his love to us as ours to them. We cannot take away the one, and pray still to be given the other. It was happy, too, for Margaret, that she could at most times honestly believe that Gaspar had not died hardened and impenitent. That he was reserved she knew; that he had feelings and yearnings unexpressed

she thought she knew. It was no marvel that she was thus deceived, for at times there broke through the cynical, biting, and powerful tone of his writings (not his own, but he was a good scholar of his school) fitful gleams of deeper thoughts, holier aspirations, of poetry in fact, in its fullest sense. For the language of the soul in its happier moods is surely the only true poetry.

It was pitiful that Gaspar Marshall's flights were so few and far, that he contented himself with probing deep social wounds, irritating old scars, and then leaving them by the wayside, like the Levite, for public inspection. We need Samaritans nowadays. The seers have spoken and the prophets foretold, but God is calling for labourers into his harvest. Will not some few of the vast army of



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fault-finders leave their ranks, now they have learnt their duties and got the secrets of the campaign by heart, and join the silent plodding army that is propping the strongholds and bravely combating the evils their brothers are content to flaunt?

Gaspar's papers, like autumn leaves, were strewn now about the place that had known him and should know him no more. They had told sad enough tales to any eyes but

Margaret's; to her they sometimes gave a further thrill of pain.

But she would look at the date and be satisfied. "November 18th." Two years ago. Ah, that was a long time. Gaspar had thought very differently before he went away. She could not say before he "died" as yet. Even the burial, with its flowers and peacefulness, the blue sky and sunshine above, the quiet tread of decent bearers instead of the

rattling ghastly pageantry of our English funerals, could not rob death completely of its sting. We are not meant, I think, to lose all dread. We cannot trust entirely, unless we fear and sorrow.

Margaret would suffer no one to touch the desk so sacred in her eyes. With her own hands she looked through piles of useless paper, letters answered and unanswered, scraps of manuscript notes, for the most part never turned to account.

Some notes were. Certain kind friends from among Gaspar's enemies, the publishers, had sounded a warning note before a shameless plagiarism or two had come to light. They had done their work delicately, and it had been as delicately received. No trace of this transaction remained in the records of either party, certainly not in Gaspar's. Margaret was saved this pang.

But there were traces enough of the green fruit shaken from the tree before its time—of golden opportunities lost, and strong eloquent promises come to nought.

Here is a letter :—

"Your offer is tempting, I acknowledge, or would be so to most. As to my capabilities for carrying it through, I have little doubt. I can do most things I attempt. But, with a bow, I must decline. Your subject requires not *thought* only, power and originality, but some amount of reading up. This last is the obstacle. Should I devote myself to any one object for the period required for this one, my mind would lose its balance. And the mind is a machine not lightly to be esteemed, when it happens to be the mind of an author, more especially. Thanks, all the same, for thinking of me."

(Copy.)

Whether he wrote the letter honestly we cannot tell. He may have believed his own sophisms, his shallow excuses, or not. There are so many unsolved problems connected with the dead. It is all one vast uncertainty, one unanswered wondering. Why, how, when—the voiceless silence lays her finger on curious lips and says, "Never—by-and-by—never!"—like the "clock on the stairs"—of Longfellow's poem.

In old days Margaret's common sense and honesty of judgment would have wrestled stoutly with her love and esteem for her brother over this letter. As it was, it lay before her in his writing, as Raphael's unfinished Transfiguration before weeping Italy. It was no time for criticism; the day for that had passed away.

When all the bundles were tied and laid aside in their several packets, and the desk locked, the key taken, the meaning of what she had been doing came afresh upon poor Margaret. She could cry now, so the first deep grief had passed, thank God.

Her friend found her so, exhausted with weeping, her head upon the carpetless floor. It has come to be looked upon as a sensational exaggeration, this attitude of intense sorrow. All truths are abused, yet some truths *are* truths. Women who have passed through great mental suffering will know better than to deem it an overdrawn picture. Men, I have heard, in bodily suffering, have been brought down to the earth too. There are times when trial seems to have become a *substance*, insupportable in its weight; when we feel that it is no longer for us to stand up as heretofore in God's sun and daylight, we, from whom He has thought fit to turn away his face. It is no sensational whim of imagination, depend upon it, that has drawn the Magdalen outstretched beneath her sorrow at the Master's feet.

It was well for Margaret that by the way called "chance," this Master raised up for her a friend in her friendlessness. As yet she had no power of judging for herself. With the necessity for action, strength had seemed to come; now it ebbed steadily away.

Philippine never came back to Munich. Mrs. Beauchamp had not intended that she should. Mr. Beauchamp, persuaded on the way to Innsbrück by his daughter that their return was imperative and most advisable, was, on his way to England, as strongly persuaded by his wife that it would have been a step of glaring imprudence. There is such a thing as an honest change of opinion. Mr. Beauchamp proved it. Beautiful Philippine obtaining access to his susceptible ear, and looking at him with her wonderful eyes, found no difficulty in bringing him to see things from her point of view. She was honest, and for the most part used her art only to show him white as white. Perhaps his wife's aspirations were higher, her powers less justly used; Mrs. Beauchamp could prove *black* was white. We are, alas! all faulty, because all human. We need not be too hard on Philippine, if she were human enough, woman enough, sometimes to prove her white a grey.

She had her way in one thing. Charlie and Dolly were transplanted from Fern Hill to the Towers.

What a change it was! Little wayside daisies finding themselves suddenly in a

palace-garden could not experience a greater. But children are philosophers, sometimes almost stoics. Everything comes natural to them after all, though they enjoy life so purely and intensely. Everything except sorrow.

It is so with us too, I think—we “children of a larger growth.” Joy sits so lightly on us, sorrow makes us writhe beneath its burden. A little care is too much for many; who ever murmured over too much bliss?

Surely this speaks a great truth to us, leading us back to the time when sin was not, on to the time when sin shall be no more. To be sorrowful, to be sinful is *not* our destiny, else would sorrow and sin be easier to bear. Joy, in God’s counsels, was foreordained to be the lot of man, and when it comes to us, even now—even through the mists we have drawn around us, and that man has come to believe the atmosphere for man—we take it almost unconsciously, too often without acknowledgment, and are not overwhelmed by it at all. The God of nature made man for happiness; it comes to him naturally. Man for himself has made travail and sorrow; it wears him, jars him, frets him with its unnatural, discordant presence.

Charlie and Dolly took their new delights with philosophical equanimity, while Miss Middlemay was astonished beyond measure.

“O dear!” she would murmur to herself, as she picked a white thread off the drawing-room carpet, or dusted Mrs. Beauchamp’s boudoir writing-set with a clean handkerchief; “O dear! well, it *does* astonish me! The articles of *vertu*, the flowers, the parterres; and, O dear, the vast do-main.” And here Miss Middlemay always paused, the vastness oppressing her so greatly as she approached the word “do-main” that it was doled out in an awestruck and prolonged whisper. Upon her recovery she would resume her soliloquy, for a dialogue was a treat not often bestowed upon her at the Towers.

“O dear—to be sure—yes—the articles of *vertu*—pooh, poo” (here Miss Middlemay dusted a Dresden statuette, poising one lank finger on the top of its three-cornered hat, so that even the gentle zephyr of her breath should not endanger so precious an article of *vertu*. And the wonderful—and marvellous—pooh, poo, poo—specimens of the—poo, poo—ancient arts. And “O! my dearest dear Mrs. Beauchamp, how can you! No, I will *not* disturb you—let me put it down! No, I will *not* remain here any longer. O no! I was fearful of *disturbing* you, or I should have ventured to offer to do anything. O no! I will *not* remain here. I will walk a

little in the grounds of this vast do— A footstool? *Not* a footstool? O, how I *do* like to see you so! And now I am going away to take a *little* ramble in these vast do—” Mrs. Beauchamp crumpled up the newspaper impatiently, and the remainder of Miss Middlemay’s sentence is thus unhappily lost to posterity, but the quick-witted will perhaps guess the probable conclusion.

This is, however, a digression. Philippine’s unselfish thought had been to relieve her friend’s already heavy heart from any further care concerning the children. It was a kinder thought in the will than in the deed. Margaret just needed something to arouse her now. Had she known the little ones to be alone at Fern Hill with Elspet, she must have thought of them first, and she would have done so. It was only natural—or what in our unnatural state has come to be called so—that, having this responsibility taken off her hands, she should for a time suffer herself to succumb to the full weight of her desolating sorrow. Numbed in mind as in body, she sat during these weary days at Munich with bright tearless eyes and drawn wasted face, apparently unconscious of all that passed around her. Mrs. Armytage, her friend in need, more kind than judicious, left her to herself when she should have been spoken to and comforted, and spoke to her when she was not able to bear it. If she had followed the course she at first had taken, it would have been better for them both, leaving Margaret time to exhaust some of the sorrows too sacred not to be spent in secret, then rousing her from her stolid despair, picturing all that could excite her tears, encouraging her to face the subject, to speak of it, if possible, at last.

But it is easier to lay down plans of action than to bring them into play. Mrs. Armytage grew thin with anxiety over her worse-than-patient, and could devise no means of cure. If she had knelt by Margaret’s side and prayed aloud, prayed out the cares upon her mind, and spoken in prayer of the great anguish before her, this, I think, might have melted Margaret to more frequent tears.

The necessity for opening the desk, which lack of funds and letters from lawyers and creditors made before long imperative, was the first thing that broke down the iron sorrow and gave relief. Mrs. Armytage took a hint from this, and began to see that inaction was no longer to be prescribed for Margaret, seeing that to so heavy a heart it never could be *rest*.

So before six suns had set over Gaspar’s

grave Margaret was moving steadily away from Munich. The great "Bavaria" among the trees stood changeless and unmoved as the train with its changed burden passed beneath her—a stern impassive Fate, untouched by human sorrows and vicissitudes. God's will seemed hardly less stern to Mar-

garet. She will know better by-and-by, when she has come to herself again; she will see better by-and-by, when her eyes have been washed in a few more wholesome human tears; when God's daylight shall be visible again to sight dimmed for a little by His lightning.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

VII.

1 COR. XV. 44—49.

IN proof, or rather in illustration, of the statement that there is a natural body, Paul quotes a part of the seventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis, in which it is said, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." The pertinence or propriety of this quotation (which as we read the passage in our English Bibles is sufficiently obscure) would at once have become apparent had there been in our language any adjective derived from the word soul, corresponding to spiritual derived from the word spirit. There is such an adjective in the language in which Paul wrote this Epistle, and it is it which has been rendered into the word *natural* as the one nearest to the meaning of the original term that our translators could think of. It is the very use, however, of such an indefinite and ambiguous expression which completely hides from our view the link which binds together the saying of the forty-fourth verse with the quotation of the forty-fifth. That link at once springs out to view, if we either construct an adjective for ourselves out of soul—such as *soulish* or *soulical*—or keep, in either case, the noun, and use it for the time in an adjective sense, rendering the saying of the forty-fourth verse thus: There is a *soulish* body, and there is a *spiritual* body; or, There is a *soul-body* and a *spirit-body*; that is, there is a body—the present one—specially adapted to man as having that living soul, that spirit of life and intelligence which was breathed into him originally by his Creator; and there is to be another body—the future, the resurrection one, as specially adapted to man as a possessor of that higher life, that spirit of godliness, of holiness, breathed into him by the regenerating Spirit. Such use as Paul here makes of the two words soul and spirit, and of the adjectives respectively formed from them, can be understood aright only by remembering that in his day it

was the common opinion that man was made up of three different constituent elements,—body, soul, and spirit. Adopting that distinction, you find Paul offering up this petition for the Thessalonians: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole body, soul, and spirit be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus."

With us now soul and spirit are used quite indiscriminately. Ignoring the distinction that the ancients made, we employ both these terms as equally applicable to the highest, the spiritual part of our nature. It was different with the Apostle. He speaks of the soul as of something different from the spirit,—something lower in its nature, linked now to a body congruous and congenial to itself. He speaks of the spirit as of something injected into this soul, a higher nature superinduced upon it, sinking into it, destined finally to absorb or subsume it into its own better, purer, holier being. As that soul, then, with all those instincts, appetites, impulses, capacities, affections, desires, emotions, which fit it for the present scene of things, has got in this body of flesh and blood an organ or instrument admirably adapted to its uses and ends, so he affirms shall the renewed, regenerated spirit be yet supplied with an organ or instrument of its own, as fully and exquisitely—or, let us say, still more fully and exquisitely adapted—to its higher, future, eternal life. There is the *soul-body* now; there shall be that *spirit-body* hereafter. Our *soul-being*—or dropping that uncouth phrase, used only to let you as fully as possible into the meaning of the apostolic language—our natural being, he traces up to our first parent, derived from him by inheritance; our *spiritual* being he traces up to Jesus Christ, derived from Him in an altogether different way. The first man Adam was made a living soul, and such a living soul as he got from his Creator, and turned it into by transgression, he has transmitted

to all our race. The last Adam—the second great head or centre of our humanity—is a quickening Spirit. Having life in himself, a life consummated in death, he became through that very death the spring and source of life to us—the life-bringer, the life-winner, the life-impartor, the life-sustainer, the quickening spirit that touches the dead and inert mass of our earthly and ungodly humanity, and brings it under the law of that spirit of life in Him which frees it from the law of sin and of death. Planted in the likeness of his death, spiritually dead with Christ, in Him we live, with Him we rise to newness of life. We die with Him unto sin, we live with Him unto God; knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him; for in that He died He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth He liveth unto God. With that new life, to which as the quickening Spirit He now begets us, our Lord himself has taught us closely and inseparably to connect the future resurrection of the body. Three times in that wonderful discourse in which He thrice described himself as the Bread of life, the source and support of our true and eternal life, Jesus alluded to the resurrection as the complement or completion of that life. "This," said He, "is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." "This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Why this threefold repetition that He will raise up every true believer in Him again at the last day—why, but to assure us that it is the whole man that He hath undertaken to redeem? No part of him is to perish. The redemption of the body, its revivification, its reconstruction, the freeing it from all weakness and human corruptibility, the framing of it anew, the fitting of it to be meet ally and associate of the glorified spirit, the fashioning of it like unto the Lord's own glorious body, is part and parcel of that great work which, as the last Adam, the quickening Spirit of our race, He hath undertaken, and which He will perfectly and illustriously accomplish.

Still more closely and still more strikingly were the life and the resurrection linked together in the discourse our Lord had with Martha in the neighbourhood of that sepulchre in

which his friend Lazarus lay sleeping, before the working of the last and greatest of his miracles. Let us try to enter into the meaning and design of that discourse. The weeping sisters had sent off a message to Jesus. All that they had told their messenger to say to him was—"Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick." No more they thought was needed to bring Him instantly to Bethany. But their brother died, was already four days in the grave, and yet no appearance of their friend. At last, however, after that long and strange delay, his approach is announced. With that quick impetuosity that had before displayed itself in contrast with the deeper and less easily excited disposition of her sister, Martha goes forth to meet Him. The sight of Jesus fills her heart with conflicting emotions. In his pitying look she read the same affection he had ever shown, yet had He not kept away from them in their hour of greatest need. She dared not reproach, for her confidence in Him was not yet shaken. Yet she could not but feel what appeared to be a neglect. Above all such feelings the thought of her buried brother rose; the hope still lingers in her heart that the love and power of Jesus might find some way of restoring him. In the tumult of her regret and confidence and grief and hope she gives utterance to her feelings in the simple but expressive language, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died; but I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee."

The reply of Jesus to this pathetic appeal seems almost to have been framed for the specific purpose of checking the hopes that were rising in Martha's breast. "Thy brother," He calmly said, "shall rise again"—words which, though they did not preclude the possibility of a present restoration, more naturally directed her expectation forward to the general resurrection of the dead. Such at least was their effect, as is evident from Martha's answer. "I know," she said, "that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." An answer expressive indeed of her full belief in the general resurrection of the dead, yet indicating most unmistakably something like disappointment at what Christ had said. Our Lord's object, however, had now been gained; Martha's thoughts for the moment were drawn away from the present and fixed upon the future, the hope of an immediate, exchanged for that of a distant though certain re-union. That future life, that resurrection of the dead, Jesus wished to teach her to connect with himself in a way that she

never yet had done, and so seizing the favourable opportunity He had created, He said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." To that declaration the pointed question was annexed, "Believest thou this?" Had no truth been contained in what Christ had said beyond any to which Martha had already testified, no such question would have been put to her. Jesus did not need to ask her whether she believed in the resurrection generally. She had already made a full and unequivocal declaration of her faith therein. But his own personal peculiar connection with that event, the nature and fruit of that connection—in these Martha had not expressed her faith, in them she needed to be instructed, and it was these that Jesus desired to unfold to her, and through her to us and to all men, when He said, "I am the resurrection and the life." To that resurrection and that life of which I speak I stand in a much closer, more intimate relationship than that of their announcer, their confirmer, the presenter of the evidence in their favour in such a form as to obtain a secure and lasting hold for them upon human faith. "I am the life," in this sense that he who liveth and believeth, that is, who liveth by believing in me, shall never die, becomes partaker of a life continuous, uninterrupted, everlasting, a life which death cannot touch, over which death has no dominion, which the dissolution of the body affecteth but to raise, expand, exalt. "I am the resurrection" in this sense, that he that believeth in me, though he were dead, dead as to his body, though it were given up as a prey to corruption, yet even as to that body shall he live again, my resurrection securing his, the groundwork and the model of his; that quickening power which I exert within the soul of every true believer, not only quickening the inner spirit now to a new life of trust and love and holy service, but to be exerted also in the fashioning of that spiritual body, within which that new life is to realise its future growth, its undefined and everlasting expansion.

"Howbeit, that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural." That highest summit line of humanity is not to be attained at once; it would have violated the rule and order of the creation to have arranged it so. All through the past—that long, extended past, which we are but beginning now to survey—there has been progress. a slow but

steady march onward and upward. Look at those dim pages which the skill of the geologist is enabling us imperfectly to decipher. What do those pages tell? This much—amidst the obscurity that still rests upon those misty records, this much at least is clear, that there has been all along a progression; first, the formless, lifeless earth, then the green herb springing forth, then the lower types or forms of being, species after species rising still in the scale of being, till at last man appears, the highest, the noblest, the most perfect of them all. But is that slow and orderly progression, which all through those bygone ages of vast incalculable length has been going on, to stop with the existing state of things? Is that great onward, upward movement to halt there? Is that boundless future which lies before us to witness no carrying of it forward to other and yet higher issues? Apart from revelation, following alone the light that dimly flickers over the past, we might have believed that this race of men was, in its turn, to be deposited among the extinct species, to make room for another and still higher order of inhabitants.

But revelation here steps in to teach us (its teaching not out of harmony with the preceding history of the Creation as now laid bare to us) that the other and higher race for which this earth is to be prepared by its coming baptism of fire, is to be no other than the one which now inhabits it, raised, re-cast, made after another image, moulded after a higher form, its present history the first stage of its development—a stage slowly and painfully described—with much of mixture, much of mystery about it, much of that restlessness and impatience, those gropings and yearnings after something farther, higher, better, which betray an infancy at once of feebleness and power; thoughts, hopes, energies, hampered by the swaddling-clothes that now confine them, stretching out to something that is beyond, trying to grasp that unknown future as holding in it what shall fill and satisfy. An otherwise well-skilled naturalist, we are told, who had never seen a butterfly, from a bare examination of the mere structure of the caterpillar, the finding there the rudiments of another and higher organization, traces of an apparatus as yet unused, from watching its habits and instincts, would have been able to infer that it was not always to occupy that grovelling tenement within which it crawls along. Not surely without some like internal tokens of some great resurrection yet awaiting it. is that whole creation which groans and

travails in birth, waiting for the adoption, that is, the redemption of the body.

Those deep instinctive longings of our nature which point to a lighter, happier, holier future, Christianity authenticates and confirms. Our state here is one preliminary, preparatory. Now, we all wear the image of the first Adam. A body of flesh and blood, animal in its instincts and organization, corruptible in its nature, doomed to dissolution: a soul sinful, unjust, impure, open to a thousand wayward influences, and as open to suffering as to sin, is what we all derive, naturally, and as we may say necessarily, derive from him. The first man is of the earth, earthy; and as is the earthy, such are they also who are earthy. This worldliness of mind and heart, this clinging to the temporary, the transient, this labouring after the meat that perisheth, this greedy feeding upon the husks of time, shows how fully we all bear the image of the earthy. But "the second man is the Lord from heaven," not earthborn or earthy. He came from heaven, bearing heaven's own love and purity and holiness along with Him. Forasmuch, indeed, as the lost children He came to seek and save are partakers of flesh and blood, He likewise himself took part of the same; but He became partaker of our human nature that He might make us partakers of the divine. He bore the image of the earthy, took on Him our nature, that out of it He might construct a seal wherewith to stamp upon that nature an image of the divine. Earthy as we all are, earthy none of us need remain. We have but to turn in loving trust to Him, the Lord from heaven, who lived and died for us on earth, who lives and reigns for us in heaven, and the veil of earthliness that now hangs thick and heavy upon our heart, which now obscures our vision, shall be taken away, and beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, we shall be "changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord."

This change of the earthy into the heavenly is here only begun. It is but a dim faint image of the Saviour that is here impressed upon any human spirit. Two things prevent it being ever here otherwise than most imperfect: the nature of the materials upon which it has to be impressed, and the comparative weakness of that instrumentality by which the impression is to be made. It is not the destruction of one nature in us, nor the creation of another in its stead, that we look for through the redemption that is in

Christ Jesus our Lord; it is the renewal of our existing nature after his divine likeness, it is the re-formation of our character after that divine model. Now character is by its very nature a thing that will not, that cannot be forced. A man may undergo an immediate and entire change in his judicial state before his Maker, may have all his sins forgiven, be fully reconciled to God, but an immediate and entire change of character is never effected in a moment, it is a thing of growth. A great, what we may rightly call a radical, revolution in character may and must accompany that great crisis in his religious history when any one truly and heartily turneth to the Lord, and yields himself up in true devotion to his Saviour; but that revolution, while involving a change in the government, does not involve the rejection of all the old inhabitants of the soul nor the stripping them of all their ancient power. When we think then of how many and how strong those passions of our nature are—its pride, its selfishness, its vanity, its worldliness, upon which, as it were repressed and subdued, that image of the meek and the lowly one, the loving and the dutiful and the holy is to be inscribed, need we wonder that the image is so blurred and broken?

Besides, it is by the adoring, loving, sympathetic contemplation of all the divine excellences that dwell in Jesus that we imitate these excellences and are changed into his image. It is not by taking that portrait of the Redeemer hung up for us in the four Gospels and trying to copy it that we succeed. Moral and spiritual virtues are not things that you can copy thus. There is no artistic skill whatever that can gift you with the power of making them in that way your own. The only real and true imitation of Christ is that which springs, not from the attempt to imitate, but from love, from loving communion, from fellowship with Him acting insensibly by its own silent unconscious power moulding the loving into the likeness of the loved, moulding the companion into that of the friend with whom he lives. But such love to, such affectionate intercourse with Christ, depends to a large degree upon the clearness and fulness of our knowledge of Him, the power and the vividness of our faith. And these being so imperfect as they are with all of us, correspondingly imperfect must be the transcription of the Lord's image into our souls. But let us not despair. If, liable to all drawbacks, marred by all imperfections, that blessed work be indeed begun, if even upon the

rude, rough, turbulent materials which such hearts as ours present, that holy image of Jesus has begun to be formed, then let us be assured that as fully and as perfectly as we ever bore the image of the earthy, the image of the heavenly shall yet be borne by us; for though we know not what we shall be hereafter, we do know this, that when He shall appear we shall then be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is, body, soul, and spirit, all then transformed, transfigured: this very dull opaque corporeal frame wrought

into the same image, radiant with the same glory, the whole man raised up to meet the Lord at his coming, and by that seeing of Him as He is, to be translated into his likeness. Our very flesh then may rest in hope, for if we believe Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him at his coming. And if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in us, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in us.

WILLIAM HANNA.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in My Business Life.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

VL.—A SIN OF OMISSION. (*Concluded from p. 512.*)

THE two hurried off together, and I followed breathlessly. We were soon out of the quietude of Corded Friars, soon into the glare and hubbub of a rough, busy thoroughfare. On and on we went, threading our way among jabbering Jews, blustering butchers, and "larking" costermongers. Neither of my companions turned to speak to me once during our walk. I do not think they even exchanged a word with each other.

We reached Rolt Court itself—a very ordinary court, though cleaner and quieter than most of its surroundings. A few women were whispering at their doors with marked mysterious whispers. One or two dropped curtsies, and others nodded, as they saw Miss Sheldon. They only stared at Mr. Ravel and me. They did not know he was their landlord.

Fanny Sheldon and Mr. Ravel entered one of the houses, leaving me outside. But Miss Sheldon returned in less than two minutes, and we walked up and down together.

"This man killed his wife when he was in a drunken fury," she explained, half absently. "He had not before been a reckless drunkard, but a man who habitually took too much, and this happened the very first time that he went a little farther. Poor fellow! He has a conscience, and he loved the dead woman. He must either learn how to endure his remorse patiently, or this conscience must be seared, and he turned into a very fiend. That is his voice," and she looked towards an open upper window. "Hark to his groans! Well, Mr. Ravel will help him,

if anybody can;" and then she turned again, and walked up and down, and was silent.

Why was there sure to be a secret sympathy between this murderer and that kindly cultivated merchant?

We must have waited fully an hour before that upper window was pushed a little higher, and Mr. Ravel looking out, said quietly,

"You two may come in now."

We could not see his face as he spoke in the twilight, but by the time we had got upstairs, he had lit a candle. The man Bentham was seated by the fire-place, with his face held very low, but his little child was in his arms, and his left hand was stroking its flossy head, while heavy tears kept falling in its lap.

"Let us all pray together," said Mr. Ravel.

And we knelt down—Bentham with his motherless baby beside him—and Hubert Ravel prayed.

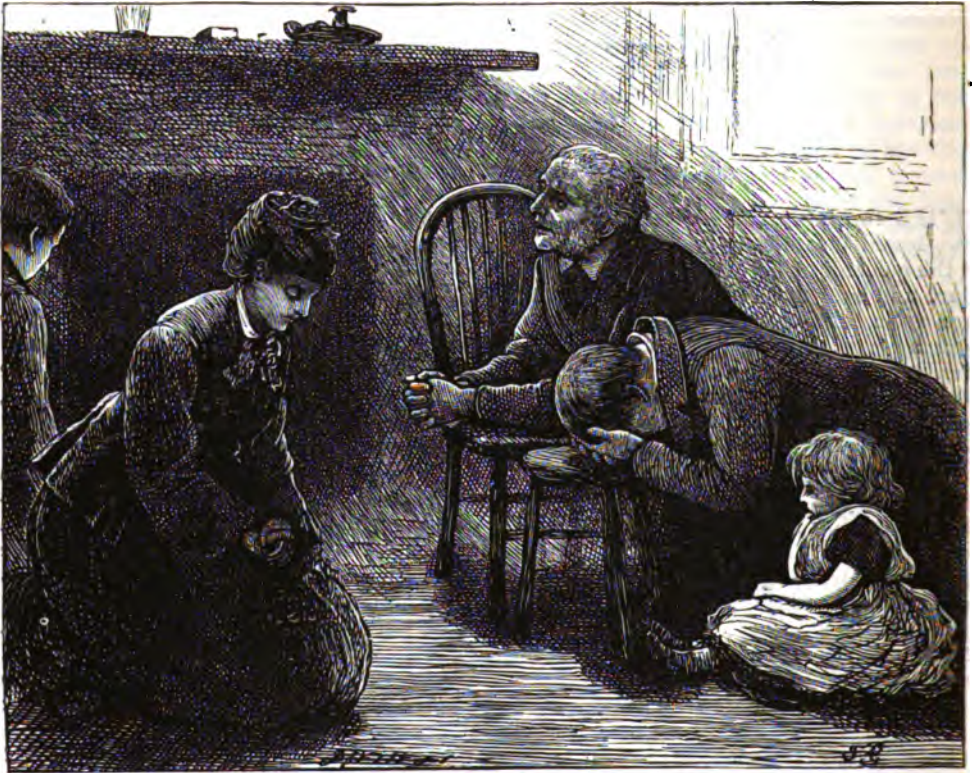
"O God! Thou hast pity. O God! help us not to shrink from any pain that drives us near Thee, and keeps us there. O God! help us to be thankful for anything that teaches us what we are, and makes us sick of ourselves. O God! Thou comfortest us. Thou helpest us to rear Ebenezers on the places where we stumbled. We can help others up where we fell ourselves. O God! surely we can never again live to serve that self which Thou hast shown to us in all its loathly horror. O Lord! teach us how to live humbly, and usefully, and well, even with remorse living in our hearts. There is more in life than happiness. Help us to find that, and to follow that, till it shall bring us back to

happiness again. Help us to find those whom we can help, even if only by showing the scars of our own wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, and telling what a wonderful Physician Thou art, and what balm there is in the blood of Jesus. O Lord! O Lord! help us in this our sorest strait and agony, that we cannot even try to undo what we have done, and cannot even pray for those against whom we have sinned! O God! O God! Thou knowest this, for Thou knowest all things. Help us, help us, have mercy on us! Amen."

"God in heaven bless you, sir," said Bentham, as with averted face, he held the candle to light us down the rickety stair. "It's one thing to be told there is a way out of a dark place, and it's another to be shown it, bit by bit, by somebody that's got through it. God in heaven bless you."

And Hubert Ravel walked out into the noisy street,—with other light than the gas-light shining strong on his pale clear face. This time he led the way alone, Fanny Sheldon and I followed silently.

Mrs. Chance had not come home when we



returned. We went straight to the little dull sitting-room at the back. A fire had been lit, for the evening was chilly. Mr. Ravel drew three chairs round it, and we all sat down.

He sat in the middle, right under that portrait, with its dark eyes and sensitive mouth. He looked up at it, sadly and firmly. Looked for a long time. Then said, quietly, "I killed him!"

There was such a might of pain and patience in his eyes, that I could not shudder, even before I thought of any explanation for the words.

"No, no!" cried Fanny Sheldon.

"I did," he said. "I killed him by the cruellest death of all—death by his own hand."

(I thought of that sculptured angel keeping vigil on the stairs.)

"I was an only son," he said, "and I had my tastes, and they were humoured and cultivated. I came into my wealth and independence while I was but a young man. I was proud to feel that I differed from the honest merchants about me, who aimed at villas, and carriages, and diamonds. I fan-

cied myself high above them. I believed I had the right ideal of life. I wanted to accomplish, not the most, but the best that wealth can do. I went among people who could help me to my aim. I learned all that schools could teach me about Beauty and Harmony. All good lessons, only with a deeper meaning that only God can teach. Then, as my ideas formed themselves, I began to be fascinated with what I read of stately houses, built, as it were, 'of noble thought, for noble uses;' of rich, refined men, such as I thought might have saved Chatterton and Otway and Savage. It was but to plan and to begin to execute. Nobody but those who have tried them know what enchanted palaces such dreams are. I lived in them. They shut me in. What matter that my prison was beautiful, it was still a prison from God's pure air and sunlight. These dreams rose, like blinding incense, between me and God's plain commandments.

"I remember you well in those days, Miss Sheldon. I used to see you again and again when you brought your drawings to the counting-house. I remember I noticed once that the colours of your bonnet-ribbon and gown were not in unison. God forgive me for a paltry, miserable sinner!

"There were plenty of people to encourage and flatter me in these schemes of mine. I went here and there. I visited this studio, and that author. I was proud to receive distinguished guests in return, and to display the beauty I had already gathered and to indicate what more I intended.

"Well do I remember the day when my clerk came to me and asked would I look over Miss Sheldon's last set of drawings, and send her her usual remittance. It was overdue two or three days already, he added, and she had written a little note yesterday asking about it. But I was in a hurry. I wanted to reach Kensington before twilight to look at some pictures I was likely to purchase. To own the truth, my current banking account was also rather low, for I had just paid for that "St. George and the Dragon" in the hall. So I answered hastily that Miss Sheldon must wait for a day or two—it could make no difference to her. (I thought everybody's life was as selfish as my own.) Also I remember that the clerk brought me some letters that were to go by the Australian mail, which started that evening. O God, O God! forgive me!

"I remember all about that evening. I concluded my negotiation for those pictures

—they hang in the drawing-room now. And I was introduced to one of the wise men of the age" (and Mr. Ravel named him)—"one whose name will live about as long as any man's now on the earth. And he was kindly interested in the rich young merchant, who had thoughts beyond his counting-house, and even strove to realise his dreams of beauty. He spoke much to me, and said many things that were true and grand and inspiring—the tithe of mint and anise and cummin which should crown the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith.

"I came home, and life went on as usual. I believe I sent your remittance in two or three days' time, Miss Sheldon; and I remember that I was dissatisfied with your next designs, and told you that you must take care and do better. And I remember that I took great credit to myself for my patience when your next designs, and your next, were still below your usual merit.

"You came in and out as usual, I remember, Fanny." (I think he thought of her always by her Christian name, and, for once, involuntarily said it.) I don't remember that you looked sad. You were thinner, and had an overworked expression. I recall that because it struck me as a proof of the art-precept that while good work is a joy to do, that of inferior quality is a burden and a weariness. I know you were not in mourning."

"Yes, I was," said Fanny Sheldon quietly. "I took the red bow from my bonnet, and put in a black one. It was all I could do."

She leaned back in her chair throughout Mr. Ravel's narration, and her eyes were closed. No tears trickled below their lids. Only her lips quivered a little, and she breathed hard once or twice. As she sat so, she looked younger.

"Not many months after that, a book of poems was published, written by one William Chance. It was not a book to make a noise in the world, but it was just the book to be deeply interesting to any thoughtful people, and particularly to that high audience of successful men who keep in the secret silence of their own past some such struggle and agony as William Chance's. It was such a man who put the book into my hands.

It fascinated me. The poems themselves would have done that, simple and sketchy as they were—perhaps the more because they were so, for ideas come from God, and are genius, and elaboration is man's, and is merely art. But the strongest spell lay in the portrait of the poet, and in the brief, stern story of his life.

"He had been an only child, the orphan of a poor Government clerk. His mother had kept little schools in the suburbs of London, and in them he had got all the education he had, except that he once went for two years, as 'exchange pupil,' to an 'Academy.' He had been a quiet dreamy lad, naturally left much alone, but with so much true sense of beauty that he could find it in a single tree or a picturesque cottage.

"Throughout the little memoir the few incidents of the poet's life were kept in loving connection with his poems. For he had sung because he had felt, and even his occasionally exaggerated expression was but a true picture of youth's strong agonies as the heart writes them down before its ink has been diluted by many tears!

"Suddenly there came a point where a new strength rushed into the verse. The boy was a man. There was a woman whom he loved.

"His poetry said little of her. The memoir said nothing—except that she was. But she was in every line.

"There was no word printed from any love-letter. It was all kept between those two and God.

"But they were all so poor! And this was where William Chance showed that there was greatness before him. He did not expect to live as a genius—he did not want to. Laureateships or jesterships in the court or the world did not seem to him the highest things. He meant to be a man among men.

"He went abroad. Twenty years ago emigration was more reckless than it is now. Its prizes were higher, and its blanks more. William Chance drew a blank.

"He found himself deceived. There was no work such as he had been led to hope. But he made the best of it, told fair stories in his letters home, and set himself to clear and drain the wilderness. His soul did not fail then. His body did. He broke an arm, and fell into the marsh fever.

"He told but little when he wrote home. But there was one, the fire of whose love brought out the invisible facts of his calamity. A true woman, who knew that womanhood is never so sheltered and upheld, as when it is itself a shelter and a support. She sent him help—earned by her own hands. He could take it from her, just as he could take her love.

"But it failed at last. From no fault of hers. The memoir simply said (how I remember the words!) 'From one of those disappointments which are common enough, and only become cruel in their consequences,

she was unable to send him the remittance she promised. In her hope of doing so, she kept back her letter till the last moment, and through some difference of clocks or an over-punctuality of the post-office, she afterwards found it had been too late for that mail.'

"So he was left penniless and comfortless. He was living how he could in a shanty on the border of the bush. Nobody took much notice of him, but one of the woodmen recollected afterwards that he was very 'down' when the mail came in, and said he 'was sure the letter he expected wouldn't have missed unless the writer was dead.' Winter was coming on and the weather was damp and dark, but 'he walked about in the forest a good bit.' He talked a deal of nonsense at times. The fever had touched his head, and he'd never gained strength to get over it. They noticed he did not come in one night, and next morning they found he had hanged himself on a tree.

"That was the history of William Chance. He was buried among the emigrants, and the little memoir only added that his poems were published in the hope of securing some trifle for his mother.

"I was really touched. But I believe I was growing heartless in my aesthetics, and that it was with a vain consciousness of my rôle of beneficent patron that I wrote to the publisher of the poems, inquiring where I could find Mrs. Chance, to whom I hoped to be of some assistance.

"I got a very procept answer. They had an appointment next day with the lady who was managing everything for the widow, and who was, in fact, the betrothed of the dead poet. If I would call at their counting-house at a certain hour, I would meet her, and she would give me more information than they could.

"I went, and was received by one of the firm, who entered warmly into the subject. He told me that all the tragedy had been caused by the thoughtless procrastination of the employer of the poor girl whom I was to see. We were both very severe upon him, and I said he should feel himself a murderer. Then he went away, and I was left by myself for about half an hour, when somebody suddenly opened the door, saying—

"This is the lady, sir, Miss Fanny Sheldon.'

"Nobody said, 'Thou art the man,' but I heard the words, and I fell at her feet as one dead.

"We have never said one word about it

from that day till this, have we, Fanny? I was carried out, and carried home. She went with me, naturally enough, as the only woman who was at hand, and also because she owned to a former acquaintance with me.

"She left me when I was in my own home, but she came again that evening, and finding I was better (like the angel that you are, Fanny!) she led me as near back to my agony as she ever let me go. 'She had heard I wanted to help Mrs. Chance,' she said, 'and indeed she wanted help very much. What did I propose to do?'

"Let her come and make this her home,' I groaned.

"And Fanny brought her and bade her 'keep the house.' And she has been here ever since. 'I must tell her everything,' I said, 'or I cannot bear it.' 'No, you mustn't,' said Fanny; 'you must take the course that will make her life here happiest, not that which will most relieve yourself.'

"Fanny Sheldon has been my truest, kindest friend ever since, Mr. Garrett. My house stands just as it was that morning. I have learned that one's own duty underlies all other duties, and beauties too. Only Fanny has saved me from utter waste. Her sorrows have opened her life, just as my sin has closed mine. But I can help her to serve others that I couldn't serve. And I thank her for what she has shown me to-night—that

we may use our own blackest experience as a rope to keep some other sinner safe in the sympathy and succour of a common humanity."

"That is Mrs. Chance's knock, I know," cried Fanny Sheldon, starting up. "She'll wonder why I'm here, but it's easy enough to tell her the truth, that I came to speak about poor Bestham. Will you move your chair a little, Mr. Ravel, that I may get the wine and biscuits out of that cupboard?"

And so the blessed common light of daily life streamed back upon us, like grey dawn after a night of volcanic eruption. Thank God for common daylight!

And as I walked home, I thought to myself, that the least duty left undone, may become the biggest sin.

And I thought of the old law, and how tender it was, in its simple justice—

"Say not unto thy neighbour, Go and come again, and to-morrow I will give: when thou hast it by thee.

"At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it: for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it; lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee."

And it struck me that, could we but trace the course of our life through this world of intricate circumstances, many more of us, myself perhaps, would also have to pay Hubert Ravel's dreadful "premium to experience."

THE NATIONAL SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH OF FRANCE IN 1872.

By MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT.

ON the 30th of last November the *Journal Officiel* published a decree commencing thus:—"The President of the French Republic, on the report of the Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship, considering the law of the 18th Germinal of the year X., considering the decrees of the 26th March and of the 10th November, 1852, ordains—1st. The one hundred and three consistories of the Reformed Churches of France and Algeria shall be divided into twenty-one synodal districts. 2nd. Each consistory shall have a pastor and a layman as its representatives at the Synod of its district. 3rd. The representatives shall meet from the 1st to the 14th of March in all the principal consistorial places of their synodal districts to elect delegates to a general Synod, which will afterwards be convoked at Paris." Then

follow details as to the convocation of provincial Synods empowered to send deputies to the National Synod, the enumeration of the consistories designated to form these Synods, and the number of clerical and lay delegates. Nothing can be simpler and more practical. It would seem as if, in this case, the President of the Republic had but signed an ordinary decree, one corresponding to those which kings or emperors had signed before him.

Nevertheless, how full of matter is this simple decree! How many memories and hopes does it evoke! A few words will serve to recall to the Churches of the English tongue the glorious and doleful history of the Reformed Church of France.

Few Churches, perhaps no single Church since the Mother Church of the first centu-

ries, have struggled or suffered like the Reformed Church of France. Born of the Word of God beneath the Cross, she has so lived for ages, ever holding aloft the banner of her Saviour, which she has never allowed to droop during the bitterest persecution. She has walked in Gospel light amidst darkness and suffering.

Nothing proves more clearly the long fidelity of the Reformed Church of France than the history of her National Synods. They have been often confounded with the political gatherings of reformers; this is a grave error. The consistories formed a body for discussion, the latter formed the provincial Synods, the provincial Synods sent deputies to the National Synod; but none of these assemblies had a political character; in them the doctrine and discipline of the Church, theology, and internal administration were discussed; the Synods, however, persistently declined to meddle with politics. Political concerns they left to the care of the assemblies which met together, in accordance with the legislation of the Edict of Nantes, from 1596 till the peace of La Rochelle in 1630; it was then only that, on the morrow of the great defeat, the Synods consented to nominate general representatives charged to act for them in presence of the sovereign. They did not long discharge this duty; the Regent, Anne of Austria, took the place of one of the deputies, the Marquis of Clermont, who had resigned his functions. In vain did the National Synod of Charenton claim the right of the reformers to appoint their representatives; the Edict of Nantes existed now in name only; the political franchise and guarantees had vanished; religious pressure was increasing; the Synods alone survived. With great difficulty the deputies obtained permission to assemble. Since 1623 they had been obliged to suffer the presence of a royal commissioner, charged to open the session and to attend the meetings; yet the Church assembly still survived; it maintained its privilege of naming, when adjourning, the province which should convocate the succeeding Synod. The reformers did not accept as lawful that which they underwent in fact, the royal favour shown to the adherents of the *alleged* reformed religion to the extent of allowing meetings to deliberate respecting the internal government of the Church. The Reformed Church of France possessed, in fact, a charter from her most illustrious son, from him who, despite his defection, she had loved and respected; the Edict of Nantes still remained in force, the

Church professedly exercised self-government as she did before her declaration, and as she endeavoured to do afterwards. From 1559 to 1596 fourteen National Synods had preceded the beneficent edict of Henry IV.; eight Synods of the Wilderness were to succeed the iniquitous edict of Louis XIV. The Church could no more surrender her internal administration than she could surrender her very existence.

Fifteen National Synods held in accordance with the legislation of the Edict of Nantes, from 1596 to 1660, raise the total of the great assemblies of the Reformed religion in France to twenty-nine. Not all of these, however, were convoked during the troublous times, amidst civil strife, religious wars, secret or open persecution. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes brought the series to an end; the enforced exile of the pastors was followed by the voluntary exile of their flocks; provinces were depopulated, cities and towns lost the half of their inhabitants; commerce languished; chateaux were closed or became the heritage of sucklings; trades were silent; the National Synods disappeared amid the disorder; there were no more pastors nor were there any layman of position and known to the churches; fugitives hid themselves in the mountains, the timid renounced or dissembled their faith; enthusiasts, who were excited by suffering, indulged in prophetic visions, and undertook that last effort of the expiring Reform, the hopeless resistance of the Camisards; finally came night and silence. This lasted thirty years.

When Antoine Court appeared, it was supposed that heresy was thoroughly dead in France. He is perhaps the least known of the servants of God in the churches of the French tongue. Calvin was their great originator; Antoine Court was their restorer. The Church still survived in France, but she was on the point of death. Court restored to her regularly ordained pastors who silenced the prophets of both sexes; sheltered from, and in defiance of persecutors, in the wilderness and in the mountains, he re-established ecclesiastical discipline and religious services. At Lausanne he founded a school of theology designed to train up pastors for France, that is, those who, as Court said, had the call to be martyrs; then, after having during nine years called together provincial synods in several parts of the south of France, he restored to the Church her regular form of government by convoking, in the month of May, 1726, a National Synod in a valley of Nivernais. The deputies were few in number,

and they took part in this secret meeting at the peril of their lives. However, the *Protestants* of France, as it was then beginning to be the rule to designate them, have piously conserved for this small assembly the name of National Synod, which Court himself had given to it. The great chief of the Church assuredly presided over this gathering of the faithful who all bore their cross while waiting till some among them should reap the palm of martyrdom. Seven similar assemblies, more and more numerous, more and more zealous, were thus held in the wilderness. In 1763 the last National Synod was convoked in Lower Languedoc, under the presidency of Paul Rabaut, who was the apostle of the Churches, while under the cross, as Antoine Court had been their restorer. From that time the Reformed Church waited.

Twenty-nine National Synods from 1559 to 1660, eight Synods of the Wilderness from 1726 to 1763; such has been the history in France of the Reformed Church unto this day. The National Assembly of the Protestants of France, summoned at Paris in 1848, in obedience to a spontaneous manifestation of feeling by the faithful, did not take the name of Synod; in so doing it acted rightly. The assembly itself was no Synod; its members had been chosen by universal suffrage, without the intervention of Provincial Synods. The very discussions were fundamentally different in their nature from those of preceding assemblies. The former Synods—from that of 1559, which drew it up—had all affirmed the same profession of faith. In 1848 the faith was no longer uniform in the Church; the spirit of the age had penetrated among the Protestants smitten by so many tempests. They would not settle the doctrine nor even the administration of the Church; they bound themselves to prove the existence and the unquenchable vitality of the Reformation in France. The Protestant National Assembly of 1848 was a protest of the entire Church against the interruption of its fundamental institutions. It was no Synod; it demanded a Synod. Till yesterday the Church of France waited for one, and vainly demanded it.

Yet how many efforts have been made, and how pressing the necessity! The position of the Reformed Church of France was changed by the act of the year X., which restored liberty to her, and accorded to her religious equality. Napoleon I. re-established the interior organization of the Reformed Church at the same time that he signed the Concordat with the

Catholic Church. In spite of his dictatorial spirit, he understood that if the State cannot subsist without religion, religion cannot subsist without unfettered and independent action. "The empire of the law ends where the undefined empire of conscience begins: neither the law nor the ruler can do aught against that liberty," was what he said to the Protestant delegates. Unfortunately, the Protestant Church was then badly informed as to her history; she was more delighted with what was rendered to her than ambitious to reconstruct the entire ecclesiastical edifice. She recovered her worship, her consistories, even her provincial Synods; her pastors and professors were again salaried by the State, as when the Edict of Nantes was in force. She did not press her demands to the uttermost, and her National Synods remained as a germ in these words of M. Portalis, which appear in his report to the Legislative Assembly, relating to the organic acts of the year X: "If it pertained to the laws," he said, "to admit or reject the divers forms of worship, these divers forms of worship possess an independent being, which they do not derive from the laws, and of which the origin does not have its source in human determinations. Religion in its essence, having an asylum in the conscience, is not within the law's domain. It is a matter of belief, not of will. When a religion is admitted, the principles and rules in accordance with which it is governed are admitted by consequential reasoning."

The Reformed Church of France has been always governed by Synods, and she demands them from the central power to which she is united by the act of the year X. Especially for twenty years back, the need of this has become more urgent than ever. The Church, being filled with more life, has become more divided. Alongside of a clearer profession of the traditional reformed faith, of that faith in Jesus Christ crucified, very God and very Man, in whose name all the martyrs have yielded up their lives, have been manifested doubts and hesitations, which have speedily passed into negations. Numerous questions of doctrine, questions of discipline of the highest importance have arisen, and arise daily; a supreme authority to determine them is wanting. The Central Council—organized by the decree of 1852—suffices for the relations of the Church with the State; it exercises no influence over the Church herself. The sole competent authority is a National Synod:—"Our Church has never abandoned this institution," was

said by the Paris Consistory, in the course of its deliberation on the 24th July, 1863; "she has never ceased to demand its re-establishment, and she has notably done this with unanimity by the organ of her representatives on each occasion that they have met together in a deliberative assembly."

What the Protestant National Assembly of 1848 demanded, sixty-three consistories have demanded also with unremitting persistence from the Governments which have succeeded each other in France. On the morrow of a cruel war, while rent by patriotic griefs during eight months, the Reformed Church of France sees her efforts crowned at last. M. Thiers, President of the Republic, has signed the decree convoking the National Synod.

Two hundred and twelve years after the last Synod legally held at London, from the 10th of November, 1659, to the 10th of January, 1660, an hundred and nine years after the last Synod of the Wilderness in 1763, the deputies of the French Protestants are about to assemble again in a solemn Synod. Internal and regular authority is restored to the Church, her constitution is at length complete. Let thanks be rendered to her Divine Head. It now belongs to the men who shall be called to sit in this important assembly to decide, under the eye of the Lord, the future destinies of the Church. The moment is a decisive one. May God impart to them the fidelity, the courage, and the wisdom of their forefathers!

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

TRUTH can never be at variance with truth—science never at variance with religion; we speak, of course, of both in their purity: they meet, and strengthen man's most glorious thought—*Immortality*. And yet you say, "I was more peaceful, more secure, when as a child I shut my eyes upon my mother's breast and slept, without a care, simply enfolding myself in faith. This prescience, this mixing up of reason in everything, one link joined to another from eternity to eternity, snatches a support from me,—my confidence in prayer, my wings to God. If they fail, I fall powerless in the dust, without comfort, without hope. I bow before the great and glorious light of knowledge, but it seems to me that therein is human pride, the wish to be as wise as God. 'That you shall be!' said the serpent to man when he would persuade him to eat of the tree of knowledge. Through my intellect, I must admit the truth of what astronomy teaches and proves; I see the eternal intellect of God in the building of the whole world—in the small and in the great—where it is joined, and fitted together into a never-ending harmonious whole—and I tremble in my deepest need and sorrow; for what can my prayer effect, where all is sternest law?"

You tremble when you see the Almighty revealing Himself in love—that Being with whom it is said mind and heart are one; you tremble when you know that *He* has chosen you to immortality. And I know this by religion—by the holy, everlasting word: science is laid as a stone upon my grave, but religion is that which rolls it away.

Yet it is not wholly so. The tiniest flower preaches from its green stalk in the name of science, also furnishing proof of immortality; and with such assurances from faith and science, the immortal will not tremble in his deepest need, nor the wings of prayer fail; you will believe in the eternal law of love as you believe in the eternal law of science.

When a child picks flowers in the field, and brings us the whole handful, one up and one down, all thrown together, then in each individual one we see more clearly the beauty, the harmony in colour and form that is so good to our sight. We arrange them, and altogether they blend in a beautiful whole, so that we do not look at one, but at the whole bouquet. This perception of the harmony of beauty is an instinct in us, lying in our eyes and in our ears—these bridges between our souls and the created things around us. Through all our senses there is a striving after the harmonious as shown in all created things, even in the beating of the waves of the air made manifest in sound.

In the Bible we read the words, "God in spirit and in truth," and from this we can best understand the meaning of that which we call a sense of the beautiful. What else can it be than "spirit and truth," this manifestation of God? Even as our own souls shine out of the eye and in the fine play about the mouth, so surely the image of God shines forth in the creation. There is this harmony of beauty from the smallest leaf and flower to the large full bouquet—from our earth itself to the numberless halls in the rooms of the sky; as far as the eye can see,

as far as science can reach, all—both great and small—tells of beauty in harmony.

But if we look at man, of whom we have the highest, most holy word, "Created in the image of God," then the harmony appears to be broken. When we are born we are all alike! As creatures we stand equal in being, able to claim nothing as our right. And how differently God deals to us our talents! Some are so enormously great, others so small. At birth God places us in home and position, and to how many of us is there not allotted the hardest battle? *There* we are placed, to *that* we are ushered in; and many *may* with apparent justice say: "It were better for me that I had never been born!"

But if this were all, human life, even the highest on earth, would not come under the law of the beauty of harmony. That is incredible, it is an injustice, it can never be.

This disharmony of life arises from the fact that we see only a small part of our being, namely, that here upon the earth; there must be a continued life, an immortality.

If our being ended in death here, God's most perfect work would be imperfect, God not righteousness and love, as everything in nature and revelation testifies; and, if one points to the human race here as that wherein the harmony is most to be manifested, then all our endeavours sink down to the industry of the coral insect; humanity becomes only a monument of greatness to the Creator: He shows then only his *glory*, but not His highest *love*. All-love is not self-love; and we must inherit immortality.

In this rich assurance we are raised towards God, confident that what happens to us happens for our good. Our earthly eye has but a limited vision, our spiritual glance reaches also only to a certain boundary; but on the other side of *that*, the same law of all-love must also rule. That God knoweth the eternal future cannot make us uneasy; we ourselves are able to form an idea of it: we

know perfectly what changes must take place in the course of years; we know the time for the flowers and the fruits, what kinds will grow and thrive, the time of ripening, when the storms will prevail, and when it is the certain rainy season. God must, and in an immensely higher degree, have the same knowledge about his created things—about the worlds of the universe—our earth and the human race. He must know—and a thousand years are to Him as a single day to us—therefore must the development, the fruit-bearing of humanity take place; therefore will the passions rule, and under these, characters develop, persons being as powerful fly-wheels in the great machinery. History shows us all this, link fast in link, in the spiritual world as in the material: the eye of wisdom, the Father's eye, encompasses the whole! And shall we then be unable, in our hearts' need, to pray with consolation to this Father, as the Saviour prayed: "Take this cup from me, yet not my will, but Thine be done!" We do not forget these last words: if it is for our good, our prayer will be granted; and if not granted, then let us be as the child that in his sorrow comes to his earthly father, and, not getting his wish granted, is yet refreshed by *mild words and kind reasoning*, so that the sorrow is softened by tears, and the child's trouble lightened. *That* will also be procured for us by prayer. The eye will find tears, the heart consolation; and who has trodden so far in the paths of the soul that he dare deny that our prayers are as wings that bear us to the sphere from whence God will reach us the olive-branch of his help and grace?

Thus, by walking with open eyes in the path of science, we see the glory of revelation. Human wisdom is only a span in the column of revelation that beareth God; but this short span will increase throughout eternity, through faith and with faith. Science is as a *chemical proof* that says the gold is pure.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IN BABYLON.

IN Babylon went forth the King's decree,

That none in prayer on God's great Name might call;—

When, all undreamt, the pleasant melody
Of praise was also stopt! Then one and all
In Babel, missing the accustomed strain,
Besought their captives for their songs again.

"Alas!" the Hebrews said, "In this strange land

The Lord's sweet music may no more be sung
By our sad voices; for your King's command,
Hushing our prayer, hath all our harps un-
strung;

And now we can but weep: in voiceless woe
We sit alone and holy song forego.

"Prayer must with all our music interfuse
 Its breath divine ; our songs can never rise
 From lips that may not pray, or they would lose
 Their own peculiar beauty: saddest sighs
 Instead of song, must fill our tongues to-day ;
 We have no heart to sing who may not pray.

"But let again be heard the voice of prayer
 Within your gates,—through every stately street
 Let King, Priest, Soldier, People, all forbear
 The ribald jest, and Heaven's high praises greet
 With awe profound,—then shall our holy song
 Be heard once more your wondering crowds among.



"The noblest song that ever yet was sung
 Within old Babel's walls would then resound ;—
 We, from the willows where they long have
 hung,

Our harps would bring, and wake their glorious sound:
 For those who pray may praise ; to them belong,
 In every place and time, the Lord's sweet song."

M.

"CAN ANY GOOD THING COME OUT OF NAZARETH?"

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

THE best thing that the world ever saw came "out of Nazareth." Yet it was quite natural that Nathanael should ask this question.

It is not merely that he was instructed to believe, in common with the rest of the Jews, that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem. This difficulty was raised afterwards. When others said of Jesus, "This is the Christ," the objection was immediately and very naturally made, "Shall Christ come out of Galilee? Hath not the Scripture said, that Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?"* It is probable, however, that no thought so definite as this suggested the question of Nathanael. It is very doubtful if, as yet, he apprehended the full meaning of what Philip had said to him. He was hardly at this time so near the heart of the great subject which the words expressed. His thoughts were probably as yet altogether on the surface. Moreover, the form of his question does not harmonize with such definite ideas concerning the Messiah and His birth-place. On this view we should expect to hear him saying, "Is not Christ born in Bethlehem?" whereas he merely expresses a doubt whether "any good thing" could come from *Nazareth*.

There is little doubt that he was quoting a local proverb. We cannot, indeed, absolutely assert that this was the case; but the more closely the passage is considered, the more probable does this opinion appear. On this view, he was under that power of a local prejudice to which we all are liable; and he instinctively and impulsively rejected a thought which ran counter to a maxim he had been accustomed to use. Among proverbs those that contain a local reference have often the strongest hold upon us. Such proverbial sayings, too, are often very sarcastic and severe. It would be easy to give examples.† All who are fond of local antiquities could supply instances from their own neighbourhood. Such illustration, however, would hardly be consistent with the gravity of our subject. It is more to our purpose here to allude to one such proverb, which is found in the New Testament itself.

St. Paul, in writing to Titus, and in nerv- ing him to deal boldly and firmly with the

intractable elements he has to encounter in Crete, quotes a current saying, attributed to "one of themselves, a prophet of their own," concerning the character of the inhabitants. "*The Cretans are alway liars, evil beasts, slow bellies.*"* The saying obtained, no doubt, the greater currency through being thrown, in the original Greek, into the form of a hexameter line, just as in our day rhyme and alliteration help a proverb to run: and certainly nothing could be more severe and sarcastic than such a sentence.* Still the Apostle adds that "its witness is true." And there is abundant proof in other writers to confirm this assertion, that the Cretans were boastful, false, treacherous, savage, lazy, and sensual. Besides evidence of a different kind, there are other *proverbs* which stamp the character of these people. That this one should have found a place in Holy Scripture is very curious and very instructive. It could not be passed over in a series of papers on "the Proverbs of the New Testament;" and this seems the right place to take notice of it, as it is a marked illustration of the common tendency to embody in current maxims our dislike of certain places in connection with the real or supposed character of their people.

Very often such a proverb is a shell, of which a *mere prejudice* is the kernel; and it may be added that this habit of creating and quoting, whether justly or unjustly, such local adages, is peculiarly prevalent in *rural* neighbourhoods. Those who are intimate with country life in its smaller features, and who are accustomed to talk familiarly with country people, can easily give instances from their own experience. Now, a large part of the Gospel History is, so to speak, on the village scale. It was evidently part of God's plan to make known His great work of Mercy gradually in connection with this modest and homely framework. Shepherds in the fields, fishermen on the lake, simple-minded people in small country places, are the persons whom we chiefly associate with the earliest life of Christ on earth. All this must be carefully borne in mind, while we are reflecting on this short dialogue between Philip and Nathanael.

As to the reasons why Nazareth was held to be so contemptible, we are now in the dark. But probably this bad reputation of the people of the place rested more or less

* John vii. 42, 43.

† An example which attracts attention from an alliterative resemblance to the case before us is given in Dukes's *Rabinische Blumenlese* (p. 217), "If a Nazarethite has kissed thee, count thy teeth." Nazareth seems to have been a village near Bagdad, notorious for the villainy of its inhabitants.

* Tit. i. 12, 13.

upon fact. "By the figure which they make in the Evangelists," as Doddridge says, "they seem to have deserved it." Very early in our Lord's ministry we are told that on His coming to Nazareth, "where He had been brought up," and on His teaching in the synagogue, after a momentary "wonder at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth" there arose a rude and insulting indignation at the doctrine which He taught, and "all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong."* If this incident is to be taken as a proof of a rough, unsociable, and savage bigotry on the part of the people of Nazareth, we cannot wonder that such a character should have been briefly described, and made generally known, in a proverb. And how deeply does such a thought make us conscious of the amazing condescension of our Saviour! We are apt to assume that He spent His boyhood and early manhood among rustic people, who were simple-hearted, peaceful, and comparatively innocent; but it is probably a truer view that the inhabitants of that upland valley were rude, ill-mannered, and unattractive; and we wonder that Christ should have lived the early years of His human life not only in a remote rural neighbourhood, unknown to the rest of the world, but among those whose disposition was singularly uncongenial to His own pure, holy, gentle, and loving mind. We realise thus His contact, not simply with that which is poor and despised, but with that which is coarse and sinful; and we think of those rocks that overhang the village with something of the same feeling which makes us start with surprise when we see the names of Rahab and of Uriah's wife in Christ's genealogy, as given by St. Matthew.

No doubt, if this saying concerning Nazareth was a proverb, it circulated throughout Galilee, and especially in those parts which were nearest. Small neighbourhoods which are almost contiguous to one another, are usually very quick-witted in detecting the faults that are visible across the border. There is something akin to humour in the fact that Nathanael was himself from Galilee, and not only so, but from Cana in Galilee, which was itself a village of no greater note than Nazareth, and may very probably itself have been marked by proverbs unfavourable to its reputation. Local jealousies and resentments express themselves in proverbial

sayings, as we know very well from the histories of such places as Genoa, Florence, and Pisa; and the same thing is true—perhaps almost more true—in the case of small and obscure communities.

Small, however, and apparently trivial as the basis seems, which Nazareth affords for Divine lessons of faith and practice, it is quite an adequate foundation for the highest religious teaching. The elucidation of great principles is often most complete in minute instances. It was in Cana of Galilee that Jesus "manifested forth His glory."* A village is an epitome of the world: the whole of human nature is found in a community of peasants: and certainly, in the passage before us, we have as good an illustration, as possible of a marked tendency of our nature.

We call this tendency by the name of *Prejudice*. We all make "Nazareths" for ourselves. We assume that no "good" can come from certain quarters, to which we have been led to give a bad name. Then the bad name reacts upon our opinion in turn. We have expressed our narrow ungenerous feeling, and given point to it, by some form of words: next we believe these words to be true; and so by a spurious kind of generalisation we gather in more prejudice through the use of this formula.

We see this process going on continually, when we make comparisons, in favour of our own country, our own Church, our own school of thought in that Church, our own political party, our own class in life, our own little set in society. Let us take these several points, one by one, and see how, in each case, the principle is illustrated by facts which we cannot deny.

(1.) As regards prejudice in favour of our own country, and the tendency of such prejudice to express itself in current maxims, no instance is more remarkable or more instructive than that which is supplied by the Jews themselves. Their exclusive habit of self-congratulation is visible throughout the Prophets and the Gospel history, as the background with which a multitude of other faults very easily combined, and which made them prominent. They had "Abraham for their father."† They that were without were "sinners of the Gentiles."‡ The customary habit of the Jew's mind, when he thought of the Heathen, was contempt: and he justified and strengthened this habit by his proverbs. But this tendency was by no means limited, in ancient times, to the chosen people. The

* Luke iv. 20, 22, 28, 29.

* John ii. 11.

† Matt. iii. 9.

‡ Gal. ii. 15. See 1 Macc. ii. 44.

same self-sufficiency was evident enough in other nations. And the Athenians may be named especially, as a people who assumed their own superiority to others as an axiom. They almost believed that they belonged to a different race, exclusively connected with their own beautiful scenery and sky. This gives great force to the assertion made on "Mars' Hill" by St. Paul, that "God had made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and had determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation."* Christianity has done much to extinguish this one-sided and exclusive nationality. It is to be hoped that we have learnt something of the truth, that, by virtue of the union of Humanity with Christ, there is now "neither Jew nor Greek, neither Barbarian nor Scythian." But our liability to prejudice in this old form still survives. Unreasoning and unjustifiable contempt on the part of Englishmen for Continental nations used to be very common, and, indeed, is by no means infrequent now, though in some cases it has given place to a worse evil, in consequence of the prevalence of travelling and the obliterating of those home-traditions which are thoroughly good. And, to turn our thoughts to the New World, which in the coming times will demand more and more of our attention, it may confidently be stated, that if England and America have sometimes been on the verge of a quarrel, prejudice on one side or the other has had much to do with the peril. There can hardly be a higher Christian duty, in regard to our public relations, than to combine our feelings of warm and strong nationality with a candid and ready appreciation of all that is "good" elsewhere.

(2.) But if the love of our own country is apt to forge for us chains of prejudice, we are in equal danger—perhaps greater danger—from that love of our own Church which must needs be one of our warmest and strongest sentiments. In proportion as the ground is more sacred, and the subject-matter more seriously important, we are more inclined to tighten some of those chains which true religion directs us to loosen.

Once let Christendom be divided, and this danger is inevitable: and Christendom has been disastrously divided; and our habit of exclusiveness, maintained by each within his own narrow range, is part of the punishment we suffer for the divisions we deplore. No one who has come much into contact with Roman Catholic countries and Roman Catho-

lic teaching, can be ignorant that under such influences the most false notions of the Protestant world are inculcated, and that popular phrases are so used as to rivet these untruthful views upon the public mind, and to combine them with bitterness of feeling. But is the world of Protestantism free from correlative evils? The determined opinion that everything connected with Romanism is thoroughly and irremediably bad—that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth"—has often brought its own retribution, in the form of violent reaction: and the lessons of the last thirty years have taught us somewhat severely that it is prudent to be candid.

But to turn from this broad contrast, and to look nearer home, is it not most evident that the religious divisions which result in separate organisations, must produce prejudice, with consequent alienation of mind from mind and heart from heart? Let the course of such changes be watched, or even considered theoretically, and it will be seen that all this is inevitable. The controversies of one generation must lead to prejudices in the next. A new religious community must, to secure its safety, fence itself round by institutions and customs: and within this circle certain habits of thought must grow up, more or less alien from the habits of thought without. The principle of affinity, which tends to draw the members of a religious association together, tends to separate them from those who are under the influence of affinities of another kind. Again, special forms of religious phraseology have a liability to grow up under such circumstances: old words are used in new senses; and language misunderstood is apt to result in misunderstandings of a more serious kind. Wherever, too, there has been hardship and cruelty in the course of these changes, such consequences become more marked. Persecution has a powerful effect in stereotyping religious feeling and opinion. Let it be remembered, again, that ordinary men, when they are in earnest, have a strong tendency to gather round certain leaders, to catch their tone and spirit, and afterwards to call themselves by their names. For illustrations in actual fact of the influences here generally described, we need only look around us in any town or village. How little does the parish clergyman in England really know, for the most part, of the habits of thought, the strongest convictions, and the real feelings of the Dissenters! and what a multitude of erroneous impressions concerning the Established Church are actively circulated, and far too willingly received, among

* Acts xvii. 26.

Nonconformists! Alienations, bitterness, and a systematic inability to think well of one another, must be the result.

(3.) If now we pursue within a smaller area this same topic—this consideration of the unfair judgments which arise from religious preferences and animosities—we find the same results in a form quite as strongly marked and perhaps less excusable. The reference here is to parties within the Church to which we happen to belong.

If it were not productive of so much harm, it would be beyond measure amusing to watch the mode in which this partizanship operates, and to see how mere trivialities are made the occasion of serious misunderstandings. For an attitude in worship, for a ceremony which is admitted to be unimportant, men will sacrifice the great blessing of co-operation for the benefit of the erring and the ignorant. Thus little cliques are formed within a body which might easily be comprehensive, and the result must be the separation of parts and the weakening of the whole.

But, to leave this trivial part of the subject, and to turn to something deeper—go to the house of a thorough theological partizan. Look at the books in his library. Examine the periodicals on his table. Listen to the phraseology he makes a point of adopting. Observe the self-complacency with which he assumes that no “good” can come forth from the opposite school of thought. He and his party live in Goshen, while the rest of the world is in darkness. If you speak of the excellent things that are done by those who do not agree with him in opinion, he answers with an incredulous smile. Something of this state of mind was probably in Nathanael. But—being candid at heart—he found out his mistake. And the Christian should always be ready to meet with “good” in unexpected places. He ought to have confidence that God can make even the wilderness to be fruitful. Is not He the Author of all “good”? Are not all things possible to Him? And is it not our wisdom and happiness to see what is “good,” to recognise it willingly, and to rejoice in it, wherever we find it?

In this connection it is of some consequence to urge another caution. Prejudice is apt to become deepest when it is found in connection with philanthropic efforts that are undoubtedly excellent and worthy of all honour. The warm zeal with which the cause of right against wrong is embraced makes the mind incapable of judging collateral subjects fairly. Two obvious illus-

trations present themselves at once. It is not likely that a word should be written here which can even seem like an advocacy of Slavery. But how harsh the judgment of Abolitionists has often been against those who feel the indirect difficulties of the subject, whether viewed in the light of Scripture or of actual fact! With how angry a temper are those dismissed who desire to discuss such difficulties calmly! And how evidently does such temper betray prejudice! And so with some of those who have devoted themselves warmly to the noble battle against the hideous evils of Drunkenness. How vehemently it is assumed that only one attitude in regard to this serious subject is defensible! How uncharitably are those condemned who have not been brought by their honest study of the Bible, or by careful thought, to adopt this precise attitude!

And here it may be well in passing to notice that conflict between the theological and scientific worlds—or at least that coldness and suspicion between them—which just now is so grave a hindrance to the progress of Religion throughout society. Scientific men find that some theologians are uncandid and dogmatic, and they determine to have nothing to do with the world of theology, and quietly despise it. Theologians, on the other hand, sometimes see that scientific men refuse—contrary to all the principles of science—to take account of phenomena which imperatively call for explanation or at least attention; and thus the whole world of science becomes to them an object of suspicion and dislike. On both sides of this controversy it is forgotten that different pursuits superinduce different habits of mind; and the great cause of Divine Truth suffers because it is sectionally treated. But we must pass now to the three other topics which remain. A slight glance will suffice for each of them.

(4.) The bitter and narrow spirit of ecclesiastical party is often derided by politicians. But are the politicians, on the whole, any better than those who have been blamed above? Are not the best interests of the country often in jeopardy—are not the international relations of friendly countries sometimes put into extreme peril—because of the bitter and narrow spirit of *political* party? Our own Parliamentary history supplies us with abundant illustrations of the harm done through this fault. A bill, for instance, evidently intended for the public good, and accepted by political adversaries as well as by political supporters, becomes law; and it is blamed,

not because it is bad in itself, but because a Government has carried it partly by the help of those who are commonly opposed to them. It might be imagined that the agreement of moderate men of two parties in such a case would be an argument in favour of the measure. But with the violent political partizan the question is not whether a measure is "good," but whether it comes out of "Nazareth" or not. Or again, some *new* measure is proposed, the honest aim of which is to restrict some evil that is destructive to personal and social happiness: and the first instinctive feeling in many minds is, that the movement must be met, not by co-operation, not even by inquiry, but by resistance, because the movement comes from a quarter which has commonly been viewed with hostile party-feelings. It is not needful here to criticize the political action of other countries. But all politicians ought to remember that discussions and speeches on public questions are now read throughout the world, and that its general peace may be imperilled by reckless partizanship. Of course it will be said, and it may be said with truth, that great measures cannot be carried without political party; yet the country and the world would be the gainers if we had a larger number of independent men who simply aim at what is best. No doubt this requires self-sacrifice: but more has been done for mankind by single martyrdoms than by successful combinations.

(5.) In the next place, it was said that this kind of prejudice is often very strongly developed in connection with our own class in life, as opposed to other classes. This too may be added, that such an aspect of prejudice is for one reason worse than the last, because it is more connected with selfishness. But let a single illustration suffice here, instead of any general remarks. The most obvious instance is that opposition between the working men and their employers—that collision between Labour and Capital—of which the newspapers are always full. It cannot be a Christian thing for two sections of the community to stand face to face, and each to assume that no "good thing" can "come" from the other; and it may be said with perfect confidence that if each knew the other better—if both were bound together by that best acquaintance which results from mutual offices of charity—then many things which have caused infinite regret and infinite harm would never have happened.

(6.) There remain to be considered those prejudices, of the same general character as

the last, though arising from a different motive—less selfish perhaps, but more contemptible, because of their littleness—the prejudices connected with our own set in society. Here we are in the innermost circle of all; and because it is the innermost, probably here the exclusive feeling is the most intense. We read now with a smile of the old clan-feeling in more barbarous countries, which prevented certain families from ever entertaining a kind thought of one another. But the same thing exists still, in a form more polished indeed, but quite as sharp and keen. If Jesus Christ were among us once more, how many of our follies would be rebuked by that noble and holy presence! Certainly He would not approve of our abstaining from acts of kind and friendly intercourse, merely because our taste is offended. Certainly He would not approve of our continuing the slaves of hereditary social dislikes. He made us "free" from all this bondage, that, like Him, we might become the "servants of all,"* that, like His Apostle, we might "bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things,"†

Now with regard to the state of mind which has been described here under half-a-dozen aspects, it is only just to remark, in the first place, that prejudice is not *necessarily* the part of an uncandid mind. It is at least far better, both intellectually and morally, than that easy acquiescence in things as they come, which makes a man quite as ready to adopt one opinion as another. But, more than this, prejudice may possibly be an indication of strength and force, and even candour of mind. That which does indicate weakness and obstinacy—and weakness and obstinacy are very often found together—is the retention of the erroneous view, after it has been proved to be erroneous, or the unwillingness to take any trouble for the purpose of putting the matter to the test. But a strong revulsion of feeling, when a sudden shock is given to a preconceived opinion, is natural to a noble and earnest nature; and with such a nature, the truth thus repelled at first sight may in the end find all the warmer acceptance. "Nathanael was wrong about Nazareth; but he was very near indeed to the truth and wisdom with which throughout all time Nazareth was associated. And yet, although a man may hold a misapprehension with such entire honesty of purpose that his moral nature is quite intact, the misapprehension is in itself undoubtedly a misfortune." To hold truth for untruth is always a loss,

* Mark ix. 35.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 7.

even if the matter immediately in question is trivial. The prejudice may arise from some unperceived defect in ourselves; and the letting in of the new light may be a step in the course of self-improvement. But, further, such a misapprehension may possibly hinder the acceptance of some ulterior truth, which is of real importance. Thus the diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of greater moment than appears at first sight. "What would Nathanael be thinking now of his prejudice against Nazareth, if it had permanently kept him from discipleship to the Lord of Life?" *

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "*Come and see.*" The remedy for all such misconceptions as those which have been enumerated above is to be found in these last words, which in fact, as uttered by Philip, are an echo of the same words, uttered a short time previously by the Lord himself. "*Come and see.*" The advice given here is applicable to the whole range of the subject. The cure is here provided for the evil in every one of the instances which have been briefly adduced. Whether in regard to repugnances and antipathies arising from national differences, or from ecclesiastical separation, or from theological misunderstanding, or from political party, or from class interest, or from the feeling of social caste, "*come and see*"—make better acquaintance—of course without giving up what you believe to be right—and try to do good to those whom you are tempted to dislike. So you will find some "good," even in "Nazareth." As regards our knowledge of foreign countries, there is such a thing as travelling to confirm our inherited prejudices; but travelling in an impartial and thoughtful spirit commonly reveals to us points of excellence that were not expected. So it is with friendly and unsuspicious intercourse with men of other religious communions. If men will not speak to one another, it is hardly likely that they will think well of one another. But if opportunities for mutual offices of kindness are willingly found, if co-operation for useful purposes is welcomed wherever it can be conscientiously adopted, openings will be obtained for unexpected views of many "good" things, even in "Nazareth." As to our dread of parting with cherished religious convictions, it is certain that by mutual acquaintance men often find that they agree where they supposed that they differed; and this at least may be confidently said, that

most subjects have two sides, which can by a little care be brought into contact with each other, and which are both exhibited to greater advantage by means of the contact. Moreover, to leave out of view such direct benefits, it is advantageous to us to widen our moral sympathies, and to obtain a larger acquaintance with human nature. Almost every man can teach us something that is useful, if only we are in search of what is good and on our guard against moral harm; and this condition is the essential prerequisite for a Christian use of the principle now before us.

And now to turn to another side of the subject, which will bring our thoughts back to Nazareth itself, and to the Gospel of Christ which is for ever associated with that place,—as to any contempt expressed against Nazareth, because it was small and mean, this is the very point of greatest instruction in the passage. If Christianity had not sprung out of a Nazareth, it would have been deficient in one great mark of its Divinity. If it had come forth from some great School of Philosophy, or from the majesty of some imperial court, men might have boasted of the New Religion, and it would have failed. It might be added, that if Nazareth had been eminent for a high standard of sanctity, purity, intelligence and gentleness, it might have seemed as though the origin of Christianity had something to do with human excellence. Not so. It was not because we were so good, but because we were so bad—it was in order that we should for ever give up all conceit of anything great in ourselves—it was for this that "the Angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee named Nazareth."^{*}

There are two contrasted Biblical associations with Nazareth, which may carry our thoughts on this subject onward to their natural conclusion.

The first is that to which the words just quoted make allusion, namely, the Annunciation to the Virgin Mary of the coming birth of Christ. The Gospel of St. Luke, rich in other respects with a richness of its own, stands alone in this also, that it specially reveals to us those visits of the Angels to this earth, which were connected with the Nativity of Christ. Viewed in this light, it might almost be called the Gospel of the Angels.† First we have the vision

* Luke i. 26.

* See an Oxford University sermon on this text, by Canon Liddon, reported in the *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* for Oct. 26, 1870.

† This characteristic of the Evangelist Luke, viz., his revealing of the Angels, may indeed be traced likewise in that concluding part of his Gospel, which follows the Crucifixion of Christ. For there he gives what none of the other three contains, that great question of the angels at the tomb, which will be the subject of one of these papers on the *Prophets of*

which appeared to the priest Zacharias, John the Baptist's father. This took place in Jerusalem, in the Holy City of the Jews, in the Temple itself, and close by the altar of incense. The third angelic visitation recorded by the same Evangelist in connection with the birth of Christ is that which was granted to the shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem. Intermediate between these two appearances is that of the angel Gabriel to Nazareth. This appearance is to Mary herself. This takes place, not in the historic precincts of the Jewish Temple, not under the stars and in the open fields, but in the pure and sweet seclusion of a peasant home. The points which strike us in the short sentence quoted above, are the extreme lowliness of Nazareth and the high pre-eminence of Gabriel. We have seen how obscure a place Nazareth was. Nothing great could possibly be expected from it—and prejudice prevented the expectation from it of anything "good." Probably no place was more undistinguished, more despised, in all the Holy Land. Yet here it is that this glorious visitation was made. Direct from heaven, Gabriel is sent, not to a royal house in some city of renown, but to a poor maiden betrothed to a carpenter: and a spot utterly disregarded by man is chosen for the sublimest of mysteries. As to the angel Gabriel himself, we know but little of the hierarchy of heaven. But this we do know, that among the Angels, of whom we read in Scripture, two are pre-eminent. One of these is Michael, whom we see contending, as it were with the sword, against the powers of evil.* The other is Gabriel, who comes with ministrations of comfort and sympathy to man.† He is among the highest, if not the very highest. He says of himself, on that earlier occasion when he appeared to John the Baptist's father: "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God: and I am sent to speak to thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings." On such an errand he is sent, from heaven, even to Nazareth. The contrast is startling; and it reminds us, not merely that earth is very near to heaven, but that the lowliest on earth are the nearest to heaven. Henceforward the name of Nazareth is a word of honour, by reason of its very lowliness. The words of the "Magnificat" have been fulfilled, even in regard to the very place where the Annunciation was made.‡

The other Biblical association with Nazareth is strangely different; but it leads our thoughts up the same point. It begins with dishonour and ends with the highest distinction. When our Lord was crucified, the name of this place was made a prominent part of the "superscription"* affixed to the Cross. No doubt this phrase, "*Jesus of Nazareth*," of which St. John only informs us,† was chosen with a purpose. It added very much to the ignominy and bitter sarcasm which surrounded the Crucifixion. Probably Pilate wished to express his feelings of anger and disdain towards the Jews, by reminding them of the contemptible quarter from whence this "king" of theirs, whom they had compelled him to crucify, took his origin. He may too have attempted to relieve his own conscience—for that conscience had been ill at ease—by recording that the innocent man whom he had condemned to the cross was, after all, notwithstanding this popular excitement, very unimportant. And among those who surrounded the Cross this word "Nazareth" would help in giving point to the satire which passed from mouth to mouth. We could imagine some among the crowd asking where Nazareth was. For all classes of persons there was something in the word suggestive of scorn. No learned Rabbi had ever come from Nazareth. No one that had ever taken a great part in public events. As to any military strength in the place, a mere handful of soldiers would suffice to keep its inhabitants, however turbulent, in order. As to the religious character of the place, the inhabitants of Galilee were of very doubtful orthodoxy. Even the language too of the district was vulgar and unpleasing, so that when any one came from thence to Jerusalem, "his speech bewrayed him."‡ Thus there was mockery ready at hand in this part of the superscription on the Cross for every one in that cruel gazing multitude—for the Scribes and Pharisees—for the politician—for the Roman soldier—for the Jewish priest—for the refined man of the world. But if, taking this part of the "accusation"§ of Christ as our starting-point, we look onward in the sacred history, we are struck by the change which took place, very remarkably and very rapidly, in the associations connected with this word of reproach. This part of the inscription must have been well recollected in Jerusalem; and it may be argued with good reason that such recollec-

the New Testament—"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Luke xiv. 5. See also xlii. 43.

* Dan. x. 13, 21; xii. 1. Jude 9. Rev. xii. 7.

† Dan. viii. 16; ix. 21. Luke i. 19, 26. ‡ Luke i. 54.

* Mark xv. 26. Luke xxiii. 38.

† John xix. 19.

‡ Matt. xxiv. 73.

§ Matt. xxvii. 37.

tion is implied in some of the sentences which we find in the Acts of the Apostles. The change of feeling indeed appears to begin immediately after the Resurrection. Compare what was said by the High Priest's servant to Peter, "Thou wast also with *Jesus of Nazareth*,"* when he could not bear the reproach, with what the Angels said at the tomb, "Ye seek *Jesus of Nazareth*, *which was crucified* : He is not here : He is *risen*."† Let the close connection of the word "Nazareth" with the mention of the *crucifixion* be marked. When the Angels said this, the cross was still standing on Golgotha, with its Hebrew, Greek, and Latin characters legible as before ; or if the cross was taken down, that tablet which bore the "title" was lying somewhere neglected on the hillside, or had been just taken away as a worthless thing, unless the reverent care of some disciple had treasured and preserved it. And then hear how St. Peter at Jerusalem speaks at Pentecost. "*Jesus of Nazareth*," he says, "a man approved of God, ye have *crucified*."‡ Still we see the cross and the very words that were written on the cross ; and the interval between that sermon and the crucifixion is only that which with us separates Whitsuntide from Easter. Some of the hearers, as they listened, must have remembered what they had seen. And again, when the lame man at the Temple-gate is healed, the words are "In the name of *Jesus Christ of Nazareth* rise up and walk ;" and when Peter makes his defence before the Sanhedrim, he connects this phrase with the crucifixion : "By the name of *Jesus Christ of Nazareth*, whom ye *crucified*, even by Him, doth this man stand here before you whole."§ And what is true of St. Peter, seems to be equally true of St. Stephen, as we see by the words introductory to his great speech.|| In fact this phrase, once expressive of disgrace, appears now to have become a sacred watchword or proverb of the Christians. The word "Nazareth" was now converted into a token of honour, of success, of victory, of power. And all that need be added is this, that when we study our English Bible, we are struck by the fact, that of the three accounts of St. Paul's conversion, the only one in which it is specified that the Saviour said from heaven, on the road to Damascus, "I am *Jesus of Nazareth*,"¶ is

the account given by the Apostle himself at Jerusalem, and in the Temple Court, to the Jewish mob, some of whom, twenty-five years before, must have been in the multitude round the cross on Golgotha.

With these changes of feeling it has now come to pass that a peculiar charm is felt to belong to the name of that place which was once so repulsive. Travellers from England and America are never weary of extolling the praises of Nazareth. Its beauty, its seclusion, its holy recollections, have always a conspicuous place in the accounts which they write of their journeys. We may end with an extract from that eminent divine of the latter country, who has done more than any one man in the world to give dignity and exactness to the science of Sacred Geography. It is not often that Dr. Robinson warms into enthusiasm ; but there is a deep feeling in the following passage, which renders it a fitting conclusion to these reflections on the proverbs connected in the New Testament with the home of our Saviour's childhood. "Seating myself in the shade of the Wely, I remained for some hours upon this spot, lost in the contemplation of the wide prospect, and of the events connected with the scenes around. In the village below, the Saviour of the world had passed his childhood ; and although we have few particulars of his life during those early years, yet there are certain features of nature which meet our eyes now, just as they once met his. He must often have visited the fountain near which we had pitched our tent ; his feet must frequently have wandered over the adjacent hills ; and his eyes doubtless have gazed upon the splendid prospect from this very spot. Here the Prince of peace looked down upon the great plain, where the din of battles so oft had rolled and the garments of the warrior been dyed in blood ; and He looked out too upon that sea, over which the swift ships were to bear the tidings of his salvation to nations and to continents then unknown. How has the moral aspect of things been changed ! Battles and bloodshed have indeed not ceased to desolate this unhappy country, and gross darkness now covers the people ; but from this region a light went forth, which has enlightened the world and unveiled new climes ; and now the rays of that light begin to be reflected back from distant isles and continents, to illuminate anew the darkened land, where it first sprang up."*

J. S. HOWSON.

* Mark xvi. 67.

† Mark xvi. 6.

‡ Acts ii. 22, 23.

§ Acts iii. 6 ; iv. 10.

|| See Acts vi. 14. Two other passages, which ought to be considered from this point of view, are Acts x. 38, 39, and xxvi. 9.

¶ Acts xxii. 8. See ix. 5, and xxvi. 15. It must be admitted however that some good MSS. have the words in ix. 5.

* Robinson's *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, iii. pp. 199, 191.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—AT HOME.

THE SPRING.

SPRING come back to us once more, and the face of the earth renewed! All nature bursting with life. The wondrous life-current surging silently through unseen channels, and emerging everywhere in tree, shrub, and flower, bud, leaf, and blossom. Nothing hid from the influence thereof. Life bursting through every blade of grass, every branch and twig and tendril, oak of a thousand years, cress and corn of yesterday. And no sign of effort, and no cry of pain. All so easy and so natural, that we hardly think of it,—hardly realise what wonders we are in the midst of, what a glorious resurrection goes on around us. Yet what a magnificent gift the Creator makes to man each successive spring! What refreshment of mind and body, what conscious or unconscious revivals of hope in dull hearts, what profusion of things of beauty which are a joy for ever, come with every spring! O for the thankful heart, to acknowledge that ancient promise so faithfully kept—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease." Think what a treat for the human eye and the human heart the good Lord has provided at the beginning of each of the four thousand years—for we cannot but think the true year begins with spring—that have run their course since that promise was made. If any one chooses to go back to the beginning of the modest period by which the Bible bounds the history of man, or even to the beginning of the geological cycles, or of the one hundred thousand years which it has become the fashion to allow for the human period, we can only hope that his thankfulness will increase in a corresponding ratio—that his heart will swell the more profoundly, when, thinking of the mighty sum of the divine beneficence, he praises Him whose mercy endureth for ever!

Comes there with this flood-tide of renewing power, no other and higher current of life? not surging through the clayey passages of earth, but through the channels of moral and spiritual being? For God's higher creation, for man made in His image, for the soul-world into which He breathed the breath of life, comes there no corresponding spring? It were surely not unnatural to look for some such accompaniment. All nature is a symbol, a symbol of a world higher than itself. The forces that are at work in the visible creation are symbolical of those which bear on the invisible. Can we doubt that the Lord of life is as willing to send his Spirit to renew the moral world as He is to send the breath of spring to renew the natural? But in the one case, alas, there is an obstacle to which there is no parallel in the other. Man in virtue of his free-will, in virtue of the very capacity that raises him above all other creatures, is capable of opposing the movement of the Holy Spirit.

I. N.S.

And grievously does he carry out the opposition. So that, while all nature seems to welcome the divine breath, man closes his heart against God's Spirit. He shuts out God and keeps the door closed, in spite even of the plaintive voice that pleads—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." And what disastrous effects this opposition brings! On the other hand, if the life-current were borne through the moral world as freely and fully as it rushes through the natural, what blessed effects should we not witness on every side! What cause then that all who value the grace of the Holy Spirit should unite at such a time in prayer that a spiritual spring-time may come,—that life and order, peace and love, fragrance and beauty, may be seen bursting from every heart and every home,—that the spiritual world may undergo a renovation that shall not fall short of the natural! Is there no feeling in men's hearts at such a season, kindled by God's breath, in unison with the movements of nature, that would utter itself thus—Let us open our hearts to the Spirit of God, and welcome his blessed influences! Without them have we not been living among the tombs? Let us emerge into the sunshine, and be blessed. Have we not been feeding on husks? Let us allow Him to lead us back to our Father's house, to receive that welcome, and breathe that atmosphere of love, the very thought of which is enough to excite a rapture of joy. Have we not been turning away from Him who came at once to reveal the Father and to redeem the lost? Let us listen to the voice of the Divine Word, and receive the love that has been seeking and wooing us in our miserable blindness, and that only returns our neglect with the more tender appeals. Lord of life, to whom shall we go? So unite us to thyself that we may share thy life, reflect thy beauty, and diffuse thy fragrance!

PROFESSOR MAURICE.

The interest caused everywhere by the death of Professor Maurice is very remarkable. This interest has been in all cases most respectful. Even the journals that differ most widely from his views, and that hold him to have done a great amount of harm, have written of him tenderly and hopefully. The secular press has loaded him with eulogy—perhaps, in some cases, an equivocal compliment. Much of this is due to the chivalry of his public life, and much too to the charm and purity of his personal character. In the case of one who could be described as "chaste, even unto whiteness, meek, devout, and humble; full of warm love and tender benevolence," it were almost an impossibility to resist the maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" "It was impossible for him with his character not to charm all those who became acquainted with him; and so he made many personal disciples even among those who could not altogether understand him or did not understand him yet. The

attraction of his presence fascinated them, and when they failed to comprehend the teacher, they never failed to reverence the man."

The convictions of earnest, thoughtful men on religion are generally the result of two forces, operating partly from without and from within; one the revelation and Spirit of God, the other the natural bias of the man's mind, or the character of the school in which he has been reared. In what different proportions these elements are combined, and in what different degrees they modify each other, every one knows who has studied the character of such men. In the case of Mr. Maurice the influence of the natural bias was very strong. Reared in the school of Socinianism, he never got rid of the leaven of that school in the place which it assigns to Reason as the test and standard of divine truth. Strong in his philosophical tastes and tendencies, he was much more disposed to view Christianity as a philosophical system than as essentially a message of reconciliation, and to treat it accordingly. Tender and amiable in feeling, he shrunk from those aspects of revealed truth that look sternly and implacably on men, or on any part of them. As chaplain of Guy's Hospital he got that acquaintance with the sorrows and wants of the poor which led to his deep and practical interest in the working classes, and in this way he was the more disposed to the view of Christianity that seemed most full of benefit to all. The haze which marks Mr. Maurice's writings bears witness to the struggle of the two forces in his mind—his reverence for Revelation, and his tendency to shape and mould it according to his own proclivities. Trying to conserve the one, and paying much regard to the other, he was led to view the doctrines of Scripture in a sense which had never before been regarded as the sense of Scripture. Retaining such terms as atonement, punishment, and the like, he interpreted them not in a Biblical but in a Mauritian sense. In so far as he brought other men up from the Socinian point of view to his own, he did good. In so far as he brought them down from views more simply Biblical, he did harm. It is undoubted that many regard him as a spiritual father, and speak most gratefully of his help in guiding them to the green pastures and still waters of the faith. It is equally undoubted that in the judgment of others, he smoothed down the peculiar doctrines of Revelation, to make it more acceptable to the natural mind. But his efforts on behalf of the social elevation of the working classes were worthy of all praise. In proclaiming that the true Christian spirit was never more wronged than when social injustice was practised and justified, and never more honoured than when it set itself to enlighten the ignorance of the working classes, stir up the more favoured classes to do their duty to them, and remove the barriers that prevented the happy intercourse of class with class, he did a service as important as it was seasonable. In the case of Mr. Maurice himself, his remarkable personal qualities checked the effects which his views might otherwise have had. But he lived to see others carrying these views to fearful

conclusions—conclusions that perilled the most vital truths. His case showed how difficult it is for men to draw the line—"Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther."

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

The contest as to the Athanasian Creed waxes warmer and warmer, and it is announced that it is to form the great burden of debate in the next session of Convocation. Ought the damnatory clauses to be left out or not? There can be no doubt that the damnatory clauses have a most painful ring, and that no one would enact them now for the first time. But it is contended on one side that it would be a very serious and reprehensible step to make any change in an ancient creed, and set aside anything which has the sanction of the whole Church from very early times. Then, too, it is argued that in assenting to the "doctrine" of the creed, one is not to be held as assenting to the damnatory clauses. In assenting to the doctrine of the creed, it is said, you assent to its view of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, but you do not thereby assent to the anathemas poured on those who do not concur in its every statement. This, however, looks to some too like special pleading, and explaining away what is the natural and obvious meaning. To many, too (and among them, on opposite sides, are Dean Stanley and Canon Liddon), the damnatory clauses are inseparably identified with the substance of the creed. Among other proposals for settling the question is a compromise that it be read only on one Sunday of the year.

This brief notice is altogether inadequate to convey a correct impression of the extraordinary interest which this question is exciting in the Church of England.

PROFESSOR JOWETT'S PREACHING.

A few months ago, some remarks were made in this magazine respecting a sermon preached by Mr. Jowett in the Greyfriars' Church of Edinburgh. The Editor of the *Guardian* inserted a letter from a correspondent complaining of the criticism as too severe. What was our surprise to find, in the number of the same paper for 3rd April, a letter from another correspondent, commenting on a sermon preached by Mr. Jowett in London, in terms that make our own observations appear tameness itself! We subjoin a specimen:—

"SIR,—I went last Sunday morning to St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, and heard Professor Jowett preach on the text 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.'"

"He began his sermon by telling us that the account given in the Bible of Elijah's calling down fire from heaven on the captains and their fifties, was to be considered by us in the same light as the account of Elisha and the children who mocked him, and of Uzzah, who presumptuously laid hold of the ark. And he went on to say that, as such accounts were repugnant to our feelings, we must look upon them

in one of two lights—either as not written at all by divine inspiration, or as not referring to incidents sanctioned by God. He gave us to understand that, in his opinion, such stories were mere myths, utterly unworthy of our belief.

"Now, sir, we live in an age when very few statements, even when made from the pulpit, strike us with wonder. In the present day, a sensational sermon is almost as common as a sensational novel, and I own that when I saw Professor Jowett in the pulpit at St. Mary's, I expected to hear something broader than usual. But I certainly did not expect even the Master of Baliol to repudiate, in the first few words of his opening address, the veracity of the Old Testament, and to sweep away like cobwebs our early associations with God's Word.

"Has it really come to this, that a clergyman of the Church of England, a Professor of Oxford University, a head of a college, thinks it right and commendable boldly in the face of day to state his disbelief in the Bible?

"Is it really impossible for members of the Church of England to take their families to church without subjecting them to having their respect and reverence for Holy Writ outraged, and their peace of mind destroyed, by one who comes among them as a stranger, and who must know how utterly unaccustomed his hearers are to such a mode of discussing sacred matters?

"A few years ago, the feelings of Churchmen were outraged by the Colenso scandal; but really Bishop Colenso is an injured man, if we consider with what impunity the leaders of the Broad Church party, at the present time, are allowed to disseminate their views."

FREE LANCES IN LONDON MISSION WORK.

Lord Shaftesbury, whose Christian zeal on behalf of the masses of London, old and young, is as indefatigable as it is praiseworthy, recently convened at his house in London a party of some seventy Evangelists, engaged in mission work in London, but mostly unattached to any church. His lordship was desirous of getting information as to the number and extent of such operations. Perhaps he may have been more or less consciously under the influence of the feeling that something in the shape of organization, and something, too, in the shape of superintendence, was desirable in this great cause. Though, of course, more or less under the influence of the great Christian sentiment which is generated by the Evangelical churches of the land, such operations are for the most part practically independent, and their promoters are pretty much at liberty to use any methods that they please. On the whole, it is remarkable how much they are pervaded by unity of spirit, though of course they are marked by considerable diversity of operation. Many of them are conducted financially on the principle of simply making known their wants, and receiving such unsolicited contributions as are sent by Christian friends. Alto-

gether they are remarkable products of the work of faith and the labour of love; and we can hardly conceive a more interesting contribution to our home-mission literature than would be produced if some one with a graphic pen should record their history, and illustrate by well-chosen instances the fruits that have sprung from them.

As samples of the operations brought under the notice of the meeting, the following must suffice:—

Mr. George Holland, of George Yard:—Has 900 children in ragged-school; 1,000 adults in connection with various meetings. Mothers' meeting of 160, of whom 105 are paying members. We get the refuse of the empire in the East-end lodging-houses—worn-out prostitutes from the West-end; worn-out thieves from all parts of London; worn-out tramps from everywhere. Every room in the district under visitation. No opposition, it has been lived down. Total abstinence an important part—can trace 1,000 reclaimed drunkards, of whom half are now Christians. Five years ago had an interesting meeting of 500 boys; the editor of the *Christian* and Miss Macpherson were present. That was the origin of the Boys' Home at Hackney. Mr. Morgan, some time later, went with him through Spitalfields one Sunday—the speaker pointed out to him the old cholera hospital as a desirable place for Christian work; that resulted in the establishment of the Home of Industry, now under Miss Macpherson, whereby already 900 children have been provided for in Canada, and whose income last year was £6,000. Mr. Holland has seventy voluntary labourers. He can trace ninety at work in various parts of the world. Nineteen years ago Mr. Holland took out children to sing; it was a great means of keeping down opposition; the people said, "The children have a right to sing, and the gentleman has a right to teach them." The great mass of people living in courts and alleys never leave them on Sundays; we must not expect them at our meetings, nor to come to large open-air services; if reached at all, it must be by going in among them, and speaking to a handful of people—to twenties, or tens, or even twos, or one by one.

Mrs. Booth, of the East London Christian Mission, expressed sorrow that she was there in place of her husband, absent from illness. She gave an interesting account of the origin and operations of the mission. It supplies free sitting accommodation for 6,000 people, holds two hundred services a week, in and out of doors, and reaches 14,000 people every Lord's Day. She described the deplorable poverty of the people of that district.

Mr. Bernardo spoke of his work as including adults as well as children. Services every night, always crowded. Upwards of 300 adults gathered into the membership of various churches. This year, he said, we have also restored seventeen boys to their parents, who had run away from home.

Lord Shaftesbury remarked, with respect to some observations of Mr. Bernardo as to emigration, that whatever might be said of the boys, we cannot but see that, considering the disproportion between the sexes

revealed by the last census (an excess of 640,000 females), there could be no doubt of the necessity of emigrating them.

II.—THE CONTINENT.

THE DUTCH COMMEMORATION.

The present year 1872 is the tercentenary of two great events in religious as well as civil history—the assertion of their freedom by the Dutch, and the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day in France. The latter event occurred farther on in the year; but, in any case, it is not an event that any party would care to commemorate. The Protestant church may indeed give thanks that it was not the means of utterly destroying the Reformed cause, but it cannot be forgot that it inflicted on it an awful blow. The ultramontane party, however much they might be disposed to sympathize with the spirit of the Pope who commemorated the event by a medal bearing the words "*Strages Hugonotorum*," would hardly venture to make it an occasion of public celebration.

But it is otherwise with the Dutch Centenary. We owe more than we can express to Mr. Motley for his admirable works—"The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "The History of the United Netherlands." The reading public of this country knew but little previously of the awful and prolonged persecutions inflicted on the Protestant Church under Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. The noble heroism of such men as Count Horn and Count Egmont, and of countless others "of whom the world was not worthy," had found no place in such pages as those of Fox, and had made but little impression on the public mind of this country. Thanks to the American historian, these bloody but glorious chapters of the history of Christian patriotism are now familiar to most readers, and we are all the more disposed to regard with interest and sympathy the commemoration of independence which has just taken place.

The particular event commemorated was the taking of Brielle from the Spaniards on April 1, 1572, which was the first act leading to the ultimate expulsion of the Duke of Alva from the Netherlands, and the establishment of William of Orange as stadtholder. The commemoration was carried out with great earnestness, orange colours showing everywhere, and high and low joining in the ceremonials.

DR. VON DÖLLINGER'S LECTURES.

We continue our notice of Dr. Von Döllinger's lectures, of which the sixth related to the Church of England, and the seventh and last of the series to the prospects of re-union in the European Churches.

After sketching the history of the English Church, he noticed in detail some elements of strength and of weakness. No church, he said, had become more rooted in the affections or was more in harmony with the spirit of any nation than the English. Of the strength of Christianity in England, he considered that two great causes were the Bible and the Sabbath.

The Bible in England.—"England possesses an excellent translation of the Bible, a masterpiece of style, and, as far as faithfulness is concerned, preferable to the Lutheran: she has brought it so far that the Bible is throughout England the people's book; the traveller finds it even in the rooms of his hotel, and I believe we may ascribe one great advantage of England over other lands to the fact that there the Holy Scriptures are to be found in every house,—that they are, so to speak, the good *genius loci*, the protecting spirit of hearth, and home, and family;—I mean this advantage of England—that a literature of sin and shame, such as has made the moral atmosphere of France pestiferous, and, alas! though in smaller measure, yet brazens it out in Germany, has up to the present not found admission into the British Islands."

The British Sabbath.—"Another advantage of England is the keeping holy of the Sunday, which lies at the heart of all Churches and parties, although at this moment it may not be quite free from Judaizing extravagances. But what I would principally prize is the fact that that cold, blunt indifferentism which on the Continent lies like a poisonous blight on whole classes of the population, has as yet no place in the British Islands. Among the higher and lower classes in England, participation in Sunday worship is not the exception, as, *e.g.*, in France, but the rule."

On the other hand, there were drawbacks to the efficiency of the English Church. Two of these were Erastianism and the state of the masses. But the greatest difficulty of all was the inward condition of the Church—the existence of the three diverse schools—Calvinistic, Broad Church, and Ritualistic. Of the Evangelicals he speaks very slightly, as "without any theoretic cultivation, and possessing only a popular and no scientific literature—as living on the fame of their predecessors, and as a declining rather than increasing party." The Broad Church he deems more a society of spiritually related savans than an organized party, delighting in the presence of so many diversities of opinion, and placing much reliance on their connection with the State. The Ritualistic party is the section of the Church which maintains the apostolic succession; and since this succession is only in the three great Churches whose continuity has never been broken, Western, Eastern, and English Episcopal, so, say they, these three Churches constitute together the true universal Church, one in root; but in the lapse of ages, by human fault and divine permission, split up into three great outwardly separated, inwardly united, trees—three branches which, when the right time shall come, shall again grow together into one united tree, overshadowing the world by its foliage. It was from this section of the Church that proposals for Catholic union went forth; but this was before the Vatican Council, since which event, according to Dr. Döllinger, all thoughts of corporative union are positively impossible.

In spite of all difficulties, however, and in the hope that the Ultramontanes will be defeated, Döllinger clings to the hope of a reunion of Christendom. He

thinks that while the Ultramontanists at the one extreme and Calvinists at the other would oppose any such plan, the great bulk of the membership of the Christian Church in Europe is really in favour of it. He goes over one by one the leading points on which there is a separation between Protestants and Catholics, and he fancies that he sees a way of getting over the difficulty which each presents. This last portion of his lectures is certainly the most superficial and unsatisfactory of all. As to justification "*solâ fide*," it was, in fact, the doctrine of the Church. But Döllinger hardly admits that it is on the true meaning and import of justification that the controversy turns. As to the celibacy of the clergy, might not Protestants agree that one class of ministers should voluntarily give up family life? The question of giving the cup to the laity need not separate them, for they acknowledged the Easterns who did so. As to purgatory, Protestant teachers were approximating those of Rome. In the matter of the confessional, they must allow ministers to deal with individual consciences somehow. And so on. It is all so easy if people would but believe it. So very easy, indeed, as to show too clearly that Döllinger has failed to appreciate the great spiritual movement that issued in the Reformation, and that caused a gulf to open between Rome and the Reformers not to be filled up by the closing paragraphs of a series of popular lectures. Deeply interesting though these lectures are, and very remarkable the free unprejudiced view taken in them of so many great subjects, the conclusion to which they have come is lame and impotent, and will constrain many to feel that far deeper forces than those which Döllinger has specified are needed to bring about the true union of Christendom.

DÖLLINGER ON THE JESUITS.

Dr. von Döllinger feels very keenly that the Jesuits have been the great promoters of the dogma of the Infallibility, and that, since *their* union means unconditional subjection, they are the great opponents of the union which he desires to promote. But he holds their downfall to be not far distant:—

"To this I answer—I believe and am firmly persuaded that the empire of this order in Germany will not be of long duration; that the splendid victory of the Jesuits—I mean the victories of July 18 and August 3^d, 1870, the Vatican decrees and the submission of the German bishops—will very soon be turned quite into defeat. The clear witness of history admits here of no doubt; the experience of three hundred years proves that the Jesuits have no lucky hand—on their undertakings rests no blessing. They build assiduously and indefatigably; but there comes a whirlwind and overthrows their building, or a torrent breaks in and washes it away, or the worm-eaten timbers fall to pieces under their hands. In them we are reminded of the Oriental proverb about the Turks—'Where the Turk plants his foot there grass grows no more.'"

The following *résumé* of Jesuit-history in Europe is wonderfully terse and comprehensive:—

"Their missions in Paraguay, Japan, among the wild races of North America, have long come to an end. In Abyssinia they had at one time, 1625, nearly conquered the country; nine years later all failed, and they have not dared to enter there since. Their missions in the Levant and the Grecian Islands, in Persia, Egypt, the Crimea, have nothing but a memory at the present day. Spain, their motherland, for whom they worked so long and hard in Europe, is bankrupt and depopulated, 'a soulless corpse, the skeleton of a giant.' For two hundred years the Jesuits in Spain stamped out by means of the Inquisition the spirit of the people, and it has followed that all intelligence and cultivation is gone, and that Spain is the most backward, Turkey excepted, of all European countries. As a Spanish diplomat in Rome once said—'The Jesuits are the worms that gnaw at our vitals.'

"And what have they done in Germany? We owe to them our thirty years' war, the decline of our Catholic schools, the retrogression of cultivation and spiritual destitution. They undermined and ruined the old German kingdom and Catholic empire. As conscience-keepers of the Habsburgs they destroyed freedom, banished Protestants, and sowed unextinguishable hatred against the princely house on the part of the Reformed portion of the empire: under their influence 'a spiritual quarantine' was exercised against the Austrian house, which split it from the rest of Germany, and has perfected the separation in our own day. Bohemia was long the pet of the Jesuits, and what have they done there? They have destroyed the old literature of the Czechs, ruined the Bohemian aristocracy by exile and confiscation, banished three thousand families, destroyed the constitution, 'and at this time is the Cadmus seed of the dragon's teeth, which the order of Loyola then sowed, fully sprung up, and if in the conflict between the two nationalities, the Czechish and German, no peace and no remedy is to be found, then the acts of the seventeenth century and the authors of those acts have to bear the blame.' In England, as we saw in the last lecture, the influence of the Jesuits caused the hatred so strong against Rome, and for a century made the lot of the Catholics unendurable. In Sweden, by the help of King Sigismund, and by means of a liturgy imposed on the clergy, the Jesuits tried to reintroduce Catholicism: the king lost his throne in consequence. In Russia, they attempted by means of their tool, the false Demetrius, to subject the people to the Romish chair: Demetrius was slain and they were driven out. In Poland they ruined the people and nation. In Portugal in the sixteenth century they had King Sebastian entirely in their hands, and they led him into a foolish campaign in Africa, where he lost his life and army, and ruined his kingdom. Then they tried to establish the Spanish rule over Portugal, and failed also in that. As to France, the Jesuits got the consciences of the Bourbons into their keeping, and their children, Louis XIV. and XV., prepared the downfall of their dynasty and the revolution of their nation: to the

Jesuits is due the deep fall of France, its widespread immorality, and the character of the people for disturbance, which to this day they richly enjoy. They so enervated and wasted the French Church that it became an easy prey to Voltairianism, and the Revolution readily made it its victim."

PROGRESS OF THE ALT-CATHOLICS.

The difficulties of the Alt-Catholic movement are great and numerous. The reform would spread much more rapidly, says the correspondent of the *Guardian*, if priests could be found to head it, but as yet only thirty names can be enumerated of those who have faced excommunication in consequence of their faith. Immediately after the council, eighteen priests declared their disbelief of the Vatican decree, and but twelve more have followed their example in the eighteen months that have intervened. In some places the civil authorities have granted to the Alt-Catholics the use of a church, and at Cologne so many as three thousand are reported to have attended some of the services. In Germany, the movement is said to be most popular in the south and in the Rhenish palatinate; in the north it makes but little way.

The refusal of the Austrian Government to recognise the Alt-Catholics has given rise to vigorous remonstrance. A very earnest appeal has been made by the Alt-Catholics of Vienna to the Chamber of Deputies, and very great emphasis has been laid on the refusal to treat marriages celebrated by Alt-Catholic priests as valid, thereby holding the married parties to be in a state of concubinage; but it does not appear that the remonstrance has been effectual.

At Bonn, the four excommunicated professors have addressed a spirited remonstrance to the Archbishop of Cologne. They are Dr. Hilgers, Dr. Reush, Dr. Langen, professors of theology, and Dr. Knoodt, professor of philosophy. In dealing with the Archbishop, they are enabled to quote his own words in opposing the dogma and protesting against it. Of course, their case is very strong. But it is the case of strong right against strong might. Their letter concludes with the following plain words:—"It rests with God whether we shall live to see the end of the present confusion. But we had rather depart this life laden with unjust censures than become accomplices of those who have introduced this confusion, or who, in their mistaken zeal for upholding the external unity of the Church, have professed doctrines which they could not fail to perceive, as we did, on candid examination, to be nothing short of a fundamental perversion of the traditional faith of the Catholic Church." The Jesuits have taken a bold step at Munich, and have sent down a father to hold a series of lectures. They are not so much in avowed opposition to Döllinger, but doctrinal lectures designed to show that Jesuit teaching is not what he represents. The first of the series was on the divinity of our Lord.

The position of the bishops who so strenuously

fought against the dogma in the council, and denounced it as no part of the faith of the Church, and as incapable of ever being made such, is most humiliating. They are now trying to put down the very men who hold what they taught them two years ago. Whether they are conscious of their moral degradation or not, they are equally to be pitied. The cause of truth, relatively we mean, is in the hands of a few professors who have braved all for its sake, and have written on their flag "No Surrender." But whether the movement will establish itself as a great vital cause remains to be seen.

ROME.

A very considerable impression was made at Rome some weeks ago by the public discussion of the question, Whether or not St. Peter ever was at Rome? The speech of Gavazzi was especially telling. The institution of a Bible Society under the shadow of the Vatican is another remarkable event. The enthusiasm of the people was wonderful. It is said that ten thousand tried to obtain admission. The great speech of the occasion was that of Father Hyacinthe. Speaking of the olden times in Rome, he said:—

"In this city of Rome there were seen the patrician ladies, the descendants of the Fabii, sitting at the feet of the Jeromes to hear the Word of God, and repairing to the deserts of Palestine that they might listen to it with more advantage. The Bible was not the book of the priest alone, it was the book of the woman, of the family. Let us return to the Bible; there we shall find the reform of our souls. In it alone is found the living word, in it alone is found the gold passed a hundred times through the furnace. Let it be read in our families, let it be brought into contact with the conscience. On this contact depends the regeneration of religious society, and of civil and political society.

"Political questions are intimately connected with religion. I applauded when it was said that whole nations owed their prosperity to the Bible. Yes, in England there is something greater than the great charter—it is the Bible.

"God Himself makes choice of the vessels in which to place his treasures, and in the Bible He has placed three—Himself, the promise of redemption, and Christ. There was an abyss between God and man, and the Christ has filled it up with his blood; He surmounted the distance which separated them.

"We have all the same origin; the Bible invites us to union; the day will come in which there will no more be Protestants, there will only be true Catholics, true Christians.

"I believe in it because it is impossible that the Word of God should fail. I swear it by that Word: the abysses shall be filled up, the mountains shall be destroyed and reduced to dust, and we shall go up together to that Jerusalem, whatever be that mystical city of promise, and with the Bible in our hand, proclaiming the Word of God, we shall enter into the city of truth."

III.—AMERICA.

A CALL FOR "HIGHER NATIONAL LIFE."

It is interesting to observe the manner in which the Christian portion of the American community have been affected by the recent exposures of public fraud and villainy. It would be extremely unjust to impute to them generally any sympathy with, or even indifference to, the state of morality which has been laid bare. In the United States the indirect influence of the Christian Church is considerably less than in Great Britain. It does not leaven the mass to the same extent, nor give to public opinion the moral tone which prevails in this country. Society is less homogeneous; the Church and the world are more apart. But, in so far as the religious press may be held to express the views of the Christian Churches, their grief for the corruption which has been exposed to view is intense, and their desire for a reformation very strong. It must be remarked, however, that, even in the Church, evil communications sometimes corrupt good manners. The *New York Observer*, one of the oldest and best of the religious papers, has recently had to deplore a case in which a charitable society, under Christian management, applied to the State Legislature of New York, at Albany, for an appropriation of 7,500 dollars, and actually spent 2,500 of this sum in bribing the legislation to make the gift. It is no wonder if the religious press has felt the necessity of a call for "higher national life."

The sentiments expressed in the following extracts are most excellent and seasonable:—

"Is it not time to make an appeal to the moral sense and conscience and patriotism of our public men, and the whole people, for a higher and better national life; for a revival of honesty in all the relations of society; for a more exalted sense of honour in official station; and a sterner resistance of the arts and wiles and works of the avaricious, crawling pimps and parasites, who fatten by the pickings and stealings that they get by fastening themselves upon men in office or station? There is scarcely a public institution of any kind that has not men around or in it who make money indirectly and unjustly, through some of its departments. Men in business find it easier and cheaper to grease the wheels of trade by hush-money or bribes than to assert their rights and be honest. Legislators receive loans, and try to make the public think they are not bribed. And if there is not a reformation—deep, thorough, radical, and permanent—who can tell the consequences in such a country as ours, where national life is the breath of the people?"

"We want to see all men who love their country and mankind, from the President to the humblest employer in the land, setting themselves sternly, defiantly, and perseveringly against every form of bribery, corruption, and self-seeking on the part of officials and others. We want to see legislatures cutting off, without hesitation, their rotten members; for it is better for them to go into the kingdom without them, than to keep them and be cast into perdi-

tion. And if the honest, Christian men of business in our corporations, and trades, and companies, would set themselves earnestly to this work of reform, as Christians do when the Spirit of the Lord comes down upon them, and rouses them to seek the good and glory of a higher Christian life, we should see a new state of things in all the walks of business. Social life would put on new features of beauty. Politics would rise to statesmanship. Office would be honourable service. Wealth would be a mark of distinction and a power for usefulness. Righteousness would exalt the nation. Sin would cease to be its reproach. Our officers would be peace, and our exactors righteousness. Violence would be no more heard in our land, nor destruction within our borders. Our walls would be salvation and our gates praise."

RELIGIOUS AWAKENINGS.—FULTON STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

It is well known that the mid-day daily prayer-meeting in Fulton Street, in the heart of the business portion of New York, from which the great revival of about twelve years ago may be said to have originated, has been kept up ever since without the interruption of a single day. The meetings for some time back have been of an unusually earnest character, and the reports of extensive awakenings in various parts of the country have been most cheering. Following the week of prayer at the beginning of the year, the results in many cases were very striking. We give at random the following, as samples of the kind of announcements that are appearing every week:—

"The town of Massena, N.Y., has been experiencing a remarkable revival. A lady writes of it:

"The people of the various Churches in the town—Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Methodist—have all mingled as one in love and labour, and the various denominations will share largely, if not equally, in the general ingathering. People of all grades and ages are subjects of the work, from the most wealthy to the most abject. Whole families, numbering from three to seven or eight, have been brought to Jesus. Nearly all the business men of the place are said to be under the manifest arrestings of the Spirit, many of whom have been, during the visitation of grace, brought to the Lamb of God."

"Mahopac Falls, New York, has not enjoyed a work of grace for forty years. At length the cloud of mercy has broken, and wrought a marvellous change. The meetings have continued with increasing interest since the week of prayer. The church is nightly filled with earnest listeners, and on every side is heard the inquiry—'What must I do?' At first the interest manifested itself among the youth, then extended to those of middle age, and now the aged are coming in. Over fifty have already professed to entertain a hope. Scarcely a single family in the congregation have been unimpressed, and daily new cases of interest appear. The work is quiet, and in some cases very powerful. A goodly number of the converts are males, who promise to become efficient helpers in the Church."

"A remarkable revival is in progress in Hempstead, L.I. The Church had been in a revival condition all last summer and fall, and about thirty conversions had occurred before the holidays. The week of prayer was observed with a profound interest in the church. On the closing Sabbath evening, instead of a sermon a mass prayer-meeting was held, and from that service the great work began, and has continued with meetings every night except two Saturdays, and many day meetings, for five weeks. Since January 14th more than one hundred and thirty have professed conversion, including many young people, and thirty or forty married persons, with a few of advanced age."

"News is coming more and more frequently in the last fortnight of revivals in various parts of the Church. A great and growing interest in religion prevails in a portion of New Jersey. At Kingston, N.J., near Princeton, where the Rev. Joseph R. Mann, D.D., is pastor, a powerful work of grace, greater than has been known in that place for fifty years, is now in progress. A somewhat similar work is going forward in the church at Manaladan, N.J. At Pennington, N.J., where the Rev. D. R. Foster is now pastor, a number of conversions are reported, and the revival of last year in that place appears to some extent still to continue."

It is to be remembered on this side of the Atlantic, that in America religious movements have almost always been propagated in revival waves. The intensity of feeling at the time is very wonderful, but it is liable to be followed by chills, in which the spiritual thermometer often falls very low. Perhaps, too, this method of propagating religious impression, operating as it does mainly on the feelings and the imagination, and liable to make less use of the intellect and the conscience, is apt to issue in a less complete religious life, and to have less effect in raising the ordinary moral tone, than is desirable. We gladly acknowledge the great good which we believe comes of the greater part of these movements. And we know that many of their best friends are fully alive to their frequent defects, and earnestly desire to apply the remedy that under God's blessing will make them as complete as possible. We do not hesitate to express our strong conviction that a similar wave of revival is much needed at home, and deserves to be earnestly prayed for by our religious people.

CHRISTIANIZING THE NATIONAL CONSTITUTION.

An earnest movement is going on in the States for a public recognition of Christianity in the Federal Constitution. In several of the state-constitutions such a recognition, more or less, is found; but not in the Federal. But the religious portion of the community are not at one in the matter. A great convention was lately held at Cincinnati by the promoters of the

amendment. Among the more conspicuous of its advocates are Judge Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dr. McIlvaine, of Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Strong maintains that "in constituting and administering its government, a nation is under obligations to acknowledge God as the author of its existence and the source of its authority, Jesus Christ as its ruler, and the Bible as the fountain of its laws and the supreme rule of its conduct."

Dr. McIlvaine affirms: "1. That nations as such are the creatures of God, and under his moral government. 2. That civil government is the ordinance of God, and holds all its sovereign powers from Him. 3. That the United States is a Christian nation. 4. That we need a constitutional authorisation for the Christian elements of our national life. 5. That the recognition of Christian morality is necessary to the purity of politics. And, 6. That the recognition of God, and the obligation of his moral law, in our National Constitution would do no wrong to any one." On the other hand, the movement is opposed, or rather is not supported, by the *New York Observer* and by many of the leading religious men of the country. They maintain that a formal amendment of the constitution to the effect proposed is not necessary in order to the exoneration as it were of the Christian conscience; that the really vital matter is to make laws in accordance with the spirit of godliness, to recognise and protect Christian institutions, e.g. the Church, the Sabbath, marriage, and the like; and to endeavour to secure more of a Christian spirit in the administration of the whole affairs of the nation. Further, they maintain that if they were framing a Constitution from the beginning, some such acknowledgment as is proposed might be very proper, but that it is difficult to amend a Constitution which has existed for a century, and which if so amended would deprive Jews and others of their civil rights, inasmuch as they could not swear to uphold a constitution affirming Jesus Christ to be the ruler of the nation. Besides, it is maintained that if the Constitution is to recognise Jesus Christ, it ought in like manner to recognise the Holy Spirit, and to go on recognising all great divine truths until it becomes a Confession of Faith, and thus imposes an elaborate religious test as a condition of citizenship. The *New York Observer* sums up its view in these terms:—

"Instead, therefore, of expending herculean strength and agitating the country in a fruitless effort to amend the Constitution in this relation, we would make still greater exertions, and deeper and wider agitation, and summon the whole moral force of the nation to secure the enactment of wholesome laws, and to create a public sentiment, a popular virtue, that will sustain and enforce them.

"We make these observations with a profound consciousness that we differ from wiser and better men, and we are quite willing to be instructed in the right, if in this we are wrong."

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—A STRANGE TEXT.



FOR sometime after the events last related, things went on pretty smoothly with us for several years. Indeed, although I must confess that what I said in my haste, when Mr. S. wanted me to write this book, namely, that no-

thing had ever happened to me worth telling, was by no means correct, and that I have found out my mistake in the process of writing it, yet, on the other hand, it must be granted that my story could never have reached the mere bulk required if I had not largely drawn upon the history of my friends to supplement my own. And it needs no prophetic gift to foresee that it will be the same to the end of the book. The lives of these friends however have had so much to do with all that is most precious to me in our own life, that if I were to leave out only all that did not immediately touch upon the latter, the book, whatever it might appear to others, could not possibly then appear to myself anything like a real representation of my actual life and experiences. The drawing might be correct, but the colour—?

What with my children, and the increase of social duty resulting from the growth of acquaintance—occasioned in part by my success in persuading Percivale to mingle a little more with his fellow-painters—my heart and mind and hands were all pretty fully occupied; but I still managed to see Marion two or three times a week, and to spend about so many hours with her, sometimes alone, sometimes with her friends as well. Her society

did much to keep my heart open and to prevent it from becoming selfishly absorbed in its cares for husband and children. For love which is *only* concentrating its force, that is, which is not at the same time widening its circle, is itself doomed, and for its objects ruinous, be those objects ever so sacred. God himself could never be content that his children should love him only; nor has he allowed the few to succeed who have tried after it: perhaps their divinest success has been their most mortifying failure. Indeed, for exclusive love, sharp suffering is often sent as the needful cure—needful to break the stony crust which, in the name of love for one's own, gathers about the divinely glowing core—a crust which, promising to cherish by keeping in the heat, would yet gradually thicken until all was crust; for truly, in things of the heart and spirit, as the warmth ceases to spread, the molten mass within ceases to glow, until at length, but for the divine care and discipline, there would be no love left for even spouse or child—only for self—which is eternal death.

For some time I had seen a considerable change in Roger. It reached even to his dress. Hitherto, when got up for dinner, he was what I was astonished to hear my eldest boy the other day call "a howling swell," but at other times he did not even escape remark—not for the oddity merely, but the slovenliness of his attire. He had worn, for more years than I dare guess, a brown coat, of some rich-looking stuff, whose long pile was stuck together in many places with spots and dabs of paint, so that he looked like our long-haired Bedlington terrier Fido, towards the end of the week in muddy weather. This was now discarded, so far at least as to be hung up in his brother's study, to be at hand when he did any thing for him there, and replaced by a more civilized garment of tweed, of which he actually showed himself a little careful; while, if his necktie *was* red, it was of a very deep and rich red, and he had seldom worn one at all before; and his tall brigand-looking felt-hat was exchanged for one of half the altitude, which he did not crush on his head with quite as many indentations as its surface could hold. He also began to go to church with us sometimes.

But there was a greater and more significant change than any of these. We found that he was sticking more steadily to work. I can hardly say *his* work, for he was a Jack-of-all-trades, as I have already indicated. He had a small income, left him by an old maiden aunt, with whom he had been a favourite, which had hitherto seemed to do him nothing but harm, enabling him to alternate fits of comparative diligence with fits of positive idleness. I have said also, I believe, that, although he could do nothing thoroughly, application alone was wanted to enable him to distinguish himself in more than one thing. His forte was engraving on wood; and my husband said that, if he could do so well with so little practice as he had had, he must be capable of becoming an admirable engraver. To our delight then, we discovered, all at once, that he had been working steadily for three months for the Messrs. D., whose place was not far from our house. He had said nothing about it to his brother, probably from having good reason to fear that he would regard it only as a *spurt*. Having now however executed a block which greatly pleased himself, he had brought a proof impression to show Percivale; who, more pleased with it than even Roger himself, gave him hearty congratulation, and told him it would be a shame if he did not bring his execution in that art to perfection—from which, judging by the present specimen, he said it could not be far off. The words brought into Roger's face an expression of modest gratification which it rejoiced me to behold: he accepted Percivale's approbation more like a son than a brother, with a humid glow in his eyes and hardly a word on his lips. It seemed to me that the child in his heart had begun to throw off the swaddling clothes which foolish manhood had wrapped around it, and the germ of his being was about to assert itself. I have seldom indeed seen Percivale look so pleased.

"Do me a dozen as good as that," he said, "and I'll have the proofs framed in silver-gilt."

It *has* been done, but the proofs had to wait longer for the frame than Percivale for the proofs.

But he need have held out no such bribe of brotherly love, for there was another love already at work in himself more than sufficing to the affair. But I check myself: who shall say what love is sufficing for this or for that? Who with the most enduring and most passionate love his heart can hold, will venture to say that he could have done without the

love of a brother? Who will say that he could have done without the love of the dog whose bones have lain mouldering in his garden for twenty years? It is enough to say that there was a more engrossing, a more marvellous love at work.

Roger always however took a half-holiday on Saturdays, and now generally came to us. On one of these occasions I said to him:

"Wouldn't you like to come and hear Marion play to her friends this evening, Roger?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he answered, and we went.

It was delightful. In my *opinion* Marion is a real artist. I do not claim for her the higher art of origination—though I could claim for her a much higher faculty than the artistic itself. I suspect for instance that Moses was a greater man than the writer of the book of Job, notwithstanding that the poet moves me so much more than the divine politician. Marion combined in a wonderful way the critical faculty with the artistic—which two, however much of the one may be found without the other, are mutually essential to the perfection of each. While she uttered from herself she heard with her audience; while she played and sung with her own fingers and mouth, she at the same time listened with their ears, knowing what they must feel, as well as what she meant to utter. And hence it was, I think, that she came into such vital contact with them even through her piano.

As we returned home, Roger said, after some remark of mine of a cognate sort—

"Does she never try to teach them anything, Ethel?"

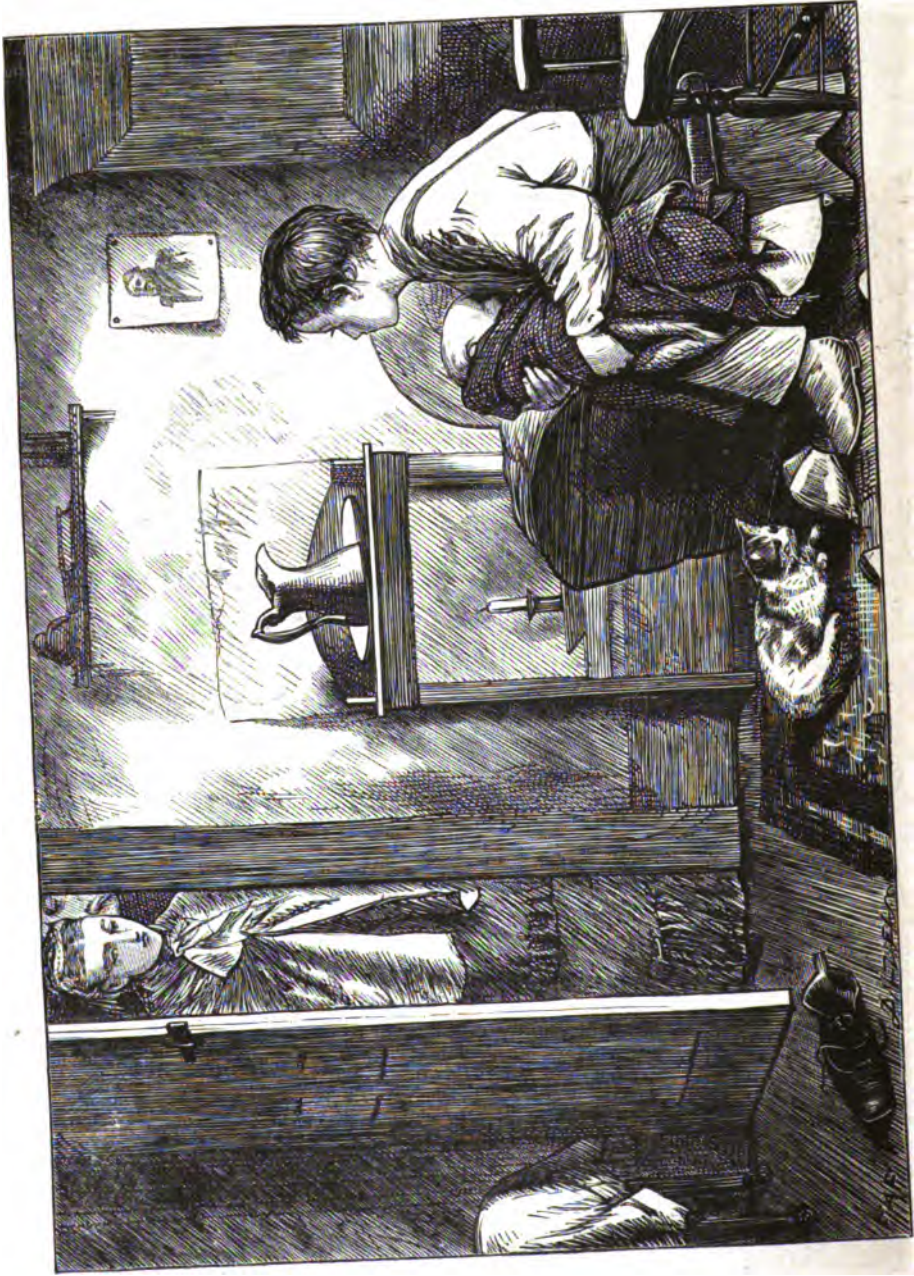
"She is constantly teaching them whether she tries or not," I answered. "If you can make any one believe that there is something somewhere to be trusted, is not that the best lesson you can give him? That can be taught only by being such that people cannot but trust you."

"I didn't need to be told that," he answered. "What I want to know is, whether or not she ever teaches them by word of mouth—an ordinary and inferior mode, if you will."

"If you had ever heard her, you would not call hers an ordinary or inferior mode," I returned. "Her teaching is the outcome of her life, the blossom of her being, and therefore has the whole force of her living truth to back it."

"Have I offended you, Ethel?" he asked.

Then I saw that, in my eagerness to glorify my friend, I had made myself unpleasant to



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

Roger—a fault of which I had been dimly conscious before now. Marion would never have fallen into that error. She always made her friends feel that she was *with* them, side by side with them and turning her face in the same direction, before she attempted to lead them further.

I assured him that he had not offended me, but that I had been foolishly backing him from the front, as I once heard an Irishman say—some of whose bulls were very good milch-cows.

"She teaches them every Sunday evening," I added.

"Have you ever heard her?"

"More than once. And I never heard anything like it."

"Could you take me with you sometime?" he asked, in an assumed tone of ordinary interest, out of which however he could not keep a slight tremble.

"I don't know.—I don't quite see why I shouldn't.—And yet—"

"Men do go," urged Roger, as if it were a mere half-indifferent suggestion.

"Oh, yes; you would have plenty to keep you in countenance!" I returned;—"men enough—and worth teaching too—some of them at least!"

"Then I don't see why she should object to me for another."

"I don't know that she would. You are not exactly of the sort—you know—that—"

"I don't see the difference. I see no essential difference, at least. The main thing is, that I am in want of teaching—as much as any of them. And if she stands on circumstances, I am a working man as much as any of them—perhaps more than most of them. Few of them work after midnight, I should think, as I do not unfrequently."

"Still, all admitted, I should hardly like—"

"I didn't mean you were to take me without asking her," he said. "I should never have dreamed of that."

"And if I were to ask her, I am certain she would refuse. But," I added, thinking over the matter a little, "I will take you without asking her. Come with me to-morrow night. I don't think she will have the heart to send you away."

"I will," he answered, with more gladness in his voice than he intended, I think, to manifest itself.

We arranged that he should call for me at a certain hour.

I told Percivale, and he pretended to grumble that I was taking Roger instead of him.

"It was Roger and not you that made the request," I returned. "I can't say I see why you should go because Roger asked. A woman's logic is not equal to that."

"I didn't mean he wasn't to go. But why shouldn't I be done good to as well as he?"

"If you really want to go," I said, "I don't see why you shouldn't. It's ever so much better than going to any church I know of—except one. But we must be prudent. I can't take more than one the first time. We must get the thin edge of the wedge in first."

"And you count Roger the thin edge?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell him so."

"Do.—The thin edge, mind, without which the thicker the rest is, the more useless!—Tell him that, if you like. But, seriously, I quite expect to take you there too the Sunday after."

Roger and I went. Intending to be a little late, we found when we reached the house, that, as we had wished, the class was already begun. In going up the stairs, we saw very few of the grown inhabitants, but in several of the rooms, of which the doors stood open, elder girls taking care of the younger children—in one, a boy nursing the baby with as much interest as any girl could have shown. We lingered on the way, wishing to give Marion time to get so thoroughly into her work that she could take no notice of our intrusion. When we reached the last stair we could at length hear her voice, of which the first words we could distinguish, as we still ascended, were—

"I will now read to you the chapter of which I spoke."

The door being open, we could hear well enough, although she was sitting where we could not see her. We would not show ourselves until the reading was ended: so much at least we might overhear without offence.

Before she had read many words, Roger and I began to cast strange looks on each other. For this was the chapter she read:

"And Joseph, wheresoever he went in the city, took the Lord Jesus with him, where he was sent for to work, to make gates, or milk-pails, or sieves, or boxes; the Lord Jesus was with him wheresoever he went. And as often as Joseph had anything in his work to make longer or shorter, or wider or narrower, the Lord Jesus would stretch his hand towards it. And presently it became as Joseph would have it. So that he had no need to finish anything with his own hands, for he was not very skilful at his carpenter's trade."

"On a certain time the king of Jerusalem sent for him, and said, I would have thee make me a throne of the same dimensions with that place in which I commonly sit. Joseph obeyed, and forthwith began the work, and continued two years in the king's palace before he finished it. And when he came to fix it in its place, he found it wanted two spans on each side of the appointed measure. Which when the king saw, he was very angry with Joseph; and Joseph afraid of the king's anger, went to bed without his supper, taking not anything to eat. Then the Lord Jesus asked him what he was afraid of. Joseph replied, Because I have lost my labour in the work which I have been about these two years. Jesus said to him, Fear not, neither be cast down; do thou lay hold on one side of the throne, and I will the other, and we will bring it to its just dimensions. And when Joseph had done as the Lord Jesus said, and each of them had with strength drawn his side, the throne obeyed, and was brought to the proper dimensions of the place: which miracle when they who stood by saw, they were astonished, and praised God. The throne was made of the same wood, which was in being in Solomon's time, namely, wood adorned with various shapes and figures."

Her voice ceased, and a pause followed.

"We must go in now," I whispered.

"She'll be going to say something now; just wait till she's started," said Roger.

"Now what do you think of it?" asked Marion, in a meditative tone.

We crept within the scope of her vision, and stood. A voice which I knew, was at the moment replying to her question.

"I don't think it's much of a chapter, that, grannie."

The speaker was the keen-faced, elderly man, with iron-grey whiskers, who had come forward to talk to Percivale on that miserable evening when we were out searching for little Ethel. He sat near where we stood by the door, between two respectable-looking women, who had been listening to the chapter as devoutly as if it had been of the true gospel.

"Sure, grannie, that ain't out o' the Bible?" said another voice, from somewhere farther off.

"We'll talk about that presently," answered Marion. "I want to hear what Mr. Jarvis has to say to it: he's a carpenter himself, you see—a joiner, that is, you know."

All the faces in the room were now turned towards Jarvis.

"Tell me why you don't think much of it, Mr. Jarvis," said Marion.

"Tain't a bit likely," he answered.

"What isn't likely?"

"Why, not one single thing in the whole kit of it. And first and foremost, 'tain't a bit likely the old man 'ud ha' been sich a duffer."

"Why not? There must have been stupid people then as well as now."

"Not *his* father," said Jarvis decidedly.

"He wasn't but his step-father, like, you know, Mr. Jarvis," remarked the woman beside him in a low voice.

"Well, he'd never ha' been *hers* then. *She* wouldn't ha' had a word to say to *him*."

"I have seen a good—and wise woman too—with a dull husband," said Marion.

"You know you don't believe a word of it yourself, grannie," said still another voice.

"Besides," she went on without heeding the interruption, "in those times, I suspect, such things were mostly managed by the parents, and the woman herself had little to do with them."

A murmur of subdued indignation arose—chiefly of female voices.

"Well, *they* wouldn't then," said Jarvis.

"He might have been rich," suggested Marion.

"I'll go bail *he* never made the money then," said Jarvis. "An old idget! I don't believe sich a feller 'ud ha' been *let* marry a woman like her—I *don't*."

"You mean you don't think God would have let him?"

"Well, that's what I *do* mean, grannie. The thing couldn't ha' been—nohow."

"I agree with you quite. And now I want to hear more of what in the story you don't consider likely."

"Well, it ain't likely sich a workman 'ud ha' stood so high i' the trade, that the king of Jerusalem would ha' sent for *him* of all the tradesmen in the town to make his new throne for him. No more it ain't likely—and let him be as big a duffer as ever was, to be a jiner at all—that he'd ha' been two year at work on that there throne—an' a carvin' of it in figures too!—and never found out it was four spans too narrer for the place it had to stand in. Do ye 'appen to know now, grannie, how much is a span?"

"I don't know.—Do you know, Mrs. Percivale?"

The sudden reference took me very much by surprise; but I had not forgotten happily the answer I received to the same question, when anxious to realize the monstrous height of Goliath.

"I remember my father telling me," I replied, "that it was as much as you could

stretch between your thumb and little finger."

"There!" cried Jarvis triumphantly, parting the extreme members of his right hand against the back of the woman in front of him—"that would be seven or eight inches! Four times that?—Two foot and a half at least! Think of that!"

"I admit the force of both your objections," said Marion.—"And now to turn to a more important part of the story—what do you think of the miracle attributed to our Lord in it? What do you think of the way in which according to it he got his father out of his evil plight?"

I saw plainly enough that she was quietly advancing towards some point in her view—guiding the talk thitherward, steadily, without haste or effort.

Before Jarvis had time to make any reply, the blind man, mentioned in a former chapter, struck in, with the tone of one who had been watching his opportunity.

"I make more o' that pint than the t'other," he said. "A man as is a duffer may well make a mull of a thing, but a man as knows what he's up to can't. I don't make much o' them miracles, you know, grannie—that is, I don't know, and what I don't know, I won't say as I knows; but what I'm sure of is this here one thing—that man or boy as *could* work a miracle, you know, grannie, wouldn't work no miracle as there wasn't no good working of."

"It was to help his father," suggested Marion.

Here Jarvis broke in almost with scorn.

"To help him to pass for a clever fellow when he was as great a duffer as ever broke bread!"

"I'm quite o' your opinion, Mr. Jarvis," said the blind man. "It 'ud ha' been more like him to tell his father what a duffer he was, and send him home to learn his trade."

"He couldn't do that, you know," said Marion gently. "He *couldn't* use such words to his father, if he were ever so stupid."

"His step-father, grannie," suggested the woman who had corrected Jarvis on the same point. She spoke very modestly, but was clearly bent on holding forth what light she had.

"Certainly, Mrs. Renton; but you know he couldn't be rude to any one—leaving his own mother's husband out of the question."

"True for you, grannie," returned the woman.

"I think though," said Jarvis, "for as hard as he'd ha' found it, it would ha' been more

like him to set to work and teach his father, than to scamp up his mulls."

"Certainly," acquiesced Marion. "To hide any man's faults, and leave him not only stupid but in all probability obstinate and self-satisfied, would not be like *him*. Suppose our Lord had had such a father, what do you think he would have done?"

"He'd ha' done all he could to make a man of him," answered Jarvis.

"Wouldn't he have set about making him comfortable then, in spite of his blunders?" said Marion.

A significant silence followed this question.

"Well, *no*; not first thing—I don't think," returned Jarvis, at length. "He'd ha' got him o' some good first, and gone in to make him comfortable arter."

"Then I suppose you would rather be of some good and uncomfortable than of no good and comfortable?" said Marion.

"I hope so, grannie," answered Jarvis; and "I would;" "Yes;" "That I would," came from several voices in the little crowd, showing what an influence Marion must have already had upon them.

"Then," she said—and I saw by the light which rose in her eyes that she was now coming to the point—"Then surely it must be worth our while to bear discomfort in order to grow of some good! Mr. Jarvis has truly said that if Jesus had had such a father, he would have made him of some good before he made him comfortable: that is just the way your Father in heaven is acting with you. Not many of you would say you are of much good yet; but you would like to be better. And yet—put it to yourselves—do you not grumble at everything that comes to you that you don't like, and call it bad luck, and worse—yes, even when you know it comes of your own fault, and nobody else's? You think if you had only this or that to make you comfortable, you would be content; and you call it very hard that So-and-so should be getting on well, and saving money, and you down on your luck, as you say. Some of you even grumble that your neighbours' children should be healthy when yours are pining. You would allow that you are not of much good yet, but you forget that to make you comfortable as you are, would be the same as to pull out Joseph's misfitted thrones and doors, and make his mis-shapen buckets over again for him. That you think so absurd that you can't believe the story a bit; but you would be helped out of all *your* troubles, even those you bring on yourselves, not thinking what

the certain consequence would be—namely that you would grow of less and less value, until you were of no good either to God or man. If you think about it, you will see that I am right. When, for instance, are you most willing to do right? When are you most ready to hear about good things? When are you most inclined to pray to God? When you have plenty of money in your pockets, or when you are in want? When you have had a good dinner, or when you have not enough to get one? When you are in jolly health, or when the life seems ebbing out of you in misery and pain? No matter that you may have brought it on yourselves; it is no less God's way of bringing you back to him, for he decrees that suffering shall follow sin; it is just then you most need it; and if it drives you to God, that is its end, and there will be an end of it. The prodigal was himself to blame for the want that made him a beggar at the swine's trough; yet that want was the greatest blessing God could give him, for it drove him home to his father.

"But some of you will say you are no prodigals; nor is it your fault that you find yourselves in such difficulties that life seems hard to you. It would be very wrong in me to set myself up as your judge, and to tell you that it *was* your fault. If it is, God will let you know it. But if it be not your fault, it does not follow that you need the less to be driven back to God. It is not only in punishment of our sins that we are made to suffer: God's runaway children must be brought back to their home and their blessedness—back to their Father in heaven. It is not always a sign that God is displeased with us when he makes us suffer. 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons.' But instead of talking more about it, I must take it to myself, and learn not to grumble when *my* plans fail."

"That's what *you* never goes and does, grannie," growled a voice from somewhere.

I learned afterwards it was that of a young tailor who was constantly quarrelling with his mother.

"I think I have given up grumbling at my circumstances," she rejoined; "but then I have nothing to grumble at in them. I haven't known hunger or cold for a great many years now. But I do feel discontented at times when I see some of you not getting better so fast as I should like. I ought to have patience, remembering how patient God

is with my conceit and stupidity, and not expect too much of you. Still, it can't be wrong to wish that you tried a good deal more to do what he wants of you. Why should his children not be his friends? If you would but give yourselves up to him, you would find his yoke so easy, his burden so light! But you do it only half, and some of you not at all.

"Now however that we have got a lesson from a false gospel, we may as well get one from the true."

As she spoke, she turned to her New Testament which lay beside her. But Jarvis interrupted her.

"Where did you get that stuff you was a readin' of to us, grannie?" he asked.

"The chapter I read to you," she answered, "is part of a pretended gospel, called, 'The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ.' I can't tell you who wrote it, or how it came to be written. All I can say is, that, very early in the history of the church there were people who indulged themselves in inventing things about Jesus, and seem to have had no idea of the importance of keeping to facts, or, in other words, of speaking and writing only the truth. All they seem to have cared about was the gratifying of their own feelings of love and veneration; and so they made up tales about him, in his honour, as they supposed, no doubt, just as if he had been a false god of the Greeks or Romans. It is long before some people learn to speak the truth, even after they know it is wicked to lie. Perhaps, however, they did not expect their stories to be received as facts, intending them only as a sort of recognized fiction about him—amazing presumption at the best."

"Did anybody then ever believe the likes of that, grannie?" asked Jarvis.

"Yes; what I read to you seems to have been believed within a hundred years after the death of the apostles. There are several such writings—with a great deal of nonsense in them—which were accepted by many Christian people for many years."

"I can't imagine how anybody could go in inventuating such things!" said the blind man.

"It is hard for us to imagine. They could not have seen how their inventions would, in later times, be judged anything but honouring to him in whose honour they wrote them. Nothing, be it ever so well invented, can be so good as the bare truth. Perhaps, however, no one in particular invented some of them, but the stories grew, just as a report

often does amongst yourselves. Although everybody fancies he or she is only telling just what was told to him or her, yet, by degrees, the pin's-point of a fact is covered over with lies upon lies, almost everybody adding something, until the report has grown to be a mighty falsehood. Why, you had such a story yourselves, not so very long ago, about one of your best friends! One comfort is, such a story is sure not to be consistent with itself; it is sure to show its own falsehood to any one who is good enough to doubt it, and who will look into it, and examine it well. You don't, for instance, want any other proof than the things themselves to show you that what I have just read to you can't be true."

"But then it puzzles me to think how anybody could believe them," said the blind man.

"Many of the early Christians were so childishly simple that they would believe almost anything that was told them. In a time when such nonsense could be written, it is no great wonder there should be many who could believe it."

"Then what was their faith worth," said the blind man, "if they believed false and true all the same?"

"Worth no end to them," answered Marion, with eagerness; "for all the false things they might believe about him, could not destroy the true ones, or prevent them from believing in Jesus himself, and bettering their ways for his sake. And as they grew better and better by doing what he told them, they would gradually come to disbelieve this and that foolish or bad thing."

"But wouldn't that make them stop believing in him altogether?"

"On the contrary, it would make them hold the firmer to all that they saw to be true about him. There are many people, I presume, in other countries, who believe those stories still; but all the Christians I know, have cast aside every one of those writings, and keep only to those we call the gospels. To throw away what is not true, because it is not true, will always help the heart to be truer; will make it the more anxious to cleave to what it sees must be true. Jesus remonstrated with the Jews that they would not of themselves judge what was right; and the man who lets God teach him is made abler to judge what is right a thousand fold."

"Then don't you think it likely this much is true, grannie"—said Jarvis, probably interested in the question, in part at least, from the fact that he was himself a carpenter—

"that he worked with his father, and helped him in his trade?"

"I do indeed," answered Marion. "I believe that is the one germ of truth in the whole story. It is possible even that some incidents of that part of his life may have been handed down a little way, at length losing all their shape however, and turning into the kind of thing I read to you. Not to mention that they called him the carpenter, is it likely he who came down for the express purpose of being a true man, would see his father toiling to feed him and his mother and his brothers and sisters, and go idling about, instead of putting to his hand to help him? Would that have been like him?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jarvis.

But a doubtful murmur came from the blind man, which speedily took shape in the following remark:

"I can't help thinkin', grannie, of one time—you read it to us not long ago—when he laid down in the boat and went fast asleep, takin' no more heed o' them a slavin' o' their-selves to death at their oars, than if they'd been all comfortable like hisself: that wasn't much like takin' of his share—was it now?"

"John Evans," returned Marion with severity, "it is quite right to put any number of questions, and express any number of doubts you honestly feel; but you have no right to make remarks you would not make if you were anxious to be as fair to another as you would have another be to you. Have you considered that he had been working hard all day long, and was in fact worn out? You don't think what hard work it is, and how exhausting, to speak for hours to great multitudes—and in the open air too, where your voice has no help to make it heard. And that's not all; for he had most likely been healing many as well; and I believe every time the power went out of him to cure, he suffered in the relief he gave; it left him weakened—with so much the less of strength to support his labours—so that, even in his very body he took our iniquities and bare our infirmities. Would you then blame a weary man, whose perfect faith in God rendered it impossible for him to fear anything, that he lay down to rest in God's name, and left his friends to do their part for the redemption of the world in rowing him to the other side of the lake—a thing they were doing every other day of their lives? You ought to consider before you make such remarks, Mr. Evans. And you forget also that, the moment they called him, he rose to help them."

"And find fault with them," interposed Evans, rather viciously, I thought.

"Yes; for they were to blame for their own trouble, and ought to send it away."

"What! To blame for the storm? How could they send that away?"

"Was it the storm that troubled them then? It was their own fear of it. The storm could not have troubled them if they had had faith in their Father in heaven."

"They had good cause to be afraid of it anyhow."

"He judged they had not, for he was not afraid himself. You judge they had, because you would have been afraid."

"He could help himself, you see."

"And they couldn't trust either him or his Father, notwithstanding all he had done to manifest himself and his Father to them. Therefore he saw that the storm about them was not the thing that most required rebuke. The miserable faithlessness within them was a far worse thing, and the cause of all the fear. For children of the great God to believe that they were at the mercy of winds and waves, puffs of air, and splashes of water, was most miserable and degrading. Did he not do well to find fault with them, John Evans?—The fact is," she went on after a short pause, "that at this very moment you are laying yourself open to the same rebuke. If they had known him, the disciples would not have been afraid. If you had known him, you would not thus lightly have brought such a charge against him. To you also belongs the word—*O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*"

"I never pretended to much o' the sort," growled Evans. "Quite the contrary."

"And why? Because, like an honest man, you wouldn't pretend to what you hadn't got. But if you carried your honesty far enough, you would have taken pains to understand our Lord first. Like his other judges, you condemn him beforehand. You will not call that honesty?"

"I don't see what right you've got to badger me like this afore a congregation o' people," said the blind man rising in indignation. "If I 'ain't got my heye-sight, I ha' got my feelin's."

"And do you think *he* has no feelings, Mr. Evans? You have spoken evil of *him*; I have spoken but the truth of *you*!"

"Come, come, grannie," said the blind man, quailing a little, "don't talk squash. I'm a livin' man afore the heyes o' this here company, an' he ain't nowheres. Bless you, *he* don't mind!"

"He minds so much," returned Marion in a subdued voice, which seemed to tremble with coming tears, "that he will never rest until you think fairly of him. And he is here now, for he said—'I am with you always, to the end of the world;' and he has heard every word you have been saying against him. He isn't angry like me, but your words may well make him feel sad—for your sake, John Evans—that you should be so unfair."

She leaned her forehead on her hand, and was silent. A subdued murmur arose. The blind man, having stood irresolute for a moment, began to make for the door, saying—

"I think I'd better go. I ain't wanted here."

"If you *are* an honest man, Mr. Evans," returned Marion, rising, "you will sit down and hear the case out."

With a waving, fin-like motion of both his hands, Evans sank into his seat, and spoke no word.

After but a moment's silence, she resumed as if there had been no interruption.

"That he should sleep then during the storm was a very different thing from declining to assist his father in his workshop; just as the rebuking of the sea was a very different thing from hiding up his father's bad work in miracles. Had that father been in danger, he might perhaps have aided him as he did the disciples. But——"

"Why do you say *perhaps*, grannie?" interrupted a bright-eyed boy who sat on the hob of the empty grate. "Wouldn't he help his father as soon as his disciples?"

"Certainly—if it was good for his father—certainly not, if it was not good for him—therefore I say *perhaps*.—But now," she went on, turning to the joiner, "Mr. Jarvis, will you tell me whether you think the work of the carpenter's son would have been in any way distinguishable from that of another man?"

"Well, I don't know, grannie. He wouldn't want to be putting of a private mark upon it. He wouldn't want to be showing of it off—would he? He'd use his tools like another man, anyhow."

"All that we may be certain of. He came to us a man, to live a man's life and do a man's work. But just think a moment: I will put the question again: Do you suppose you would have been able to distinguish his work from that of any other man?"

A silence followed. Jarvis was thinking. He and the blind man were of the few that can think. At last his face brightened.

"Well, grannie," he said, "I think it would be very difficult in anything easy, but very easy in anything difficult."

He laughed,—for he had not perceived the paradox before uttering it.

"Explain yourself, if you please, Mr. Jarvis. I am not sure that I understand you," said Marion.

"I mean that, in an easy job, which any fair workman could do well enough, it would not be easy to tell his work. But where the job was difficult, it would be so much better

done, that it would not be difficult to see the better hand in it."

"I understand you then to indicate that the chief distinction would lie in the quality of the work—that whatever he did he would do in such a thorough manner, that, over the whole of what he turned out—as you would say—the perfection of the work would be a striking characteristic. Is that it?"

"That is what I do mean, grannie."

"And that is just the conclusion I had come to myself."



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"I should like to say just one word to it, grannie, so be you won't cut up crusty," said the blind man.

"If you are fair, I shan't be crusty, Mr. Evans. At least I hope not," said Marion.

"Well, it's this: Mr. Jarvis he say as how the jiner-work done by Jesus Christ would be better done than e'er another man's—tip-top-fashion, and there would lie the differ. Now it do seem to me as I've got no call to come to that 'ere conclusion. You been a tellin' on us, grannie, I donno how long now, as how Jesus Christ was the son of God, and that he come to do the works of God—down

here like, afore our faces, that we might see God at work, by way of. Now I ha' nothin' to say agin that: it may be, or it mayn't be—I can't tell. But if that be the way on it, then I don't see how Mr. Jarvis can be right; the two don't curryspond—not by no means. For the works o' God—there ain't one on 'em as I can see downright well managed—tip-top jiner's work, as I may say; leastways,—now stop a bit, grannie; don't trip a man up, and then say as he fell over his own dog,—leastways, I don't say about the moon an' the stars an' that; I dessay the sun he do get up the werry moment he's called of a mornin',

an' the moon when she ought to for her night-work;—I ain't no 'stronomer strawnry, and I ain't heerd no complaints about *them*; but I do say as how, down here, we ha' got most uncommon bad weather more 'n at times; and the walnuts they turns out, every now an' then, full o' mere dirt; an' the oranges awful. There 'ain't been a good crop o' hay, they tells me, for many's the year. An' i' furren parts, what wi' earthquakes an' wolcanies an' lions an' tigers, an' savages as eats their wisiters, an' chimley-pots blowin' about, an' ships goin' down, an' fathers o' families choked an' drownded an' burnt i' coal-pits by the hundred—it do seem to me that if his jinerin' hadn't been tip-top, it would ha' been but like the rest on it. There, grannie! Mind I mean no offence; an' I don't doubt you ha' got somethink i' your weskit pocket as 'll turn it all topsy-turvy in a moment. Anyhow I won't purtend to nothink, and that's how it look to me."

"I admit," said Marion, "that the objection is a reasonable one. But why do you put it, Mr. Evans, in such a triumphant way, as if you were rejoiced to think it admitted of no answer, and believed the world would be ever so much better off if the storms and the tigers had it all their own way, and there were no God to look after things?"

"Now you ain't fair to *me*, grannie. Not 'avin' of my heyesight like the rest on ye, I may be a bit fond of a harguymint; but I tries to hit fair, and when I hears what ain't logic, I can no more help comin' down upon it, that I can help breathin' the air o' heaven. And why shouldn't I? There ain't no law agin a harguymint. An' more an' over, it do seem to me as how you and Mr. Jarvis is wrong i' *this* harguymint."

"If I was too sharp upon you, Mr. Evans, and I may have been," said Marion, "I beg your pardon."

"It's granted, grannie."

"I don't mean, you know, that I give in to what you say—not one bit."

"I didn't expect it of you. I'm a-waitin' here for you to knock me down."

"I don't think a mere victory is worth the breath spent upon it," said Marion. "But we should all be glad to get or give more light upon any subject, if it be by losing ever so many arguments. Allow me just to put a question or two to Mr. Jarvis, because he's a joiner himself—and that's a great comfort to me to-night:—What would you say, Mr. Jarvis, of a master who planed the timber he used for scaffolding, and tied the cross pieces with ropes of silk?"

"I should say he was a fool, grannie—not only for losin' of his money and his labour, but for weakenin' of his scaffoldin'—summat like the old throne-maker i' that chapter, I should say."

"What's the object of a scaffold, Mr. Jarvis?"

"To get at something else by means of—say build a house."

"Then so long as the house was going up all right, the probability is there wouldn't be much amiss with the scaffold?"

"Certainly—provided it stood till it was taken down."

"And now, Mr. Evans," she said next, turning to the blind man, "I am going to take the liberty of putting a question or two to you."

"All right, grannie. Fire away."

"Will you tell me then what the object of this world is?"

"Well, most people makes it their object to get money, and make theirselves comfortable."

"But you don't think that is what the world was made for?"

"Oh! as to that, how should I know, grannie? And not knowin', I won't say."

"If you saw a scaffold," said Marion, turning again to Jarvis, "would you be in danger of mistaking it for a permanent erection?"

"Nobody wouldn't be such a fool," he answered. "The look of it would tell you that."

"You wouldn't complain then if it should be a little out of the square, and if there should be no windows in it?"

Jarvis only laughed.

"Mr. Evans," Marion went on, turning again to the blind man, "do you think the design of this world was to make men comfortable?"

"If it was, it don't seem to ha' succeeded," answered Evans.

"And you complain of that—don't you?"

"Well, yes, rather"—said the blind man, adding, no doubt as he recalled the former part of the evening's talk—"for harguymint, ye know, grannie."

"You think, perhaps, that God, having gone so far to make this world a pleasant and comfortable place to live in, might have gone farther and made it quite pleasant and comfortable for everybody?"

"Whoever could make it at all could ha' done that, grannie."

"Then as he hasn't done it, the probability is he didn't mean to do it?"

"Of course. That's what I complain of."

"Then he meant to do something else?"

"It looks like it."

"The whole affair has an unfinished look, you think?"

"I just do."

"What if it were not meant to stand then? What if it were meant only for a temporary assistance in carrying out something finished and lasting, and of unspeakably more importance? Suppose God were building a palace for you, and had set up a scaffold, upon which he wanted you to help him;—would it be reasonable in you to complain that you didn't find the scaffold at all a comfortable place to live in?—that it was draughty and cold? This world is that scaffold; and if you were busy carrying stones and mortar for the palace, you would be glad of all the cold to cool the glow of your labour."

"I'm sure I work hard enough when I get a job as my eyesight will enable me to do," said Evans, missing the spirit of her figure.

"Yes; I believe you do. But what will all the labour of a workman who does not fall in with the design of the builder come to? You may say you don't understand the design: will you say also that you are under no obligation to put so much faith in the builder—who is said to be your God and Father—as to do the thing he tells you? Instead of working away at the palace, like men, will you go on tacking bits of matting and old carpet about the corners of the scaffold to keep the wind off, while that same wind keeps tearing them away and scattering them? You keep trying to live in a scaffold, which not all you could do to all eternity would make a house of. You see what I mean, Mr. Evans?"

"Well, not exactly," replied the blind man.

"I mean that God wants to build you a house whereof the walls shall be *goodness*: you want a house whereof the walls shall be *comfort*. But God knows that such walls cannot be built—that that kind of stone crumbles away in the foolish workman's hands. He would make you comfortable; but neither is that his first object, nor can it be gained without the first, which is to make you good. He loves you so much that he would infinitely rather have you good and uncomfortable—for then he could take you to his heart as his own children—than comfortable and not good, for then he could not come near you, or give you anything he counted worth having for himself or worth giving to you."

"So," said Jarvis, "you've just brought us round, grannie, to the same thing as before."

"I believe so," returned Marion. "It comes to this, that when God would build a palace for himself to dwell in with his children, he does not want his scaffold so constructed that they shall be able to make a house of it for themselves, and live like apes instead of angels."

"But if God can do anything he please," said Evans, "he might as well *make* us good, and there would be an end of it."

"That is just what he is doing," returned Marion. "Perhaps, by giving them perfect health and everything they wanted, with absolute good temper, and making them very fond of each other besides, God might have provided himself a people he would have had no difficulty in governing, and amongst whom, in consequence, there would have been no crime and no struggle or suffering. But I have known a dog with more goodness than that would come to. We cannot be good without having consented to be made good. God shows us the good and the bad; urges us to be good; wakes good thoughts and desires in us; helps our spirit with his spirit, our thought with his thought; but we must yield; we must turn to him; we must consent, yes, try to be made good. If we could grow good without trying, it would be a poor goodness; *we* should not be good after all; at best we should only be not bad. God wants us to choose to be good, and so be partakers of his holiness; he would have us lay hold of him. He who has given his Son to suffer for us, will make us suffer too—bitterly, if needful—that we may bethink ourselves and turn to him. He would make us as good as good can be—that is, perfectly good; and therefore will rouse us to take the needful hand in the work ourselves—rouse us by discomforts innumerable.

"You see then, it is not inconsistent with the apparent imperfections of the creation around us, that Jesus should have done the best possible carpenter's work; for those very imperfections are actually through their imperfection the means of carrying out the higher creation God has in view, and at which he is working all the time.

"Now let me read you what King David thought upon this question."

She read the hundred and seventh psalm. Then they had some singing, in which the children took a delightful part. I have seldom heard children sing pleasantly. In Sunday-schools I have always found their voices painfully harsh. But Marion made her children restrain their voices and sing

softly, which had, she said, an excellent moral effect on themselves, all squalling and screeching, whether in art or morals, being ruinous to either.

Towards the close of the singing, Roger and I slipped out. We had, all but tacitly, agreed it would be best to make no apology, but just vanish, and come again with Percival the following Sunday.

The greater part of the way home we walked in silence.

"What did you think of that, Roger?" I asked at length.

"Quite Socratic as to method," he answered, and said no more.

I sent a full report of the evening to my father, who was delighted with it, although of course much was lost in the reporting of the mere words, not to mention the absence of her sweet face and shining eyes, of her quiet, earnest, musical voice. My father kept the letter, and that is how I am able to give the present report.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ABOUT SERVANTS.

I WENT to call on Lady Bernard the next day—for there was one subject on which I could better talk with her than with Marion, and that subject was Marion herself. In the course of our conversation I said that I had had more than usual need of such a lesson as she gave us the night before—I had been, and indeed still was, so vexed with my nurse.

"What is the matter?" asked Lady Bernard.

"She has given me warning," I answered.

"She has been with you some time—has she not?"

"Ever since we were married."

"What reason does she give?"

"Oh! she wants to *better herself*, of course," I replied—in such a tone, that Lady Bernard rejoined:

"And why should she not better herself?"

"But she has such a false notion of bettering herself! I am confident what she wants will do anything but better her—if she gets it."

"What is her notion then? Are you sure you have got at the real one?"

"I believe I have *now*. When I asked her first, she said she was very comfortable, and condescended to inform me that she had nothing against either me or her master, but thought it was time she was having more wages, for a friend of hers, who had left home a year after herself, was having two pounds more than she had."

"It is very natural, and certainly not wrong, that she should wish for more wages."

"I told her she need not have taken such a round-about way of asking for an advance, and said I would raise her wages with pleasure. But instead of receiving the announcement with any sign of satisfaction, she seemed put out by it; and after some considerable amount of incoherence, blurted out that the place was dull, and she wanted a change. At length, however, I got at her real reason, which was simply ambition: she wanted to rise in the world—to get a place where men-servants were kept—a more fashionable place in fact."

"A very mistaken ambition certainly," said Lady Bernard, "but one which would be counted natural enough in any other line of life. Had she given you ground for imagining higher aims in her?"

"She had been so long with us that I thought she must have some regard for us."

"She has probably a good deal more than she is aware of. But change is as needful to some minds for their education as an even tenor of life is to others. Probably she has got all the good she is capable of receiving from you, and there may be some one ready to take her place for whom you will be able to do more. However inconvenient it may be for you to change, the more young people who pass through your house the better."

"If it were really for her good, I hope I shouldn't mind."

"You cannot tell what may be needful to cause the seed you have sown to germinate. It may be necessary for her to pass to another class in the school of life, before she can realize what she learned in yours."

I was silent, for I was beginning to feel ashamed, and Lady Bernard went on.

"When I hear mistresses lamenting over some favourite servant as marrying certain misery in exchange for a comfortable home with plenty to eat and drink and wear, I always think of the other side to it, namely, how, through the instincts of his own implanting, God is urging her to a path in which, by passing through the fires and waters of suffering, she may be stung to the life of a true humanity. And such suffering is far more ready to work its perfect work on a girl who has passed through a family like yours."

"I wouldn't say a word to keep her if she were going to be married," I said; "but you will allow there is good reason to fear she will be no better for such a chance as she desires."

"You have good reason to fear, my child," said Lady Bernard, smiling so as to take all sting out of the reproof—"that you have too little faith in the God who cares for your maid as for you. It is not indeed likely that she will have such help as yours where she goes next; but the loss of it may throw her back on herself and bring out her individuality, which is her conscience. Still I am far from wondering at your fear for her—knowing well what dangers she may fall into. Shall I tell you what first began to open my eyes to the evils of a large establishment? Wishing to get rid of part of the weight of my affairs, and at the same time to assist a relative who was in want of employment, I committed to him, along with larger matters, the oversight of my household expenses, and found that he saved me the whole of his salary. This will be easily understood from a single fact. Soon after his appointment, he called on a tradesman to pay him his bill. The man, taking him for a new butler, offered him the same discount he had been in the habit of giving his supposed predecessor—namely twenty-five per cent.—a discount, I need not say, never intended to reach my knowledge any more than my purse. The fact was patent—I had been living in a hotel, of which I not only paid the rent, but paid the landlord for cheating me. With such a head to an establishment, you may judge what the members may become."

"I remember an amusing experience my brother-in-law Roger Percivale once had of your household," I said.

"I also remember it perfectly," she returned. "That was how I came to know him. But I knew something of his family long before. I remember his grandfather a great buyer of pictures and marbles."

Lady Bernard here gave me the story from her point of view, but Roger's narrative being of necessity the more complete, I tell the tale as he told it me.

At the time of the occurrence, he was assisting Mr. F., the well-known sculptor, and had taken a share in both the modelling and the carving of a bust of Lady Bernard's father. When it was finished and Mr. F. was about to take it home, he asked Roger to accompany him and help him to get it safe into the house and properly placed.

Roger and the butler between them carried it to the drawing-room, where were Lady Bernard and a company of her friends, whom she had invited to meet Mr. F. at lunch, and see the bust. There being no pedestal yet ready, Mr. F. made choice of a certain

small table for it to stand upon, and then accompanied her ladyship and her other guests to the dining-room, leaving Roger to uncover the bust, place it in the proper light, and do whatever more might be necessary to its proper effect on the company when they should return. As she left the room, Lady Bernard told Roger to ring for a servant to clear the table for him, and render what other assistance he might want. He did so. A lackey answered the bell, and Roger requested him to remove the things from the table. The man left the room, and did not return. Roger therefore cleared and moved the table himself, and with difficulty got the bust upon it. Finding then several stains upon the pure half-transparency of the marble, he rang the bell for a basin of water and a sponge. Another man appeared, looked into the room, and went away. He rang once more, and yet another servant came. This last condescended to hear him, and, informing him that he could get what he wanted in the scullery, vanished in his turn. By this time Roger confesses to have been rather in a rage; but what could he do? Least of all allow Mr. F.'s work, and the likeness of her ladyship's father to make its début with a spot on its nose; therefore, seeing he could not otherwise procure what was necessary, he set out in quest of the unknown appurtenances of the kitchen.

It is unpleasant to find oneself astray, even in a moderately sized house, and Roger did not at all relish wandering about the huge place, with no finger-posts to keep him in its business-thoroughfares, not to speak of directing him to the remotest recesses of a house "full," as Chaucer says, "of crenkles." At last, however, he found himself at the door of the servants' hall. Two men were lying on their backs on benches, with their knees above their heads in the air; a third was engaged in emptying a pewter pot, between his draughts tossing facetiæ across its mouth to a damsel who was removing the remains of some private luncheon; and a fourth sat in one of the windows reading *Bell's Life*. Roger took it all in at a glance, while to one of the giants supine, or rather to a perpendicular pair of white stockings, he preferred his request for a basin and a sponge. Once more he was informed that he would find what he wanted in the scullery. There was no time to waste on unavailing demands, therefore he only begged further to be directed how to find it. The fellow, without raising his head or lowering his knees, jabbered out such instructions as, from the

rapidity with which he delivered them, were, if not unintelligible, at all events incomprehensible, and Roger had to set out again on the quest, only not quite so bewildered as before. He found a certain long passage mentioned, however, and happily, before he arrived at the end of it, met a maid, who with the utmost civility gave him full instructions to find the place. The scullery-maid was equally civil, and Roger returned with basin and sponge to the drawing-room, where he speedily removed the too troublesome stains from the face of the marble.

When the company re-entered, Mr. F. saw at once from the expression and bearing of Roger that something had happened to discompose him, and asked him what was amiss. Roger having briefly informed him, Mr. F. at once recounted the facts to Lady Bernard, who immediately requested a full statement from Roger himself, and heard the whole story.

She walked straight to the bell, and ordered up every one of her domestics, from the butler to the scullery-maid.

Without one hasty word, or one bodily sign of the anger she was in, except the flashing of her eyes, she told them she could not have had a suspicion that such insolence was possible in her house; that they had disgraced her in her own eyes, as having gathered such people about her; that she would not add

to Mr. Percivale's annoyance by asking him to point out the guilty persons, but that they might assure themselves she would henceforth keep both eyes and ears open, and if the slightest thing of the sort happened again, she would most assuredly dismiss every one of them at a moment's warning. She then turned to Roger and said:

"Mr. Percivale, I beg your pardon for the insults you have received from my servants."

"I did think," she said, as she finished telling me the story, "to dismiss them all on the spot, but was deterred by the fear of injustice. The next morning, however, four or five of them gave my housekeeper warning: I gave orders that they should leave the house at once, and from that day, I set about reducing my establishment. My principal objects were two—first, that my servants might have more work; and second, that I might be able to know something of every one of them; for one thing I saw—that until I ruled my own house well, I had no right to go trying to do good out of doors. I think I do know a little of the nature and character of every soul under my roof now; and I am more and more confident that nothing of real and lasting benefit can be done for a class except through personal influence upon the individual persons who compose it—such influence I mean, as at the very least sets for Christianity."

THE CHRISTIAN USES OF LEISURE.

"And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—MARK vi. 31.

IF we look back a little way into the narrative, we shall understand better the occasion of this invitation. In the beginning of the chapter we are told that our Lord sent out his disciples to labour in the instruction of the people. They must commence under his own guidance the work they were to carry on after his death. They performed their mission with great ardour and success. A deep interest was created, and the crowds thronged around them till they had not time so much as to eat. When they returned, their Master saw their exhaustion, and made provision for it. They needed repose of mind as well as of body—the quiet that is required after excitement even more than after toil. There is a kindly considerateness in the words of Christ, a friendly sympathy with what may be called the lesser sufferings of our nature which may give us confidence in still putting before Him the smallest wants

and weaknesses. He had an end in view that took in the whole world, but He was not of those iron-hearted philanthropists who are cruel to men that they may work out their scheme for man, and who break their instruments in the passion for their theory. The zeal of God's house consumed Him; He had compassion on the multitudes, and spent Himself for them; but He devised hours of repose for his weary fellow-workers.

Another event recorded in this chapter had probably a share in this call to retirement. It seems to have been about the time of their return to Christ that the news came of the death of John the Baptist. It no doubt sent a strange shock to their heart. Some of them had been his followers, and knew him intimately; and all of them revered him as a divine messenger of extraordinary power and faithfulness. The details of banqueting and blood, the man of God meeting

his executioners in the gloom of the dungeon, the glare of the lights above on the maiden and her frightful gift, strike us still with a shudder, and may help us to realise how those felt it who were in the presence of the event. It was not merely that they had lost a friend, but that God seemed indifferent to his own cause and its truest witnesses. Their faith must have been sorely tried, questionings must have been stirred within them to which they could find no answer, and it was to tranquillise their spirit, as well as refresh exhausted mind and body, that our Lord said to them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."

Before speaking of the uses which Christ intended this season of leisure to serve, we may make some remarks on the necessity for rest which God has imposed on our constitution. It is important to be convinced that there is a law requiring repose that we may avail ourselves of it without scruple, and give the advantage of it to others without grudging.

It is surely easy to see that God has signified it to us in his material creation. He has made the earth to revolve on her axis in a way that brings her at stated seasons under light and shade; and He has in a general but very marked way proportioned the physical strength of man to those seasons. The hands begin to slacken and the eyes to close when God draws the curtain. It is one of those adaptations which remind us that "the earth He hath made for the children of men." It is a general proportion, as we have said, not enforced nor rigid, but such as to show what his kindly purpose is. No man should transgress it in regard to himself or another. The thoughtless or covetous over-tension of our own powers, slavery, hard driving of those who may be under our control, the feeling that we can never get enough of work out of our fellow-creatures, the evil eye cast on their well-earned rest or harmless recreation, are all condemned by the laws laid down by God, and rebuked by this example of Christ. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." He carries a shadow of mercy about him beneath which the meanest of God's creatures find their rights acknowledged—the night rest and the Sabbath rest, or their full equivalents. It is pleasant to think that Christ takes the bodily frame as well as the soul into his compassionate keeping, and that He looked as we do with a kindly eye on the signs which God has set in his creation that "man should go forth to his work and to his labour until the evening."

We may expect to find the same true of mental exertion. Even if the mind were not dependent in this world on the body, it would seem as if the continuous strain on any one object indisposed it for gaining its full end—the discovery of truth. It must learn at times to look away from things as well as at them, if it is to see clearly and soundly. It must close to thought with a kind of inaction, and must rest like the eye in darkness, if it is to preserve its health and have a true, undistorted view of God's world. There are some who reckon every pause in active thought so much of lost time; but when the mind is lying fallow it may be laying up capacity of stronger growth. There is an absorption of sunlight and air, an imbibing of common healthful influences, a comparative doing nothing which is as necessary to man's intellect as to his physical nature. When any one who knows that it is not indolence in him feels thought to be a heavy burden, and that objects of thought once interesting have lost all colour and freshness, it is time to give the mind repose.

But the present subject leads us to speak more of the spiritual faculties. They are subject to the same law. There are cases in which there may be a constant strain of active religious work which at last deadens feeling and produces formality. It is true there are natures that have an inextinguishable fire of zeal and depth of emotion which enable them to go on unrelaxing—burning more and more, as well as shining; but others, and these the greater number, feel the grandest subjects become common, and the tenderest grow hard when they are incessantly handled. This is one of the dangers to be guarded against in seasons of strong religious excitement, in what are called revival movements; and we should either try to keep the movement healthful by dealing with the understanding and conscience as well as the emotions, or we should interpose a quiet, thoughtful interval. You cannot but observe how varied the Bible is as you read it; how, with the same truth all through, history succeeds poetry, and practical precepts follow up the most moving appeals; you cannot but see how Christ leads his disciples from the excitement of Jerusalem to the quiet of Bethany, takes them from the midst of the multitude to the fields and hillsides; and one purpose no doubt was that spiritual religion might not be lost through sensationalism. We have times of depression when we blame the temptations of Satan and the coldness of our own hearts, and no doubt we should

jealously guard against the insidious chill that comes from these; but when we have earnestly struggled all in vain, it may be time to inquire whether we have not been losing our proper religious feeling through over-excitement, or the tension of too constant activity. This is the hazard that ministers, missionaries, and Christians devotedly given to sacred work have to avoid—not to go on in even the best of works till they become barren external exercises, but to pause or turn to some other side of Christian occupation. This may be one of the ways of not "becoming weary in well doing."

Then, again, there may be those who, like the disciples, are not merely exhausted by labour, but perplexed by some painful subject of thought. The cruel death of John the Baptist was likely to make them feel that God had given up his government of the world, and that sin could go on without outward check or inward compunction. Difficulties of this kind are in some shape or other constantly turning up to perplex a certain class of thinkers. It is the besetting trial of their Christian life. They find it hard to realise a spiritual world existing beneath the face of the visible, to be thoroughly convinced of a great moral law working among and above all the ravages and temporary triumphs of sin, and to be sure that there is a God and a soul and an eternity. There are some natures which have such a passion for certainty that they can do nothing but dig down to the roots of these subjects to see that they are not mere artificial creations of man's device, but living realities fixed in, and growing up from, the soil of God's universe. The love of certainty can never be carried too far, but there may be a wrong way of satisfying it. Men may dig at the roots of things and lose sight of the evidence of life which humbler minds can gather quietly under the shadows of green branches, and from the nourishment of refreshing fruits. What some minds find it hard to gain by sore thought and toil, others can receive in unstruggling acquiescence. "A little child shall lead them." The passion to be perfectly certain about a thing in the way of questioning and argument makes one jealous at last about the most satisfactory reasons, and the proofs are pored over till the mind loses sight of their full bearing and power. There are times when, for the sake of full conviction, vexed minds should lay their difficulties aside, occupy themselves with quieter walks, and come back on their doubts as if for the first time. Now for both these conditions of spirit—the dulness that might

come from exhaustion and over-excitement and the perplexed thought about spiritual difficulties—Christ proposes this remedy: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."

Let us next proceed to consider what He offers in this leisure. It is not an indolent animal repose, but that rest of refreshment which befits those who have souls. We shall take the context for our illustration.

One element in it is communion with outward nature. Christ invites his disciples into a "desert place," not a waste sandy desert, as many figure to themselves, but a thinly-peopled region away from towns and crowds. There can be no doubt that it was to the country east of the sea of Galilee among rolling hills and grassy plains, and quiet mountain flocks, with the blue sky overhead and distant glimpses of the deeper blue of the lake. One of the saddest things about our modern civilisation is that so many thousands of our fellow-creatures have so little opportunity for cultivating a pleasure in this side of God's world. Certainly He made the earth not only for the support of man's body, to yield him food and clothing, but for the nurture of his mind and spirit, to suit their moods and to supply them with thought and stimulus. Would a wise architect build his house only with an eye to stores and animal comforts, and with no regard to its being a home for a man, with windows opening on wide expanses of land and sea, or quiet nooks of homely beauty? This world has not been formed on the tame utilitarian principle of feeding so many million consumers, but with a regard to soul—to provide for the inner eye scenes of grandeur and sublimity—to train spirits to thoughts above dead matter by the spiritual forms with which matter is clothed; and hence the mountain wilds, the desolate moorlands, the terror of Alpine heights and boundless breadth of seas and desert sands. In these shapes of creative power so far away from what we reckon the profitable employment of space, God is proving himself not merely a former of men's bodies, but a Father to their spirits, lifting us up from the dull content of an animal existence to thoughts of illimitable freedom and range—and this not only when we look on such scenes, but when we hear or read or dream of them in fancy. Who does not see that the Word of God all through has interwrought these scenes of nature with a special fitness into its own revelations, as if it wished that man in his highest thoughts of his Maker should always feel himself in the face of his Maker's works?

The awful rocks and oppressive solitudes of Horeb, splintered peaks and dumb wastes, were an appropriate birthplace for the stern majesty of law,—the hill of the Beatitudes, with fresh flowers and singing birds, a throne for the Teacher of mercy,—and the island of Patmos, looking away between sea and sky to the boundless regions of the west, a watch-tower for the inspired seer who beheld the triumphs of the kingdom of God filling the earth, and rising to heaven. We should endeavour to make the inner world of our thoughts about God and spiritual things not a separate life from the outer world of creation, but with a union like that between body and soul. If we could learn to do this rightly, it would strengthen us in good thoughts, and relieve doubts and calm anxieties. Many a fevered brow and cumbered spirit might feel a soothing hand laid upon them, pointing them, as it did Abraham long ago, to the broad heaven (Gen. xv. 5), or Christ's disciples to the grass of the field that they may learn tranquillity. Nature can do very little for us if we have no perception of a divine spirit breathing through it, but very much if the great Interpreter is with us. There are many, indeed, who have little opportunity for any lengthened access to her fair, wide pages, but few are altogether shut out if they will keep an open eye and heart. The grandest things in all the world are at the door of those who will admit them. If we can steal glimpses for a few hours of green fields and clear waters, they can be our own for ever in memory, and, blessed be God! give us glorious hopes of brighter scenes. We are never excluded from his wide sky, from sunsets that stream momentary glory over our dusky cities, and calm moons that look so compassionately through the clouds upon our vain turmoil; and if a man be so inclined, he can be more quieted and comforted by the sight of a little flower in his window or a star shining down through piled-up roofs, than another may be who has the leisure of all his days, and the breadth of continents to spend them in. The world of nature is like its God, entire wherever we see a touch of its finger. And if we surrender ourselves to this Teacher, He can show us wide views through narrow windows, and speak lessons of deep calm in short moments.

Another element of rest to be cultivated in leisure is intercourse with fellow-Christians. The wish to cultivate a life of repose separated from the active world has shown itself in almost every religion. There is a yearning for it in certain natures; and if the state

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of society be very corrupt and the mind quiet and self-inspective, it becomes very strong. We know how early and how often it has shown itself in Christianity. It is many centuries since the monks of Egypt hid themselves among the dreary sands of the Thebaid, and the most lonely islands of the Hebrides have the cells still standing in which solitary recluses, who found Iona too social, sought to perfect their spiritual life. Perhaps most of us have felt times of weariness of the toil and temptation and strife, when we have thought that if we might reach some isolation of this kind we could become wiser and better. And yet few things have been more repeatedly proved by experience than that tranquillity of spirit is not to be attained in this way. The very austerities and penances that these men practised is one of the surest tokens that they had not gained quiet. They had to do battle with their own hearts, and the conflict was all the fiercer that it was a single combat. And nothing is clearer from Scripture than that this seclusion is opposed both to its spirit and its example. It is against the stern witness-bearing of the Old Testament and the human tenderness of the New. Elijah, who may be thought to have approached nearest to it, and who has been taken as the model of anchorites, was a man of the world and of courts, and retired to Carmel and Horeb only to come back again stronger for the duties of public life. There are times when complete retirement for prayer and heart communion is good for every one. He can never stand firmly among others who has not learned to be alone; but the retirement should never shut out thoughts of his fellow-men, and should prepare for renewed intercourse with them. When Christ invited his disciples to come apart into a desert place, it was that they might be more in each other's company. He wished to give them an opportunity for the quiet interchange of experience, which they could not enjoy in their work among the multitude. They had much to say about what they had learned of the power of their Master's words over their fellow-men and over themselves. Many dark forebodings would flee away when they felt that their thoughts and fears and hopes were part of a new world that was common to them all, and that God had formed their hearts alike, not only by nature, but by his grace. What a refreshment a man finds it to be when he comes from the outside world, with its chill and its frequent selfishness, back to the warmth of his hearth and to hearts he can entirely trust! How he thanks God

who has given his spirit the rest of a home ! Let us ask ourselves, do we use our leisure for cultivating a feeling like this in our intercourse with those who hold the same grand Christian faith, or are we eager when released for a short time from the world's work to run into the worse disquiet of the world's frivolous pleasures ? What society and converse do we seek when we are left at liberty to choose them ? Do we ask ourselves, "How am I to gain most readily refreshment and strength, that I may be able when I go into the active work of life again to do my part manfully and christianly ?" To hold conference with the best of men in books is a great thing, and to converse with God in his Book, and in our hearts, still greater ; but there will always be a want in a man's Christian nature, if he has not come into contact with hearts around him that are beating with a divine life to the pulse of the present time. Every age, every circle has its lessons from God, and no one can learn them all alone. We are all of us to blame in not being more frank and confidential in these matters of our mutual faith and hope. Let us, above all things, be natural and say no more than we feel, nor affect a formal and conventional talk, but let us not unnaturally close up our feeling and be as much hermits in our spiritual life as if we had vowed ourselves to a cell or a wilderness. If we use our leisure to make our Christian intercourse what it should be, we shall find it a rest to our spirits whether they are exhausted with labour or perplexed with doubtful thoughts. It is not merely the refreshment of hearing what may quicken and comfort us, but the relief of unburdening our own mind. Many a trouble which seems to have an unfathomed depth, when we let it stagnate in our breasts, clears itself when we give it vent in a stream of Christian fellowship. Let it be remembered, too, that such an interchange of feeling has one of the last blessings promised in the Old Testament and one of the first bestowed in the New. When "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, the Lord hearkened and heard it" (Mal. iii. 16) ; and when the two disciples journeying to Emmaus spoke together of Christ, He listened and joined himself to their company, till their "hearts burned within them," and their sorrows and doubts were all consumed in the flame (Luke xxiv. 32).

This brings us to the third element of rest to which the leisure of the disciples gave them access, a closer converse with Christ himself. He offers to accompany them, and withdraws them from the crowd that He and they may

be more entirely together. There are some professing Christians who speak of leaving their religion aside for a little when they go on recreation or into certain kinds of society. They seem to think it belongs to particular places or seasons, and can be laid by when they cross the sea, like a fashion or a dress. It is very evident that they do not know what religion means. If it is to be with us at any time, it must be with us at all times. We should be able to part with it no more than with the heart that beats, the soul that thinks within us. We should never go where we would blush to see the eye of Christ upon us, and we should try to make our intercourse with nature and with friends deeper and dearer from a sense of his presence hovering always round us.

And yet as there are times when we are more alone with our own souls, so there are times when we can be more alone with the thoughts of Christ. When we are doing our appointed work in God's world, or labouring actively for the good of others, our minds are dispersed among outward employments ; we may be serving our Master very truly all the time, but we are careful about many things, and have not leisure to sit at his feet and speak to Him about our own individual wants. Now this last is most necessary in its place. The flame will not burn very long or very bright, unless you have oil in your vessels with your lamps. You will find it an arid and formal service, a distasteful work that cannot well be permanent if you do not seek seasons when you can go apart with the Saviour of souls and confer with Him on things that concern not other men and the Church, but yourselves and your own soul's position towards Him. Let us remember the zealous watchfulness of the great Apostle, who was careful lest that, by any means, "when he had preached to others, he himself should be a castaway." It is very unwise to take the matter so easily for granted when we have the example of one who had the care of all the churches, and had done so much for Christ, and who yet found time, and felt it to be needful, to inquire about his own spiritual wants. We do not pretend to give any rules for conducting this exercise of the heart, and have very little faith in them when they are imposed by one man upon another. They will be best found out by a man's consideration of his own circumstances and necessities, and the spirit of them all is to be found in this, that he should go to Christ's Word, and to Christ in it, not thinking about what he is to say to others, or how

he is to shape its truths into logical and persuasive forms, but about what it says to the profound wants of his own nature, and how he himself has found it to be bread and water of life. A Christian man who has been handling truth throughout the week, like a sword and shield, battling with the anxieties and temptations of business, or who has been urging it in formal shapes upon the attention of other men, will find it like a rest in green pastures and beside still waters, when the Commander of the Lord's host becomes the Shepherd of his people, and invites them to speak with Him as a man talketh with his friend.

And from that other cause of exhaustion, the perplexity of difficult questions in God's word or God's providence, this use of our leisure will also give relief. There are things which startle and stagger you, mysteries of evil and misery through which you cannot find your way with all your thinking. It may be well not to surrender thought, but to rest awhile; and there is no better rest than that of quiet fellowship with Christ himself. There are questions which are solved, not by hard thinking, but by practical experience. If we have made trial of Him for our own sin and sorrow, our own emptiness and unappeasable yearnings, and if we have found that He can touch our souls, and strengthen and comfort them, as no other in the world can, then the hard sayings which offend the multitude will not separate us from Him. When He puts the question as He did shortly afterwards, "Will ye also go away?" we shall reply, like these disciples who had rested with Him in personal fellowship, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we believe, and are sure, that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

There are these three elements of rest, then, provided for those who are able to gain leisure—communion with outward nature, true human fellowship, and closer and simpler access to Christ himself. It will be understood that, though we have said nothing of the claims of the body and the mind, of their need of repose and recreation, or of change and stimulus, we are very far from wishing to exclude them. God knows our frame, and Christ never deals with men in the one-sided, ascetic way which a false spiritualism affects—an extreme which in all ages has produced a corresponding recoil. But we have sought here to deal with the use to which leisure should be put in regard to our spirit, because, if this is attended to, all other occupation in leisure will be health-

ful and capable of happy reflection. The great thing for us is to have a guiding principle directing our lives, or, better still, an atmosphere pervading it, that shall take in all natural human things, and extract the evil and leave only the good. When we retire for a time from the turmoil and perplexity of life, we might learn to employ our leisure in a way that would make us not less fit, but more, for the great work to which God calls us. This is the only rest worthy of men and Christians; for true repose is to be gained, not by dissipating thought and degrading feeling, but by giving them true salutary employment—not by sinking, but ascending. The higher atmosphere is calmer as well as purer; and if we used our leisure rightly, we might go down again into the hard duties of life like strong men reinforced for battle.

Such seasons of leisure, let it be observed, are not the object of life. They are given to those who have been working, and given to them that they may work again. "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest *awhile*." The thronging importunity of the multitude soon broke in upon their quiet, and called them to fresh exertions. And though we had no command from Christ, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," and no such words as "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would thrust forth labourers into his harvest," yet the sight of the waiting fields all around might well break our repose. When we see sin and misery and sorrow, should we sit still—we who believe we have the healing word? Be sure that those only have a right to a season of rest, and those only truly enjoy it who have done real work, and who mean to go to work again. This world is not for enjoyment, not even for self-culture in the highest things, but for taking our part in it as God's fellow-workers, and as the followers of his Son who went about doing good.

I know that there are some to whom very few, if any, such seasons of outward repose are granted—sons and daughters of toil, who welcome the evening as "a servant earnestly desireth the shadow"—who say, not of the Sabbath, but of the week, "When shall it be gone?" that they may give out of their one day's rest much work for God and for their fellow-men. They have quietly toiled on, I know, year after year, bending to the six days' burden, and having but the one on which they can look up more calmly heavenward, and look abroad and do their deeds of mercy. They have little experience of what the Christian poet means—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee."

Yet God can make the light of that one sun to them as the light of seven; and if there be a peculiar heaven of enjoyment to those who have filled up Christ's sufferings, there will be one of special rest to those who have followed Him in his patient labours of love.

Finally, let us all seek to feel that we can have true tranquillity of spirit, whether in work or retirement, only through a heart that looks trustfully to God as a reconciled friend. The perfect peace goes everywhere with the

man whose heart is stayed on God. The quiet scenes of nature have a song of constant joy in them (Ps. lxxv. 13), and the wildest tempests a voice passing through them—"Peace, be still." The friendships formed within such a circle have a depth which gives the pledge of their perpetuity, and they begin in the retired spots and little companies of earth to be perfected in the gathering together of all things to Christ. The heaviest yoke of labour will be lightened, and the solitary place be made glad, when He shares them with us who can give even now to the most weary and heavy-laden a foretaste of the very rest of God.

JOHN KER.

CHARITY IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.—THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR.

WERE the public-houses of London set side by side so as to form one continuous line, it would take a man hard walking for two entire days to pass from the one end of it to the other. Were all the churches in London—Established and non-Established—filled to overflowing, they would not accommodate more than half the people who should be found worshipping on the Lord's-day in the house of God. Take these sixty miles of public-houses as an example of the agencies for evil, and these churches—many of them scantily filled—as an example of the agencies for good in London, and none who looks at the vast preponderance of the evil over the good will be surprised at the seething mass of ungodliness and infidelity found in that great city and centre of influence.

We lately saw that mass, as we had never seen it before, crowding the streets between the Corporation Arch and St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving Day. Into this space Whitechapel, Ratcliffe Highway, and the East-end generally had poured all their rags, drunkenness, blackguardism, misery, and sin—the pavement being so packed with *roughs* of both sexes, dreadful looking men and women, that it seemed impossible for any of them to move a foot. One almost doubted whether they belonged to the same race as the well-conditioned people who thronged in holiday attire the streets we had passed through in our way from the West-end. What a contrast to the gaily dressed ladies, that, like bouquets of flowers, more ornamental than the goods they took the place of, filled every shop window; crowded every window to the eaves; or

looked down from balcony and balustrade, ready with tears and smiles and waving handkerchiefs to express their loyal affections for that noble woman whom we saw in St. Paul's, so soon as she had reached her throne, throw herself on her knees, and with her face buried in the cushion give God thanks for the living son kneeling at her side. Many on these thronged pavements wore a melancholy air; some were pictures of wretchedness, and almost all of poverty. There were ruffian-like men and women there whom it was no want of charity to believe would filch your purse or cut your throat.

The aspect of the crowd was such as to suggest thoughts of the Communists of Paris and of the still greater monsters of the older French Revolution who hurried their helpless victims to the guillotine, and, as they dragged some unhappy priest to the rope by which the lamps of Paris were then suspended over the centre of the street, yelled out their famous cry, "Les Prêtres à la lanterne!" No wonder that we looked with more than ordinary complacency on the Marines, the Guards, and other soldiers who, with the constables, kept the line of the procession. There, in that coarse, fierce-looking mass, whose faces bore the impress of bad habits and bad passions, was a magazine of gunpowder it needed but a spark to explode—and Church and State, Queen, the Ministers of the Crown and ministers of religion, all things ancient, venerable, and holy are blown into the air. We should have trembled that day for the life of our Queen, but that guilt is always cowardly; and that the Guards who stood there im-

movable as statues, stern and grim, were ready to bury their bayonets into the breast of any who dared to touch a hair of her head; and that in those who crowded every window she had a thousand defenders to rush down to the rescue; and more than all, that there was One above "which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people."

On this occasion, however, the overflows of the East-end, at once the danger and the disgrace of London, conducted themselves quietly and becomingly. Only let causes as exciting come into play in London as were found in Paris in 1793 and 1871, and there is not a crime that was committed by the Revolutionists of the one period and the Communists of the other but would have its counterpart in the metropolis. No better authority in this matter than a nobleman who is one of the most distinguished ornaments of his own order, and the best friend the lower orders have had for many a long year and day. "Did they think," said Lord Shaftesbury, addressing a public meeting at Ryde on behalf of the London City Mission, "did they think if troublous times arose—and they might expect them now more than ever—and the police and military were to be called to one end of the town, leaving the other end in full possession of a mass of lawless people, that these men would not come forth by thousands and tens of thousands from their dens of vice and sin? Depend upon it, unless the people were brought under the influence of the gospel, London would some day present such a spectacle of conflagration, plunder, and bloodshed as would astonish the world. But while they had the time and the means, it was for them to enter among the people and see to their temporal and eternal welfare."

As one of many ways of accomplishing the object Lord Shaftesbury so strongly urges and London so much requires, it has among its other charities an institution of a very novel character. At first it astonished many, perhaps the devil among others, by its boldness. Armed with the sword of the Spirit, it makes its inroads into the enemies' territory; and, as occasionally happens in war, seizing his guns, wheels them round to pour their shot into his broken ranks. With Lord Shaftesbury at its head, this is

A UNITED COMMITTEE FOR SPECIAL RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN THEATRES AND HALLS.

Hiring places of public and often most demoralising amusement to turn them once

a week into churches, they beard the lion in his own den. The *roughs*, and the riff-raff, and the dregs of London society, whose condition reflects far more discredit on those who have allowed them to sink into vice and infidelity than on themselves, would not enter a church; they might, however, go to a theatre. If they would not come to the gospel, the gospel should go to them, according to the proverb, "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain;" or better still, the divine authority of the parable where the servants of the Lord are sent forth to the lanes and streets, the lowest purlieus, of the city, to the highways and hedges, for guests to fill the supper table.

This novel and bold assault on Satan's kingdom has been very successful. He who gave the courage to enter on such an enterprise has crowned it with his blessing. Since the commencement of this effort, through the liberality of the committee of the Religious Tract Society a vast number of religious tracts have been distributed, and also nearly Two Millions of handbills, containing, with a notice of the services, a brief statement of some leading Christian truth. The gospel has been preached to more than Two Millions of people, the greater part of whom had never otherwise heard it. And many instances of souls converted and sinners turned from the error of their ways are on record both on earth and in heaven, to show how the enterprise has been blessed of Him who is "no respecter of persons," nor of places either. The buildings opened by the committee, according to their report for 1869-70, were the Royal Amphitheatre, High Holborn; Britannia Theatre, Hoxton; Pavilion Theatre, White-chapel Road; Sadlers' Wells Theatre, Clerkenwell; New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch; Astley's Theatre, Westminster Road; Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road; and Oxford Music Hall, Oxford Street.

To the last of these, a favourite resort and rendezvous of the gay and profligate of all that part of London, and by the attractive character of the entertainments a popular place of amusement, we paid a visit one Sunday evening. On reaching the hall, we found groups of all characters—good, bad, and very bad—hanging about the door; attracted and arrested by the noon-day blaze of gaslights which illuminated the passage. Two agents of the mission stood there distributing tracts, and also a copy of the hymns to be sung inside. Pushing our way in, we found ourselves in a great hall; the aspect and furniture of which told at once

the ordinary use it was turned to. Anything but the gospel preached, or gospel company found there! At the upper end was a stage, with footlights as in a theatre; the walls were garnished with paintings and statues of Venuses and Cupids, other heathen, and by no means respectable divinities; in front of this stood cases with fiddles—big and little—and other musical instruments; on the floor near these were marble tables, stained with tobacco ashes and the impressions of jugs of foaming porter. Conducted with our party to some half dozen stuffed and comfortable chairs, we, having declined to take any part in the service or go up on the stage to sit beside the preacher, had leisure to take a survey of the house and congregation. A gallery ran round the walls, save over the stage. Looking up where some dozen of sun-lights were blazing, we saw fixed to the ceiling *trapeziums* and all the apparatus ordinarily used for athletic exhibitions. Black nets like those employed in the herring fishing, were stretched aloft from one end of the hall to the other. On ordinary occasions these are lowered to catch any unfortunate athlete, or performer who, dancing on the tight-rope, or flying through the air on the *trapezium*, loses his hand grip, or her foothold; and, but for these nets would be dashed to pieces.

With a sprinkling of respectable, Church-going people like ourselves, the company consisted of those the services were intended for—*orra*-looking characters; ill-visaged men with uncombed locks, great bushy whiskers and beards, who wore a sinister look, and had their shabby overcoat—if it was over anything but the naked skin, buttoned up to the throat; many young lads and flaunting girls. Some of the latter walked in during the service, and after staying a few minutes walked out again. They had mistaken the place for one of public entertainment; were taken, in fact, "by guile" through the blaze of gas at the door. This is illustrated by the answer given to one who asked why they were leaving, when some hundred bolted *en masse* after the first prayer. "Why, sir," several shouted out, "the first act was over, and we had had enough!" It was plain to us that some, like fish out of the water, found themselves very uncomfortable. They looked so; and hearing truths no way to their taste, made off for more congenial pursuits. Yet they may have heard something that would stick, and issue in their salvation. There for fun, they behaved ill, giggling to each other; still that occasion would not have been the first where sinners had gone to mock, and stayed to pray.

The preacher, a stout, burly man, well on to sixty, with a pair of small bright black eyes, a finely-shaped head, and a very winning expression of face, had been engaged in the work of an evangelist in London for twenty years. One told us that he had been a player; another that he had been a *clown*—the latter, notwithstanding the name, being a part which requires much wit and ready talents. The celerity and agility with which he jumped from the stage into the body of the hall when he came down, at the end of the service, to speak with any anxious about their souls, made us incline for the *clown*. Any way you could not hear him for five minutes, nor see his gesticulation without discovering that he had been connected at one time with the stage; and now by God's grace and power this poor player was a mighty preacher. His voice was magnificent, and in some passages he did use it magnificently and with extraordinary pathos; though occasionally he did roar too much, and his gesticulation, on the whole admirable, was now and then a little extravagant. His style was terse, his words admirably chosen—not an incorrect idiom, or a cockney pronunciation, or ever but once a false or broken figure in the whole oration—for, though it lasted fully forty minutes, it was more an oration than a sermon. Alluding to the Jews demanding a sign of our Lord, he broke out into a splendid and dramatic burst of indignation. "A sign!" he exclaimed, "a sign! Why, look there,"—and here he pointed as to a person at the other end of the stage—"There is a blind man who now sees, and is *staring* at you. Look, there is a deaf man who stands *listening*,"—and here with singular naturalness of action, he raised his hand to his ear, in the attitude of one on the outside of a crowd who is eager to catch every word. He told us how in walking, tired and weary, along the streets of London a few days before, he had sat down on a stone,—here he set himself on his chair—and looking round—as he did to one side where he seemed to see the placard, pausing for a moment as if reading it—he read on a flaring bill these words, "*The Last Judgment and five hundred Performers*." Here he rose to his feet and full height, and, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, cried for mercy on London; guilty of such profanity and blasphemy; lying under these pure and holy heavens, more obnoxious in many respects to the judgments of a righteous God than Sodom and Gomorrah, the guilty cities of the plain. He closed with an appeal

to the young men and women there ; drawing a picture of an aged, godly, grey-haired father, and a corresponding picture of a heart-broken mother, which would have drawn tears almost from a stone. His style of address was admirably suited to his congregation : and many congregations, indeed, would find it for their profit to send their minister to London to sit for some Sundays at the feet of this converted *clown*.

At the close of the service, he called on any of the audience to offer up short prayers ; after which he and his friends would converse with anxious inquirers. Two prayed ; there was then some brief talk between him and some persons in the body of the hall. A young woman, whom we had observed singing the hymns with great fervour, and whose countenance wore that celestial expression, which Fra Angelico and other Pre-Raphaelite painters give to their saints, stood by the inner door, as we went out, distributing tracts. On holding out our hand for one, she said, as she gave it, with a sweet smile on her face, " I hope, sir, you love Jesus ? " Some thought, considering our white neckcloth and rather venerable appearance, this was forward on her part ; but it was well meant : and two things may be said for her, first, so few Christians err in the direction of faithfulness that she might be excused for showing herself somewhat over-zealous in a good cause ; secondly, we found on inquiring, that though very good and young-looking, she was a married woman—her husband being one of those who take charge of this excellent agency to gather the lost sheep in.

From this hall, about half-past nine o'clock, with its interesting services, we plunged at once into Oxford Street ; and it seemed like leaving Lot's house to mingle with the crowd in Sodom. The pavements were swarming with wretched women, vapouring about unabashed, in flaunting and gaudy dresses ; and the numerous gin palaces, instead of being shut as drinking shops are all Sunday in Scotland, were blazing with gas, and crowded with customers. Such sights are a shame in a Christian country—enough to bring down God's judgments on our land. However, let us be thankful for the prospect of better days ; praying and doing what we can to hasten on the time, when iniquity as ashamed shall be made to hide its face ; judgment running down our streets as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

On another Sunday in London we went to visit another agency for preaching the gospel

As a licentiate and ordained minister, we have been preaching now, in God's good providence, for forty-seven years, but never to such a congregation of sin and misery as we met that Sabbath-day, in the upper room of a house in a court that opened by a narrow lane into a mean street. Not long before we had preached in a spacious pavilion, that, with banners pendent from the roof, and its draped walls festooned with wreaths of flowers, stood on a beautiful lawn, by the shores of a Highland loch, and under the shadow of the everlasting hills. There was a greater difference between the audiences than the scenes ; and one sad to see, where all were of one blood and had souls equally precious. What a gulf between that assembly of royal and noble rank—men who held the highest offices of the State and its fortunes in their hands, women the ornaments of society, and those of humble rank, whether in trews or belted plaid, with health blooming in their honest faces and vigour reposing in every muscle of their manly forms—what a gulf between those and these five hundred tramps, beggars, thieves, and ruffians, hoary and youthful vice, ragged forms, crushed and wretched and hopeless-looking beings, homeless and houseless wanderers, many of whom looked as if their hearts had never beat with hope, nor their countenances been lighted by a smile ! We never saw such a congregation, nor rose to speak under such depression. There was no hope for us but in God. Our hearers looked as if even all humanity had been washed out of them—as a home-missionary in London, a Scotchman, who had probably been originally a carpenter, said, " It's awfu' wark, awfu' wark, the wood is so rotten that it winna haud a nail ! "

The place of meeting was an upper room, in the third story of a large brick building. Here on week-days meets an admirably managed ragged school, which, opened in 1835, is the oldest in London. On Sunday they hold the service we engaged in, also Bible classes, and a great variety of other such religious agencies, as set forth in this notice :—

GRAY'S YARD RAGGED DAY AND
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND
RAGGED CHURCH,

GRAY'S YARD, JAMES STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

FOUNDED 1835.

The Operations are:—

Free Day School (for Boys, Girls, and Infants).

Morning, Afternoon, and Evening (for Boys, Girls, and Infants). Bible Classes (for Senior Boys and Girls). Children's Church. Ragged Church (three Gospel Services and a Bible Class every Sunday for Outcast and Destitute Men and Women). Penny Bank. Band of Hope. Juvenile Sunday Rest Union. Children's Dinners. Library and Pure Literature Society. Girls' Sewing Classes. Clothing Club. Mothers' Meeting. Dorcas and Maternal Society, &c., &c. The sum of £500 is required to clear the debt on the New Building, contributions towards which will be thankfully received by

JOHN FULLER MAITLAND, Esq.,
39, Upper Phillimore Gardens,
Kensington, W. } *Treasurers.*
GEORGE HANBURY, Esq., 21,
Portman Square, W. }

The building stands in a neighbourhood where the inhabitants seem to be chiefly poor labourers, low lodging-house keepers, brokers, beer-shop keepers, costermongers, and such like. A very curious sign at the door of a barber and hairdresser affords a pretty accurate test of the sort of folk that haunt this district of the city. As we drove along our kind hostess directed our attention to it; and there we read, besides the name and usual notice of barber, on a board sticking out from the upper part of the door jamb, these words, "Artist in Black Eyes." After the service was concluded, we again passed the door of this artist; and to be at the bottom of his mysterious announcement, to see whether our interpretation was the right one, we resolved to go in. So pushing open the door, we did—to find ourselves in a small shop where four men sat waiting their turn, and one, towelled and lathered to the eyes, was under the razor. Apologizing for our intrusion, we explained the reason to the *perruquier*; hoping he would have the kindness to inform us whether his art lay in so painting eyes, blued and blackened in a row, as to give them quite a natural appearance. Whether he thought we were making provision for some future contingency on our own account, or had a friend who, damaged in a *mêlée*, stood in need of his skill, we don't know; but the artist was very civil, informing us, with an elegant bow and a handsome flourish of his tool, that we had understood his sign aright.

One side of the small court in which the mission-house stands, and to which access is found under an archway and along a narrow lane, is occupied by stables that perfume the air after a fashion. The mission-house stands where formerly stood a cowshed with a dwelling-house above it. Here a dairyman kept his wife a prisoner for a series of years, locked up in one room; he being a savage and she a drunkard. He flung her in so much flesh daily, as their keepers do to the lions and

tigers in a menagerie; and till he committed suicide, and she was removed to the Union, or Workhouse, the livelong day for a course of years she sat by the barred window, glaring out on the people below; her hair disheveled, her breast and shoulders naked, with fierce and gleaming eyes, like a wild beast through the bars of its cage. Times are changed now. The gospel has found its way there since then, reminding one of these words, "Behold, I change all things;" or of the prophet's call, "Arise and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Among other religious services with which gentlemen and ladies, pious workers, missionaries and teachers, occupy many hours of the week and all the hours of the Sabbath from nine o'clock in the morning till eventide, is the service we went to perform. It is intended for the *casuals*, as they are called. These are those tramps, houseless travellers, homeless, many of them hopeless wanderers, the floating wrecks of London, who have slept on Saturday night in wards appropriated to their use in the London Unions. They are not allowed to pass more than two successive nights in any one Union; but as there are a large number of these in this vast city, many by shifting their quarter every two nights contrive to procure themselves lodgings all the year through. They obtain admission by getting an order from the police-station of the district to which the Union they are making for belongs. On being admitted they receive a basin of oatmeal gruel and a piece of bread for supper; and after being subjected to a bath, retire to sleep on the sloping wooden board which is their only bed. All their bedclothes is a coverlet, and the sleeping ward is furnished with a water-tap and one gaslight. In the morning, ordinarily, after breakfasting on a piece of bread, the women are required to pick a certain quantity of oakum, the men to break so much road metal; this done, the doors are opened, and they are put out; some to beg, some to steal, some to find a bit of work; in short, to wander about and find the day's food as they best can till the night falls and they present themselves at the police-station of their old or of some new quarters.

As we approached the *pend* or archway that led off from James Street—where most of the shops stood open in defiance of the sacred day, and the street was lined with stalls of fish and fruit and vegetables, over which the costermongers were busy plying their trade—we saw at once we had reached our



destination. One, and another, and another miserable-looking creature, dragging their limbs, was slowly taking their way down the lane. There was neither life in their looks, nor spring in their walk. It seemed all one to them whether they lived or died; that they thought fortune had done its worst with them, and never would do better.

At the foot of the stair, and close by the inside of the door, was an opening like that at the ticket-office of a railway station, and beside it a small room where a young man was attacking a mountain of loaves, cutting each into two parts. At the top of the first flight we turned into a large room, where a lady in the desk, and with a Bible before her, was addressing some forty women—doing so to good purpose. These were the female *casuals*. They met at first for worship and a religious address in one and the same hall with the men; but outbreaks of bad behaviour made it necessary to keep the two sexes apart. At this and that close-mouth of the High Street, Lawnmarket, and Cowgate, of Edinburgh, as in corresponding places of other large towns, you will see specimens of such women; but a congregation of them, such as was mustered there, was pitiful and indeed hideous to look on. Anything more unlovely, women more unwomanly, could not be. They were of all ages, from blighted youth to grey and furrowed age. Looking around on their emaciated, sallow, or bloated faces, their unkempt hair falling in disheveled locks on their naked shoulders, their hopeless or furtive expression, the tattered bits of threadbare shawls and dirty gowns they wore, it was difficult to believe that these pitiful wrecks of sin or misfortune had ever been smiling infants—gay, laughing, happy, light-hearted girls. It was a sad sight; sad to think of them in the light either of this world or the next. We wondered what—, or even such an amiable and accomplished man as —, would do with their rationalism or lifeless moralities in such a place. Utterly powerless their preaching to such company; no remedy for such a case as this but the gospel; as John Wesley has it—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

Or as a dying girl said to her poor drunken father, who replied to her request that he would pray for her, "I cannot, I dare not. I would if I could. I have sinned beyond forgiveness; He would not hear me!" "No, no, father," she said, as she clung to his neck, "Jesus is able to save to the uttermost; He can and will save you. Pray, father, pray

for yourself and me. I shall soon be in heaven, but I want you to come there too."

The whole appearance of these wrecks showed how when woman sinks, she sinks below the lowest level to which man degrades himself; and how it is true of women, as of Jeremiah's figs, "The good, very good; and the evil, very evil, that cannot be eaten, they are so evil." Crushed out of them as all feeling seemed to be, yet woe to the man who presumes too much on that. The poor, broken down creature suddenly changes into a terrible virago; bursting out into such furious fits of passion, that one woman is worse to manage, say the officers of the casual wards, than fifty men. We could believe it of a few there, in whose eyes we saw the fire gleaming as we had seen it shining through the black scorice in the crater of Vesuvius; but most looked utterly woe-begone and broken-hearted; they seemed to have lost the spirit of the woman that turns on him who treads on it.

Leaving these women to the good lady's instruction and affectionate appeals, we climbed another narrow stair, to find ourselves in a long, large, low-roofed hall, closely seated, and packed to the back wall with five hundred male *casuals*. On a platform raised at one end stood a gentleman reading from the Word of God; and on either side of him sat some gentlemen and ladies, with two or three honest, plain, worthy workers in the various good agencies carried on there. It is their practice to read the Scriptures and sing hymns between ten and eleven o'clock; the *casuals* meanwhile gathering from the different Unions, where they have passed the night, for the service which begins at eleven o'clock, and which we were there to conduct. The reading of the Bible finished, they sang a hymn; and then we ascended the platform to stand face to face with our hearers, on whom it was impossible to look without feelings of profound emotion.

All ages were there, from the hoary head to beardless youth. Some had the debauched look of years spent in vice and dissipation; others wore no expression but one of sadness, as if they had never been happy, nor had met with anything from the cradle but misfortune; here hunger looked out of sunken, glassy eyes; there you met the suspicious and furtive glances that mark the thief. Some young lads hung their heads with shame, as fearing to be recognised in such low society; with marks of care in the arrangement of their hair, and their threadbare coats buttoned up to the throat to conceal their

shirtless poverty, some had the air and bearing of better days; but whether they had been beggars' brats, born in a barn, or sunk from a respectable position in the world—for among that motley company may be found lawyers, and men with a doctor's diploma in their pocket—the greater part had that dull, calm, callous look which speaks of hope dead and gone. We could not but think, as we gazed on this pitiful sight, how many ruined and unhappy homes, disgraced families, broken-hearted fathers, broken-hearted mothers, broken-hearted brothers and sisters, how many sad nights and days, how many prayers for prodigals and weary waitings for their return, those before us represented; and how adapted to their condition that blessed gospel which proclaims mercy to the chief of sinners, and can awaken hope in the very bosom of despair!

We have been in madhouses, but they offer no sight in one aspect so sad as this. Yon poor maniac who sits with a paper crown on his head, and a peacock-feather stuck into it, imagining himself a king; yon dame, who sweeps by you with pride in her step and vanity in her looks, imagining herself a duchess or a queen, one comforts one's self with thinking is not unhappy—happier perhaps than those who are what these fancy themselves to be. But here, those we were about to address felt the iron that had entered their soul—they knew their misery. We had preached long years ago in the Edinburgh Jail. The chapel was semicircular, with the pulpit in the centre, and the congregation seated in ranges of large open but barred cells, eight or nine in each story. The prisoners who saw no one but the preacher and the ten or dozen companions each of the cells contained, were locked into these; and we remember thinking it queer when a warder, who was our beadle for the nonce, locked us also in the chapel. On rising to give out the psalm and look our congregation in the face, the sight of these ruffian-looking men and women, with their eyes glaring at us through the bars, like those of wild beasts in the cages of a menagerie, made a great and painful impression—seemed terrible—the scene so unlike what we had lately left, our old country church, with its doors wide open in summer days, and the hale, honest, ingenuous faces of its people. Yet there was passion and power in the look of those reprobates; that which, with God's blessing, if got hold of and turned in a new and right direction, might be

five hundred *casuals* looked as if the very life had been crushed out of them. What was it to them what became of them, either here or hereafter? To make them an offer of the gospel seemed like throwing a life-buoy, not to a man who is beating the water in a violent struggle for life, but to one who, ere he sinks, is floating unconscious on its surface in a state of entire insensibility.

But, thank God, we were soon and happily relieved of such depressing feelings. We got their eyes and ears—the attention of all and manifest emotion of some cheered us up and helped us on; and who can tell but that the bread cast on these waters may return many days hence? “Is anything too hard for me, saith the Lord?”

The conclusion of the service was followed by what recalled the thoughtful kindness of our Lord, and the miraculous feast on the sides of the grassy mountain. He would not send away the people who had waited on his ministry to hunger and faint by the way; nor do the Christian friends the *casuals* on whose behalf they have built this house and established the mission. Hastily leaving the platform, we descended the stairs, to see where the body was cared for as well as the soul, the distribution of the bread that perisheth. Down came the poor creatures in long and slow procession, each to receive as he passed out, half a loaf. Some put it into their pockets; some buttoned their tattered, threadbare coats over it; others, very hungry wretches, buried their teeth in it the instant it passed into their hands. Nor any wonder, for with the *casuals* who had been served with a morsel of bread before they were turned out of the Union, were some who had been out in the street all night, wandering the hard pavements with weary feet, without food or shelter, in cold and lashing rain. It was inexpressibly sad to see one's fellow-creatures in such straits and utter degradation; that sadness not lessened but increased by the thought that most, if not all, were living illustrations of the words—“The way of transgressors is hard;” and, poor wretches, had this reflection to add bitterness to their bitter cup, that they had brought their misery on themselves.

Any way, seen now where we could observe the various characters, it was a strange and melancholy sight. Some were old, emaciated with want and palsied with age, bent as if under a load of heavy troubles, the hands

others were in the prime of life, stout fellows, who instead of earning an honest wage by a good day's work, had sunk, through indolence or drink, down to take that dole; others wore such a villainous expression as would make one shy to meet them on a lone country road, or in a suspicious lane on a dark night: young lads were there with the look of jail-birds; and among a considerable number whose only expression was one of settled melancholy there were a few who with downcast looks, and faces retaining a good deal of country bloom, seemed very much out of place in such company. Good hopes of these last, and some others also, were raised by what might be regarded as an insignificant, but was really a significant circumstance; this, namely, they showed themselves not lost to a sense of public respect. The outer garment was closely buttoned up to conceal the deficiencies below, and their hair, not unkempt, tangled, and *lousy*, was carefully arranged and shining—probably greased with the end of a farthing candle. This showed some respect for themselves; and there is hope for a man who is not lost and dead to that. In this point of view, the male *casuals*, as a whole, contrasted favourably with the female ones. The latter were much the foulest, and most degraded looking—most of them such horrible, unwomanly looking creatures as to be revolting to everything but Christian pity: to be shut up with whom would itself make a hell: and to see whom raised, purified, made like Jesus Christ, would be, more than the conversion of almost any pagan savage, the brightest triumph of the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

By-and-by we left the stair foot, to take our stand outside, in the court, to talk with a fine-looking fellow—a sergeant of police who was there to keep order—and with the *casuals* as they turned into the lane that opened on James Street. They were all very civil, poor fellows; only we had some difficulty in making out their provincial or Cockney tongues—all the more that they spoke in the low voice common to crime, or years of sorrow and suffering. Their looks were *cowed*. They showed as little pith in their speech as in their gait, which was a *fleckless* shuffling, most unlike the elastic step of a light-hearted honest man, or the tread of a sturdy ploughman. Some, the able-bodied, who said they had been thrown out of work or could not get it, we advised, with kind advices on more important matters, to make

north for Yorkshire or Lancashire where there was a great demand for labour; miserable aged old men and youths crippled by disease or accident, we recommended to return to their parishes and get housed in a Union. A good many were from Kent, Essex, and other country districts of England; and among all we are thankful to say there was but one Scotchman—perhaps the greatest sinner of the lot. We were sorry for our poor countryman, who was a man apparently sixty years of age, and whatever he may have been, had, more than most, a *douce*-like look.

Unpromising as this field of labour is, we were glad to hear from the agents of this mission that, now and again, they who have come there, driven by fell hunger, for the half-loaf, the bread that perisheth, have found the bread of life. These good men have found again the seed they cast on these running waters—we say running waters, for, made up as it is of the wandering creatures that fill the casual wards of the Unions, there is not, for instance, of the congregation we addressed last Sunday, a third who will be there next Sabbath day. However, though it is borne away with them to other and often distant quarters, it may by God's grace be preserved alive; and who can tell when and where it may spring up? May the fruit of it appear, though it may be many days hence! God is no respecter of persons. The angels who carried Lazarus's soul to Abraham's bosom may come back to the wretched pallet and garret where some of the *casuals* lie neglected and dying, to do them the same kind service—all the more that many have been to a large extent the victims of unhappy circumstances, whom we with our happier lot should pity, and have no right to condemn.

This institution, so interesting as bringing the gospel and holding out a flag of hope to the very poorest of the poor, owes its existence to what many would call an accident. One Saturday evening, Mr. Joseph Edmunds, the devoted and excellent superintendent of the ragged school connected with this mission-house, happened, on going home, to pass the Marylebone police-station at the time when a number of poor men and women were hanging by its door waiting for tickets to admit them to the "casual ward." The miserable spectacle touched him with pity. He had seen such arrangements as are now at work here at Field Lane Ragged Church, and asked himself, "Could not these poor waifs, when turned out on the

streets to-morrow morning, be gathered into some place where they might hear the gospel, and also get a bit of bread?" But how to provide the bread was a difficult matter. To preach to starving men and women, without any kind attempt to relieve their bodily wants, they would feel to be a solemn mockery; yet to begin the work without funds he felt would be injudicious. Full of the subject, he mentioned the scheme and his difficulty to a brave Bible-woman. "Before Zerubbabel," says the Bible, "the mountain shall become a plain;" and this difficulty vanished before Mrs. Fleming's faith. "We'll do it, Mr. Edmunds," she said; and in a few days brought him the glad news that some ladies had guaranteed sufficient funds to purchase bread for the work. Under the wise and judicious counsels of Colonel Henderson, head of the police in London, arrangements were made whereby, with the help of teachers in the ragged school, every one applying for admission to the casual ward on the Saturday evening had offer of a ticket of admission both to the Bible and the bread of the mission hall.

The first service was held on Sunday, the 13th November, 1870, and is thus described by one of the teachers:—"The number present was seventy-three. They were of the very lowest type. Some had neither shoes nor stockings, and all were more or less in rags. They seemed delighted to get into a warm place out of the cold street. Some bore traces of many cares; others unmistakable signs of debauched life; while many had the appearance of having seen better days. How sad the spectacle; yet how de-

lightful to see them gathered to hear the gospel message of salvation through a crucified Redeemer! After the religious services, bread was distributed, and in every case thankfully received."

The progress of this work has been quite remarkable. The attendance began with seventy-three, and has gradually and steadily increased, till now there is a congregation of five or six hundred of these poor destitute creatures attending service every Sunday morning; and as the expenses amount to about six pounds per week, and the work is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions, we have no doubt that its excellent treasurers, will gratefully receive any help our kind Christian readers may be inclined to extend to so good a cause.

We could fill pages with interesting extracts from letters written by different persons who have taken an interest and share in this work. They show how largely it has been blessed of God to the temporal and spiritual welfare of many of the poorest of the poor. He has owned it in a remarkable way. It has poured the balm of Gilead into many a bleeding wound, has brought peace to guilty and troubled souls, and shed the light of heaven on the evening of many a miserable life. It has plucked brands from the burning—saved at the uttermost—called at the eleventh hour; and not a few are now in heaven, and others on their way to it, who are blessing the hands that raised that house, saying, "The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there."

NO MAN'S LAND.

NOT far from where the stately Severn rolls its waters into the Bristol Channel, there stands, a few miles inland, a bleak village, built on the summit and sides of a great barren hill. Straggling are its hundreds of houses, and struggling are its thousands of inhabitants. The country around forcibly reminds you of some of the mining districts of Cornwall, so bare, dark, and wild is it. Not a single public building adorns this populous parish. Stop!—there is the church, fully three miles away, where service is performed on the afternoon of every alternate Sunday. Thirty years ago this parish consisted of about two thousand souls, all connected with agriculture; now it contains

fifteen years since the quiet inhabitants were, one fine morning, surprised and alarmed to see several gentlemen on the unproductive hill-side, measuring and marking the ground, looking at nothing through telescopes on three legs, and carrying and using other strange instruments. A month or two afterwards building began: first a few cottages, then an engine-house, then storehouses. Presently, strange, fierce-looking men, tall and stout, dressed in flannel covered with oilskin, made their appearance with pickaxes and shovels, and commenced digging. They were always digging—night and day. Was it a railway they were going to make, an iron foundry, a tunnel, smelting works, or what?

all. More houses were built, and more people came to occupy them. Then a larger building was erected, and a great green and gold sign-board informed all whom it might concern, at the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, that it was the "Company's General Shop." Then more houses, and more still; then a beershop, and then a public-house; until there were a couple of dozen of all sorts and sizes. By this time everybody knew that a large company of capitalists had bought all the hill, and a good deal of land besides, for the purpose of sinking a coal mine. And the mine was sunk, and opened with great pomp and ceremony, flags flying from the chimney-stacks, from the engine and storehouses, from the offices—indeed, from every part of the works where a flag would show to advantage, a flag was placed.

Since that time, the villagers have been so bent on money making, that they have not yet troubled themselves to consider the great religious and educational wants of the neighbourhood. The Education Act has only been mentioned to be scoffed at; and there being an ever-increasing demand for juvenile labour, both in the mine and out of it, the coming generation is growing up in ignorance and vice. This juvenile labour is a curse to the country. It not only prevents men from earning better wages, but it enfeebles the mind and undermines the constitutions of the little ones themselves; and they either die young or become prematurely old, bedridden inmates of hospitals and work-houses when they should be in the prime of life.

In the village of which we are writing, the leisure hours of its youth and young men are devoted to the public-house, pigeon flying, dog fighting, cock fighting, cat worrying, ratting—in fact, to nearly everything degrading, and to nothing elevating and ennobling. This is the rule; there are several notable exceptions. The nearest school is four and a half miles away, and this is the only establishment at present available for the children of those parents (would there were many more) who value the blessings of education.

Five years ago a goodly plot of land right in the centre of the mushroom village was sold, and it was bought and paid for by an entire stranger, who has never been seen in the locality from that day to this. A wall was built round it by masons who came from a distance, and who went away without being able to gratify the curiosity of the neighbourhood as to the purpose for which the ground was intended, or the name of its owner.

After a while, when houses had sprung up everywhere around the still unoccupied plot, people began to think of a name by which it should be always known, and at length it was called "No Man's Land," and No Man's Land it is till this day. By-and-by, say eighteen months ago, when the interest in No Man's Land had almost subsided, curiosity was suddenly aroused by the erection on that neglected spot of an old iron edifice, dirty in the extreme, which had, to all appearance, done duty as a church or chapel, and subsequently as a music hall. For, on different parts of it were hanging the remains of various placards and notices, in several colours and of all sizes, from a small and ancient announcement that a sermon would be preached in the "Iron Church," by the Reverend Mr. So-and-So, to a much larger and gaudier, as well as more recent bill, inviting the people of a small town not far from London, to attend a "Grand Evening Concert," at the "Alexandra Iron Music Hall." Character-portraits of several "popular" singers, chiefly those whose line of business was the "comic," were posted on prominent points of the exterior of the structure. No one was allowed to enter the interior, the man in charge said. A dozen times a day he was questioned concerning the quaint erection, but he either could not, or would not, vouchsafe any information respecting it. Was it to be a music hall? He didn't know, perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't. Was it to be used as a place of worship? Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't, he didn't know.

No Man's Land was again deserted and drear, the men who had brought the iron edifice had gone away and left no satisfactory tidings behind them; people, as they passed, stared at the place, and wondered; others shook their heads significantly, and muttered the well-worn proverb, "Fools and their money are soon parted." But the young men and youths of the place were not quite so speculative, and much more sanguine as to its future character—they at once joyfully concluded that the building was the property of some enterprising music-hall proprietor who, knowing the dearth of amusements in the locality, had determined to make an easy fortune. But the music and the singers came not, and the structure still remained rusty, dirty, and dilapidated.

More than twelve months passed, and, with the first fine spring morning of the present year, No Man's Land seemed alive. Carpenters and painters, with their labourers,

were there by the score, sawing, hammering, scraping, cleaning — there never had been such a commotion in the village since the opening day at the colliery. There was no longer any secret connected with the future of the place—it was to be a chapel, a Primitive Methodist chapel. Further than that, to whom it belonged, or who was paying for all the labour and materials expended upon it, was yet a mystery to the village gossips. The neighbouring contractor was appealed to. Yes, he knew, but wasn't at liberty to mention the name; they would soon learn it.

Eventually, everything was ready for the opening services. The interior of the structure had been plainly but elegantly fitted up, while the exterior, gorgeous in its new paint, brightly shone in the early summer sun; and No Man's Land again attracted the attention of the inhabitants, the majority of whom waited impatiently for the long-expected explanation which was to clear away all the mystery in which it had been enshrouded. Bills were put forth announcing that on the following Sunday "No Man's Land Primitive Methodist chapel" would be opened with special services, conducted by several brethren from a neighbouring town, and then in larger letters came the notice that in the evening, Brother B. would relate the history of the chapel.

On Sunday, the villagers were early astir; but early as it was, several grave-looking strangers were walking towards the colliery gates where a procession was afterwards formed, consisting of about eighty or a hundred persons of both sexes; many of the men being coal miners from that and the surrounding district. They marched right through the village singing one of their hymns.

A short prayer-meeting was then held in the open air, and the procession re-formed, and proceeded to No Man's Land chapel, where a second prayer-meeting, very stirring and animated, took place. On its conclusion, the little band of Primitive Methodists, who seemed to possess wonderful powers of endurance, and to require no rest or food, again marched in procession through the village, singing, "There is a happy land, far, far away;" the leader, in front of every block of houses, giving notice that divine service would be held at No Man's Land chapel at ten o'clock, and inviting all who could come not to miss the opportunity of listening to the preaching of the gospel, concluding with the announcement that "a young brother" would occupy the pulpit. At ten, the chapel was crowded, several people being unable to

young brother ascended the pulpit. He was a modest, angelic-looking young man, about eighteen years of age, pale, and with a melancholy cast of countenance, his deep, dark eyes filled with the fire of zeal and devotion. He made a most touching, yet simple prayer; and, after reading the Scriptures, and more singing, gave out his text:—"He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." There was speaking to the heart in that sermon. Men, whose hearts had been hardened for many long years, cried aloud, like those of old, "What shall I do to be saved?" And he told them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The excitement was intense; the brethren testifying their approval of the preacher's utterances by such interjections as, "Amen!" "Glory be to God!" "Hallowed be thy Name!" At the end of the sermon the brethren suddenly stood up and sang, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The preacher, on descending from the pulpit, received an ovation. People pressed forward to shake his hand. He was, however, so exhausted, that he fainted, but soon recovered, to the joy of the bystanders:

At two o'clock, the brethren re-assembled near the colliery, where a woman preached a moderately good sermon to a large congregation, including some young roughs who constantly interrupted her by vulgar remarks. In the evening, the place of assembly was the other end of the village, near the church, where the Primitive Methodists gathered together at an early hour, and marched to No Man's Land, singing as usual.

All the hymns for the occasion contained frequent repetitions, and were no doubt chosen because easily learned by the unlettered amongst their number. Most of them were sung to secular music, the commonest songs of the day supplying the majority of the tunes. The crowd that followed the brethren to the chapel was large, and every available space therein, including even the pulpit stairs, was speedily occupied. The preacher, as announced, was brother B., an old collier bowed with age, but whose voice was one of the most powerful and musical imaginable. His action, during the delivery of what he called an address, not a sermon, was most fitting; and had he been an accomplished actor, his gestures and elocution—omitting his few provincialisms—could not have been finer or more appropriate. After the usual singing and prayer,

Some people nowadays, he said, utterly rejected the doctrine that the Lord materially provided for his faithful people, but the history of the brother into whose heart God had put it to provide for a portion of the spiritual wants of that large neighbourhood established it beyond all question. Doubtless many were present that night from mere curiosity, to learn how it was that the spot which they had called No Man's Land had been lying idle for so long a time, and how it was that No Man's Land Primitive Methodist chapel had sprung into existence. Six years ago a collier's son left that neighbourhood to seek employment in the great world of London. He became a God-loving, God-fearing young man; and, remembering the profligacy of his native place, he resolved that, if the Lord blessed his business transactions, to devote all his earnings, with the exception of a small sum for necessary expenses, to the establishing of some sort of Christian worship where there was so much room for it. Well, animated by this noble ambition, he, in the first place, managed, by great self-denial and close attention to business, to save enough money to buy that plot of ground on which they were worshipping; and a friend, happening to be on a visit a few miles away at the time of the sale, was requested to purchase No Man's Land. This good brother, shortly afterwards, commenced business on his own account, and by a series of lucky circumstances, gained more money, and built a wall round the place, and there his good fortune seemed to desert him for a while. He went on losing, losing, until, one evening, he determined on closing his shop never to open it again, or else to sell No Man's Land. The next morning's post brought him a notification that his tender had been accepted for a large and profitable contract, which he had never expected to obtain; so he took down his shutters again, and trade flowed in upon him briskly. Some short time afterwards, seeing the present structure advertised for sale, he bought it, and sent it down there, that his old friends and neighbours might not leave this earth for their everlasting home saying, as they had been for years past, that they had never had

an opportunity of knowing there was a God and a Saviour who came into the world to save sinners. He had, moreover, promised, as God prospered him, to assist the Primitive Methodist brethren in supporting their cause in that and other places; and that God would bless with material wealth the generous donor, there was not, in the preacher's mind, the shadow of a doubt.

After speaking of the tens of thousands of ways in which God's providence is displayed, the speaker concluded his address somewhat in the following strain:—

"Jehovah Jireh! The Lord will provide! You there, you poor needy sinner, scheming in the house of God for a few coppers to buy to-morrow's dinner—trust in God, He will provide. You sick husband and father, with one foot in the grave and the other on its brink, anxious about your wife and little ones, don't stand waiting there: GO HOME, feeble man, get you gone, leave them to the Lord, He will provide. You young men and maidens, glorying in robust health; in the pride of beauty and the consciousness of strength, scoffers at God's providence, beware! lest you remember too late that God provides for the wicked as well as for the righteous—provides for the good in one way, and for the bad in another. But oh! may it never be your lot to experience the everlasting torments God 'provides' for the hardened and impenitent sinner. I stand here to-night to offer you in the name of the mighty Lord, salvation, salvation. Reject it at your peril; reject it, and your sins be upon your own heads. Repent now, or perish. Come, come, ye sinners, come. Come to the marriage supper of the Lamb who was slain for us. Ah, but ye cannot come without the wedding garment. What will ye do? Never mind, come. Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide, come, let us go altogether, let us go at once. Amen."

Considerable excitement was manifested at the conclusion of this sermon, and nearly the whole of the large congregation remained for several hours afterwards, praying and singing hymns.

Thus was inaugurated the Primitive Methodist Chapel at No Man's Land.

JAMES PITT.



MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXX.

"Connaissez-vous cette terre où les orangers fleurissent, que les rayons des cieux fécondent avec amour?"

MADAME DE STAËL.



It is the beginning of November, but there are no November fogs, no greatcoats and comforters, no brief dull cloudy days where our story leads us.

There are long, straggling, narrow streets, grey with time, sacred from association, and beauti-

ful in spite of much that is distasteful, or would be so in any other place.

For there are dirty street-corners, and dirtier houses, patches of pavement much resembling the floor of an ill-kept stable, narrow alleys paved only with mud and littered rags. Here are beggars, with loathsome sores, pursuing strangers with their dolorous entreaties. And here, too often in squalor and misery, are herded the remnants of that great nation whose glory and whose history are in the past.

Surely when the glory departed the beauty and the enchantment of place and people alike remained. It needs enchantment to cover Rome's deformities with the mantle it wears.

The beginning of November is early for the English-Roman season. As yet the churches without the walls are thinly peopled, and those within little besieged by flaring "Murrays" and irreverent, curious tourists. The great crowd comes in before Christmas time and for the Christmas ceremonies, and saints' days and festivals pass by without much recognition from the outer heretic world.

Here and there fresh English faces, shaded off with fair English hair, may be seen moving through the broken columns of the Palace of the Cæsars, riding lean Roman horses on the

Appian Way, or picking maiden-hair from the ruined "boxes" of the Roman matrons overlooking the arena of the Coliseum.

But in another fortnight's time the groups will be more frequent, the row of circling carriages on the Pincian Hill will have swelled their number and increased their ranks, and military bands in the service of his holiness Pius IX. will play from the stand fronting the red sunsets, and the great dome of St. Peter, at such times standing out black in its grandeur over the hazy holiday town.

For there seems not much reality of life in Rome. Perhaps the stirring deeds she has given birth to, and the heroes she has reared, have exhausted this proud mother of the past. She is sleeping now a long drowsy slumber. Maybe, like a giant refreshed, she may awake still. She, at least, is worthy of it, whatever her sons of to-day may be.

Changes within the short cycle of a year have visited her already. What their entire issue will be, how her people will come out from the violent reaction that *must* take place where small tyrannies and narrow restraints have been suddenly removed, and the thralldom of superstition is broken loose after a reign of almost undisturbed serenity, it must be hard for the wisest to say. To readjust her balance, nature will recoil to her opposite extreme in the first moment of conscious freedom. This freedom may, for a time, be license, and superstition give place to irreligion; but it will not necessarily be for long. If God will save Italy, He can save her even so as by fire.

At the time at which our story leads us to Rome, the city was papal still. Two years had yet to run their course before Victor Emmanuel walked in, a bloodless conqueror; rather a welcome guest and deliverer. Rome knew then nothing of coming events, and the same crowds fell before the gilded carriage and outriders of the Pope as the procession, day by day, passed from the Piazza San Pietro to the Corso, or the gardens of the Villa Borghese, that later welcomed his enemy with cries of "Viva il Rè," and hailed his advent with what from apathetic Italians was no slight ovation. But to a greater than Pius the Ninth has human nature shown its fickle colours in like manner.

And to those who think harshly of the Roman people no receipt can we offer to

recall their lost charity better than that they come to Rome itself.

Beautiful in life as she has indeed been, she holds in death a beauty even greater—a beauty that silences criticism and defies the decrees of our colder judgment. As Margaret, ay, and Gaspar's worst enemy held their peace now he was gone into the "silent land," so over Rome in her tranquil slumber none stays to cavi at her direst faults.

Nay, a cold judgment is a thing impossible in Rome. The *Lascio passare* does not include it, when it warily allows conventional strangers to tread this sacred ground. There is an intoxication in the place inexplicable to any who have not felt its magic influence. Our grey murky skies have surely something to do with our frigid temperament and grave faces, for how they change under the blue heaven, and the soft fanning of Italian winds, and the smell of orange-trees heavy laden in the convent gardens all around!

They will not long be laden, these fruitful, dark-leaved boughs. Even now two English-women are watching the gathering in from their windows; their back-windows looking across a dismal, narrow street into an orange garden embraced on three sides by a monastery, and on the fourth by a high wall.

The sun is falling in the heavens already. His slant rays are creeping little by little from floor to wall, and wall to roof. Only here and there a happy orange on a topmost branch smiles out mellow in the glow.

Alas, poor orange! not much longer will it hang there and smile. A brown-cloaked Capuchin is shuffling heavily from tree to tree, rifling the golden fruit, and ruthlessly casting it piece by piece into an uninviting pouch.

Perhaps it is for the poor. For at certain hours in crowds, and at all hours in twos and threes, men and women, more miserable even than the unwashed brotherhood, assail the convent door. (In Rome convent and monastery seem to be synonymous terms, and do not convey the distinctions we associate with each separate word.) And though cleanliness and godliness do not go hand in hand in Capuchin communities, the religion which James speaks of as being "pure and undefiled," in so far as the helping of the fatherless and widows is concerned, is carried out heartily and readily. No beggar goes away unaided, leaving his malediction behind. Soup at certain hours, for which the recipients bring roomy vessels, and broken bits at others are day by day doled out; and if the work be done not grudgingly nor of necessity, as there is little reason to believe

it is, it goes some way, I think, towards making up for the filthy habits of the donors.

Filth is apparently as necessary to qualify them for *bona-fide* Capuchins as is the brown dress of their order. Without linen or under-clothing of any sort, they wear their coarse habit and hood next to their persons for the space of three years, by night as well as by day. In the same gown that touches us as we pass them in the street, they have slept, eaten, risen to attend their midnight mass, for any period within three years that the taste or imagination of the passer-by may suggest. One might fancy that the most stiff-necked and high-minded must allow that infallibility had proved itself fallible in encouraging and rearing such abuses; that a little deviation, at least, is apparent from the days when without scrip or sandals, it is true, but we have no reason to believe in other attire than such as figured forth the purity within, Jesus Christ, the Great Elder Brother, and his disciples went about doing good.

But we must remember that we are in Rome, and so must cease to criticise. Even Capuchins look picturesque with the haze of our enchantment hanging over them.

So thought one of the English women by the open window as the Frate held the last orange between his (luckily far-off) fingers, and then dropped it hesitatingly on its fellows in the pouch.

One English woman, I have said. The other has long ago ceased to watch the brother, and is looking with sad grief-ful eyes at the last broad rays of the setting sun.

We should hardly recognise in her the Margaret of old days—the Margaret who had life enough left in her to feel little cares, and to weep at small sorrows as other women do.

Mrs. Armytage often wishes she cared now. She is far too patient, too ready to acquiesce in everything, too careless about what shall become of her from hour to hour. She refuses her friend nothing, but she cares for nothing. The sad pale face looks just the same whether she has been a day left to herself and to her own thoughts, or whether she is seeing other faces and other scenes.

They had gone to Venice from Munich by easy stages. Would Margaret come to Venice? her friend had asked. Oh, yes, Margaret would come.

After that, would she come to the Italian lakes for a few weeks? Mrs. Armytage would like it if it suited Margaret. Oh, yes, Margaret would come. How kind Mrs. Armytage was to her! She should like any place Mrs. Armytage went to.

And after the lakes, should they go to Rome? Mrs. Armytage meant to winter abroad. She had never seen Rome, and it was so beautiful. Would Margaret come?

Oh, yes, Margaret would like to go with her. Was Rome a good climate for Mrs. Armytage's weak chest? If so, they had better go to Rome.

But there was no heart in anything, and her friend could see it well. She herself was a woman of warm feelings in some respects; at least, her heart was large enough to entertain a true affection for Margaret—her foundling as she would call her. But the depths of a nature like Margaret's were unknown to her. Perhaps this, by throwing a certain mystery, raised the subject of it in her estimation.

She herself had known sorrow. Was she not a widow who two years before had been a wife? One Henry Armytage had been laid in the grave, who had held the utmost love she had the power to give. No lover in the past had been his rival; no possible future husband need disturb his rest. Mrs. Armytage never intended to marry again. She wore a black locket containing his hair and picture. As yet she had not discarded her black dress: I think it is more than probable that she never will. She had wept a wife's tears when he had been taken from her, and she knew that the best affection of her life and the sunniest days of it had gone with him.

But that she should suffer her trial to overcloud more than a certain portion of her still young life, so as to unfit her for the enjoyment of other things, she never contemplated. There was no hypocrisy about her; she could not feel acutely, nor suffer keenly; and she made no outward show of a grief unfelt. She had felt it once, she had loved once; now it was over, and life held still much that was pleasant. This she accepted, and went her even way with a face full of all kindness, almost sympathy, and with a forehead uncrossed by any care.

Thank God, we are all as wonderfully diverse as we are fearfully and wonderfully made! How poor would our gardens be if all our plants were sensitive plants, and closed at touch of rain, or of hand, if even they were all warmth-loving plants, whose petals should open only to the sunshine! Thank God, we have holly to smile at us through snows and frosts when tenderer and fairer leaves are laid away for summer.

It was well for Margaret, at least, that she had found a sturdy, bright evergreen to lean

upon. To another blighted bindweed she might have drawn closer, perhaps, from a deeper sympathy. But bindweed clinging to bindweed is no wholesome attitude for either. They are apt to fall together to the ground.

And in this, as in all things, we can see how fairly, after all, our mercies and our gifts are measured out. For assuredly, in proportion to our capabilities of suffering are our powers of enjoyment. Souls eminently susceptible of the touch of pain are open likewise to the most subtle, and refined, and delicate of pleasures.

So that it were not so bad a thing, perhaps, as it appears at first sight, could we say truthfully with Corinne, "*De toutes mes facultés, la plus puissante c'est la faculté de souffrir.*"

XXXI.

"His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue."—EMERSON.

"WHEN will Aunt Margaret come, Miss Philippine?" asked Charlie one day, as he walked beside his indulgent friend, who had always a hand to give to each of the children.

November was far advanced; the trees were spreading their bare network against the lurid glow of the setting sun, that struggled vainly for his wonted supremacy over the heavens, and was slowly dying in the attempt, looking all the redder and grander even for the grey mantle that surrounded him on every side. A damp, earthy smell rose from the trim pathways at Beauchamp Towers, and mounds of yellow leaves, raked together to be removed the next day, formed the only variety where so lately shrubs and brilliant flowers had lavished their colours and their beauties. Instead of nightingales, a troop of chirruping sparrows wrestled and fluttered in the bare boughs or in the masses of ivy that clothed some decaying tree; and a puffed robin sat forlorn in dark distinctness against the disk of the sun, opening his beak to give out a melancholy note now and then, and suffering his rosy breast to be colourless and eclipsed by the fiery splendour beyond him.

Philippine did not love the winter, and she had been very silent as she walked through the woods, hardly listening to and not at all disturbed by the children's prattle. The fall of the quiet leaves seemed to be upon her own heart, and a certain sensation, not of pain actually, but of discomfort, of which she hardly knew the cause, came with it.

On a sudden the thought that had made her sad and silent passed before her again. How was it in a certain spot abroad, where

crosses and flowers had reared themselves in summer, but where only crosses must be standing now? Were the leaves falling with that slow solemn murmur then? Settling as sadly, as noiselessly, on the green mound where Gaspar Marshall was laid? She had not seen the mound, but how well she could picture it: not in the great churchyard—that was not possible for a heretic—but in a patch of ground hard by. Two other Englishmen and an English infant lay beside him, and a railing enclosed the little spot.

The roses were planted, Margaret had written—English roses for this English grave. For Philippine had sent some when she reached England, and the chaplain had promised to see them placed and cared for.

"Do not say anything about my having sent them," wrote poor Philippine; "it might be misinterpreted. And why should he not have English roses beside him, and why not from me?"

And Margaret in the midst of her sorrows had thought enough for Philippine to answer,

"Why not, indeed? You were his friend, and one of his latest friends; it is very kind in you, Philippine, to send the flowers. He was true to all his friends, and he would have wished to see them happy. So when I hear you are very happy, Philippine, far happier than you are now; when you tell me you have found some one I cannot think unworthy of you, I shall rejoice doubly—for him, and for myself."

Beside a death-bed, Margaret had determined to close her eyes to a certain tree of knowledge within her reach. Had she looked and tasted she felt that not she herself, but Philippine would suffer. If we wish to quench a smouldering fire it is not a wise plan to open channels of air upon it, and so fan it into flame. And though Margaret, being very liberal-minded, is not hasty in forming irrevocable decisions, when once she *has* decided, she is not easily turned aside. To take Philippine to her heart as Gaspar's love, as loving Gaspar, would indeed have been sweetest, easiest, and most comforting; and Margaret knew that she had but to say, "Come!" But what was best, and where lay the path of duty, that was Margaret's quest. Philippine was young enough to be saved still, if only a strong hand forbade her acceptance of an offered, a possible sorrow.

"She may live this down, please God!" said Margaret. And so she wrote to Philippine as Gaspar's "friend."

And to a great extent Margaret's plan of action was successful. Philippine started at

her own thoughts, and paused to ask herself what she had been doing unawares? Perhaps she was deceiving herself, nursing an unreality in her heart. Maybe Gaspar Marshall had never thought of her as anything more than a friend; as Margaret called her so, it was more than probable. She was ashamed of the little fabric she had built, as it seemed, on air. She tried to hide herself from herself. The love of Elaine was far from her! if she was unbeloved, she dared not, could not love.

So when Charlie's clear voice broke in upon her thoughts she was glad of the interruption, and shook herself free from them.

"Aunt Marg'ret?" she replied to his question, "before Christmas, perhaps—if she is well enough, Charlie."

"And will we go away when she comes, Miss Philippine? or will we stay a little teeny bit longer? I hope we won't go back to Fernhill before Christmas comes."

"Why not, Charlie?"

"Because Elspet says Miss Philippine—you, I mean—have nice Christmas stockings for the poor children, and puts nice things in them—presents and things."

"But *you* are not poor children," said Philippine.

"Oh, *amn't* I poor, then? I haven't got nothing but a old penny, and he's got a hole through him—besides, he's so hot."

"Hot, Charlie?"

"Oh, I mean," said Charlie, waking up, and shaking himself, after a plunge in a pile of wet leaves—probably the cause of his sudden return to consciousness—"I mean he *was* hot, but I think he must be cold now. I put him in the fire to look *through* him, don't you see?"

"How long ago, Charlie?"

"About a week or a month, I think."

"Then I should fancy he is quite cold," said Philippine. She could not help thinking the process was often had recourse to by the children. She herself was constantly put in a fire of perplexity by their strange questions, and she was quite sure they must then "see through" her.

Far from smooth had been her sailing with her new charges, since their arrival at the Towers. She had never been so ceaselessly employed and never more interested; but treasures are sometimes troublesome in proportion to their worth, and fears for the unguarded speech of Charlie, and for the personal safety of both, while she was responsible for them, kept her continually on the *qui vive*.



"MARGARET."

Once their stay had very nearly come to a premature end. Mrs. Beauchamp thought it a bad plan, on principle, to pet and spoil children whose future paths must lead them through privation and poverty; and she reminded Philippine continually that she was acting a doubtful part towards these little ones in devoting so much time, and all else at her command, to their amusement. But Philippine was a wilful woman; and the Scotch proverb says, that even a "wilful *man* ma'un ha'e his way." Nevertheless, when Charlie misbehaved himself, or committed some folly amounting to such in Mrs. Beauchamp's eyes, Philippine could not but tremble for the consequence.

At her request, luncheon for the rest of the party was made the children's dinner, so that at one meal during the day they might be present. Mr. Beauchamp delighted in them and in Charlie's quaint candour, and his wife, in spite of herself, was often betrayed into an amused smile. But with the wonted hour, one unlucky day, no Charlie came to climb into his high chair.

Elspet was summoned. She had brushed his hair and washed his hands, and put on a new pinafore, and he had left the nursery. The butler had not seen him, neither had the footmen, neither had the gardener, nor the coachman. Messengers were sent to all parts, but in vain.

It was a sorry sight indeed. Dolly with tearful eyes was left alone at the large table, from which all the chairs had been pushed aside, for the sole reason, that being fastened there by an immovable bar, she could not have got down to save even her *own* little life. Mr. Beauchamp, without a hat, went about in the garden, wearing his hands in his pockets by way of appearing quite at ease, as if he kept his equanimity in them, and assuring every one the boy was all right, while he continued a would-be careless search over the premises.

A gardener-boy on tiptoe looked into the large fountain, while a housemaid with a white face stood behind him, waiting in terror for his verdict "drowned" or "not drowned," and not daring to face the possibility herself.

Mrs. Beauchamp, with her unfolded napkin in her hand, stood at the window overlooking the terrace, her eye-glass raised, and an occasional "*Very tiresome! dear me!*" escaping her; more (let us do her justice) as a vent for her feelings than from real displeasure.

Philippine did not speak, but went noise-

lessly from room to room, looking eagerly into each with a hope he might be there, and turning away sick at heart to another door. For the search had continued more than half an hour now, and how the child could be alive, and yet within reach of the long loud calls of "Char-lie! Charlie!" that echoed unheeded through the house and grounds, it was difficult to understand.

Philippine and Elspet met at the bathroom door. It was a favourite resort of Charlie's, where a large window for catching flies, and a bath to sail his boats in, afforded him every advantage in manning vessels by maiming blue-bottles.

A large marble bath, reached by steps, which was usually kept closed in by a high railing (just wide enough between the bars to admit a boat and Charlie's hand), occupied the larger part of this room. There were thus two dangers into which the unwary boy might have fallen. Through the window, from the table on which he climbed to fetch his victims, or into the bath, deep enough to have drowned him twice over.

The meeting at the door, showing that the fears of each were shared by the other, added not a little to the anxiety Philippine and Elspet were suffering; and there was an instant's pause before either summoned courage to turn the handle of the door.

In moments like these what cannot imagination work! Charlie's face white under the clear water, his black frock floating on either side, the boat, and the maimed flies struggling upon the top, where he had let go his hold, and he lying motionless and beyond help at the bottom—all this and more passed over the mind of Philippine in the instant that she turned the handle, and saw that the window, thank God! was closed.

The momentary relief of finding their fears in that particular quarter groundless, passed away when the doleful "Char-lie! Master Char-lie!" rang again upon their ears, and they returned to the old misery of anxious uncertainty with a sigh. Elspet, who had been loudest at first in declaring that there "wasn't nothin' to be afraid of," and that the boy would appear immediately, now fairly broke down. Seating herself upon the stairs, and covering her face with her hands, she rocked herself to and fro in abject misery.

Little Dolly, released by some merciful passer-by, was screaming loudly in Philippine's arms. The bustle and excitement frightened her even more than her brother's absence, and by way of pacifying her a little,

her comforter turned towards the dining-room with the view of administering the first tempting morsel she could find, and distracting her thoughts from the search now being carried on in quite another direction.

There was an ominous silence, indeed, in the rooms they approached. Doors stood wide open, fires had been forgotten, and were settling down low and red in Mrs. Beauchamp's room and the drawing-rooms. From the dining-room the exemplary pillar-like footmen and butler had disappeared, forgetting even to replace the covers on the dishes. Philippine almost shuddered, as with the sobbing child in her arms she neared the room where first they had missed Charlie, where perhaps Charlie would never be seen again.

A sudden check was put upon her imagination and her fears, though she was not a little startled.

Large as life—the eyes, indeed, larger than she had ever seen them—his hair ruffled upon his forehead, his face very pale and his mouth open, a little figure sat cross-legged under the dining-room table, staring out at Philippine in apparently awe-struck silence. The white cloth and the dark Turkey carpet framed him in, and finished off the unusual picture and position.

"Charlie!" exclaimed Philippine, as soon as she could speak—"what is the matter?"

"I—don't know," said Charlie.

"Are you ill?"

"No"—in a very low voice.

"And where have you been then?"

Charlie's chin began to retire into the neck of his little blouse, and nothing was to be seen of his eyes, for the shock of falling hair.

In the very lowest of voices, and rubbing his chubby chillblained little forefinger up and down the edge of his boat, Charlie made answer at last—

"Here!"

It was very fortunate for the poor little man that Philippine had patience to listen to his doled-out, piecemeal explanation, and that she was quick enough to guess what she could not get him to explain.

For he was far too bewildered and frightened to give any lucid account of the sad business. He had no clear idea as to how it had come about himself. It was Philippine that divined at length that the game of hiding under the table, began in sport, had ended in a reality of fright; and that this fright, or rather—for fear is not exactly a thing known to Charlie—the sight of the alarm he had caused to others, and

the commotion he had occasioned in the decorous household, had so paralyzed and stupefied him, that with eyes and mouth open, as Philippine had found him, he had remained (like the boy of tradition who mimicked his neighbour when the wind changed) a painful fixture beneath the table.

After this adventure it was some days before Charlie's spirits rose above zero.

He was heard sobbing quietly to himself beneath the sheets on two several occasions—

"Oh, Aunt Marg'ret, Aunt Marg'ret! I shall die for you, Aunt Marg'ret—and I've quite forgotten the way to be good."

I think a brain-wave must have carried the sound to Aunt Margaret, as she leant upon her window-sill and watched the Roman moon. That moon was looking into the dark corners of the Coliseum, where the tramp tramp of the French sentry alone broke the silence. And it looked into something else very like a ruin—a white face with dark lines upon it, and very wasted cheeks, that shone out white and deathlike in the silver light.

Even now a party of strangers are on their way to the other ruin, and will disturb the stillness of the place. But on this one, only the moon, God's angels, and God Himself will look to-night.

Which of the three is it that wakes Margaret for the first time into a yearning for her two little stray lambs at home, into a sudden remembrance of the fact that she has been months away from them whom God had entrusted to her?

With a sudden accession of bitterness, and repentance, and shame, Margaret threw herself upon her bed, and, like Peter, wept bitterly. She raised for a moment her head with an unspoken vow upon her lips. She would go home to-morrow, come what may. So might God help her!

And there all night long, not the bright moon only, but from the window she had left open, the chill night winds of Italy, alas! of Rome, played over the sleeping figure of Margaret.

To any one who had watched her there, the contrasts of snow-white face and hands upon the black gown falling round her, the sleep might have seemed one of death.

But the angels knew better.

XXXII.

"Weep no more—O weep no more—
Young buds sleep in the root's white core."

KEATS.

BUT all this—Charlie's misdemeanour and the consequent alarm at the Towers, and Margaret's fatal sleep in the poisonous night

air of Rome—had occurred fully six weeks before she and Miss Armytage watched the orange gathering from their windows.

Five weeks of Roman fever had since then reduced the thin white Margaret of July and August into a shadow of that shadow. Mr. Beauchamp had called her a shadow at Munich. What could he have called her now?

Only twice had she been lifted from her bed on to the sofa in the window of the little sitting-room. And it was by means of many pillows and much propping alone, that she was able, wearily enough, to watch the sunset and the *capuchin* in the garden.

Mrs. Armytage, with pure unselfishness, had wished to tear herself from Rome in order to give the customary change of air to her invalid. But Margaret had expressed both by word and such feeble gesture as she could at present command, so strong a disinclination to be moved at all, that her friend was obliged to give way. And, said the English doctor, it was not, after all, such a risk at the beginning of the cold season as later in the year it would undoubtedly have been. With November, frost had set in, and little Roman school-boys were counting on the possible day when snow upon the ground should be the signal for a holiday.

"The doctor wishes you to drive to-morrow, my dear," said Mrs. Armytage as she drew the blind, and rang the bell for Giacomo, cook, butler, and *valet de place*, who with his brown beady eyes and swarthy coloring and hair, and his quick retorts and speaking gestures, brought a breath of freshness into Margaret's monotonous day that made her look for his entrance and exit with a childish pleasure.

"Very well," said Margaret, wondering a little how it would be managed, but far too weak in mind and body to be capable of thinking out anything.

The door opened, and Giacomo, white-aproned and bare-armed, carried in a pair of rickety candles and set them on the table. Mrs. Armytage ordered a carriage for the next day at three.

"Alle tre? Per la Signorina? E bene! E la Signorina? Ponera Signorina? Come si—"

A further order put a check on his eloquence; and he bustled out of the room with a shrug and a "Hè!" more expressive than any corresponding word—if such it may be called—in our graver language.

And the next day punctually at three, dinner cooked, dinner served, the bell

answered, letters posted, coals carried up, dinner carried away, Giacomo dressed and gone to meet the carriage, was seated upon the box; and only awaiting a signal to be like a lamplighter at Margaret's side, ready to carry her down, to arrange her cushions, and to direct the coachman where to drive.

"My cards!" said Mrs. Armytage as she got into the carriage.

"Hè! qui, Madame!" from the box, as Giacomo's brisk little figure twisted itself round facing them, and then adjusted itself again as quickly, as he desired the driver to make for the Porta San Sebastiano, and the Via Appia, and replaced the card-case in his pocket.

But they had hardly passed the walls and the great gateway, before the motion of the carriage had become too much for Margaret. Almost at foot's pace they drove slowly home.

Mrs. Armytage and Giacomo thought it was the motion of the carriage. We, having seen like drives before, in which Margaret took her part, in the hot white streets of Munich, can believe that sorrowful associations had their part in the weariness and tearfulness which came upon her now.

And then they had driven on a sad way too, where the road is flanked on either side by the monuments of the dead, great and small—baker, senator, tribune, and hero, lying side by side.

It is not a sorrowful sight to us in robust health; nor to the gay cavalcade of English riders who passed the carriage at full gallop on the stunted sword. A little wonderment from most, a sigh from some. Then talk of Pisselli's concert, and last year's "meet" at Cecilia Metella's tomb. That is perhaps all; or, a sceptic who thinks it all "nonsense, you know—the real tombs are taken away long ago"—and appears learned only to the one or two more ignorant than himself, who laugh at his assertion, thinking it a safe thing to do; not compromising them at all, whether he speaks in jest or earnest.

But Margaret, whose heart had been in the grave for some months past, who had been so near the grave herself, and whose whole nervous system seemed gone to ruin, wept silently but very bitterly during this first short drive. She could hardly have said why. It seemed to her that she cried chiefly because she had no longer any power to hold her tears.

So Mrs. Armytage did not leave cards anywhere that day; but ten days later, Margaret, with a little colour in her cheeks, took her

seat beside her friend with something almost like pleasure in the anticipation of the drive.

They drove in silence for a long while, drinking in the gentle intoxications of that enchanted air. Past the great fountain in the Piazza di Spagna, past the indolent beautiful groups of models on the steps, past Piale's, where Englishmen began to loiter,

through the Via Babuino, up to the sentinel churches at either end of that street and the Corso, twin guardians of the two large thoroughfares of Rome.

Here they swept into the great "place of the people," worthy of "a people" indeed, with its great obelisk towering to the blue sky; an obelisk by whom Romulus is but of



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yesterday; an obelisk that it is said was a *memory* to the chosen people, when they went out laden with the Egyptian spoils.

There it stands, pointing with eternal finger to the throne of God, helping the finite in us, if but for a moment, to grasp Infinity—and to believe.

Rome had heretofore been a day-dream with Margaret. From this day forward, spite of her weakness and dejection, despite her sorrows and her comparative loneliness and

friendlessness among strangers, the place took possession of her senses, of her passions, of her imagination, and of her heart.

The whole poetry of her nature, and her fine sensitiveness and susceptibility of beauty in every form, were satisfied. It seemed to her that for the first time she understood fully how the spirit can be said to "drink in" pleasure. Such beautiful, intangible, refined pleasure too: how can it do other-wise than elevate?

Margaret lay back on her pillows and allowed the first conscious return of peace and pleasure to steal over her. And Mrs. Armytage, with her lap full of English letters, was too engrossed to disturb her happy reveries. It would not last long, poor Margaret! Sorrow would come back with its old sting; and the memory of the children from whom she had so long been separated would bring the old choking to her throat. And again and again she would lift up the thin blue-veined hand, only to prove how weak it was, and what a poor thing the strongest will appears, while encased in the bonds and barriers of the most wasted body. What was the use of *willing* to go home, of all her longings for the children, of all her resolves to lift herself up from the depths of grief she now felt she had too long suffered herself to remain in, of all her determinations to take up with God's help the work she had cast aside, and to try and live again for God—for others?

At present, none. The little hand lying on her black dress, sent forth like Noah's dove on its short voyage of discovery, had returned heavily and feebly to its resting-place. Not quite yet, Margaret. The flood is ebbing, the mists are rising; soon, very soon, the dry land will appear. But for the present, like the dove, lie quiet. The olive-leaf for your gathering is not a great way off.

Some one talks of "the happiness of an accepted sorrow." At times—though still rarely—Margaret could have believed in such a thing.

Now, as they drove through the Porta del Popolo, past the exiled foreign churches, that little bed of heresy not to be tolerated within the walls, or beneath the Papal eye—Margaret had calmly rehearsed the drama of the eventful months past by. She had in fancy watched beside what had been so nearly her own death-bed, fearing to linger by that one whose reality and whose torments no fancy could have exceeded. And not for the first time it came across her with a sort of wonder and awe—how marvellously had her path been laid out for her! That Gaspar should go had been God's will. Somewhere in His eternal purpose the wherefore must be written. But how had it been tempered to her? The children cared for at home by the one woman she could have chosen for the charge. That woman and her father removed at the very moment when the awfulness of death—and Gaspar's death—seemed to demand the going out of all men from before them—they two and God

only—none other between them and him. Then, when he had gone from her, and she needed in her bitter desolation, not comfort, for she was past that, but that "touch of a hand that is warm," the accidental appearance, as it seemed, of another friend whose very character made her, in this case, the most fitting of nurses, because she was not the most tender or feeling of women.

"Have you ever thought," said Mrs. Armytage, folding up her letters at last as the carriage freed itself of the town and swept out into the open country, "how strange it was, Margaret, that I should have been able to come to you at Munich just as you were left alone?"

"I was thinking of it now," said Margaret, turning her heavy eyes with a smile about her lips to her friend.

"How curious! I am certain there is some connection between people's thoughts that has not been explained. I have a friend now who did have a theory about it—he has theories for everything. He would give me an explanation quite satisfactory enough for me. He was coming to Rome this winter, by-the-bye. Let us look for his name at Piale's as we go home."

So they looked.

"Palgrave, Pearson, Pierce, Pratt," read Mrs. Armytage, following the long column of arrivals with her finger.

"But no Poole," she said, closing the book, and giving it back to Giacomo, who ran with it into the shop, and bounded like a lamplighter to his seat on the box again.

"Stop!" she said, as the coachman turned the horses' heads homewards. "Are you tired, dear? No—very well. Then—drive to Tadolini's studio. I will get out for a minute and look at his St. Michael. You won't mind waiting three minutes, I know."

"Via Babuino! Hè!" said Giacomo, pulling up his rug with a jerk, and they drove off. Mrs. Armytage telling the story of her journey abroad, of her meeting with the Beauchamps at Innsbrück, who in the course of conversation had mentioned their stay at Munich.

"You did not meet a Mrs. and Miss Marshall there?" I said to them," Mrs. Armytage went on. "Upon which they told me everything. I went on to Munich at once, my dear. And, humanly speaking, you would not be alive if I had not. Poor man! did you see that blind man, Margaret? And quite young, too!"

But Margaret had not seen him.

“DO MEN GATHER GRAPES OF THORNS, OR FIGS OF THISTLES?”

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

SOME remarks were made in a former paper on the greater force and attractiveness which belong to those proverbs that contain a latent or an expressed comparison. When subjects of thought are suddenly brought together, which were not expected to be so combined—when a moral truth is suddenly seen to lurk behind some familiar object of nature, or some homely fact of common experience—attention is excited far more than would be the case with any abstract assertion or precept. The charm of such combination gives to many proverbs their currency; and it is evident too that by presenting their lesson under the form of an image, they suggest that a great variety in the practical adaptation of such sayings is possible and allowable.

Proverbs of this kind are like parables: and this remark is obviously natural here, when we are approaching the consideration of some of the proverbs of our Blessed Lord Himself. What, in fact, is such a proverb, but a parable condensed? Where can we draw the line? We find St. Luke saying in one place of Christ, that “He spake a parable” to this effect: *Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?* Should we not rather call this a proverb? Again, to quote three familiar sayings of the New Testament, based upon the same comparison—*The kingdom of God is like leaven: Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees: A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump*,—are these parables, or are they proverbs? Who shall decide? It is sometimes said that the Gospel according to St. John contains no true parables: but following the present train of thought, we see clearly how harmonious is our Lord’s manner of teaching in that Gospel with His manner in the other Gospels, when we observe the character of His proverbs as there recorded. Let us take two of the most precious, most solemn, sentences in the Word of God, and two of the shortest: *I am the vine, ye are the branches: The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep*. Shall we call them parables? or shall we call them the holiest of proverbs? In fact they are both. In this Gospel, when we find our Lord saying to His disciples: “These things I have spoken to you in proverbs: but the hour cometh, when I shall no longer speak to you in proverbs.” and when we find them saying, “Lo! now

speakest thou plainly, and speakest no *proverb*,” we feel instinctively that the word “parable” would be a more natural translation. And so, conversely, when we read, in the Gospel according to St. Luke, that Jesus said in the synagogue at Nazareth, “Ye will surely say to me this *proverb*, *Physician, heal thyself*,”* our translators have really taken a liberty with the word, which in the original is not “proverb,” but “parable.”

Another introductory remark of a general kind occurs at this point, before we proceed to reflect on that saying of Christ which is chosen for present consideration. Most proverbs acquire an additional power of penetrating into the mind, and, therefore, into the experience of the life, by being thrown into the form of questions. It is permissible to take a human illustration in passing. The reader is perhaps familiar with this saying: “What is the use of patience, if you cannot find it when you want it?” and does he not feel that the saying has much more force, and is much more likely to be remembered, by coming to us in an interrogative form? Now, one great characteristic of the Bible is that it is a *questioning book*. It interrogates us at every turn, and calls upon us to find answers to these interrogations. This is one of the most useful and most effectual modes of instruction. Among the philosophers of Athens, with whom students of Greek history are very familiar, was one, whose great occupation, and the great secret of whose influence was, that he was always asking questions, and always teaching men to question themselves. So with the Bible. It goes through the world asking questions; and these questions are often, in truth, the most striking of its Proverbs. A slight enumeration of instances, without any comment, will suffice. *What think ye of Christ? Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? If the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel? What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Why seek ye the living among the dead? Who art thou that judgest another man’s servant? Can a fountain at*

* Luke iv. 21.

the same place send forth sweet water and bitter? Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

The first obvious meaning of this last proverb, in literal terms,—the interrogative form of the sentence being turned into the positive, and the comparison with natural objects being taken out of it, or at least being made less vivid,—is simply this, which we find in a neighbouring verse: "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" And yet even in this there resides a comparison. The word "*fruit*," as employed here, is itself metaphorical: and upon this fact it is important for us to dwell; for, as we shall see, it has much to do with the right and full understanding of the passage.

Our Lord has been bidding His disciples to beware of false prophets, "which come," He says, "in sheep's clothing," though "inwardly they are ravening wolves." Then He says, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Then He adds, "Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit: but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit: neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. By their fruits ye shall know them."* And there are other passages in Scripture to the same general effect. It will be sufficient if we refer to that which is the nearest parallel, and which we find in St. Luke. Our Lord has there been taking a different subject for His starting-point. He has been admonishing us not to be very ready to find fault with our neighbours, and reminding us that, in order to be able to take "the mote" out of our brother's eye, we must first cast "the beam" out of our own. Then He proceeds—as if to suggest to us that what is bad will, without our interference, in the end reveal its true character, and what is good, likewise, its character—"For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. For every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."†

"Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes:" or, as St. Matthew gives it, in the interrogative form, and therefore more pointedly, "Do

men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Now it is clear to see that this proverb—this brief strong comparison of spiritual things with natural—this condensed parable—admits of several applications. In some of its applications, too, it is not altogether easy.

Taking it as it arises out of the discourse recorded by St. Matthew, we can perceive that it has primary reference, not so much to persons, as to systems of faith and practice, or at least to persons as representatives of such systems. "Beware of false prophets. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? By their fruits ye shall know them." And here we are at once met by a difficulty. For each variety of Christian belief has its good features and its bad features. Let us take two familiar illustrations.

We believe in the Deity of Christ, in His Incarnation, in His Atonement. When we use St. John's language, "The Word was God: the Word was made flesh," and when we use St. Peter's language, "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree," the language expresses to us what we literally believe.* But there are others who do not believe this at all. They give us indescribable pain by speaking of our dear Saviour as if He were a mere man, or a mere angel. And yet such persons are often most benevolent, most generous, most upright, most pure and excellent in their lives. What are we to say? Both doctrines cannot be true. Yet it seems that the representatives of religious systems are to be judged by their fruits. Here another proverb comes almost inevitably into the mind. "He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right." I may be allowed to remark in passing that that proverb is not to be found in the Bible. At first sight, however, it seems very like some of those Bible proverbs which we are at this moment discussing; and it certainly expresses our first instinctive feeling on this important subject.

Or take another illustration. We believe that when Christ offered Himself on the Cross, a sufficient and complete sacrifice was made, once for all, for the sins of all the world; and on this sacrifice we rest our whole hope, absolutely and without reserve. When we read what the Epistle to the Hebrews says on this subject, we understand it literally.† But there are others who honestly believe that the intervention of a human priest is still requisite for the full blessing to come to the soul, and who believe further that by paying such a priest to offer a sacrifice

* Matt. vii. 15—20.

† Luke vi. 41—45.

* John i. 1, 14; 1 Peter ii. 24.

† Heb. vii. 27; ix. 28.

they can secure a positive spiritual benefit to themselves, or even diminish the sufferings of the dead. And among those who entertain this belief, and who show that they are sincere in this belief, by practices arising out of it, and systematically arranged on an enormous scale, there is often the most admirable self-denial, the most devoted zeal, the most diligent pastoral care. Will any one deny the existence of this self-denial, this zeal, this pastoral care, under such circumstances? If he does, he must be either very ignorant or very unfair. Here then again we are tempted to quote our human proverb and to say, "He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right." And we anxiously ask, Does truth supply no test, in respect of the fruit which it produces? Or are all doctrines equally true and equally false? Is it of no moment what we believe? And is our Lord's rule, as given to us here, only a mockery and a delusion?

Now in dealing with a difficulty of this kind, we may revert with advantage to the fact that our Lord's words are a *proverb*. It is well to remember that, for the most part, a proverb does not express the whole truth, but only exhibits, in a strong and striking manner, a partial truth, or one aspect of the whole truth. In fact, to a proverb there is very often, as was remarked in the first of these papers, a *counter-proverb*, which must be added to the other, in order to present the whole case complete. It would be easy to give illustrations from resources with which we are familiar. Thus, when we wish to guard our friends against the expectation of unmixed enjoyment and unbroken prosperity, we are in the habit of reminding them that "there is no rose without a thorn." But the Italians employ a counter-proverb, equally just, which tends to guard us against too much discouragement in the midst of inevitable troubles, when they say that "in the midst of thorns grow roses." Each of these sayings expresses a truth, and an important truth; and it is our wisdom to remember both.

Now, the characteristics of human proverbs often supply the best comment on the characteristics of Divine proverbs. So in the case before us. In the very passage from which the words are quoted our Lord Himself gives us a counter-proverb. False prophets "*come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves*;" hence they are very likely to delude us. Elsewhere we are told that Satan "himself is transformed into an angel of light,"* and that there will be de-

ceivers, who, if it were possible, will "seduce even the elect."* Hence we must not be surprised if in some cases there is perplexity in the practical use even of a Divine rule given in the Sermon on the Mount. Human faculties and human experience are inadequate to supply comprehensive views of complicated religious problems; and, at least, we are bound to look at such problems carefully on more sides than one.

Another remark, in the face of the above-mentioned difficulty, is suggested by the word "fruit," which our Saviour so largely uses in these passages. This is the point to which allusion was made above, in the early part of this paper. *The ripening of fruit requires time*. We cannot fully judge of a fruit-tree in the early spring. In order to be quite sure of its capabilities we must wait till the autumn. Tendencies in right directions and wrong directions manifest themselves only gradually. The full results of good and bad principles do not shew themselves immediately. Premature judgments are very likely to be wrong. "*Judge nothing before the time*" is one of the Divine proverbs contained in another part of Scripture: and we are reminded here of one of our Lord's parables, the lesson of which is condensed by Himself into a proverb, in the words, "*Let both grow together till the harvest*;" where a great part of the lesson is lost, unless we bear in mind that, in the early stages of growth, there is a great liability to make a mistake between what in the New Testament are called "tares," and what will turn out to be genuine wheat. And I think it very likely that if we knew exactly what those plants in the Holy Land are, which are called "thorns" and "thistles" in our English Bibles, we should recognise something in the growth of these plants that would give a new and very significant meaning to the Lord's proverbial question, *Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?*

Still this sentence, which comes from Christ, is intended to be a rule to us; and, though in some cases, as we have seen, the practical employment of the rule is difficult, in other cases it is easy. I will very briefly give two instances—one of "a good tree bringing forth good fruit," the other of "a corrupt tree bringing forth evil fruit."

It is admitted that within the range of what is called Christendom there is occasional perplexity in applying the test among ourselves, or at least that there is some need of patience and discrimination, and that other Divine directions must be taken into account when we

* 2 Cor. xi. 14.

* Mark xiii. 22.

are following this. But let us take *Christianity itself*, in its principles and in its results, Christianity in its simplest form as presented to us in the Gospels, or, in other words, the mind of God as exhibited to us in the teaching and example of Christ, and the results which come out of this Christianity, just as fruit grows from the branches of a tree. Did ever anything but good issue out of this growth? In proportion as these results are genuine and free, and, so to speak, natural, are they not uniformly beneficent and healthful? Was ever any man made worse by becoming more like Christ? Was ever the world made more miserable, more corrupt, by the spreading of the principles of Christ? Does not universal experience testify, in a voice that cannot be questioned, to the exact contrary of this? Look through the ages which have passed since Christ came upon the earth. Is it not certain that all the best things, of which the human race has had experience within that time, have come from this source? And if this be so, have we not here an adaptation of Christ's proverbial rule, which is of immense importance? Christianity, being such in its results, must be Divine in its origin. Every word of Christ, every act of Christ, having a tendency to improve us, to enrich us with spiritual blessing, Christ must indeed be from above. "*Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?*" We know indeed but little as yet of the full benediction resulting from the coming of Christ upon this earth. It is as yet only the time of "first-ripe" fruit. But we have seen of the "grapes" and the "figs" from the valley of Eschol; and we know from these samples that the trees of "the land" are "good."*

From this height I will come down at once to a very low level. We have seen an instance of good fruit proving the tree to be good. We are now to find an instance of "evil fruit" proving that the tree from which it comes is corrupt. Nor need we wander far in our search. A good deal of serious attention has lately been given to the modern system of Horse-racing, in its bearing on general morality; and it is to be hoped that close attention to it, and continued attention, on the part of those who are responsible for the system, will be demanded by public opinion. The most marked feature of this system is the practice of Gambling. It is to this practice that I wish to apply the test of our Lord's interrogative proverb. We want to know whether this practice is good or bad. *Test it by its fruits.* Did you ever know any

good to come from Gambling? Did it ever make any one wiser, happier, nobler, more useful, more unselfish, than before? Are there sufficient moral and social benefits arising from it, that we should facilitate, encourage, and promote it? Or is it productive simply of harm? Look at this matter carefully. Take time to consider. Such things should not be dealt with in a hurry. There is no lack of information on the subject. We have now a large amount of experience in this country in regard to this question. Turn it round well, and look at it on all sides. Does the practice of Gambling improve our commercial morality? Does it elevate the general tone of society? Does it increase confidence between man and man? Does it even add to the productive industry of the country? Or is the practice absolutely barren of all good? And are its results simply inconvenience, discomfort, distrust, loss, disappointment, wickedness, and misery? If this latter is the verdict, then there is no need to go into any of those collateral arguments by which the mind is often drawn off from the main point of the question. The matter is clear. We have ascertained the nature of the tree by the fruit which it bears. We are evidently on the ground which was cursed for man's sin. "*Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee:*"* and men do not "gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."

Hitherto we have been occupied in applying these sentences of Christ to systems of faith and practice, and to the representatives of such systems. That application, however, of this instance of our Lord's proverbial teaching is far from exhausting all its instruction. We must not forget that these sacred proverbs have a personal reference also—that they do direct our attention to human conduct, as an indication of human character, and as a proof of the presence of good or bad principles in the heart, and this in regard both to our neighbours and to ourselves. A few remarks may now be made on this side of the subject. We shall see that on this side too it is not without its difficulties; though here, as in the case of all our Lord's sayings, if they are carefully considered, lessons of the utmost value are within our reach.

First, with regard to our neighbours, "Either make the tree good and his fruit good: or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruits." Is this a rule to guide us in judging of our neighbours? Undoubtedly it is; but

with certain limitations. I will endeavour to point out three such limitations.

1. One of them is found in *the extreme rarity of the occasions on which we are called to judge our neighbours at all*. We are indeed very apt to judge our neighbours; but very seldom is this laid upon us as a duty. In fact we are restricted in this operation, far more than we are encouraged, by the Bible itself. Various proverbial sayings of the New Testament draw a line of hindrance for us, in this respect, somewhat severely. Some reference has been made above to what I have ventured to call *counter-proverbs*, which limit the range of other proverbs. And such counter-proverbs, applicable to the present case, could be quoted in abundance from the sacred pages. "*Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.*" "*Judge not according to the appearance.*" "*Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.*" "*First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the beam out of thy brother's eye.*" This is, in fact, the very subject, in connection with which, in one of the Evangelists, as we saw before, our Lord gives utterance to one of His proverbs concerning the tree and its fruits.

Still this principle, that "a tree is known by its fruits," does supply a rule which, prudentially, we are bound to observe. We find this enjoined upon us again and again, for instance, in the Book of Proverbs. If we see that our neighbour's conduct is palpably bad, we know at least that his companionship ought to be avoided; and when we see consistency, charity, self-denial, activity in doing good, we justly expect to find in that quarter help and encouragement for the regulation of our own life. Only it is to be remembered that in many such cases there is a risk of our making mistakes. Our neighbours are by no means always as good as they seem, or as bad as they seem.

2. But this brings us to our second limitation, which arises from *our ignorance*. There is very good reason why we should be charged in the Bible to avoid the habit of judging our neighbours; for, independently of the bad effect of this habit upon our own mind and feeling, we cannot possibly, in any single instance, know the whole of the case. What we see is only on the surface. God sees within and below. A large amount of what is called "fruit" in the full Scripture sense is not visible at all at present, but is secretly ripening for the great day. At that day it will be infallibly known—by fruits mature and made manifest—what trees have been good

and what have been bad. Then our Lord's rule will have its complete application, in His own hands: but not till then. Meantime we are obliged, in many instances, to suspend our judgment. Not that we cherish the habit of distrust. Our safest rule is the rule of Charity; and "*Charity believeth all things, hopeth all things.*" This too is a Scripture proverb. But before we can pass an absolute sentence on any man, even taking his conduct as the test, we must know his private as well as his open life, we must know something of his past history, we must know the advantages or disadvantages under which he has been placed, and we must know his secret motives. A very large part of the evidence, in fact the most important part of the evidence, is for the present hid from our eyes.

3. But, further, a third limitation is laid upon us by this consideration, that it is *not at all certain that our neighbours' characters will always be what they are now*. God can make a great and beneficial change, even in the worst. When it is said, "Either make the tree good and his fruit good, or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt," this does not mean that there is any fatality in the matter—or that all men are at present irrevocably divided into two classes, so that a sinner cannot repent, or a bad man become a good one. It must be remembered that all parables, which represent spiritual things by similitudes drawn from the visible world, break down at a certain point.

So it is with the Parable of the Tares. At present the tares and the wheat cannot be discriminated. "*Let both grow together until the harvest.*" * Then the difference will be seen. Then the separation will be made. Then Christ will say to His angels, "Gather up the tares in bundles to burn them," but "gather the wheat into my barn." This, however, does not exhaust the whole of the facts of the spiritual cornfield. Other passages of Scripture, and happy experience in all ages, tell us that God can make an entire change in the characters of men. Those who were altogether worldly may become heavenly-minded. New principles may be infused, where we were least prepared to expect it. Those who were once ripening for destruction may now be ripening for safety and glory. The tares, in fact, can by God's power be transformed into wheat.

And as with the corn-field in the Kingdom of Heaven, so with the orchard. The Lord's words, on which we are commenting,

* Matt. xiii. 30.

present only one side of a great subject: and we must combine it with other sides, or we shall be in danger of error. What Christ teaches us here is not that there is a pre-determined destiny, which causes the fruits of human conduct to ripen necessarily in two opposite directions; but He teaches this, that if the fruit is to be good the tree must be good. "*Make the tree good and his fruit good:*" and God can make it "good" even as at the first creation, when He saw what He had made, and "behold! it was very good."*

But at this point let us pass from our neighbours to ourselves. The most serious aspect of our subject is that with which each one of us is, separately and personally, concerned for himself. In the history of our own souls questions arise for every one of us—and questions not without considerable difficulty—in regard to this discovery of the tree by its fruit. Again I may arrange under three heads all that there is space to write on this aspect of the matter before us.

(1) And, first, the main point is evidently this, that we must have *the religious principle* within us, if we are to exhibit the religious results. We are plainly told that the tree must be good, if the fruit is to be good. We cannot make ourselves good by doing good. We must be good in motive, and then we shall do good in practice. Old Matthew Henry states the case very truly and very fully, when he says in his homely way: "An apple may be stuck, or a bunch of grapes may hang, upon a thorn: so may a good truth, a good word or action, be found in an ill man: but you may be sure it never grew there: it is not in the nature of a thorn to produce such fruit." "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?"† "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good: an evil man out of the treasure of his heart that which is evil." This is so true, that it is to be regarded as proverbial. We may go back here from the New Testament to the Old, and quote the words which David used to Saul in the cave at En-gedi, that all this is "according to the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked."‡

Hence the one primary urgent necessity for the human soul is to obtain from God this living principle of true religion—to obtain it from God—for certainly we have it not by nature. The heart must be transformed. The will must be turned into a new direction. But God must do this for us and

in us. The whole formation and growth of the new life is from Him. The pardon of sin, which removes the first obstacle, is a free gift for Christ's sake. The indwelling of the Holy Spirit is not procured by us, but is freely bestowed out of God's infinite love. To Him we must apply for the blessing of a true conversion: and nothing less than a true conversion will suffice. The necessity of this is set before us by all forms of expression in the New Testament, as when we read of "the new man" in Christ Jesus, of "being born again of incorruptible seed,"* and the like. And we have the same truth here in the Lord's own proverb: "*Make the tree good, and his fruit good.*"

Conversion.—When the necessity of such an absolute change is proclaimed, here it is that the repugnance and resistance to Christianity begin. Men do not like this; and it would be surprising if they did like it. Benevolence, which may arise from mere natural impulses, is admired. Activity, which may result from the desire to obtain influence and to gain success, is approved. Amiability, which smooths down with a gentle hand all the ugly places of fashionable sin, is, of course, popular; but a change at the root—when we speak of this, and when we say that this change must occur in order that the fruit may be good, then we meet with displeasure and anger. All sorts of hard names have been used to describe this view of religion. Men have called it Fanaticism, Calvinism, Methodism, Puritanism.

But this is not Fanaticism. These are "the words of truth and soberness."† And as to Calvinism, it is to be wished that those who are fond of using this word as a term of reproach, would read Calvin's Commentary on the New Testament. They would often find there a good sense, a reasonableness and moderation, for which they were not prepared. As to Methodism, some of us are at least bound to remember what has been done in connection with that name, in districts where the Church of England has been asleep and apparently dead. With regard to Puritanism, certainly those who are engaged in the management and restoration of Cathedrals are not predisposed to be fond of the Puritans. Still, if we had a little more simplicity, a little more austerity, a little more severity, in our lives—a little more, in fact, of what is called Puritanism—we should be a little nearer to the Christian standard. The hesitating and the wavering in matters of religion must be urged, above all other

* Gen. i. 31.

† Job xiv. 4.

‡ 1 Sam. xxiv. 13.

* Eph. iv. 24; 1 Pet. i. 23.

† Acts xxvi. 25.

things, to seek *conversion*, and not to be afraid of *nicknames*. The very word "Christian," given to the disciples "first at Antioch," was originally a nickname.*

(2) But, to return to those words of Christ, which are taken as the present guide to our thoughts, a second point they suggest to us in reference to ourselves is this, that, though no culture can change the absolute nature of a tree—can turn, for instance, the thorn into a vine, or the thistle into a fig-tree—still the excellence and quantity of the fruit do depend very much upon culture. In other words, though it is far more important to be good really, than to seem good outwardly, still it is incumbent upon us, for the honour of God, and for the sake of our influence in the world, to watch carefully over our outward conduct. Men will judge of us by what we do and what we say. We cannot help this. It is inevitable. Nor can we deny that they have received a Divine invitation, more or less, to do this. Does not Christ say that "the tree is known by his fruit?" Hence we see the immense importance of what is said to us in Scripture on this duty. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven,"† says our Lord, in one of those golden sentences which may truly be called Gospel Proverbs. And St. Peter, urging upon us a conscientious, watchful, patient life, offers this reason for so living, that "whereas men speak evil of us, they may be ashamed which falsely accuse our good conversation in Christ."‡

(3) One question still remains, perhaps in some respects the most difficult of all, in regard to the bearing of these passages on ourselves. We are naturally solicitous about our own spiritual condition. We are told that the tree is known by its fruits. Is this to be our test for ourselves? Are we to look for the fruits, and according as we find them to be good or bad, are we to determine our place before God? Are we to take courage or to despond, according to this standard? Are our comfort and satisfaction regarding our spiritual state to rest on that "good fruit" which we are conscious of bearing or of having borne?

The question is made more serious by the fact, that when we examine ourselves there is a whole world before us, which we cannot see at all when we scrutinize our neighbours. Our own thoughts are open to view; our feelings can be remembered; our motives

can be made the subject of intelligent inquiry. And these thoughts, these feelings, these motives are part—and, indeed the most important part—of the very fruit which is the test of character. Does this make the matter easier for us, or does it make it more difficult? Perhaps in one sense easier, in another more difficult.

Certainly we ought to know ourselves better than we can know any one else; and we ought to judge ourselves far more severely than we dare to judge our neighbour. We can recollect the advantages we have enjoyed, the opportunities we have used either badly or well: we can really weigh our own responsibilities: we can watch how the struggle with our faults makes progress: we can examine at the close of each day what our spiritual history for the day has been. Here is one duty very clearly indicated by our consideration of this side of our subject.

But as to deriving any solid comfort from the contemplation of the fruits which we see in ourselves, I doubt whether this is possible to the truly spiritual mind. Great indeed is our thankfulness, if we feel that God has given to us the grace of Conversion and that we are not what we were; if we feel that, whereas our desires were towards the earth, now they are towards Heaven. And we have a right to be confident that He who has "begun a good work in us"* will not desist in His purposes of mercy. But this is a very different thing from an assurance derived from a complacent view of our progress in the Christian life. No. Even if we have made good progress, there are new mountains to climb, and new mountains still: and ever as the spiritual consciousness is quickened, there must be a deeper sense of our miserable inconsistency and sin. The holiest saint is always the most dissatisfied with himself. He says, "Lord, I know that if the tree is good, there must be good fruit; but, when I look for it in myself, it seems to me that I cannot find it; I am almost afraid to think of finding it; Gracious Lord, I leave myself in Thy hands; I rely on Thy promises; all spiritual growth is of Thee, and when Thou comest again, Thou wilt recognise Thine own; it is not for me to judge; I know, indeed, nothing against myself; I believe that I am sincere; but *He that judgeth me is the Lord*;† meantime give me grace to press on; forget not the work of Thine own hands; in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded."

JOHN S. HOWSON.

* Acts xi. 26.

† Matt. v. 16.

‡ 1 Peter iii. 16.

* Phil. i. 6.

† 1 Cor. iv. 4.

GIFTS OF GRACE.

THOU givest, Lord, to Nature law,
 And she in turn doth give
 Her poorest flower a right to draw
 Whate'er she needs to live.

The dew upon her forehead fall,
 The sunbeams round her lean,
 And dress her humble form with all
 The glory of a queen.



In thickets wild, in woodland bowers,
 By waysides, everywhere,
 The plainest flower of all the flowers
 Is shining with Thy care.
 And shall I, through my fear and doubt,
 Be less than one of these,

And come from seeking Thee without
 Thy blessed influences?
 Thou who hast crowned my life with powers
 So large, so high above
 The fairest flower of all the flowers:
 Forbid it by Thy love.

ON THE ECLIPSES OF SCRIPTURE TIMES.

I.—THOSE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT PERIOD.

THE word eclipses does not occur in the authorized translation of the Scriptures, and it must be confessed that a term which is simply Anglicised Greek would look somewhat out of place among the good old Saxon phraseology of the English Bible. The Hebrews, however, must from time to time have seen the astronomical phenomena now diverted to, and it may be reasoned out beforehand that allusions to them will be found, not in the historic, at least in the poetic parts of Scripture. Before subjecting the Bible to examination, with the view of ascertaining to what extent this is actually the case, it is needful first to enumerate some of the more notable eclipses of Scripture times.

In the *Athenæum* for May 18th, 1867, pp. 60 and 661, Sir Henry Rawlinson intimated that he had discovered the record of a solar eclipse at Nineveh, on the 15th June, B.C. 63. Eighteen years after this obscuration of the sun, that is, in 745 B.C., Tiglath Pileser I., the great Assyrian King, who was contemporary with Rezin of Syria, Pekah of Israel, and Ahaz of Judah, and with the prophets Isaiah, Hosea, and Micah, began to reign. See 2 Kings xvi. 1—11; 2 Chron. xxviii. 20; Isaiah i. 1; Hosea i. 1; and Micah i. 1.)

There was a solar eclipse on January 11th, 89, regarding which we shall afterwards have to speak. At the meeting of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, held in London on the evening of April 4th, 1871, Mr. W. Henry Fox Talbot, D.C.L., F.R.S., read a paper on a solar eclipse which seems to have occurred in the days of Asshur-bani-pal, the Assyrian monarch. Asshur-bani-pal, we may mention, was the king whom the classical writers called Sardanapalus. He succeeded Esarhaddon, and came to the throne, according to Sir Henry Rawlinson, about c. 664. Mr. J. W. Bosanquet, F.R.A.S.,

a very eminent chronologist, who lowers about twenty-five years the dates of all the Scripture events for some centuries onward from the time of Uzziah, makes Sardanapalus, whom he identifies with Nabopolassar, come to the throne in B.C. 625. As Mr. Fox Talbot does not mention dates, we have given these preliminary explanations before proceeding to quote a few words of his translation from the cuneiform of a tablet respecting what he believes to be references to a solar eclipse. According to his reading, the general called Kukuru thus writes in a

dispatch: "I inform his Majesty that in the month of *Su* there was an eclipse." After this, Mr. Talbot informs us, the writing on the tablet is somewhat injured, but presently again it becomes legible, and speaks afresh of the eclipse which happened in the month of *Su*.

"I now," he adds, "proceed to the consideration of a great solar eclipse which appears to have been visible in the country of Elam, or Susiana, in the month of *Su*, and in a year of the reign which I believe admits of determination. I conjecture that this eclipse was the same as the one before mentioned; and if that one was observed by Kukuru at Nineveh, the path of the eclipse may be roughly sketched out, since it would be nearly parallel to a line drawn from Nineveh to Shushan, having been conspicuous seemingly at both places."

After this translation was made, Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, who is believed to be more familiar with the decipherment and interpretation of "cuneiform," otherwise called arrow-headed writing, than any man in the country, furnished Mr. Talbot with a correct copy of the tablet, from which the foregoing translation was made, and the latter gentleman in consequence, supplemented his former rendering. Kukuru was made to say:—

"In the month *Su* an eclipse happened [whereat] my soldiers to desert to Assyria among themselves discoursed. To the right and left they dispersed themselves. The chief of their rebellion let the king send to death, because the eclipse of the month *Su* most criminally adverse to the king he explained the omen."

(See Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, vol. i. part i. 1872, pp. 13, 16, 17.) When Mr. Talbot first read this paper at the Society just named, it appeared from the discussion which followed, that Mr. George Smith and he were not quite at one as to the interpretation of portions of the tablet, and that there was some doubt whether the dispatch of the General Kukuru did actually intimate a solar eclipse.

In the fifth year of Nabopolassar, an eclipse of the moon took place at Babylon, as is mentioned by Ptolemy in his "Almagest." (For the eclipses known to Ptolemy, see the fourth book of the "Almagest.") Mr. Bosanquet fixed the date of this event in B.C. 621.

The solar eclipse, which next claims attention, and which is very important for the science of chronology, is one which attained to great celebrity among the classical writers, because it was reported that Thales the philosopher had predicted its occurrence. Hence it is still called, after him, the eclipse

of Thales. It was notable in another way. As we learn from Herodotus, at the time when it took place, the Medes and the Lydians were fighting with each other, but so great was the impression produced upon them, when, to use the words of the historian, "the day became night to the combatants," that a cessation of hostilities instantly occurred, followed at no long interval by a peace. (See Herodotus, book i. chaps. 74, 103.) An eclipse which could so thoroughly attract the notice of men struggling amid the fierce excitement of battle, must have been on no ordinary scale of magnitude, and in seeking to identify it the leading astronomers have with one consent limited their inquiry to the total eclipses. Baily, Oltmanns, and others, gave their suffrage for one of this character which occurred on September 30th, B.C. 610, and for a considerable period this opinion was acquiesced in without further inquiry. But by-and-by Professor Hansen constructed lunar tables* which enabled astronomers to calculate the details of ancient eclipses more accurately than before, and it was discovered that the eclipse of B.C. 610 was not properly visible in Asia Minor where the armies were fighting, but fell to the north of the sea of Azof. New calculations were requisite, and Mr. G. B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, sent to the Royal Society of London a paper on the subject, which was received on December 10th, 1852, read on Feb. 3rd, 1853, and published in the Philosophical Transactions for the latter year (see pp. 191—197). Recalculating the eclipse of Thales with Hansen's tables, he came to the conclusion that it took place on May 28th, 585 B.C. The battle terminated by this eclipse was wont to be placed on the river Halys, a locality hinted at by Herodotus, but Mr. Airy places it near Issus, at the north-eastern corner of the Mediterranean. Issus has this interesting point about it, that being near Palestine, it renders it probable that some allusion may be found to an eclipse total there, among the contemporary writings of the Hebrew prophets.

Soon after the commencement of the splendid retreat, commonly called that of the ten thousand, the Greeks came to a place called Larissa. In describing it, Xenophon makes allusion to its previous history, and says that when it was in possession of the Medes, and the Persians were besieging

it, an eclipse of the sun took place, which led to an immediate evacuation, and consequent capture of the city. (See Xenophon's "Anabasis," book iii., chap. iv., sect. 9.) Mr. Layard has shown that the present Nimroud occupies the site of Larissa. (Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," 1849, vol. i. p. 4; ii. 160, note; 248.) And the recalculation of the eclipse with Hansen's tables leads to the very satisfactory conclusion that a total eclipse did once take place there, the date being August 19th, B.C. 557. The entire shadow was a very small one, extending no more than twenty-five miles in diameter. Commenting on this notable discovery, Sir John Herschel says:—

"We are thus presented with a *datum* in those remote times having all the precision of a most careful modern observation, not only for establishing a chronological epoch, but for affording a point of reference to the history of the moon's motion." (Herschel's "Astronomy," tenth edition, 1869, pp. 683-5, § 933, a, b, c.)

Herodotus, in his eighth book, speaks of a certain darkness which occurred during the battle of Salamis. Mr. Airy thinks this may have been produced from the eclipse of the moon, which took place on the morning of March 14th, B.C. 479; and if so, then the date of the battle of Salamis must be lowered a year.

Thucydides describes an eclipse which took place in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and during the continuance of which the stars became visible. (Thucydides, II. 28.) Sir John Herschel thinks that the eclipse may not have been a total one, and that the stars referred to may have been planets; but he wishes this eclipse to be re-examined. The first year of the Peloponnesian war was B.C. 431, and in Mr. Grote's "History of Greece," the eclipse spoken of is fixed to the 3rd of August. (Grote, ed. 1862, vol. iv. p. 262.)

We shall mention but one more solar eclipse in what, broadly speaking, may be called Old Testament times—namely, that seen by the fleet of Agathocles off the coast of Sicily. (Diodorus, book xx.; Justin, book xxii.) This Mr. Airy considers to have been on August 15th, B.C. 310. (See Airy's before-quoted paper; Herschel's "Astronomy," as before; Grote, viii. 578.)

It will tend to clearness if we present these several eclipses in a tabular form before proceeding to investigate any allusions to these or similar natural phenomena by the inspired writers of the Old Testament. The list stands thus:—

* Speaking of Professor Hansen's lunar tables, the late Sir John Herschel adds:—"The accuracy of which is such as to justify the most entire reliance on the results of such calculations grounded upon them." (Herschel's "Astronomy," tenth edition, 1869, p. 683, § 933.)

1. Solar eclipse at Nineveh, 15th June, B.C. 763.
 2. Solar eclipse, January 11th, 689 B.C.
 3. Mr. Fox Talbot's Ninevite solar eclipse being still somewhat doubtful, we omit it from the table.
 4. Lunar eclipse in the fifth year of Nabopolassar, according to Mr. Bosanquet, in B.C. 621.
 5. The solar eclipse of Thales, May 28th, 585 B.C.
 6. The solar eclipse seen at Larissa, May 19, B.C. 557.
 7. The solar eclipse on the morning of 19th April, B.C. 481.
 8. Lunar eclipse on the morning of March, B.C. 479, the one possibly connected with the battle of Salamis.
 9. The solar eclipse in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, August 3rd, B.C. 431.
 10. The solar eclipse seen by the fleet of Agathocles, August 15th, 310 B.C.
- Of course many more occurred, but these were the best known in ancient times, and are so still.

Have any of these eclipses been formally alluded to by the inspired writers? All but the last (Agathocles's eclipse) fall within Old Testament times, strictly so called, though some may have been but partially visible in Palestine. Most of them might have been directly alluded to by the sacred writers; but have any, in fact, been so? It is very doubtful. So far as is known to the writer, the claim to the honour of having received mention from the sacred penmen has been brought forward on behalf of only one eclipse—the solar one which occurred on the 11th of January, B.C. 689. On the 8th of July, 1854, Mr. Bosanquet read before the Asiatic Society of London a paper—"On the going back of the Shadow upon the Dial of Ahaz, in the Reign of Hezekiah, King of Judah." There was an excellent abstract given of it in the *Athenæum* for July 22, 1854, p. 914. Mr. Bosanquet, it should here be mentioned, is not a man of rationalistic proclivities, or who at all desires to eliminate the supernatural element from miracles. He has written works on prophecy in the most pious spirit, and has repeatedly rendered service in vindicating the accuracy and commanding authority of the inspired writers. Lowering, as in conformity with the other parts of his system he was constrained to do, the date of Sennacherib's invasion, he placed it at the close of the year B.C. 690. He next inquired whether any astronomical event occurred about that time, the divine prediction of which, before it took place, might have been a sign to Hezekiah—an event, moreover, by which the shadow would go back on "the sundial of Ahaz." In attempting to answer this inquiry his attention was naturally directed to the solar eclipse of the 11th of January, B.C. 689. The word translated sundial, as he correctly shows, would more properly be rendered degrees or steps, as indeed

our translators were almost doing, for on the margin opposite to the passage 2 Kings xx. 11, they have given as an alternative meaning degrees; and in Isaiah xxxviii. 8, "degrees by or with the sun." In the earliest Targum, also, and in the work of an old Byzantine writer, it is mentioned that Ahaz had built steps which were able to show him the time of day. It will be easy to put the English reader in possession of facts which will enable him to form a personal judgment on this point. The Hebrew word rendered "sundial"—*maalal*—comes from the root *alah*, to ascend, and itself properly signifies an ascent. Its secondary meaning is a degree or step. It is the term used in the titles of Psalms cxx. to cxxxiv., so well known as "songs of degrees." It is the word translated in 1 Chron. xvii. 17, man of high degree. In Amos ix. 6, it is rendered *stories*, or, on the margin, ascensions or spheres, in the clause, "It is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven." Both in the passages in 2 Kings and Isaiah the words for degrees and sundial are absolutely identical. The English reader must dismiss the idea that by degrees the inspired writer meant such divisions of a circle as we are accustomed to write—thus, 15°, 45°, 50°—and by a sundial a graduated arc, with a gnomon rising from its centre. The meaning of the Hebrew word corresponding to degree seems to be the contrivance by which one ascends—that is, steps—and the literal rendering of the verses in 2 Kings xx. 9—11, is, "Shall go the shadow ten steps, or shall return ten steps. And said Hezekiah, It is a light thing for the shadow to decline ten steps; nay, but let return the shadow backward ten steps. And called Isaiah the prophet to Jehovah, and caused to return the shadow on the steps which it had descended on the steps of Ahaz backward ten steps." The literal rendering of the verse in Isaiah xxxviii. 8, is as follows:—"Behold me causing to return the shadow [on] the steps which has descended on the steps of Ahaz in the sun backward ten steps, and returned the sun ten steps on the steps which it had descended." We presume that there was a large gnomon of some kind or other; that in place of the horizontal surface of an ordinary dial-plate there was a flight of stairs, and instead of graduation the steps themselves marked the progress of the shadow. Agreeing thoroughly on independent grounds with Mr. Bosanquet's idea as to the substitution of degrees or steps for sundial in the passages in 2 Kings and Isaiah, a view entertained by most of those

who have looked at the Hebrew original, we are now prepared to learn his views as to the connection between the sign devoutly promised to Hezekiah and the eclipse of B.C. 689. Mr. Bosanquet showed that any eclipse almost, but not quite, total on the northern limb of the sun, occurring about ten, or a few more, days from the winter solstice and near the hour of noon, would produce the appearance described in 2 Kings and Isaiah, as witnessed on the steps of Ahaz, which our author thinks were so constructed as to show the meridional altitude of the sun. The eclipse of the 11th of January, fourteen days subsequent to the winter solstice of B.C. 690, calculated by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, would so very nearly answer the conditions of the case that Mr. Bosanquet was, in 1854, inclined to believe, and he still, it may be mentioned, adheres to the opinion, that it was this occurrence which made the shadow return on the steps of Ahaz. "Very nearly answer," we said, implying that the coincidence was not complete. Mr. Airy placed the eclipse soon after eleven o'clock, Jerusalem time, which is too early to produce the phenomenon. Mr. Adams, so honourably known in connection with the discovery of the planet Neptune, believed that a slight error in the received secular variation of the moon, if corrected, would move the eclipse forward half an hour, or more, probably a somewhat lesser period, which would make the coincidence more nearly exact. If Mr. Bosanquet's view that the instrumentality by which He to whom all futurity is ever present fulfilled the prophetic sign which He had promised to Hezekiah, then it carries with it very interesting chronological consequences, for it fixes the thirteenth year of Hezekiah to B.C. 689.

We turn now to the most notable allusions by the poets and prophets of Old Testament Scriptures to the phenomena of eclipses. Unless the passages so elaborately commented on by Mr. Bosanquet really refer to a divinely predicted eclipse, no formal record of any of these occurrences is to be found throughout the whole historical works of the Bible.

The darkness which constituted one of the plagues sent on Egypt (see Exod. x. 21—23) can have had no connection with any solar eclipse. Had this been so, the darkness would have been very transient instead of continuing three days; and it would have cast its gloomy pall indiscriminately around the houses of the Egyptians and of the Israelites. It was clearly a miraculous visitation.

The passage in 2 Kings xx. 9—11, parallel to that in Isaiah xxxviii. 7, 8, has already been examined.

To pass now to the poetical books of Old Testament Scripture. Metaphors more or less clearly based on the phenomena of eclipses occur not unfrequently in this portion of the inspired record.

Possibly Job had seen the gloom cast over the earth by a solar eclipse before he penned the verses in which he cursed the day of his birth, and wished darkness to overspread it (Job iii. 4, 5). There is perhaps a more direct allusion to one in the words, "They meet with darkness in the day-time, and grope in the noonday as in the night" (v. 14); as also there pretty certainly is when the patriarch uses the language, "which commandeth the sun and it riseth not" (ix. 7), the clause just quoted being one of those in which he speaks adoringly of the divine greatness as exhibited in creation—in earthquakes, for example (ver. 6), the sky and the ocean (ver. 8), and the constellations (ver. 9). The words, "The night is short because of darkness" (xvii. 12), "The light shall be dark in his tabernacle" (xviii. 6), and some other passages of similar import, we think irrelevant to our present purpose, but there may possibly be a remote allusion to a lunar eclipse in Job xxv. 5, "Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not."

In Psalm lxxv. 8, the remarkable words occur, "They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens." There can be no question that among God's "tokens" which strike terror into heathens inhabiting the uttermost parts of the earth, eclipses, especially of the sun, held a prominent place. Allusion has already been made to the terror inspired among the Median inhabitants of Larissa while they were defending their city against the Persian besiegers—terror so great that forthwith they evacuated the place, leaving the foe to take possession without further fighting. It may now be added that when Agathocles's solar eclipse was witnessed it so affected the sailors that they were in danger of rising on their commander and putting him to death. Students of Greek history will also remember the very notable case of Nicias, the Athenian general, during the Peloponnesian war. Finding that it was needful for the safety of his army to raise the siege of Syracuse and commence a precipitate retreat, he made arrangements for departing suddenly under cloud of night before the enemy were aware of his intentions, when, unhappily for him and his soldiers, an eclipse of the moon took place. This was held to

be an unfavourable omen, and the superstitious man in consequence abandoned all thought of immediate flight, and put off a great deal of precious time, the ultimate result being the loss of his own liberty and life, and the total destruction of his army. The people of God were exhorted to forbear acting in a heathenish way when celestial phenomena were exhibited. "Thus saith the Lord, Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them" (Jer. x. 2).

There may perhaps be an allusion to an eclipse of the sun in Psalm lxxxii. 5, "They walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course."

Figurative language referring to the same phenomena is not uncommon in Isaiah:—

"... And if one look unto the land, behold darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens thereof" (v. 30).

We postpone for the present the passage in chaps. viii. 22 and ix. 1, 2, feeling that it will be better discussed when we treat of Matthew iv. 13—16.

In Isaiah xiii. 10, one of the natural phenomena spoken of as occurring in connection with the "day of the Lord," here meaning the fall of Babylon, is apparently an eclipse of the sun, and another an obscuration of the moon, "... The sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine." The language is obviously metaphorical. There is an exceedingly plain allusion to a solar eclipse, and possibly even a hint at the method of its production, in chap. xvi. 3, "... "Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday." So there is reference to the same appearances in chap. xxiv. 23, "Then the moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed;" and in l. 3, "I clothe the heavens with darkness, and I make sackcloth their covering." Whether that be so or not, an eclipse seems pointed at in chap. lix. 9, 10:—

"... We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness. We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at noonday as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men."

In Jeremiah the following passages seem more or less closely connected with the subject of our inquiry:—

"I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form, and void; and the heavens, and they had no light" (iv. 23).

"For this shall the earth mourn, and the heavens above be black" (ver. 28).

"Prepare ye war against her; arise, and let us go up at noon. Woe unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out.

Arise, and let us go by night, and let us destroy her palaces" (vi. 4, 5).

The passage in chap. x. 2 has already received attention.

"Give glory to the Lord your God, before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light, He turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness" (xiii. 16).

It may be mentioned that, if the dates of Old Testament events be lowered, as they are in Mr. Bosanquet's scheme, then some of the verses now quoted might have been written about the date of the eclipse of Thales.

In Ezekiel xxxii. 7, 8, these words occur:—

"And when I shall put thee out, I will cover the heaven, and make the stars thereof dark; I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God."

Joel ii. 31, we shall consider in the second article.

In Joel iii. 15, we read, "The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."

In the book of Amos there are several passages in which darkness is referred to, but these are so generally interwoven with clauses referring to earthquakes, that it is questionable whether the obscuration of the day described may not have come from an outburst of smoke or of volcanic dust rather than from an eclipse. The verses referred to are these: "... that maketh the morning darkness" (iv. 13); "... and maketh the day dark with night" (v. 8); "... the day of the Lord is darkness, and not light" (ver. 18). "Shall not the day of the Lord be darkness, and not light? even very dark, and no brightness in it?" (v. 20).

These are the metaphorical allusions, real or imaginary, which we have found in the Old Testament to eclipses. Most of them are very obscure, and collectively they throw no light on Scripture chronology. If Mr. Bosanquet be correct in his idea respecting the instrumentality which caused the return of the shadow of the sun-dial, or rather on the steps of Ahaz, then one point of great value is gained; but, if his views on this subject be not accepted, then it will require to be admitted that not one reference to an eclipse capable of identification has been made by the Old Testament writers, and that inquiry on the subject tends to negative rather than to positive results.

The eclipses of New Testament times will form the subject of a second paper.

ROBERT HUNTER.

THE SOWERS.

By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

IN the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy
hand at evening hour,
Never asking which shall prosper—both may
yield thee fruit and flower :
Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest ; though
thy grain be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the
harvest full and fair ;
Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from
thy yearning sight,
It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripen-
ing in celestial light ;
Ever springing, ever ripening ;—not alone in
earthly soil,
Not alone among the shadows, where the
weary workers toil ;
Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee of
the reaping-time begun ;
But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the Un-
created Sun,
First the *fulness* of the blessing shall the
faithful labourer see,
Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of
Eternity.

Let us watch awhile the sowers, let us mark
their tiny grain,
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown
in weakness or in pain ;
Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the
veil from unseen things,
When the golden sheaves are bending and
the harvest anthem rings.

I.

"Such as I have I sow, it is not much,"
Said one who loved the Master of the
field ;

"Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may
yield

No quick response ; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart, so loving,
yet so weak."

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen ; yet oft they fell
On soil prepared, which she would never
know,

Until the tender blade sprang up to tell
That not in vain her labour had been spent ;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely
on she went.

II.

"I had much seed to sow," said one ; "I
planned

To fill broad furrows, and to watch it
spring

And water it with care. But now the hand
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves
to bring,

Is laid upon His labourer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, useless, at His palace gate.

"Now I have nothing, only day by day
Grace to sustain me till the day is done ;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of Him, the Altogether Lovely One ;
And some strange things to learn, unlearned
before,

That make the suffering light, if it but teach
me more."

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated winged seeds of thought and
prayer ;

These, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear ;
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessing from
on high.

III.

"What can I sow?" thought one, to whom
God gave

Sweet notes and skilful fingers—"Can my
song

Be cast upon the waters, as they lave
My feet with grateful echo, soft and long,
Or break in sunny spray of fair applaud ?

Shall this be found one day as fruit to Thee,
my God ?"

She sang, and all were hushed : O sweeter fall
The notes that pour from fervent fount of
love,

Than studied flow of sweetest madrigal !

She sang of One who listened from above,
She cast the song at His beloved feet ;—
Some said, "How strange !" And others
felt, "How sweet !"

IV.

Another stood, with basket stored indeed,
And powerful hand both full and faithful
found,

And cast God's own imperishable seed
Upon the darkly heaving waste around :

Yet oft in weariness and oft in woe,
Did that good sower store, and then go forth
to sow.

The tide of human hearts still ebb'd and
flow'd,

Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea ;
He saw not where it fell, and yet he sowed :
"Not void shall it return," said God, "to
Me !"

The precious seed, so swiftly borne away,
A singing reaper's hand shall fill with sheaves
one day.

v.

Another watched the sowers longingly.

"I cannot sow such seed as they," he said ;
"No shining grain of thought is given to me,
No fiery words of power bravely sped :
Will others give me of their bounteous store ?
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no
more."

So by the wayside he went forth to sow

The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful
prayer,

With glad humility ; content to know

The volume lent, the leaflet culled with
care,

The message placed in stranger hands, were
all

Beneath His guiding eye who notes the
sparrows fall.

vi.

An opening blossom, bright with early dew,
Whose rosy lips had touched the Living
Spring

Before the thirst of earth was felt ; who knew
The children's Saviour, and the children's
king,

Said, "What can I sow, mother ?" "Dar-
ling boy,

Show all how glad He makes you, scatter
love and joy !"

That sparkling seed he took in his small
hand,

And dropped it tenderly beside the flow
Of sorrows that he could not understand,

And cast it lovingly upon the snow

That shrouded aged hearts, and joyously
Upon the dancing waves of playmates'
thoughtless glee.

vii.

"What seed have I to sow ?" said one—"I
lie

In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and
low ;

The silent days and silent nights pass by
In monotone of dimness. Could I throw
Into the nearest furrow one small seed,
It would be life again, a blessed life indeed !"

And so she lay through lingering month and
year,

No word for Him to speak, no work to do ;
Only to suffer and be still, and hear

That yet the Golden Gate was not in view ;
While hands of love and skill, this charge to
keep,

Must leave the whitening plain, where others
now would reap.

Such the sowing ; what the reaping ? Many
a full and precious ear

Waved and ripened, fair and early, for the
patient sowers' cheer.

Not without some gracious witness of God's
faithfulness and love

Toiled they, waiting for the coming of the
harvest home above ;

Word, and prayer, and song, and leaflet,
found though after many days,

Quickening energy and courage, brightening
hope and wakening praise.

Yet how many a seed seemed trodden under
foot, and left to die,

Lost, forgotten by the sower, never traced by
human eye ;

Many a worker meekly saying, "Lord, how
thankful will I be,

If but one among a thousand may bring forth
good fruit to Thee !"

One by one, no longer

Gently bid to wait ;

One by one, they entered

Through the Golden Gate.

One by one they fell adoring

At the Master's feet,

Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,

"Enter thou !" each full heart filling,

All its need for ever stilling—

All its restless beat.

Then the gift, the free, the glorious,

Life with Him, eternal life,—

Erst bestowed amid the weeping,

And the weary vigil keeping,

And the bitter strife,—

Now in mighty consummation,

First in all its fulness known,

Dower of glory all transcendent,

Everlasting and resplendent,

Is their own !

All their own, through Him who loved them

And redeemed them unto God !

New and living revelation

Of the marvels of salvation,

Wakes new depths of adoration,
 New and burning laud.
 Now they see their gracious Master,
 See Him face to face !
 Now they know the great transition
 From the veiled to veil-less vision,
 In that bright and blessed place.
 What a change has passed upon them !
 Made like Him, the Perfect One,—
 Made like Him, whose joy they enter,
 Him, the only Crown and Centre
 Of the endless bliss begun.

But Eternity is long,
 And its joys are manifold !
 Though the service of its song
 Never falters or grows cold,
 Though the billows of its praise
 Never die upon the shore,
 Though the blessed harpers raise
 Alleluias evermore,
 Though the eye grows never dim
 Gazing on that mighty Sun,
 Ever finding all in Him,
 Every joy complete in one ;—
 Yet THE INFINITE is He,
 In his Wisdom and his Might ;
 And it needs eternity
 To reveal his Love and Light
 To the finite and created !
 Archangelic mind and heart
 Never with His bliss was sated,
 Never knew the thousandth part
 Of the all-mysterious rays
 Flowing from Essential Light,
 Hiding in approachless blaze
 God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy
 Opening to his children's view ;
 Infinite their varied treasure,
 Meted not by mortal measure—
 Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,
 Through Eternity's great leisure,
 Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessed sowers' gladness
 In the free and royal grace,
 Should be crowned with added glory
 Woven with their earthly story,
 Linked with time and place.

Glad surprise ! for every service
 Overflowing their reward !
 No more sowing, no more weeping,
 Only grand and glorious reaping
 All the blessing of their Lord.

I.

She who timidly had scattered
 Trembling line or whispered word,

Till the holy work grew dearer,
 And the sacred courage clearer,
 Now her Master's own voice heard,

Calling shining throngs around her,
 All her own fair harvest found ;
 Then, her humble name confessing,
 With His radiant smile of blessing
 All her dower of gladness crowned.

II.

"Welcome thou, whose heavenly message
 Came with quickening power to me !
 O most welcome to the portals
 Of this house of bright immortals,
 I have waited long for thee !"

"Who art thou ? I never saw thee
 In my pilgrimage below,"
 Said he, marvelling. "I will show thee,"
 Answered he, "the love I owe thee,
 Full and fervent, for I know thee
 By the starlight on thy brow.

"Words that issued from thy chamber
 Turned my darkness into light,
 Guided footsteps, weak and weary,
 Through the desert wild and dreary,
 Through the valley of the night.

"Come ! for many another waits thee !
 All unfolded thou shalt see,
 Through the ecstatic revelation
 Of their endless exultation,
 What our God hath wrought by thee."

III.

Hark ! a voice all joy-inspiring
 Peals adown the golden floor,
 Leading in a white-robed chorus,
 Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous
 As the many waters' roar.

She who sang for Jesus heard it !
 "'Tis the echo of thy song !"
 Said the leader. "As we listened,
 Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glistened,
 And we learnt to love and long,—

"Till the longing and the loving
 Soared to Him of whom you sang ;
 Till our Alleluia, swelling,
 Through the glory all-excelling,
 Up the jasper arches rang."

IV.

'Mid the angel-constellations,
 Like a star of purest flame,
 Shining with exceeding brightness,
 Robed in snowy-glistening whiteness,
 Now a singing reaper came.

Came with fulness of rejoicing
That beloved smile to meet ;
' Master, lo, I come with singing,
Myriad sheaves of glory bringing
To Thy dear and blessed feet."

Followed o'er the golden crystal
Glittering hosts with crown and palm ;
Joining him whose voice had taught them,
To the praise of Him who bought them,
In a new and rapturous psalm.

v.

He who humbly watched the sowers,
Watched the reapers of the Lord ;
Sharing all their jubilation,
Hailing every coronation,
Gladdened by their great reward.

' Seed of others long I scattered,
Now their harvest joy is mine,
Kindling holy contemplation
Into glowing adoration,
Into ecstasy divine."

So he chanted. But the Master
Beckoned through the shining throng ;
While the praises of the choir
Rose into that silence, higher
Than the highest flight of song.

Great and gracious words were spoken
Of his faithful service done,
By the voice that thrills all heaven ;
And mysterious rule was given
To that meek and marvelling one.

vi.

Found the little child rich harvest
From his tiny seed of love ;
Little footsteps followed surely
In the footprints marked so purely,
Till they met again above.

Aged ones and feeble mourners
Felt the solace of his smile ;
Hastened on with footsteps lighter,
Battled on with courage brighter,
Through the lessening " little while."

Till they too had joined the mansions
Where the weary are at rest.
Would that little one forget them ?
O how joyously he met them
In his dear home safe and blest !

And the Saviour, who had called him,
Smiled upon His little one ;

On his brow, so fair and tender,
Set a crown of heavenly splendour,
With the gracious word " Well done !"

vii.

Yet again a wondrous anthem
Rang across the crystal sea ;
Harps and voices all harmonious,
Nearer, nearer, sweet, symphonious,
Meet for heaven's own jubilee.

One by one the singers gathered,
Ever swelling that great song,
Till a mighty chorus thundered,
Till the listening seraphs wondered,
As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,
Bearing one upon their wings,
With their waving palms victorious,
To the presence-chamber glorious
Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper, clear and thrilling,
Fell upon her ravished ear—
" Lo, *thy* harvest song ascending !
Lo, *thy* golden sheaves are bending
Full and precious, round thee here !"

" Nay," she said, " I have no harvest,
For I had no power to sow ;
Burdening others, daily dying,
Year by year in weakness lying,
Still and silent, lone and low."

Then a flash of sudden glory
Lit her long life-mystery ;
By that heavenly intuition
All the secret of her mission
Shone, revealed in radiancy.

And she knew the sweet memorials
Of her hidden life had shed
Glories on the sufferer's pillow,
Calmness on the darkling billow,
Peace upon the dying bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,
Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss !
While His cup of suffering sharing,
All His will so meekly bearing,
He was gloriously preparing
This for her, and her for this !

He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of
grace in sorrow bringing,
Laden with his sheaves of glory, doubtless
shall return with singing.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

VIII.

I COR. XV. 44—50.

PHYSIOLOGISTS tell us that during life the human body is undergoing a continued process of waste and of repair—the old material passing away and fresh material coming in its stead. So rapid is this process that it is conjectured—seemingly upon good and sufficient grounds—that a youthful and actively exercised body changes almost its entire substance in the course of a single year. So far, therefore, as the material particles of which it is composed are concerned, the body that we now have is not the same that we had a year or two before. In the course of an ordinary lifetime we may be said to have had many bodies—the materials of which they were composed, derived from a multitude of external sources, some of them, it may be, from other human bodies of which they once had formed a part—these materials again having served their temporary purpose within our frame, in due time thrown off, passing into the air or earth, becoming the food of plants and animals, to be re-appropriated, perhaps re-assimilated by our own or other human bodies—a perpetual and endless circulation of the particles which constitute our living bodies thus going on.

After death, again, the body that we bury in the grave, if left there to the natural process of decay, rapidly decomposes, sublimed into the air, or incorporated in the soil—taking new forms, entering into new combinations, slowly or more rapidly; its entire substance, finding its way once more into that ever-moving, ever-circulating tide which carrying its constituted elements in such different directions, lodges portions, doubtless, in other living frames, which other human spirits in course of time inhabit. Could we look, then, into all the million upon million graves that have closed upon their tenants since this earth first took into its keeping the body of the murdered Abel, we should find many of them utterly empty—not an atom of the dust or ashes there, into which the bones of the buried had crumbled. And could we, gifted with a power enabling us to do so, track the path and mark the history of all the particles that had once belonged to buried human bodies—what strange vicissitudes of fortune should we have to note, what wide and distant journeyings through the air and over earth have many of them taken—to what curious new homes have

many of them been conveyed—what mean or what honourable functions in the great laboratory of nature have many of them been discharging? And where are they all now? and what are they all now doing?

It comes to our remembrance, too, how many bodies of the dead never were entombed. The waters of the deluge swept a whole generation away, giving them up to be devoured by the monsters of the deep, or floating them hither and thither till they melted away amid the dissolving elements that encompassed them. There have been countries and ages in which the dead were burned, not buried. And those consuming fires, which did their work so rapidly, how widely did they at the same time disperse those elements that passed away in smoke and flame out into the circumambient air!

Had we been asked, then, as part of our Christian faith, to believe that it shall be literally the very body that we now inhabit which shall be raised again at the resurrection on the last day; the same body—it might be modified or altered in its organization—yet reconstructed from the very same substance of which it had originally been composed;—in that case, how many curious questions, how many grave difficulties might suggest themselves! Of the many bodies which a man has worn in the course of a long lifetime, which of them is it that is to supply the materials out of which the resurrection-body is to be framed? The one, let it be said, in which he died; but then, there are materials there equally belonging to other bodies, buried before or buried afterwards: which of all the bodies shall have the right to claim them as its own? It is singular to find so great a man as Augustine busying himself with this very question, and determining it by saying that the flesh in question shall be restored to the man in whom it first became human flesh, like borrowed money, as he says, to be returned to him from whom it had been taken. But to effect this—to restore all to the first proprietors—what mutilation would ensue of those fabrics out of which all borrowed materials had to be taken, rendering it literally impossible that it could be the identical body that was buried that should be raised again!

Perplexed and embarrassed with questions and difficulties of this kind, which will arise

and force themselves upon our thoughts so long as we cherish the imagination that it is the identical body which we bury that is to be raised again, we turn to the sacred Scriptures to ascertain from them what it is upon the subject of the resurrection that we are called upon to believe. As it is wholly to that revelation from God which these Scriptures contain that we are indebted for any knowledge of the resurrection of the dead, so ought we to receive implicitly whatever the announcements of that revelation be. Turning, then, to that passage which is now before us, which contains the fullest and most explicit utterance upon this particular topic in the entire Bible, we find the imaginary objector who puts the question, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" met at the very outset by a stern rebuke—"Thou fool!"—thy question is not of ignorance simply craving enlightenment—an enlightenment that may be given. Thy question is one of folly, and springs out of a false conception of the very nature of the resurrection—as if that resurrection meant the gathering together of all the material substances, consigned by the hand of death to the tomb, and reconstructing them again into the same kind of living bodies of flesh and blood which once they formed. Thy question is one of folly too, as springing from a vain endeavour to form a fuller and more distinct conception of the mode and form of that future life into which the resurrection is to introduce us than is at all possible in this present state to do.

Still further to rebuke this folly, the Apostle distinctly states—it is indeed the only piece of positive information that he conveys—that the body which is to be raised is not to be the same body as was buried. It is to be as different from it as the seed which corrupts beneath the sod is from the blade and stem and leaf and flower and fruit which spring out of it. And why should it be thought wonderful that out of death a new life should spring, when we have in nature before our eyes such wonderful transformations in the vegetable and the insect worlds? Why should it be thought a wonderful thing that the new body, with which the soul in its new estate is to be clothed, should be a very different kind of body from what it wore before, when we have before us thus in nature such an endless variety of bodies of all kinds—as if in the exuberance of his creative power, the Almighty delighted to spread out innumerable specimens of diversity, in form and qualities and functions, in the bodies celestial and

terrestrial which his hand hath formed. Has that abounding, overflowing energy of the Great Creator expended, exhausted itself in things as they now are? Are no further, no higher, illustrations and exhibitions of itself to be made in that new stage and state of things towards which our present mundane economy is progressing? If so great a change is coming as that these heavens and this earth are to undergo some mighty revolution, and to be transformed into the new heavens and new earth, wherein righteousness is to reign with undivided empire, might we not expect that the redeemed, ennobled, purified spirits that are to dwell upon that new earth and beneath those new heavens shall be wedded to corporeal frames of a constitution very different from that of our earthly bodies? And so the Apostle teaches us it is to be: the weakness, the dishonour, the corruptibility of the present body to be exchanged for the power, the glory, the incorruptibility of a body so very different from the present, that to express that difference the Apostle has to make use of language bordering upon the self-contradictory, and to call it, as distinguished from the existing one, a spiritual body.

It were to expose ourselves afresh to that very rebuke which the Apostle has already administered, were we to inquire too curiously what kind of body can that spiritual one be. The Apostle himself has described it chiefly by negatives. It is not to be of flesh and blood; it is not to have that animal organization which fit our present form for its present life. That feebleness, that vileness, that exposure to death and to decomposition which characterize the natural body, the spiritual one is fully and for ever to throw off. But in what way its powers, its bodily powers (for still, however refined the materialism, it is to be a body), are to be enhanced, enlarged—in what way its shame is to be changed into such a glory that it shall shine forth as the stars in the firmament—in what way it is to bid an eternal defiance to the assaults of death, the inroads of corruption—this it is impossible for us now to know. Nevertheless, to encourage here our faith, and enlarge and deepen the expectations of those hopes with which our eyes should be turned towards that wonderful future which awaiteth us, let us take that knowledge of the outward creation which we derive through our existing senses, and just imagine by what slight changes in the senses themselves, or in those physical arrangements of the external world to which they are adapted, a whole new world of things might burst upon our astonished sight. Regarded

as the five gateways, or inlets, through which there is conveyed to the mind within all the knowledge that it possesses of the substance and forms and qualities of all the material objects that lie without, our present senses are subject to obvious limitations, which we may fairly enough conceive shall hereafter either be widened or removed. It is but a partial acquaintance, even with that quality of matter which it is its special function to reveal, that each of our senses conveys to us. It is, for instance, but a limited range of sounds that the human ear takes in and can distinguish. Below the faintest sound that it can catch, what a multitude of sounds there are which, upon a finer and more delicate organ, might fall with perfect distinctness! And above the loudest which it can appreciate—above that point where that sound becomes mere stunning undistinguishable noise—what full, articulated notes of power and melody may there be which a larger and more vigorous organ might take in!

The same is true even to a greater extent with our present sense of sight. How few of the rays of light that pour in upon the body from all directions does the eye admit! How careful it is to guard against too large an admission of them! At this inlet we hold converse with the material world very much as the inhabitants of a besieged city hold converse with those without, opening cautiously the gate, and allowing but few to enter at a time. Give the human eye a wider scope, gift it with a quicker, keener, more piercing vision, and objects that are now opaque would become transparent—we should be able to see into, to see quite through, substances that now wrap their inner recesses and all that goes on there in thick, impenetrable darkness from our eyes; for wherever light is—and this subtle element penetrates far farther than we now can follow it—the eye might be made to see it, and it is quite incalculable what an addition to our knowledge might come simply and directly out of an enlargement of the power of vision. A simple inspection might reveal to us the structure of many bodies—might explain to us the changes which take place by the intermixture and combination of different bodies, which our imperfect chemistry is yet labouring to unfold.

Suppose, then, our five senses to remain in number and nature as they are, and the world that they connect us with to remain even as it now is, what volumes of new intelligence might be poured in upon the outlook

spirit purely and simply by the widening of each of those five gateways at which it sits!

Results still more wonderful might be brought about, at a very slight expense of creative power, by a very slight alteration of the existing structure and laws of the material creation. We communicate with one another here upon this earth by means of speech, and as it is only at present needful and desirable that we should do so at very limited distances, it is but a small circle of the space around it that the human voice can fill so as to be distinctly audible at its outer edge. Beyond that the sound dies away and is lost. This arises, not from the feebleness of an organ alone, but chiefly from the air being comparatively so dull and sluggish a medium for conveying sound. We know at least of other mediums which are far more careful of any movements committed to them, which do not suffer them to be soon dissipated and lost, which transmit them with far greater velocity. The medium or element, for instance, through which that motion which constitutes light passes is of this nature. Light travels through that medium six hundred and eighty times quicker than sound does. It takes but a few minutes to come to us from the sun. Now, let us only conceive that instead of having a vehicle which can carry its passengers so short a way and at comparatively so slow a pace, sound had a vehicle as ethereal and elastic as light has—let us conceive that instead of there being a difference between them there was a sameness, that the Almighty so ordered it, as He so easily could, that the sound of a human voice could travel side by side with a sunbeam. Uttered this moment upon earth, it could be heard a few moments afterwards among the stars. Let the Creator of all things make but this single and simple change, then at once within easy reach of each other would the inhabitants of the most distant worlds be placed, and, had they but a common language, could just as easily converse across the vast fields of space as we can here converse across the breadth of a few hundred yards; question and answer might pass to and fro; and one hour's such converse, to how many questions which have occupied the most thoughtful men for centuries would it furnish a reply!

Further still: it is only of some of the qualities of outward things (those that it was most needful or desirable that we should be now acquainted with) that our present senses give us information. That these outward objects, however, are endowed

with other qualities that go largely to affect their movements and actions upon one another is made continually evident to the student of physical science. He is constantly falling in with evidence addressed to his existing senses, which go to prove the presence and agency of influences which he cannot sensibly perceive, but which might at once and patently reveal themselves to some new sense with which he is not yet endowed. Behind all that we now see or can now discover of the material universe, let us believe there lie a whole host of wonders that await the day of revelation, and which, when once unfolded, shall offer at once full and beautiful explanations of difficulties that now perplex and phenomena that we now fail to interpret. In illustration of what that not only possible but even probable experience is which is in reserve for us when one or more senses are added to those which we already possess, let us conceive that our species had originally been created with all the senses that we now have but one—the sense of light; that without the faintest conception of the existence of such an element as light or of the objects that lie without and around us being in any other way perceptible than by their tangible properties, by the sounds and scents and tastes which they emitted, race after race of mankind had grown up to maturity. Upon that world of the blind the sun would rise and set as he now does: his presence or absence marked to them by no other token than an increase or decrease of the warmth of that element in which they lived—alternatives of temperature coming and going they knew not how or why. Of some of those lesser elevations of the earth's surface, which they conveniently could climb and cross in different directions, they might form some accurate enough conception; but of the fair full rounded surface of our globe, with all its lofty mountain peaks and all its wide-spread oceans, no image could ever enter into their minds, while of all that region, the cloud-land and the star-land that lies around our globe, they would remain in utter ignorance.

Just conceive then what a change it would be to such a world of the blind, all at once, and by one fiat of the Almighty, to be invested with that one new sense of vision. What new acquaintance would they form with many an object of old familiar but imperfect knowledge! Those stately trees that sheltered their dwellings, up among whose branches they had climbed with an eager yet baffled curiosity to know

how far up they stretched, they stand revealed in their full stature, their topmost branches waving to the breeze. Those hills and valleys that lay around them, of whose full contour and appearance they had formed but a rude conception, now lie open to them, clad in all that many-coloured mantle which those who looked on it for the first time would know better how to admire than we often do; whilst overhead the deep blue sky, and the glorious sun by day, and the moon and stars by night, would be gazed upon with a rapture of delight. How many an old perplexity would be now at once removed! They had had their speculations about those regular alternations of heat and cold—speculations not less ingenious perhaps, nor less true than many which we now are harbouring; but now they have simply to look upon that returning day and night—that appearing and disappearing of the orb of day, and like a dream of the night all those old speculations vanish. They had been often troubled about certain sounds whose origin they could not discover, but now the objects from which they issue are laid bare to the perception—the mystery of their birth is at once cleared up.

I have asked you to imagine such a gift bestowed upon a world whose inhabitants had been all born blind, only to help you to a clearer conception and a more vivid anticipation of it, that we ourselves may be on the eve of a transition in regard to our knowledge of the external world as great—it may be a thousandfold greater—than that which I have attempted to describe; and knowing as we do that even now there are inferior tribes of the animal creation endowed with senses that put that within the reach of their discernment of which we are profoundly ignorant—knowing as we do that there are occult agencies that are playing a most important part in the great laboratory of nature which could be just as easily made palpable to us as those which our existing senses grasp—believing, as we do, that the future—the spiritual body of the resurrection shall excel in all needful properties that which we now are tenanted—is it to be held as without the bounds of a rational conjecture—and we offer it as nothing more—that we, like our fancied race of the blind, are walking in the midst of unknown wonders more things truly in heaven and earth than our philosophy has ever dreamt of—these waters of the deep—these hills and valleys—these over-arching skies, or if it be assumed that these all are to pass away—those new heavens and that new earth

with which the new clothed children of the resurrection shall be conversant, having tales to tell us which they but wait the bestowing upon us of the appropriate organ to unfold?

Its clearer, fuller converse with the material universe is but the first and lowest point of distinction and superiority of the body that is yet to be over the body that now is. That distinction and superiority is to be mainly

and essentially—in the one being what Paul characterizes here as a natural body, a body in which the principle or spirit of the animal or earthly life naturally predominates; and in the other being a spiritual body—that in which the principle and spirit of that higher life to which in Christ the true believer is begotten, reigns, and rules.

WILLIAM HANNA.



TAKEN.

FIRST VOICE.

WHY has He taken her?
Was she not given

Gently to lead our souls
Upward to heaven?

Were not the lessons
We read in her eyes,
Such as his angels
Might learn in the skies?

Why has He taken her?
Had He not—there—
Thousands of little ones
Equally fair?

True, she was ready,
And wished not to stay;
But, if He loved us,
Why take her away?
He had his thousands,
And we—but this one!

Can it be wrong to say,
"What hast Thou done?"

Can it be sin
When such questionings rise?
Must it be always
The fairest that dies?

How could we silently
Lay in the dust
All that was left of her?
Question we must.

Think of that loveliness
Lying so still—
Cold in its lonesome bed!
Question we *will*.

SECOND VOICE.

Hush! for your child
May be hovering o'er-head,
(Heaven is so near
When our loved ones are dead).

Yes, it *is* wrong to say,
 "What hast Thou done?"
 Though He had thousands
 And you but this one.

Was she not made by Him
 Lovely and bright?
 Shall not her Maker
 Do that which is right?

Was she not taken
 From evil to come?
 Is she not with Him now,
 Safe in his home?

Yes, "it is well" with her ;—
 Heaven has been won :
 There she adores Him
 For what He has done.



What if her form awhile
 Rest "'neath the sod,"
 Since her soul dwells
 In the bosom of God?
 Christ brings his own
 Into sunshine through night ;

Dark though the pathway,
 It leads to the light.

Has He not promised
 Re-union above—
 If we reject not
 His pardoning love?

CAROLINE NICHOLSON.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—THINGS AT HOME.

ECHOES OF EXETER HALL.

EXETER HALL! If there be a threadbare subject on the face of the earth, is it not Exeter Hall? Is not every May a repetition of last May, and every night a repetition of last night? Formal reports, and long speeches, and stories about how many people have been eaten by converted cannibals, and votes of thanks to the noble chairman? Have the conductors of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE nothing better to talk to us about in their own sanctum, where they may be expected to be rather more at ease with their readers than usual? If this be all we are to get, had we not better make our bow and pass on?

Perhaps you had better do so. Anyhow, we are not going to be laughed or jeered out of our purpose to say something about Exeter Hall. There may be a great deal of wood, hay, and stubble about these May meetings, but there is undoubtedly much of higher quality. And if we could secure for one moment the ear of our friends whose greetings we have just recorded, we think that we could say a word that would not be out of place for them. Were you not the very persons that a little while ago were giving expression to your views on the controversies of Christians? Did we understand you to say that nothing wearied or distressed you more than the contentions of the Church, and that it would be such a relief and comfort to you to see its various sections engaged in their own proper and blessed work, proclaiming glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men? Is there not enough of evil in the world, you ask, to engage the whole energies of the Church, and why does she waste so much of her strength in conflicts among her own members? Now, let us say most cordially, that in this sentiment we agree with you. We should not express it so unqualifiedly, perhaps, because some of the internal conflicts of the Church are life and death conflicts, and it is a scriptural duty to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. But we admit that it is humbling and even heart-breaking to see what enormous force is put forth in conflicts on things of obviously secondary moment, and what ingenious sophistry is used to show that these little questions are the grandest the world has ever known! So far we are agreed. But it is not of such conflicts that Exeter Hall is the scene. Why, it is just the proper, quiet, beneficent work of the Church that is the subject of these meetings! It is just what you say you would so desire to see all sections of the Church attending to. And there, beyond a doubt, the various sections of the Church (extremes being omitted) are at one. There, Bishop and Baptist, Prelatist and Presbyterian, Wesleyan and Congregationalist meet together. Is it not rather unreasonable and inconsistent in you to be so hard on Exeter Hall? Something to recall the old complaint, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced ;

I. N.S.

we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented?"

The fact is, the outer world is more interested by a great way in the Church's contentions, than in the Church's quiet and beneficent work. This is plain, from the reports of the secular press. A great debate in Convocation or in General Assembly will receive a full report; an account of some missionary undertaking, with speeches relative, will be passed by in a few lines. If the world were sincere in the expression of its wish that Christians would fight less and work more, this would not be the state of things in the newspapers. But the world is interested in fights as fights, while it has little or no interest in work as work. And so Exeter Hall, with all its belongings, is a sort of bye-word, and when it speaks strongly, it is said to "set up its bray."

It is undoubtedly a strange circumstance that in all that pertains to her extension—to mission work—the Church for the most part should work so quietly, whereas in all that pertains to her domestic administration, there is heard so frequently the sound of strife. We seem to get on very peaceably while trying to convert the heathen; but when we are considering how to manage affairs at home—how to improve the house or get the servants to work better, we are for ever quarrelling. And having built so many houses pretty near one another, we cannot let one another alone. If there were no other argument for missions than that they serve to unite us, that alone would be weighty enough to justify the enterprise. Statesmen, it is said, get up a foreign war when they are afraid of domestic insurrection. Mr. Pitt used to get the credit of encouraging war with France when the cry of the Radicals was getting too loud for his comfort. Perhaps there may be a vague resemblance between communities civil and ecclesiastical in this respect. Anyhow, the work of missions is every way a blessed work; it blesseth him that gives and him that receives, draws out the spiritual energies of the Churches, and rouses our Aarons and Hurs to hold up the weary arms of Moses, and bring down strength to roll back the might of Amalek, and secure the victory for Israel.

And really, prejudice apart, and looking fairly at Exeter Hall in May, it must be owned that it presents a memorable sight. Here we find some scores of large organizations for the work of missions at home and abroad, devised and carried on at great cost of money, thought, time, and trouble. It is an axiom in physics that every effect must have a cause. This great system of missionary organization must have a cause. Now, what we should desire is, a calm, fair, scientific inquiry into the real cause—a cause that will truly meet all the conditions of the case. Let us take an equal number of other organizations, let us say banks or insurance offices, working alongside of them in the City. It is not difficult to account for all their activity on the ordinary principles of

human nature. They aim at increasing the amount of material comfort; they have no difficulty, if soundly constituted, in procuring either capital or revenue; for those who contribute both, fully expect to reap in kind a larger harvest. Their directors have their fees, their agents their percentages, and if a stranger bring in even a stray morsel of business, if he know how to manage it, he may get his reward. Not so with mission boards. No guineas are spread on the board table to reward the gentlemen who leave their own counting-rooms to attend to their affairs. The local committees and lady collectors, if they ever hanker after a material reward, must hanker in vain. No missionary—even in the most fatal climate—can expect to do more from his salary than make ends meet, and return, if he ever returns, as penniless as he went. Bible readers and City missionaries, with hardly food and with very seedy raiment, must learn to be therewith content. It is the rarest thing in the world for sums to be embezzled, either by unprincipled collectors or dishonest agents. Evidently money has not created Exeter Hall. Is it due, then, to any love of notoriety? Was it reared as a stump for blatant orators, or an eminence on which rival Churches might blow their trumpets before the world? And are all these organizations, with their network of missionaries, catechists, teachers abroad, and directors, committees, editors, collectors, and treasurers at home, kept up for the same miserable purpose? Surely the world is *quite* turned upside down. Christendom is not a conglomeration of imbeciles. Explanations of this kind refute themselves by their inherent emptiness. And every possible explanation might in like manner be eliminated, till one only remained—that which ascribes our great missionary organizations fundamentally to the force of Christian conviction and Christian feeling, operating in the hearts of ten thousand times ten thousand of the inhabitants of Britain. They are proofs that Christianity is not a name or a dream, but a fact—a living fact, in the hearts of men and women without number. Aaron's rod, bursting with buds and blossoms and almonds, has life in it yet! The power of propagation is the best test of the life of any organic body. Here is the Christian Church of Great Britain exhibiting a great propagating power! It is the great apologetic argument of the nineteenth century. It is the blessed proof that God is yet in the midst of us, graciously bearing with our numberless provocations and shortcomings, and owning us, amid all our miserable squabbles, in the great work of turning the wilderness into the garden of the Lord.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

First and foremost must ever be reckoned the British and Foreign Bible Society. We are not unmindful of other societies of the same kind, least of all of the National Bible Society of Scotland, which having come into existence at a time when the British and Foreign had gone off the rails, has (latterly under a new name, in consequence of amalgamations)

seen sufficient cause to continue its work. But after all, the BRITISH AND FOREIGN must be held to be the head and representative of the tribe. And though it is not of yesterday, it shows no sign of decrepitude. Two millions and a half of copies, either of the whole Bible or of some important part of it, has this society put into circulation during the last year. What an amount of bread cast upon the waters! It has often struck us as a remarkable fact, that all the efforts of unbelievers to destroy belief in the divine origin and authority of the Bible have not impaired by one perceptible particle the zeal of its friends. And what perhaps is not less wonderful, that while the critical schools of Germany have been labouring as in the very fire to show that the Gospels are not the products of the evangelists, that Paul wrote but four letters and Peter and John not one, not a single page has thereby been omitted in the two million and a half of copies issued by the British and Foreign, nor in the many hundred thousands of the Scottish National, nor in those of any other Bible Society whatever! It would indeed be a phenomenon—"the Rationalist Bible Society," or "the Anti-supernatural Hebrew writings Society!" We should like to know who would be its colporteurs and agents, and how long they would take to translate their books into the two hundred tongues into which—or pretty nearly so—the Holy Scriptures have been rendered! The leading feature of interest in connection with the Society this year was the establishment of a Bible Society at Rome, and generally, the circulation of the Scriptures in Italy. Better even than the "martyred blood and ashes" of the Waldensian saints, "slain by the bloody Piedmontese," is the seed corn which God is now sowing "o'er all the Italian fields," where no longer "doth sway the triple tyrant;" and deeper and more hopeful than in Milton's day is the prayer which so many hearts are now raising

"that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

There is something quite unique in the ever-fresh power of the Bible. Speakers from Italy, speakers from the South Seas, speakers from the United States, tell of this case and the other where the Bible has shown its old power to be unexhausted, as the means in God's hand of enlightening and converting the sinner, of turning the blinded priest into an enlightened preacher, or the yelling savage into a messenger of love. But no eye can track and no pen can chronicle the effects of the Bible in all its varied modes of influencing men—the vigour of intellect, the sense of manhood, the holy energy, the sublime faith, the long-suffering patience it has inspired—the loving acts it has generated, the self-denial it has nourished, the filial piety, the parental devotion; the fellowship it has gendered with heaven, as God's great instrument of blessing to all the conditions and varieties of men.

We must not omit to take notice of the service rendered to the Bible Society by our much-valued

contributor, the Master of the Temple. Dr. Vaughan's sermon in St. Paul's cathedral had in it not a little of that kind of appreciation of the Bible which has been expressed so energetically in the remarkable orations of Hyacinthe. The truth of the Bible coming into contact with individual consciences, then moulding the Christian family, constituting the Christian Church, and colouring and guiding the State itself. There are some, remarked Dr. Vaughan, who say, first the Church and then the unit; but the true doctrine is, first the unit, then the Church. Communities spring from individuals, not individuals from communities. The Bible genders the Church, not the Church the Bible. The Bible, as God's revelation, as it passes over the world, produces in measure such effects as were produced by the Word Incarnate. The horrors of war are mitigated by its influence, and stimulate the activity of its agents. Revealing a personal God, a living Saviour, and an immortal life, it carries infinite blessing to the individual, while it proves itself the secret of national greatness, and the bond of union among Christians of every name.

THE FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETIES.

It would be absurd to try to condense into a column either the facts or the arguments brought out at these anniversaries. We must content ourselves with one or two general observations. In the first place there is no diminution of revenue. Summing up all that has been contributed within the year for the propagation of the Gospel in heathen lands, the total is somewhere about one million sterling. It is but a little sum comparatively, and considering how quickly the wealth of the country has been increasing of late years, we think that it indicates no suitable advance. It shows the necessity of introducing and acting on the principle of proportionate giving. Some speakers alluded to the progress of Ritualism and Rationalism as fitted to chill the missionary spirit, and thought it a good sign that the revenue had not fallen off. It is certain that both of these systems are anti-evangelical, and if Mr. Spurgeon's information be correct, that a leading ritualist congregation in London spent £1,000 last year on its choir, and gave some forty or fifty shillings for the spread of the Gospel, we shall know how to estimate the zeal of Ritualism. As for Rationalism, it probably would not admit that if the heathen were to become evangelical Christians they would either be much better than they are, or would have a much better chance for the life to come. We should like extremely to hear an honest outspoken expression of the mind of a consistent Rationalist on the state of the heathen and our duty towards them.

Next, as to the success of modern missions. They have now been at work considerably more than a century—what have they done? Certainly they have done something—to what does it amount? We find the answer in such facts as these. Christianity is the religion of Jamaica, and other West India islands. It is the religion of Fiji, and Samoa. It

has a large number of adherents in Tinnevely and Travancore, and among the Hill tribes of India. It is rapidly spreading through Madagascar. It has been eminently successful among the Karens in Burmah. It has been welcomed by large numbers of the negro race in various parts of Africa. In other countries, it has had its converts, counting them sometimes by scores and hundreds, but it has not become the religion of these countries. It may have sapped and undermined the old systems considerably, but the banner of the cross has not supplanted the insignia of idolatry. In substance this is just to say, that missions have been successful in detached outposts, but they have not yet got possession of any of the great strongholds. Buddhism, Brahminism, Mahometanism, and Judaism still stand out against them with hardly diminished strength. But is there anything discouraging in this? It was three hundred years before the ancient Paganism of the Roman Empire gave way to Christianity. There is really a great deal to encourage us in the success of missions even at the outposts, but at the same time to stimulate to far greater effort. The enterprise is one which must be carried on by generation after generation. Like the patriarchs, we may have to live and die in faith, not having received the promises, but seen them afar off, and been persuaded of them. Only let us see that in our generation the enterprise is not suffered to languish, but is pushed on with unabated effort and prayer. Let all the enthusiasm of Exeter Hall, and still more the steady pressure of individual consciences, remembering how much they owe to their Lord, be vigorously directed towards the great battle, which

"Once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

We are glad to glean fresh testimonies from influential civilians in favour of missions. The testimony of Sir Donald Macleod, late Governor of the Punjab, given at the Baptist Missionary Society's anniversary, is very frank and very valuable. Born in India, a resident in the country for forty years, familiar with its people and all their customs and ways, accustomed to govern them, and feel the responsibility of such a charge, such a man is particularly fitted to form a trustworthy judgment on missions and their influence. It would be easy for Sir Donald Macleod, or any other such man, if he were candidly of opinion that, however well-intended, the efforts of European missionaries in India could not be expected to effect any great good, to abstain from saying anything on them in this country; but when we find him coming openly forward, showing a minute acquaintance with their operations, admitting their difficulties, admitting (for example) that the native congregations are very heterogeneous collections of people, and yet encouraging the friends of missions to the utmost, and urging them onward and onward in their great work—we cannot but feel not only that the cause is good, but that on the whole the work is done with vigour, and that success will crown it in the end.

GENERAL SYNOD OF IRISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The proceedings of this Synod have not been harmonious. The arrangement in the constitution of the Synod which ordains that the clergy and the laity shall vote separately, and that a majority of two-thirds of each order is necessary in order to carry out any proposed change, has resulted in the rejection of many of the proposed measures, although they were supported by a great majority of the laity. It may be remembered that last year a large committee was appointed to revise the Prayer-book, and submit their proposals to the present Synod. Some of these proposals, in the direction of Protestantism, have been carried, such as the removal of the Apocrypha from the lectionary. But other proposals in the same direction have been rejected. One very important change proposed was, that the absolution in the morning service should be pronounced not only by persons in priest's orders as now, but by those in deacon's orders too. The proposal was approved by a clear majority of 95 votes, 230 being against the distinction and only 135 in its favour; but then there were only 76 clergymen in the majority and 94 against, so that, not being supported by two-thirds of both orders, the proposed change is lost. The use of the Athanasian Creed was in like manner voted on; 192 in favour of discontinuing, and only 106 in favour of retaining; but as there were not two-thirds of both orders for discontinuing, the proposal was lost. It thus appears that the effect of the presence of the laity in the Synod is virtually counterbalanced by the method and rules of voting. Much excitement has taken place in consequence, especially among the laity; but without an alteration in the constitution, the voice of the laity cannot become effective. On the other hand, the High Church party are displeased at the concessions that have been agreed to, thinking that in so far as any ancient landmarks have been removed, the Synod had acted for the worse. The same feeling has shown itself very strongly among the English clergy in Convocation, where a very great majority has voted against any change in the Athanasian Creed.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS ON THE STRIKE.

No small stir has been occasioned by public proceedings in Dundee on the part of a body of domestic servants, determined to deal with their employers in the matter of hours and other interests very much in the spirit of a trades' union. It is in many respects a sorrowful sight, apart altogether from the question on which side the right of the contest lies. In foundries and factories it has been sad enough to witness the growing spirit of alienation between employers and workmen, and to think of the chill, hard atmosphere in which work is carried on—the bitter east wind that blows all the year round in establishments where sunshine and other genial influences might have played. But when this bitter east wind gets into families and chills the atmosphere of so

many homes; when it creates sourness in the nursery and throws a cloud over the rising years of children; when it oppresses with care and trouble the hearts of wives and mothers who ought to be the joy and charm of their households; when it places servants and their employers in antagonism and tempts each to view the actions of the other with suspicion and bitterness, it betokens the advent of a worse evil than has hitherto been known. Of course, there has been abundance of this sort of thing hitherto; but only in an unorganized state. What is now to be looked at is, an organization of the whole, or of a large class of domestic servants. And if this should take place, this further consequence must be anticipated, that in their dealings with their employers, little or no difference will be made, or can be made by them between the kind and the unkind, and that those who really strive to treat their domestic servants well, will be exposed to the same restrictions, troubles, and annoyances as those who are utterly regardless of their comfort.

We believe it is quite true that as a general rule, domestic servants are much more difficult to deal with than they used to be, and much more exacting to their employers. It must be remembered that during the present generation they have increased in number perhaps three or four fold, and also that the assertion of freedom is the order of the day, and that a newly acquired freedom is constantly liable to breed abuse. At the same time we cannot admit the truth of such statements as are often heard—that the genus of old, faithful attached servants has become extinct. We have known instances of attachment not a few, even on the part of young servants, that could not easily be surpassed. We have known servants, when a sudden change of fortune required their employers to break up their establishments, petition for leave to serve them for nothing, rather than have to leave them. We have known them go to India, to Russia, to Canada, not for any personal object, but simply through attachment. We have known them wait on the sick in such a way as to break their own rest, destroy their health, and injure their prospects. And having known of such cases, we don't like to hear a comparatively helpless class denounced indiscriminately as if they had all become mercenary hacks, hard as steel, and cold as ice.

But if it be true that as a class servants have degenerated, the blame may not be wholly theirs. If the roses are not flourishing in the north exposure of the garden, the reason may be not simply that the roses are bad plants, but that they are getting no sun. Attachment and fidelity on the part of servants must as a rule depend on treatment calculated to gender them on the part of masters. Masters are above servants; they are the upper class, and, generally speaking, it is the upper classes that influence the under, not the under that influence the upper. Good officers make good soldiers; good teachers, good scholars; good sovereigns, loyal subjects; good masters, attached and faithful servants. If, as a rule, servants are now bad, it is plain that a share of the blame

must rest with their employers. And the blame often lies in the want of fellow-feeling. If no consideration be had for servants as possessing the same nature, having similar cravings, hopes, joys, and sorrows to those of their employers, and if no effort be used to make life anything to them but a dull round of weary treadmill routine, it is no wonder if they turn out badly. If the maid-servant be treated as "the greatest plague in life," or habitually abused as a creature without good principle or right feeling, it is no wonder if she feels no romantic attachment to the family that thus abuses her. The truth is, nothing but a high order of Christianity can produce good servants—a *genial* Christianity, humble and hearty, not too exclusively spiritual, or too sternly dogmatical, but abundantly loving. It is the Christianity of sympathy and brotherly regard—a brotherly and sisterly Christianity: forbearing, considerate, kind. We could gladly hear much more from the pulpit in favour of this glowing, loving religion. And still more we could welcome the manifestation of it to a much larger extent on the part of many of our leading ecclesiastics.

SUNDAY EVENINGS IN LARGE TOWNS.

The question is beginning to attract pretty keen discussion, what ought to be done in our large towns for young men and others who will not enter our churches? The answers are various. Set up fine music in our churches, say some, and make them more attractive. Of course, if there be music of any kind in our churches, it ought to be good music, and pains ought to be taken to make it good; but good music is one thing and fine music is another; and in reference to spiritual effect, the difference between them is, that the one helps us to worship God who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth; the other shuts out God—it interposes an actual barrier between the soul and the professed object of its worship. Others say, in reply to the question, "Let there be better preaching in the churches, and as a matter of course men will flow to them." This is unquestionably true; good preaching is undoubtedly very attractive even to unspiritual men; and like Augustine when he went to hear Ambrose for the sake of his eloquence, many who are attracted by the accidents may be impressed by the essentials of the service. If preaching only be marked by the play of vigorous life—intellectual, emotional, and even physical—it will be wonderfully attractive. It is marvellous what attraction there is in the play of life, of almost every sort—whether as shown in the race-course by horses straining their every fibre, or at sea by the vessel careering over the waves, or in the thunderstorm by the lightning darting from cloud to cloud. Let there be similar play of life in the pulpit, the crowd is sure to be attracted. But if we cannot get our pulpits filled by men of life and living power, what then? What about the thousands of young men who finding on Sabbath evenings no respectable place of resort open to them, steal under cover of the darkness to the vilest and most ruinous? Would it not be better it is asked, to have some

places open where if they got no spiritual good, they would at least suffer no moral harm? Would it not be better than the state of things which we actually find prevailing—the Sabbath evening the busiest in the week in the haunts of debauchery, where the best-reared of our young men are often so quickly ruined both in body and in soul?

So argues in New York Mr. Henry Ward Beecher; and following out his logic, he would have picture galleries, museums, and reading rooms opened on the Lord's day. Somehow, he seems to think that this is compatible with the sanctity of the Sabbath; for while proposing it as a means of preventing debauchery, he expressly reserves the sacredness of the day, and declares that he would favour no proposition that would have the effect of destroying it. We fear that his notion of sanctity is too limp and shallow to be of any avail. There is a sense in which everything is sacred which is not positively wicked. All truth is sacred, nature is sacred, human life is sacred, marriage and all family ties are sacred, friendship, love, and all the virtues too. But the sanctity of the Sabbath is something higher than this. It is "the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," and as such it is designed, as its great spiritual end, to bring us into personal fellowship with our Father in heaven. Museums and picture galleries, in the sense in which they are commonly used, do not fulfil this great and blessed purpose of the Sabbath. For Christian men to encourage their use on the Lord's day on the ground that worse places will be resorted to if they are not opened, would be to do evil that good might come. It would be to adopt the principle which is so pernicious in the Contagious Diseases Acts. But the very pressure of the proposal for opening picture-galleries and the like, which is likely to become greater year by year, ought to lead to more lively, short, and varied evening services in our churches and chapels. And why might not some halls be opened in large towns on Sabbath evenings, with books and periodicals suited for Sunday reading? Or might there not be public readings of interesting missionary narratives, or of Christian biographies, or narratives of philanthropic enterprise?

We should be very much obliged to any of our readers who have thought carefully on the subject to give us the benefit of their views, and would ventilate them through these columns most gladly, if they seemed fitted to aid in the solution of this important problem.

TWO WAYS OF CORRECTING A MISTAKE.

A few months ago, a mistake was committed in this department of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE; one nobleman in high office in India was confounded with another nobleman in high office in India, who bears the same title. The remarkably interesting remarks on the general effects of missions in India which were made by Lord Napier of Merchistoun, were attributed to Lord Napier of Magdala. We

were not the first to make the mistake, but having made it, our attention was turned to it from various quarters. A gentleman in high position called our attention to it, in the most courteous spirit, and on the ground of giving honour to whom honour is due, suggested that so steady and excellent a friend of missions as the Governor of Madras had shown himself to be, ought to have all the credit of his noble utterance. For this communication we offer our best thanks. On the other hand, a newspaper published in Ceylon heads an editorial article founded on our mistake, "The Ignorance of Indian Affairs in England," and makes us feel as if we had perpetrated a gross insult on the country. We really cannot see why distant settlements should be so very touchy, and so ready to find proofs of neglect and indifference in the most natural mistakes. But it seems to be inevitable. About a year ago, a paper appeared in this magazine on Canada, written in the friendliest possible spirit. A writer in an influential paper in Canada, fastening on a mere literary device used by the writer to enliven his style, and utterly blind to the friendly tone of the article, interpreted it as an insult, and with the name of the writer, sent it the round of the colonial newspapers, to show how Canada was treated at home. Such ways of catching up public writers are neither manly nor Christian. Why ought not a little more allowance to be made for the tendency to error to which we are all so subject? And a little more regard paid to obvious friendliness? For our own part, we are delighted to find that Lord Napier of Merchistoun has been so good a friend to missions, and while we regret the mistake into which we fell, we are glad that the opportunity is given us while correcting it, to direct attention anew to his remarkable and discriminating testimony.

II.—ABROAD.

"THE IMPRISONED ENERGY OF FIRE."

A few years ago, it was remarked by one of our best known *savans*, that we are now in the midst of a period of more than average struggle with the imprisoned energy of Fire. The remark has received marvellous confirmation during the past month. Vesuvius has been in a state of activity almost unequalled since the time when it suffocated Pompeii and killed Pliny. A considerable number of persons have lost their lives; fields to a great extent have been devastated; villages have had to be abandoned, and the inhabitants generally have been in a state of panic. The tranquillity of the philosopher Palmieri, maintaining his post and coolly marking his instruments, has been the more remarkable amid so many indications of alarm. Much about the same time Syria has been visited by an earthquake, passing from east to west, that has laid a great part of Antioch in ruins. Whether the dreadful hurricanes reported at Zanzibar and Madras have any connection with these volcanic disturbances or not, they have at least been pretty

nearly contemporaneous with them. It is said too that the great volcano at Hawaii is at present in a state of remarkable activity. On previous occasions it has been noted that such phenomena occur simultaneously at various parts of the earth's surface. The disturbing force of which they are the result would thus appear to be one of enormous dimensions, dominating the whole globe. The imprisoned giant contrives to rouse himself from time to time, sending his fiery breath through openings here and there; and where he gets near the surface without finding an outlet, shakes cities to their foundation, or dashes great tidal waves against the shore. That a great central fire reigns in the interior of the earth, held down for the present by what may prove to be a very thin crust, is the general opinion of our men of science. What if the crust should give way, and the whole globe should fall under the influence of the fire? Well, it is neither more nor less than Scripture predicts. Yet it is a prediction which no scientific knowledge prevalent at the time could have enabled the writers of Scripture to hazard. The premonitions of the coming catastrophe proceeding from Vesuvius or Etna, are sufficiently significant to show us what the result would be if the crust of the globe were to give way, and free outlet were to be found for the imprisoned Fire. Men have speculated on the probable consequences of a comet dashing against our globe, but any fears from that quarter have been dissipated by the fact that the substance of comets is too harmless to excite any dread. But were the fire to burst from within, the consequences would be very different. It is surely unnecessary to press the lesson, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?"

III.—MISSION FIELD.

THE MAHOMETAN REVIVAL.

In a recent number we noticed Mr. Gifford Palgrave's article on the remarkable revival of Mahometan zeal which has appeared during the last thirty years. We find a striking confirmation of Mr. Palgrave's view in a letter from an American missionary, the Rev. W. W. Eddy, from which we extract the following important paragraphs:—

"It is plain to our eyes that of late years there has been a revival of Mahometan zeal and fanaticism in Turkey. This may be traced back to the time of the Indian mutiny. The flame which broke out in plunder and massacre in Syria in 1860, is burning within the hearts of Moslems still. Books artfully and ably written against Christianity, and in favour of Mahometanism, are widely sown throughout the land. Careful search is made at the custom-houses lest any should be admitted against the religion of the prophet. Schools are opened in the principal

cities of the land, from which all Christians are excluded, and whose examinations only Moslems attend, which are really Propagandist schools of the Mahometan faith, their text book the Koran, and their instruction all tending to make the pupils bigoted sectarians.

"Before 1860 partnerships in business between Christians and Mahometans were common. Most of the trade between Sidon and Egypt was conducted through such partnerships. Now this is wholly broken up. Consignments of goods by Christians to Mahometans have been allowed to rot in the custom-houses of Egypt, where a handsome profit might have accrued to the consignees by their reception. Proposals to Mahometans to act as commission agents for Christians have been rejected as the height of presumption and insolence. The consuls of Christian powers have not a tittle of their former influence and respect.

"Reports from India speak of the same increase of fanaticism and restlessness among the Mahometan population there. The assassination of one of the principal English judges, Justice Norman, before the court-room, by a fanatic of that sect, was one indication of that feeling. Mahometanism is not tottering to its fall. Its followers are not expecting tremblingly its overthrow. It is a dangerous thing to underrate a foe. The religion of the false prophet is yet strong and vigorous, powerful to resist aggression, powerful to push forward its own conquests. Among the Gallas and other tribes of Abyssinia and Central Africa, emissaries are busy teaching their religion, and they number their converts by the hundreds yearly. In our thoughts, in our prayers, and in our labours, let us remember that a great conflict is yet to be waged against the Crescent and for the Cross with a well armed and vigilant foe."

"SOUTH SEA BUBBLES."

The *Watchman* had an article in a recent number founded on a book with the above title, of which the authors are an Earl and a Doctor. The moral tone of the whole production, according to the *Watchman*, is not only low, but offensive and indecent. But in its treatment of missions in the South Seas it indulges in a style of scurrility worthy of the lowest papers. A specific charge is made against the Tonga mission :-

"Whatever good the Wesleyans may do 'spiritually,' the mischief they work commercially, whenever they have a chance, is beyond counting; and the common name of their missionary schooner, 'The Palm-oil Trader,' is, according to their own account, well deserved. If the Wesleyan Society had not published the facts themselves, I should have hesitated to state them. Can it be believed that out of the kindly credulous Tonga Islanders, just struggling into civilisation, and whose every dollar, hardly earned, should and would be spent on the improvement of their country, were it not for these canting sharks, they get 'the noble and astonishing sum of £4,489 16s. 2d.,

which, with £1,550 received as *class* and *oil* money makes a total of £6,000, being £3,500 above the current expenses of the mission for the year, to assist in sending the glorious Gospel of Christ to regions beyond.' Beyond where? To those who know the generous, excitable natures of the South Sea Islanders this must be looked upon as sheer pillage."

The atrocious crimes here charged upon the Wesleyan Missionary Society are, first, that they encourage the Tongese to show their value for Christian ordinances by contributing to the support of them. Secondly, that they encourage them to aid in sending the gospel to their neighbours at Fiji and Rotumah; and, thirdly, that they accept of contributions in oil, as well as in money, and allow their missionary vessel to be used in transporting it. Out of these facts it is attempted to concoct a charge of deceit, pillage, grinding the faces of the poor, and other things worthy of "canting sharks." If it is any comfort to the missionaries, they may be assured that, had the facts been precisely the reverse, such polite gentlemen would have given them precisely the same treatment. Had the mission been leaning for support on Britain, we should have been told of lazy dogs that made up false reports to draw the purses of simpletons at missionary meetings; had no stimulus been given to trade, we should have heard of snivelling hymn-singers, who drew away the people's attention from the practical work of life; had no effort been made to interest the converts in the welfare of their neighbours, the cry would have been that they needed to be bribed to profess Christianity themselves, and that the bribe was not large enough to induce them to go further. The friends of Wesleyan missions hardly needed to show that even the temporal benefits conferred on the Tonga Islands were out of all proportion to the contributions of the converts to the cause of Christ. They did not need to vindicate the honesty of the missionaries or the disinterestedness of the Society, or to show that the "sharks" who send a balance of from £3,000 to £5,000 a year to the South Sea mission make a poor job of their sharkery. Missionaries who elevate the tone of morality, and create disappointment to adventurers in these distant settlements, must expect such dirt to be flung at them. The thing that has been is the thing that shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.

MADAGASCAR CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

The infant Church in Madagascar has to confront some of those great problems in which the conflict between Christ and Mammon is liable to be keenest. At the recent anniversary of the London Missionary Society, Mr. Joseph Searle, a missionary to Madagascar, made the following interesting statement on the subject :-

"In the island of Madagascar, especially in Imerina, slavery exists to a large extent. Christians have slaves, and they have Christian slaves

under them. It is an institution that we all have great difficulty in dealing with. I believe we are placed in very much the same position as the early Christians were in reference to the slavery that existed in the Roman Empire. Though the slavery exists in a modified form, and is nothing like the slavery of the West Indies, or the Southern States of America, it is very sad in many of its consequences, and only the Gospel can overcome it. Now I want you to come with me to one of the churches in Madagascar for a short time. We met there the representatives from various churches. The church was as full as it could hold, and, perhaps, there were 1,500 persons present. A paper on Church Discipline by one of the missionaries now present was read on the occasion, and, subsequently, there was a little discussion, and the interest taken in such a subject by so many persons showed that the Gospel had made progress in the island. As the discussion went on, one of the natives rose and said, 'There is one thing I should like to know: Is it proper for a slave-dealer to be admitted a member of a Christian church?' He had seen that there had been some difference of action in this matter—that in one church a slave-dealer had been admitted and in another rejected. One of your worthy missionaries who looked upon the question from the side of caution, for he knew that there sat behind him the brother-in-law and the nephew of the Prime Minister, two persons next in rank to himself, thought it was a very delicate question to introduce, and asked that it might be allowed to rest for a short time. Another of your missionaries, equally cautious, but yet endowed with courage, said to himself, 'It will not do to shirk the question in this way;' and he called upon one of the pastors of the church during the time of the persecution to state whether they admitted slave-dealers into the Church in those days. The pastor got up, and without hesitation, said, 'We did not; it was not that we considered slavery or slave-dealing in itself wrong, but we noticed how those who dealt in slaves did not act according to the command, "Do unto others as you would be done by;" and we observed how much immorality and falsehood were connected with the trade; therefore we decided that such persons should not be admitted.' Other pastors of the Church, during the days of persecution—men who hazarded their lives in favour of the Gospel—spoke to the same purport. The word of those three pastors was quite sufficient to make it plain that the Church in Madagascar would not admit into its membership those who obtained their living by buying and selling slaves. We missionaries, who listened with great interest to what was passing, said to ourselves, 'The thin end of the wedge has been

introduced, and if they can thus apply the principles of the Gospel to slave-dealing, they will the sooner or later apply it to the buying and holding of slaves.'

NATIVE MISSION WORK IN FORMOSA, CHINA.

One of the most interesting cases of rapid missionary success has occurred within the last two or three years in the island of Formosa. That island (at one time held by the Dutch) is inhabited by two races, aborigines and Chinese. It is chiefly among the former that the change has taken place. Dr. Maxwell, a medical missionary from Scotland, detailed many very remarkable facts in connection with this mission, at the missionary anniversary of the English Presbyterian Church. The medical dispensary had brought people from all parts in search of healing, and they had heard the Gospel preached. Two of the aborigines who had been there, on returning to their native place cast away their idols, kept the Sabbath, and turned preachers, and now no fewer than six to seven hundred of their countrymen regularly assemble to hear their preaching. A soldier who had come to the dispensary to be cured of ophthalmia, after an interval of some years, became a convert and a labourer in his neighbourhood. In a little time a chapel was built, and now fifty persons regularly assemble for worship. A girl who had been a patient, taking home with her a hymn-book, and constantly repeating the verses, spread the fame of the truth. A man who had become a convert used to travel sixteen miles every Lord's day to be present at their services, returning to his home on Monday. That man had got a chapel erected in his neighbourhood, which was now filled by a most flourishing congregation. At some of these stations mission hospitals had been erected, and all at a most moderate cost, and without trenching much on the funds of the mission. One of the most remarkable features of this mission was its self-sustaining and self-propagating power. Out of fourteen chapels that had been built in the island, only three were at the expense of the mission. They were seated for two to three hundred, and were well filled. Their erection cost £50 to £60. Native labourers were paid about £22, and of that sum they set aside a tenth for helping to spread the gospel. Besides having a system of finance, the native churches had a system of united prayer, so that they offered up at fixed times supplications for the welfare of certain stations, for the brethren at Amoy, and for the Mother Church in England; and this system was daily becoming more organized and more productive of good.



THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—ABOUT PERCIVALE.



SHOULD like much, before in my narrative approaching a certain hard season we had to encounter, to say a few words concerning my husband, if I only knew how. I find women differ much, both in the degree and manner in which their feelings will permit them to talk about their husbands. I have known women set a whole community against their husbands by the way in which they trumpeted their praises; and I have known one woman set everybody against herself by the way in which she published her husband's faults. I find it difficult to believe either sort. To praise one's husband is so like praising oneself, that to me it seems immodest, and subject to the same suspicion as self-laudation; while to blame one's husband even justly and openly seems to me to border upon treachery itself. How then am I to discharge a sort of half duty my father has laid upon me by what he has said in "The Seaboard Parish" concerning my husband's opinions? My father is one of the few really large-minded men I have yet known; but I am not certain that he has done Percivale justice. At the same time, if he has not, Percivale himself is partly to blame, inasmuch as he never took pains to show my father what he was; for had he done so, my father of all men would have understood him. On the other hand, this fault, if such it was, could have sprung only from my husband's modesty, and his horror of possibly producing an impression on my father's mind more favourable than correct. It is all right now, however.

Still my difficulty remains as to how I am
I. N.S.

to write about him. I must encourage myself with the consideration that none but our own friends, with whom, whether they understood us or not, we are safe, will know to whom the veiled narrative points.

But some acute reader may say,

"You describe your husband's picture: he will be known by that."

In this matter I have been cunning—I hope not deceitful, inasmuch as I now reveal my cunning. Instead of describing any real picture of his, I have always substituted one he has only talked about. The picture actually associated with the facts related, is not the picture I have described.

Although my husband left the impression on my father's mind, lasting for a long time, that he had some definite repugnance to Christianity itself, I had been soon satisfied, perhaps from his being more open with me, that certain unworthy representations of Christianity, coming to him with authority, had cast discredit upon the whole idea of it. In the first year or two of our married life we had many talks on the subject, and I was astonished to find what things he imagined to be acknowledged essentials of Christianity, which have no place whatever in the New Testament; and I think it was in proportion as he came to see his own misconceptions, that, although there was little or no outward difference to be perceived in him, I could more and more clearly distinguish an undercurrent of thought and feeling setting towards the faith which Christianity preaches. He said little or nothing even when I attempted to draw him out on the matter, for he was almost morbidly careful not to seem to know anything he did not know, or to appear what he was not. The most I could get out of him was—but I had better give a little talk I had with him on one occasion. It was some time before we began to go to Marion's on a Sunday evening, and I had asked him to go with me to a certain little chapel in the neighbourhood.

"What!" he said merrily; "the daughter of a clergyman be seen going to a conventicle?"

"If I did it, I would be seen doing it," I answered.

"Don't you know that the man is no conciliatory, or even mild dissenter, but a

decided enemy to Church and State and all that?" pursued Percivale.

"I don't care," I returned. "I know nothing about it. What I know is, that he's a poet and a prophet both in one. He stirs up my heart within me, and makes me long to be good. He is no orator, and yet breaks into bursts of eloquence such as none of the studied orators, to whom you profess so great an aversion, could ever reach."

"You may well be right there. It is against nature for a speaker to be eloquent throughout his discourse, and the false will of course quench the true. I don't mind going if you wish it. I suppose he believes what he says, at least."

"Not a doubt of it. He could not speak as he does from less than a thorough belief."

"Do you mean to say, Wynn timer, that he is *sure* of everything—I don't want to urge an unreasonable question—but is he *sure* that the story of the New Testament is in the main actual fact? I should be very sorry to trouble your faith, but—"

"My father says," I interrupted, "that a true faith is like the pool of Bethesda: it is when troubled that it shows its healing power."

"That depends on where the trouble comes from, perhaps," said Percivale.

"Anyhow," I answered, "it is only that which cannot be shaken that shall remain."

"Well, I will tell you what seems to me a very common-sense difficulty. How is any one to be *sure* of the things there recorded? I cannot imagine a man of our time absolutely certain of them. If you tell me I have testimony, I answer, that the testimony itself requires testimony. I never even saw the people who bear it, have just as good reason to doubt their existence as that of him concerning whom they bear it, have positively no means of verifying it, and indeed have so little confidence in all that is called evidence, knowing how it can be twisted, that I should distrust any conclusion I might seem about to come to on the one side or the other. It does appear to me that if the thing were of God, he would have taken care that it should be possible for an honest man to place a hearty confidence in its record."

He had never talked to me so openly, and I took it as a sign that he had been thinking more of these things than hitherto. I felt it a serious matter to have to answer such words, for how could I have any better assurance of that external kind than Percivale himself? That I was in the same intellectual position, however, enabled me the better to understand him. For a short time I was silent, while he

regarded me with a look of concern—fearful, I fancied, lest he should have involved me in his own perplexity.

"Isn't it possible, Percivale," I said, "that God may not care so much for beginning at that end?"

"I don't quite understand you, Wynn timer," he returned.

"A man might believe every fact recorded concerning our Lord, and yet not have the faith in him that God wishes him to have."

"Yes, certainly. But will you say the converse of that is true?"

"Explain, please."

"Will you say a man may have the faith God cares for without the faith you say he does not care for?"

"I didn't say that God does not care about our having assurance of the facts; for surely if everything depends on those facts, much will depend on the degree of our assurance concerning them. I only expressed a doubt whether in the present age he cares that we should have that assurance first. Perhaps he means it to be the result of the higher kind of faith which rests in the will."

"I don't at the moment see how the higher faith, as you call it, can precede the lower."

"It seems to me possible enough. For what is the test of discipleship the Lord lays down? Is it not obedience? 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' 'If a man love me, he will keep my commandments.' 'I never knew you: depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.' Suppose a man feels in himself that he must have some saviour or perish; suppose he feels drawn, by conscience, by admiration, by early memories, to the form of Jesus dimly seen through the mists of ages; suppose he cannot be sure there ever was such a man, but reads about him, and ponders over the words attributed to him until he feels they are the right thing whether he said them or not, and that if he could but be sure there were such a being, he would believe in him with heart and soul; suppose also that he comes upon the words, 'If any man is willing to do the will of the Father, he shall know whether I speak of myself or he sent me;' suppose all these things, might not the man then say to himself, 'I cannot tell whether all this is true, but I know nothing that seems half so good, and I will try to do the will of the Father in the hope of the promised knowledge? Do you think God would or would not count that to the man for faith?'"

I had no more to say, and a silence fol-

lowed. After a pause of some duration, Percivale said,

"I will go with you, my dear," and that was all his answer.

When we came out of the little chapel—the same into which Marion had stepped on that evening so memorable to her—we walked homeward in silence, and reached our own door ere a word was spoken. But when I went to take off my things, Percivale followed me into the room and said—

"Whether that man is *certain* of the facts or not, I cannot tell yet; but I am perfectly satisfied he believes in the manner of which you were speaking—that of obedience, Wynn timer. He must believe with his heart and will and life."

"If so, he can well afford to wait for what light God will give him on things that belong to the intellect and judgment."

"I would rather think," he returned, "that purity of life must react on the judgment, so as to make it likewise clear, and enable to recognize the true force of the evidence at command."

"That is how my father came to believe," I said.

"He seems to me to rest his conviction more upon external proof."

"That is only because it is easier to talk about. He told me once that he was never able to estimate the force and weight of the external arguments until after he had believed for the very love of the eternal truth he saw in the story. His heart, he said, had been the guide of his intellect."

"That is just what I would fain believe. But oh, Wynn timer, the pity of it if that story should not be true after all!"

"Ah, my love!" I cried—"that very word makes me surer than ever that it cannot but be true. Let us go on putting it to the hardest test; let us try it until it crumbles in our hands—try it by the touchstone of action founded on its requirements."

"There may be no other way," said Percivale, after a thoughtful pause, "of becoming capable of recognizing the truth. It may be beyond the grasp of all but the mind that has thus yielded to it. There may be no contact for it with any but such a mind. Such a conviction then could neither be forestalled nor communicated. Its very existence must remain doubtful until it asserts itself. I see that."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MY SECOND TERROR.

"PLEASE, ma'am, is Master Fido to carry Master Zohrab about by the back o' the

neck?" said Jemima in indignant appeal, one afternoon late in November, bursting into the study where I sat with my husband.

Fido was our Bedlington terrier, which, having been reared by Newcastle colliers, and taught to draw a badger—whatever that may mean—I am hazy about it—had a passion for burrowing after anything buried. Swept away by the current of the said passion, he had with his strong fore-paws unearthed poor Zohrab, which, being a tortoise, had ensconced himself, as he thought, for the winter, in the earth at the foot of a lilac-tree; but now, much to his jeopardy, from the cold and the shock of the surprise more than from the teeth of his friend, was being borne about the garden in triumph, though whether exactly as Jemima described may be questionable. Her indignation at the inroad of the dog upon the personal rights of the tortoise had possibly not lessened her general indifference to accuracy.

Alarmed at the danger to the poor animal, of a kind from which his natural defences were powerless to protect him, Percivale threw down his palette and brushes, and ran to the door.

"Do put on your coat and hat, Percivale," I cried—but he was gone.

Cold as it was, he had been sitting in the light blouse he had worn at his work all the summer. The stove had got red-hot, and the room was like an oven, while outside a dank fog filled the air. I hurried after him with his coat, and found him pursuing Fido about the garden, the brute declining to obey his call, or to drop the tortoise. Percivale was equally deaf to my call, and not until he had beaten the dog did he return with the rescued tortoise in his hands. The consequences were serious—first the death of Zohrab, and next a terrible illness to my husband. He had caught cold; it settled on his lungs and passed into bronchitis.

It was a terrible time to me, for I had no doubt, for some days, that he was dying. The measures taken seemed thoroughly futile.

It is an awful moment when first death looks in at the door. The positive recognition of his presence is so different from any vividest imagination of it! For the moment I believed nothing—felt only the coming blackness of absolute loss. I cared neither for my children, nor for my father or mother. Nothing appeared of any worth more. I had conscience enough left to try to pray, but no prayer would rise from the frozen depths of my spirit. I could

only move about in mechanical and hopeless ministrations to one whom it seemed of no use to go on loving any more; for what was nature but a soul-less machine, the constant clank of whose motion sounded only, "Dust to dust; dust to dust," for evermore? But I was roused from this horror-stricken mood by a look from my husband, who, catching a glimpse of my despair, motioned me to him with a smile as of sunshine upon snow, and whispered in my ear:

"I'm afraid you haven't much more faith than myself after all, Wynn timer."

It stung me into life—not for the sake of my professions, not even for the honour of our heavenly Father, but by waking in me the awful thought of my beloved passing through the shadow of death with no one beside him to help or comfort him, in absolute loneliness and uncertainty. The thought was unendurable. For a moment I wished he might die suddenly, and so escape the vacuous despair of a conscious lingering between life and the something or the nothing beyond it.

"But I cannot go with you!" I cried, and forgetting all my duty as a nurse, I wept in agony.

"Perhaps another will, my Wynn timer—one who knows the way," he whispered, for he could not speak aloud, and closed his eyes.

It was as if an arrow of light had slain the Python coiled about my heart. If he believed, I could believe also; if he could encounter the vague dark, I could endure the cheerless light. I was myself again, and, with one word of endearment, left the bedside to do what had to be done.

At length a faint hope began to glimmer in the depth of my cavernous fear. It was long ere it swelled into confidence; but although I was then in somewhat feeble health, my strength never gave way. For a whole week I did not once undress, and for weeks I was half awake all the time I slept. The softest whisper would rouse me thoroughly, and it was only when Marion took my place that I could sleep at all.

I am afraid I neglected my poor children dreadfully. I seemed for the time to have no responsibility, and even, I am ashamed to say, little care for them. But then I knew that they were well attended to; friends were very kind—especially Judy—in taking them out; and Marion's daily visits were like those of a mother. Indeed she was able to mother anything human except a baby, to whom she felt no attraction—any more than to the inferior animals, for which she had little regard be-

yond—a negative one: she would hurt no creature that was not hurtful; but she had scarcely an atom of kindness for dog or cat, or anything that is petted of woman. It is the only defect I am aware of in her character.

My husband slowly recovered, but it was months before he was able to do anything he would call work. But even in labour success is not only to the strong. Working a little at the short best time of the day with him, he managed, long before his full recovery, to paint a small picture which better critics than I have thought worthy of Angelico. I will attempt to describe it.

Through the lighted windows of a great hall, the spectator catches broken glimpses of a festive company. At the head of the table, pouring out the red wine, he sees one like unto the Son of Man, upon whom the eyes of all are turned. At the other end of the hall, seated high in a gallery, with rapt looks and quaint yet homely angelican instruments, he sees the orchestra pouring out their souls through their strings and trumpets. The hall is filled with a jewel-like glow, as of light suppressed by colour, the radiating centre of which is the red wine on the table; while mingled wings, of all gorgeous splendours, hovering in the dim height, are suffused and harmonized by the molten ruby tint that pervades the whole.

Outside, in the drizzly darkness, stands a lonely man. He stoops listening, with one ear laid almost against the door. His half-upturned face catches a ray of the light reflected from a muddy pool in the road. It discloses features wan and wasted with sorrow and sickness, but glorified with the joy of the music. He is like one who has been four days dead, to whose body the music has recalled the soul. Down by his knee he holds a violin, curiously fashioned like those of the orchestra within, which, as he listens, he is tuning to their pitch.

To readers acquainted with a poem of Dr. Donne's—"Hymn to God, my God, in my sickness,"—this description of mine will at once suggest the origin of the picture. I had read some verses of it to him in his convalescence, and having heard them once he requested them often again. The first stanza runs thus:—

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy musiqu e, as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door;
And what I must do then, think here before.

The painting is almost the only one he has yet refused to let me see before it was



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finished ; but when it was, he hung it up in my own little room off the study, and I became thoroughly acquainted with it. I think I love it more than anything else he has done. I got him, without telling him why, to put a touch or two to the listening figure, which made it really like himself.

During this period of recovery, I often came upon him reading his Greek New Testament, which he would shove aside when I entered. At length one morning I said to him :

"Are you ashamed of the New Testament, Percivale? One would think it was a bad book from the way you try to hide it."

"No, my love," he said ; "it is only that I am jealous of appearing to do that from suffering and weakness only, which I did not do when I was strong and well. But sickness has opened my eyes a good deal I think, and I am sure of this much, that whatever truth there is here, I want it all the same whether I am feeling the want or not. I had no idea what there was in this book."

"Would you mind telling me," I said, "what made you take to reading it?"

"I will try.—When I thought I was dying, a black cloud seemed to fall over everything. It was not so much that I was afraid to die, —although I did dread the final conflict—as that I felt so forsaken and lonely. It was of little use saying to myself that I mustn't be a coward, and that it was the part of a man to meet his fate, whatever it might be, with composure ; for I saw nothing worth being brave about ; the heart had melted out of me ; there was nothing to give me joy, nothing for my life to rest upon, no sense of love at the heart of things. Didn't you feel something the same that terrible day?"

"I did," I answered. "I hope I never believed in death all the time ; and yet for one fearful moment the skeleton seemed to swell and grow till he blotted out the sun and the stars, and was himself all in all ; while the life beyond was too shadowy to show behind him. And so death was victorious until the thought of your loneliness in the dark valley broke the spell, and for your sake I hoped in God again."

"And I thought with myself—Would God set his children down in the dark, and leave them to cry aloud in anguish at the terrors of the night? Would he not make the very darkness light about them? Or if they must pass through such tortures, would he not at least let them know that he was with them? How then can there be a God? Then arose in my mind all at once the old

story, how, in the person of his son, God himself had passed through the darkness now gathering about me, had gone down to the grave, and had conquered death by dying. If this was true, this was to be a God indeed. Well might he call on us to endure who had himself borne the far heavier share. If there were an Eternal Life who would perfect my life, I could be brave ; I could endure what he chose to lay upon me ; I could go whither he led."

"And were you able to think all that when you were so ill, my love?" I said.

"Something like it—practically very like it," he answered. "It kept growing in my mind—coming and going and gathering clearer shape. I thought with myself that if there was a God, he certainly knew that I would give myself to him if I could ; that, if I knew Jesus to be verily and really his son, however it might seem strange to believe in him and hard to obey him, I would try to do so ; and then a verse about the smoking flax and the bruised reed came into my head, and a great hope arose in me. I do not know if it was what the good people would call faith, but I had no time and no heart to think about words : I wanted God and his Christ. A fresh spring of life seemed to burst up in my heart ; all the world grew bright again ; I seemed to love you and the children twice as much as before ; a calmness came down upon my spirit which seemed to me like nothing but the presence of God ; and, although I dare say you did not then perceive a change, I am certain that the same moment I began to recover."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE CLOUDS AFTER THE RAIN.

BUT the clouds returned after the rain. It will be easily understood how the little money we had in hand should have rapidly vanished during Percivale's illness. While he was making nothing, the expenses of the family went on as usual, and not that only, but many little delicacies had to be got for him, and the doctor was yet to pay. Even up to the time when he was taken ill, we had been doing little better than living from hand to mouth, for as often as we thought income was about to get a few yards ahead in the race with expense, something invariably happened to disappoint us.

I am not sorry that I have no *special* faculty for saving ; for I have never known any in whom such was well developed, who would not do things they ought to

be ashamed of. The savings of such people seem to me to come quite as much off other people as off themselves, and, especially in regard of small sums, they are in danger of being first mean, and then dishonest. Certainly, whoever makes saving the end of her life, must soon grow mean, and will probably grow dishonest. But I have never succeeded in drawing the line betwixt meanness and dishonesty: what is mean, so far as I can see, slides by indistinguishable gradations into what is plainly dishonest. And what is more—the savings are commonly made at the cost of the defenceless. It is better far to live in constant difficulties, than to keep out of them by such vile means as must besides poison the whole nature, and make one's judgments both of God and her neighbours mean as her own conduct. It is nothing to say that you must be just before you are generous, for that is the very point I am insisting on—namely, that one must be just to others before she is generous to herself. It will never do to make your two ends meet by pulling the other ends from the hands of those who are likewise puzzled to make them meet.

But I must now put myself at the bar, and cry *Pecavi*; for I was often wrong on the other side, sometimes getting things for the house before it was quite clear I could afford them, and sometimes buying the best when an inferior thing would have been more suitable, if not to my ideas, yet to my purse. It is, however, far more difficult for one with an uncertain income to learn to save, or even to be prudent, than for one who knows how much exactly every quarter will bring.

My husband, while he left the whole management of money matters to me, would yet spend occasionally without consulting me. In fact he had no notion of money and what it would or would not do. I never knew a man spend less upon himself, but he would be extravagant for me, and I dared hardly utter a foolish liking lest he should straightway turn it into a cause of shame by attempting to gratify it. He had besides a weakness for over-paying people, of which neither Marion nor I could honestly approve, however much we might admire the disposition whence it proceeded.

Now that I have confessed, I shall be more easy in my mind, for in regard of the troubles that followed, I cannot be sure that I was free of blame. One word more in self-excuse, and I have done: however imperative, it is none the less hard to cultivate two opposing virtues at one and the same time.

While my husband was ill, not a picture had been disposed of, and even after he was able to work a little, I could not encourage visitors: he was not able for the fatigue, and in fact shrunk, with an irritability I had never perceived a sign of before, from seeing any one. To my growing dismay, I saw my little stock—which was bodily in my hand, for we had no banking account—rapidly approaching its final evanishment.

Some may think that, with parents in the position of mine, a temporary difficulty need have caused me no anxiety: I must therefore mention one or two facts with regard to both my husband and my parents.

In the first place, although he had as complete a confidence in him as I had—both in regard to what he said and what he seemed, my husband could not feel towards my father as I felt. He had married me as a poor man, who yet could keep a wife; and I knew it would be a bitter humiliation to him to ask my father for money, on the ground that he had given his daughter. I should have felt nothing of the kind, for I should have known that my father would do him as well as me perfect justice in the matter, and would consider any money spent upon us as used to a divine purpose. For he regarded the necessities of life as noble, its comforts as honourable, its luxuries as permissible—thus reversing altogether the usual judgment of rich men, who in general like nothing worse than to leave their boards to those of their relatives who will degrade them to the purchase of mere bread and cheese, blankets and clothes and coals. But I had no right to go against my husband's feeling. So long as the children had their bread and milk, I would endure with him. I am confident I could have starved as well as he, and should have enjoyed letting him see it.

But there were reasons because of which even I, in my fullest freedom, could not have asked help from my father just at this time. I am ashamed to tell the fact, but I must: before the end of his second year at Oxford, just over, the elder of my two brothers had, without any vice, I firmly believe, beyond that of thoughtlessness and folly, got himself so deeply mired in debt, both to tradespeople and money-lenders, that my father had to pay two thousand pounds for him. Indeed, as I was well assured, although he never told me so, he had to borrow part of the money on a fresh mortgage in order to clear him. Some lawyer, I believe, told him that he was not bound to pay; but my father said that although

such creditors deserved no protection of the law, he was not bound to give them a lesson in honesty at the expense of weakening the bond between himself and his son, for whose misdeeds he acknowledged a large share of responsibility; while on the other hand he was bound to give his son the lesson of the suffering brought on his family by his selfishness; and therefore would pay the money—if not gladly, yet willingly. How the poor boy got through the shame and misery of it, I can hardly imagine; but this I can say for him, that it was purely of himself that he accepted a situation in Ceylon, instead of returning to Oxford. Thither he was now on his way, with the intention of saving all he could in order to repay his father; and if at length he succeeds in doing so, he will doubtless make a fairer start the second time, because of the discipline, than if he had gone out with the money in his pocket.

It was natural then that in such circumstances a daughter should shrink from adding her troubles to those caused by a son. I ought to add that my father had of late been laying out a good deal in building cottages for the labourers on his farms, and that the land was not yet entirely freed from the mortgages my mother had inherited with it.

Percivale continued so weak that for some time I could not bring myself to say a word to him about money. But to keep them as low as possible did not prevent the household debts from accumulating, and the servants' wages were on the point of coming due. I had been careful to keep the milkman paid, and for the rest of the tradesmen I consoled myself with the certainty that, if the worst came to the worst, there was plenty of furniture in the house to pay every one of them. Still, of all burdens, next to sin, that of debt I think must be the heaviest.

I tried to keep cheerful, but at length, one night, during our supper of bread and cheese, which I could not bear to see my poor pale-faced husband eating, I broke down.

"What is the matter, my darling?" asked Percivale.

I took a half-crown from my pocket, and held it out on the palm of my hand.

"That's all I've got, Percivale," I said.

"Oh! that all—is it?" he returned lightly.

"Yes—isn't that enough?" I said with some indignation.

"Certainly—for to-night," he answered, "seeing the shops are shut. But is that all that's troubling you?" he went on.

"It seems to me quite enough," I said again; "and if you had the housekeeping to do, and the bills to pay, you would think a solitary half-crown quite enough to make you miserable."

"Never mind—so long as it's a good one," he said. "I'll get you more to-morrow."

"How can you do that?" I asked.

"Easily," he answered. "You'll see. Don't you trouble your dear heart about it for a moment."

I felt relieved, and asked him no more questions.

The next morning, when I went into the study to speak to him, he was not there, and I guessed that he had gone to town to get the money, for he had not been out before since his illness, at least without me. But I hoped of all things he was not going to borrow it of a money-lender, of which I had a great and justifiable horror, having heard from himself how a friend of his had in such case fared. I would have sold three fourths of the things in the house rather. But as I turned to leave the study, anxious both about himself and his proceedings, I thought something was different, and soon discovered that a certain favourite picture was missing from the wall: it was clear he had gone either to sell it or raise money upon it.

By our usual early dinner-hour, he returned, and put into my hands, with a look of forced cheerfulness, two five-pound notes.

"Is that all you got for that picture?" I said.

"That is all Mr. — would advance me upon it," he answered. "I thought he had made enough by me to have risked a little more than that; but picture-dealers—. Well, never mind. That is enough to give time for twenty things to happen."

And no doubt twenty things did happen, but none of them of the sort he meant. The ten pounds sank through my purse like water through gravel. I paid a number of small bills at once, for they pressed the more heavily upon me that I knew the money was wanted; and by the end of another fortnight we were as badly off as before, with an additional trouble, which in the circumstances was anything but slight.

In conjunction with more than ordinary endowments of stupidity and self-conceit, Jemima was possessed of a furious temper, which showed itself occasionally in outbursts of unendurable rudeness. She had been again and again on the point of leaving me, now she, now I giving warning, but ere the day arrived, her better nature had always got

the upper hand; she had broken down and given in. These outbursts had generally followed a season of better behaviour than usual, and were all but certain if I ventured the least commendation, for she could stand anything better than praise. At the least subsequent rebuke, self would break out in rage, vulgarity, and rudeness. On this occasion, however, I cannot tell whence it was that one of these cyclones arose in our small atmosphere; but it was *Jemima*, you may well believe, who gave warning, for it was out of my power to pay her wages. And there was no sign of her yielding.

My reader may be inclined to ask in what stead the religion I had learned of my father now stood me. I will endeavour to be honest in my answer.

Every now and then I tried to pray to God to deliver us, but I was far indeed from praying always, and still farther from not fainting. A whole day would sometimes pass under a weight of care that amounted often to misery, and not until its close would I bethink me that I had been all the weary hours without God. Even when more hopeful, I would keep looking and looking for the impossibility of something to happen of itself, instead of looking for some good and perfect gift to come down from the Father of Lights; and when I awoke to the fact, the fog would yet lie so deep on my soul that I could not be sorry for my idolatry and want of faith. It was indeed a miserable time. There was, besides, one definite thought that always choked my prayers: I could not say in my conscience that I had been sufficiently careful either in my management or my expenditure. "If," I thought, "I could be certain that I had done my best, I should be able to trust in God for all that lies beyond my power; but now, he may mean to punish me for my carelessness." Then why should I not endure it calmly and without complaint? Alas! it was not I alone that thus would be punished, but my children and my husband as well. Nor could I avoid coming on my poor father at last, who of course would interfere to prevent a sale; and the thought was, from the circumstances I have mentioned, very bitter to me. Sometimes, however, in more faithful moods, I would reason with myself that God would not be hard upon me even if I had not been so saving as I ought. My father had taken his son's debts on himself, and would not allow him to be disgraced more than could be helped; and if an earthly parent would act thus for his child, would our Father in heaven be less tender with us?

Still, for very love's sake, it might be necessary to lay some disgrace upon me, for of late I had been thinking far too little of the best things. The cares more than the duties of life had been filling my mind. If it brought me nearer to God, I must then say it had been good for me to be afflicted; but while my soul was thus oppressed, how could my feelings have any scope? Let come what would however, I must try and bear it—even disgrace, if it was *his* will. Better people than I had been thus disgraced, and it might be my turn next. Meantime it had not come to that, and I must not let the cares of to-morrow burden to-day.

Every day almost, as it seems in looking back, a train of thought something like this would pass through my mind. But things went on, and grew no better. With gathering rapidity, we went sliding—to all appearance—down the inclined plane of disgrace.

Percivale at length asked Roger, if he had any money by him, to lend him a little; and he gave him at once all he had, amounting to six pounds—a wonderful amount for Roger to have accumulated—with the help of which we got on to the end of *Jemima's* month. The next step I had in view was to take my little valuables to the pawnbroker's—amongst them a watch, whose face was encircled with a row of good-sized diamonds. It had belonged to my great-grandmother, and my mother had given it me when I was married.

We had had a piece of boiled neck of mutton for dinner, of which we, that is my husband and I, had partaken sparingly, in order that there might be enough for the servants; Percivale had gone out, and I was sitting in the drawing-room, lost in anything but a blessed reverie, with all the children chattering amongst themselves beside me, when *Jemima* entered, looking subdued.

"If you please, ma'am, this is my day," she said.

"Have you got a place, then, *Jemima*?" I asked; for I had been so much occupied with my own affairs that I had thought little of the future of the poor girl to whom I could have given but a lukewarm recommendation for anything prized amongst housekeepers.

"No, ma'am. Please, ma'am, mayn't I stop?"

"No, *Jemima*. I am very sorry, but I can't afford to keep you. I shall have to do all the work myself when you are gone."

I thought to pay her wages out of the proceeds of my jewels, but was willing to delay the step as long as possible—rather I believe

from repugnance to enter the pawn-shop than from disinclination to part with the trinkets. But as soon as I had spoken, Jemima burst into an Irish wail, mingled with sobs and tears, crying between the convulsions of all three—

"I thought there was something wrong, mis'ess. You and master looked so scared-like. Please, mis'ess, don't send me away."

"I never wanted to send you away, Jemima. You wanted to go yourself."

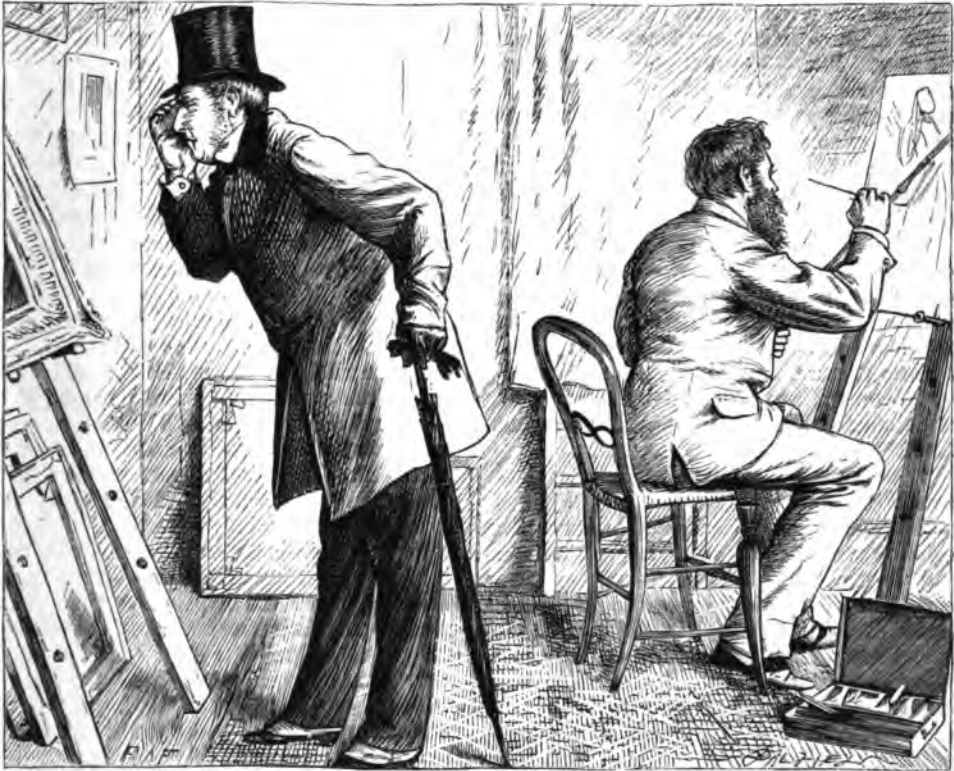
"No, ma'am; *that* I didn't. I only

wanted you to ask me to stop. Wirra! wirra! It's myself is sorry I was so rude. It's not me—it's my temper, mis'ess. I do believe I was born with a devil inside of me."

I could not help laughing, partly from amusement, partly from relief.

"But you see I can't ask you to stop," I said. "I've got no money—not even enough to pay you to-day—so I can't keep you."

"I don't want no money, ma'am. Let me stop, and I'll cook for yez and wash and



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scrub for yez to the end o' my days. An' I'll eat no more than'll keep the life in me. I *must* eat something, or the smell o' the meat would turn me sick, ye see, ma'am; and then I shouldn't be no good to yez. Please 'm, I ha' got fifteen pounds in the savings' bank: I'll give ye all that if ye'll let me stop wid ye."

When I confess that I burst out crying, my reader will be kind enough to take into consideration that I hadn't had much to eat for some time, that I was therefore weak in body as well as in mind, and that this was the first gleam of sunshine I had had for many weeks.

"Thank you very much, Jemima," I said, as soon as I could speak. "I won't take your money, for then you would be as poor as I am. But if you would like to stop with us you shall, and I won't pay you till I'm able."

The poor girl was profuse in her thanks, and left the room sobbing in her apron.

It was a gloomy drizzly dreary afternoon. The children were hard to amuse, and I was glad when their bed-time arrived. It was getting late before Percivale returned. He looked pale, and I found afterwards that he had walked home. He had got wet, and

had to change some of his clothes. When we went in to supper, there was the neck of mutton on the table, almost as we had left it. This led me, before asking him any questions, to relate what had passed with *Jemima*, at which news he laughed merrily, and was evidently a good deal relieved. Then I asked him where he had been.

"To the city," he answered.

"Have you sold another picture?" I asked, with an inward tribulation, half hope, half fear; for much as we wanted the money, I could ill bear the thought of his pictures going for the price of mere pot-boilers.

"No," he replied; "the last is stopping the way. Mr. — has been advertising it as a bargain for a hundred and fifty. But he hasn't sold it yet, and can't, he says, risk ten pounds on another. What's to come of it, I don't know," he added. "But meantime it's a comfort that *Jemima* can wait a bit for *her* money."

As we sat at supper I thought I saw a look on *Percivale's* face which I had never seen there before. All at once, while I was wondering what it might mean, after a long pause, during which we had been both looking into the fire, he said,

"Wynn timer, I'm going to paint a better picture than I've ever painted yet. I can, and I will."

"But how are we to live in the meantime?" I said.

His face fell, and I saw with shame what a *Job's* comforter I was. Instead of sympathizing with his ardour, I had quenched it. What if my foolish remark had ruined a great picture! Anyhow it had wounded a great heart, which had turned to labour as its plainest duty, and would thereby have been strengthened to endure and to hope. It was too cruel of me. I knelt by his knee, and told him I was both ashamed and sorry I had been so faithless and unkind. He made little of it; said I might well ask the question; and even tried to be merry over it; but I could see well enough that I had let a gust of the foggy night into his soul, and was thoroughly vexed with myself. We went to bed gloomy, but slept well, and awoke more cheerful.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE SUNSHINE.

As we were dressing, it came into my mind that I had forgotten to give him a black-bordered letter which had arrived the night before. I commonly opened his letters, but I had not opened this one, for it looked like a business letter, and I feared it

might be a demand for the rent of the house, which was over due. Indeed at this time I dreaded opening any letter the writing on which I did not recognise.

"Here is a letter, *Percivale*," I said. "I'm sorry I forgot to give it you last night."

"Who is it from?" he asked, talking through his towel from his dressing-room.

"I don't know. I didn't open it. It looks like something disagreeable."

"Open it now, then, and see."

"I can't just at this moment," I answered, for I had my back hair half twisted in my hands. "There it is on the chimney-piece."

He came in, took it, and opened it, while I went on with my toilet. Suddenly his arms were round me, and I felt his cheek on mine.

"Read that," he said, putting the letter into my hand.

It was from a lawyer in *Shrewsbury*, informing him that his godmother, with whom he had been a great favourite when a boy, was dead, and had left him three hundred pounds.

It was like a reprieve to one about to be executed. I could only weep and thank God, once more believing in my Father in Heaven. But it was a humbling thought, that, if he had not thus helped me, I might have ceased to believe in him. I saw plainly that, let me talk to *Percivale* as I might, my own faith was but a wretched thing. It is all very well to have noble theories about God, but where is the good of them except we actually trust in him as a real present living loving being, who counts us of more value than many sparrows, and will not let one of them fall to the ground without him?

"I thought, Wynn timer, if there was such a God as you believed in, and with you to pray to him, we shouldn't be long without a hearing," said my husband.

There was more faith in his heart all the time, though he could not profess the belief I thought I had, than there ever was in mine.

But our troubles weren't nearly over yet. *Percivale* wrote acknowledging the letter, and requesting to know when it would be convenient to let him have the money, as he was in immediate want of it. The reply was that the trustees were not bound to pay the legacies for a year, but that possibly they might stretch a point in his favour if he applied to them. *Percivale* did so, but received a very curt answer, with little encouragement to expect anything but the extreme of legal delay. He received the money, however, about four

months after—lightened, to the great disappointment of my ignorance, of thirty pounds legacy-duty.

In the meantime, although our minds were much relieved, and Percivale was working away at his new picture with great energy and courage, the immediate pressure of circumstances was nearly as painful as ever. It was a comfort, however, to know that we might borrow on the security of the legacy; but greatly grudging the loss of the interest which that would involve, I would have persuaded Percivale to ask a loan of Lady Bernard. He objected—on what ground do you think?—That it would be disagreeable to Lady Bernard to be repaid the sum she had lent us! He would have finally consented, however, I have little doubt, had the absolute necessity for borrowing arrived.

About a week or ten days after the blessed news, he had a note from Mr. —, whom he had authorized to part with the picture for thirty guineas. How much this was under its value, it is not easy to say, seeing the money-value of pictures is dependent on so many things; but if the fairy godmother's executors had paid her legacy at once, that picture would not have been sold for less than five times the amount; and I may mention that the last time it changed hands, it fetched five hundred and seventy pounds.

Mr. — wrote that he had an offer of five and twenty for it, desiring to know whether he might sell it for that sum. Percivale at once gave his consent, and the next day received a cheque for eleven pounds, odd shillings; the difference being the amount borrowed upon it, its interest, the commission charged on the sale, and the price of a small picture frame.

The next day Percivale had a visitor at the studio—no less a person than Mr. Baddeley, with his shirt-front in full blossom, and his diamond wallowing in light on his fifth finger—I cannot call it his little finger, for his hands were as huge as they were soft and white—hands descended of generations of laborious ones, but which had never themselves done any work beyond paddling in money.

He greeted Percivale with a jolly condescension, and told him that having seen and rather liked a picture of his the other day, he had come to inquire whether he had one that would do for a pendent to it, as he should like to have it, provided he did not want a fancy price for it.

Percivale felt as if he were setting out

to look about the room, and turned round a few from against the wall. The great man fitted hither and thither, spying at one after another through the cylinder of his curved hand, Percivale going on with his painting as if no one were there.

"How much do you want for this sketch?" asked Mr. Baddeley at length, pointing to one of the most highly finished paintings in the room.

"I put three hundred on it at the Academy Exhibition," answered Percivale. "My friends thought it too little, but as it has been on my hands a long time now, and pictures don't rise in price in the keeping of the painter, I shouldn't mind taking two for it."

"Two tens, I suppose you mean," said Mr. Baddeley.

"I gave him a look," said Percivale as he described the interview to me; and I knew as well as if I had seen it what kind of a phenomenon that look must have been.

"Come now," Mr. Baddeley went on, perhaps misinterpreting the look, for it was such as a man of his property was not in the habit of receiving, "you mustn't think I'm made of money, or that I'm a green hand in the market. I know what your pictures fetch, and I'm a pretty sharp man of business, I believe. What do you really mean to say and stick to? Ready money, you know."

"Three hundred," said Percivale coolly.

"Why, Mr. Percivale," cried Mr. Baddeley, drawing himself up, as my husband said, with the air of one who knew a trick worth two of that, "I paid Mr. — fifty pounds, neither more nor less, for a picture of yours yesterday—a picture, allow me to say, worth—"

He turned again to the one in question with a critical air, as if about to estimate to a fraction its value as compared with the other.

"Worth three of that, some people think," said Percivale.

"The price of this then, joking aside, is—?"

"Three hundred pounds," answered Percivale—I know well how quietly.

"I understood you wished to sell it," said Mr. Baddeley, beginning for all his good nature to look offended—as well he might.

"I do wish to sell it. I happen to be in want of money."

"Then I'll be liberal, and offer you the same I paid for the other. I'll send you a cheque this afternoon for fifty—with plea—"

"You cannot have that picture under three hundred."

"Why!" said the rich man, puzzled, "you offered it for two hundred, not five minutes ago."

"Yes; and you pretended to think I meant two tens."

"Offended you, I fear."

"At all events betrayed so much ignorance of painting that I would rather not have a picture of mine in your house."

"You're the first man ever presumed to tell me I was ignorant of painting," said Mr. Baddeley, now thoroughly indignant.

"You have heard the truth, then, for the first time," said Percivale, and resumed his work.

Mr. Baddeley walked out of the study.

I am not sure that he was so very ignorant. He had been in the way of buying popular pictures for some time, paying thousands for certain of them. I suspect he had eye enough to see that my husband's would probably rise in value, and, with the true huckster spirit, was ambitious of boasting how little he had given compared with what they were really worth.

Percivale in this case was doubtless rude. He had an insuperable aversion to men of Mr. Baddeley's class—men who could have no position but for their money, and who yet presumed upon it, as if it were gifts and graces, genius and learning, judgment and art, all in one. He was in the habit of saying that the plutocracy, as he called it, ought to be put down—that is, negatively, and honestly—by showing them no more respect than you really entertained for them. Besides, although he had no great favour for cousin Judy's husband, he yet bore Mr. Baddeley a grudge for the way in which he had treated one with whom, while things went well with him, he had been ready enough to exchange hospitalities.

Before long, through Lady Bernard, he sold a picture at a fair price; and soon after, seeing in a shop-window the one Mr. — had sold to Mr. Baddeley, marked ten pounds, went in and bought it. Within the year he sold it for a hundred and fifty.

By working day and night almost, he finished his new picture in time for the Academy, and, as he had himself predicted, it proved, at least in the opinion of all his artist friends, the best that he had ever painted. It was bought at once for three hundred pounds, and never since then have we been in want of money.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—WHAT LADY BERNARD THOUGHT OF IT.

My reader may wonder that, in my record of these troubles, I have never mentioned Marion. The fact is I could not bring myself to tell her of them, partly because she was in some trouble herself, from strangers who had taken rooms in the house, and made mischief between her and her grandchildren; and partly because I knew she would insist on going to Lady Bernard, and, although I should not have minded it myself, I knew that nothing but seeing the children hungry would have driven my husband to consent to it.

One evening, after it was all over, I told Lady Bernard the story. She allowed me to finish it without saying a word. When I had ended, she still sat silent for a few moments; then, laying her hand on my arm, said,

"My dear child, you were very wrong, as well as very unkind. Why did you not let me know?"

"Because my husband would never have allowed me," I answered.

"Then I must have a talk with your husband," she said.

"I wish you would," I replied, "for I can't help thinking Percivale too severe about such things."

The very next day she called, and did have a talk with him in the study—to the following effect.

"I have come to quarrel with you, Mr. Percivale," said Lady Bernard.

"I'm sorry to hear it," he returned. "You're the last person I should like to quarrel with, for it would imply some unpardonable fault in me."

"It does imply a fault—and a great one," she rejoined, "though I trust not an unpardonable one. That depends on whether you can repent of it."

She spoke with such a serious air, that Percivale grew uneasy, and began to wonder what he could possibly have done to offend her. I had told him nothing of our conversation, wishing her to have her own way with him.

When she saw him troubled, she smiled.

"Is it not a fault, Mr. Percivale, to prevent one from obeying the divine law of bearing another's burden?"

"But," said Percivale, "I read as well, that every man shall bear his own burden."

"Ah!" returned Lady Bernard, "but I learn from Mr. Conybeare, that two different Greek words are there used, which we trans-

late only by the English *burden*. I cannot tell you what they are : I can only tell you the practical result. We are to bear one another's burdens of pain, or grief, or misfortune, or doubt—whatever weighs one down is to be borne by another ; but the man who is tempted to exalt himself over his neighbour, is taught to remember that he has his own load of disgrace to bear and answer for. It is just a weaker form of the lesson of the mote and the beam. You cannot get out at that door, Mr. Percivale. I beg you will read the passage in your Greek Testament, and see if you have not misapplied it. You *ought* to have let me bear your burden."

"Well, you see, my dear Lady Bernard," returned Percivale, at a loss to reply to such a vigorous assault, "I knew how it would be. You would have come here and bought pictures you didn't want ; and I, knowing all the time you did it only to give me the money, should have had to talk to you as if I were taken in by it ; and I really could *not* stand it."

"There you are altogether wrong. Besides depriving me of the opportunity of fulfilling a duty and of the pleasure and the honour of helping to bear your burden, you have deprived me of the opportunity of indulging a positive passion for pictures. I am constantly compelled to restrain it lest I should spend too much of the money given me for the common good on my own private tastes ; but here was a chance for me ! I might have had some of your lovely pictures in my drawing room now—with a good conscience and a happy heart—if you had only been friendly. It was too bad of you, Mr. Percivale ! I am not pretending in the least when I assert that I am really and thoroughly disappointed."

"I haven't a word to say for myself," returned Percivale.

"You couldn't have said a better," rejoined

Lady Bernard ; "but I hope you will never have it to say again."

"That I shall not. If ever I find myself in any difficulty worth speaking of, I will let you know at once."

"Thank you. Then we are friends again. —And now I do think I am entitled to a picture—at least I think it will be pardonable if I yield to the *very* strong temptation I am under at this moment to buy one. Let me see : what have you in the slave market, as your wife calls it ?"

She bought "The Street Musician," as Percivale had named the picture taken from Dr. Donne. I was more miserable than I ought to have been when I found he had parted with it, but it was a great consolation to think it was to Lady Bernard's it had gone. She was the only one, except my mother or Miss Clare, I could have borne to think of as having become its possessor.

He had asked her what I thought a very low price for it ; and I judge that Lady Bernard thought the same, but after what had passed between them, would not venture to expostulate. With such a man as my husband I fancy she thought it best to let well alone. Anyhow, one day soon after this, her servant brought him a little box, containing a fine brilliant.

"The good lady's kindness is long-sighted," said my husband, as he placed it on his finger. "I shall be hard up, though, before I part with this. Wynnies, I've actually got a finer diamond than Mr. Baddeley ! It is a beauty, if ever there was one !"

My husband, with all his carelessness of dress and adornment, has almost a passion for stones. It is delightful to hear him talk about them. But he had never possessed a single gem before Lady Bernard made him this present. I believe he is child enough to be happier for it all his life.

A VISION OF TO-DAY.

A Fragment.

"He to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother : be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition."

Henry V.

I SAW a crowd of women, young and old,
In trooping bands, or lonely, moving on
Through a fair country, sunned with golden corn,
And deep lanes wreathed in flowers.

Lightly they went
And lightly laughed ; maidens in careless glee
Plucking the proffered bloom in rival sport,
Or, weary, resting in embowered shade ;

The elder, graver matrons gliding soft
With tiny hands in theirs, and cherub forms
Half hidden, half revealed 'mid silken robes.
On one side (so meseemed) the view was vast,
And beautiful as vast, o'er land and sea ;
But on the other a hedge had grown so high,
So thick, 'twas now a tangled wilderness,
And sweet though 'twas with varied wealth of bloom,

And rich with many a berry ripe and red,
 'Neath the dark foliage lurked there sharpest thorus,
 Haply to pierce those who through this would pass.
 Methought these happy women noted not
 This wall of greenery that ever turned
 Their eyes one way; or if, as sometimes chanced,
 One venturous spirit pressed within to pluck
 Some tempting bud or hidden fruit, "Beware,"
 They cry, "beware! there serpents lurk,
 And loathsome evil creatures of the night
 Allure to bite thee with ungrateful fangs."
 That said, their smiling eyes they turned again
 To the fair landscape that smiled back on them.
 And now, in earnest talk, the elder ones
 Had wandered on, and left the merry troop
 Of maids and little ones among the flowers,
 While they a wilder, rougher path had reached
 That led they cared not where, till suddenly
 They marked how strangely all the scene had changed;
 On barren heath they stood, 'neath a chill sky
 That darkly lowered, though 'twas yet high noon;
 And moving onward, now a sombre gorge
 'Mid bare and rocky hills they saw anear;
 The veiled sky more dark and murky grew,
 And in the gloom low wailing sounds were heard,
 Thrilling those happy souls with unknown awe.
 Gazing around with tender, frightened eyes,
 Instead of that green rampart of the woods
 That had so far a pleasant shelter made,
 Deep caves in barren crags they now espied,
 Lit with faint, lurid light; and in the light
 Strange forms appeared of women young and old,
 Like to themselves, but O how different!
 Gaunt faces pale, or flushed with fiery light,
 Bright hollow eyes that had forgot to smile,
 And loveless lips that only moved to breathe,
 Or wails, or curses, or the heart's last sigh!
 All this in one swift glance those women saw,
 Some more, some less; but on them all there passed
 The unutterable change from youth to age;
 Only one glance—but yet they read it all
 And found no language for the woe they saw:
 Tearless they stood and silent as the dead
 Before that living death!

But that sad band
 Of women, young and old, so like themselves
 And yet so different, could ill endure
 That gaze of startled anguish, which revealed
 And sharper seemed to stamp their doom of woe;
 They turned, and fled into the caverns' depths,
 And their low wail in darkness died away!
 That whilome happy crowd stood motionless,
 Heart struck, though mute, like lyre chords snapt in
 twain,

Yet vibrating through all the shaken air;
 Thus, tremulous and mute, awhile they stood,
 Save for the changing passion in their eyes,
 The glances fraught with swift electric fire
 That flew from each to each, and lit one flame
 Of horror and of pity in them all,
 Until from kindled hearts there flashed at last,
 Ne'er to be quenched again, the will to save!
 With insight clear, with souls unveiled now,
 Mirrors for truth's own reflex against the world,
 These women, silent still in stern resolve,
 Knew each the other's vow, and all its cost.
 Then slowly back they went to the warm meads,
 Where still in flowers and sunshine played their babes,
 And still bright maidens laughing wreathed their
 brows.

To these with mournful voice the matrons spoke—
 "O, maidens, these our little ones take home,
 And tend them till we come; for well you see
 By this our saddened tone, and changed mien,

A mighty grief upon our souls is laid;
 And here awhile must we abide, until
 We gather strength and wisdom manifold
 To thread the darkness now to us revealed,—
 To thread and weave it up into our life,
 Until its gloom within our love be lost.
 This work be ours, because that we have served,
 These many years beneath Love's strenuous sway,
 Have done his bidding, know his wondrous might,
 And trust him now in all untrodden fields.
 You, tender ones, still in the parent nest,
 Are yet but youthful scholars in Love's lore,
 Fed on his smiles alone; therefore return,
 And gather up Love's lessons in your hearts,
 His smiles and frowns, and tears that brighten smiles;
 For every smile and every tear one day
 Will dew and sunshine be to fainting hearts."
 This said, they kissed their rosy little ones,
 Whose joyous glance, and loving, sweet caress
 Smote on their hearts a pang ne'er felt before;
 O were not those sad faces once like these
 Upturned for mother love? that never came
 Then to those happy mothers sure it seemed
 They had but played with toys, until this woe
 Sounded at once the depth of grief and love.

The merry little ones now homeward gone,
 A silence fell upon those women's hearts,
 As falls the heavy curtain of the night,
 Unmoved by the busy, restless wind.
 Dark grew the day, but darker still their souls
 With weight of this dire woe; nor saw they help
 By any path but that in thought pursued
 They found was triply fortified and barred
 By custom, form, and prejudice, all leagued
 To scare disturbers of their ancient sway.
 Then sore they wept, for powerless they felt
 To wrestle with this giant form of ill;
 This grim Goliath, armed with all earth's might.
 At last rose one who surely of them all
 Had sorest wept; but now with lifted head
 Dashed tears away, and pointing to the west,
 Where sinking into light the setting sun
 Cast golden largesse to the parting world,
 "Shall he," she said, in voice so firm and clear
 It leaped o'er sense, and straightway reached the
 soul,—

"Shall he who beams on meanest things to-night
 Through yon bright messenger, have lit for aught
 This strange new flame that burns within our hearts?
 Believe it not! else were yon orb a lie,
 And all its glory but an idle show;
 A coloured picture dropped from a lost book,
 That tells us nothing of its author's mind.
 Believe it not! believe that little flower
 That, trusting, drops its seed into the earth,
 And knows yon orb will warm it into life;
 Believe yon bird, that seeks its lowly nest,
 Only to spring afresh to-morrow morn
 With music-laden breast to greet the light.
 Believe yourselves, in whom this struggling flame
 Bears witness of the larger, higher light
 That kindled it, and fans its flickering spark;
 Believe, and quench it not; for this same light
 Shall show us all the way to that great end
 We long for, and shall melt before our steps
 All hindrances of ignorance and hate,
 As one by one melt icebergs in the spring.
 Only fear not; and let not heat nor cold,
 Nor grief, nor gladness ever quench this flame,
 That then shall grow into a star to guide
 These lost ones back into the Fount of Day!"
 E'en as she spoke, a parting sunbeam smote
 On the fast fading sky, and lighted up

Such gold and purple sheen in Heaven's high vault
 They could not choose but look ; for well it seemed
 To mirror forth their words that bade them trust
 Love's light, nor ever deem one ray was lost.
 With awe, but sweeter tamed now by hope,
 They silent gazed on heaven's pageantry,
 Till almost seemed they really to behold
 Some gorgeous upper realm of light supern,
 Some land of loveliness—blue sea and rosy isle
 And golden range on range of mountain heights,
 All blent with palace-domes and forms of light,
 That swept in angel garb across the scene,
 Or stood serene in rich perfected grace ;
 These last took semblance to their high-wrought
 hearts

Of noble ones long vanished from the earth,
 Of kings and queens of men, proclaimed now
 And crowned for aye by suffrage of the skies,
 A long and glorious line, from days of old
 Far reaching, and of every race and clime ;
 Nor least among them shone England's fair wife,
 Whose matchless deed of daring purity
 Deep-rooted, blesses yet her native land
 With bloom of tender love and wisely truth !
 How long they gazed, or dreamed they gazed, on lives
 Long gathered to fruition, they knew not ;
 But slowly fading into upper air
 Passed all that glory, and the tender grey
 Of evening's mantle wrapped them all around,
 While steadfast on her brow beamed one bright star.

Then stood forth three amid that little crowd,
 Who well had served and suffered in Love's cause,
 In council, or in battle field, or haunts
 Of misery and vice ; to right the wrong,
 To cheer the dying, or to save the lost,
 Ever through long years striving strong and calm.
 So stood they now, and each to each held out
 Warm hands of fellowship, and loosed them not,
 But firmly clasped ; and to the others said—
 " Sisters, to whom has been revealed to-day
 A wrong of wrongs, undreamed of in this land
 In ruder, simpler times, do your hearts yearn
 (As only mothers yearn o'er dying babes)
 O'er these dying ones fast bound in misery's chains,
 Slaves of man's meanest wants, and like to slaves
 Despised for the service that they yield ?
 If so, clasp hands with us, and face this woe
 With loving eyes, steadfast as yonder star,
 Unchanged, unquenched, untouched by earth-born
 clouds.

Can ye love on through good and ill report,
 Unchilled by cold, and unsubdued by heat,
 Indifferent alike to praise and blame,
 E'en from loved lips, so that your aim be straight,
 For love, for right, and for a righteous love ?
 If so, clasp hands with us, and never fear !
 Such love, such ruth is a sure prophecy,
 And now when sister need is sorest felt
 Shall sister hand outstretched pluck back its own.
 Its own ! Ah ! shall we ever dare to say
 The blame is wholly man's, and none of ours ?
 Why did the happy voices of our homes
 So fill and dull our ears (or was it souls ?)
 We heard not that low wail of hopeless woe

Stealing from out the dark beyond our ken ?
 Why did we let that thorny fence grow up
 That ever turned our eyes another way ?
 Why in the sun were we well pleased to bide,
 Nor cast a care on dwellers in the gloom ?
 Did He whose name we bear, the Man Divine,
 Teach this, when woman lost and lone
 And broken-hearted came, and wept away
 The baneful storms of passion at His feet,
 Waiting the dawning beam of utterest love
 To strike its own white radiance on her soul ?
 Then fell His glance upon her and bestowed
 The pardoning purity of new-born life !
 Are we His followers or the Pharisees',
 Serving with forms the God we never feel ?
 Yet *should* feel most, because He gives us babes !
 Let not reproach then waste its bootless words,
 But patience be our watchword till we prove,
 Such fruit of love in woman's heart alone
 Can have full ripeness ; nor in hers unless
 Wide set the portals, all her being opes
 To drink in deeper draughts from earth and sky
 Rounding to Wisdom.

Nor in this our speech
 Let us too bold be thought ; for well we know
 Good men and true will follow where we lead,
 Guiding in turn and strengthening our weak hands.
 Then shall be learned anew the deeper lore
 The thought divine wrapped (as in swaddling clothes)
 In wife, in mother, sister, woman-love,
 That born of heaven and home, and blent with man's,
 Has yet to issue forth and bless the world !"
 There was a pause—and then beneath the dark
 A murmur swelled through all the circling throng,
 The echo sent by every woman's heart
 Back to those three ; and shaped itself at last
 Into this answer :—" Sisters, from henceforth,
 Not hearth and home alone shall bound our love ;
 What we have seen to-day has broke our hearts,
 But breaking, has poured out their hoarded wealth
 On other kindred all too long forgot ;
 And for His sake whose image still they bear,
 Lost though it be to every eye but ours
 We will be strong, nor rest till equal rights
 And equal justice shall be theirs as ours.
 And more than this ! for long-neglected dues
 Of sister service these may surely claim
 To lift them where we stand, on freedom's height,
 Where only can they choose 'twixt good and ill.
 O darksome night emblazoned with thy stars
 Be thou our portent ! so from out this woe
 Our sunny joy's eclipse, shall yet gleam forth
 To guide our faltering steps in unknown ways,
 Bright revelations from a vaster Heaven !"
 Then all the women kneeling bowed their heads,
 Veiling their faces as 'neath angels' eyes,
 And so the night passed onward into dawn !
 And when the first soft touch of dawn had stirred
 The lark to rapture, then the women rose,
 And two and two together softly went ;
 Some back along the dreary path that led
 To those dark caves, and others to their homes ;
 But all where, quickened by the new-lit flame,
 They best might live Love's gospel o'er again.

Dec., 1871.

C. E. F.



"QUESTION-DAY" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[HAD been spending some weeks in the Isle of Skye, day by day enjoying the ver-changing aspects of its bare but grand and impressive mountain scenery. We varied our excursions among the curiosities of the land by occasional short voyages to this point and that; but the one that has left the deepest impression on my mind was a memorable "run" to the mainland. We went to sea early, and saw the morning break under most favourable conditions. Across the windless sea came a breath with the dawn. Over Rona, over Raasay came gusts of the west wind belting the

Sound with sapphire; beyond the Croulins drifted the night mists, shrouding to its peak the sombre Bein-na-Cailiach, a far beacon to the coaster out upon the Minch. Through the Sound of the Croulins our white sail drifted, stirring the cries of the sea-birds that fluttered about the ruddy ledges. The pallor of the morn was widening beyond the hills of Applecross; the light was silvering the calm about the entrance of Loch Carron. Our canvas filled with a gust that lifted the haze from the sea. Out of Tosgach, from the crests of Applecross, from Scalpa Sound from beyond Pabba brown sails were running



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Loch Carron. What could it mean? It was not the Sabbath. In our wonder, the lot told us that the "Free sacrament" must be holding about Plockton. With the wind fresher, we were running through the aft,—fishing smacks, skiffs, and pulling-boats helped along by creaking oars.

The smacks were crowded with curious folks—old men wearing the hats of older generations, and old women with white caps edged down with white handkerchiefs over their grey faces; younger women in gay apparel with bonnets and trimmings and hair done in the latest fashion; young men crowding the fore-castle deck, holding by shrouds and

hallyards; and little boys clinging everywhere. The smacks were crowded, the skiffs were crowded; it might have been an exodus of mourning people. And in the aged faces there was a stricken shadow; in the unknown tongue a sense of sadness. Only when the low black hull was forging past the smacks did the wan faces gather life, hands were pointed and whispers passed. Canvas was squared away, foresails were boomed out, the fishermen would not willingly be passed. Young women pulled at the oars, old women were privileged to steer; and these watched our tall mainsail keenly. Smack after smack fell astern, on one brown sail we were hardly

gaining. The grey-haired matron at the tiller turned to watch us; she smiled at the sharp stem ploughing up the foam. She was ready when we hauled across the smack's stern to shove the helm down and prevent us passing. Ahead lay the "Sqeirs" of Loch Carron with the sea lipping all about them. The smack left us no passage to leeward; the matron was watchful that we should not pass at all. Our pilot was wroth; we laughed over the humour of the worshippers. Off the village of Plockton we anchored among a fleet of boats from Kishorn, from Jeantown, from Loch Alsh. The haven was girt with striking shores, mountain walls and grey crag; the hills of Loch Carron grizzily with moraines and wasted precipices. Brushwood swept the beach; black pines covered the flanks of the hills. Rocky isles were scattered treacherously about; we had been the better for our pilot in the smack. The red sunlight was striking the great corries of Bein Gorm, and deepening the azure belts across the face of the mountains of Kishorn. About these shores the glitter of the deep marked hidden dangers. On wintry nights the mouth of Loch Carron is full of treachery.

The fishing craft were run alongside a half-ebbed isle over which the strangers clambered. Through the village of Plockton they walked, a sober throng, towards the moorland. There was no want of sedateness; the faces might have been those of pilgrims nearing their shrine. We were not among idle worshippers summoned by chimes, by the solitary peal of the kirk-bell. Eyes were hardly raised from the roadway, greetings were tenderly given, silently spoken, subdued by humble reverence. Everywhere among the aged a sense of awe was deepening.

The people were turning aside from the road to Durinish; they were disappearing through a cleft in the rocks. We clambered with others over crags, past an aged man standing beside a little box which was set upon a short staff, and into which coppers were thrown. We reached the edge of the corrie, a gully in the rocky bluff. We were suddenly in the presence of three thousand people, more or less—a vast congregation filling all the hollow and clustering about its sides. Our amazement pleased the bystanders; the young people looked up at us; the old folks sat silent and motionless. No service was going on; but faint whispers were re-proved with sudden looks. In the narrower end of the hollow stood an upright wooden-house, somewhat like a bathing-box, half open on the side next the congregation. In it

were accommodated the officiating clergymen. The congregation waited very silently while the later-comers found seats in the grassy hollow or upon the rocky ledges. The old folks sat nearer the clergymen,—the old men with their bald heads uncovered, the old women with white handkerchiefs tied over their white caps. Plaids and overcoats were drawn over the men's heads at times; the women drew plaids and shawls over their caps. The matrons held a corner of their plaids over their mouths; shrouding their faces to the eyes through some decorous fashion or ancient usage. The little maidens lifted the corners of their pinafores, and endeavoured to cover the lower part of their faces as their mothers did. It somehow gave an earnest look to these simple worshippers. The younger women home from the south avoided the custom; their gayer dresses were disturbing to the sombre greyness of the picture. Above the crest of the corrie young boys clambered, grave fellows in their ragged clothing.

We found now that it was "Question-day"—one of the several consecutive days, during which service is held, in these parts, by way of preparation for the communion.

While the worshippers were hidden in the moorland sanctuary, the crags about them commanded all the mountains of Carron and Kishorn, the Sound, Scalpa, and Raasay, with its curious "Dun," the mighty peaks of Glencaig, and the nearer Coolins. In the hollow were gathered penitent folks, mourning with the outer signs of tribulation; all about them the glow of the summertide was softening the hills and falling upon the sea. There were no ecclesiastical accessories, no sacerdotal adornments; but the solemnness was supreme.

The silence so impressive was broken; one of the clergymen rose, and spoke in Gaelic in an undertone, the only language used. His words were spoken to an elder of the people, who rose, after a pause, and said some inaudible words. He had been asked to speak, but excused himself. Another elder was appealed to; he also had some excuse. Others were spoken to; but all declined, although they had previously agreed to speak and expound certain points in proof of their ableness to minister to the spiritual wants of some remote clachan. The fashion, or formality, prevailed of declining to speak at the first call; it might seem ostentatious to do so, and the men were as coy as maidens. On the second request being made, the elder who had been first asked, had so far recovered as to speak with composure. He had a solemn and "nunctual" way of uttering his advices. His

plaid fell back from his arm, his measured speech sounded about the hollow, blown by fitful airs, and striking attentive ears. There was nothing in his sonorous voice to recall the broken speech of the Celt when he leaves the hills. Others of the elders spoke, and without further hesitation. There were no painful pauses in their speech; the speakers might have had the ready utterance of gifted tongues. Their language, unchanged for centuries, was the same spoken by the first Christian teachers on their coasts. Our pilot told us that the Gospels had an "auld-fashioned" sound in the Gaelic; and the preaching had a more homely sense in his mother-speech. It might have been the sombre throng, the anguish of the earnest faces, the moorland blackening in the noontide, that gave a pitiful cadence to the voices; but an unknown tongue was moving us as the softer English seldom has done.

One of the preachers rose to speak; he was a tall, thin, wiry man, with high features and a black beard cut in the American style. His voice, loud and full, rung far across the moor. His discourse had more of "a spiritual nature" than the others we were to listen to. The Gaelic words for "grace" and "love" were frequently repeated. Towards the close his voice rose wildly, it might be emphatically; he chanted his sentences with a not unmusical rhythm. The congregation listened with a stricken calm; some of the people were swaying themselves gently to the pastor's cadences.

Another preacher spoke, a little man with grey wavy hair; his voice was thin, and had grown hoarse through much preaching in the open air. His speech was forced and unequal. He spoke in one tone, and seemed to answer in another, suggesting irreverent recollections of ventriloquial efforts; but his exhortations were earnest, and drew his audience near to him. He had some gift of eloquence missed among most speakers of the Saxon tongue.

A farmer-looking, hearty man closed the service. He had a homely way, and had homely advices to give. He spoke a sentence to the right and another to the left, pausing to consider before speaking again. He closed almost every pause with "a'us," and folded his hands to think over the rest of the sentence. When he was nearing the last of his homilies, he regretted that some came there with brazen faces, who believed in arts that were neither of this world nor were sanctioned by

heaven, but came from the devil. Then followed an appeal to the congregation to remember the collection, which the elders were attending to on the outskirts of the corrie. The clergyman reminded his hearers that Christ had noticed the widow's mite.

The singing of the hymns was spiritless; the line read by the precentor was chanted by the congregation with a slight knowledge of the tune; but the winds softened the sound, and wafted it away into the heavens.

We walked along the way towards Durinish, loitering till the sun was going down behind the violet wall of Raasay, with the peak of Duncane blackening in the glow like a pyre. We returned by the sanctuary, where some old men and women were loitering in the gloaming, feeling seeming comfort in the hushed words they spoke. They lingered as they might have done in the sunshine; there might still be a glow about the sanctified place that kindled the hearts of the worshippers. On the way to Plockton old people walked decently home to rest and prepare for the morrow.

The crowd had vanished somewhere, leaving many boats upon the beach. In Plockton, as elsewhere through the Highlands at these seasons, the doors had been opened to the strangers, to kinsmen, to friends, to those without any claim at all; for there is the belief among the poorest that Providence will somehow provide for the entertainment of the guests who come from far distances to these solemnities. To Loch Carron had come pilgrims from Torridon, Shieldaig, and Diobaig; from the Gairloch, from Loch Ewe, from Skye, from Raasay, from Loch Alsh, from Dornie, and Loch Duich. Among these were doubtful Christians, pious "sorners," who wander from "preaching" to preaching, and still find food and shelter; but the congregation were mainly sincere and simple-hearted folk, to whom the season was a time of meditation on better things.

In the narrows of Loch Carron, among the "Sqeirs" of Loch Kishorn, we could see brown sails fading before the west wind. Those who were within reach were going homeward to return on the morrow. Country folks were climbing like goats along the crags towards Loch Alsh; a trail of wayfarers hurried across the ebbled flats at the head of the harbour. Everywhere pictures of a simple life were filling the eye, and the heart was calmed with the humble looks of an earnest people.

B.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in *My Business Life*.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

VII.—A GOOD SITUATION.



AM now going to tell a story, which began in a letter I received from my sister Ruth more than forty years ago. During all the time of our long separation, Ruth and I regularly exchanged one weekly letter. I come upon

some of hers sometimes, in all sorts of queer forgotten places—old pockets, flaps of ancient diaries, and so forth. I found this last night in the brown paper cover of a fly-spitten Ready Reckoner.

The paper is yellow. But the ink was what Ruth herself sold, in her stationer's shop, and so it is as honest and sound as her square, upright caligraphy. And this is what it sets forth:—

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—I want you to meet the Mallowe coach to-morrow. Look up at its dickey, and you will see your old play-fellow Rachel Hewett, who you are hereby requested to hand down and help with her boxes and directions.

"I must explain what brings Rachel to London. Mrs. Hewett is dead. After proving her courage and resolution as a soldier's wife, by picking lint through the battle of Camperdown, and carrying her dying husband—the father of her two-year-old Rachel—off the red deck of the *Victory*, the grand old woman vindicated her patience and meekness, by closing her ten years' confinement to a paralytic bed, with the cheerful calmness of one who is 'willing to stay, but not afraid to go.' She always asked about you. It was good to see how much interest she took in everybody and everything.

"The mother's annuity dies with her, and the girls are penniless. Not quite. The furniture was sold yesterday, and realised twenty pounds. They have kept their father's old chest, which went with him to all his barracks and men-o'-war; and Rachel has just been made happy by finding that his old rapier, which used to hang over the fire-place, is not too long to put away in the bottom of it.

"They are staying with us, and Rachel will start from our house to London. They both have their own living to get. She soon made up her mind what she would do to get hers—perhaps it would not have been so easy to help her.

"Rachel only went to school for six months. All the rest of the time her mother taught her. She has had a good deal of time for reading while she was tending her mother, who also liked to be read to. So Rachel has read a great deal, and is one who catches the meaning of the author's heart, though she may mispronounce his words.

"But appreciation of Shakespeare and Milton will not keep one in bread and cheese.

"Rachel has had no opportunity to do fancy-work. Eliza did quite enough for one family. You may lay down a book to light a fire for a cup of gruel, but that interruption don't suit satin stitch. Rachel has had no accounts to keep, except how ninety pounds a year should support three people—one an invalid.

"It has been Rachel's duty to tidy the house, and light fires, and make a bed, and cook a little, and mend a great deal, to be cheerful and patient, and wise enough to see that this was not menial drudgery, but daughterly duty—not a young, budding life wasted for an old faded one, but a squire-like training of devotion to an old knightly heroine of a mother.

"'I will be a servant,' says my Rachel Hewett. 'I may make a good one in time.'

"She has found a place already, though she has never seen her future master or mistress. Squire Dimsdale knows them and spoke of her to them. They live somewhere in London, have four small children, and will only keep Rachel. I thought she might have

waited for an easier place. She knew she was welcome to stay here. But Rachel says that this coming to her, directly she wanted it, makes her think it may be a 'leading' of Providence.

"Miss Vix has just called in, and is horrified to hear of 'a superior person like Rachel demeaning herself to service.' There must be something else for such as the Hewetts. Cannot she profess to teach? or at least wait for some appointment where she might call herself 'a nursery governess.' Is it not possible to get placed as a companion? Wouldn't some of her father's superior officers 'do something' for her—there would be so much sympathy evoked by public appeal on behalf of the friendless orphan daughters of one of Nelson's old orderlies, that they might be provided for all their lives. Eliza Hewett sits aside, heartily agreeing in all of this, and while they prattle I go on writing like a reporter, till on Eliza's leaving the parlour, Miss Vix finally whispers that she would not trouble Mr. Garrett to take care of a servant girl, and that indeed it is scarcely prudent to bring you two together, for your heart is sure to feel soft to any one from your old home, and Rachel 'might set her cap,'—and 'one doesn't know where it might end, and it would be so very ineligible!' She wants to rouse my sister-in-law envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. I snuff her out by answering that I am not such an idiot as to try to make or mar any match for my brother, but that if Rachel thought it worth her while to set her cap at you or any other man, it ought to be the making of him!

"Rachel takes but two out of their twenty pounds' fortune. She thinks Eliza may need money more. I think so too. For though she will need none while she is here, that cannot be for ever.

"Mother sends her love, and wants to know when you are going to write to her again.

"I am, your affectionate sister,

"RUTH GARRETT."

I well remembered Rachel and Eliza Hewett. They were both about my own age, and had always been familiar guests in our house. Eliza was a pretty, graceful thing, with long curls, who did heaps of crochet, and always knew the fashions. She had been brought up by a godmother, who kept a cheap boarding-school. I had thought the younger sister, Rachel, a wonderfully clever girl, for did she not know by heart "*Il Penseroso*" and "*L'Allegro*," and could she not discover hidden meanings in *Comus* and

the *Midsummer Night's Dream*? It was hard to arrive at my sister's sharp logic that these gifts could not earn bread and cheese, while darning and dusting could. I felt sorry for Rachel Hewett. I had sense enough not to think that any independent labour could degrade, but it seemed to me a waste of power to put such as her to a work which I fancied any ignorant workhouse girl could do quite as well. It seemed hard, too, that her dutiful youth should shut her life in what seemed to me such dark, narrow limits, when, had she neglected her mother to acquire an accomplishment, she might have been on the high road to competence and position, and even have risen superior to most who would now look down on her.

Next day the Mallowe coach found me duly in attendance at its booking-office. It also duly brought up Rachel Hewett, with her black chest, a carpet-bag, and a little hamper for me.

I had not seen her for a long time. I remembered her best as a healthy-looking little girl in brown or drab frocks, with crimped white frills, and abundant short hair pushed behind her ears.

She was quite a woman now. Rather over the middle height, and with a largeness of bone which made her look thinner than she was. She had hazel eyes—that peculiar hazel which goes with dark eyebrows and pale, straight, fine brown hair. If I had not known her, I fancy I should have thought she was a hospital nurse; but perhaps the severe plainness of her mourning dress had something to do with that.

She met me with the old honest frankness. She did not seem to find it at all awkward that I should come to meet her, or that she was going to be a servant. Rachel Hewett was one of those women who take facts unadulterated by fancies. When she was a small girl she had a present of money to buy a cake, and instead of coveting the sugared one, with coloured paper fringes, she invested in one undecorated, but half a pound heavier. So she could be glad of a friend's welcome without imagining a lover's, and could set such a high value on independence that she did not repine at its price.

She cheerfully accepted my offer to accompany her on her long drive to her destination. As we sat side by side in the cab, she spoke of her prospects in the family who had engaged her. Its name was Carson, and its head was a captain in a marching regiment. Consequently the household was a wandering one—now in furnished lodgings,

now in officer's quarters. Squire Dimsdale's housekeeper had told her a little about it. The Carsons were poor, though there were only two lives—uncles' lives—between Captain Carson and the headship of a rich old county family. In fact, the captain had only his pay, for his uncles would not supplement it by a penny, because his marriage had offended them. They disapproved of Mrs. Carson's family, and disliked her. She had a trifle of dowry, settled on herself, and was in delicate health. "And they want somebody trustworthy to look after the four dear little children," added Rachel.

The street where we stopped at last was a shabby, showy street, very rich in stucco and white-lace curtains. A draggled half-grown lass answered our cabman's knock, and as she opened the door, she let out a confused tumult of shrieks, shouts, and crying. The girl did not seem to have wits enough to comprehend our arrival, and was presently reinforced by a vinegar-faced elderly woman, who querulously asked the cabman what he was dawdling about, and bade him not to mess his feet all over the door-step.

I could not help glancing at Rachel. I expected she would be a little dismayed. I should not have wondered had her courage failed, and she had asked me to take her back to the Mallowe coach. But her calm face gave no sign. I knew she used to be a quickly observant girl, but now she seemed neither to hear nor to see. She lifted out the carpet-bag, and refused to put it down where the vinegar-faced woman pointed, asking serenely that she might carry it straight to the scullery, for it had stood in the rain on the coach roof, and would soil the hall-cloth. The landlady snatched it from her with ungrateful sharpness, and bade the draggle-tail maid "to look alive, and take it down;" but next minute, while Rachel was gone up-stairs with the cabman and her box, she stepped out to take a look round the cab "to make sure the young person has left nothing behind her," and to indulge in a further aside to me "that this young woman seemed the right sort, only she'd be sure not to stay. The veriest hussies wouldn't put up with Mrs. Carson, let alone a woman that had a value. If they hadn't ha' suited themselves with some kind pretty quick, she should ha' sent them to the right about, that she would, for their rent wasn't worth them, with the trouble they gave, and their quarrellings, and the four little pickles that were neither to bind or to loose."

Back came Rachel, her bonnet and shawl

already thrown aside, and in her hand a fat, dirty, sobbing child of about four. "His brothers were beating him," she apologised, "so I just took him away with me." She had brought out money to pay the cabman, but there I interposed; and here let me record that cabby stood out the distance was at least a mile less than I thought it was, saying, "You needn't be so pertiklar, sir. It's a fine day, and the dull time. Ye're doing the gentlemanly thing by the young woman, sir, and I see how things is. Cabbies has feelin's as well as swells. And cabbies isn't all alike, neither, no more than swells is. I'll get a good fare back from this to the Bank, thank ye kindly, sir."

For I walked back. I had not too much money, and I wanted exercise, and had plenty of time. But often since, on rainy nights or festive holidays, the memory of that red-faced old driver has opened my hand, and saved other cabbies from the necessity of "chaffing" or "bullying" me out of a consideration fee.

And so the door of her servitude closed upon Rachel Hewett. For months I saw nothing more of her. She wrote regularly to my sister, and Ruth sometimes mentioned her well-being in her letters to me, and, in my turn, I occasionally posted to the Carsons' address such magazines or newspapers as I thought would amuse Rachel's scanty leisure.

At length I myself took a journey on the Mallowe coach. I was to spend a whole month's holiday at home.

I am not telling the history of my own sensations, nor yet of the many households where I was welcomed, almost as if I had grown more familiar in my absence. I am telling the story of Rachel Hewett. And it is mixed with my visit to Mallowe after this wise.

On the second day after my return Ruth received a letter from Rachel. It was rather short and hurried. The Carsons, who had been settled for an unusually long time, were again on the wing. They were off to Dublin. Rachel seemed to think it scarcely necessary to say that she was going with them. The immediate object of her letter was to ask Ruth if she could do anything for the little lodging-house servant, who was to be discharged on the Carsons' departure, and who was a parish orphan, with no shadow of a home to go to. "She is only a rough little girl," Rachel wrote, "but she does not mind hard work, and is kind and honest. Indeed, I think her particularly affectionate and tractable, poor soul. She has lived in this house

longer than I have; and though I have often heard her scolded, I cannot say she often deserved it, except for ignorance which she could not help. But what can become of such in London? If you could get her ever such a poor decent place among the neighbours in our quiet village, where she could get known among respectable people, you might be the saving of a soul and the making of a good woman. I needn't say more to Ruth Garrett."

"I remember the girl," I said to my sister, "and she struck me as a particularly stupid specimen of the genus 'slavey.'"

"I'll take Rachel Hewett's word before yours, my brother," Ruth answered, "especially about womankind. We want a girl in our own house, so we'll have this one sent down."

"But it's a positive sin for a woman who can write letters like your sister's to go and be a common servant," I commented, taking up the epistle, and turning to Eliza Hewett, who was making a lamp-mat.

"So it would be," put in Ruth with quiet sarcasm. "Rachel will be a most uncommon one."

"The handwriting may be a little stiff," I observed, "but much practice would soon correct that, and I have seen worse come out of our city offices."

"And would you have women starve by standing idle till your fine merchants are enlightened enough to employ them?" Ruth asked.

"But she might teach plain English in a school," I said.

"Not as she is my honest Rachel Hewett," Ruth replied. "Look there. She has spelled 'has,' 'as.' Rachel knows what she n do and what she cannot, and will not earn her bread by a lie."

"How hard that such a genuine woman should be so set aside by such trifles!" I sighed.

"Is she set aside?" Ruth asked. "I think it is nobler to teach hymns than grammar. I don't know who taught me 'A, B, C,' but I shall never forget that it was our own dear father who taught me

'How doth the little busy bee.'

Rachel will not be what servants are, but what servants ought to be."

"I don't see what scope women of delicacy and feeling can find in such a sphere," observed Eliza.

"That is unfortunate—for you!" said Ruth. "What do you mean by 'scope'—fine dresses,

money in the bank, and 'madam' to one's name? Is it not rather to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with one's God?"

Eliza and I were silenced, but not convinced. Eliza gave a little sigh and a sentimental shake of her curls. Ruth has one great disadvantage which all clever people have in controversy with dunces. The dunces think it is not their arguments which are answered, but their own stupidity.

"Is it not something to be so independent that one can help others to independence?" Ruth asked. "Is it not some 'scope' to have the power of setting one young life in good and honest possibilities, as your sister is doing with this Mary Bryan?"

Eliza Hewett threw down her work with a jerk, and spoke passionately—

"I know you've been very kind to me, Miss Garrett," she said, "but for a long time past I have felt that I was burdensome. Life is very cruel to poor women like me. I can assure you, Mr. Garrett, I should think nothing of working twelve hours a day at these bead-mats if I could get a living by it. But though your sister kindly puts them on her counter, I have only sold one since I came here, and that was to Mrs. Dimsdale, who cheapened first, and then made a favour of taking it. I've advertised every week that I am willing to give lessons in flower-painting, elementary French, and wax-flowers, but the only answers I ever get are from other ladies, who say they cannot afford to advertise for themselves, but who will be deeply obliged if I will give them any surplus orders! I'm willing to do anything. I am most anxious to do something."

"You *must* do something," said Ruth very quietly.

Eliza looked quickly at her. "I know I must not be a burden," she said. "It is very hard to have been so burdensome already. One of the last letters I have had came from a young lady who boards most inexpensively with a dear old widow in Islington. They have room for another boarder, for I asked them, Miss Garrett, which shows you that I had no design to prey on your hospitality. I can go to-morrow?" she said, with the questioning tone of one who wishes to be put off.

"I think it will be best that you should," Ruth answered calmly. "Every day you stay here is another day lost."

"Thank you, Miss Garrett," Eliza replied, with a repressed quiver audible in her voice. "I had better go up-stairs and pack my little possessions at once."

"What a sudden move, Ruth!" I said when Miss Hewett had departed.

"I should have made it long before," Ruth answered, "but while Rachel was in London I did not want Eliza to go there to worry her. I can bear with her as a stranger better than I could if she were my own kith and kin."

"But what is the poor thing to do?" I asked.

"Necessity must teach her," said Ruth.

"You hear she says she is willing to do anything," I pleaded.

"Except what she can get," my sister retorted. "She wants an easy life, and a genteel life. That is her meaning of what she so concisely describes as 'a living.' She feels sure there must be people who need such an one as a secretary—or a lady companion—or, as she condescended to say last week, 'even to keep offices, with a woman under her.' She has had three chances of situations in different ways of upper household usefulness, but she did not think herself 'strong enough' for one, and the other had a suspicious possibility of menial duties, and the third 'offered only the salary of a scullery maid.' O Edward, it taxed all my self-control not to tell her 'that beggars must not be choosers.'"

Eliza went off next morning. She expressed her gratitude guardedly, like one who had certainly received favours, but had suffered in receiving them.

"I have made an enemy for myself," said Ruth, as we watched the coach disappearing down the dusty road. "She does not remember that I took her in, but only that I turned her out. Well, she'll find eighteen pounds will come to an end, even at ten shillings a week."

Two days afterwards the little maid of all work arrived, and I could certainly see little trace of the overdriven, neglected slattern I had seen before. She appeared in a neat plain brown gown, with a white muslin cap on her head, giving beauty to her curly red hair. She had a dozen of these neat white caps, Ruth told me. Mary Bryan had eagerly informed her that "Mrs. Rachel had made them all herself, and given them to her 'in a present.'"

Mary would have no temptation to make experiments in blond and satin till a year's experience should have convinced her of the superior comfort and economy of these.

Mary Bryan was brimful of the praises of "Mrs. Rachel." Ruth liked to draw these out, for they were as wholesome to the lonely girl as agreeable to us. As for any back-

ground of the Carsons' household that these praises might incidentally reveal, it was too much to expect a young, ignorant girl like Mary to be perfectly silent on experiences which made up all her history. To ask too much secrecy is generally to lose all. We thought that if we permitted reasonable confidences to be reposed in us, it might save them from repetition in the Dimsdale's servants' hall, where the Carsons were known. The result of our experiment showed us that we had done right. And, years afterwards, Mary Bryan herself returned to Mrs. Carson's service, and served her loyally.

And having thus explained the medium through which we learned much that we should never otherwise have known, I will drop Mary's interjectional narrative, and tell her story in my own way.

There was no mistake about it. Captain Carson and his wife Florence had made a blunder when they married. She was very pretty, poor thing, with the prettiness of yellow hair and pink cheeks; very winning, too, with her playful wilfulness. But hers were a beauty and a winsomeness that do not wear well.

He had always fancied her the bewitching mistress of Carson Hall. Why should not the young pair live there at once, since both his uncles were old bachelors? But the uncles did not see the force of this. "They will come round if they find we are not afraid of them," said brave Captain Carson, and married in haste, and retired to repent at leisure in the parlours of cheap lodging-houses.

The bride had eighty pounds a year. She had hitherto lived with an old aunt, and had been free to spend her little income on her "dress"—not understood to include boots or underlinen. But her aunt would have nothing more to do with her, and spent the wedding morning in her lawyer's office, where, it might be reasonably supposed, she was devising alterations in her will.

"But the eighty pounds is all mine to do as I like with," probably thought Florence Carson, and probably the captain swore as much, in his bewildered ecstasy of love.

They didn't do so very badly for the first year. Everything was novel. Florence got her silk dresses and smart bonnets much as usual. She only wished her "horrid old aunt" could see them. But somehow the hardship was, that now eighty pounds a year seemed worth much less than before. Even dresses and bonnets are not much satisfaction without morning calls, and promenades and concerts to show them. Florence Carson pettishly remem-

bered that the "horrid old aunt" had provided these.

Then there came a baby, and a heavy doctor's bill. Yes, Florence Carson's eighty pounds "was all her own, to do what she liked with," but it was absolutely necessary that she should like to pay for what the young father, still able to be merry, called "baby's trousseau." She had a little natural motherliness in her, poor thing. God leaves few women without that. So she did not grudge the twenty pound note, and delighted in fid-fadding with the funny little garments till—she found she must give up the sealskin jacket she had promised herself. Even then she did not grudge the baby. She only blamed her husband!

Well, perhaps it was hard and cruel of him to have made a wife and a mother and a nurse out of a little creature who, in honest truth, had never professed to be anything but a useless little fairy.

They had no house of their own, poor souls. When Mrs. Carson was snappish, the captain could not go off, quite amicably, to his library, and when the captain was sulky, there was no linen closet for Mrs. Carson to re-arrange. They just had the lodginghouse-parlour, and though, truly, there was the bedroom behind, yet to retire to its firelessness and cane chairs was only to make matters worse, by stamping every difference as a quarrel. Thus put in much the same circumstances as Bill Smith the navy, who regularly "does a week" for his wife's black eyes, I am sorry to say this aristocratic pair did not much excel that worthy.

Three more children came, and no more money. No more new silk dresses for Mrs. Carson. Indeed, she had ceased to care much for them. We may sink below a vanity, as well as rise above it. Every depth has a deeper.

She had learned at last that she could have no more pleasures that cost money. And she could not make pleasures that saved it. But while there was a fire she could put her feet upon the fender, and a novel from the circulating library was only twopence a day.

What was the use of mending the torn fringe of a two-years'-old silk? She would wear her hair loose about her neck, as in her old days of luxurious freshness, and what was the use of caring that now it made greasy marks about her dress? It did not matter. Nobody called upon her. If, by chance, some of her husband's brother officers should look in, she could easily hide all deficiencies

under some smart old opera wrapper. Poor Florence Carson!

She went lower still, by-and-by. The days were so long and weary. She never went out, and her husband scarcely came home. The children wore her out, as neglected children always do. Even her interest in the blood-and-steel heroines of her favourite novels seemed to drag her on as cruelly as if she were a poor, worn horse, yoked to an iron engine. There was a faintness and hollowness in her very soul.

"You must take something to keep your strength up, poor dear," said one of her ignorant monthly nurses. And Florence Carson took it.

Poor thing—poor thing! No cuttings out of pence from the butcher's and the grocer's bill would ever have accumulated for the purchase of finery, or the procuration of gaiety, but they went dreadfully far towards securing the frightful comfort she had found in her darkness.

It "did her so much good" only to drink three or four glasses a week, that presently she found she had no relish for her dinner, but could get on quite well with this instead. It made her active enough to look over her old trumpery, and pack up bundles of it to be sold at the marine stores. Boots, too, she found a marketable commodity, especially when scarcely worn. She was always wanting money for boots, the captain thought she must take a good deal of exercise with the children, and wondered for a moment, and then forgot all about it.

Florence Carson would have strenuously denied that she was a drunkard. She never fell down, or smashed china. She only took spirits "medicinally," when she "could not keep up without them," and this was a feeling which came often and oftener. "She always knew what she was about," only something made her so languid and heavy, that she never could be about anything.

Sometimes, when her husband had gone out, angry, she would wonder what had made her so fractious and contradictory, and even, perhaps, shed a few tears over her "dear Richard." But then the faint hungering feelings always craved for the poison comfort, which made her conscience quite easy again, and decided her that Richard must not be indulged in "foolish fusses about nothing," and left her free to follow the fortunes of sham Richards and Florences to their fictitious ends.

It was to this ruined household that Rachel Hewett came.

She soon saw how it was. Had she not, she could not have been deaf to the gibes and jeers of the lodging-house kitchen. Those parodies of sin and shame she could silence, at least in her presence, but their cause was not so easily destroyed.

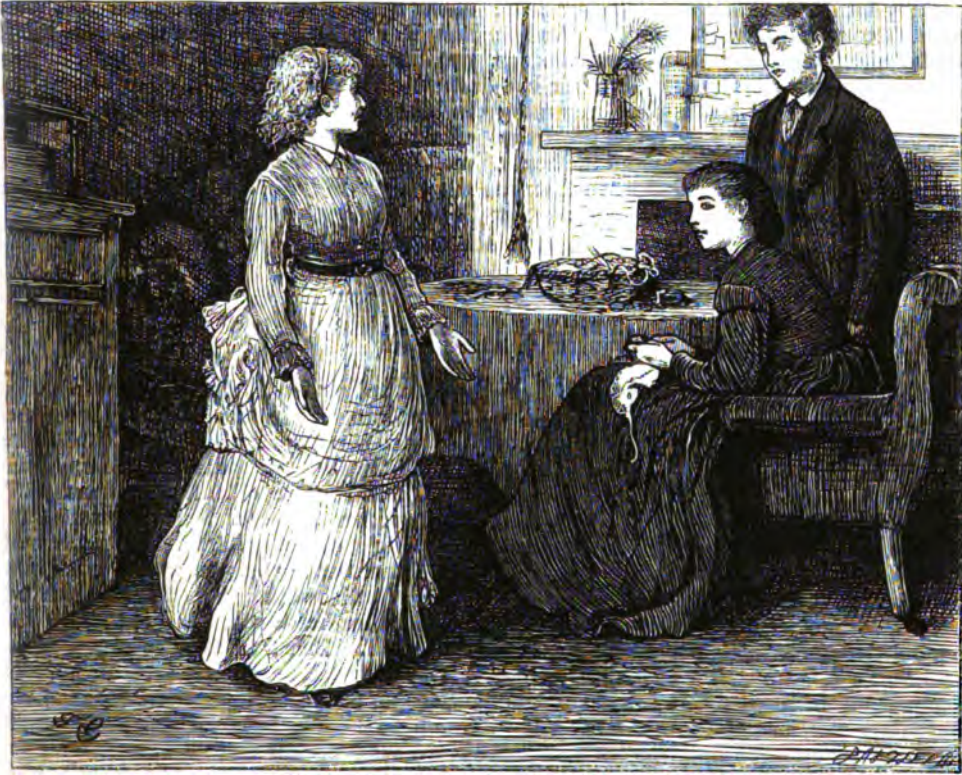
She did nothing rashly. She did not take upon herself to lecture and humiliate her degraded mistress. She looked first to her own duty, and to the duty of those over whom she had undeniable authority.

She took upon herself to do the whole shopping for the family. If Mrs. Carson

ordered Mary Bryan to run an errand, Mary was to tell Rachel, and she would do it for her. Rachel explained this change to her mistress herself, saying that the lodging-house girl was over-worked already, and was therefore apt to stay out longer than necessary, and inconvenience the landlady, and through her the whole establishment.

What she said was over-true on the face of it, but Mrs. Carson's morbid intuition could read more in those grey eyes, and that firm calm mouth.

"Do as you like," she said fretfully.



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"You'll find you're overworked yourself by the end of the week, and you'll be glad to give it up."

But Rachel never did. Nor was she daunted though she knew that the mischief was still smuggled into the house somehow. She had gained a power over her mistress,—the restraining and accusing power of a comprehending, pure nature—a power mighty for good in her wise, merciful hands. The two women understood each other—how one wanted to sin and the other to save. On the one hand it was the old helpless cry "What

have I to do with thee? torment me not." And on the other, the command of ineffable pity, "Come out of the woman, thou unclean spirit."

Rachel never said a word, but Mrs. Carson knew why she lingered and lingered at duties in the parlour, till the captain himself returned to keep unconscious guard over his miserable wife. Rachel could not forbid her mistress to go into the other room, and sip the fiery death-in-life, but Mrs. Carson was powerless to go under the observation of those clear, patient eyes. Mrs. Carson knew why

Rachel begged her to go and walk in the neighbouring park, with the children and her in attendance. Pettishly as she resisted, she generally yielded at last, if but for a few minutes, though by-and-by, Rachel's skilful fingers so remodelled the old toilette, that the old vanity lifted its head, and felt pleased to drag its brightened plumage to bask in the sun.

But the disordered scrambling lodging-house offered more hopeful fields for Rachel's loving patience. Her methodical head and diligent hand so arranged and lightened the labour, that on Sunday morning it was no mockery for her to ask the landlady "if she wouldn't come with her to church." And on Sunday afternoon Mary Bryan was called up to the children's nursery (it was their bedroom too, poor dears!). Rachel knew many sweet hymns, but she had no musical ear. She had noticed Mary lilting about the house. Mary must set the tune. And when that was done, as they should be sure to want another

by-and-by, Mary might as well stay on, and listen to the Bible stories. And perhaps after the children were dismissed to take their tea with papa and mamma in the parlour, Rachel and Mary would still sit awhile, and maybe have a little profitable talk about Mary's daily life, and all its duties and dangers.

One afternoon their singing brought up the captain. They were singing, "O that will be joyful." He came up softly and stood outside the door. Mary was opposite and could see him, but he motioned to her not to take any notice. She heard him talking about it to Mrs. Carson afterwards, while she was closing the parlour-shutters. He said it put him in mind of his dear mother's ways when he was a child. He wished his mother had lived longer. Mrs. Rachel was a treasure of a woman for the children. Mary Bryan could not tell how it was that her friend was always called "Mrs." Rachel. She thought it was the captain who did it first.

(To be continued.)

DOUBTING.

"**A**MONG those born of women there had not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." But in this world a great man may be in great trouble. Do not expect to find him, of necessity, on a throne—a little man can sit more comfortably often on a throne than a great one—or in a palace, or in a parliament, or in a pulpit. You may find him in a prison! John the Baptist—greatest man of his own time, by the testimony of Him who knows what true greatness is—now lies in prison. The place of his confinement is a castle in Moab—one of Herod's castles. An old castle is to us, now, simply a picturesque and romantic object, a venerable relic of antiquity, an ornament of the landscape; and as we gaze on the broken arch and the "ivy-mantled tower," some feeling of tenderness, and almost of regret, is apt to steal in upon us; as though in its crumbling ruins something really valuable to humanity were passing from the world. And no doubt those old castles, in every land, have played their part, albeit often a rough one, in the chequered drama of human progress; but, at least, they have often held within their massive walls the greatest extremes of human existence. In the great hall, feasting and song and revelry; in the dungeon, just underneath the feet of the dancers, the

groans and sighs of the weary captives, and the clanking of the chains that bind them. If some fair woman whose soul is full of revengeful malice, or some merry dancer who has made capture of a drunken monarch's heart, wishes the head of a prisoner as the crowning zest to an entertainment, there is not far to send, or long to wait, for fulfilment of the hellish wish. Let the monarch but speak to his headsman, and the head will be here anon. This fate, as we know, *will* come to John the Baptist. At present, however, he is safe enough, and has yet some service to do, to his own disciples and to the world. Nor does it appear that he was suffering any great discomfort in his confinement. Happily for him, he had not been accustomed to "soft clothing," or to lodgings "in kings' houses." His wilderness life had inured him to hardships, and the hardships of his imprisonment seem to have been as few and slight as they could be consistently with safe detention. There appears to have been accorded to him even some privileges, for he had his own disciples about him—apparently in habitual attendance. Thus while in prison he was permitted unbroken communication with the outward world, as far as it could be carried on by others. In that outward world Jesus is moving up and down in freedom,

and is working some of his mightiest works. John's disciples, naturally enough, soon hear of these things; and they are not slow to tell their master in the castle what they hear. Two of them are then sent by John to Jesus, to ask Him this question: "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"

There has always been considerable difficulty in the interpretation of this scene in John the Baptist's life. If we take the most obvious meaning of the words, they seem to imply the existence of strong and harassing doubts in his own mind. This is the view which many take of the meaning. If this view be the correct one, how had these doubts invaded, and for the time almost mastered, a spirit so clear-sighted, so intrepid, so majestically simple as his? This is he who not long since, pointing to Jesus as He walked, said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" If he be wavering now, what can be the reason? Several conjectures might be hazarded, as, that the long imprisonment had begun to tell upon his health, and that the mind, in sympathy with the body, was growing uncertain in its action; or, that Satan had received liberty to tempt him for a season; or that, mysteriously, in ways unknown to himself, and not of necessity involving any particular blame on his own part, the evidence of the Messiahship of Jesus Christ had begun to appear less convincing, and the whole case more doubtful; and that, not knowing what to think, he sent the messengers to Jesus in the hope that something would occur during the interview, or that some answer would be sent to him, more or less charged with evidence, by which the suspense might be ended.

There is, however, another method of explanation, which is perhaps more generally adopted than that just described—that which supposes that (without the least doubt existing in his own mind) he dispatched his disciples on this mission to Jesus, solely with a view to their advantage, for the dissipation of their doubts, and the satisfaction of all their scruples. That John's disciples, in remaining such, would be likely to have doubts of the Messiahship of Jesus, is only what we naturally expect. Devotedly attached to their own master, acquainted with Jesus Christ chiefly by hearsay, having perhaps never seen any of the brighter manifestations of his glory, they would be likely to be (as, from history, we know they were) suspicious of the claims of Christ; enviously vexed, rather than heartily pleased, with his popularity, and not at all disposed quickly to acknowledge his superiority to their own master.

Their master, however, concerning himself for their real welfare, feeling perhaps that at any time he might be taken away from them, sent them to Jesus, well knowing that personal intercourse with Him was the one thing needed to correct their prejudices, and make them Christ's disciples.

On the whole, we incline to this latter method of explanation, rather than to the former. It has its own difficulties, but they are by no means insuperable; and they are rather fewer and less weighty, perhaps, than those which beset the other supposition.

The probability is, then, that this truly "great" and brave man, in that spirit of self-abnegation which dictated the words, "He must increase, but I must decrease," is now engaged in the process of voluntary retirement—is endeavouring to detach his own followers from himself by attaching them to Jesus, in personal intercourse with whom their obstinate prejudices, their sceptical misgivings, their envious thoughts, must give way.

But whether we take the one theory of explanation or the other, or suppose any possible combination of them, we still have the same central subject for consideration—the *subject of doubting*. Some one is in doubt—the master, or the disciples, or both. And the men come, and the doubts are brought, to Jesus Christ for solution and settlement.

1. For ourselves, then, let us begin with this, that there is no sin in doubting. Some doubts are sinful. They are so when born of irrational prejudices, or bred of an unregulated life. But doubt, of its own nature, cannot be sinful. For what is it? It is a certain fluctuation of the mind, this way and that way, while as yet, in the matter in question, it has no convincing evidence. There may be evidence in existence, and quite accessible, of the most convincing kind. That evidence may be possessed by others, in whom therefore the continuance of mental hesitation would be unnatural and sinful. But until such evidence is in the possession of the hesitating individual, the continuance of doubt in him is altogether inevitable, and can therefore be no sin. The sin in such case would be rather, any distinct profession of faith which is not actually possessed. We give the word scepticism too narrow a range. Is not he a sceptic who violates the sacred claims of truth—truth in the form of personal sincerity? Is not he who professes to have, as an inward intelligent conviction, what he really has not, at least as culpable as another who is partly heedless of evidence, and partly insubmissive to it? Are we to receive anything that is

presented to us? Impossible. For then we should hold within our so-called creed all kinds of contradictory propositions and opinions. Then, are we to believe the loudest speakers, and yield to those who can make the most forceful presentation of their case? No. For real authority comes, for the most part, silently; the eternal truth speaks, often, in "the still small voice." Then are we to receive implicitly what our fathers have told us, what comes along our own traditionary line? Gladly let it be owned that much comes to us in this way which we can most reasonably receive, and be thankful for, and which it would only be harmful and never helpful to reject. Much that "our fathers have told us" passes very quickly the bar of our reason and with little intellectual consciousness on our own part. Much that comes to us from our spiritual forefathers, comes in the form of a living influence which mingles, insensibly, with our moral intuitions and prepossessions, and which we could not question even if we would. Still, it will not surely for a moment be admitted, that our fathers, because they are our fathers, have the right to impose on us their own beliefs, simply because the beliefs are theirs, and we are their children. Do not, then, be afraid to doubt—i.e., to think, to question, to search, to wait—to wait until the question is honestly settled, and the thing appears as it is. And this is said as a part of religious teaching. We do not need to ask leave of "free thought," or "rational religion" to entertain doubts and questionings, even on the highest subjects, if they are honestly entertained. Ask leave of them? We have leave of our own Master, who permits his disciples, and some who are not yet his disciples, to come up before his very face, and ask him the question, reverently, yet urgently—"Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" The miracles of Jesus, in one aspect of them, were the divine answers to men's sinless doubts; and also the divine method of preventing them from arising. "Believe me for the works' sake," is clearly an appeal to a rational scepticism, clearly an acknowledgment that when unusual claims are made on men's faith and obedience, men need, and may require, unusual evidence to substantiate them. Not that outward miracles are the only, or the chief evidence which Christianity presents to men. Christ himself is more than all his miracles. He is the eternal miracle of history. And his truth, and his teaching, and his life are full of self-evidencing light. In many

ways, the needed evidence is given, and the answer, as it were, laid up, and waiting for all who honestly and earnestly put the question, "Art thou He that should come?"

2. But, secondly, faith is better than doubt. We are never encouraged in the Scriptures, nor are we justified by any of the dictates of natural wisdom, to cultivate, as an inner habit, an intellectual or moral scepticism. We are encouraged to ask questions, of God and man, to read books, weigh evidence, reject fallacy, in one word, to "prove all things,"—but all this with a view to the ending of hesitancy, to the settlement of faith, and the holding fast of "that which is good." So that to say we are encouraged to doubt, is only another way of saying we are encouraged to believe. The one is the means; the other the end. The means as such, have no value apart from the end; even become injurious if the end be lost sight of, or missed, or too long delayed. To rest on the sure ground of ascertained truth is to be in a state only second to that yet more perfect condition which is described as "dwelling in love." But, to be in a state of perpetual equipoise—to be conducting an eternal examination into "evidences"—to be still vaunting what is called "the spirit of inquiry"—to be "ever learning and yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth"—is to spend a life not only of personal discomfort, where there is any sincerity, but really of little credit or honour to him whose life it is. While, to glorify doubt as some do, and set up a cultivated sceptic as a kind of demigod, a paragon of all the intellectual virtues, is, to say the least, extremely foolish. What would be thought of a chemist who should conduct an experiment, day after day, making a number of little variations in his method, but always withholding the deciding element from the crucible, or else persistently refusing to look at the result? Or, what would be thought of a merchant, always reckoning up his figures, but never writing down the final sums? Or, what of a captain who should sail his ship in a circle? Or, of a traveller always on the road, never reaching home or inn? But such is he who gets as far as being a bearer of the message, "Art thou He that should come?" but who never reaches Christ's presence to deliver it; or who, when he comes into that presence, does not wait for Christ's answer, or does not receive, or perhaps understand it when it is given.

3. But while there is thus a species of doubt which is almost contemptible, certainly has nothing in it of nobleness or dignity—a

slippant, insincere, tournamental way of treating high and serious things—we come back again upon the former point—the existence of honest doubt—and that, too, in things lying more or less closely upon the substance of the Christian faith, notwithstanding diligent efforts made to remove it. This subject is so large and various, that we can at one time do no more than look at one aspect of it. But I will try now to say something practical, with a view to the resolution of such doubting, and, correspondingly, the formation and increase of a true faith. I will now, in the way of help and direction, lay down two general statements, and give what illustrations of them there may be time for.

The first is this :—That in any attempts to subdue scepticism, in ourselves or others, regard should be had to the proximate cause of it—or, since proximate and remote are often inseparably blended, say to the *real* cause—as far as that can be ascertained.

For instance, there can be no question that a certain amount, sometimes a large amount, of mental perturbation and religious perplexity, extremely painful to the possessor, is the result of physical causes. The suffering body, sometimes, makes the troubled mind. We are accustomed to regard matter and spirit as two entirely dissimilar, and opposite, things. And no doubt they are quite distinct. Yet it cannot reasonably be questioned, that, for this earthly life at least, they are inseparably allied. A labouring or a sorrowing mind smites the health ; while, on the other hand, health smitten, or in any way impaired or interrupted, organically or functionally, affects again the mind. Not in every case. There are bodily troubles which never affect the mind at all ; or which the mind has the power to vanquish without losing strength or cheerfulness in the process. We sometimes even see the inward serenity shining *more* brightly than before, through pain. We see faith's greatest triumphs achieved within the sphere of tribulation. Much depends always on the temperament of the individual, and on the peculiar nature of the trouble. There are certain physical derangements and disturbances, especially such as affect the brain and the nervous system, which—without the accompaniment of much pain—have the power of sending up thick and heavy clouds into the mental and moral region. In such a case it is really of little use to marshal the intellectual forces, or to bring in the moral or spiritual powers, with a view to the dispersion of such clouds : for if they are dissipated

to-day—the generating cause remaining the same—they will gather again to-morrow. How often has the most skilful spiritual analyst been completely baffled in the attempt to discover within the mind itself any sufficient cause of its gloom ! How often has the most tender Christian sympathy, expressed in the most thoughtful Christian ways, been met and thrown back by a desponding heart, resolutely bent on perpetuating its own unhappiness ? The “ refusal to be comforted ” has in fact many a time assumed the form of spiritual perversity, and good Christian people have been made almost angry by what has seemed to them to become a subtle form of selfishness—a kind of morbid love of darkness and misery ; when, all the while, the chief source and cause of the trouble has been in the body and not in the mind. In such cases physical medicaments are needed, and should be sought and used as the very “ balm of Gilead ” for the occasion—as the healing of God's own hand. Light, and air, and rest, and change, the murmur of the ocean, the silence of the hills—such things are God's very gospel for the case. Not his blessed gospel for the soul's salvation—we know what that is, and where to find it—but certainly his gospel for the body, and, by that means, for the resolution of the doubt.

Then, if the doubt is purely intellectual, if it arises in the course of a natural development of thought and knowledge, perhaps even while expressly examining divine truth with the hope, desire, almost purpose of believing it—then there must be applied to it an expressly intellectual solvent. Beyond all doubt there are questionings and uncertainties which will yield to nothing else. You cannot believe them down : the very question is, What to believe ? You cannot pray them down ; you can pray only for truth and light. You cannot force them down by acts of will : such “ violence ” is not sanctioned in the kingdom. You cannot ignore and forget them : they touch the central elements of your life. You cannot go round about them and pass on your way. There they are, waiting the honest consideration of your thought, and that settlement which true thinking, sufficient knowledge, and right judgment alone can bring. And if that settlement does not soon come, or does not come easily and all at once, then do not say that the doubts are resolved, or make believe even to your own mind as if they were. But just let them stand, and, meantime, go along the path of duty and obedience as far as it lies plainly before you, not doubting that

soon or late, there will be to you also a fulfilment of the promise, "Unto the upright light ariseth in the darkness."

There are, however, other doubts which have a moral origin—that is, they spring from certain spiritual and moral states, from certain likings, habits, courses of life. There is a great deal of doubting which has really no honest intellectual basis at all, although it may, at times even ostentatiously, assume the intellectual form. It is bred of insubmissive tempers, and of unruly lives. Some men do not want to be Christians. They like physical enjoyments. They like selfish ease. They like the way of life that comes. They dislike the trouble and possible disturbance connected with seeking another way. They are thus instinctively, and by habit, the "enemies of the cross of Christ." But this is so serious a thing even to their own minds, that it cannot be allowed to continue without some justification. Hence the plausibilities which one meets with in certain circles of society, which are sometimes put forth by members of Christian families, and which abound in sceptical literature. They are not the fair product of honest thought. They are the misbegotten spawn of "the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts." No doubt this will seem to some an unfair and uncharitable thing to say, and they will be ready perhaps with the retort that, "however common it may be in animated disputation, it is never considered creditable, when argument fails, to impeach the motives of your opponents." The reply to which, again, is, that argument does *not* fail here, nor faith in it—we are placing the whole case, intellectually, on the strength of argument, on the validity of proof. But the state of our motives may greatly affect our power of conducting an argument, may help, or hinder, our perception of truth. If, therefore, what we have just said be true, then it would be very unfair to truth, and very uncharitable to charity, not to say it. Either it is true, or a good many Christian people are mistaken, when they recall and describe the state of mind out of which they came, when, with loyal and loving hearts, they embraced the Christian faith. Their remembrance tells them that, "when they were without Christ," the difficulty felt in the understanding was comparatively little, and that the real offence was taken by the heart. When the grace of repentance came to them, and the gift of submission, the whole case was decided.

Any one, then, who has doubts of this

character will see, surely without difficulty, how to seek the solution of them. Be true to what is deepest and best in your own nature. Let conscience speak. Put down self-will, and ask for will of God—or, if you prefer the formula, let your better self will your inferior self into shame and silence. In one word, obey the Lord's injunction, all the more that it is also a most gracious invitation, and "come unto Him," labouring and heavy laden, and He will give you rest.

We thus come to the second general statement to be laid down for direction and help. This—That nearly all doubts concerning Christ or Christian truth ought to be brought in some way before Christ himself, and given as it were into his own hand for solution. Of course, this direction will not apply to one who is as yet quite outside the whole question. To one who is still entangled amid preliminary difficulties perhaps nothing effectual can be said until he is some way through them. To say to him that he ought to bring his doubts to Jesus Christ, would seem like saying that he ought to believe in Christ before he yet knows whether He is the proper object of human trust, for salvation. "How unphilosophical," he might say, "to ask us to come to the very person about whom, in one form or other, the doubts are entertained, for the solution of them!" On the same grounds it might have been suggested to John the Baptist that it was quite useless to send his disciples to Jesus himself. A modern logician, if he had been at his side when he proposed the mission, would have said, "No; do not send to Him. If you will, send messengers to watch Him, to hear Him speak, to speak with those who have heard Him, and with those who have been healed by Him, if there are any such. Let them go to the Pharisees; let them also consult his own disciples; and thus collect from every source and quarter all the evidence and information they can find, for or against his claims; and let them bring their report, when you can judge the case for yourself, without asking his opinion or judgment in the question until it is decided."

Nor dare we say that all this would be captious and insincere. There is a measure of truth and wisdom in it. It was partly thus, in fact, that the Baptist ruled himself in this great matter. He had been collecting evidence. He had heard in the prison the works of Christ. He had heard much, but not enough. Either on his own part, or on the part of his disciples, there was a lack of full conviction and entire satisfaction.

The whole case was in such a state that the personal testimony of Jesus was now the one thing needful.

The reply was clear, prompt, convincing. But it is well worthy of notice that it is not a simple categorical answer, Yes; or No. It is almost an argumentative reply. It is an answer to the doubts behind the question more than to the question itself. He replies by presentation of fresh evidence, by things done, by miracle wrought in their sight, and by the character of the things as, necessarily, symbols of other and better things.

Here we have a most important part of the answer which is now, and always, being given to all honest doubt and serious inquiry. This, in fact, is partly what we mean by coming to Christ. We cannot expect any vocal answer to questions put, nor any manifestation of visible presence. But He is really in the world. His kingdom is here. His disciples are here. His work is going on in the Church, in society, in men's lives and hearts. That work is always open to examination, and if it does not testify still to his Messiahship, truly, although in different persons and places in very various degrees, then do not believe in Him. This much He seems to say to us himself, perpetually. But if, on the other hand, his work is bearing perpetual and strong witness on his behalf—if by the Christian illuminations "blind" souls get light, if by the healing and fortifying energies of the gospel "lame" souls rise and walk upright, if leprosy, withered affections are flushed with new life, if "the deaf" hear and eagerly listen to the heavenly message, ravished with the sweetness of the sound, and if you see companies of Christian men banded together—not for the pursuit of wealth, or fame, or honour, but that they may promote justice, and temperance, and benevolence among themselves, and that they may the better preach the gospel to the poor—then you have evidence the same in kind as that which Jesus sent back by the messengers to John in the prison. It was strong enough to be appealed to then. Morally considered, it is prodigiously stronger now. Every generation has been adding to it, and to-day it is as strong as Christendom—indeed, it is much stronger, for it points to what Christendom desires and aims at, but does not fully attain. Can any one consider all this—viz., what Christianity has done for men in the way of moral renovation, from the first, and what it is doing now, and how completely alone it is in the world in all its specific functions and

powers—how absolutely without a rival—and yet still put the question, "Do we look for another?" Rather, does not the question of John the Baptist give place to the noble confession of Peter—"We believe that thou art the Christ—the Son of the living God?"

If, however, it must still be in some degree question, and not wholly confession, yet, at least, now we may ask you to put the question *directly to Himself*. In the progress of a soul there comes a point when arguments, and evidences both external and internal, have, for the time, no more force of a progressive kind. They make certain things clear, produce certain convictions, and there an end. They await the touch of new vitalities, which come only of personal communications. The needed gospel is no longer—*certain things are true—but—the Lord lives, and I may come to Him!* and tell him of all my doubts, and of my half-beliefs, and of all my flickering fears, and all my cleaving sins, and of my rising hopes, and unquenchable aspirations. I may come to Him and throw my whole soul into the question, "Art thou He that should come—with bread of life for this heart-hunger which is often pain, with water of life for this deep inner thirst, with healing for this wounded spirit, with truth and love and God for this unportioned heart which aches and sighs as it turns, evermore, in upon itself? Art thou He that should come? or must I go from thee, unanswered, unforgiven, undowered, and away again into a world, which now will be darker and more barren than before, to "look for another?" Try—O try—for thyself, this marvellous experiment—whether a man may now speak to Christ and have answer from Him, as really, if not in the same way, as John and Peter and Martha and Mary spake to Him, and had answer from his lips in sound, and from his heart in love. We can well afford to be without the sound for a while, if, in the stillness, we see light in his light, and feel within our breast the warmth, the comfort, the rest, which can come only from his. Reverently then, yet urgently, press into his very presence, and find some way to lay upon his heart your life's unanswered question, "Art thou He that should come?" And in no long time the answer will be so complete and so satisfying, as to settle and extinguish the question for ever in your heart, and to raise up in its stead this clear joyful testimony of your faith and love:—"Lord, to whom shall I go but unto thee, for thou hast the words of eternal life?"

ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

HEARTH-GLOW.

IN the fireshine at the twilight
 The pictures that I see
 Are less with mimic landscape bright,
 Than with life and mystery.
 Where the embers flush and flicker
 With their palpitating glow,
 I see, fitfuller and quicker,
 Heart-pulses come and go.

And here and there, with eager flame,
 A little tongue of light
 Upreaches earnestly to claim
 A somewhat out of sight.
 I know, with instinct sure and high,
 A somewhat must be there;
 Else should the fiery impulse die
 In ashes of despair.



How the life-spark yearns and shivers,
 Till the whiteness o'er it creep!
 Till the last, pale hope outquivers,
 And quenches into sleep!
 Till 'mid the dust of what has been
 It lieth dim and cold;
 Yet holdeth secretly, within,
 Heart-fervour, as of old!

As from the darkening fireside,
 I slowly turn away,
 I think how souls of men abide
 The breaking of the day.
 When a morning touch shall stir again
 Those ashes of the night
 That gathered o'er our hearts of pain
 To keep their life alight! A. T. WHITNEY.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXXIII.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
 Made for our searching."—KEATS.



RS. ARMY-
 TAGE got
 out of her
 carriage at
 the door of
 Signior Ta-
 dolini's
 studio, and
 in the car-
 riage she left
 her still help-
 less patient.

Five min-
 utes, and five
 minutes
 more pas-
 sed ; but
 Margaret
 did not feel
 impatient.
 The soft,

balmy air of Italy was playing on her face, and the subtle spells of Rome's enchantment were weaving themselves more closely over their victim.

Who can be tired of waiting in a Roman street ?

Look yonder—there is a broken arch. Look through it ; you will see a dark court, and in the dark court a sparkling fountain is leaping to the sunlight. There are rainbows in its showers—blue, purple, yellow, red. Ah ! but here come colours that put the rainbow all to shame. A Roman woman in her beautiful fanciful dress—the broad apron striped with blue and gold, the scarlet head-dress folded on her raven hair, the short petticoat showing the comely feet. She brings her pitcher to the water, and stands there a very Rache! or Rebecca, in the sun. She loves the sun : she will not stay in that dark court when he has hidden his face from it ; she will go out rather on the bare warm steps of the Piazza di Spagna.

Now she is playing at catch-who-can with the fountain for the sunbeams. He is so enamoured of both, he knows not which to

I. N. S.

choose. Now he is shivering through the silver spray with a flash of golden glory ; now he is playing along the dark features of the Roman woman, and bringing out its chiselled contour in full relief against the moss-grown time-worn wall.

And while we are looking at her, what are we overlooking beyond ? What is that broken fragment at her feet ? A hand as beautiful as hers perhaps, carved in the days when to be a Roman matron was a glory and a crown. We cannot help a lingering—prejudice, shall we say ? that it is a glory even now. This hand belongs to that statue leaning forward on its uneven pedestal ; the other is pressed against her bosom, veiled with its delicate marble drapery. An aloe is springing up through a crevice at her feet, and rude hands have chipped away the brodered hem of her garment. Then the ludicrous comes in upon our sentimentality. It strikes us on a sudden that she is looking for her poor lost hand. And we turn away, for "Fiori ! belli fiori ! do you speak English, madam ?" in a strong foreign accent, is ringing in our ears. And a faint, sweet smell comes fanning over the carriage ; and blush camellias and purple violets are leaning their beautiful faces into ours. And who can resist them—who ?

Oh ! to think of English people shivering round the fires at home, and of the English fogs that must be wrapping up our island ! And here we are basking in sunshine, reveling in flowers, intoxicated with the purest and most intense of God's good treasures. We shall be very glad to get home. We are not bitten by any wandering-mania ; we are all home lovers, and have known home-sickness. But for the present—well, we are in Rome, and thank God for it !

Margaret bought a bunch of violets, with an inward smiting of conscience at the extravagance—a few centissimi. It was not much, and she gave way to the temptation.

As she lifted them to her face, and closed her eyes, as people have a way of doing, when they want to enjoy intensely their other sense of smell, the door into which Mrs. Armytage had entered opened. Margaret's eyes opened too.

Two gentlemen came out, one leaning on the arm of the other. They were about the same height, and English unmistakably.

One was probably some six or eight years older than the other, and it was he who leaned upon his friend's arm, or rather held it, with a sort of nervous, child-like hold. He was the farthest off from Margaret as they passed her, and she could not see his face. The other stopped suddenly and involuntarily after he had gone a few steps, and looked into the carriage. He paused a moment hesitating; then, as if shocked at his presumption in thus scanning the face of what might be a stranger, and certainly was a lady, he walked on again quickly.

"I thought it was some one I knew," said he to his friend, as they turned through one of the little by-streets into the Corso; "but it wasn't. An extraordinary likeness though: a sort of ghost of the original. You remember that beautiful woman I told you about, whom I met going to Munich? Well, I thought it was her. Here is a shop that will do. It is rather far to go up to Spithövers—don't you think so? Now shall I choose you one of those photographs for your mother?"

And they went into the shop, the speaker loosening his arm, and going towards the counter, while the elder of the two remained standing at the doorway as his friend had left him.

Margaret had seen the face that looked into the carriage, and knew that she had seen it before. But her memory had been severely taxed of late, and the fever alone had weakened it considerably. All the way home and for many hours afterwards she puzzled herself as to who it was, and where she had seen him before. Occasionally the face crossed the mind's eye during the next few days. But when she could not recall a single association which helped her to identify it, she laid it aside without much further thought. Gaspar was dead, and "all men else were shadows."

In the mean time old friends of Mrs. Armytage dropped in in increasing numbers. Christmas was drawing near, and Rome was filling. Everything was to be seen, but no one knew when or where. Every one came to everybody else to ask questions or to give information. Every one is good-natured in Rome. People who would go off alone morosely in their closed broughams to see sights in London, drive briskly about in open carriages and stop at their friends' houses with an offer of "two empty seats." No one is busy, no one thinks of refusing. What are we in Rome for if not to make holiday?

We put our bonnets on, and run down breathless to the carriage. There is no time to be lost; we are going to see something.

It does not the least matter what. After a time, as we drive on, perhaps by chance we ask that unimportant question.

A review of the Papal troops, perhaps, in the Borghese Gardens. Our carriage is blocked in the Piazza del Popolo. We sit there for two hours, while one by one the cargoes of impatient or phlegmatic humanity are told off to pass through the gate.

Arrived at our destination, we find we must walk a considerable way. We see a mass of moving colour in the distance. It moves very fast indeed, ominously fast. As we join the spectators we see a similar movement amongst them. The last company of Zouaves is passing. The review is over.

But no one is put out; we have glorious sunshine, grass to walk upon, faces as kind and tempers as equable as our own, all round.

We buy bunches of white hyacinths and drive to the Coliseum for maiden-hair ferns. When we go home we arrange them. The air is sweet as a May day, till sunset; then we come in from the balcony and shut the windows, for like a damp mantle the skies are showering their dews.

Now our Giacomos bring the lights, and we close in, to read or dream, or to make plans for to-morrow.

But with the light comes a note, and with the note a bouquet. We have not heard perhaps that there is a meet to-morrow at the Osteria del Curato? Nor that Monsignor Capel preaches at Santa Maria at the end of the Babuino? Nor that the galleries of sculpture in the Vatican are to be lighted up in the evening? Nor that the band has begun playing on the Pincian in the afternoon?

We had known none of these things. For in the days of the Papal Government no authorised announcements were published of the most important impending events. A written half-sheet in a bookseller's window was the only assistance offered to the public. And this was as likely to be wrong as any information we have ourselves gathered.

We go out to hear a mass, and find there is none. We see a crowd, and ask what it is.

"Some one who by happy or unhappy chance has been sucked into the vortex, and has seen the border of a vestment between people's heads, or heard the Pope's voice in a Latin prayer, pushes up to the carriage and exclaims, 'Not seen it? why then you have missed quite the best thing in Rome!'"

We shall say just the same thing to him



"MARGARET"

when we have been to that "meet" at the Osteria that he knows nothing about.

But we cannot in our hearts believe that any of its passing shows are the "best thing" in Rome. They gratify the eye, and indulge our curiosity; they teach us diverse lessons in very diverse ways. But the best things of Rome are neither gay nor variable. Speechless, they have been teaching for a thousand years; cold, they bring thoughts of flame to every heart that is worthy of the name; grey, hoary, ruinous, they yet preserve an undying youth; and dead, they blossom continually into freshest life; old stones bringing forth tenderest fern-leaves; old fissures, harbouring delicate flower-bearing weeds. Why called "weeds," except that God and not man has sown them there?

XXXIV.

"A shadow flits before me."—*Maud.*

AFTER this hardly a day passed but Margaret was able to be helped into the carriage; and hardly any such drive was taken but the two friends came across or caught a glimpse of the Jonathan and David of Tadolini's studio.

Margaret knew now where she had first met the younger. As one day he had issued suddenly from a flower-shop in the Condottic, he had glanced at the carriage again, and associations of Munich and of misery had recalled him to Margaret's mind as her sympathetic companion of a few hours, so many months since. She bowed hesitatingly, for she could not pass him as a complete stranger: but his returned greeting was so evidently that of politeness, of bewilderment, and non-recognition, that she did not again attempt it. At any rate, there was no chance of any renewal of their brief acquaintance, though the Coliseum, the Baths of Caracalla, and a hundred other places, would harbour them at once. And Margaret, looking at her drawn face and startlingly large eyes in the glass, could not wonder that little of her old self remained for the young Englishman to recognise.

The constant repetitions of these meetings, or rather passings, began to be quite a subject for amusement to Mrs. Armytage. "Our Jonathan and David," she would call them, as she speculated very innocently as to who they were, why they were so constantly together, and how long they were destined, like weary comets, to cross and recross each other's path.

"I want to know them, Margaret," she would say impatiently. "I should like to

come to some explanation and divide the place, giving them so many square miles to sight-see upon, on condition that they do not dodge us, or we them, any more."

"Half-Rome" and "the other Half-Rome," like the Ring and the Book," said Margaret smiling. She did not feel that she cared to see any one now, still less to make fresh acquaintances. And yet she seldom failed to look up when the sunny young face passed by them, with its shadow always beyond it—that graver, sadder face, always still and pale, upon which some great sorrow or sickness had so plainly laid its hand.

It certainly was curious, the manner in which the two men (such contrasts to each other) led, as it were, one life, and had between them but one opinion. That is, to the outward eye. For if one turned aside to see a pillar or a fountain or a ruin, the other never dissenting, went likewise.

Once, driving on a Saturday afternoon through the Borghese Gardens; Mrs. Armytage and Margaret passed them at a little distance. The carriage-drive is wide and sweeping, but fifty yards or so from it there is a foot-path, grassy, and under trees. This path the two friends were treading together. The younger, evidently amused at the reappearance of the inevitable carriage, looked up as usual, but with a smile—even at that distance visible to Margaret—and said something to his friend. But the elder man, looking always straight before him, and always holding to his friend's arm, neither turned his eyes nor smiled.

"I sometimes think he is blind," said Margaret one day.

"Impossible, my dear," replied her friend. "The first time I saw him, you know, was in Tadolini's studio; looking at the St. Michael."

"Ah; so it was," said Margaret, with something of inward relief.

It was quite apparent to Margaret, about this time, that however much Mrs. Armytage might talk about Jonathan and David, something else, that would neither be dislodged nor yet be still, lay very heavily at her heart. Perhaps heavily is too strong a word; for Mrs. Armytage was (at times) more restless than really oppressed by her unspoken burden. Her silence about her brother Margaret felt to be ominous. She was not sure whether the idea of his love for her was not distasteful to his sister. She could not quite believe it was; and yet, if not, why this silence? Margaret felt she had left Luke Carew a loop-hole for hope. Suppose

he had nourished the tiny seedling till it had burst out into a vigorous shoot, and suppose he should claim her imperatively when she went back to England, accuse her out of her own mouth, as having deceived him and allured him on by a deceitful beacon?

No! She cast away the idea with scorn. If he still cared, could he not have come to her? What was sea or distance to real love? And what sort of love could it be that sat quiet at home, when hope had not been utterly extinguished? And Margaret did not deny to herself, though it sometimes gave her a remorseful pain, that Luke Carew had been left a little—perhaps hardly perceptible—margin for hope.

Sometimes, I say. For at other times Margaret looking out upon the world in her loneliness, seeing how cold it was, how careless of her griefs, could not help turning with a reaction of almost pleasure to the thought of one heart that had been true to her for so long. One who she knew even now was making her griefs his griefs, and who perhaps refrained from coming to ask for his reward only because he feared to trouble her in her sorrows with the subject, to him so all-important, of his own woe or weal.

Some one has drawn a good distinction between the satisfying of the fancy and imagination, and the satisfying of the heart. Luke Carew might perhaps satisfy Margaret's fancy; whether he could satisfy her heart remains as yet an open question. With her it remained so too, when she thought of it at all.

But the subject uppermost in her heart now was that of her return home. Day after day she discussed it with her friend, removing obstacles and urging reasons. But the stern fact remained, that she could not yet get across the room without an arm, that her limbs moved still quite independently of her will, even then, and that travelling alone was impossible.

And then there was a second fact, as stern as the first. No escort was to be found for any one returning to England; all England was flooding out to Rome. Far less could an escort be found to act sick-nurse to so fragile a traveller as Margaret.

"My dear," Mrs. Armytage would say to her impatiently, "you must advertise for a Sister of Charity, not inquire for an escort. Unless Jonathan and David will undertake you, and give you your tonic every two hours between this and Marseilles."

But David and Jonathan were not thinking

of going home. Christmas was at the door, and who will leave Rome before him? Not many days after Margaret's last struggle about going back to England, the two friends had been introduced to Mrs. Armytage by her friend, the Mr. Poole whose name she had looked for in Piale's book of visitors.

"And they are coming in to five o'clock tea to-night, my dear," she said to Margaret on her return, while she filled a little brown bowl full of violets and put them beside her.

"Where did you meet them?" said Margaret.

"In the Corsini, looking at the pictures."

That afternoon, strangely enough, from an old book lying on Margaret's lap, some loose papers fluttered off on to the floor.

There was a dried leaf given her at Munich by Philippine. A sketch of the street done from Gaspar's window on a half-sheet of writing paper, and a card. On the card was printed, "Mr. Williams."

Where had it come from? Perhaps from Fernhill. No; for the old rector's card was large and square, and printed in mediæval letters. Gradually it came back to Margaret, as through a mist, that when the Englishman who had been her companion in the Munich train had left her he had put a card into her hand. It was creased now and doubled, as she had held it on that weary drive (that seemed an eternity to her) between the station and the Hôtel Sophien-bad. No wonder that she had never looked at it, till it fell out crushed and soiled at her feet to-day in Rome.

Could he, then, be any relation of Ellen Williams?

She would ask him that afternoon.

XXXV.

"And I would be the girdle,
Around her dainty dainty waist."

TEMMYSON.

ALL England, we have said, was flooding out to Rome. Mrs. Pickering wished to do as all England did. She had been barely three months home from the Continent, when she determined to set forth once more. London was very dull and very unsociable, she thought: it was also very cold and murky. People only kept themselves warm by regular exercise, and to regular exercise Mrs. Pickering was averse. Nature had, in fact, debarred her from it, though this she would not acknowledge. But Mr. Pickering gaily acknowledged it for her.

"You don't run about enough, my dear woman, Mrs. P.," said he, smudging fierce

and fast at his easel, and bringing such effects out of his smudges as would have silenced any one but Mrs. Pickering—a glorious wave falling to pieces in a cloud of spray, a herring-boat brown sailed, a boulder of rugged rock—and three unerring daubs to produce it all. But he appeared to heed his effects as little as his wife. “You should take a good run, now, down the street, clapping your hands and thumping your arms like a cabby. Eh? shocked, old girl? well, to be sure I had forgotten your diameter, so forgive the suggestion.” And he playfully inserted the end of his coarse brush and one finger into Mrs. Pickering’s waist-band.

“Now don’t be a fool, Pickering,” she cried angrily, twisting round, upon which the distended band snapped suddenly and gave way. “One would think for to see your airs and manners, that you had remained with them select parties in the steerage, since last summer.” And with a withering glance behind her Mrs. Pickering sailed indignantly from the room, closing the door upon her faded merino gown, and opening it again angrily. Her band had fallen to the ground, and she turned to recover it. But no sooner had she shown her portly back to her husband than he had stooped and whisked the missing article of dress into his pocket. He was now painting away unconsciously as ever; lifting his eye-glasses by means of his nose and frowning at the same time with his bushy brows: wearing a look of interest in and attention to his picture which Mrs. Pickering ought to have known was not quite natural.

Mrs. Pickering was too proud to ask for what she had lost. She knew that though she had barely suggested Rome, her battle was won. She forthwith called Pamela, ordered her brougham, and set forth to buy a pink brocaded satin for the Roman season.

In the meantime, Joshua Pickering, the very image of a coarse and jovial Bacchus, stood green-garlanded before his easel. He had woven his wife’s girdle round his head with suppressed guffaws of childish laughter, and now he sang lustily and loud, in a voice that was not musical and yet had music in it, the famous old ditty of Edmund Waller:—

“That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.”

Louder and louder waxed Mr. Pickering’s song, and inspiration came to his assistance;—but when he had reached the middle of the poem, he was interrupted by a voice, giving salute,

“Good morning, sir!”

Mr. Pickering waved his painting rag joyfully round his head and stretched out his hand to an amateur artist who at that moment entered.

After some familiar conversation and a good deal of bantering on the part of the host, his visitor said,

“I came especially to speak to you touching that fine little bit you lent me, Pickering. What do you think it’s worth, eh? I’m down with it, whatever you say. There’s a lurking fire of genius in the thing that takes me amazingly. Brotherton, you know, the R.A. (not the young fellow), came across it among my daubs and took it for mine, and——”

“Ah! you sly dog!” broke in Joshua Pickering, “you think you’ll make it so, eh? for a few shillings? and pass it off as your own?” and he gave his accustomed bellow of laughter, while the brush he did not think it worth while to withdraw, made an irregular smear across the canvas, which with another touch was deftly transformed into a broken stump driven into the shimmering sand from which his glorious wave had just receded.

“Who was the artist, did you say, Pickering?” inquired his friend.

“Lady—young—beautiful—” Mr. Pickering had his mouth full of brushes, and so left out all superfluous words.

“A lady! oh, indeed! and young!—dear me! Well, it’s uncommonly good. But of course a young lady is rather in one’s hands, I mean in the customer’s hands, you know, and must take what she can——”

“Quite in your hands, my dear friend,” said Joshua, taking the brushes from his mouth and turning his sharp brown eyes on his visitor with a look that was so grave, it became—for him—almost stern. “Quite in your hands, my dear sir—so hit her hard—she’s got no friends.” And he replaced the brushes and went on painting.

“But—do you mean she’s badly off and earning her living?”

“I do,” replied Joshua after a pause. “Just as I was, twenty years ago—just as I may be, twenty years hence—when the rheumatics play their tunes along these digits, and Joshua P.’s pictures and himself are laid by together on the shelf. Just as you might be, Mr. Amateur Artist, sir, if you’ll excuse me saying so, if your bank broke to-morrow, as her father’s broke long ago—when she was a chicken.”

“Well, mention any sum you think right, Pickering—and here’s a blank cheque. I’m your man.”

Joshua paused a moment again and looked side-ways at his picture. Then he said,

"The sum, sir, that I shall mention, remember, will be what I consider the *market* value of the article. I do not mention to a *gentleman*, the sum I think he might well give as an offering at the shrine of Art, sir—nor to the higher shrine of virtuous beauty. The sum I shall mention, sir, is twenty guineas. The artist is unknown, sir, AND"—Mr. Pickering paused—"very poor."

The visitor produced his purse and asking for a pen, filled up the blank cheque at his host's request, as follows—

"Pay Margaret Marshall or order, the sum of—" the pen hesitated an instant.

"Be a man and a Christian," said Joshua, laying his big hand on the narrow back bent over the table. "You'll find it after many days, Mr. Barley."

"Forty pounds," wrote the hand now, fluently and without hesitation.

Joshua's hand was raised, but only to fall with renewed power on Mr. Barley's shoulder.

"God bless you, my good sir," said he. "You could not have done me a greater kindness."

When he was gone Joshua Pickering thus soliloquised—

"Well, if that isn't a windfall for the sweet woman, I'm much mistaken. Poor dear, poor dear! she needs all the comfort she can get. And she's ill in Rome too, Carew says getting better, eh? Well, my poor dear, here's forty pounds sterling for you, and no mistake—none of your dirty charities, poor dear—none of your subscriptions for the indigent poor. Well now, Joshua P., how you hate that word 'indigent!' It's more of scorn in it than pity,—but it's none of these—bread fairly won if ever bread was—and it's awful odds a woman like her has to deal with, I'll be bound. I'm mistaken if Barley's back didn't expand a bit after he unburdened himself of that chink, it lifts a chap up to do a good turn to another. She'll be grateful, poor soul—but Barley, you ought to be the grateful one!—I'm your doctor, I've given you the emetic—you've disgorged, and you're a 'wiser and a poorer man,' not a 'sadder' man I'll reckon.

"Well, and, to be sure, *she's* at Rome. Won't mention that, in case Mrs. Pickering should object. Reconciles a chap to going to foreign parts, it does, to think of seeing a sweet woman like that. When a woman's a woman it makes even Joshua P. more of a man.

"Ah! she'll be married to that Carew before long. Well, he's a good fellow, and he's a wretch in love, as he should be, and

no mistake. And we can't expect she'll find her match anywhere; so God bless the match! say I, Joshua Pickering, who's been matched easier, and long ago."

XXXVI.

"She spoke such good thoughts natural."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is wonderful how quickly an intimacy will spring up where tastes and objects of interest are in common. It is especially wonderful at Rome, where people who have passed each other as strangers for weeks or months find themselves by the talisman of an introduction suddenly grown into old friends.

Rome, of course, offers every advantage to such rapidly-formed friendships. In England, sky, circumstance, disposition, alike keep us at a cautious distance from each other; but Rome, where every day we make holiday, and feast ourselves greedily on eye-satisfying, soul-stirring sights, we are driven from our separate citadels, and drawn to each other by a new sense of keen sympathy and delight. For surely enjoyment throws out of self, if anything can. Few of us care to be alone in that which increases ever in its dispersion.

"Je ne sais si je me trompe," says Corinne, "mais il me semble qu'on se devient plus cher l'une à l'autre en admirant ensemble les monuments qui parle à l'âme par une véritable grandeur."

It was so with the little party of four, who by Mr. Poole's intervention had, at least, been brought together in Mr. Arnytage's rooms. One afternoon they had been strangers, the next they were acquaintances, the day after (chiefly spent together) they felt the acquaintance was warming into friendship. In a week's time they had almost ceased to have separate plans. A consultation one afternoon determined the affairs of the next day for both.

Mr. Poole sometimes, but rarely, joined the quartette. Five was not so convenient a number for sight-seeing as four, and he had many friends and separate interests.

There was nothing light, or volatile, or whimsical about this sudden friendship, as from experience we might imagine. So sober an element pervaded the little group, that perhaps to strangers they appeared impervious to enjoyment, and indifferent. Mrs. Arnytage alone had animal spirits, and even she became serious and dignified.

Then the relations between them, and the circumstances of each were conducive to this calm, passionless friendship. Mr. Williams and Margaret were more like saint and wor-

shipper than lovers, or even friends. They usually fell naturally into each other's company, and he picked up the pearls that dropped from her lips with a reverence that was nearly awe. When she looked at leaves or flowers by the wayside in their country drives, and her eyes filled with a sort of quiet sunshine at the sight, he would stop the driver, get out, and lay them in her lap in silence. "Are they what you like?" he would perhaps say, and a quiet "Yes, thank you—how beautiful!" was reward enough for him. When they were alone for an instant he poured out his sorrows to her, asked her counsel, told his difficulties, and treasured her answers in his heart.

Younger than Margaret by three years, it never occurred to him that he might aspire to anything above the footstool of his saint.

The second day of their acquaintance discovered to Margaret the fact that this was none other than Ellen Williams's prodigal brother. With some hesitation, he confessed the fact, imploring Margaret at the same time to keep it an entire secret. Go home, he said, he could not. He had tried it—God knew that! But every feeling that was inhuman and unfilial had come into his heart, and he felt if he were ever to come to the knowledge of all that is high and holy he must see it before him in some shape on earth.

Margaret, anxious to bring about a reconciliation, which it seemed to her that God had certainly intended her to do, bringing her as a link between the home (such as it was) and the homeless, argued the point again and again.

"You don't know my feeling," he once said earnestly. "I am driven of the wind and tossed. My anchor has been rudely torn from under me. I have been in an atmosphere of unbelief for two years at college. I have no influence to lead me the other way. God knows how miserable I am."

"Thank God you are miserable still," said Margaret gravely.

"What do you mean?" he asked wondering.

"If you were not," she said, "I think your case would be infinitely more hopeless than it is. Do you know I was afraid——"

"Of what?" he inquired.

"That you were happier—that you were getting reconciled; and yet I knew it was not the happiness I want you to have—that I know you will have still."

"Listen!" he said. They were sitting on a seat in the gardens of the villa Doria, waiting for the other two, who had gone into

the house, for Margaret had still little use of her limbs, and could only, with the help of an arm, totter to the nearest resting-place when they left the carriage. "Listen! You do not close your eyes to the phases through which another mind can pass—you do not think that doubt itself is damnable—you do not shut against me all hope of coming to belief, by spitting righteous scorn upon me when I show you that foul thing—myself. And yet, if ever woman——" He stopped here, as he always did when anything like a compliment was near the surface.

"You will forgive my saying so," said Margaret; "but do you know it seems to me that doubt is a disease."

"It is infectious, at all events," he replied.

"And yet we cannot lay down a rule," she continued, "for some people go into it open-eyed, and hold it with a method and a faith, if I may say so, that is quite unlike madness."

"Certain lines lead to it inevitably," he answered. "I have got on one of those tracks; yet I cannot say on what track—I cannot say what I believe, or why I disbelieve. I disbelieve in everything, and yet when I analyse my mind I can find no reason why—no grounds from which I started."

"You have caught the infection," she said. "You have not walked into it willingly. You are only disturbed by seeing others walking in before you. And you know there is a great deal that is attractive about an unbeliever."

He looked up in astonishment.

"I mean about his course," said Margaret. "All our minds are astir to-day. We are all sifting the old sands, digging in the old paths, and trying to make discoveries. Most of us are content with this, because if we find a tiny flaw here, we turn up as often, and oftener, a hidden jewel. But then a man comes who has been led up in the old ways, by the old paths, and he shakes all these from him valiantly, and he says, 'What has been need not be always. Away, old fashions and old beliefs. We shall find truth by another path.' But it is curious," she went on, "how astray people go, when once they start for themselves. You would think that by a thousand different paths men must finally arrive at God, the final good; men, I mean, who are looking for truth, and purity, and light. But it seems to me they lose themselves in a wilderness, and go in circles round themselves. Do you understand?"

"Oh yes," he said.

"I wish I could express myself better, but I think you will extract what I want to say from my tangled words. It seems to me that

having revolved for a certain time in this wilderness, coming always upon the same path, the same stumbling-blocks, and the same barriers, they decide that as *they* cannot leave the wilderness there can be nothing beyond it. If there were a way out, why should not *they* discover it who have pursued their search so long, and with such fidelity?

"Now another man is standing in the thicket too. He sees men wearily going round and round him, coming to nothing higher or better, and yet with every round becoming more loud in their protestations, more firm in their convictions that anything beyond the thicket is an idle dream. 'Start as we may,' they say, 'we come upon the



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same goal. Is not this conclusive? It pleases you triflers to imagine that there is another path, that there is another truth. But if so, give us proof. We, at least, are honest; we are ready to be convinced.

"And here," said Margaret sighing, for she had tired herself out in her earnestness, comes the sad part."

"How?" inquired her companion.

"Because he *cannot* convince them,"

They were both silent—he waiting to hear

what she would say next, and she lost in thought. After a moment she said again,—

"He *cannot* convince them. They, with their eyes fixed on their weary rounds, he with his whole mind and sight riveted to another path, how should they *ever* meet and agree? Their courses are perfectly opposed. For above the thicket there is a heaven; and to the one it is indeed heaven. To his soul the path to it is as apparent as the weary rounds to the other. 'They have

neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard.' Once seeing that path, neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come can hide it. Overclouded it may be, but banished or hidden quite—never. But I have wandered from my point," said she, smiling. "All I wanted to say was, that it is an inner consciousness which makes believers, and not any outward evidences alone. These, I am sure, when the consciousness is present, are so marly buttresses

to faith: in the new light we read all things anew. But I lose all hope of ever convincing any one of God's truth and love by appealing *only* to reason and the intellect. We must need the knowledge with our *hearts*, read it from our *hearts*, hold it by our *hearts*; and then our hearts convince us as nothing else can. After that, as I said before, nature, our lives, our experience, everything is read newly, in what Mrs. Browning calls the 'great God-light.'"

THE RELATION OF INSPIRED TEACHERS TO CHRIST.

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone".—Eph. ii. 20.

TWO preliminary questions suggest themselves as we read these words. First, Who are intended by "apostles and prophets?" Do the terms denote the same class of teachers—the titles combined being applied in general to the inspired messengers of our Lord? Or do the words point to two distinct classes of persons? And if so, are we to understand by them, Old Testament prophets and New Testament apostles? Or are we to take them as indicating New Testament apostles and New Testament prophets,—according to what we read in this epistle,* where Paul speaks of the mystery "which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto the holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit." Again, he says, Christ "gave some, apostles; and some, prophets."† We are pretty well satisfied that two classes of instructors are intended; but we do not feel perfectly sure which interpretation should be adopted as to the classes respectively; yet we incline to the conclusion, that Old Testament prophets and New Testament apostles are intended by the words—on the ground that as the Apostle is referring in the whole of this magnificent paragraph to the union between Jews and Gentiles in the Christian Church, it is most probable that he would refer to the seers of the Israelitish faith, as well as to the inspired preachers of the Gospel; to the ancient as well as to the modern witnesses of God's truth,—all of them uniting in a common testimony to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Then, there this second preliminary question, Are we to regard "apostles and prophets" in a limited and subordinate sense, as constituting a foundation of the Church, as we find in the Book of Revelation,‡ "And

the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb;" or, are we to understand that Jesus Christ is the only foundation, the one immovable corner-stone, recognised and set forth both by prophetic and by apostolic men? We adopt the latter view, for this reason—that Paul is exceedingly jealous of any one but Christ being regarded as a foundation on which the Church is to be built. "According to the grace of God," he says when writing to the Corinthians,* "which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Apart from the architectural figure, yet in the same spirit, the apostle asks, "Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?"†

The subject we propose to consider is the relation in which inspired human teachers stand to the Author and Finisher of our faith—the divine Jesus, the anointed Christ—our blessed Lord and Saviour.

Apostles and prophets testify to Him. They bear witness to his nature, character, and work. This is true of Old Testament prophets, for "the Spirit of Christ which was in them . . . testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow."‡ The Spirit which, as we shall presently see, brought out the pictures of Christ's history in the memory of apostles, painted on the hopes of prophetic harbingers the promise of his coming. But, as this implies, apostles proceed beyond prophets in their office as Messianic witnesses. Even as moral and ecclesiastical teachers, apostles are Christian in spirit, as it was not possible for pro-

* iii. 5.

† iv. 11.

‡ Rev. xxi. 14.

* 1 Cor. iii. 10, 11.

† 1 Cor. i. 13.

‡ 1 Peter i. 11.

phets to be. A certain tone caught from their Master is manifest in all their utterances. Their thoughts take a colouring, their diction a style from Him. But they are emphatically Christian, in a more distinctive way, for they are full of Christ himself. They do not merely repeat his sayings, or strive to reproduce Him in their own characters, so as to be in some sort images, shadows, echoes of Him,—but they make Him the permanent, all-absorbing theme and substance of their ministrations, giving his history at large, limiting it only so far as the inexhaustibleness of the subject imposed limits on the narrative—writing a fourfold biography, in which from different points of view He is described, exalted, and magnified. At the same time, they propound certain doctrines as to his person, his life, his death, and his relation to the Church and the universe. What Paul teaches as to these points forms a considerable portion of his Epistles. In the letters written to the Ephesians and Colossians, he dwells much upon the pre-eminence of Christ, declaring Him to be “the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature,”—“before all things,” and affirming that “by Him all things consist:” * thus showing that he, Paul, could have no sympathy with those who count it an unimportant, if not an irrelevant question, as to what place Christ holds in the universe, and who seem to think that the moral character, the spiritual life of Jesus of Nazareth is all in all. The propitiatory nature of Christ’s sufferings and death come in for explicit notice and affirmation in Paul’s Epistles to Rome and Corinth; whilst in the Epistle to the Hebrews—which most scholars will admit to be Pauline in spirit, if not in literal authorship—the atonement of our Lord is brought out in unmistakable terms; the types of the Jewish economy being made vehicles of evangelical instruction, so as to make us feel that Judaism was a necessary preparation for Christianity—that without the laws of Moses we could not have apprehended the redemptive work of Christ.

To pass over other apostles, what St. John, who crowns and completes the canon of the New Testament, says on the same subject, is alike comprehensive and characteristic—for he conspicuously presents the Saviour to the reverential faith and the grateful love of the Church, as both the Word, and the Lamb—the Word, who was “with God,” who “was God”—the Lamb, who “taketh away the sins of the world”—“the Lamb

slain”—“the Lamb in the midst of the throne.”

The point which we now have distinctly before our own mind, and which we wish clearly to convey to our readers is,—that whether authority or not be attached to such teaching (and with the question of authority we do not deal in this part of our paper) teaching of this description, definite and decided, to a large extent may be found in the writings of apostles and prophets. Some divines, no doubt, by a wire-drawing process, have attempted to educe from Scripture more precise conclusions on the mysteries of the Redeemer and his redemption, than Scripture, fairly studied, will warrant; but over-statement on one side does not justify or excuse under-statement on the other. Outsiders, even opponents admit, that there is an amount of dogmatic teaching in the New Testament upon the subject now under consideration, which cannot be explained away, and to it they bind, and fairly bind, the avowed disciples of the Christian faith. They criticize justly those who would resolve Christianity into vague generalities. They speak of “the strange and sinister mode of assault upon religion which we watch with wondering eyes, and which consists in wearing the shield and device of a faith, and industriously shouting the cry of a Church, the more effectually to reduce the faith to a vague futility, and its outward ordering to a piece of ingeniously reticulated pretence.” They truly describe certain exponents of Christianity as “muffled phantoms of debate, made to gesticulate inexpressible things, in portentously significant silence.” They affirm, to use their own language, that controversial men-at-arms are eager to have it thought that they wear the colours of the other side—that the theologian would fain pass for the rationalist, the freethinker for a person with his own orthodoxies (if you only knew them), and that philosophic candour and intelligence are supposed to have hit their final climax, in the doctrine that everything is both true and false at the same time. This censure, this satire, is, alas! justly incurred by some in the present day, whether covert enemies or real friends. We judge no man’s motives. And we can only meet this sort of thing by strenuously maintaining, that Scripture teaching is misrepresented and caricatured—unintentionally, we hope—by those who thus seem to play fast and loose with the Old Testament and the New. It appears to us that there are lucid and emphatic declarations made by

* Col. i. 15, 17.

prophets and apostles, of certain things which they verily and indeed believed concerning Jesus Christ as the corner-stone of their religion—the corner-stone of his own Church: and it further appears that these declarations are to the effect which we have ventured to express.

And now that we have in a summary fashion, rendered necessary by the limits of such a paper as this, expressed what we take to be the testimony of apostles and prophets to Jesus Christ as the foundation of Christianity, and of the sinner's hope in the redeeming mercy of God, we proceed to remark—

That apostles bear their testimony through the illumination and impulse of a Spirit, which Jesus Christ Himself promised to bestow, and which they were convinced they had received.

As to the *promise*, our Lord declared they should receive the Spirit of *Truth*: "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."* He also described this spirit as the spirit of *History*. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."† He likewise intimates that this Spirit would communicate a *further revelation*. "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify" (or bear witness) "of me: and ye also shall bear witness" (or testify) "of me, because ye have been with me from the beginning."‡ Here, very plainly, the disciples were given to understand, that, added to their own distinct recollection of what they had themselves seen and heard, there would be conveyed to their minds by the Comforter, further impressions of what He did and what He was. And yet again: "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of" (or touching) "Himself; but He shall glorify me: for He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you."§ These are words obviously presenting the idea that the coming revelation of Christ would

mightily exalt men's conceptions of Him; that He would be seen by them to be more glorious than ever; that, in fact, up to this time they had not thought too much of Him, but too little; that mysterious as it might appear, what belonged to the Father belonged to Him, and that these treasures of infinite worth, the promised Illuminator would bring to light for the salvation and joy of the Apostles and the Church. Once more He went on to say—and the passage deserves most careful reflection—"These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs: but the time cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you the Father openly."* Here let the reader pause and observe that Christ represents his own teaching, not as more radiant but as less so than that of his inspired followers; that, compared with what they would be enabled to unfold, He had spoken in "proverbs" or dark sayings; that the Father, as well as Himself, were to be manifested more openly under the dispensation of the Comforter, the Spirit of truth; in short, that more of truth relative to his own and his Father's glory would be conveyed after his ascension to heaven than during his earthly state. Nor let the reader fail to notice that this postponed and promised teaching on the part of the Spirit of truth to the disciples after Christ's departure is pronounced by Him to be his own—"I shall no more speak unto you in parables." It would be at once his teaching and the Spirit's teaching; and, conveyed by the Apostles to other and to succeeding generations, it would be also their teaching. The whole idea amounts to this at least, that Jesus Christ would secure for the Apostles the light and grace and power of what He called the *Parade*,—in consequence of which they would come to know more of Him than He had ever taught them with his own lips; and further, that what they know in this way, when they taught it as they had received it, would reach the minds and hearts of men with an authority which in its conclusiveness would be the same as his own. The ground on which in these wonderful sayings He placed his servants is very high; as He declared in words we have not yet quoted, but which we ought to cite, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."† As depositories of knowledge for the Church's spiritual enrichment, as authorised teachers

* John xiv. 16, 17.
† John xv. 26, 27.

‡ Vers. 25, 26.
§ John xvi. 53, 54, 55.

* John xvi. 25.

† John xv. 15.

of the Gospel, Jesus really placed his Apostles on a level with Himself.

What were their own *convictions* on the subject? No one, we should think, can read the introduction to the Gospel of John thoughtfully in the light of the promises just quoted, without recognising in those few sentences respecting the divinity of our Lord that calm assured confidence of the truth and authority of what he wrote, which the consciousness of infallible inspiration would create. And is there not throughout the Epistle of this Divine, this Theologian, a tone of teaching indicative of intuition rather than reasoning? Is he not oracular rather than argumentative? Is not his style very like his Master's;—full of undoubting, unhesitating assurance, as of one who felt that his eyes had been marvellously opened, his tongue supernaturally loosened, his pen divinely guided? Does not the authority of an Apostle come out as in accents of a voice from heaven, when he says, "We are of God: he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error."* How similar this is to what the Master says, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."† How strangely all these words seem to be forgotten by some!

Turning to St. Paul, there can be no doubt as to what were his convictions when he was preaching the Gospel or explaining it in his Epistles. "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed. I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."‡

Looking over what we have said, we find that apostles stood in the following relation to Christ:—As disciples they were necessarily in a position of inferiority, for He was the Sender, they were the sent; He was Lord, they were servants. As men receiving illumination from a Divine Spirit, they still appear in a station of inferiority; but as teachers filled with the promised Spirit, they convey lessons which have the same claim upon our acceptance with those which He himself communicated, and on some points, whilst in perfect harmony with Him, they are fuller and more explicit.

Here it is proper to remark that a method of interpretation obtains in some quarters

fixing a maximum of meaning upon what we read in the Gospels, and a minimum of meaning on what we read in the Epistles; and so an impression is conveyed to the effect that we learn little from the latter beyond what we may gather from the former; but it requires in some cases much straining, much unnatural forcing of words, and in others much explaining away, to produce this effect:—and to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers of the New Testament, it appears beyond question, that we learn certain things as to the doctrines of Christianity from the Apostle Paul, which we could not have discovered in the histories of the four Evangelists. For example, as to the doctrines of Justification by faith—the Atonement, Adoption, and Sanctification, not to mention others—they exist only as germs—full of fruitful life, we admit—but still only as germs in the first half of the New Testament, awaiting full development in the second half. How could it be otherwise? How could the full meaning of Christ's dying for our sins be conveyed before the fact of his death had occurred? How could his rising again for our justification be made plain ere the resurrection took place? How could his spiritual reign be exhibited, previously to his ascending up on high? Certain things had to be done before they were explained: events had to come to pass before the principles embodied in them could be evolved. The development of Christian doctrine throughout the New Testament proceeds on the same line—it is an organic development of the same living and vigorous truths—but still it is a development—a very decided and advancing one—traceable by every unprejudiced student of the divine oracles. In what Christ Himself said and did, lies much which is covered, like the treasures hid in the Ark of the Covenant: and—to extend the allusion—the Son of man in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, whilst on earth, had the glories of his Divinity partly veiled behind the curtains of his temporary humiliation. But after his ascension, after the day of Pentecost, apostolic hands brought out the hidden treasure, and held it up in its richness and radiance before the eyes of an adoring church. And in that day of days began the rending of the veil, which opened up distinctly the mysteries of the Godhead, and the redemption of our blessed Lord, until the revelation of these surpassing wonders attained its zenith in the light and splendour of the final canonical writings of St. John the Divine.

* 1 John iv. 6.

† John xviii. 37.

‡ Gal. i. 9, 11, 12.

A kind of *incognito* was maintained by the Son of God during the days of his flesh. There was reserve—there was concealment. Some of his miracles He would not allow to be proclaimed—some questions about Himself He would not answer. Then it was, as St. Paul says—"He made Himself of no reputation. He emptied Himself, taking upon Him the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, and that the death of the cross."* Christ's earthly life and heavenly life are to a large extent contrasts to each other: the one containing more of concealment, the other more of manifestation. First we see the sun behind a cloud—there are bursts of glory now and then, but the cloud returns. Next we see the clouds dispersed, and the Divine Christ—the world's Redeemer—appears as the sun in an azure firmament, shining in its strength. The humiliation over for ever, "God exalted Him exceedingly, and bestowed on Him the name which is above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bend, of things in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."† This is Paul's view—here a plain distinction is drawn between the aspect under which the Christ was seen previously to his resurrection and ascension, and the aspect under which He is subsequently revealed to his loving disciples. The Apostle virtually affirms that an unfolding of the Lord's glory succeeded his exaltation, such as far surpassed what mortal eyes had previously beheld. Pentecost marks a new stage in human knowledge, touching the double nature and the redemptive work of Jesus. There was communicated to the believing and the devout, a more intimate acquaintance with his person and his salvation after He became enthroned above, than could be enjoyed while He tabernacled below. Curtains once drawn are folded back; windows once shut are opened. Some of Paul's Epistles probably were written before any of the Gospels—certainly the whole of the former were composed before the Gospel of St. John. But not to urge that fact, it is sufficient to remember, that we possess the Gospels and the Epistles together, and should read them side by side. By the help of the Epistles we are to interpret the Gospels. The former are so many candles or so many lamps burning round us as we read; in the light of

which we decipher mystic and obscure characters described in the other venerable records.

We now reach a further point. Those who by divine inspiration testify of Christ as the one foundation, do themselves build on Him their own best hopes. Prophets and apostles are not like angels, desiring, with a holy curiosity, to look into what concerns others personally and practically more than themselves. Nor are they like Balaam, who cast glances upon a glory too far off to gild his own gloomy path, and exclaimed, "I shall see Him, but not now: I shall behold Him, but not nigh."* No, they all rejoice in Him as a present Saviour—their Saviour,—and by faith and love unite themselves to Him in an everlasting covenant. Paul may be taken as spokesman for the rest: "It pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me."† Yes, "in me." He and all his brethren in the apostleship were recipients of an inward life, as well as an objective revelation. They had convictions, sentiments, hopes, and joys penetrating to the depths of their nature, whilst before the eyes of their reason shone visions of truth which were visions of God. Readers who fail to accept the secrets of Christian experience disclosed by St. Paul,—who do not open their minds to receive those confidential communications, if we may call them so, which this wonderful correspondent, writing to us across the ocean of the ages, entrust to men like-minded with himself, to men breathing the sympathies of Gospel life—such readers miss one most precious charm of these matchless letters. He writes not as an ambassador charged with a diplomatic trust, but as a friend filled with the redemption, overflowing with the love of Christ. How He lets us see the inmost sanctuary of his soul, when he writes, "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."‡ And again, writing to the same young minister—his loving disciple and friend—he says, "I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able

* Phil. ii. 7, 8. Alford's revised version. † Vers. 9, 10, 11.

* Num. xxiv. 17. † Gal. i. 15, 16. ‡ 1 Tim. i. 12—25.

to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."* In short, apostles felt their guilt as sinners and their imperfections as saints, and relied on Christ for acceptance with God, and on the Holy Spirit for their sanctification and comfort.

There is, then, we proceed to observe, no contradiction between these two positions—that the teachings of apostles on certain points go further than those of Jesus Himself, also, that their inspired writings on all points respecting Him and the relations in which He stands to men, are as clear and as conclusive as his; and, on the other hand, that personally there is an infinite difference between Him and them—in fact, all the difference between a Master and his messengers, a Redeemer and his redeemed, between a perfect original and an imperfect copy, between the divine and the human, between God and man.

Our feelings towards the apostles and towards Christ are very different. In a certain way apostles' words never can be the same to us as Christ's: though alike as to authority, they are not alike as to heart-touching power. Take an illustration. Every Act of Parliament passed by Queen, Lords, and Commons, carries with it the force of law, is binding on every subject, and it is at our peril that we disobey. But that is one thing. Let us enter the presence of Her Majesty, stand before her throne in the House of Peers, and receive from her own lips a speech to her faithful lieges; or enter the royal closet to listen to a gracious answer to some loyal address; and every one who has ever enjoyed such a privilege, especially the latter, and witnessed the dignity and grace of that noble lady, and listened to her own voice full of power and sweetness, must feel that this is quite another thing. And so—to compare divine things with human—it is one thing to bow to the declarations and behests of the inspired, as they deliver what they have received from heaven, as they bind on our consciences the burdens of the Lord; and quite another to turn to the only-begotten Son of God, to hear his Sermon on the Mount, or his bidding farewell in the supper-room at Jerusalem. We remember that a dear friend—a most orthodox divine, who exalted apostolic authority as high as any man could justly do—when he came to die, and some one offered to read to him out of the Epistles, "No," said he, "I would rather hear the words of the Master himself." We can understand the feeling fully; and in perfect

consistency with all we have said about the teaching of Paul, and the other apostles, we should wish, above all things, to leave the world with a refreshed memory of his precious words when He said, "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."*

Two practical lessons remain.

Defer to apostles as teachers. If a revelation of truth be made by God to men, it must be either immediately communicated to each of them, or it must be conveyed by some to others. The one alternative is contradicted by facts, and as a conception is encumbered with hopeless difficulties. The other is what appears on the face of Scripture, and commands itself as reasonable to reflecting minds. That one human being should be employed as the means of illuminating another is in perfect harmony with what we know of the history of human intelligence; and that the possession of supernatural wisdom and of supernatural acquaintance with the facts of the spiritual world, and the relations between God and man, may be proved to belong to those who are manifestly gifted with supernatural knowledge in the form of prophecy, or with supernatural power in the form of miracles,—is a perfectly reasonable position. Not that either of these gifts can immediately verify statements made by a Divine Teacher, but they can satisfactorily serve as credentials of a divine mission. Nor is immaculate character to be expected in an internumerator of the divine will; for a vivid and accurate perception of spiritual truth is quite compatible with lingering moral infirmities; if men and not angels are employed as messengers of truth from heaven, absolute perfection in them, according to the course of things in this world, is impossible; and their trustworthiness, their claims on our reverence, and the force of their demands on our faith, are not impaired by their moral inferiority to Him in whose name they speak. If we accept the fact of a revelation, we can no more decline to receive the teachings of apostles as conclusive, than could the Jews decline to follow Moses as their lawgiver. Deference, then, to apostolic authority is a reasonable service; and we shall find it as

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

* John xiv. 23.

pleasant and blessed as it is reasonable; for the truth into which they lead us will open before our intellectual vision with a winning beauty, it will amply vindicate its own claims when established in our minds—we shall have the witness in ourselves, sweetly confirming every other witness—in God's light we shall see light; and more and more shall we be convinced from our own holy experience, that the wisdom of Paul and Peter, James and John, comes "from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."*

Imitate apostles as examples. They came to Christ. They believed in Christ. They said, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." They

were ready to give up all for his sake. They took up their cross and followed Him. They loved and trusted him: For their own salvation they looked to no other. "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."* This was their faith—"Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him."† This was their endeavour. "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto himself."‡ This was their hope. Let their faith, their endeavour, their hope be ours.

JOHN STOUGHTON.

PRAYER FOR RAIN.

O LIFT our spirits, Lord, to Thee!
We would not earthward bend the knee
To grovel for some golden gain.
It is for very life we plead:
O hear us, Father, in our need,
And ope Thy Heavens to us in Rain.
We trust our seed to the dark earth,
But only Thou canst bring it forth
In ripened fields of smiling grain.
By Thee alone are all things fed;
To Thee alone we look for bread:
Pity us, Lord, and send the Rain.
Thy sunbeams drink up dew and shade:
They pierce, as with a burning blade,
Down to the root of grass and grain!

A world of dumb things droop and die,
For their sake hear the human cry,
And send Thy succour, Lord, in Rain.
We watch the clouds that climb and pass
Across the heavens like breath from glass:
O make Thy covenant once again,
And bid our Bow of Promise rise;
While springing earth drinks from the skies
The life and glory of the Rain.
Thy World revive. Make glad the Vine
That turns the water into wine;
In the green ear enrich the grain:
Christen the flower and crown with fruit:
All nature quicken—core and root—
And shed Thy blessing, Lord, in Rain.
GERALD MASSEY.

ON THE ECLIPSES OF SCRIPTURE TIMES.

II.—THOSE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT PERIOD.

IN treating this portion of the subject, we shall direct our chief attention to the identification of a single lunar eclipse, premising, however, that it is one of paramount interest, from the calculations which have been founded upon it with respect to the date of our Saviour's nativity.

Wide as is the field traversed by Josephus, that historian nowhere records a solar eclipse, and only once does he refer to an obscuration of the moon. (See his "Antiquities," book xvii. chap. vi. sec. 4.) Let us explain the circumstances in which the allusion occurs. Herod the Great, now in his sixty-ninth or seventieth year, lay sick, and apparently dying of a grievous distemper.

Feeling that the last sands of his earthly existence were fast running out, he made a fresh will, disposing of his private property, and (subject to the confirmation of Augustus) nominating his successor. Those who hated the innovations of a semi-heathenish character which the Idumæan monarch, to please his Roman patrons, had introduced into the Jewish worship, fancied that they might now with tolerable safety proceed to action; and two eloquent theological teachers, or professors, Matthias and Judas by name, incited their pupils to pull down a large golden eagle which Herod had erected over the great gate of the Temple. If the young men felt timid about following out the dangerous

* James i. 17.

* Col. i. 14.

† 2 Cor. v. 9.

‡ Phil. iii. 20.

advice of their professors, an erroneous report of the king's death, which just then arrived, removed all their scruples: they consequently tore down the eagle, and cut it to pieces in broad daylight, and with quite a number of people looking on. Forty of the students, with their two professors, were arrested, and having, when brought before Herod, boldly defended their conduct, were given over for capital punishment. At the same time, the high priest, who was supposed to have connived at the outbreak, was degraded from his office. Like the more active of the two professors, he was called Matthias. After these explanations, it will be easy to understand the meaning of Josephus when he says:—

“But Herod deprived this Matthias of the high priesthood, and burnt the other Matthias who had raised the sedition, with his companions, alive. *And that very night there was an eclipse of the moon.*”

Is it possible to settle decisively the date of the astronomical event now indicated? In place of attempting to answer this question, it will be better at once to present the leading facts bearing on the subject. The very distinguished astronomer, Mr. Hind, furnished Mr. Bosanquet with the particulars of all the eclipses which occurred between the years B.C. 5 and B.C. 1 of the common reckoning, that careful investigation might be made which best fulfilled the conditions required by the narrative of Josephus. There were four lunar eclipses between the dates just mentioned. The first occurred on the 23rd of March, B.C. 5; the second, on 15th September of the same year; the third, on March 12th, of B.C. 4; and the fourth, on January 9th and 10th (civil reckoning) of B.C. 1. The first, second, and fourth were total eclipses, while the third was only partial. Which of these was the one alluded to by Josephus? To settle this, it is needful, first, to ascertain, if possible, at what season of the year the events recorded by the Jewish historian took place. From the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, we learn that Jesus was born while Cyrenius was governor of Syria. This statement for a long time occasioned no slight perplexity to Scripture commentators, from the want of harmony between it and an allegation made by Josephus, that Cyrenius did not come to Syria till the removal of Archelaus, which our readers know was many years (nine or ten, at least) after the birth of Christ. Dr. Nathaniel Lardner had a very learned and admirably fair dissertation on this difficulty, but neither he nor any other eminent writer

succeeded in removing it till Professor Augustus Zumpt, of Berlin, made the notable discovery to which the attention of educated people in this country was drawn in a periodical called the *Christian Reformer*, for October, 1855, as also by Mr. Merivale, in his “History of the Romans under the Empire” (see vol. iv. p. 45, note. London: 1856), that Cyrenius, or, to give him his full and proper Roman name, Caius Sulpicius Quirinus or Quirinius, was *twice* governor of Syria; the first time, that referred to by St. Luke, being from the closing part of B.C. 4 to B.C. 1. As Herod did not long survive the slaughter of Matthias and his followers, and as he cannot have died till some time after Cyrenius came into Syria, the first two eclipses furnished by Mr. Hind are too early for either of them to be identified with that of Josephus, and there remain for consideration only the two others—namely, those of March 12th, B.C. 4; and 9th and 10th January, B.C. 1. Each of these has its advocates. In deciding between them, there is one element in the case which should not be forgotten. The eclipse of B.C. 4 was but partial, no more than $\frac{1}{3}$, or, in other words, a trifle above half of the moon's disc, being obscured; while in that of B.C. 1 the moon was totally eclipsed for an hour and forty minutes. Now if Josephus records but one eclipse in all his writings, it is reasonable to think that it must have been not partial but total. That of B.C. 4 cannot have attracted so much notice as its rival of B.C. 1, regarding which Mr. Hind says, “This is a notable eclipse, the moon passing nearly centrally through the earth's shadow.” It would occupy too much space were we to go into detail regarding the other arguments which induce Mr. Bosanquet to depart from the common opinion that the eclipse of B.C. 4 was the one alluded to by Josephus, and which have led him to give the palm to that of B.C. 1. Suffice it to say that there is great force in them, and that they have recently been presented by him anew in a paper read on June 6th, 1871, before the Society of Biblical Archæology, and which appeared at length in the recently published volume of its transactions (pp. 93—105). As the splendid eclipse of B.C. 1 would therefore seem to be that of Josephus, and as moreover it is the basis on which calculations respecting the date of the Saviour's nativity are founded, readers will be interested to learn the details regarding the obscuration as these were calculated by Mr. Hind. The eclipse, as before mentioned, was total, and occurred on January 9th and 10th, civil reckoning, of

B.C. 1. The first contact with penumbra took place on January 9th, at twenty-six minutes past ten p.m. The first contact with the dark shadow was at twenty-three minutes past eleven. The eclipse became total at twenty minutes after midnight, and continued so till fifty-nine minutes past one of the 10th January. The last contact with the dark shadow was at 2h. 57m. a.m., and the last contact with penumbra at 3h. 53m. a.m. These details are not given in Greenwich time, but the hours are calculated according to the longitude of Jerusalem, which is made 2h. 20m. 53s. E., that is $35^{\circ} 13' 15''$ E. If Mr. Bosanquet's date of B.C. 1 for Josephus's eclipse is correct, then the date at which the Divine Redeemer became incarnate would be not 4 as commonly supposed, or B.C. 7 or B.C. 5, as some think, but the autumn of B.C. 3 or the spring of B.C. 2. Such a statement is, of course, a contradiction in terms, alleging as, if the language be rightly interpreted, it does, that Christ was born two or three years before He was born. The meaning is that the common reckoning fixed the nativity two or three years later than accuracy requires. It is not wonderful that modern investigation should prove it erroneous. It was not based on records made by men who personally remembered the advent, or on the testimony of those who associated with the Saviour while He was on earth, and might have heard from Him the date of his birth, or even on the calculations of chronologists who lived at a very early period of the Christian era. The author of the common reckoning with regard to the time the incarnation occurred was a monk called Dionysius, who flourished at Rome about the year A.D. 533, and called himself *Exiguus*, signifying in Latin "petty" or "mean," to show the low opinion he had or pretended to have of his own merits. Living as he did at the period of Rome's decadence, when gross intellectual darkness was more and more overspreading Europe, he was not at all so well situated as astronomers and chronologists are now for coming to an accurate conclusion on the difficult subject which occupied his attention. Now there can be little question that he dated the nativity some years too late, though how many is a subject of dispute.

If Mr. Bosanquet is correct in thinking that the time when the Saviour entered the world as an infant was the autumn of B.C. 3 or the spring of B.C. 2, preference being given to the former over the latter date, then it would, he thinks, follow that Herod died some time in February, B.C. 1.

I. N. S.

From the advent we naturally turn to the crucifixion. According to Mr. Bosanquet's reckoning this took place on Friday the 15th of the month Nisan, the 3rd of April (O. S.) of the year A.D. 33. The Jewish months, it should be mentioned, were, as those of the Mohammedans still are, lunar months, and were counted from "new moon" to "new moon." Two methods of fixing the commencement of a lunar month are conceivable, the one likely to be adopted by men of scientific tendencies, whilst the other is preferred by the people. In Jewish times the scientific would have recourse to mathematical calculations to settle when the obscuration of the luminary of night would necessarily be at its greatest, and they would call the point in time thus ascertained new moon; while the common people would delay beginning their month till about forty hours later, when they would be able to ascertain by observation that the moon had actually reappeared as a faint crescent of light in the sky. As has been pointed out, the best way of reconciling a seeming discrepancy between the first three Gospels and the last as to the exact period when Jesus ate the passover, is to suppose that there existed at Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion such a division of opinion as that now described with regard to the method of calculating new moon, and in consequence of fixing the date of the passover. On either scheme the passover, which would fall on the 14th or 15th of Nisan, would occur at the time when the moon was full, a very interesting point when considered in its bearings on exceedingly important portions of the Old as also of the New Testament history. The poet is right when he makes the moon a prominent feature in the scene on the awful night when the Egyptian first-born were slain:—

" 'Tis midnight, but they hear no sound
Along the lone, still street;
No blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground,
No tramp of unearthly feet,
Nor rush as of harpy wing goes by,
But the pale moon floats in the cloudless sky,
'Mid her clear light, wan and sweet."

In conceiving the dread scene one must figure before the mind's eye reflections of the moonlight ever and anon flung forth from the blood-stains, which in obedience to the divine command have been placed on the lintels and the doorposts of the Israelite houses; and when the people of God that self-same night are hastily thrust forth by their Egyptian oppressors, and urged promptly to depart, one must similarly depict the moonlight falling everywhere around them, affording facilities for them to gather together their goods pre-

liminary to starting, and then when the march begins lighting them on their way.

Yet more interesting is the bearing which this conjunction between the passover and the full moon has on the most momentous scenes of New Testament, nay, of all history. Mr. Bosanquet calculates that the day on which the Divine Redeemer was crucified was Friday, the 15th of the Jewish month Nisan, or the 3rd April (O.S.) of the year 33, and shows that on that very night the moon came to her full. Bearing this in mind, it will at once be apparent that Jerusalem and its suburbs were not shrouded in darkness, but, on the contrary, were illuminated with silvery radiance during the occurrence of the agony in Gethsemane. Who, again, can adequately describe the aspect presented by the streets of Jerusalem on the night of that ever-memorable Friday when the crucifixion took place? We suspect that a reaction in favour of Jesus had already set in, that there were mutual recriminations among his murderers, and that a tendency to commotion showed itself in the streets. But if so, then high above the tumult, and unconscious of its existence, the moon stood in all her wonted serenity, sending forth beams as pure and as lovely as those which irradiated Eden at the period when sin on the part of mankind was unknown.

A yet more interesting point requires to be mentioned in connection with the full moon, the passover and the crucifixion. The miraculous darkness mentioned by three of the evangelists (see Matt. xxvii. 45; Mark xv. 33; Luke xxiii. 44, 45), as has often been pointed out, cannot have been produced by a solar eclipse. We have already mentioned that on the day of the crucifixion it was full moon, that is, the earth was between the sun and the moon, and nearly in a line with them. *Nearly*, we say, not quite; for, if exactly in a line, then the shadow of the earth would have eclipsed the moon, whereas our orb was sufficiently far out of the way to allow some of the sun's rays to pass it, and, reaching the moon, irradiate her surface with light. A solar eclipse in such a relative position of the three bodies was impossible. To produce an eclipse of the sun, it would have been necessary that the moon should have been exactly at the opposite part of her orbit, that is, that she should have been between the sun and the earth. In that second position, her illuminated face would have been turned away from us and her dark one presented; in other words, it would have been new and not full moon. It

is only at new moon that eclipses of the sun can take place. There is no possibility of accounting for the darkening of the sun on the crucifixion day on the supposition of a solar eclipse. Clearly the darkness was miraculous. God was pleased to make nature visibly sympathize with the mental darkness through which his Son was then passing; and if man looked with unabashed front on the agonies of the Saviour, at least the luminary of day, obeying divine mandate, refused to witness what was passing, and probably, for the first and the last time in its history, went out in darkness, when every astronomical calculation declared that it should continue to shine.

To indicate now the very few passages in the New Testament in which the symbolical language is more or less distinctly founded on the phenomena of eclipses. There are, first, the well-known verses in Matt. iv. 13—16:—

"And leaving Nazareth, He came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; *the people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.*"

The corresponding passage in Isaiah runs thus:—

"And they shall look unto the earth; and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish; and they shall be driven to darkness. Nevertheless the dimness shall not be such as was in her vexation, when at the first he lightly afflicted the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali, and afterward did more grievously afflict her by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, in Galilee of the nations. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." (viii. 22; ix. 1, 2).

The symbolical language in Isaiah seems to have a threefold reference: an eclipse, the darkness in Egypt, and ordinary night. The obscuration of light spoken of may hint at the perplexity and terror felt during a solar eclipse. "Dimness" is another term for darkness. The word rendered "darkness" in the clause "they shall be driven to darkness," is derived from a root obsolete in Hebrew, but which in Arabic means, to set, as does the sun. It signifies thick darkness, and is the identical term used in Exod. x. 22 to describe the intense darkness which constituted one of the plagues of Egypt. Without entering at length into the question of the precise interpretation to be given to the prophecy, it may simply be stated that, speaking broadly, this is its import. A certain portion of territory about the Lake of

Galilee, being from its situation exposed to special danger in every inroad into Palestine made by the powerful nations on the Euphrates, was oftener than once cruelly ravaged by the Assyrian invaders. But, possibly by that law of compensation which God so frequently carries into effect in his dealings with his creatures, the very district, so liable to be overspread by the darkness of calamity, was, even in Jewish times, subsequently irradiated by the light of prosperity or of privilege, and at last was chosen as the special sphere for the exercise of the Divine Redeemer's ministry, and the theatre on which many of his mighty works were done.

To proceed now to other well-known passages :—

"Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken" (Matt. xxiv. 29).

"But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken" (Mark xiii. 24, 25).

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken" (Luke xxi. 25, 26).

These celestial appearances are mentioned as heralding the second advent of Christ.

A well-known passage, somewhat similar and yet in at least one respect diverse, occurs in the narrative of the proceedings which took place on that pentecostal day rendered for ever memorable by the descent of the Holy Spirit.

In Acts ii. 19, 20 we read :—

"And I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapour of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come."

The passage now quoted, as is well known, came originally from Joel ii. 30, 31 :—

"And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come."

The expression "day of the Lord" in the Old Testament has a variety of meanings. Its primary reference is generally to a local or temporary judgment, as for instance in Isaiah xlii. 6, where it points at the destruction of Babylon, or in Joel ii. 1, where it is mentioned in connection with a destructive visitation of locusts. Each of these tempo-

rary calamities, however, is more or less clearly a type of the second advent. Probably, as mentioned before, there shall be celestial appearances immediately antecedent to this great event; but, obviously, the language of the passage in Joel is not quite literal.

Similar language is used in Revelation vi. 12, 13 :—

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

One more passage in Revelation requires quotation, its language possibly having been suggested by the appearance presented by the sun and moon while partially eclipsed :—

"And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise" (viii. 12).

This language is clearly symbolical. It would lead us too far from the immediate subject, and occupy too much space to investigate the prophetic reference of the passage.

While the New Testament, like the Old, occasionally uses language of a metaphorical or symbolical character, based originally on observation of the celestial phenomena to which these two papers have been devoted, it nowhere directly alludes to solar or lunar eclipses capable of identification.

In conclusion, if the minute accuracy with which the leading astronomers of the age can fix for us the year, the day, the hour, and even the minute when certain celestial sights, left unrecorded at the time, took place in remote lands, and many, many centuries ago, is fitted to enlarge the views which we form of the compass of the human mind, then how transcendently great, beyond all conception, must the intellect of God himself be! That intellect from eternity planned, as the divine power executed, the machinery for producing every celestial phenomenon which we see, and not merely unwonted appearances in the sky, but its ordinary arrangements, should excite adoring wonder in the breast of every spectator. "He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down" (Ps. civ. 19); "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork" (Ps. xix. 1); "Lo, these are parts of his ways . . . but the thunder of his power who can understand?" (Job xxvi. 14.)

ROBERT HUNTER.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

IX.

1 Cor. xv. 50-52.

THE first of these verses, which is obviously a hinge or turning-point in the discourse, may either be taken as a conclusion to the verses which precede, or a preface to those which follow. Regarded in the first of these lights, it states a reason why it is that the natural body must be transmuted into the spiritual—why it is that we who have borne the image of the earthly must bear the image of the heavenly. Regarded in the second of these lights, it states a reason why it is that even those bodies that have never passed through the corrupting, though renewing, processes of death and the grave, must nevertheless undergo a change equivalent to that effected by such passage. It might readily enough have occurred to some, to whom Paul was writing about the great change that death was to work upon the natural body, that there would be those—the generation, namely, living at the time of the resurrection—whose very position would exempt them from the action of death. Would they not carry with them into the future state their present bodies? No. The Apostle says such bodies cannot inherit that kingdom. So absolutely necessary is a change, that if the ordinary, the established agency of dissolution and corruption be escaped, the divine power shall find some other way of effecting it. Behold I show a mystery, we shall not all sleep—not all die, but we shall all—must all be changed.

In asserting as he here does so emphatically the absolute impossibility of bodies such as ours now are inheriting the kingdom of heaven, the Apostle could not have in view the sinfulness or moral corruption with which to so large an extent those bodies are now stained. Nothing so obviously true in itself, which no one would or could have disputed, and nothing so entirely irrelevant to the argument which he was conducting could have been meant by him. It must be to something else than to the defilement which our nature has contracted by transgression, and which extends to the body as well as to the soul, that the Apostle alludes as containing and creating the impossibility of which he speaks. That impossibility might have a twofold source. It might either spring from the physical incapacity of bodies constituted as ours now are, being the adequate material mediums or instruments for the soul in the

new position, amid the altered condition of the material creation around, in which, after the resurrection, we are to be placed; or it might spring from another and deeper incapacity, their unfitness to bear that spiritual illumination, to bear that light, to sustain that exceeding great and eternal weight of glory with which the heritage of the kingdom is to be accompanied. In other words, it might be either a physical or a spiritual impediment which lies in the way of flesh and blood like ours inheriting that kingdom. Both of them, we have reason to believe, shall exist, and both shall go to make up that obstruction which stands in the way of our existing bodies fulfilling the functions, serving the ends, realising the full weight and measure of that light, and glory, and blessedness hereafter in store for the redeemed. One of the most easily perceived and apprehended elements of such a physical inaptitude as that affirmed here, is that which the Apostle specifies when he says, "Neither can corruption inherit incorruption." It is to be an immutable, an immortal condition upon which at and after the resurrection the spirits of the ransomed are to enter. Not to speak then of its weakness, its limitations, its imperfections in other respects, the waste, the decay, the mortality, the liability to dissolution, to corruption, which attaches to the earthly house of this fleshy tabernacle that we now inhabit, would of itself utterly unfit it for being the future and eternal mansion of the soul.

What and how much of disqualification beyond that—both natural and spiritual—there may be, rendering our present bodies incompetent for those services that the spirit shall then require at the hands of its bodily ally, we cannot tell. To be able to do so we should require to have the two estates—the present and the future—before our eyes, so that we could mark exactly and fully the differences between them, and see thereby how great the change needing to be effected—how great the difference requiring to be realised between the natural and the spiritual body to fit the latter for that coming state of things into which it is to fit as a congruous and harmonious part. Here, however, the information which Scripture gives us is very limited: indeed, it will at once upon reflection

tion become apparent that it would not be possible to convey to us beforehand anything like a full or adequate conception of the changes, outward and inward, that the great day of the resurrection is to bring along with it. Our eye turns, however, with a natural and not blameable curiosity upon such information as the Bible does give us here, in the hope that glimpses may be got of that better land in which the happy and glorified eternity of the redeemed is to be spent. In studying the Scriptures with this view—carefully and impartially—we find ourselves soon forced to give up the idea of a heaven hung up mysteriously in the mid-air, itself as airy and unsubstantial in its form and structure as the medium in which it is fancied to float—its shadowy inhabitants flitting like thin bright ghosts before our eye. It is, I apprehend, from those earlier visions of the Apocalypse—from those openings of the door, those sights of the throne, and the four-and-twenty seats, and the angels, and the elders, and the living creatures, and the white-robed, palm-bearing host, and the harpers with their lofty hymns of praise, that many persons' notions of heaven are chiefly borrowed. Nor are they wrong in taking up the representations given in these visions of the position and services of the redeemed as faithful types and patterns of the destiny in reserve for those who at death do immediately pass into glory—of the adoration and praises which throughout eternity shall be ascending from their lips encompassing the throne.

But it ever should be remembered by us in reading these first chapters of the Book of Revelation that even granting—what few intelligent readers would admit—that the pictures given in these visions of the place and circumstances and outward condition of the redeemed were strictly and literally true, yet still they contain but a description of the state of disembodied spirits during that intermediate period which intervenes between death and the resurrection. They tell us nothing of that state which is to follow upon the resurrection, when, invested once again with a material framework, the spirit shall be fitted to renew its intercourse with material things. Where and under what new external conditions and accompaniments shall that state—the true heaven of our hopes—be realised? Shall it be under these new heavens and upon that new earth which shall spring forth—when that great physical catastrophe which the Bible represents as taking place contemporaneously with

the resurrection and the judgment—shall have done its work and having passed through the changes that then await it—this world which is now our home shall have sunk back into quiet and repose? We turn to those passages in the Bible in which that catastrophe and its issues are hinted at or described in hope to find there some answer to such questions. Great caution in examining the Scripture testimony upon this subject is undoubtedly required, for beside that last great day of judgment when the present economy is to be wound up and the existing order of the visible creation is to terminate, there have been or there are yet to be many other days of judgment—many days of the coming of the Son of Man—many days of the outpouring of the vials of the divine displeasure upon our globe, that have been made the subjects of prophetic announcement in the Bible, and which have been spoken of there in such a way that we are very apt to confound them with that last and closing day of all. These days are described in that figurative language in which so much of prophecy has been wisely veiled. It belongs to the idiom of that language to describe signal changes or revolutions in civil or ecclesiastical affairs by great physical commotions upon the earth or among the heavenly bodies.

Hence a double error may be committed by us—we may apply to the world's last day of judgment a description that properly and alone belongs to some quite different and antecedent event, and we may take as literal that which is purely and entirely figurative. Take, for instance, the following prophetic announcements extracted from the pages of Isaiah xiii. and xxiv., and Ezekiel xxxii. :—"Behold, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and with fierce anger; for the stars of heaven shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place."—"The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage: the earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly."—"And when I shall put thee out, I will cover the heavens, and make the day thereof dark. I will cover the sun with a cloud, and the moon shall not give her light. All the bright lights of heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord."

These three descriptions are taken out of prophecies that refer respectively to the cities

of Babylon, and Tyre, and Egypt,—prophecies that have been long since fulfilled in the downfall and ruin of the communities to which they refer. They are good specimens of the figurative style of language in which such prophecies were couched—the shaking or dissolving of the earth representing some heavy calamity lighting upon the great mass of the people occupying the ground floor; the darkness and disappearance of the lights of heaven representing the downfall of the princes or rulers who shone as stars in the firmament of society. No one who reads the entire prophecies from which the passages I have quoted are taken ever thinks of interpreting these passages literally, or imagines that there was a literal fulfilment of them. There are others, however, of a precisely similar character which do not so immediately announce their own meaning, or are so immediately surrounded with safeguards against misunderstanding and misapplication among which will be found some of those descriptions which have been taken up and are popularly employed as descriptive of what is to take place at the resurrection, when the judgment shall be set and the books shall be opened—passages notwithstanding which belong to prophecies that have no relation to the day of final judgment, and which detail incidents that we have no Scripture warrant whatever for believing shall on that day occur. Such, for instance, as Isaiah xxxiv. 4: “And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree.” Joel: “And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come.” “Multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining: the heavens and the earth shall shake.” Whatever these prophecies allude to, it is quite certain that they do not allude to the incidents of the resurrection day. One other passage of a like kind I shall quote from the sixth chapter of Revelation—one which beyond all doubt, and according to all methods of interpreting that mysterious portion of the sacred Scriptures, refers to some occurrence in the current history of the world, and not at all to the closing scene of that history:—

“And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?”

But are there no passages in the Bible which do undoubtedly refer to the great day of judgment, and which tell us, not in any figurative or ambiguous phrases, but plainly and simply, what the physical changes in the material creation are which are then to be effected? There are a few such passages; by far the clearest and fullest and most explicit of them all being that contained in the third chapter of the second Epistle General of Peter. A careful comparison of those passages with that other set—specimens of which have been already given to you—conducts us to the striking and instructive conclusion that it is in the former alone—*i.e.* in the prophetic descriptions of judgment to be executed previous to the great closing catastrophe—that allusions are made to changes in the sun and moon and heavenly bodies. In the latter that catastrophe is limited to the *heavens and the earth*, not necessarily implying more, according to the Jewish usage of the terms, than that it was to effect—this globe and its firmament of air—those atmospheric heavens that encompass it. One experiences something like relief in ascertaining from a diligent examination of the Bible itself, that whatever be the physical changes that are to occur when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall all be raised, it is not in a single instance said that these changes were to extend beyond these limits. We know now how small, how insignificant an orb our planet is as compared even with many of the companion planets that roll with it around the sun. We know that all these planets would need to be brought together and multiplied many-fold to make up a mass equal in magnitude to our sun. We know that the

sun of our system is but one of that vast host of equal or immensely larger orbs, wherewith the space around us, even to the utmost range of its visible limits, is peopled. It might have seemed somewhat strange to us to have been told that at that time, upon that day when all the inhabitants of the earth are to be summoned before the judgment throne of the Eternal, and when as a consequence or accompaniment thereof this solid globe was to be burnt up and destroyed, that a like desolating ruin was to sweep across those thickly-peopled fields of space above and around us—that the kindling of the consuming blaze in this small and distant orb was to be, as it were, the signal at which star after star was to be lighted, and far and wide the conflagration was to spread, till the desolating flames wrapped the whole existing universe in their embrace. The revelation given us in the Bible asks us to believe in no such catastrophe as signalling the resurrection day. It does tell us, indeed, that all things shall not continue as they have been,—that this heaven and this earth of ours shall wax old like a garment, and as a vesture they shall be changed; it tells us that from the face of Him who is to sit upon the great white throne, the earth and the heaven are to flee away and no place to be found for them; it tells us that the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.

Strong as such expressions are, they do not imply that this world is to be annihilated—blotted out of the map of the creation. That of itself would have been no great event. In these thick-strewn fields of space the disappearance of a world like ours would be no more than the fall of a single leaf in the widest, densest forest of our globe. Old stars, we know, have already disappeared, and new ones have shone forth, going and coming we know not how. But neither are we asked to believe in the Bible that such a going out into nothingness awaits our earth. The very strongest expression that is employed there is, perhaps, that in which it is said that the heavens and the earth shall perish, yet that is the very word employed by the Apostle to describe the past catastrophe of the flood when comparing it with the future catastrophe of the judgment day; the world that then was, he says, being overflowed with water, perished. It is only in like manner that the world that now is is to perish by fire. As of old, then, after all the

changes that the overlapping waters made, this earth came forth—with altered face indeed, but of materials and general organization the same; even so, after all the changes that the all-enwrapping flames may effect, it may once more emerge, the same but different,—its old materials all wrought up into that new structure which is to survive the conflagration. We may well believe, indeed, that its future baptism with fire shall make some inner deeper changes than the baptism with water did. The one but cleansed the old polluted surface of the globe, the other may cleanse the very elements themselves of which it is made, and fit them for other combinations and other ends. The laver of water but cut the outer surface into other forms, but that broad strong tongue of flame, having its root in those vast hidden magazines of heat that we know the earth already holds within its bowels, may seize upon the outer material framework of our earth, altering it and moulding it at will.

Who shall tell us, then, what these new heavens and that new earth shall be which may thus be constructed? Who shall say that they shall not be fashioned so as to furnish the fit and suitable abodes of the blessed—of the raised, the re-embodied, the glorified spirits of our race? It is not its materialism, which unfits this world, even as it now is, from becoming the eternal home of the redeemed. What we want in order to turn earth into heaven, is not to have brighter skies above us, or lovelier landscapes around us; the skies are bright enough, the landscapes lovely enough, for beings a thousand times holier and a thousand times happier than we. Nor would any outward change whatever bring the unforgiven, the unaccepted, the unredeemed sinners of our race a step nearer to the true heaven. That heaven we desire ever to remember is a condition rather than a place, an inner state of the soul rather than an outward habitation for the body. Nevertheless a correspondence shall exist between the sinless, purified, exalted estate of the redeemed hereafter and that material habitation which shall be prepared for them.

And if even, while not greatly different from what it now is, this very world on which we tread was once looked upon by God himself and declared to be so good, then deemed no unfit abode for one made in the divine image—if, even as it is now, it has been visited by the Eternal Son of the Father, who deigned to walk across its fields and sail across its lakes, and to lay Him down to slumber upon its mountain

sides—may it not be made the most becoming theatre for that great consummation, when the dead all raised again and the living are changed, that multitude which no man can number shall enter upon the full possession of that kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of this earth?

Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness? Seeing that we look for those new heavens and that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, let us be diligent that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.

WILLIAM HANNA.

UP IN THE WILD.

UP in a wild, where few men come to look,
There lives and sings a little lonely brook :
Liveth and singeth in the dreary pines,
Yet creepeth on to where the daylight shines.

Pure from their heaven, in mountain chalice caught,
It drinks the rains, as drinks the soul her thought ;
And down dim hollows where it winds along,
Pours its life-burden of unlistened song.

I catch the murmur of its undertone,
That sigheth ceaselessly, Alone ! alone !
And hear afar the Rivers gloriously
Shout on their paths towards the shining sea !

The voiceful Rivers, chanting to the sun,
And wearing names of honour, every one :
Outreaching wide, and joining hand with hand
To pour great gifts along the asking land.

Ah, lonely brook ! Creep onward through the pines ;
Press through the gloom to where the daylight shines !
Sing on among the stones, and secretly
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee !

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth ;
Hold thine own path, however-ward it tendeth ;
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,
Thou, too, shalt find the Rivers, by-and-by !





TWO AMERICAN WORTHIES.

RATTLING along on one occasion in an express train on the Bristol line, I had for companion a rather lank, square-bearded gentleman, whose nationality, from these insignia, I had no difficulty in making out. He seemed to differ from most Americans, however, in one notable respect. He was very silent; and during the first stage of the journey, whilst there was a third person in the compartment with us, he did not vouchsafe a single word. The other gentleman, as it chanced, had engaged me in a talk about Bristol, of which I knew a little; and when he had left us, my American fellow-traveller leant over towards me, and said, in what was by no means exaggerated Americanese—

"You know Bristol, I see, sir; perhaps you are acquainted with Müller's House?"

I replied that I knew Müller's noble work very well by report, but that I had never examined it practically for myself. We then got into general talk about charitable institutions in England, in the course of which it came out that my companion was a Methodist minister from Pennsylvania, with a remote purpose of writing on English charities, and was now engaged in collecting materials. He was not a born Yankee, though; and there was a peculiar movement of the head as he said it: he had gone with his parents from England to New York when a mere boy; and, whilst he was proud of the patriotic dash and spirit his adopted countrymen had displayed in the recent war of North and South, his mind was filled with English history and English associations, of which he talked with suppressed ardour. He was very strong on one point—that the Americans had solved a great problem in the freedom and elasticity they had given to Methodism, and he thought that the English Methodists should in some points of administration follow their example.

No class of persons are more communicative than those in whom there is strong natural reserve, when once the ice has been thoroughly broken; and we passed on from topic to topic, till we fell upon discussing the distinguishing marks of American literature. An expression of his led me to say that, whilst American writers had been very happy in secular biography, as seen in Irving, Hawthorne, and others, they had rather failed in religious memoirs, and I made reference to one or two.

"Ah," he said, "you are a genuine

Britisher: you don't allow anything for progress from the hobbledehoy to the man, and will persist in holding the man *is* a hobbledehoy still, because you won't see things as they really are."

I laughed at this, and he went on—

"It's fact; you judge us so in most matters; I've seen it a thousand times since I came over, not to speak of the hundreds of times I've seen it before I came. I guess now you haven't seen *Janney's Penn?*" said he, with the hurried and half quizzical turn that even American women of breeding can hardly hide.

"No, I haven't," I replied, with some suspicion that I had made a mistake, was being quizzed, and was about to be proved ignorant of that of which I had spoken.

"Nor Tappan's?" he went on, pushing up his instances.

I had to acknowledge that I had not seen Tappan, either.

"Well, that's good now," said he, laughing. "I have told you more of my history than you have told me of yours, though I'm not in the way of taking up much with strangers; but we're nigh Bristol by this, if the time of the road's true; and if you give me your card, I'll send you Tappan, 'cause I can see you fancy he's only a sort o' myth, and I would really like you to know the man."

We exchanged cards, as the train rushed into the station, and hurriedly bade each other good-bye; and some time after, when I had almost forgotten about my adventure, there came to me a parcel, containing, among various lesser tracts, a memoir of Arthur Tappan, and another of Dr. John M'Vicker. Both these I read with peculiar pleasure; and now in this form I seek at once to make my acknowledgments to my Pennsylvanian friend, that America has at least produced true subjects for the religious biographer, and to tell the readers of the SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though a little late in the day, what sort of men John M'Vicker and Arthur Tappan were, as very few in all likelihood have more than heard their names, if even this much. The two men have many points of difference, and some strong points of likeness. They were both thorough Americans, independent, patriotic, gifted, self-sacrificing; but the one was the American man of culture, the other the beau ideal of

the American merchant; the one was a kind of Chalmers, the other a Samuel Budgett; the one was a philosopher, the other a practical man of affairs; and in them we see two of the finest specimens of American character under the refining influence of real Christian belief.

John M'Vickar was the son of a New York merchant, of Scotch extraction; and he was born on the 10th August, 1787. To his mother, who it is evident was a woman of very fine nature, he owed much—the quickening of his religious susceptibilities and the first moulding of his character. At the same time, however, she developed in him a peculiar resolution; for he himself tells that when he was entering his seventh year, and was still unable to pronounce the letter S, a friend calling at the house one day took him by the hand and said, "How old are you, John?" "Going into heaven," was the reply, at which there was a general laugh; and, retiring in confusion, he resolved that he would not rest till he could sound an S as well as any one,—"a result," he adds, "which perseverance and I soon attained." After some years' schooling, he went to Columbia College, where he was soon distinguished for his oratory, in which his fine articulation formed an element; he pronouncing a eulogium on General Hamilton which brought him high distinction. While away from home he was constantly receiving wise letters from his mother, solicitous for his spiritual welfare; and some of these are very beautiful and touching. He studied hard; and in 1811 got ordination in the Episcopalian Church of America, and married a Miss Bard, who, coming from a truly religious household, proved in every way worthy of him. He was appointed at once to a small rectory on the banks of the Hudson, where he wrought with unwavering devotion on a scanty salary, sparing no labour or expense. And, at the same time, so well did he lay out his days, that he found some leisure for abstract studies, for which he had always had a liking. He even read Blackstone, for "he had resolved to obtain a general knowledge of the principles of law." But here also he wrote the "Devotions for the Family and the Closet," which met with a very large sale. He did gratuitous missionary work many miles back at Pine Plains, underwent no little labour to re-establish a deaf-and-dumb institution, and was, in fact, ceaseless in his efforts in Christian work.

In the year 1817 he was appointed Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy

in Columbia College, carrying into his work there an enthusiasm and a force of personal influence such as have left very deep impressions on the minds of many students, with some of whom, after leaving college, and with his family, who were now of age to go from home, he kept up a correspondence; many of his letters being really admirable. They are full of simple affection, and are not lacking in touches of humour.

Year after year passed over Dr. M'Vickar with steady and pleasant fulfilments of professorial duty, varied by occasional pastoral services and publications of small works in philosophy. But the healthy feeling of the man is seen in such things as the earnest counsel he gives to one of his daughters: "A reserve which wraps you up in your own feelings and indisposes you to enter with cheerfulness into the society and concerns of others is a thing to be guarded against. Throw this off, my dear daughter; if indulged in, it will make you less amiable and less useful. Force yourself to find occupation, if you cannot pleasure, in the company of your equals; enter into their innocent amusements and conversation, and after a time you will find it agreeable, and both your own happiness and your power of bestowing it upon others will be greatly increased." Some of his "Memoranda for my Daughter," are very shrewd and sensible:—

"Exercise, gaiety, and talk are better than books. Knowledge may be got afterwards, but health and spirits are to be procured in youth. Readiness and correctness with your pen is the main point in which you need improvement. So far as regards the reputation of being well-educated, and, I may say, for her own comfort, it is more important for a lady to write a good note or pleasing letter, than to know all languages and the circle of the sciences." "Do not attempt to remember above a hundredth part of what you read. Choose what is most striking and illustrative of principles; fix it by repetition, perhaps by writing, and above all by associating it with what you already know of the same subject."

His care for his daughter is full of a solicitous tenderness, which is very beautiful in the records it has left—a collection of the most tender, and, at the same time, shrewdest letters. He added to the subjects treated from his chair the science of political economy, in which he had a lively interest, developing what was thought in America at the time to be very advanced ideas of finance. The one great disappointment of his life was that, on the death of Dr. Harris, in 1829, he was not elected to fill the office of President in the College with which he had been so long connected; but he was wise enough not to indulge vain regrets, and, in spite of traces

of failing health, still went forward in all his work as before; showing the utmost consideration for the gentleman who had been preferred to him for the Presidency. By-and-by he had reason to rejoice that he had been disappointed, in that he was enabled to embark in a yet more remarkable enterprise.

But, before he was blessed to go forward in that work, he had a severe trial to bear—perhaps a needed discipline. His health failed so, that he had to leave his cherished work behind him and go to England. The voyage did him good, and he was able to see what English society was; making friends with people like Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Irving, Chalmers, and many more distinguished men. He deeply impressed all with whom he came in contact; proving the sweetness of his disposition and the true culture which he possessed. With the American man of letters, Sir Walter Scott—no mean judge of men—was especially pleased, as is proved by this anecdote:—

“On the second day I sent for post horses, fearing to trespass by a longer stay, but Sir Walter countermanded them, saying in his own kind manner, ‘You are not quite well, and I cannot part with you; besides I owe it . . .’ Though the indisposition was but trifling, the kindness was great, and the remembrance of it will be enduring; it has added love to veneration, so that in future recollections of Sir Walter Scott, the virtues of the man will come to my heart before his merits as an author. On the third day of our stay at Abbotsford we took leave, Sir Walter returning to A—, as he parted from her, a little book, in which, on a blank leaf, he had written these words:—

‘To meet and part is mortals’ lot,
You’ve seen us—pray, forget us not;
Such the farewell of Walter Scott.’

Returning to America, after a lengthened sojourn on the Continent, in the course of which Paris presented much food for reflection, for it was just after “The Revolution of the Three Days,” he found it needful to undertake a tour in Eastern Pennsylvania; and then he resumed his college duties with unwonted energy. He had all along taken a great interest in missionary operations; and had, in 1820, been elected by Convention a member of the Missionary Committee of the diocese. Now, missionary matters more than ever claimed a share of his attention and recruited strength. He lost his eldest son—a young man of much promise—in 1837, for whom he greatly grieved; but the trial only deepened his faith in the Saviour. This may account in some degree for the fact that, at a time of life when most men are at least beginning to think of retiring, he undertook a most labori-

ous charge, and fulfilled it with more than usual zeal long after his strength for such labour was gone. This was the chaplaincy of Fort Columbia, the recruiting depôt of the United States army. This unexpected offer of missionary work—for it was no other—came during vacation, and Professor M’Vickar accepted it at once and entered on the duties. But the college authorities raised objections, on the ground that the chaplaincy was derogatory to his professorial position. He, however, stoutly refused to resign the chaplaincy, with its nominal salary, and hard work among the soldiers, and said that he would rather give up the professorship. At length, being firm, the point was yielded in his favour, though by many the offence was never forgiven.

Dr. M’Vickar gave up the chaplain’s quarters for libraries and schoolrooms, and travelled for some miles every day to do the work. Then, as there was no proper place of worship, he built a church. The war with Mexico came on, and the numbers under Dr. M’Vickar’s notice was greatly increased. He did a good work among these recruits, one small token of which was that many small bequests from soldiers dying in the hospitals of Mexico were sent to the little chapel he had built. And the chaplain was sagacious in plans to form for the soldiers links of loving association with the place where they had been taught by him.

“The regiments were often changed, and, when they were, a practical symbolism was enlisted to give permanency to the spiritual impressions already made. The communicants among the commissioned officers were assembled by the chaplain, and requested to choose a Bible text, which should be the motto of their regiment; this was then inscribed, with proper device and colour, on a metal shield, with the name of the regiment, and solemnly hung on the walls of the chapel, a binding link to the absent, a suggestive subject of reflection to the present worshippers.”

When the depôt was removed from Governor’s to Bedloe’s Island, he got thus a new charge some miles further down; but he still energetically persevered, attending to the little old church likewise as faithfully as before. Then he was busy also with schemes of general missions, and did nothing half-heartedly, as his letters prove. He went on with this chaplaincy work, till his family interfered, knowing that it was too much for his enfeebled constitution; and he was at length compelled to desist, having already resigned his chair.

From his extensive learning, and his well-known name, no less than from his polished yet simple manners and his graceful bearing,

he had an influence with the soldiers such as but few could have exerted,—and as much with officers as men, who testified in many ways their appreciation of his services. He did not live long to enjoy the leisure of age; but passed away with "prayer" and "praise," and the name of Christ upon his lips, in October of 1868.

A peculiar sweetness of temper, blended with remarkable self-reliance, was Professor M'Vickar's great characteristic. He himself said he had, with God's help, achieved all that he did by perseverance. The more of experience he gained, the more clearly he saw, that the true wisdom of life was humble service of Christ; and in him there was developed a very complete Christian character, though there is little record of any great religious crisis in his life.

Arthur Tappan was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1786. Of his childhood we learn but little. When he was about fifteen he went as apprentice to a dry goods store in Boston, where, after his apprenticeship expired, he became a clerk. Notwithstanding the great amount of work required of him, and his being subject to headaches, he must have been studious and economical of his time; for he made himself thoroughly acquainted with book-keeping, and very soon afterwards mastered French. In 1806, his employers, to show their appreciation of his faithful services, offered to start him in business; and he went to Montreal in 1806, with the view of commencing there; but he finally preferred an opening in Portland, in Maine. From letters he wrote to his sister and mother, it is evident that he was much shocked at the fashion and frivolity which prevailed there; but at the same time, by hearing certain eloquent preachers, he drifted away somewhat from sound doctrine.

Arthur Tappan's mother, like John M'Vickar's, was a woman of deep religious convictions, and perhaps of stronger character, though with less of culture and susceptibility. And she, too, watched over her son's welfare with unceasing anxiety. When, on one of his visits to his parents from Portland, he had let drop some expressions savouring of impatience with the doctrinal ideas in which he had been trained, she allowed him to leave home without argument on the subject, but at once, on his departure, wrote to him a letter in which she says:—

"I fear you have imbibed some errors, from what you dropped last night respecting the new birth. There are many loose writers, and, it is to be feared, unsound preachers in our day. But the Word of

God is plain. He that runneth may read. Study it attentively, with sincere and fervent prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to enlighten your darkened understanding. From my own experience I firmly believe the Calvinistic doctrines to be scriptural. I would not willingly consent to abrogate one of them. I love to acknowledge myself nothing, that God may be all. I feel that I am depraved in the whole man; that in me naturally is no good; that all my sufficiency is of God; and it is my happiness that I go to Him as a guilty, weak, and helpless creature, and cast all my cares upon Him."

After two years he made up his mind to go to Montreal after all; and, having married, he went thither. Things, however, did not go well with him; and he was soon again a wanderer—his wife and child being left behind, and he residing now here, now there. For several years he remained in such unsettled circumstances. In 1826 he formed a partnership with a Mr. Charles Keeler and a nephew of his own, and opened a place in New York. By giving attention to importing goods, and resolving to sell on the lowest possible profits and to trust to large returns, the house soon became famous for its low prices. He was told at first that "he was selling his goods at the cost; and that he would find the expenses would 'eat him up.'" He smiled, kept his own counsel, and went on. The result was that, as he did not increase his personal expenses as his trade grew, he soon realised a fortune. The secret of his success, he said, was this—"I had but *one* price, and sold for cash or short credit." His principles soon came to be known, and he was trusted in trade by those who were declared enemies of the opinions for which he was constantly contending.

The most noticeable point was that his benevolence did not shrivel up as his purse grew heavier. He was ready to aid all good objects, giving large sums to Sunday-schools and other like works; but, having seen the low compliances of men, otherwise honourable, in the matter of slavery, he was determined to throw all the weight of his influence on the anti-slavery side; and at the same time he became a zealous member of the American Bible Society, and soon afterwards a director of the "New York Evangelical Missionary Society." For several years that followed, his life might be summed up as a round of business successes, and of large gifts to good works, and of active interest in all Christian enterprises. Not seldom, when purchasers fancied that Mr. Tappan, at the centre desk in the store, surrounded by books, bills of purchases, &c., was engrossed in his own financial concerns, he was occupied in scheming out some new form of

Christian enterprise. But it is very characteristic of him, that in order to obtain such leisure, he made it a rule to have no spare chair for callers! "When a friend or stranger honoured him with a call, his practice was to rise and receive him with much economy of speech, and, as no seat was at hand, the person soon took his departure." A question which interested him much was the observance of the Sabbath, and he was mainly instrumental in forming a new society to promote that object; whilst he went warmly into the temperance cause, having observed the evil that was caused by "tippling" amongst the New York traders; and gave largely of his time and means for reformatories. But the cause he had nearest at heart was that of the down-trodden slaves. A society had been got up—called a Colonisation Society—which, under pretence of benefiting the Negro, demoralised him, and against this Society Mr. Tappan took up a very decided attitude.

"He had no objection to the emigration of deserving men of colour to Africa, but he objected strongly to the coercive system, direct or implied, and thought it against the genius of Christianity to encourage men who were destitute of religious principle, and especially if destitute of common morality, in going from a Christian to a heathen or semi-heathen land."

As this Colonisation Society proceeded in its operations, the minds of thousands were opened to the designs of the leaders of the enterprise. Amongst them was the famous Daniel Webster, who, when at the height of his popularity, said, "I cannot give my sanction to the object of this Society; for I see that it originated in a plan to get rid of the free negroes in order to render slavery more secure, and I will have nothing more to do with it." As the Colonisation Society was found to be not only a failure, but a false pretence, Mr. Tappan was eager to do something decisive on his own part; and accordingly he joined with some others to build a school or college for coloured youths. But the people of New Haven became incensed at the project. They seemed to feel that the success of the enterprise would be a stain upon the city, and bring a stigma upon Yale College. Such a panic seized their minds that Mr. Tappan and his friends had to abandon their project. And Mr. Tappan was never content to have only one good cause in hand. While the *furor* respecting the Coloured College at New Haven had hardly yet died down, a case of a similar kind arose in Connecticut. A Miss Randall, who kept a boarding-

school, was applied to by a young coloured woman for admission; and, on receiving her, the other pupils all threatened to leave. Miss Randall stood firm, and the girls did leave. The town of Canterbury, where she lived, was thrown into great excitement by this occurrence; and Miss Randall would have been wholly ruined if Mr. Tappan had not stepped in to aid her. A case was got up against her for violating the laws and breaking the peace. Mr. Tappan, on hearing of it, at once, wrote to her solicitor:—

"I shall consider it a duty and a privilege to help you. I wish you to consider me your banker, assured that I will honour promptly all your drafts. Keep your accounts carefully, and let me know whenever you need any money. Spare no necessary expense; employ the best counsel; and let this great question be fairly tried, not doubting, that under the good Providence of a righteous God, the right will ultimately prevail."

When baffled at one point, it was always Mr. Tappan's principle to find outlet for his energies in other directions. He was irrepressible; his heart was on fire, and action was needful. The result was the formation of the Phoenix Society of New York, whose object was to promote the improvement of the coloured people, and to educate them. When William Lloyd Garrison was thrown into prison for libel for saying some harsh but true things of the slaveholding interest, Mr. Tappan was mainly influential in procuring his release—a service which Mr. Garrison recognised in words that are likely to be long remembered; and in the course of his efforts for this object, the germ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which had been founded mainly by him in the midst of the turmoil, took fuller shape. Mr. Tappan was appointed president. The news of this inflamed the slavery party; and their vengeance was chiefly directed against the Tappans' store. On the 10th July accordingly an attack was made upon it, and much mischief done; it being more than probable the mob would have proceeded to violence towards Mr. Arthur Tappan, had not the word spread that soldiers were near, and would open fire upon the crowd. Mr. Tappan was subjected to many similar indignities, but he stood firm, and the mob-violence that was meant to put an end to the anti-slavery agitation seemed only to extend and increase it. For a while, however, the leading abolitionists, and Mr. Tappan, amongst others, were continually watched, dogged, and threatened; their families insulted, sometimes even spit upon; so that, whilst far from wishing to

depreciate any noble effort, one is forced to feel, in reading such a life as Arthur Tappan's, that the work of the English abolitionist was, after all, easy and safe by comparison. We have the best evidence that under all these provocations, Mr. Tappan preserved his equanimity, steadily pursued his accustomed avocations, attended regularly the anti-slavery meetings, and looked into the future with a confident trust that good would be evoked out of seeming evil.

The most strenuous efforts were made by "Southerners" to injure the business of abolitionists in America, and to some extent they succeeded. Owing in some degree to this, but still more to the fact that the store was burned down, and that, on the heels of this disaster, came the great financial crisis, Mr. Arthur Tappan lost his fortune, and had in effect to begin the world again when he was an oldish man. But the same indefatigable spirit he had shown in the outset of life remained with him. He was as busy, as hopeful as ever, and as devoted to the anti-slavery cause. And he never complained, accepting his misfortune as a direct dealing of God with him for his good. He had the peace of a good conscience, and the fortune of a high influence, such as others would willingly have taken advantage of. A merchant in New York, who had known him in the days of his prosperity, but had not sympathized with him in his anti-slavery enterprise, said, "If Arthur Tappan will allow his name to be put up on my store, and sit in an arm-chair in my counting room, I will pay him 3,000 dollars a year." An offer which Mr. Tappan did not accept.

But in course of time he succeeded in realising as much as enabled him to retire; and he was gratified in being permitted to see the realisation of his dearest wishes at last, though he mourned over the horrors of the war; the assassination of Lincoln being a great blow to him, "though," he said, "God will overrule it for the good of our country. He saw we needed this. . . . It was a kind providence that his death was so easy."

A complete list of Mr. Tappan's benefactions would form a peculiar study in benevolence as a science. But he kept no records of what he gave, so that we can trace only his more prominent and striking gifts. One of the most notable is his paying the board and training of one hundred divinity students for four years at Yale College.

Nor could Mr. Tappan be charged with a vice which has sometimes been urged

against philanthropists—the encouraging of large sympathy towards *man*, but little sympathy for *men*. A meagre sense of justice towards those brought close to them in daily life has been set down as a characteristic of men like him. But Mr. Seth B. Hunt tells how, in June, 1830, he was engaged as a clerk by Mr. Tappan, at one hundred and fifty dollars per annum; and how in January, 1831, he found his account credited at the rate of four hundred and fifty dollars per annum. "I concluded that Mr. Tappan had by mistake put down a '4' instead of a '1.' I drew his attention to it, and he laughed, and said he was satisfied, if I was." Mr. Hunt, who was for years connected with Mr. Tappan, testifies to his coolness and bravery, and also to his aversion to talk of what he had done.

Another sufficing fact in support of this statement is that when he retired from business a very old man, with just barely enough to allow him to live in the plainest way, some of his old clerks offered, if he would allow them, to buy an annuity for him. But, with the sterling independence that had always marked his conduct, he declined, assuring them that "the voyage was nearly over; the provisions just enough to last out the voyage; so that more were not needed." That old clerks should thus think of an impoverished employer is a significant proof that Arthur Tappan's generosity and goodness did, as the old proverb enjoins, "begin at home."

We are told that occasionally the manoeuvres of persons soliciting his aid called forth his reproof, as in the case of a distinguished lawyer, who waited upon him at his store to solicit a contribution to a scheme set on foot by a brother, a celebrated doctor in divinity. Mr. Tappan did not seem disposed to comply with the request. The applicant became importunate, and said, "I want your *name* more than your money. Be so kind as to head the subscription, and you will not be called upon for the money." Instead of being flattered by this request, he looked the man full in the face for a moment, and then turned and walked away.

By virtue of his prudence and energy, Mr. Tappan enjoyed a few years of quiet rest before the time came for him to remove. He died in the summer of 1865, in full faith and peace.

John M'Vickar and Arthur Tappan both belong to the class of men who deserve to be held in remembrance by the Christian community; and it is with this conviction that we have written of them.

B. ORME.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"They know not the voice of strangers."

"WE wandered far on bleak and barren hill,
 Through death's dark valley took our dreary way,
 Found no green pasture, drank no freshening rill ;
 Weary our feet through all the sultry day,
 And evermore we heard the jackal's cry,
 And fierce wolves howling scented out their prey :
 And many forms of death were ever nigh,
 But He, the one true Shepherd of the sheep,
 Came down in pity from the mountain high,
 To seek the lost, and faithful watch to keep
 O'er those that sought the shelter of the fold,
 True guardian still, though other shepherds sleep :
 So own we Thee, O Lord, yet overbold
 We leave the quiet stream and grassy mead
 And take our course, in stormy day and cold,
 Through tangled brake and maze of rotting reed ;
 Ah ! would that we no other voice might hear
 Than His who stands as priest to intercede,
 To Thee, our Shepherd, still abiding near,
 And as Thou leadest, going out and in ;
 So should we dwell secure from each dark fear,
 Nor crop the poisoned flowers of pleasant sin,
 Nor heed the stranger when he fain would lure,
 And with feigned words and wandering fancies win ;
 But meadows green, and waters clear and pure,
 These should be ours from youth to ripened age,
 And clinging love would fail not to endure,
 But follow Thee through all its pilgrimage.
 And we too are as shepherds ; each must care
 For souls around him, each his warfare wage,
 For sheep that wander brave the chill night air,
 Against the robbers fight with fearless heart,
 And to the fold the lost one gently bear ;
 Ah ! be it ours to shun the hireling's part ;
 True shepherds whom the porter's voice will own,
 To guard with subtle truth, and guileless art,
 To the great Shepherd like in look and tone,
 Still working bravely while our watch we keep,
 Till we shall stand with palms around the throne :
 And then we too shall know the other sheep,
 Not of this fold, which He will one day bring,
 O'er moorland wild, bleak heath, and mountain steep,
 And when the world's last suns their shadows fling,
 One flock, one Shepherd in the eternal fold,
 Shall own their God, their Father, and their King.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—HOME MATTERS.

OUR GENERAL ASSEMBLIES.

WALKING along a modern street in the Scottish metropolis which has received the name of George IV. Bridge, the stranger may espy, in the course of as many minutes, three notable historical scenes. First, he may get a glimpse of the Grass-market, the death-scene of hundreds of heroic covenanters when "persecution dragged them into fame and chased their souls to heaven;" second, in the depths of the Cowgate, a stumpy little spire, much the worse for the wear, surmounting what was once the chapel of the French Embassy, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene; and third, the Greyfriars' Churchyard, where men opened their veins to sign the covenant, and where the "Martyrs' Monument" covers the dust of about two hundred confessors. Some three hundred and twelve years ago, in the chill of a winter day, the slender but firm-set figure of John Knox, then in his fifty-fifth year, might have been seen crossing the threshold of the Scottish Madeleine. He is accompanied by five Protestant divines, and some three dozen of godly laymen, interested in the welfare of the Protestant church. They kneel before the King of Zion, and ask his blessing on the General Assembly of the Reformed Church of Scotland. It is called a General Assembly, because it does not represent the church officers of any particular locality, but the church at large. It is indeed the day of small things, but among those who take part in the proceedings there is no want of faith or courage. They seem to have a presentiment that the proceedings of their little meeting will leave their mark on the history of their country. And so indeed they have done. For now, instead of one little Assembly, Edinburgh boasts of three large ones and at least as many small, the very smallest being larger than the original. And not content with Assemblies in Edinburgh, the parent tree has thrown out branches to Belfast, to London, to the United States, to Canada, to Australia, to New Zealand, and wherever the English language is spoken. The little one has become more than a thousand; the family sprung from the first Scottish meeting representing now not much less than twelve thousand congregations.

And everywhere they meet about this season. The Scotch ones all gravitate to Edinburgh—not but that some of them have tried other places, and would fain give them a benefit; but Edinburgh is emphatically the ecclesiastical capital—"thither the tribes go up," attracted perhaps in part by the *genius loci*, and in part by the luxuriant beauty in which the old capital is always arrayed in May and June. Of the three Assemblies, that of the Established Church is the most conservative, the United Presbyterian Synod is the most progressive, and the Free Church Assembly occupies a middle place between them, having a section that incline to the conservative, and a much larger section that incline to the progressive side. In

I. N.S.

some respects, however, the Free Church is the most conservative of the three; having a more decided dislike to innovations on the old forms of doctrine and the old mode of worship. Five-and-twenty years ago the shades of difference were much more pronounced than they are now; in so small a country as Scotland assimilating influences cannot but do their work the peculiar features of each, good and bad, are more and more spreading through the rest, affording a pretty clear indication of a coming time, when, to use the image of the prophet, the three sticks which are now separate shall all become one.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

It was no small loss to the Established Church to lose the blood that gushed from her veins in 1843. Since then a generation has elapsed. A younger race has sprung up, and the Assembly becomes conscious of fresh vigour, and the presence of an element in which she had long been weak. Besides carrying on the old missionary undertakings,—in India, the Colonies, the Continent, among the Jews, &c.,—the Established Church Assembly has devoted much attention to her endowment fund, and has succeeded in procuring endowments for a large number of new charges in destitute districts. To this scheme she devotes every year a large measure of attention. Of late years, the subject of patronage has pressed very much upon her. She has felt it to be a growing evil that the right of presenting to her parishes should be in the hands of lay-patrons, most of whom have left her communion, and have no direct interest in her welfare. The attachment of the people to her communion is much interfered with by this arrangement, and it furnishes a conspicuous and obvious point of difference between them and the other bodies. So of late years a reforming party has arisen. They wish to get a popular substitute for lay patronage. This party has now gained a decided majority, but the precise nature of the plan proposed to be substituted has not transpired. The aid of Parliament is needed to carry through any such arrangement. And in Parliament a tough battle will have to be fought, because many who have been driven outside the Church through the system of lay patronage would feel called to advocate a more extensive change, in the present circumstances of the country. It may be remarked that, while men like Dr. Wallace and Mr. Story, of Roseneath, show a decided tendency towards negative theology and Broad Churchism, an active disposition has appeared, under the leadership of Dr. Charteris, Lord Polwarth, and others, to aim at a revival of spiritual life; and that a desire for Christian fellowship finds its expression through such excellent friends of the Continent as Dr. William Robertson. This year, for the first time, the Church has sent a deputation to the United States of America, to cultivate fraternal relations with the Presbyterian Church there. Another step has been taken in a line

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already entered by one of the other Scottish Churches—no fewer than two lectureships have been simultaneously instituted for the promotion of theological learning. Two sums of five thousand pounds each have been presented to the Church, which will yield a handsome annual endowment to those who may be appointed to deliver the lectures.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH.

One thing in which the Free Church has always held a conspicuous place is, its finance. Earlier than its neighbours, it gave its energies to the orderly and thorough working of its financial arrangements. This year it reports an increase over last of about £20,000, and the sum of the whole income considerably exceeds £400,000. The General Sustentation Fund yields, as usual, £150 fixed to every minister enjoying its benefit, and a small additional sum, dependent on the amount of the congregational contribution. The scale of contribution slowly advances, but it may be doubted whether the recent advance be in a fitting proportion to the rapid growth of wealth in the country. Last year is acknowledged on all hands to have been a year of unexampled prosperity, but men have certainly not yet learned the lesson to "lay by them in store as *God hath prospered them*."

The Free Church more than any of her neighbours has identified herself with the evangelistic and revival movements that have been occurring in different parts of the country. Year by year it is her custom to send out certain of her more experienced ministers and elders to visit the congregations in particular localities and stir them up to Christian earnestness. In certain other places, deputies are sent forth to endeavour to rouse the more indifferent parts of the population. One of the most interesting features of the Assembly, to those who have an interest in the real work of the Church, are the conferences, at which brethren from various parts tell of the showings that have brought blessings to their people.

The question of union with the United Presbyterians still divides the Assembly. On the part of the minority the fear of any modification of the old position is extreme. But the Assembly has this year shown in sundry ways that her attitude must be progressive. After considerable delay, permission has been given to use hymns in public worship. And in reference to the proposed abolition of patronage in the Established Church, the Assembly has declared that if any change is to be made, it must be in the direction of placing all the Presbyterian Churches on the same non-established level.

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.

While giving attention to the other departments of Church work, this branch of the Church has shown an especial zeal in the cause of foreign missions. In Jamaica, in Old Calabar, in India, in South Africa, and in other parts of the world, its mission agencies have been actively at work. Perhaps the most interesting scene of its mission labours has been at Old Calabar, on the west coast of Africa. Devoting a

considerable share of attention to work among the negroes, where success is for the most part palpable and highly encouraging, this Church has probably been able to diffuse among its people a larger share of interest in foreign missions than other Churches which have mainly concentrated their mission energies on India, where the opposition is so much greater, and success so much less apparent.

A portion of the congregations of this branch of the Church being situated in England, the demand for liberty to use instrumental music in worship has become very loud on the part of some. The Synod has this year granted the permission craved. The Synod has also declared its willingness to allow its congregations, when vacant, to call ministers of the Free or the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, if they wish, and the Free Church Assembly has passed a similar act in reference to ministers of these churches. This little link of friendliness, though it is not expected to be much acted upon, will serve as a proof of mutual regard between the several branches.

IRISH PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

Two questions of special interest have presented themselves—the one as to the progress of the Sustentation Fund, the other as to the use of instrumental music. The state of the Sustentation Fund was highly encouraging. The committee had not only been able to make up the allowance to each minister up to the point of the late *Regium Donum* allowance, but to add a supplemental dividend of £16, whereas last year it was only £10. In regard to instrumental music in worship, a very protracted discussion took place. The first vote gave a majority of thirty-five against the proposal; but a vote having been taken in a more direct form than the first, the number on each side was the same. The moderator was unwilling to give a casting vote, and on his proposal it was agreed to reserve final judgment for another year, it being understood that meanwhile no instrument would be introduced. If the progress of opinion be in favour of the permission sought, the judgment arrived at will be more authoritative than it could have been had the case been made to hang on the decision of one man.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—THE BENNETT JUDGMENT.

The decision of the Privy Council Committee on the Bennett case must be held to be in the main a victory for the ritualists. Mr. Bennett is declared to be very rash, but he is not to be meddled with. Having declared his belief in the real presence, he has, it is found, favoured a doctrine which is not the doctrine of the Church of England; but the subject is so beyond the province of reason—the matters are so little comprehensible, that it is impossible to make his opinions the subject of a definite decision. The judgment would seem to have been framed for the purpose of at once maintaining the danger of the views, and the safety of the person uttering them. At the same time, should Mr. Bennett do any overt act that should indicate his maintenance of the unsound views—any act of adoration, for example—he would be liable to the

same condemnation that has overtaken Mr. Mac-konochie and Mr. Purchas. The judgment is not likely to prove quite satisfactory to either party. The one cannot be pleased to hear their views pronounced to be contrary to the standards of the Church; the other cannot be pleased to see men who really maintain and teach these views allowed to do so with impunity. The expectation of the framers of the judgment probably is, that the extreme keenness with which such views are maintained by Mr. Bennett and his friends will subside, and that a moderate judgment is more likely to have this effect than one that should in the present state of their feelings drive them to extremities. It is to be considered on the other hand that the high ritualistic party cling to the real presence as the very jewel of their system—that which alone gives value, and which gives inconceivable value, to the other parts of their teaching and practice. Nor can it be concealed that a legal judgment, if influenced by policy, is more fitted to impair than to exalt the majesty of law; it tends to encourage a habit of tampering with legal decisions of which there has been too much already, and which may ultimately make the very throne of justice a tottering affair.

THE TWO DECLARATIONS.

Two important public declarations have been launched, in connection with the Church of England, under the auspices of Lord Shaftesbury and his friends. One pertains to the Athanasian Creed, and declares the inexpediency of its use in the public services of the Church; the other relates to reforms in the Church. The reforms specially craved are—increased liberty in the use of the Prayer-Book; omission of the Athanasian Creed in public services but not from the Prayer-Book; admission of laymen to Convocation; giving a voice to the parishioners in introduction of changes in the service; amendment of Church patronage, where possible; reform of cathedral system; subdivision of large dioceses, and a substitute for the present mode of electing bishops.

THE NEWS OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

No news could have been more universally acceptable than that which has come this month, assuring us of the existence and the safety of Dr. Livingstone. It was always a re-assuring consideration that the best authorities never despaired, and multitudes doubtless were greatly cheered by the strong opinion of his father-in-law, the venerable Dr. Moffat, whose knowledge alike of the country, the inhabitants, and the intrepid missionary-traveller gave to his conviction an unprecedented weight. Yet no one could divest himself of a certain foreboding, when he put to himself the question pure and simple, and tried to settle in his own mind which it was—Living or dead? It is something almost beyond what we could have hoped, to think that we may yet look on the sun-burnt face, with its skin more wrinkled and its hair more whitened than when last we saw it—may handle peradventure "the Bible and two note-books" that have been the companions of his journey, and learn

all that has been so dimly conjectured of his doings during these many years bygone. And it is something to look forward to on his part, emerging out of the coal-pit, as it were, like a long-entombed miner, into the light of day, to learn first of all what has been going on in the loved sanctuary of his family, and then what has been taking place in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Rome, in Ireland—to learn how the world has been moving on, and we hope too we may add, the kingdom of God likewise. All about the Madagascar mission, for example, will be new to him, and very blessed news it will be; for, if the expectation of Mr. Ellis that Madagascar will prove the source of light for Africa be well founded, what could be more full of hope for the people whom, temporally and spiritually, Dr. Livingstone has striven to benefit? One used often to speculate on what Sir John Franklin would have thought if he had returned from his Arctic expedition to find Europe so changed as it was by the revolutions of 1848. Perhaps the changes which Dr. Livingstone will hear of are even more significant. Anyhow, it is a comfort to think that instead of an exploring party coming somewhere on the tattered fragments of his Bible, and bringing them home, like the books of Sir John Franklin's party, as a museum-curiosity, it will be brought back by the traveller himself, and by his family and friends will be looked at and read with a peculiarly sacred interest, as having been the sole visible means of light and grace to him during the years when he had to remember God like one "in the land of Jordan, and in the wilderness and the hill Mizar." If the fact be as good as we hope, will it not be another proof of the answer of prayer? Many a soul has poured itself out on his behalf, especially at the times when rumours, favourable or unfavourable, brought his name before the public; often has he been commended to the traveller's God; and if so, his preservation is just what might be looked for from Him who never fails any that put their trust in Him.

THE PEOPLE AND THE LICENSING BILL.

In an age when all parties and sections of the community have their organs, it is strange that it is so difficult to get at the real opinions of the people. In regard to the Government Bill for restricting the hours of licensed houses, and submitting them to a rigid inspection, "the working classes" have been made to express the most opposite views. On the one hand, a deputation waits on Lord Kimberley, and professing to represent the views of fully three-fourths of the working classes and public generally, declares that their views have been misrepresented—that they approve of public-houses, wish them to be opened at five in the morning in place of six, and kept open to one, in place of twelve at midnight. Drunkenness, they maintain, is not on the increase, and does not prevail among the working classes to any serious extent. On the other hand, another deputation waits on his lordship, introduced by Mr. M'Arthur, M.P., representing forty-three different trades, and representing the prevalent opinion to be

quite in the opposite line. Orderly and sober working men, their memorial alleges, are all in favour of shortening the public-house hours, both on Sundays and week-days. The temptations to which working men are exposed under the present system are very great, and even the most sober and well-disposed find that their families run very great risks in consequence of the manner in which the houses are often conducted, and the little control over them which the magistrates and police possess. These men consider that the Government Bill is a very moderate measure, and not capable of amendment except by adding to the restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors.

No doubt, to a certain extent, both parties are right. There are sections of the working classes on both sides. Those whose sympathies are with the publicans will, of course, oppose all restriction, and will petition for an extension of the hours in order that they may prevent, if possible, the shortening of them. Those whose sympathies are with the teetotallers, or with the Permissive Bill movement, and whose working friends are mostly like-minded with themselves, will naturally believe and say that the sympathies of the class are in favour of the present Bill.

Which is true? The latter are more likely to be under the influence of the self-control which creates confidence in men's integrity; and, moreover, what they say accords with the opinion of the working classes on this subject, which, on other grounds, we have been led to form.

We cannot doubt, judging from some personal knowledge of their views and feelings, that the sober and industrious portion of the working classes feel the multiplication of public-houses, and the almost unceasing temptations to drinking which they present, to be a serious evil. Wives feel it for weak husbands, and husbands for weak wives—parents for children, and often children for parents. It seems to us to be one of the most desirable pieces of moral education for respectable working men, to have a voice in some shape, and under whatever restrictions may be found best, in the control of the licenses. We think it would lead them to salutary thought if they knew and felt that they were in some degree responsible for the maintenance of the system. It would lead even some of the more thoughtless to pause and inquire what are the evils that keep down the working classes, or many of them, and prevent them from enjoying the prosperity to which they naturally aspire. The effect would probably be, less intensity of desire for political change, and more watchfulness over sources of suffering and degradation which have a much more immediate effect.

THE RACES—AND THEIR EFFECTS.

Considerable interest was felt by a large section of the public in Mr. Hughes's motion, which virtually was that the House of Commons should not adjourn over the Derby day. The motion in its form was unpopular—even legislators like their holiday; and to some of them, no doubt, it would be a harmless enough holiday, under the influence of which they

would have returned, braced and strengthened for the exhaustive duties of the House. But the very peculiarity of the races is, that the presence of those to whom they do little or no moral harm keeps up a system which is the parent of no end of vice. Who denies that on such occasions the vicious classes enjoy their greatest field days? The pickpocket and the swindler, the publican and the harlot, the sensualist and the gambler have all their best chance at the races, and almost without exception do their best stroke of business. What oaths and execrations pollute the air! And then, there is the grand chance which the betting affords to get rich without the drudgery of labour, to make a little fortune by a happy hit. And to give the greater likelihood of success in their ignoble pursuits, there are the dodges resorted to, to obtain information, and to give an unfair bias to the minds of betters. We cannot but regret that the English House of Commons should deem the race of such moment as to arrest the whole business of legislation for its sake. There is such a spirit of unhealthy excitement abroad in the matter of recreation—such a tendency to enhance every wholesome enjoyment by the artificial excitement of betting, and such a tendency on the part of the younger and less experienced classes of the community to begin the habit without intending to carry it far, and without thinking that once begun the habit will be beyond their control, that we should rejoice greatly to see the British Legislature lifting up their testimony against the whole thing. Even for those who enjoy the sight, and who keep far off from its degrading accompaniments, it is surely a fair question whether it be not their duty to forego their pleasure, rather than countenance a system which trails after it such loathsome evils.

IRELAND.—THE INTIMIDATION OF PRIESTS.

A peal of thunder has burst upon Ireland. The inquiry that has taken place into the Galway county election has elicited from Mr. Justice Keogh, the judge who tried the case, such a thundering exposure of the practices of the priesthood in elections that it looks as if a prophet had risen to utter his burden. The fact of Mr. Keogh being himself a Roman Catholic; and of his having been one of the most vehement denouncers of the Titles' Bill, in the days when Lord John Russell attempted to check Cardinal Wiseman, and of his being no longer an advocate but a judge, of mature years and experience, makes the fact the more memorable that this denunciation has come from him. The interferences of the priests have indeed been truly scandalous, and the obstruction to the free exercise of electoral rights utterly beyond endurance. Denunciations from the altar, and threatenings of destruction—explained to mean *political* destruction—have been freely resorted to. All this has now been exposed by a judge of the Romish persuasion. The fact reveals the utter contrariety of feeling which now prevails between the Irish priesthood and the Roman Catholic laity. Perhaps the exposure is designed in Providence to check

the system that has been so prevalent, of humouring and bowing down to the priesthood in the vain hope that they shall become reasonable and honourable friends. The language of the *Times* is expressive and instructive:—"The judgment in the Galway election case proclaims to us in vivid language what sort of men our rulers have laboured to conciliate,—we may almost say stooped to obey. The past is irrevocable, but if this abominable business teaches a more courageous and manly administration of Ireland, one sought for equally by the educated and enlightened of both religions, its scandals will not have been in vain."

It is remarkable that while this is the experience of ourselves in Ireland, Germany should be coming to a similar conclusion, but acting on it with more firmness, in reference to the Ultramontane claims with which it has to do. A little further on in these columns the reader will find some details. Toleration is a noble thing; but toleration of opinions is one thing, toleration of wild and intemperate claims founded on such opinions, is another. There is a point at which Ultramontanism becomes incapable of being tolerated in a well-ordered State. Instead of being the handmaid of social order and moral restraint, what is called religion becomes the nurse and promoter of all that is wild and pernicious. The purest moral relations are invaded, truth is stripped of its sanctity, and duty of its obligation. After all, the old prejudice against Ultramontane Popery is seen not to be so unreasonable. And wild though it may appear to assert that this is the final outcome of what the cultured, and often gentle Ritualist, is working so hard to establish, the proof is not so very difficult, and the connection is not so very remote. There are visitors that come in like a lamb, and go out like a lion. Our Ritualists, in their strenuous endeavours to subdue the passions of men to gentleness, and to stimulate into constant activity their reverence, their devotion, all their quieter and milder feelings, would do well to ask whether there may not be certain wilder results that may ultimately arise out of the course of education which they are following. One great lesson from all this is, What need for the Word of God! Never, where that Word is known and preached, will such turbulent disorder reign. It is alike the charter of salvation and the security for social order and political content. It steadies character, sweetens the breath of society, protects the rights and secures the liberties of all men; it is the true terror of evil-doers, and a praise and protection of them that do well.

SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

There seems every likelihood that the Bill for education in Scotland will pass into a law. There has been much difference of opinion about it, and no small complication arising from the variety of interests that have been more or less considered, not only Scotch, but English and Irish. In reference to religion the principle which its authors have avowed is, neither to prescribe it nor to proscribe it. They have

relegated it to the Local Boards, to be chosen by the people in every parish. If the Bill had contained a provision for the public use of the Holy Scriptures in all the schools, it would have not only allayed the fears of many, but shown a becoming respect for the one Book which carries such authority from God to men. If, however, the measure becomes law, leaving it to Local Boards to decide as to the religious instruction, an opportunity will be afforded to all in their several localities to take steps for having the proper place allotted to the Holy Scriptures.

It has come out, in recent discussions, that the purely secular party is at a great discount in the country, and that no system of education can be generally satisfactory which does not make provision for instruction in the revealed truth of God. The secular party, though small, is keen, however, and, besides its members, there are many who think that it is expedient to separate religious instruction from the secular for its own sake, and for the sake of the children. In Scotland, the desire for combined instruction is still very general; and, united as the great body of the Scotch people are in their doctrinal views, there seems to be no good reason why this desire should not be given effect to.

II.—ABROAD.

FRANCE—THE SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

We adverted in a former number to the circumstances under which permission has been given to the Synod of the Reformed Church of France to meet after the silence of generations. The meeting has now taken place. The Synod has been occupied chiefly in the determination and assertion of its own powers. The two great parties of whom it is composed have sufficiently indicated their tendencies and aims—the rationalistic evidently desiring a very loose kind of cohesion, embracing all varieties of religious opinion; the more orthodox claiming that the Church shall be a real witness for Christ, and shall avowedly hold and teach the great doctrines of revelation. Among those who maintain this position the venerable M. Guizot is prominent. In his "*Meditations on the Christian Religion*" the public have had interesting evidence of late years of the deep hold which Christian truth possesses on the head and heart of one of the most illustrious of French *litterateurs* and statesmen. It is interesting to find that, with all the weight of years which he now carries, he is able to attend the meetings of the Synod, and that what in all probability will be the last of his public services will be to support God's Word as the great authority in his Church, and the obligation of the Church to honour it accordingly. After a long and animated debate, the Synod, by 61 votes against 46, adopted the resolutions proposed by the orthodox party.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE FRENCH.

A temperate and careful letter on this subject from "a Swiss Correspondent" has appeared in *Evangelical Christendom*. The writer carefully considers,

in a variety of aspects, the effects of the war on the religious state and prospects of France. He comes to the conclusion that the general estimate of Protestantism is higher than it used to be, many persons affirming that, if France do not become Protestant within ten years, she is hopelessly ruined. But, on the other hand, he can see no evidence that the nation has been truly humbled before God by its calamities. Moreover, the spirit of irritation and bitterness against the Germans is as intense as ever, and, unhappily, there seems to be no difference in respect of it between Protestants and Romanists. Kindly efforts have been made by German Christians to effect a reconciliation, but, hitherto, without avail. Some fourteen hundred German pastors, who met in October at Berlin, voted a cordial address to their French brethren, in which they expressed their regret for every act of injustice and violence committed by their countrymen, and for every word of pride and exultation that had been spoken, and earnestly desired to be on friendly terms with their brethren in France; but the proffered hand of friendship was not accepted. The Protestants seem to be afraid of forgiving the Germans, in case their doing so should be ascribed to unpatriotic feelings. This is a sad *résumé* of the moral and spiritual effects of the war; but we must not cease to hope and pray that better fruits may yet be reaped from the calamity.

REVIVAL IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

In the same journal, we are glad to observe another communication which announces a pretty general awakening in a district in Hautes-Cevennes. It appears that in a town there, of some 4,000 inhabitants, the Protestant congregation, after a long vacancy, had at length found a pastor, but that before coming among them, he had made it a condition that they should offer special prayer that their hearts might be prepared for his ministry, and that an abundant blessing might come on it, when he should be settled among them. This requisition was earnestly complied with, and the blessing sought began to come on the very day of his installation. From that time it is said an awakening commenced which had embraced hundreds of persons. "The revival," says this writer, "has since increased, and has been powerfully manifested in the National Church. Hundreds of inquirers anxious about their eternal salvation besiege the houses of the pastors to ask for advice and instruction. Hardly a day passes without a conversion. I may mention one fact among several others which shows the intensity and extent of the movement. Some young men, last winter, had according to custom, organized a public ball. Invitations were sent out to the young ladies of the town. Only seventeen (out of a population of 4,000) accepted the invitation, and the ball had to be given up for want of dancers."

GERMANY.—PRINCE BISMARCK, AND HIS NEW WAR.

The German Chancellor, it would seem, must now lay his account with a campaign that will tax his

energies still more than the war with France. The newspapers have been so occupied with the discussions in the German Parliament on the Jesuits, and the measures of repression proper to be adopted towards them, that we do not need to go fully into the subject. We may just note that after a keen discussion, in which the Jesuits had their ardent defenders, and the policy of the Liberals was arraigned by such men as Prince Hohenlohe, as a stab at the very existence of the Church of fourteen millions of Germans, the following was agreed to by a majority of 224 against 73:—"The German Imperial Parliament requests the Chancellor of the German Empire to take measures—firstly, that peace and concord between the various Churches and denominations be preserved in the Empire, that the members of the various Churches and denominations enjoy an equality of rights, and that the subject be protected against undue arrogance and coercion on the part of the clergy; and secondly, that a bill be introduced, on the strength of the introductory paragraph, as well as Clause IV., *alinée* 13 and 16 of the Constitution of the Empire, which shall regulate the position of all religious orders, congregations, and societies, decide whether they shall be admitted, and on what terms, and enact adequate penalties should they imperil public order and safety, special regard being had in all this to the action of the Order of the Jesuits."

It is thus remitted to the Chancellor to introduce such a measure as he deems right for the repression of the Jesuit machinations. It is evident that the contest will be one of no ordinary kind. The priest party are resolved to struggle for immunities of a kind which no free and independent State will allow. On the other side two lines of action are possible: either to enact such repressive measures as will effectually fetter the priestly party, or to cut the connection between them and the State entirely and leave them to themselves. Some of the Liberals, however, cannot be brought to think well of this, for they fancy that, left to themselves, even though deprived of the support of the State, the priests will be wilder than ever.

The more special causes of quarrel between the priests and the German Government are three. In the first place, the Bishop of Ermeland has excommunicated the two celebrated anti-infallibility professors, Michelis and Wollman, and excommunication carries deprivation of office. The bishop has been informed that he must retract, at least to the effect of not interfering with civil rights. This, of course, would be a great evil in the eyes of the clerical party, who have always schemed to get civil rights implicated as much as possible with ecclesiastical censures.

Secondly, Prince Bismarck has been affronted by the refusal of the Pope to accept of Prince Hohenlohe as ambassador at Rome. Hohenlohe is supposed by the Pope to have anti-infallibility leanings. Prince Bismarck does not of course mean to fight for him, but the feeling aroused by his rejection is somewhat keen.

Thirdly, there is the quarrel discussed in the Im-

perial Parliament about the Jesuits. The charges against the Jesuits do not appear to be very specific; but they get the credit of being the Prætorian guards of the Pope, and of instigating all those deeds of abject submission to Rome which are giving rise to the collisions now so abundant.

A PROTESTANT PASTORAL.

The heads of the Protestant Church of Germany have issued a pastoral on the state of affairs—dated "Berlin, on Rogation Sunday," of which an abstract is given in the *Guardian*. It begins with a sad lamentation over the state of the Church:—

"The great deeds which God has done for our people have not as yet produced in the province of the Evangelical Church fruits commensurate with those which we see matured in such rich abundance in other domains of the national life. Religion and morality, those holiest possessions of the German nation, have been proportionately very little advanced—we say it with deep pain—by the enormous sacrifice of the war and by its mighty victories. The promising revival has not proved to be lasting. The active inquiry after the Word of God has again grown silent. Unbelief stalks abroad: men shake at the foundations of evangelical truth: hatred against the Church is constantly stirred up. A great part of the members of our Church stand away from her—indifferent, cold, estranged. Among the ministers of the Church there does not rule the unity of the Spirit based on the one Faith. The strain of the opposing principles which are stirring the Church has come to such a pitch that to many a breach seems inevitable. In the face of these things, and others of a similar nature, despondency seizes the hearts of many: the assured faith in the future of the Evangelical Church in general, and of the Prussian National Church in particular, begins here and there to totter: the activity of the Church is thereby lamed; and all this at a time when the Evangelical Church, in all places in the most diverse provinces of life, very especially with respect to the social movement which is disintegrating the people, has tasks given to her greater than any which she has had to solve at any period of her history."

The pastoral proceeds to urge the clergy to awake to a sense of their position, stress being laid on the fact that they are established in the empire and the National Church, and that it is their duty to maintain that high position. "They must constantly proclaim 'evangelical truth and freedom, loyalty towards their historical tradition and the strength of a steady progress, the right of the congregation and the right of the individual conscience.' Success will only be achieved after a serious conflict, but where there is conflict there is life. 'Our Evangelical Church has the promise of imperishable life. She is the Church of the Word of God: there lies her undying power. If she appear to die, she is only going to her resurrection. What seems in her dissolution is only by that operation a new concentration. Her need arouses in her only new divine strength. The most alarming periods of our Church have always been the most

blest.' Therefore the clergy are exhorted 'not to be weary,' to hold fast their faith and be earnest in prayer, and on them is finally invoked the Pentecostal graces of the Spirit."

The pastoral is signed by the twelve General-Superintendents of the provinces of Prussia, including the Chaplain-General of the Army, who occupy the position of "overseers" of the Evangelical Church.

THE ALT-CATHOLICS IN PARIS, ROME, VIENNA.

The same journal gives an abstract of a statement from the "Comité des Vieux Catholiques de Paris" drawn up by M. Wallon, a well-known layman. It protests in the strongest terms against the dogma of the infallibility, which it deems fatal to all that is of value in human society, and fitted, if carried out, to subject all social force, all powers private or public, states, nations, clergy, to the will of the sovereign Pontiff. It would involve the destruction of the episcopate, the overthrow of the churches, the reduction of the faithful to a state of absolute servitude. It declares that to obviate these evils, there must arise one vast protestation from all who oppose the policy of Rome, which preparing the way by the reunion of Christendom for the convocation of a council really œcumenical, shall manifest the faith of that Church which cannot err. The purpose of the promoters of the movement "is to found not a new Church, but a centre of action for all Catholic Churches which are determined to reject Papal Infallibility and the pretended doctrines which have prepared the way for or followed it.

"Far from wishing to create a schism, we pretend, with God's help, to be ourselves the centre, and to remain the centre, of unity; for, with Gregory IX., we believe that none can be separated from the Church against their will who are truly Christian; and that every unjust excommunication is void and of none effect."

A similar society at Rome, of which Père Hyacinthe is president, has issued its programme. There are traces in the address of his earnest views on some points, while at the same time the heaven of the Church appears. It proclaims that it is on the divine foundation of Jesus Christ that it intends to erect its work, that it confesses Christ to be the Son of the living God, the sole Redeemer of souls and nations, that from Him it expects the regeneration of which the world has need, and that any attempt at religious reform inspired by another spirit, is struck with impotence. It accepts with the Holy Scriptures all traditions of divine origin [what are they?], but rejects the human traditions which have become mingled with the results of revelation, as well as the abuses of authority by which it has been attempted to impose and maintain them. It especially rejects the doctrine of the council of the Vatican. It maintains that a full reform of the Church is necessary, and that really to secure the union of Christendom, it is necessary to go back to the period previous to the separation of East and West, and settle the constitution of the Church in accordance with what was prevalent

then. The various committees are to prepare for the meeting of a really free and Œcumenical Council, to be composed of pastors true to the ancient faith, and to the spirit of charity and liberty that ought to reign in the Church of Jesus Christ.

In Vienna, there is published an Alt-Catholic paper, to which Alois Anton is a contributor, which lately contained an article on Auricular Confession. For this the paper was confiscated; and the responsible editor and the contributor were tried for a violation of the law which prevents any statement contrary to the Roman Catholic religion. It was maintained by Alois, that while confession was doubtless a part of the Roman Catholic creed, auricular confession was not. It was an abuse of the practice of confession, acknowledged neither by Scriptures nor the true Catholic Church. The public prosecutor maintained that the object of Alois was to make the most of a scandal which had occurred at Linz, and claimed the condemnation of the prisoners. The jury, without retiring, found them "not guilty" amid acclamation.

III.—MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The missionary journals for the current month contain nothing in the form of recent information, but are occupied with the reports of the several Societies as presented to the recent Anniversary Meetings. We note the incomes for the year of a few of the largest in England:—

<i>1. Foreign.</i>	
Church Missionary Society . . .	£153,697
Wesleyan " " . . .	148,585
London " " . . .	114,306
Propagation Society . . .	97,603
Baptist Missionary Society . . .	27,469
<i>2. Home.</i>	
Church Pastoral Aid . . .	50,015
London City Mission . . .	40,598
Additional Curates Society . . .	55,190
Wesleyan Home Missions, (about) . . .	30,000
Church of England Scripture Readers . . .	11,238
<i>3. Jewish.</i>	
London Jewish Society . . .	36,054
British . . .	8,378
<i>4. Colonial and Continental.</i>	
Church Society . . .	31,172
Colonial Missionary Society . . .	3,291
Foreign Aid . . .	1,146
<i>5. Educational.</i>	
British and Foreign School . . .	15,576
Home and Colonial School . . .	9,667
Ragged School Union . . .	8,023
Sunday School Union . . .	30,974
Refuges for Homeless Children . . .	20,524
Book Society . . .	7,612

IV.—OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

We have been neglecting our library table, we admit; and, sooth to say, we don't care to be bound down by an obligation to write monthly a given number of literary notices, whatever the quality or interest of the volumes. We would rather give an occasional glimpse, when special cause occurs. This month we

have before us a brace of biographies. They are the lives of two eminently Christian men—but men as unlike one another in the outward aspect of their lives as it is possible to conceive Christian men to be. The one a soldier, the other a scholar. The one a man of action, the other of contemplation. The one a vigorous man of business, orderly and alert; the other a dreamer who could hardly be entrusted with the most common concerns of life. The soldier is the late Sir Henry Lawrence, whose life has been written in two volumes,—the first by his like-minded Christian friend and brother in arms, the late Sir Herbert Edwardes, the second by Mr. Herman Merivale. The scholar is the late Professor John Duncan, of the New College, Edinburgh,—the biographer being his friend, Professor David Brown, of Aberdeen. We cannot enter into details in this place: both are excellent subjects for separate articles, and we hope to make arrangements accordingly. But how much of interest and true beauty there is in both! The young Indian, devoted from boyhood to duty, and coming in India to the knowledge of Christ; the fine Christian character engrafted on the stem of a well-ordered youth; the loving son, brother, husband, father; the active and noble career in India, and the tragic death in the Residency of Lucknow—furnish the materials of a story of more interest than any fiction. What a strength and blessing such men have been to England, and especially to India! What perhaps is the most interesting thing in such biographies is the combination of glimpses into public and private life. What a touching thing to find Sir Henry thus writing to his sons from beside the bier of his noble, enthusiastic Christian wife!—

"Half an hour before I began to write on these two sides of this sheet, I had taken my last earthly look at my wife and your mother. Corruption was gaining on her. . . . So I went and took my last look of her dear sweet face, and prayed for the last time by her side,—prayed that what I had neglected to do during her life I might now do after her death,—prayed that her pure spirit might be around you and me, to guide us to good and shield us from evil."

In Dr. John Duncan we have a rare study. First, the poor lad thirsting for knowledge; then the sceptical student; then the convert to Christianity but not to Christ; then, by God's great mercy, the convert to Christ likewise. The wanderings of an inquiring spirit; the researches of an unrivalled scholar; the doubts of a burdened soul; the joys of a sometimes prevailing faith; the profound abstractions of the philosopher; the humble musings of a little child. The last book he read was the *Children's Missionary Record*, for said he, "I like to learn Christianity like a little bairn." About the last thing he did was to ask a friend to repeat *six times in succession* the verse in the hymn "Rock of Ages," beginning with "Nothing in my hand I bring."

There are many mansions truly in the Father's house; but only one door to them all.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—RETROSPECTIVE.



SUDDENLY I become aware that I am drawing nigh the close of my monthly labours for a long year. Yet the year seems to have passed more rapidly because of this addition to my anxieties. Not that I haven't enjoyed the labour while I have been

actually engaged in it, but the prospect of the next month's work would often come in to damp the pleasure of the present; making me fancy as the close of each chapter drew near, that I should not have material for another left in my head. I heard a friend once remark that it is not the cares of to-day, but the cares of to-morrow that weigh a man down. For the day we have the corresponding strength given; for the morrow we are told to trust: it is not ours yet.

When I get my money for my work, I mean to give my husband a long holiday. I half think of taking him to Italy, for of course I can do what I like with my own, whether husband or money—and so have a hand in making him a still better painter. Incapable of imitation, the sight of any real work is always of great service to him, widening his sense of art, enlarging his idea of what can be done, rousing what part of his being is most in sympathy with it—a part possibly as yet only half awake; in a word, leading him another step towards that simplicity which is at the root of all diversity, being so simple that it needs all diversity to set it forth.

How impossible it seemed to me that I should ever write a book! Well or ill done, it is almost finished, for the next month is the twelfth. I must look back upon what I

I. N.S.

have written, to see what loose ends I may have left, and whether any allusion has not been followed up with a needful explanation for this way of writing by portions, the only way in which I could have been persuaded to attempt the work however, is unfavourable to artistic unity—an unnecessary remark, seeing that to such unity my work makes no pretensions. It is but a collection of portions detached from an uneventful, ordinary, and perhaps in part *therefore* very blessed life. Hence perhaps it was specially fitted for this mode of publication. At all events I can cast upon it none of the blame of what failure I may have to confess.

A biography cannot be constructed with the art of a novel, for this reason, that a novel is constructed on the artist's scale, with swift returning curves; a biography on the divine scale, whose circles are so large that they shoot beyond this world, sometimes even before we are able to detect in them the curve by which they will at length round themselves back towards completion. Hence every life must look more or less fragmentary, and more or less out of drawing perhaps—not to mention the questionable effects in colour and tone where the model himself will insist on taking palette and brushes, and laying childish, if not passionate, conceited, ambitious, or even spiteful hands to the work.

I do not find that I have greatly blundered, or omitted much that I ought to have mentioned. One odd thing is, that in the opening conversation in which they urge me to the attempt, I have not mentioned Marion. I do not mean that she was present, but that surely some one must have suggested her and her history as affording endless material for my record. A thing apparently but not really strange, is, that I have never said a word about the Mrs. Cromwell mentioned in the same conversation. The fact is that I have but just arrived at the part of my story where she first comes in. She died about three months ago, and I can therefore with the more freedom narrate in the next chapter what I have known of her.

I find also that I have, in the fourth chapter, by some odd cerebro-mechanical freak, substituted the name of my aunt *Martha* for

that of my aunt Millicent, another sister of my father, whom he has not, I believe, had occasion to mention in either of his preceding books. My aunt Martha is Mrs. Weir, and has no children; my aunt Millicent is Mrs. Parsons, married to a hard-working attorney, and has twelve children, now mostly grown up.

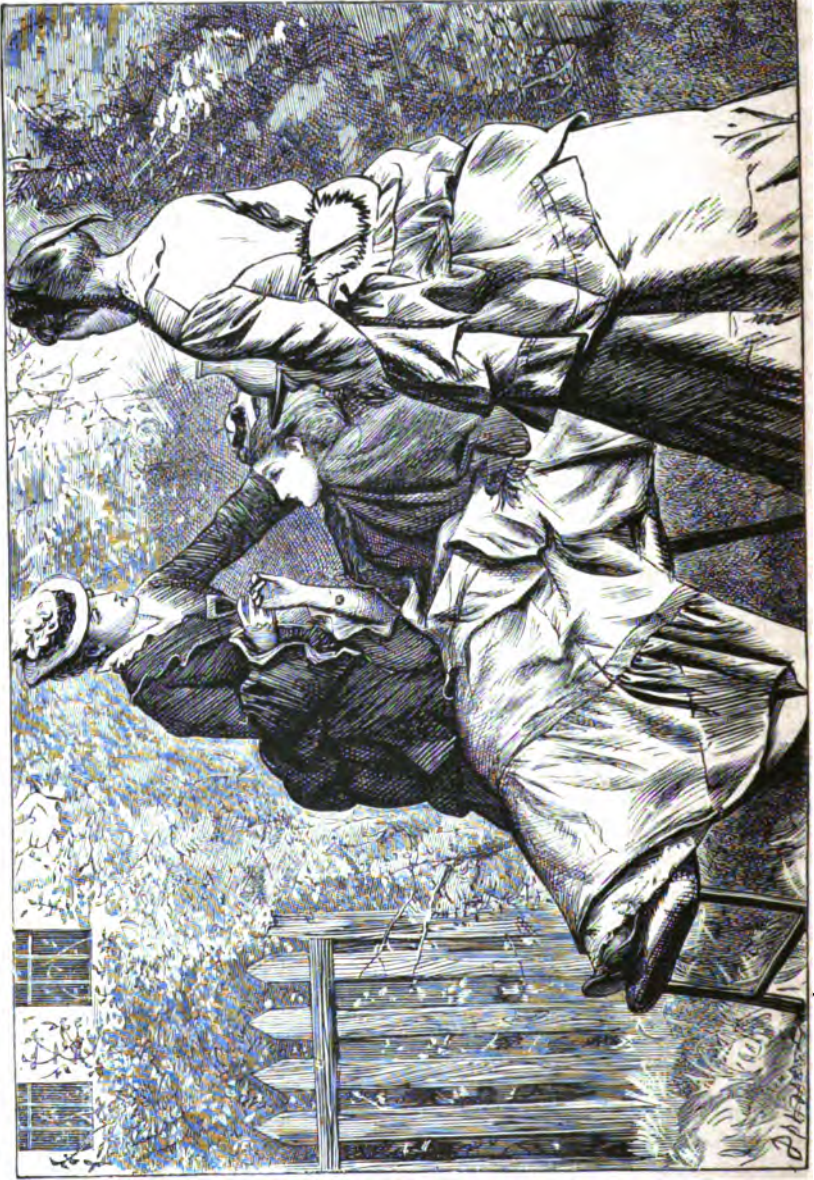
I find also in the thirteenth chapter, an unexplained allusion. There my husband says: "Just ask my brother his experience in regard of the word to which you object." The word was *stomach*, at the use of which I had in my ill-temper taken umbrage: however disagreeable a word in itself, surely a husband might, if need be, use it without offence. It will be proof enough that my objection arose from pure ill-temper when I state that I have since asked Roger to what Percivale referred. His reply was, that, having been requested by a certain person who had a school for young ladies—probably she called it a college—to give her pupils a few lectures on physiology, he could not go far in the course without finding it necessary to make a not unfrequent use of the word, explaining the functions of the organ to which the name belonged, as resembling those of a mill. After the lecture was over, the school-mistress took him aside, and said she really could not allow her young ladies to be made familiar with such words. Roger averred that the word was absolutely necessary to the subject upon which she had desired his lectures; and that he did not know how any instruction in physiology could be given without the free use of it. "No doubt," she returned, "you must recognise the existence of the organ in question, but as the name of it is offensive to ears polite, could you not substitute another? You have just said that its operations resemble those of a mill: could you not as often as you require to speak of it refer to it in future as *the mill*?" Roger, with great difficulty repressing his laughter, consented; but in his next lecture made far more frequent reference to *the mill* than was necessary, using the word every time—I know exactly how—with a certain absurd solemnity that must have been irresistible. The girls went into fits of laughter at the first utterance of it, and seemed, he said, during the whole lecture intent only on the new term, at every recurrence of which their laughter burst out afresh. Doubtless their school-mistress had herself prepared them to fall into Roger's trap. The same night he received a note from her, enclosing his fee for the lectures

given, and informing him that the rest of the course would not be required. Roger sent back the money, saying that to accept part payment would be to renounce his claim for the whole; and that besides, he had already received an amount of amusement quite sufficient to reward him for his labour. I told him I thought he had been rather cruel; but he said such a woman wanted a lesson. He said also that to see the sort of women who sometimes had the responsibility of training girls, must make the angels weep; none but a heartless mortal like himself could laugh where conventionality and insincerity were taught in every hint as to posture and speech. It was bad enough, he said, to shape yourself into your own ideal, but to have to fashion yourself after the ideal of one whose sole object in teaching was to make money, was something wretched indeed.

I find besides that several intentions I had when I started, have fallen out of the scheme. Somehow the subjects would not well come in, or I felt that I was in danger of injuring the persons in the attempt to set forth their opinions.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MRS. CROMWELL COMES.

THE moment the legacy was paid, our liabilities being already nearly discharged, my husband took us all to Hastings. I had never before been to any other sea-coast town where the land was worthy of the sea, except Kilhaven. Assuredly there is no place within easy reach of London to be once mentioned with Hastings. Of course we kept clear of the more fashionable and commonplace St. Leonard's end, where yet the sea is the same—a sea such that, not even off Cornwall, have I seen so many varieties of ocean-aspect. The immediate shore, with its earthy cliffs, is vastly inferior to the magnificent rock about Tintagel, but there is no outlook on the sea that I know more satisfying than that from the heights of Hastings, especially the East Hill; from the west side of which also you may, when weary of the ocean, look straight down on the ancient port, with its old houses, and fine multiform red roofs, through the gauze of blue smoke which at eve of a summer day fills the narrow valley, softening the rough goings on of life into harmony with the gentleness of sea and shore, field and sky. No doubt the suburbs are as unsightly as mere boxes of brick and lime can be, with an ugliness mean because pretentious—an altogether modern ugliness; but even this cannot touch the essential beauty of the place.



"THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

On the brow of this East Hill, just where it begins to sink towards Ecclesbourne Glen, stands a small old rickety house in the midst of the sweet grass of the downs. This house my husband was fortunate in finding to let, and took for three months. I am not however going to give any history of how we spent them—my sole reason for mentioning Hastings at all being that there I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Cromwell. It was on this wise.

One bright day about noon—almost all the days of those months were gorgeous with sunlight—a rather fashionable maid ran up our little garden, begging for some water for her mistress. Sending her on with the water, I followed myself with a glass of sherry.

The door in our garden-hedge opened immediately on a green hollow in the hill, sloping towards the glen. As I stepped from the little gate on to the grass, I saw to my surprise that a white fog was blowing in from the sea. The heights on the opposite side of the glen, partially obscured thereby, looked more majestic than was their wont, and were mottled with patches of duller and brighter colour as the drifts of the fog were heaped or parted here and there. Far down, at the foot of the cliffs, the waves of the rising tide, driven shorewards with the added force of a south-west breeze, caught and threw back what sunlight reached them, and thinned with their shine the fog between. It was all so strange and fine, and had come on so suddenly, for when I had looked out a few minutes before, sea and sky were purely resplendent, that I stood a moment or two and gazed, almost forgetting why I was there.

When I bethought myself and looked about me, I saw, in the sheltered hollow before me, a lady seated in a curiously shaped chair, so constructed in fact as to form upon occasion a kind of litter. It was plain she was an invalid—from her paleness, and the tension of the skin on her face, revealing the outline of the bones beneath. Her features were finely formed but rather small, and her forehead low—a Greek-like face, with large pale-blue eyes that reminded me of little Amy Morley's. She smiled very sweetly when she saw me, and shook her head at the wine.

"I only wanted a little water," she said. "This fog seems to stifle me."

"It has come on very suddenly," I said. "Perhaps it is the cold of it that affects your

breathing. You don't seem very strong, and any sudden change of temperature——"

"I am not one of the most vigorous of mortals," she answered, with a sad smile; "but the day seemed of such indubitable character that after my husband had brought me here in the carriage, he sent it home and left me with my maid, while he went for a long walk across the downs. When he sees the change in the weather, though, he will turn directly."

"It won't do to wait him here," I said. "We must get you in at once. Would it be wrong to press you to take a little of this wine—just to counteract a chill?"

"I daren't touch anything but water," she replied. "It would make me feverish at once."

"Run and tell the cook," I said to the maid, "that I want her here. You and she could carry your mistress in—could you not? I will help you."

"There's no occasion for that, ma'am—she's as light as a feather," was the whispered answer.

"I'm quite ashamed of giving you so much trouble," said the lady, either hearing or guessing at our words. "My husband will be very grateful to you."

"It is only an act of common humanity," I said.

But as I spoke, I fancied her fair brow clouded a little, as if she was not accustomed to common humanity, and the word sounded harsh in her ear. The cloud however passed so quickly that I doubted, until I knew her better, whether it had really been there.

The two maids were now ready, and, Jemima instructed by the other, they lifted her with the utmost ease and bore her gently towards the house. The garden-gate was just wide enough to let the chair through, and in a minute more she was upon the sofa. Then a fit of coughing came on which shook her dreadfully. When it had passed, she lay quiet with closed eyes, and a smile hovering about her sweet, thin-lipped mouth. By and by she opened them and looked at me with a pitiful expression.

"I fear you are far from well," I said.

"I'm dying," she returned quietly.

"I hope not," was all I could answer.

"Why should you hope not?" she returned. "I am in no strait betwixt two. I desire to depart. For me to die will be all gain."

"But your friends?" I ventured to suggest, feeling my way, and not quite relishing either the form or tone of her utterance.

"I have none but my husband."

"Then your husband," I persisted.

"Ah!" she said, mournfully, "he will miss me, no doubt, for a while. But it *must* be a weight off him, for I have been a sufferer so long!"

At this moment, I heard a heavy hasty step in the passage; the next, the room door opened, and in came, in hot haste, wiping his red face, a burly man, clumsy and active, with an umbrella in his hand, followed by a great lumbering Newfoundland dog.

"Down, Polyphemus!" he said, to the dog, which crept under a chair; while he, taking no notice of my presence, hurried up to his wife.

"My love! my little dove!" he said eagerly; "did you think I had forsaken you to the cruel elements?"

"No, Alcibiades," she answered, with a sweet little drawl; "but you do not observe that I am not the only lady in the room." Then turning to me—"This is my husband, Mr. Cromwell," she said. "I cannot tell him *your* name."

"I am Mrs. Percivale," I returned, almost mechanically, for the gentleman's two names had run together and were sounding in my head:—*Alcibiades Cromwell!* How could such a conjunction have taken place without the intervention of Charles Dickens?

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Mr. Cromwell, bowing. "Permit my anxiety about my poor wife to cover my rudeness. I had climbed the other side of the glen before I saw the fog, and it is no such easy matter to get up and down these hills of yours. I am greatly obliged to you for your hospitality. You have doubtless saved her life; for she is a frail flower—shrinking from the least breath of cold."

The lady closed her eyes again, and the gentleman took her hand and felt her pulse. He seemed about twice her age—she not thirty, he well past fifty—the top of his head bald, and his gray hair sticking out fiercely over his good-natured red cheeks. He laid her hand gently down, put his hat on the table and his umbrella in a corner, wiped his face again, drew a chair near the sofa, and took his place by her side. I thought it better to leave them.

When I re-entered after a while, I saw from the windows, which looked sea-ward, that the wind had risen, and was driving thin drifts no longer, but great thick white masses of sea-fog landwards. It was the storm-wind of that coast—the south-west—which dashes the pebbles over the Parade,

and the heavy spray against the houses. Mr. Alcibiades Cromwell was sitting as I had left him, silent by the side of his wife, whose blue-veined eyelids had apparently never been lifted from her large eyes.

"Is there anything I could offer Mrs. Cromwell?" I said. "Could she not eat something?"

"It is very little she can take," he answered; "but you are very kind. If you could let her have a little beef-tea? She generally has a spoonful or two about this time of the day."

"I am sorry we have none," I said; "and it would be far too long for her to wait. I have a nice chicken though, ready for cooking: if she could take a little chicken-broth, that would be ready in a very little while."

"Thank you a thousand times, ma'am," he said heartily; "nothing could be better. She might even be induced to eat a mouthful of the chicken. But I am afraid your extreme kindness prevents me from being so thoroughly ashamed as I ought to be at putting you to so much trouble for perfect strangers."

"It is but a pleasure to be of service to any one in want of it," I said.

Mrs. Cromwell opened her eyes and smiled gratefully. I left the room to give orders about the chicken—indeed to superintend the preparation of it myself, for Jemima could not be altogether trusted in such a delicate affair as cooking for an invalid.

When I returned, having set the simple operation going, Mr. Cromwell had a little hymn-book of mine he had found on the table open in his hand, and his wife was saying to him,

"That is lovely! Thank you, husband. How can it be I never saw it before? I am quite astonished."

"She little knows what multitudes of hymns there are!" I thought with myself—my father having made a collection, whence I had some idea of the extent of that department of religious literature.

"This is a hymn-book we are not acquainted with," said Mr. Cromwell, addressing me.

"It is not much known," I answered. "It was compiled by a friend of my father's for his own schools."

"And this," he went on, "is a very beautiful hymn. You may trust my wife's judgment, Mrs. Percivale. She lives upon hymns."

He read the first line to show which he

meant. I had long thought, and still think it the most beautiful hymn I know. It was taken from the German, only much improved in the taking, and given to my father to do what he pleased with, and my father had given it to another friend for his collection. Before that, however, while still in manuscript, it had fallen into the hands of a certain clergyman, by whom it had been published without leave asked, or apology made; a rudeness of which neither my father nor the author would have complained, for it was a pleasure to think it might thus reach many to whom it would be helpful; but they both felt aggrieved and indignant that he had taken the dishonest liberty of altering certain lines of it to suit his own opinions. As I am anxious to give it all the publicity I can, from pure delight in it, and love to all who are capable of the same delight, I shall here communicate it, in the full confidence of thus establishing a claim on the gratitude of my readers.

O Lord, how happy is the time
When in thy love I rest!
When from my weariness I climb
Even to thy tender breast!
The night of sorrow endeth there—
Thou art brighter than the sun;
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heaven is won.
Let the world call herself my foe,
Or let the world allure;
I care not for the world—I go
To this dear friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holds by thee.

When the law threatens endless death
Upon the awful hill;
Straightway from her consuming breath
My soul goes higher still:—
Goth to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And maketh him her home,
Whence she will not go out again,
And where death cannot come.

I do not fear the wilderness
Where thou hast been before;
Nay rather will I daily press
After thee, near thee, more.
Thou art my food; on thee I lean;
Thou makest my heart sing;
And to thy heavenly pastures green
All thy dear flock doth bring.

And if the gate that opens there
Be dark to other men,
It is not dark to those who share
The heart of Jesus then.
That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing thee,
Who art as present in the strife
As in the victory.

Therefore how happy is the time
When in thy love I rest!
When from my weariness I climb
Even to thy tender breast:
The night of sorrow endeth there—
Thou art brighter than the sun;
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heaven is won.*

In telling them a few of the facts connected with the hymn, I presume I had manifested

my admiration of it with some degree of fervour.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cromwell, opening her eyes very wide, and letting the rising tears fill them—"Ah, Mrs. Percivale! you are—you must be one of us!"

"You must tell me first who you are," I said.

She held out her hand; I gave her mine; she drew me towards her, and whispered almost in my ear—though why or whence the affectation of secrecy I can only imagine—the name of a certain small and exclusive sect. I will not indicate it, lest I should be supposed to attribute to it either the peculiar faults or virtues of my new acquaintance.

"No," I answered, speaking with the calmness of self-compulsion, for I confess I felt repelled; "I am not one of you, except in as far as we all belong to the church of Christ."

I have thought since how much better it would have been to say "Yes; for we all belong to the church of Christ."

She gave a little sigh of disappointment, closed her eyes for a moment, opened them again with a smile, and said, with a pleading tone—

"But you do believe in personal religion?"

"I don't see," I returned, "how religion can be anything but personal."

Again she closed her eyes, in a way that made me think how convenient bad health must be—conferring not only the privilege of passing into retirement at any desirable moment, but of doing so in such a ready and easy manner as the mere dropping of the eyelids.

I rose to leave the room once more. Mr. Cromwell, who had made way for me to sit beside his wife, stood looking out of the window, against which came sweeping the great volumes of mist. I glanced out also. Not only was the sea invisible, but even the brow of the cliffs. When he turned towards me as I passed him, I saw that his face had lost much of its rubicund hue, and looked troubled and anxious.

"There is nothing for it," I said to myself, "but keep them all night," and so gave directions to have a bedroom prepared for them. I did not much like it, I confess; for I was not much interested in either of them, while of the sect to which she belonged I knew enough already to be aware that it was of the narrowest and most sectarian in Christendom. It was a pity she had sought to claim me by a would-be closer bond than that of the body of Christ. Still

* "Wie wohl ist mir, O Freund der Seelen;" translated by a friend of the author.

I knew I should be myself a sectary if I therefore excluded her from my best sympathies. At the same time I did feel some curiosity concerning the oddly yoked couple, and wondered whether the lady was really so ill as she would appear. I doubted whether she might not be using her illness both as an excuse for self-indulgence, and as a means of keeping her husband's interest in her on the stretch. I did not like the wearing of her religion on her sleeve, nor the mellifluous drawl in which she spoke.

When the chicken-broth was ready, she partook daintily; but before she ended, had made a very good meal, including a wing and a bit of the breast; after which she fell asleep.

"There seems little chance of the weather clearing," said Mr. Cromwell in a whisper, as I approached the window where he once more stood.

"You must make up your mind to remain here for the night," I said.

"My dear madam, I couldn't think of it," he returned—I thought from unwillingness to incommode a strange household. "An invalid like her—sweet lamb!"—he went on, "requires so many little comforts and peculiar contrivances to entice the repose she so greatly needs, that—that—in short, I must get her home."

"Where do you live?" I asked, not sorry to find his intention of going so fixed.

"We have a house in Warrior Square," he answered. "We live in London, but have been here all the past winter. I doubt if she improves though. I doubt—I doubt."

He said the last words in a yet lower and more mournful whisper; then, with a shake of his head, turned and gazed again through the window.

A peculiar little cough from the sofa made us both look round. Mrs. Cromwell was awake, and searching for her handkerchief. Her husband understood her movements, and hurried to her assistance. When she took the handkerchief from her mouth, there was a red spot upon it. Mr. Cromwell's face turned the colour of lead; but his wife looked up at him, and smiled—a sweet, consciously pathetic smile.

"He has sent for me," she said. "The messenger has come."

Her husband made no answer. His eyes seemed starting from his head.

"Who is your medical man?" I asked him.

He told me, and I sent off my housemaid to fetch him. It was a long hour before he

arrived, during which, as often as I peeped in, I saw him sitting silent and holding her hand—until the last time, when I found him reading a hymn to her. She was apparently once more asleep. Nothing could be more favourable to her recovery than such quietness of both body and mind.

When the doctor came, and had listened to Mr. Cromwell's statement, he proceeded to examine her chest with much care. That over, he averred in her hearing that he found nothing serious, but told her husband apart that there was considerable mischief, and assured me afterwards that her lungs were all but gone, and that she could not live beyond a month or two. She had better be removed to her own house, he said, as speedily as possible.

"But it would be cruelty to send her out a day like this," I returned.

"Yes, yes; I did not mean that," he said. "But to-morrow, perhaps. You'll see what the weather is like. Is Mrs. Cromwell an old friend?"

"I never saw her until to-day," I replied.

"Ah!" he remarked, and said no more.

We got her to bed as soon as possible. I may just mention that I never saw anything to equal the *point-de-vise* of her under-clothing. There was not a stitch of cotton about her, using the word *stitch* in its metaphorical sense. But indeed I doubt whether her garments were not all made with linen thread. Even her horse-hair petticoat was quilted with rose-coloured silk inside.

"Surely she has no children!" I said to myself—and was right, as my mother-readers will not be surprised to learn.

It was a week before she got up again, and a month before she was carried down the hill, during which time her husband sat up with her, or slept on a sofa in the room beside her, every night. During the day I took a share in the nursing—which was by no means oppressive, for she did not suffer much and required little. Her chief demand was for hymns, the only annoyance connected with which worth mentioning was, that she often wished me to admire with her such as I could only half like, and occasionally such as were thoroughly distasteful to me. Her husband had brought her own collection from Warrior Square—volumes of hymns in manuscript, copied by her own hand, many of them strange to me—none of those I read altogether devoid of literary merit, and some of them lovely both in feeling and form. But all, even the best, which to me were unobjectionable, belonged to one class—a class

breathing a certain tone difficult to describe—one however which I find characteristic of all the Roman Catholic hymns I have read. I will not indicate any of her selection; neither, lest I should be supposed to object to this or that one answering to the general description, and yet worthy of all respect, or even sympathy, will I go further with a specification of their sort than to say that what pleased me in them was their full utterance of personal devotion to the Saviour, and that what displeased me was a sort of sentimental regard of self in the matter—an implied special, and thus partially exclusive predilection or preference of the Saviour for the individual supposed to be making use of them; a certain fundamental want of humility therefore, although the forms of speech in which they were cast might be laboriously humble. They also not unfrequently manifested a great leaning to the forms of earthly show as representative of the glories of that kingdom which the Lord says is *within us*.

Likewise the manner in which Mrs. Cromwell talked, reminded me much of the way in which a nun would represent her individual relation to Christ. I can best show what I mean by giving a conversation I had with her one day when she was recovering—which she did with wonderful rapidity up to a certain point. I confess I shrink a little from reproducing it, because of the sacred name which, as it seemed to me, was far too often upon her lips, and too easily uttered. But then she was made so different from me!

The fine weather had returned in all its summer glory, and she was lying on a couch in her own room near the window, whence she could gaze on the expanse of sea below—this morning streaked with the most delicate gradations of distance, sweep beyond sweep, line and band and ribbon of softly, often but slightly varied hue, leading the eyes on and on into the infinite. There may have been some atmospheric illusion ending off the show, for the last reaches mingled so with the air that you saw no horizon line, only a great breadth of border, no spot in which could you appropriate with certainty either to sea or sky; while here and there was a vessel to all appearance pursuing its path in the sky and not upon the sea. It was, as some of my readers will not require to be told, a still grey forenoon, with a film of cloud over all the heavens, and many horizontal strata of deeper but varying density near the horizon.

Mrs. Cromwell had lain for some time with

her large eyes fixed on the farthest confusion of sea and sky.

"I have been sending out my soul," she said at length, "to travel all across those distances, step by step, on to the gates of pearl. Who knows but that may be the path I must travel to meet the bridegroom?"

"The way is wide," I said: "what if you should miss him?"

I spoke almost involuntarily. The style of her talk was very distasteful to me, and I had just been thinking of what I had once heard my father say—that at no time were people in more danger of being theatrical than when upon their death-beds.

"No," she returned, with a smile of gentle superiority;—"no; that cannot be. Is he not waiting for me? Has he not chosen me, and called me for his own? Is not my Jesus mine? I shall *not* miss him. He waits to give me my new name, and clothe me in the garments of righteousness."

As she spoke, she clasped her thin hands and looked upwards with a radiant expression. Far as it was from me to hint, even in my own soul, that the Saviour was not hers, tenfold more hers than she was able to think, I could not at the same time but doubt whether her heart and soul and mind were as close to him as her words would indicate she thought they were. She could not be wrong in trusting him, but could she be right in her notion of the measure to which her union with him had been perfected? I could not help thinking that a little fear, soon to pass into reverence, might be to her a salutary thing. The fear, I thought, would heighten and deepen the love, and purify it from that self which haunted her whole consciousness, and of which she had not yet sickened, as one day she certainly must.

"My lamp is burning," she said. "I feel it burning. I love my Lord. It would be false to say otherwise."

"Are you sure you have oil enough in your vessel as well as in your lamp?" I said.

"Ah, you are one of the doubting!" she returned kindly. "Don't you know that sweet hymn about feeding our lamps from the olive trees of Gethsemane? The idea is taken from the lamp the prophet Zechariah saw in his vision, into which two olive-branches, through two golden pipes, emptied the golden oil out of themselves? If we are thus one with the olive-tree, the oil cannot fail us. It is not as if we had to fill our lamps from a cruse of our own. This is the cruse that cannot fail."

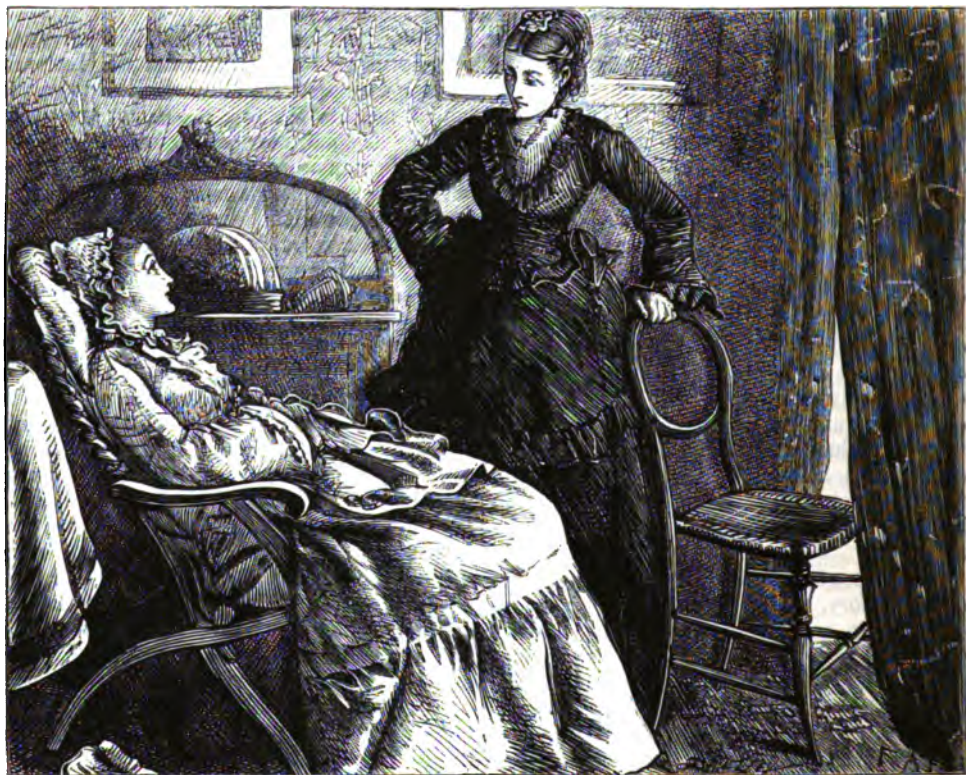
"True, true," I said; "but ought we not

to examine our own selves whether we are in the faith?"

"Let those examine that doubt," she replied; and I could not but yield in my heart that she had had the best of the argument.

For I knew that the confidence in Christ which prevents us from thinking of ourselves, and makes us eager to obey his word, leaving all the care of our feelings to him, is a true and healthy faith. Hence I could not answer her, although I doubted whether her peace came from such confidence—doubted for several reasons; one, that, so far from not

thinking of herself, she seemed full of herself; another, that she seemed to find no difficulty with herself in any way—and surely she was too young for all struggle to be over! I perceived no reference to the will of God in regard of anything she had to do, only in regard of what she had to suffer, and specially in regard of that smallest of matters—when she was to go. Here I checked myself, for what could she *do* in such a state of health? But then she never spoke as if she had any anxiety about the welfare of other people. That however might be from



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her absolute contentment in the will of God. But why did she always look to the Saviour through a mist of hymns, and never go straight back to the genuine old good news, or to the mighty thoughts and exhortations with which the first preachers of that news followed them up and unfolded the grandeur of their goodness? After all, was I not judging her? On the other hand, ought I not to care for her state? Should I not be inhuman, that is unchristian, if I did not?

In the end I saw clearly enough that except it was revealed to me what I ought

to say, I had no right to say anything; and that to be uneasy about her, was to distrust him whose it was to teach her, and who would perfect that which he had certainly begun in her. For her heart, however poor and faulty and flimsy its faith might be, was yet certainly drawn towards the one object of faith. I therefore said nothing more in the direction of opening her eyes to what I considered her condition: that view of it might after all be but a phantasm of my own projection. What was plainly my duty was to serve her as one of

those the least of whom the Saviour sets forth as representing himself. I would do it to her as unto him.

My children were out the greater part of every day, and Dora was with me, so that I had more leisure than I had had for a long time. I therefore set myself to wait upon her as a kind of lady's-maid in things spiritual. Her own maid, understanding her ways, was sufficient for things temporal. I resolved to try to help her after her own fashion and not after mine, for, however strange the nourishment she preferred might seem, it must at least be of the *kind* she could best assimilate. My care should be—to give her her gruel as good as I might, and her beef-tea strong, with chicken-broth instead of barley-water and delusive jelly. But much opportunity of ministrations was not afforded me, for her husband, whose business in life she seemed to regard as the care of her—for which in truth she was gently and lovingly grateful—and who not merely accepted her view of the matter but, I was pretty sure, had had a large share in originating it, was even more constant in his attentions than she found altogether agreeable, to judge by the way in which she would insist on his going out for a second walk, when it was clear that, besides his desire to be with her, he was not inclined to walk any more.

I could set myself however, as I have indicated, to find fitting pabulum for her—and that of her chosen sort. This was possible for me in virtue of my father's collection of hymns and the aid he could give me. I therefore sent him a detailed description of what seemed to me her condition, and what I thought I might do for her. It was a week before he gave me an answer, but it arrived a thorough one—in the shape of a box of books, each bristling with paper marks, many of them inscribed with some fact concerning or criticism upon the hymn indicated. He wrote that he quite agreed with my notion of the right mode of serving her, for any other would be as if a besieging party were to batter a postern by means of boats instead of walking over a lowered drawbridge and under a raised portcullis.

Having taken a survey of the hymns my father thus pointed out to me, and arranged them according to their degrees of approximation to the weakest of those in Mrs. Cromwell's collection, I judged that in all of them there was something she must appreciate, although the main drift of several would be entirely beyond her apprehension.

Even these, however, it would be well to try upon her.

Accordingly, the next time she asked me to read from her collection, I made the request that she would listen to some which I believed she did not know, but would, I thought, like. She consented with eagerness, was astonished to find she knew none of them, expressed much approbation of some, and showed herself delighted with others.

That she must have had some literary faculty seems evident from the genuine pleasure she took in simple, quaint, sometimes even odd hymns of her own peculiar kind. But the very best of another sort, she could not appreciate. For instance, the following, by John Mason, in my father's opinion one of the best hymn-writers, had no attraction for her:—

Thou wast, O God, and thou wast blest
Before the world begun;
Of thine eternity possess
Before time's glass did run.
Thou needest none thy praise to sing,
As if thy joy could fade:
Couldst thou have needed anything,
Thou couldst have nothing made.
Great and good God, it pleased thee
Thy Godhead to declare;
And what thy goodness did decree,
Thy greatness did prepare:
Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared,
And answered to thy call;
As if their maker's voice they heard,
Which is the creature's All.
Thou spak'st at the word, most mighty Lord;
Thy word went forth with speed:
Thy will, O Lord, it was thy word,
Thy word it was thy deed.
Thou brought'st forth Adam from the ground
And Eve out of his side:
Thy blessing made the earth abound
With these two multiplied.
Those three great leaves, Heaven, Sea, and Land,
Thy name in figures show;
Brutes feel the bounty of thy hand,
But I my maker know.
Should not I here thy servant be,
Whose creatures serve me here?
My Lord, whom should I fear but thee,
Who am thy creatures' fear?
To whom, Lord, should I sing but thee,
The maker of my tongue?
Lo! other lords would seize on me,
But I to thee belong.
As waters haste unto their sea,
And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to thee,
From whom it had its birth.
But ah! I'm fallen in the night,
And cannot come to thee;
Yet speak the word, *Let there be Light:*
It shall enlighten me;
And let thy word, most mighty Lord,
Thy fallen creature raise:
Oh make me o'er again, and I
Shall sing my maker's praise.

This and others, I say she could not relish; but my endeavours were crowned with success in so far that she accepted better specimens of the sort she liked than any she had; and I think they must have had a good influence upon her.

She seemed to have no fear of death, contemplating the change she believed at hand not with equanimity merely, but with

expectation. She even wrote hymns about it—sweet, pretty, and weak, always with herself and the love of her Saviour for *her* in the foreground. She had not learned that the love which lays hold of that which is human in the individual, that is, which is common to the whole race, must be an infinitely deeper, tenderer, and more precious thing to the individual than any affection manifesting itself in the preference of one over another.

For the sake of revealing her modes of thought, I will give one more specimen of my conversations with her, ere I pass on. It took place the evening before her departure for her own house. Her husband had gone to make some final preparations, of which there had been many. For one who expected to be unclothed that she might be clothed upon, she certainly made a tolerable to-do about the garment she was so soon to lay aside; especially seeing she often spoke of it as an ill-fitting garment—never with peevishness or complaint—only, as it seemed to me, with far more interest than it was worth. She had even, as afterwards appeared, given her husband—good, honest, dog-like man—full instructions as to the ceremonial of its interment. Perhaps I should have been considerably less bewildered with her conduct had I suspected that she was not half so near death as she chose to think, and that she had as yet suffered little.

That evening, the stars just beginning to glimmer through the warm flush that lingered from the sunset, we sat together in the drawing-room looking out on the sea. My patient appearing, from the light in her eyes, about to go off into one of her ecstatic moods, I hastened to forestall it, if I might, with whatever came uppermost; for I felt my inability to sympathize with her in these, more of a pain than my reader will perhaps readily imagine.

"It seems like turning you out to let you go to-morrow, Mrs. Cromwell," I said; "but you see our three months are up two days after, and I cannot help it."

"You have been very kind," she said, half abstractedly.

"And you are really much better. Who would have thought three weeks ago to see you so well to-day?"

"Ah! you congratulate me, do you?" she rejoined, turning her big eyes full upon me; "—congratulate me that I am doomed to be still a captive in the prison of this vile body? Is it kind? Is it well?"

"At least you must remember—if you are doomed—who dooms you."

"Oh that I had the wings of a dove!" she cried, avoiding my remark, of which I doubt if she saw the drift. "Think, dear Mrs. Percivale—the society of saints and angels!—all brightness, and harmony, and peace! Is it not worth forsaking this world to inherit a kingdom like that? Wouldn't you like to go? Don't you wish to fly away and be at rest?"

She spoke as if expostulating and reasoning with one she would persuade to some kind of holy emigration.

"Not until I am sent for," I answered.

"I am sent for," she returned. "'The wave may be cold, and the tide may be strong, But, hark, on the shore, the angels' glad song!' Do you know that sweet hymn, Mrs. Percivale?—There I shall be able to love him aright, to serve him aright!"

'Here all my labour is so poor!
Here all my love so faint!
But when I reach the heavenly door,
I cease the weary plaint.'

I couldn't help wishing she would cease it a little sooner.

"But suppose," I ventured to say, "it were the will of God that you should live many years yet."

"That cannot be. And why should you wish it for me? Is it not better to depart and be with him? What pleasure could it be to a weak worn creature like me to go on living in this isle of banishment?"

"But suppose you were to recover your health: would it not be delightful to do something for his sake? If you would think of how much there is to be done in the world, perhaps you would wish less to die and leave it."

"Do not tempt me," she returned reproachfully.

And then she quoted a passage the application of which to her own case appeared to me so irreverent, that I confess I felt like Abraham with the idolater—so far at least as to wish her out of the house, for I could bear with her, I thought, no longer.

She did leave it the next day, and I breathed more freely than since she had entered it.

My husband came down to fetch me the following day, and a walk with him along the cliffs in the gathering twilight, during which I recounted the affections of my late visitor, completely wiped the cobwebs from my mental windows, and enabled me to come to the conclusion that Mrs. Cromwell was but a spoilt child, who would, somehow or other, be brought to her

senses before all was over. I was ashamed of my impatience with her, and believed if I could have learned her history, of which she had told me nothing, it would have explained the rare phenomenon of one apparently able to look death in the face with so little of the really spiritual to support her, for she seemed to me to know Christ only after the flesh. But had she indeed ever looked death in the face?

CHAPTER XXXIX.—MRS. CROMWELL GOES.

I HEARD nothing more of her for about a year. A note or two passed between us, and then all communication ceased. This, I am happy to think, was not immediately my fault; not that it mattered much, for we were not then fitted for much communion:—we had too little in common to commune.

"Did you not both believe in one Lord?" I fancy a reader objecting. "How then can you say you had too little in common to be able to commune?"

I said the same to myself, and tried the question in many ways. The fact remained that we could not commune—that is, with any heartiness; and, although I may have done her wrong, it was, I thought, to be accounted for something in this way. The Saviour of whom she spoke so often, and evidently thought so much, was in a great measure a being of her own fancy—so much so that she manifested no desire to find out what the Christ was who had spent three and thirty years in making a revelation of himself to the world. The knowledge she had about him was not even at second hand, but at many removes. She did not study his words or his actions to learn his thoughts or his meanings; but lived in a kind of dream-land of her own which could be interesting only to the dreamer. Now if we are to come to God through Christ, it must surely be by knowing Christ; it must be through the knowledge of Christ that the Spirit of the Father mainly works in the members of his body; and it seemed to me she did not take the trouble to "know him and the power of his resurrection." Therefore we had scarcely enough of common ground, as I say, to meet upon. I could not help contrasting her religion with that of Marion Clare.

At length I had a note from her, begging me to go and see her at her house at Richmond, and apologizing for her not coming to me, on the score of her health. I felt it my duty to go, but sadly grudged the loss of time it seemed, for I expected neither pleasure nor profit from the visit. Percivale went with me, and left me at the door to

have a row on the river, and call for me at a certain hour.

The house and grounds were luxurious and lovely both—two often dissociated qualities. She could have nothing to desire of this world's gifts, I thought. But the moment she entered the room into which I had been shown, I was shocked at the change I saw in her. Almost to my horror, she was in a widow's cap; and disease and coming death were plain on every feature. Such was the contrast, that the face in my memory appeared that of health.

"My dear Mrs. Cromwell!" I gasped out.

"You see," she said, and sitting down on a straight-backed chair, looked at me with lustreless eyes.

Death had been hovering about her windows before, but had entered at last—not to take the sickly young woman longing to die, but the hale man, who would have clung to the last edge of life.

"He is taken, and I am left," she said abruptly, after a long pause.

Her drawl had vanished: pain and grief had made her simple. "Then," I thought with myself, "she did love him!" But I could say nothing. She took my silence for the sympathy it was, and smiled a heart-rending smile—so different from that little sad smile she used to have!—really pathetic now, and with hardly a glimmer in it of the old self-pity. I rose, put my arms about her, and kissed her on the forehead; she laid her head on my shoulder, and wept.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," I faltered out, for her sorrow filled me with a respect that was new.

"Yes," she returned, as gently as hopelessly; "and whom he does not love as well."

"You have no ground for saying so," I answered. "The apostle does not."

"My lamp is gone out," she said—"gone out in darkness, utter darkness. You warned me, and I did not heed the warning. I thought I knew better, but I was full of self-conceit. And now I am wandering where there is no way and no light. My iniquities have found me out."

I did not say what I thought I saw plain enough—that her lamp was just beginning to burn. Neither did I try to persuade her that her iniquities were small.

"But the bridegroom," I said, "is not yet come. There is time to go and get some oil."

"Where am I to get it?" she returned, in a tone of despair.

"From the bridegroom himself," I said.

"No," she answered. "I have talked and talked and talked, and you know he says he abhors talkers. I am one of those to whom he will say 'I know you not.'"

"And you will answer him that you have eaten and drunk in his presence, and cast out devils, and——?"

"No, no; I will say he is right—that it is all my own fault; that I thought I was something when I was nothing, but that I know better now."

A dreadful fit of coughing interrupted her. As soon as it was over, I said—

"And what will the Lord say to you, do you think, when you have said so to him?"

"Depart from me," she answered in a hollow, forced voice.

"No," I returned. "He will say—'I know you well. You have told me the truth. Come in.'"

"Do you think so?" she cried. "You never used to think well of me."

"Those who were turned away," I said, avoiding her last words, "were trying to make themselves out better than they were; they trusted, not in the love of Christ, but in what they thought their worth and social standing. Perhaps if their deeds had been as good as they thought them, they would have known better than to trust in them. If they had told him the truth; if they had said, 'Lord, we are workers of iniquity; Lord, we used to be hypocrites, but we speak the truth now: forgive us'—do you think he would then have turned them away? No, surely. If your lamp has gone out, make haste and tell him how careless you have been; tell him all, and pray him for oil and light—and see whether your lamp will not straightway glimmer—glimmer first and then glow."

"Ah, Mrs. Percivale!" she cried; "I would *do* something for his sake now if I might, but I cannot. If I had but resisted the disease in me for the sake of serving him, I might have been able now; but my chance is over; I cannot now; I have too much pain. And death looks such a different thing now! I used to think of it only as a kind of going to sleep, easy though sad—sad, I mean, in the eyes of mourning friends. But, alas! I have no friends now that my husband is gone. I never dreamed of him going first. He loved me—indeed he did, though you will hardly believe it, but I always took it as a matter of course. I never saw how beautiful and unselfish he was till he was gone. I have been selfish and stupid and dull, and my sins have found me out. A great darkness has fallen upon

me, and, although weary of life, instead of longing for death, I shrink from it with horror. My cough will not let me sleep; there is nothing but weariness in my body and despair in my heart. Oh how black and dreary the nights are! I think of the time in your house as of an earthly paradise. But where is the heavenly paradise I used to dream of then?"

"Would it content you," I asked, "to be able to dream of it again?"

"No; no. I want something very different now. Those fancies look so uninteresting and stupid now! All I want now is to hear God say, 'I forgive you.' And my husband—I must have troubled him sorely. You don't know how good he was, Mrs. Percivale. He made no pretences like silly me.—Do you know," she went on, lowering her voice, and speaking with something like horror in its tone—"Do you know—I cannot bear hymns!"

As she said it, she looked up in my face half-terrified with the anticipation of the horror she expected to see manifested there. I could not help smiling. The case was not one for argument of any kind: I thought for a moment, then merely repeated the verse:—

"When the law threatens endless death,
Upon the awful hill,
Straightway from her consuming breath,
My soul goeth higher still;
Goeth to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And maketh him her home,
Whence she will not go out again,
And where Death cannot come."

"Ah! that is good," she said, "—if only I could get to him! But I cannot get to him. He is so far off! He seems to be—nowhere."

I think she was going to say *nobody*, but changed the word.

"If you felt for a moment how helpless and wretched I feel, especially in the early morning," she went on; "how there seems nothing to look for, and no help to be had; you would pity rather than blame me, though I know I deserve blame. I feel as if all the heart and soul and strength and mind with which we are told to love God, had gone out of me—or rather as if I had never had any. I doubt if I ever had. I tried very hard for a long time to get a sight of Jesus, to feel myself in his presence; but it was of no use, and I have quite given it up now."

I made her lie on the sofa, and sat down beside her.

"Do you think," I said, "that any one, before he came, could have imagined such a visitor to the world as Jesus Christ?"

"I suppose not," she answered listlessly.

"Then no more can you come near him now, by trying to imagine him. You cannot represent to yourself the reality, the being who can comfort you. In other words, you cannot take him into your heart. He only knows himself, and he only can reveal himself to you. And not until he does so, can you find any certainty or any peace."

"But he doesn't—he won't reveal himself to me."

"Suppose you had forgotten what some friend of your childhood was like—say, if it were possible—your own mother; suppose you could not recall a feature of her face, or the colour of her eyes; and suppose that, while you were very miserable about it, you remembered all at once that you had a portrait of her in an old desk you had not opened for years;—what would you do?"

"Go and get it," she answered like a child at the Sunday-school.

"Then why shouldn't you do so now? You have such a portrait of Jesus—far truer and more complete than any other kind of portrait can be—the portrait his own deeds and words give us of him."

"I see what you mean; but that is all about long-ago, and I want him now. That is in a book, and I want him in my heart."

"How are you to get him into your heart? How could you have him there except by knowing him? But perhaps you think you do know him?"

"I am certain I do not know him—at least as I want to know him," she said.

"No doubt," I went on, "he can speak to your heart without the record, and, I think, is speaking to you now, in this very want of him you feel. But how could he show himself to you otherwise than by helping you to understand the revelation of himself which it cost him such labour to afford? If the story were millions of years old, so long as it was true, it would be all the same as if it had been ended only yesterday; for, being what he represented himself, he never can change. To know what he was then, is to know what he is now."

"But if I knew him so, that wouldn't be to have him with me."

"No; but in that knowledge he might come to you. It is by the door of that knowledge that his spirit, which is himself, comes into the soul. You would at least be more able to pray to him; you would know what kind of a being you had to cry to. *You* would thus come nearer to him; and no one ever drew nigh to him to whom he did not also draw nigh. If you would but read the story

as if you had never read it before—as if you were reading the history of a man you heard of for the first time——"

"Surely you're not a Unitarian, Mrs. Percivale!" she said, half lifting her head and looking at me with a dim terror in her pale eyes.

"God forbid!" I answered. "But I would that many who think they know better believed in him half as much as many Unitarians do. It is only by understanding and believing in that humanity of his, which in such pain and labour manifested his Godhead, that we can come to know it—know that Godhead, I mean, in virtue of which alone he was a true and perfect man—that Godhead which alone can satisfy with peace and hope the poorest human soul—for it also is the offspring of God."

I ceased, and for some moments she sat silent. Then she said feebly,—

"There's a Bible somewhere in the room."

I found it, and read the story of the woman who came behind him in terror, and touched the hem of his garment. I could hardly read it for the emotion it caused in myself; and when I ceased I saw her weeping silently.

A servant entered with the message that Mr. Percivale had called for me.

"I cannot see him to-day," she sobbed.

"Of course not," I replied. "I must leave you now, but I will come again—come often if you like."

"You are as kind as ever!" she returned, with a fresh burst of tears. "Will you come and be with me when—when—?"

She could not finish for sobs.

"I will," I said, knowing well what she meant.

This is how I imagined the change to have come about: what had seemed her faith had been in a great measure but her hope and imagination occupying themselves with the forms of the religion towards which all that was highest in her nature dimly urged. The two characteristics of amiability and selfishness, not unfrequently combined, rendered it easy for her to deceive herself, or rather conspired to prevent her from deceiving herself as to the quality and worth of her religion. For if she had been other than amiable, the misery following the outbreaks of temper which would have been of certain occurrence in the state of her health, would have made her aware in some degree of her moral condition; and if her thoughts had not been centred upon herself, she would, in her care for others, have learned her own helplessness; and the devotion of her good husband, not then accepted merely

as a natural homage to her worth, would have shown itself as a love beyond her deserts, and would have roused the longing to be worthy of it. She saw now that he must have imagined her far better than she was; but she had not meant to deceive him: she had but followed the impulses of a bright, shallow nature.

But that last epithet bids me pause and remember that my father has taught me, and that I have found the lesson true, that there is no such thing as a shallow nature; every nature is infinitely deep, for the works of God are everlasting. Also there is no nature that is not shallow to what it must become. I suspect every nature must have the subsoil ploughing of sorrow, before it can recognize either its present poverty or its possible wealth.

When her husband died, suddenly, of apoplexy, she was stunned for a time, gradually awaking to a miserable sense of unprotected loneliness—so much the more painful for her weakly condition, and the over-care to which she had been accustomed. She was an only child, and had become an orphan within a year or two after her early marriage. Left thus without shelter, like a delicate plant whose house of glass has been shattered, she speedily recognized her true condition. With no one to heed her whims, and no one capable of sympathizing with the genuine misery which supervened, her disease gathered strength rapidly, her lamp went out, and she saw no light beyond, for the smoke of that lamp had dimmed the windows at which the stars would have looked in. When life became dreary, her fancies, despoiled of the halo they had cast on the fogs of selfish comfort, ceased to interest her; and the future grew a vague darkness, an uncertainty teeming with questions to which she had no answer. Henceforth she was conscious of life only as a weakness, as the want of a deeper life to hold it up. Existence had become a during faint, and self hateful. She saw that she was poor and miserable and blind and naked; that she had never had faith fit to support her.

But out of this darkness dawned at least a twilight—so gradual, so slow, that I cannot tell when or how the darkness began to melt. She became aware of a deeper and simpler need than hitherto she had known—the need of life in herself—the life of the Son of God. I went to see her often. At the time when I began this history, I was going every other day—sometimes oftener, for her end seemed to be drawing nigh. Her weakness had

greatly increased; she could but just walk across the room, and was constantly restless. She had no great continuous pain, but oft-returning sharp fits of it. She looked genuinely sad, and her spirits never recovered themselves. She seldom looked out of the window; the daylight seemed to distress her; flowers were the only links between her and the outer world—wild ones, for the scent of greenhouse-flowers, and even that of most garden ones, she could not bear. She had been very fond of music, but could no longer endure her piano: every note seemed struck on a nerve. But she was generally quiet in her mind, and often peaceful. The more her body decayed about her, the more her spirit seemed to come alive. It was the calm of a gray evening, not so lovely as a golden sunset or a silvery moonlight, but more sweet than either. She talked little of her feelings, but evidently longed after the words of our Lord. As she listened to some of them, I could see the eyes which had now grown dim with suffering, gleam with the light of holy longing and humble adoration.

For some time she often referred to her coming departure, and confessed that she feared death,—not so much what might be on the other side, as the dark way itself—the struggle, the torture, the fainting; but by degrees her allusions to it became rarer, and at length ceased almost entirely. Once I said to her—

“Are you afraid of death still, Eleanor?”

“No—not much,” she replied, after a brief pause. “He may do with me whatever he likes.”

Knowing so well what Marion could do to comfort and support, and therefore desirous of bringing them together, I took her one day with me. But certain that the thought of seeing a stranger would render my poor Eleanor uneasy, and that what discomposure a sudden introduction might cause, would speedily vanish in Marion's presence, I did not tell her what I was going to do. Nor in this did I mistake. Before we left, it was plain that Marion had a far more soothing influence upon her than I had myself. She looked eagerly for her next visit, and my mind was now more at peace concerning her.

One evening, after listening to some stories from Marion about her friends, Mrs. Cromwell said:

“Ah, Miss Clare—to think I might have done something for *him* by doing it for *them*! Alas! I have led a useless life, and am dying out of this world without having borne any fruit! Ah me! me!”

"You are doing a good deal for him now," said Marion, "—and hard work too!" she added; "—harder far than mine."

"I am only dying," she returned—so sadly!

"You are enduring chastisement," said Marion. "The Lord gives one one thing to do and another another. We have no right to wish for other work than he gives us. It is rebellious and unchildlike, whatever it may seem. Neither have we any right to wish to be better in *our* way; we must wish to be better in *his*."

"But I *should* like to do something for *him*; bearing is only for myself. Surely, I may wish that?"

"No, you may not. Bearing is not only for yourself. You are quite wrong in thinking you do nothing for him in enduring," returned Marion, with that abrupt decision of hers which seemed to some like rudeness. "What is the will of God? Is it not your sanctification? And why did he make the captain of our salvation perfect through suffering? Was it not that he might, in like manner, bring many sons into glory? Then if you are enduring, you are working with God—for the perfection through suffering of one more; you are working for God in yourself, that the will of God may be done in you; that he may have his very own way with you. It is the only work he requires of you now: do it not only willingly then, but contentedly. To make people good is all his labour: be good, and you are a fellow-worker with God—in the highest region of labour. He does not want you for other people—*yet*."

At the emphasis Marion laid on the last word, Mrs. Cromwell glanced sharply up. A light broke over her face: she had understood, and with a smile was silent.

One evening, when we were both with her, it had grown very sultry and breathless.

"Isn't it very close, dear Mrs. Percivale?" she said.

I rose to get a fan, and Marion leaving the window as if moved by a sudden resolve, went and opened the piano. Mrs. Cromwell made a hasty motion, as if she must prevent her. But, such was my faith in my friend's soul as well as heart, in her divine taste as well as her human faculty, that I ventured to lay my hand on Mrs. Cromwell's. It was enough for sweetness like hers; she yielded instantly, and lay still, evidently nerving herself to suffer. But the first movement stole so "soft and soul-like" on her ear, trembling as it were on the

border-land between sound and silence, that she missed the pain she expected, and found only the pleasure she looked not for. Marion's hands made the instrument sigh and sing, not merely as with a human voice, but as with a human soul. Her own voice next evolved itself from the dim uncertainty, in sweet proportions and delicate modulations, stealing its way into the heart, to set first one chord, then another, vibrating, until the whole soul was filled with responses. If I add that her articulation was as nearly perfect as the act of singing will permit, my reader may well believe that a song of hers would do what a song might.

Where she got the song she then sung, she always avoids telling me. I had told her all I knew and understood concerning Mrs. Cromwell—and have my suspicions. This is the song.

I fancy I hear a whisper
As of leaves in a gentle air:
Is it wrong, I wonder, to fancy
It may be the tree up there—
The tree that heals the nations,
Growing amidst the street,
And dropping, for who will gather,
Its apples at their feet.

I fancy I hear a rushing
As of waters down a slope:
Is it wrong, I wonder, to fancy
It may be the river of hope—
The river of crystal waters
That flows from the very throne,
And runs through the street of the city
With a softly jubilant tone.

I fancy a twilight round me,
And a wandering of the breeze,
With a hush in that high city,
And a going in the trees,
But I know there will be no night there—
No coming and going day:
For the holy face of the Father
Will be perfect light alway.

I could do without the darkness,
And better without the sun;
But oh, I should like a twilight
After the day was done!
Would he lay his hand on his forehead,
On his hair as white as wool,
And shine one hour through his fingers,
Till the shadow had made me cool?

But the thought is very foolish:
If that face I did but see,
All else would be all forgotten—
River and twilight and tree;
I should seek, I should care for nothing,
Beholding his countenance;
And fear only to lose one glimmer
By one single sideways glance.

'Tis again but a foolish fancy
To picture the countenance so
Which is shining in all our spirits,
Making them white as snow,
Come to me, shine in me, master,
And I care not for river or tree;
Care for no sorrow or crying
If only thou shine in me.

I would lie on my bed for ages,
Looking out on the dusty street,
Where whisper nor leaves nor waters,
Nor anything cool and sweet—
At my heart this ghastly fainting,
And this burning in my blood,
If only I knew thou wast with me—
Wast with me and making me good.

When she rose from the piano, Mrs. Crom-

well stretched out her hand for hers, and held it some time, unable to speak. Then she said—

"That has done me good, I hope. I will try to be more patient, for I think he is teaching me."

She died at length in my arms. I cannot linger over that last time. She suffered a

good deal, but dying people are generally patient. She went without a struggle. The last words I heard her utter were, "Yes, Lord;" after which she breathed but once. A half smile came over her face, which froze upon it, and remained, until the coffin-lid covered it. But I shall see it, I trust, a whole smile some day.

THE SCULPTOR.

I SAW a sculptor all intent
Upon his marble white,
And all his energies were bent
To mould it day and night.
With mallet hard, and tools of strength,
And many strokes severe,
The block was made to feel at length
That skilful hands were near.

And I beheld a child look on,
And gaze with wondering eye ;
She saw the splinters, one by one,
In all directions fly :
The doubts that fill'd that simple mind
Were hard to understand,
Like curious things that children find
Upon the ocean's strand.

The marble chips, at every stroke,
Were scattered one by one,
When childish doubt broke out and spoke,
"Father, why *waste* the stone?"
"It is," he said, in accents mild,
"By strokes and heavy blows
That as the marble wastes, my child,
The more the statue grows."

Are we not all but children small,
In doubt and want of sight?
And like the little child we call
In darkness for the light.
How many curious questions still
Are asked by children here,
As we behold a Father's skill
Excite our childish fear.

We see our dear ones pass away,
Whom we have loved so long ;
Our little ones who could not stay,
Whose life was rich in song ;
We see our loved possessions fly,
And leave us with such haste ;
Then ask in our simplicity,
"Oh, why is all this waste?"

And then, amidst our trembling fears,
A Father's voice is heard,
Who wipes away our falling tears
By His most gentle word :—
"It is," He says, in accents mild,
"By strokes and heavy blows,
That as the marble wastes, my child,
The more the statue grows."





HOW TO STUDY THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE BOOK OF ESTHER.

THE Book of Esther, so called from the person who occupies the most prominent place in the history it records, contains a narrative of certain events which occurred in the kingdom of Persia during the reign of a King Achashverosh, and chiefly relating to the Jews then resident within his realm. That the king so named is the monarch who in the classical writers bears the name of Xerxes, may be regarded as now generally admitted. In the cuneiform inscriptions this king's name appears as Kshyershe, or Kshwershe; and as the Persian *ksh* often appears in Greek as χ (ξ), and in Hebrew as *sh* (*שׁ*), Xerxes in Greek and Sh'verosh in Hebrew would exactly correspond to the Persian *Kshwershe*; and with the prefixed *Acha*, corresponding to the Persian *Ksha* (the modern Shah), and signifying *king*, we have the whole word as we find it in the Hebrew Scriptures. The account given in this book also of the extent of the king's dominion (i. 1) corresponds with what is recorded of that of Xerxes (Herod., vii. 9); while the character of the Achashverosh of this book so closely resembles that of Xerxes, that there can be little doubt of the identity of the two.

The book opens with an account of a great feast made by the king to which all the nobles of his vast empire were invited. In the course of this it occurred to the king to command the attendance of his queen, Vashti, that she might display her beauty to the company. With this command, so insulting to the queen, and which conveyed such an outrage on an Oriental lady's sense of propriety, she refused compliance; the consequence of which was that she was deposed from her exalted position and repudiated by the king. To supply her place a levy of young females was made throughout the kingdom, that out of them the king might choose the one that pleased him most to be queen. His choice fell on a young Jewess, the niece and foster-daughter of Mordecai, whose name was Hadassah (*myrtle*), but who after her exaltation to the royal harem received the Persian name of Esther (*star*, from the Persian *sitarch*). Enjoying the favour of the king, she had the means and became the instrument of effecting important results to the advantage of her people. Her uncle Mordecai also, who was in the king's service, secured a place in the records of the empire for having detected a conspiracy

against the king, which afterwards turned to his advantage, and gave him influence to second the efforts of the queen for the benefit of their compatriots (i. 1—ii. 23).

At such a court as that of Xerxes favouritism reigns, and absolute power being in the hands of the king, the favourite for the time being has the means of doing deadly injury to any who may have incurred his displeasure by bringing that power to bear against them. A remarkable instance of this is recorded by the author of this book. Shortly after the elevation of Esther the king bestowed his favour on Haman the son of Hammedatha, described as an Agagite, which would seem to point to his Amalekite origin, Agag being a title of the Amalekite princes (Num. xxiv. 7; 1 Sam. xv. 8, 9). He seems to have inherited his nation's enmity to the Jews, who on their part probably were not slow to show that they returned it, so far as they had opportunity. Between him and Mordecai a feud soon arose. Mordecai refused to offer Haman the homage which he received from others of the king's servants; and the haughty favourite, infuriated by this, determined to take a terrible revenge, not on Mordecai alone, but on the whole nation to which he belonged. Causing the lot (*Pur*) to be cast, he determined that the thirteenth of the month Adar would be a favourable time for carrying his design into execution, and accordingly he used his influence with the king to cause letters to be written to the rulers of all the provinces of the empire commanding a general and unsparing massacre of the Jews on that day. When the edict was published the king and Haman sat down to drink wine, but the city of Shushan was filled with consternation (iii. 1—15).

Esther, having learned through Mordecai what Haman had schemed against her nation, resolved to frustrate his design, and by her uncle's advice determined to incur the risk of venturing uninvited into the presence of the king. Being favourably received, she invited the king and Haman to a banquet; and this being accepted she repeated the invitation for the following day. Haman, elated by the honour thus put upon him, went home after the first day's banquet with a joyful and glad heart; but his joy was marred and the anger of mortified pride kindled within him when, as he passed through the king's gate, Mordecai refused to do him homage. On

reaching his house he summoned his friends and his wife, and, after recounting all the honours he had received and boasting of his wealth, he lamented that all this availed him nothing as long as he was obliged to endure the mortification of seeing Mordecai sitting in the king's gate. His wife and friends advised him to rid himself of this annoyance by causing a gallows fifty cubits high to be erected, and obtaining the king's consent to have Mordecai hanged thereon. This pleased Haman, and he gave orders accordingly (v. 1—14).

Meanwhile, unsuspected by Haman, a new advantage to Mordecai and a new mortification to himself were being prepared. The king, unable to sleep, commanded the book of the annals of the kingdom to be brought and read before him; and it so happened that the part read was that in which was recorded the service done by Mordecai in detecting and revealing the design against the king's life. The king immediately asked what honour had been conferred on Mordecai in recompense for this service, and on being told that nothing had been done, he asked Haman, who had come early to court to obtain the king's consent to the execution of Mordecai, what should be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour. Haman, concluding that there was none whom the king should delight to honour more than himself, readily indicated the honours which he judged should be rendered to such an one, and then had the mortification to receive the king's commands to render these honours to Mordecai. On reporting this to his wife and friends, they assured him that if Mordecai was of the seed of the Jews, it was in vain for him to contend against him, as he was sure to fall before him. Meanwhile the messengers came to hasten him to the banquet of the queen; and at this Esther, in answer to the king's demand to know her request, begged the life of herself and her nation, and charged Haman with planning their destruction. The king, in wrath, left the apartment and went into the garden. On his return he found Haman prostrate at the queen's feet on the couch where she was reclining, begging her to spare his life; and, supposing in his anger that Haman was intending violence to the queen, he ordered him on the spot to be executed. One of the attendants having informed the king of the gallows which Haman had prepared for Mordecai, the king directed that he should be hanged thereon. The house of Haman was given by the king to Esther, and Mor-

decai was made his vizier in place of Haman (vi. 1—viii. 3).

At the request of Esther that the king would reverse the order which had been given for the destruction of the Jews, he caused proclamation to be made that the Jews had permission to defend themselves. Fresh honours were heaped on Mordecai; the Jews were triumphantly joyful in all parts of the kingdom; and on the day that had been appointed for their slaughter, they rose against their enemies and slew a great multitude, but on the spoil they laid not their hand. This was repeated on the following day, when the sons of Haman were slain; and then the Jews had rest from their enemies.

In commemoration of this deliverance, it was determined, at the suggestion of Mordecai, to keep the 14th and 15th of Adar as a time of festival yearly. This was called the Feast of Purim (*Lots*), from Pur (*Lot*); and the observance of it was confirmed by letters from the queen and Mordecai (viii. 4—ix. 32). The book concludes with a brief notice of the power of the King Xerxes (Ahasuerus, or Achashverosh), under whom Mordecai played so important a part; and reference is made for fuller details to the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Media and Persia, in which an account of the services and greatness of Mordecai is also given (x. 1—3).

Among the Jews, this book has always been held in the highest esteem. It is one of the five Megilloth, or books read in the synagogue on special festivals; the season appropriate to it being the Feast of Purim, which is held on the days fixed for that purpose by the book itself. In the Hebrew canon it is placed after Ecclesiastes among the Hagiographa. By the Jews it is called *The Megillah*, by way of eminence; and they exalt it not only above the other Hagiographa, but even above the Prophets, and place it beside the Law.* In the Christian Church it has not been so generally received, nor is it so highly prized. In the Western Church it seems to have been from the first received; but in the Eastern Church the testimony concerning it is less uniform and steady. It is omitted in the catalogue of Melito; it is inserted by Origen, but not among the historical books, which is supposed to indicate some doubt concerning it

* "The Prophetic and Hagiographic books will be abolished in the days of the Messiah, except the book of Esther, which is as stable as the Pentateuch and the oral law, which never shall cease."—Maimonides, *Yad Chazaka*, Hilch. Megillah, c. ii. § 18.

on his part; in the catalogues of the Council of Laodicea, of the Apostolical Canons, of Cyril of Jerusalem, and of Epiphanius, it stands among the canonical books; it is omitted by Gregory of Nazianz; in the Synopsis Scripturæ Sacræ it is mentioned, as said by some of the ancients, to be canonical with the Hebrews; and by Athanasius it is ranked among the *ἀναγινωσκόμενα*, that is, books to be read, though not held to be canonical. Even in the Latin Church its claims were not universally admitted; at least, it is testified that in the sixth century they were questioned by several (Junilius, *De partibus Div. Legis*, c. 3). No great importance, however, can be attached to this fluctuation of testimony, because those who rejected or questioned the claims of this book to a place in the canon were moved to this rather by personal feeling, and by reasons of a dogmatic kind, than by a regard to historical evidence or critical reasons. In the Vulgate this book is placed between Tobit and Judith, and several apocryphal additions are appended to it. In the Protestant Churches its canonicity has been generally admitted, and in the Protestant versions it is placed at the end of the historical books. Luther disliked it because, as he thought, it Judaized too much, and had too much of heathenism in it (*De Servo Arbitrio*, p. 118, Tischreden [Table-talk], iv. 301, Berlin, 1848); and on this ground he proposed to place it outside the canon; but here he stood alone among the Reformers. In more recent times, the claims of the book have been disputed, chiefly on the ground of alleged historical incredibility. This ground, however, has never been validly established; nor have other objections, founded on alleged ethical and religious defects in the book, been such as to cast any serious disparagement on its claims.

That the book is a mere romance having no historical basis, though this has been asserted, is sufficiently refuted by the mere fact of its having been placed by the Jews in their canon; for however late the formation of the canon be fixed, it is incredible that a mere fictitious story, without any specially religious character, should have been allowed a place among their sacred books. It is refuted also by the fact of the early observance of the feast of Purim, instituted to commemorate the deliverance of the Jews recorded in this book (comp. 2 Macc. xv. 36); by the minuteness of detail entered into by the author, as in the names of the seven eunuchs (i. 10), the seven officers of the king (i. 14), and the ten sons of Haman

(ix. 7—10); and by the accurate acquaintance which the writer shows with the cotemporary history of the Persian Empire, as well as with the manners and usages of the court. But though not a mere romance, may not many of its incidents be fictitious, though a basis of historical fact may form the ground-work? This is possible, though in that case it would still be difficult to account for such a book being placed by the Jews in their sacred canon. But the burden of proof here lies on the objector; let us see whether he can substantiate his implied charge. To what parts of the book does he point as unhistorical?

1. It is said that it is inconceivable that the king, had he purposed to destroy the Jews, should have caused an edict appointing them to destruction to be published in all parts of his dominions a whole year before it was to take effect. But what if the king did *not* purpose to destroy all the Jews, and whilst he yielded to his favourite so as to decree their destruction, published this decree so long before it was to be carried into execution in order to give those who could make their escape an opportunity of doing so? or what if Haman, having the matter left wholly in his hands, sought with a refined cruelty to augment the sufferings of the Jews by letting their destruction hang so long impending over them? But, in point of fact, we know so little of the whole circumstances of the case that we cannot pronounce any opinion with confidence either for or against the credibility of this part of the story; only this much we may say, that if this appears a strange thing to us it must have appeared no less so to the writer of the book as well as to his cotemporaries, and that no writer would have burdened his story with such a statement had it not been strictly true; especially as it has no bearing on the *denouement* of the story, and is precisely such a detail as no fictitious writer, who meant his story to be believed, would have ventured on.

2. It is said to be incredible that Esther should not have been chosen queen till the *seventh* year of the king's reign, seeing she and the other virgins were brought together for the king's selection in the *third* year of his reign (comp. ii. 16, with i. 3); and also that it is incredible that the virgins should have been gathered together a second time, as it appears from ii. 19 they were. But, as the young women had to be collected from *all* the provinces of the empire, some time must have elapsed ere this could be done; and in the meantime something may have occurred to occupy the king so that the women, after

being collected, would be sent home to await his leisure, and then, when he saw fit, would be gathered a second time, that he might choose from among them a queen. Now we know that something *did* occur just at this time which not only occupied the king, but took him away from his own country on a distant expedition, from which he did not return till the seventh year of his reign. That was his warlike invasion of Greece, in preparation for which and in the conduct of which he was occupied from the third to the seventh year of his reign. This accounts for the delay in the king's choice, and for the second assembling of the women, as well as for the tribute which he imposed on the land and the isles of the sea (x. 1), the design of which, doubtless, was to cover the tremendous expenses of his unfortunate expedition.

3. It is alleged that Xerxes had, from the seventh year of his reign on to the time of his death, another queen, named Amestris, who exercised great influence over him, and was not likely to suffer any rival in the king's affections; so that what is told of the marriage of Esther to him, and her influence over him in this book, is incredible. It must be confessed there is a difficulty here. To obviate it some have maintained that the Amestris of the classical historians is the Hadassah or Esther of this book; but the character of Amestris, in addition to other considerations, renders this altogether improbable. To others this has appeared sufficient to prove that the Achashverosh of this book cannot be Xerxes; but the evidence for this identification is so strong that it cannot be overbalanced by a difficulty like this. It has been suggested that Amestris may have for a season been in disgrace, and during that time Vashti and Esther may have been elevated to the queenly rank (Rawlinson, Bampton Lecture, p. 187); but it is impossible to reconcile this supposition either with the classical account of Amestris, or with the fact that four years elapsed between the deposition of Vashti and the elevation of Esther. The only supposition that seems admissible is, that Vashti and Esther are here called queens though they were only wives of the second rank. All the Persian kings had a vast harem, and of the women there a certain number, more or fewer, according to the king's caprice, were dignified with the title of wives, whilst only one was *the* wife or queen *par excellence*. Xerxes, we know, was not behind any of the Persian monarchs in the freedom with which he chose to himself wives, and of his wives Vashti and Esther may have

been at times special favourites without interfering with the prerogatives of the chief queen Amestris. In connection with this it may be mentioned, that Esther is, in ii. 17, classed among the wives of the king, but at the same time she is declared to have been for the time the favourite. That she was not always so with her capricious and licentious lord is evident from iv. 11 ff.

4. As it was a principle of the Persian rule that the laws of the king could not be altered, it is incredible that the king after issuing an edict for the slaughter of the Jews should immediately after issue an edict recalling that, and giving the Jews permission to slay their enemies. But it is to be observed, that the second edict was not a repealing or a recalling of the first. That still remained in force; the second only gave permission to the Jews to combine and stand for their lives, and slay in self-defence those who assaulted them. Where a law could not be repealed, it was only by such an expedient that an inconvenient or inexpedient enactment could be neutralised.

5. It is incredible, it is said, that the Jews should have slain so many thousands of the Persians in one day without the loss of a man. But if this is incredible there is no reason to demand that it should be believed. The historian, it is true, says nothing of the losses of the Jews; but his story implies that there was a conflict, and this, of course, suggests that though the Jews were victorious, it was not without loss on their part that the victory was achieved. The historian says nothing of this, because his object was only to record the humiliation and defeat of the enemies of the Jews. In narrating the victories of the Romans Livy dilates on the injury done to their enemies, but usually passes over what they themselves suffered in battle: does any one suppose that he means by this to insinuate that the Romans gained their victories without the loss of a man?

6. In ii. 6, it is said that Mordecai "had been carried away with the captivity which had been carried away with Jeconiah king of Judah." But if this was the case, he must have been, in the seventh year of Xerxes, at least, one hundred and twenty years of age, and Esther, his niece, must have been a very ancient virgin; or, as Mr. Parker expresses it (Translation of De Wette's Introduction, ii. p. 340) "a superannuated beauty." This is an old difficulty, which some have attempted to obviate, by referring the "who" at the beginning of the verse, to Kish, the

great-grandfather of Mordecai, whilst others boldly face the difficulty, and say that even were Mordecai one hundred and twenty years of age, he was not too old to be the prime minister of Xerxes, though what is to be said of Esther they prudently omit to tell. There does not seem to be any fatal objection to the former of these solutions; but it has not been generally adopted by interpreters. The solution now received by the majority is, that the writer here says of Mordecai what, strictly taken, holds true only of his ancestors. "If a man is still in a state of captivity into which his family had long ago been brought, it is quite intelligible how, where only his descent and origin, not his personal fortunes, come into consideration, it should be said of him that he had been carried into that captivity. In the words before us, there is nothing more than that the family of Mordecai belonged not to those Jews who had been carried away after the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, nor even to those who had been brought by Nebuzaradan (Jer. lii. 30); but to the wealthy and distinguished inhabitants of Jerusalem who had been taken to Babylon with Jeconiah. In our own day the living descendants of the refugees might, without fear of being misunderstood, say, we came into Germany after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; for in such cases the distinction between ancestor and descendant is not thought of." (Bertheau, *Das B. Ester*, Kurzgef. Exeget. Handb. zum A. T. part 17, p. 307).

7. Is it credible, it is asked, that Esther should have been so long in the palace of the king without her descent being known to the king or to Haman the enemy of her nation? But it is not certain that Esther's descent was unknown to the king, for as it was an understood thing that the King of Persia might in such matters do as it pleased him (Herod., iii. 31), he might, if pleased with the beautiful Jewess, marry her regardless of any reproach that might attach to her birth; at any rate we know too little of the usages of the Persian harem to justify us in calling in question the statement of a writer, who must have had infinitely better means of knowing the truth on such matters than we have.

8. It is absurd, it is alleged, to suppose that a great king would issue an edict to all his subjects that every man should bear rule in his own house (i. 22). But who shall set limits to the absurdity and eccentricity of such a despot as Xerxes, especially when,

as seems to have been the case when this edict was uttered, he was "merry with wine?" or is such an edict really more absurd than many which are to be found in the statute books of western princes in more recent times—than some of Charlemagne's, for instance, minutely describing the order to be kept in country houses in his *capitular de villis imperialibus*, or that of Edward III. of England, forbidding any man to have more than two courses at dinner, or that of Henry VIII., prescribing the proper length of citizens' coats, or that of still more recent times, imposing a tax on every man who chose to cover his head with pomatum and flour?

Such are the objections which have been urged against the historical credibility of this book; and they are clearly of no weight. On the other hand, the accurate acquaintance it shows with Persian history and manners, with the extent of the kingdom of Xerxes, with the character of that king, marked as it was by folly, sensuality, and cruelty, with the arrangements of the court, with the very names of the princes and officers of the court, and with the order of the king's harem, are all vouchers for the historical verity of the narrative. The existence, moreover, of the feast of Purim among the Jews—a feast for which no other origin can be assigned than that given in this book—affords evidence that the main events narrated in it actually took place.

It has been thought by some that the non-religious character of the book, and especially the absence of even the name of God from it, militates seriously against its being accepted as a canonical book. This charge, it must be admitted, is true; there is no distinct reference to the Almighty throughout the book; and unless the belief in the efficacy of a national humiliation, and that punishment will overtake the wicked, and a feeling that Israel would not be forsaken, be accepted as religious utterances, there is nothing of religion in the book. But this, rightly considered, rather vouches for its authenticity; for, on the one hand, no Jew of later times, in attempting to palm off on his countrymen a fiction for history, would have committed the mistake of raising suspicion against himself and his work by such an omission; and, on the other hand, as there is reason to believe that the Jews, who were in Persia at the time to which the events narrated in this book relate, had sadly degenerated from the faith and spirit of their fathers in the best days of the theocracy, the probability is that the author, in representing them as viadic-

tive, self-seeking, and godless, drew a picture of what was actually before his eyes. If it be said that, if this be a canonical book, it must have been written by some prophet, or under some prophet's direction, and that none such would have shown any sympathy with the irreligious and worldly spirit of the Jews as delineated in this book, the reply is that there is no evidence that the writer felt any such sympathy, for throughout he simply appears as a narrator of facts, and never for a moment obtrudes his own opinions or feelings on the attention of the reader.

As to who the author of the book was, no information has come down to us. It has been ascribed to Mordecai, to Ezra, to Joiachin the high priest; but these are mere conjectures, for which not a particle of evidence can be adduced. Equally uncertain is it at what time or where the book was written. The probability, however, is that it was composed some time before the overthrow of the Persian empire, and perhaps in Persia itself. Several Persianisms are found

in it, but in general the language resembles the Hebrew of Ezra and Nehemiah. Its place in the canon shows that it must have been written before the close of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, in whose time the canon was completed by Ezra and his associates. If the statement in ix. 32 refer to the book of Esther, then the subsequent reference to "the book of the chronicles of the kings of Media and Persia" may justify the inference that the two books were regarded by the writer as of contemporaneous authorship, and equal authenticity.

The design of this book is primarily to preserve a portion of the history of the Jewish people which supplies the origin of one of their great festivals—that of Purim. We may believe also that the book is intended to illustrate the care of God for his people, and the providential overruling of the purposes and doings even of wicked men for the fulfilment of God's purposes of good to his Church.

W. LINDSAY-ALEXANDER.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE:

Incidents in My Business Life.

By EDWARD GARRETT.

VII.—A GOOD SITUATION (*continued*).



It was not only on Sundays that the grave, quiet new servant brought a fresh life to the little Carsons. It was every day. Morning and evening now, prayers were lisped beside each of the little cots in the nursery. And what the prayers meant was taught by the strange gentle rule that not only added joy to mirth, but banished oppression, rudeness, and cruelty. After hearing Rachel's tales about the dogs of St. Bernard, and the dog of Pompeii, and the wonderful collie dogs that count the lambs, and the funny dogs that used to turn spits, Master Charlie left off pulling Ponto's tail. Miss Florry was presently

beguiled into learning plain knitting, and instead of whining and aggravating her brothers, produced a nice pair of cuffs for her papa. As for Master William, who went to school and could read, the judicious introduction of a box of picture-letters made him find that it was better fun to teach little Master Hugh the alphabet than even to pinch him. And "between the lights" Rachel romped with the children herself, instead of shutting them up by themselves as the former servant had done.

"Captain," said his peevish wife, in those early days when she had a lurking wish to get rid of Rachel, "I don't see why we should pay a woman to play blind man's buff and puss in the corner."

"It must be hard enough work when one is so tired as she must be," the captain had laconically replied. He had already made up his mind that "Mrs. Rachel's" ways were good ways and must not be gainsayed.

Rachel must have had hard work during her last week in London. She did all the Carson packing, found out and supplied all immediate deficiencies in the Carson wardrobe, and for recreation, stole out in the

evening with Mary Bryan to go shopping with the girl, and advise her as to the best way of laying out her little wage. "Mrs. Rachel made a shilling as good as another body's half-crown," said Mary Bryan.

And so the Carson household departed for Dublin. Ruth received one letter dated thence before I left Mallowe. They had settled down in their new quarters. Rachel liked the place, and was charmed with the people. They had already made their rooms look wonderfully pretty—"considering"—and the dear children had all been so good on their journey, and so patient in their seasickness. The change "seemed to have done Mrs. Carson good," and they saw more of the captain now, which would be pleasanter for the whole family.

"She lives in sunshine," I said.

"The secret of which is that she makes it for herself," Ruth answered.

So I went back to London. I had been there some weeks, and the bustle of its business and anxieties had put the Hewetts into the background of my mind, when one damp chilly evening, as I sat reading in Mrs. Summers's parlour, my good landlady looked in and announced that "a person wanted to see me."

It was Eliza Hewett. She came in with a jaunty affectation of ease which but ill concealed the shame and mortification which she had grace enough to feel. There was a bunch of bright cheap flowers in her bonnet, their soiled fadedness veiled by a darned fall, but as her foot peeped from beneath her flounced gown I saw a hole in her sodden boot.

"I have been so unfortunate, Mr. Garrett," she explained. "All these weeks I have had nothing to do. With my small means, you may imagine to what straits I have been reduced. However, I do not come here to talk about my troubles. I hope they are over. I have the chance of a situation now. But unhappily, I cannot take it unless I can make a respectable appearance. And my funds are quite exhausted. In fact, they have been exhausted for some weeks. My landlady has kindly let me stay on in her house. Of course, she could trust my honour to repay her, but still it was kind, and I fully acknowledge it. I got a little help from Rachel, but oh, Mr. Garrett, when one is down in the world one learns lessons! I hope I should have been more liberal if I had been in Rachel's place. She had twelve pounds a year to begin with, and I daresay they have raised it since; and she started with a stock of serviceable clothes, and has been in her situation nine months, and has

everything found, and requires to make no appearance, and can have no need for money at all, and yet she only sent me five pounds! And you can't think how money runs away even in living in the miserable way I do. I declare I think it is dearer to be poor than to be rich. I've had to spend so much in omnibus fares, going here, there, and everywhere after something, and never finding anything. I never was a good walker, and it was no use exhausting my small stock of strength over nothing. I've had to walk lately though, and it is telling upon me frightfully. Then I gave two or three half guineas to people who professed to teach nice little handicrafts to gentlewomen for that small fee, but though in one or two cases they really did teach me, they never had any work to give after I had learned. How was I to know that? What can one do without an adviser? Ah, Mr. Garrett, poor helpless, unprotected women were never meant to fight a battle with the cruel hard world!"

I scarcely knew what to say. It was plain enough that she wanted pecuniary help, but that is an awkward thing to offer. I thought it best to observe—

"But you have a chance of settlement now?"

"Ah, Mr. Garrett, and that brings me back to my point. Ah, Mr. Garrett, little did my dear godmother think what would be the fate of the beautiful necklace and pendant which she gave me. Ah, Mr. Garrett, we none of us know what we shall come to. Once, I seemed as far from this as you do now, Mr. Garrett. That ought to teach us all to have pity and fellow-feeling. It was when I was very badly off, and the landlady was not quite sure I had got through all my money, and she was threatening me dreadfully in the hope of bringing out some more—she's been kinder since. I took my dear godmother's gift to the pawnbroker's, Mr. Garrett. They'd only give me two pounds on it, and it was worth ten when it was new, and it's none the worse for wear, and the fashion's coming up again."

She spoke breathlessly and shrilly, then suddenly dropped her voice and asked persuasively—

"Will you buy the ticket for two pounds?"

"No," I said decidedly, "but I will let you have two pounds, and you can leave the ticket with me to ease your mind, and make you feel you have given security. But as soon as you can spare the two pounds I lend you, send for the ticket and redeem the necklace, and I will wait your further convenience to repay me."

"O how good you are!" she said gushingly.

"You are a true friend, Mr. Garrett. And now you must just let me fully explain my position, and why I have needed to borrow this money. I am to be companion to a lady. She is a lady by birth, and has large property, but, poor dear old thing, she is a widow, and her relations have shown themselves so unkind and mercenary, that she has got into the habit of living in the quietest and closest way. She gives me a very small salary—very small indeed—but though she has a queer

manner with her, which some people might think was sarcastic, yet she spoke very nicely to me, as if she made sure I had some private means of my own. 'There must be a salary between us, Miss Hewett,' she said, 'to quite settle which is the mistress. But the smaller it is the less you will feel like a servant. Servants are so independent, I can't endure them,' she said. But of course she will give me presents of clothing, and she will be sure to leave me a legacy or an annuity, or some-



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thing. It is as good as a provision for life, Mr. Garrett. And nothing to do, except what any lady does in her own home. Only, you can quite understand, I have one or two little expenses before I can go to her. I could not walk out with Mrs. Churton in a bonnet like this, and of course I should like a few shillings in my pocket."

"But you owe something to your sister

and to your landlady too, do I not understand?" I inquired.

"Rachel can wait," she answered, "that is the least that Rachel can do. And as for my landlady, she is really a good soul. As I am fairly off, she says I need not trouble myself about the trifle of back debt. Isn't it kind? Of course, as I tell her, that does not relieve me from paying her—she can trust to

my honour for that—but it eases me from present pressure. And you won't forget that I have given you ample security for your generous loan, will you, Mr. Garrett? And now I must say good-bye, and waste no more of your valuable time. Only, may I ask that when you write to Miss Ruth, you will inform her that I am very glad I did nothing rashly, for I have obtained just the ladylike, comfortable situation which I wanted."

And so she went off. As Mrs. Summers let her out, I heard her speaking to that good woman with patronising volubility. And I carefully put away the pawn-ticket, a strange treasure to store among my poor mother's letters and my own innocent weekly bills.

It was never redeemed. Eliza did not communicate with me again until two days before the pledge was forfeited, when I received a piteous letter begging me to make the advance necessary to save it for another year. But I understood the woman by this time. And perhaps, man-like, I could be sterner by letter than in person. For I wrote her a cold note, telling her that if she had not thought it worth while, during ten months' opportunity, to earn or husband two or three shillings' interest to secure a family relic, she could scarcely expect a stranger to do so.

It did not daunt her effectually. By return of post I received an epistle, covering four sides of paper and crossed. She was miserable. In all her life she had never been so deceived as in accepting a situation with Mrs. Churton. She was a grasping, unfeeling old miser (underlined). She expected Eliza to be lady's-maid, housekeeper, and courier, all for ten pounds a year and left off silk gowns that would not fit her (three notes of exclamation). She was degraded to comb the dog (capital letters). Worst of all, she had appealed to Rachel to advance a trifle to enable her to leave Mrs. Churton, and try her fortune again, and Rachel had been Brute enough to say that she could do nothing for her, except to advise her to stay where she was, and make the Best of it, till she saw an opportunity of bettering herself (liberal expenditure of capitals, exclamations, and underscoring).

But I remained unmoved. I wrote back that there was a best as well as a worst to every position in life; that dirty water should not be thrown away till we had secured a clean supply; that Rachel was right in her denial and her counsel; and that I only wondered Eliza had no more sense of honour and consideration, than to prey upon a sister who had already given her every advantage

and taken none, and whose very power to help, limited as it was, had only been acquired by wisdom and self-abnegation which Eliza had despised and repudiated.

That closed our correspondence.

Ruth heard regularly from Rachel. Her letters might be short, but there was always a something in them which made them worth reading. She never gossiped about the Carsons. Once there was an unusually long interval between her epistles, which she afterwards explained as having been a season of family trial and affliction. There had evidently been both sickness and sorrow, and all Rachel's straightforward brevity could not conceal (perhaps to our rather enlightened consciousness) that there had been features of peculiar pain in the suffering. It had not been penury. For the captain had just been promoted, and could now afford such other household assistance that Rachel was free to devote herself henceforward to personal attendance on "the dear children" and her "lady," the latter evidently requiring a great deal just now, having clearly borne the brunt of the mysterious storm.

Several of her following letters came from little seaside villages where she was staying with Mrs. Carson, alone—even the presence of the children being too much for the mother's weak state. Some of the first seemed a little doubtful as to the future, but they presently cheered up. "Mrs. Carson was regaining strength and spirits: by-and-by, she would be a healthier woman than she had been for years."

"I can guess," said shrewd Mary Bryan, who was still in my sister's service. "Mrs. Carson has broke out bad at last, and the captain has found it out, and then Mrs. Rachel has got her to take the pledge. The Lord of glory be about her to bless her, for a patient angel as she has been."

That conjecture was all that we had to go upon for years and years. We heard that Mrs. Carson returned to her family. That "she had become strong enough to take happy and active interest in the education and amusements of her growing family." That there were more visits paid and received. That the captain got an appointment on the Viceroy's staff, which settled the household in Dublin. That in due time a governess was engaged, and a tutor came to give lessons, until at last Master William and Master Charlie were "entered at Trinity," and "looked such handsome lads in their caps and gowns—dear good boys too, both of them."

By-and-by they all crossed the channel on a visit to the family seat, Carson Hall, Cumberland. One of the old bachelor uncles was already dead, and the heart of the survivor so softened towards his nephew and heir, that to enjoy his long-lost society, he was actually willing to tolerate the presence of his despised niece-in-law.

She must have changed very much from the frivolous light-minded girl who had been so distasteful to the grave old squire. For Rachel gleefully narrated—

"Two days before we came away, Squire Carson brought down an old carved casket, and handed it to my mistress, saying that it held the Carson jewels, and that as there was nobody to wear them before her, she need not wait her turn till he was in the grave, adding that he had never looked at them since his sainted mother wore them, and he should like to see them on her, if she would please an old man's fancy, and wear them that evening at dinner. And so she did, though in a general way the diamonds are far too grand for a simple family party."

They went back to Ireland, but within a year of their visit the old uncle was gathered to his long rest, and they returned to Cumberland to take up the dignities and responsibilities of the Carsons, of Carson Hall.

Rachel was to be housekeeper. "It frightens me a little," she wrote, with the playful affectation of a person who is not frightened a bit. "Fancy having to order about two footmen and five maids, and to be responsible for airing the linen of fourteen bedrooms."

Little incidental hints gave us pleasant glimpses into the ways of life in the stately old mansion. In one letter it might be some allusion to—

"Our family prayers in the dining-room." In another, some explanation "as we have no cooking on Sundays."

Or, "Master William has had a young divinity student from Oxford visiting him. He is an orphan, and was brought up in the Blue-coat School, and is delicate, but our fresh air and new milk has quite set him up."

Then, "Miss Florry's old governess is now staying here. Poor dear lady, her eyes are failing for books, but she can still play and sing so beautifully, that Mrs. Carson is trying to persuade her to live here most of her time, her music is such a treat to her and the master, Miss Florry having no turn for it."

Again, "We had grand doings here last week. Master William came of age. There was a garden party of the tenants, and fire-

works in the evening. But what do you think I found on my table that morning? A beautiful little gold watch, and such a good note from Master William, addressing me as his dear friend, and saying a great deal that was very pleasant to me to hear."

At last, "I think our young vicar will soon be carrying off Miss Florry. He has only his living, but is as good as gold, and that is what the master will care for."

That was soon followed by an announcement which came to Ruth with a little piece of cake in a white silk box (and I got another in London).

"The wedding is over. Miss Florry looked so pretty, and was so good, with her little face quivering with the tears that she would not shed for the bridegroom's sake, and because she wanted to help her mamma to keep up, for it is still a going from home,—though, thank God, not going far. Miss Florry said herself that I was to send cake to all my friends, and especially to both of you, of whom she has heard so much. She says she loves you for my sake, so that perhaps you will care a little bit for her. I gave her a white knitted garden shawl, that I'd been working on of evenings for a long while, and she would put it on the side-board among all her grand wedding-gifts. They would have me to sit down at the wedding-breakfast, and when I said I was afraid some of the visitors might not like it, Master William, who is rather outspoken, said, then they might lump it, but he did not think they were such fools." And the master gave me a grey satin gown to wear on the occasion, and put me in at the end of his speech."

The Squire-Captain lived long enough to see his youngest, once the little dirty fat sobbing Hugh, grown a fine young man, passing through his college curriculum "with honours." Then Squire Carson died, after a very short illness.

We received a Cumberland paper with all the details of his interment, funeral sermon, and testamentary arrangements. It was not directed in Rachel's hand, but was probably forwarded to us by some of her subordinates.

Immediately after the settlements upon his own family, the captain's will bequeathed a gift of fifty pounds and an annuity of the same to "our faithful and valued household friend, Mrs. Rachel Hewett, on whose behalf I need scarcely express the wish that she shall always have a home in Carson Hall, as long as she shall wish it."

It was ten years after Mr. Carson's death that Ruth was startled by a quiet little

brougham driving up to her shop-door, from which alighted a pretty Sevres china-like old widow, and Rachel Hewett, bright with the healthy bloom of a sturdy evergreen.

They were making a visit in a small town not far from Mallowe, and had driven over expressly to see my sister.

"Your good friend belongs to me altogether again," Mrs. Carson said; "my son says that somebody else can take care of the jams and jellies, but Mrs. Rachel is to take care of me."

"Yes, Miss Garrett," Rachel laughed. "They have put me on the shelf at last, and I must just play the granny in the servants' hall."

Mrs. Carson gave her delicate little head a thoughtful shake, and looked wistfully at my sister. Ruth said she had wistful eyes, glad and yet sorry, like a naughty child's, who has asked forgiveness and got it.

"She would never tell you so herself," Mrs. Carson whispered; but your good friend, Mrs. Rachel, saved me for this world and the next. Talk about the angels that visited men of old! They come to us yet. Thirty years ago, we hired one at a twelve-pounds wage! God bless Rachel Hewett."

While Mrs. Carson was "twittering" to Ruth's canary bird, and hovering over her ferns, Rachel took my sister aside to say a few words about Eliza, of whom we had heard very little since the episode of the pawn-ticket.

The miserly Mrs. Churton had lived long—seeming to derive vitality from her spiteful delight in the thickening grey hairs of her expectant nephews and nieces. When she died at last, she left all her money to a sister, twenty years younger than herself. The two had quarrelled mortally, and had not spoken for ages; but after all, bitter Mrs. Churton had liked her no less than her other kindred, and had probably come to the cynical conclusion that it would be best to leave her wealth to the rich, half-paralyzed old woman that wanted it least. Not that I suppose even the soured old miser put it to herself as plainly as this. Perhaps she framed her conclusion that "her sister was nearest after all,"—and "that as 'her people' never left their money out of the family, it was right it should go first to the closest." Deeds of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness wear another name to the heart from which they issue.

Not a penny was bequeathed to Eliza Hewett, and she had been fain to accept the still harder service of her dead mistress' kinswoman and successor. But by the time Rachel Hewett revisited Mallowe, Eliza's

health had become so broken down by fidgets, slop diet, and want of healthy exercise, that she was only too thankful to take refuge in a small, poorly-endowed almshouse in the north-east of London. It gave her house-room, and a small dole of money, which I afterwards found that Rachel liberally supplemented.

"But she is very dull there, poor thing," Rachel told my sister. "She has not the happy knack of making herself at home anywhere. I wonder if your good brother could possibly make it convenient to look in upon her. A visit would be a godsend."

When my sister transmitted this petition I did not refuse it. I went to see Eliza one Sunday afternoon, knowing that is often the eeriest time for the lonely. I had some difficulty in finding the place. The charity was of very ancient foundation, and in its earlier days had doubtless been airier and more lightsome. Now it was simply six cramped cottages packed into a narrow court overhung by great high smoky factories, and shut in by a rusted gate surmounted by the founder's arms. But a very comfortable-looking old woman, wrapped in a great shawl, was standing just inside the gate, deeply interested in the reward books and school gossip of a group of children. Her cheerful, rubicund face conveyed assurance that life could be very happy even in "Dame Wither's charity."

This cosy old lady directed me to the tiny heavy-browed room where I found Eliza Hewett. Eliza said she was pleased to see me, "but she wished I had come on any other day but Sunday, for then the Charity was quiet, and she generally passed the time away in a nap, which was impossible on other days because the 'old women' encouraged children about, playing and making a noise. But now I had come, of course I would stay and take a cup of tea—at least, if I thought her tea was good enough for me to drink."

This is a fair specimen of her conversation. Poor thing! She did not need even to open her lips to announce that she was miserable. The fretfulness and anxiety of a selfish nature had come out in capital letters on the once pretty, sprightly face. O my dear, bonnie young lasses, while you are carefully avoiding freckles and warts, do not forget to take heed lest self-will and petulance and discontent are writing secret lines on your fair faces, which the hot fire of Life will bring out black and strong. A young girl's beauty is the promise of what she may be, but an old woman's loveliness is the seal of what she has been.

Everything was wrong. She should like any other house in the Charity better than her own. She should like any other almshouse better than the Charity. She did not like the parish clergyman; he spoke too low. She did not like the Independent minister; he spoke too fast. There was no nice walk near for an old woman. The High Street, at one end of the Charity, was too crowded, she thought she should be knocked down; the squares and lanes at the other were too dull, she might as well sit at home as go there.

"Yes," she "supposed Rachel was very good to her. She sent her money regularly—she could not well do less when she had been so fortunate. Some people had a silver spoon in their mouths. Folks used to say that she was the lucky sister, being the prettiest, and getting an education from her god-mother. But it had been a different tale for many and many a long year now."

I did not want to be hard on the poor, broken, failed old woman, but I saw she was so miserable in her bitter rebellion against God and her fellow-creatures, that I thought it might soothe and soften her if I could gently lead her to see that some blame, at least, attached to herself.

But no. I found it impossible. It was Fate. It was Rachel's luck. Could I say it was her sister's merits that had got her such a good situation with kind and rich people?

"It was a situation which you would not have taken," I pleaded. "She took it in her brave determination to be independent and useful. What God had 'sanctified as duty she did not call common and unclean. What her hand found to do, she did with all her might. She knew that the tasks and

troubles of daily life are the stones with which to build one's life, and where some would have reared a pigstye she has reared a temple. Labouring to bless others, others have risen up to call her blessed."

"Well, I could not have been a common servant," was Eliza's only observation. "A sort of drudge of all-work, she was, at first. I had more pride in myself."

"Rachel recognised it as her duty," I urged. "If we don't do what we don't like, we must not be dissatisfied if we don't get what we do like. God's precepts go before his promises. Those must be obeyed, before these can be fulfilled. If we won't lend our principal, we can't expect interest. The man who wouldn't crack the nut must not grumble when his neighbour gets the kernel."

It was all of no use. As it happened to be a damp evening I sent for a fly when I was leaving, and Eliza's parting words were that "it was well to be a rich man like me, who could go about in cabs." I never saw her again. She died shortly afterwards.

Rachel lived much longer. But with that old letter of Ruth's with which I began this "Experience," I intend to store the Cumberland newspaper in which we read of the death of—

"Rachel Hewett, aged 64, after forty years of faithful service and devoted friendship in the family of the Carsons of Carson. 'A city which is set on a hill cannot be hid.'"

Good-bye, dear Rachel. That text tells the secret of your "luck." You walked in God's ways, and God was with you. You forgot yourself, and remembered Duty. And what is forgotten God recollects, and wherever you had been would have become A Good Situation.

EDWARD GARRETT.

ST. LUKE'S NARRATIVE OF THE PASSION.

An "Undesigned Coincidence."

IT is a current belief, that St. Luke's Gospel was written at Cæsarea during St. Paul's imprisonment in that city in the hands of the Romans. We know that St. Luke was with St. Paul on his journey from Philippi and entrance to Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 17); we know that he was with him on leaving Cæsarea two years after for Rome (Acts xxvii. 1). It has been thought that the "Luke was with me" of the Apostle's last imprisonment was true also of his

first; and that the "careful investigation of all things from the very first" (Luke i. 3) took place in Galilee during this period.

I am not concerned at present to examine the grounds on which this supposition is generally based. But I wish to suggest that the peculiarities of St. Luke's narrative of the Passion coincide rather remarkably with the supposition of a *Roman source of information*, such as might easily be at St. Luke's command among the soldiers who thronged the

streets of Caesarea, perhaps among those in whose custody St. Paul was actually placed. If this view be correct, it may serve indeed as a corroboration of the tradition of the place of St. Luke's writing, resting on wholly independent grounds, but—which is a matter of far greater consequence—it may also help to illustrate some of the remarkable variations which find place in the records of our Lord's Passion.

These variations have probably been a cause of some perplexity to the more careful students of the Gospel narrative. This perplexity would certainly not be diminished, probably it might be increased, by a consultation of some of the rather elaborate "Harmonies" of the Four Gospels. Nor is it quite removed by the consideration—in itself true and important—that while the Evangelists in the main tell but one story, each, by the power of what we may rightly call "supernatural selection," has preserved to us generally just those particulars which harmonize with the special tone and purpose of his Gospel. For this principle will only help to explain some of these variations, while others remain still inexplicable. The view which I would suggest is this, which has occurred to myself independently in reading, although it is hardly possible that it should not have been noticed by others. The records are virtually three in number (for, except in a few details, the first two Evangelists give the same history). They are to be considered as three distinct pictures, differing according to the different points of view from which the Passion was seen by the eye-witnesses, on whose testimony each record ultimately rests.

The account given by St. Matthew and St. Mark represents it as it would appear to one who stood at a distance, both from the judgment-hall of Pilate, and from the cross itself. Its record of the conference between Pilate and his Divine prisoner is very brief; in fact it is confined to the mere question, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" and the answer, "Thou sayest it;" and the fact that after this answer our Lord remained silent, and that Pilate marvelled at his silence. (See Matt. xxvii. 11—14; Mark xv. 2—5.) Of all else that went on within the walls of the palace we have no record. On the other hand, all that passed outside between the governor and the people—the offer of Pilate to release one prisoner, the choice by the people of Barabbas, the shout of "Crucify Him," the remonstrances of Pilate—are given vividly in detail; and St.

Matthew adds Pilate's washing of his hands before the multitude, and their awful cry. "His blood be upon us and upon our children." (See Matt. xxvii. 15—25; Mark xv. 6—15.) We note also that the reason of the infliction of the scourging is not given. As it was seen by the people or heard of by them, it appeared merely as one particular part of the Passion, and perhaps a needless and gratuitous cruelty. Similarly at the crucifixion itself there are none of the finer touches of description which belong to nearness. The story is told still as by one of the multitude, who "came together to behold that sight." He sees the soldiers offer the wine mingled with myrrh, nail the Sufferer to the cross, part His garments, and for some reason unknown cast lots, set up the title on the cross, and sit down close at hand to watch Him there, and keep others back. He hears the loud taunts of the passers-by and the chief priests, and gathers that they are joined in by the two thieves; from Himself he distinguishes only the words of the one loud exclamation, "Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani!" followed by the mocking answers, "This man calls for Elias," "Let us see whether Elias will come to save Him;" and then hears only one other loud indistinct cry before He gives up the ghost. But he dwells on all the signs accompanying his death, and records, probably in the words in which the Jews repeated it, the cry of the centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God" (Matt. xxvii. 27—54; Mark xv. 15—39). All this is the record of one or more of the disciples (perhaps St. Matthew, perhaps St. Peter, or even St. Mark himself), who, after forsaking Him, was drawn back again to mingle with the crowd, and to record all which could be seen by those who stood at a distance from the cross.

Now St. John's narrative stands in marked contrast, and, if we believe the supplemental character of his Gospel, we shall add, in intentional contrast, with this. It is the story of the Passion as it was seen by the Divine Sufferer himself, or one who stood very near Him. From the very first he divides the history of the trial and condemnation into two parts—that which passed within and that which passed without the judgment hall; and explains that it was through fear of ceremonial pollution on the part of the Jews, that the prisoner and his accusers did not stand together before the judge. To the simple question, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" and the answer, "Thou sayest," he adds all that remarkable conference, which

alone explains the strong desire of Pilate to save Jesus (John xviii. 33—38; xix. 9—11). He suggests the object of the scourging—a well-meaning but weak attempt to satisfy the malice of the Jews, and excite their compassion by the infliction of the lesser punishment (John xix. 1—5); and details the struggles of Pilate before he succumbs to the menacing demand, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die," and to the still more dangerous insinuation, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend" (John xix. 12—15). Even in regard to the more public intercourse between Pilate and the multitude, while naturally here his record coincides with the one already given, it brings out far more vividly the various remonstrances of Pilate, and closes with the final answer of the chief priests, disclaiming all the cherished hopes of their nation, "We have no King but Cæsar." Nor is it otherwise when the narrative of the crucifixion itself begins. He alone tells us of the complaint of the chief priests against the title on the cross (written, as he adds, with a touch of minuteness, "in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin"), and the answer of Pilate, "What I have written I have written" (John xix. 19—22). He alone explains to us why the soldiers cast lots, because the "coat was without seam, and could not be divided without rending it" (John xix. 23, 24). He alone tells us of the charge, specially addressed to the Virgin Mary and to himself, "Behold thy son;" "Behold thy mother." He alone records the words, "I thirst," which, except close under the cross, would be unheard, and which perhaps to others would have seemed only a low cry of pain; and "It is finished," of which again he alone could catch and understand the full meaning (John xix. 25—30). Lastly, he alone tells us of the breaking of the legs of the thieves, and the piercing our Lord's side with the spear, and of the fact that blood and water followed the wound; and to this last particular he adds the emphatic words, "And he that saw it bare witness, and his record is true" (John xix. 31—37). Now almost all this we can understand. St. John was nearest of all to the dying Saviour. How it was that he gained the sad privilege we know not, unless the key is to be found in the parenthesis ("that disciple was known unto the high priest") (John xviii. 15); but he did follow Him into Caiaphas's Palace; he did stand at the foot of the cross; he may have been in some way near Him between those two periods. Choosing (as he himself explains that he did generally in his Gospel)

that which suited especially the purpose of his narrative (John xx. 31), we understand why his record, taken from a different standpoint, both physically and spiritually, should wear a very different aspect from the more distant views of St. Matthew and St. Mark.

But when we turn to St. Luke's Gospel, we find that its account of the Passion is in a very remarkable way a link between the two. He brings us far nearer than St. Matthew, not quite so near as St. John; and he records details which are narrated by neither. This strongly-marked peculiarity is the more notable because in his history of the Lord's Supper and the betrayal, while there is much characteristic in colouring and in detail, there is very little not recorded in substance in St. Matthew; and, in fact, in all that concerns our Lord's trial before Caiaphas, St. Luke's account is scantier than the others. But the moment that our Lord is brought into the power of the Romans, all this is changed; and the narrative is full of matter absolutely unnoticed elsewhere. Whence came this? Not from St. Luke's own knowledge, for he was not an eye-witness. Surely not from those Jewish traditions of Palestine, which elsewhere colour his narrative with local particularity; for why should these detail anything not recorded in the "Jewish Gospel?" But what if at Cæsarea, or elsewhere, the Evangelist, attending on St. Paul, had fallen in with some Roman who, directly or indirectly, could give the witness of the soldiers actually engaged in the crucifixion? Then we should have exactly the kind of knowledge which his narrative implies—a knowledge which places us far nearer to the cross than the multitude, yet not in that extreme literal and spiritual nearness which belonged to St. John.

Let us examine details. We notice at once that he alone tells us the formal terms of accusation, in a shape in which the Roman mind would at once appreciate them. "We found this fellow perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that He himself is Christ, a King" (Luke xxiii. 2). Then next we find noted by St. Luke and unnoticed by St. Matthew, the sending of our Lord to Herod, who was at Jerusalem (perhaps even in or near Pilate's palace) at that time (Luke xxiii. 6—12). This is precisely a thing which a Roman would clearly understand, as arising from a real or pretended reluctance to encroach on the privileges of a tributary king; it is precisely what a Roman, attendant on the governor, might know, while to the crowd outside it remained

unknown, and the delay which it caused unexplained; it is precisely what one who desired that the guilt of that innocent blood should cleave as little as possible to the Romans would take delight in recalling. Then, in the crucifixion itself, we cannot help noticing that St. Luke records to us the sayings, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me," and "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," both of which would be especially audible to the soldiers leading Him to Calvary, and stooping over Him to nail Him to the cross, and the last of which would refer most directly and accurately to them, the unknowing instruments of a crime not their own (Luke xxiii. 28—34). Then, again, there is a curious, though rather subtle point of distinction—that his account of the title gives it as "in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew," putting the Gentile languages first, while St. John naturally gives the first place to the Hebrew (Luke xxiii. 38). It is also to be noted that he alone tells us how the soldiers joined in the mockery and brought Him the vinegar (Luke xxiii. 36, 37). And it is very remarkable that, while (dwelling merely on the loudness of the cry at the ninth hour) he passes over the words, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani"—words which a Roman would not recognise or even understand—he alone tells us of the words of the penitent thief to his fellow-sufferer and to the Lord, and our Lord's gracious reply to him; and he alone catches the last and expiring utterance—surely a low and gentle one—"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit" (Luke xxiii. 39—45). Nor is the turn given to the centurion's exclamation less remarkable, "Truly this man was righteous" (Luke xxiii. 47). It has been suggested that the word *δικαιος* should be taken as simply rendering the word "Justus," which in Latin, from the absence of the article, might either mean "a righteous man" or "the righteous one," which is (see Acts xxii. 14) a recognised title of the Christ; so that St. Luke's account would be the literal one, St. Matthew's the natural Jewish paraphrase of it. All these points are surely remarkable; and there is one omission, that of the account of the scourging and mocking, which is equally deserving of notice. It seems to indicate the

feeling of one who shrinks from dwelling too vividly on the guilt of the Roman actors in the great tragedy. St. Luke alludes to it in its merciful intention, "I will chastise Him and release Him" (Luke xxiii. 22); he does not dwell—his eye-witness, perhaps, could not bear to dwell—on the wanton and insolent cruelty with which it was done, and the utter failure in its object, which made it practically a superfluous cruelty.

It is at least remarkable how all these peculiarities of the narrative hang together, and fall into their places, under this supposition. If we were to indulge in fancy, we might take delight in the supposition that the man who first recognised the crucified as the "Son of God," might have learnt hereafter to know Him better still, and, as a Christian, have given his eye-witness to the writer of the "Gospel of the Gentiles." But without venturing into the domain of imagination, we content ourselves with showing how some Roman source of the history would account for the peculiar point of view, which gives us this intermediate picture of the Passion; and reminding ourselves how constantly St. Luke, in his companionship with St. Paul, must have been brought into contact with Romans.

It will be of course understood that this speculation does not in any degree obscure the truth of the divine inspiration under which the Evangelist recorded, out of the mass of traditions, only such as might convey the "certainty of the things in which" Christians "had been instructed." Nor does it militate against the unerring appropriateness with which, as has been said above, he chose such features of the history as belonged to the special purpose and tone of his Gospel. It is merely a suggestion of the material on which, under such inspiration, his choice was exercised.

It may, at any rate, serve to call attention to the three different pictures—each perfect in itself—which are given us of the Passion, and throw some light on those variations between them, which may have seemed strange to some of us. In this hope I leave it to the judgment of my readers.

ALFRED BARRY.



MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXXVII.

"It seems that I am happy."

Maud.

HREE weeks passed over the heads of the English quartett with whom we have lately had alone to deal. These weeks had cemented the friendship between them, though to the eye of a stranger no change would have been apparent. They were no chil-

dren, as we have said before; no young enthusiastic creatures in the heyday of life and existence to be carried away by imaginary romances or transcendental visions. As they had met, so did they, to all appearance, part. And yet parting was not a thing they liked to speak of.

Margaret, perhaps, was the only one who seriously contemplated it as close at hand. She had regained her strength as far as it was likely that she could regain it for many long days to come. White and wan as her face was still, it wore a look that had been a stranger to it since the days of Gaspar's illness. Liveliness it could not be called, but life it really seemed to be.

"I am coming home by Civita Vecchia and Marseilles next Thursday," she wrote to Philippine, when the happy three weeks of returning health and congenial spirits had passed by. "I think life has come back to me after all, though lately the spilt hour-glass seemed slipping through my fingers, and I could not care to stop the sands at all. I fear it made me selfish and thoughtless, dear Philippine, leaving my troublesome little pair on your hands. But it shall not be so any longer; I can walk now almost steadily, at least by holding on here and there to a

I. N.S.

chair or table, and on Saturday, please, let me find my children at Fernhill. Ah! if you could come with them—but that could not be—there is not a corner fit for you in the house."

"Why not," said ardent Philippine, "if it is fit for her?" But she made no preparations for taking the children herself to Fernhill. By the time the letter reached the Towers Margaret must have been on the eve of starting for England. Dolly, Charlie, and Philippine were thrown into a state of wild excitement. Elspet, who had bloomed into a fat, comely, and matronly-looking woman on the good fare the Beauchamps' hospitality had provided for her, and on the easy mind she had lately carried in her breast, was very little less excited. She had not had an altogether easy part to play during her visit, but she had a marvellous way of jumping over difficulties and of taking the bull by the horns. If a lie had to be told, Elspet was not the person to shrink from it. Her mistress's honour, or family, or position were equally dear to her heart, and when truth would have (in her eyes) endangered the one or the other, she unhesitatingly put truth aside. She had turned, washed, and ironed certain old scraps of ribbon that had lain by her for many years; and decked (for the honour of the family) in a smart cap adorned with the same, she sat within the sacred precincts of "the room" vis-à-vis to the pompous butler and housekeeper, and held her own unabashed and fearless.

"Oh no, Mrs. Jamieson," she would say, sipping her tea as elegantly as if she had always been used to Dresden china, and only thought this stoneware service very neat and unobjectionable, "oh no, we won't be long residing at Fernhill. The house as we had taken is so much run after that I daresay my mistress couldn't *get it* for more than a short time. And it don't suit us *quite* convenient on the whole; we hasn't quite large enough sitting-rooms to suit my lady, she's been used to such *different* ways, you see, Mrs. Jamieson. Another cup of tea, and thank you kindly, Mrs. Jamieson. Is this four-and-six the pound? Oh, I thought so. I thought I knew it; it must be about that. One don't get it good at three-and-sixpence now."

I think Margaret would have turned Elspet

out of the house if she could have overheard some of her fabrications, but happily Margaret did not hear.

She was not a little troubled at this very time, for in her weak state small troubles assumed vast proportions. And to whom, with the quick sensitiveness that Margaret had, would not a difference of opinion even between her and one to whom she owed a large debt of gratitude have caused disquietude and distress?

And a difference of opinion, nay, a painful coldness, had suddenly sprung up between Margaret and her friend.

The cause was apparently not far to seek. Margaret, finding all attempts at inducing her friend to countenance and further her return to England, and feeling that duty demanded of her at any sacrifice of comfort or inclination to return to the children, at length resolved that she must act for herself.

"I have been weak too long," she said to herself, as her white lips compressed themselves into a look as near obstinacy as her soft wistful eyes would allow. And then she had sat down and written the letter just quoted to Philippine.

Mrs. Armytage was writing in the drawing-room when Margaret entered with her closed letter in her hand. Margaret stooped and laid her thin cheek against that of her friend.

"I must go," she said softly. "You would not help me, so I have had to settle it for myself."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Armytage drily. "And what day do you propose starting?"

"Thursday," said Margaret, her knees shaking under her, for she was too weak as yet to bear the slightest excitement of feeling.

"Very well, Lightfoot shall pack for you. Perhaps you will kindly give her your orders."

Margaret sat down on a sofa by the window, and the tears welled into her eyes. She was too choked to speak, and silence there was for half an hour, only interrupted by the scratch, scratch, of Mrs. Armytage's pen.

A dream is said to occupy but a few instants of time. No wonder Margaret in that silent half hour had time for a dream as long as life itself. She had a way of going back with a mournful pleasure to days gone by, fingering the well-worn rosary of years and days, each bead fraught with so much distress, so much of care, and so little sunshine in between. Here she sat to-day in Rome and questioned her own soul. She was out of favour with the friend to whom she owed her life; she was leaving Rome with its enchantment and its associations of pleasure

and of congenial companionship. Above all she was leaving Gaspar in a foreign grave.

She was still weak enough to cry in womanish fashion over trifles, weak enough to dread the journey alone, weak enough to wish the day of parting over. And, seeing these many cares and drawbacks in the course she had resolved upon, what of attraction is there in it to be set against them? The children, and perhaps Philippine. But then with the children she must take up fresh burdens as well as pleasures. The sight of Philippine would arouse the most painful of memories; perhaps Philippine's own face might be a source of grief to Margaret, for how did she know what tale that face would tell?

Margaret questioned herself, I say. We have a right to hear her verdict, I think. "Are you happy, Margaret, or unhappy?"

The answer comes, "Happy."

Now we might be curious, and beg to analyse her thoughts, to furrow up the soil and find the cause. Here we have no right at all. Margaret's eyes have told us all she means them to tell. If they tell any more—then please move away, and look at the beggars in the convent garden.

Do you ever think how blessed you are in being able to look at all? Do you ever think what it must be to be a Mr. Palgrave in a world of darkness of your own?

For Mr. Palgrave is blind. There is no mystery about it that it should be hidden. You have guessed it long ago perhaps from his clinging dependence to his friend, from various little signs that first broke the suspicion to Margaret and to Mrs. Armytage, though many days passed before the suspicion became a truth.

"He is blind," whispered Jack Williams, shaping his lips into the words rather than forming any sounds, on the second day of their acquaintance when Mrs. Armytage had unwittingly directed his attention to a picturesque group of these very beggars you are, or ought to be, looking at now.

It was no wonder they had not discovered it at first. That his eyes were weak they had seen, but he had paid his first visit late on an afternoon by twilight, and sitting with his back to the light, the awfully still and constant look of a blind man's eyes had escaped the notice of both.

Afterwards they had heard the story from Jack Williams.

He had distinguished himself at Oxford, taking a first-class in classics, and in law and history. The only son of his mother, and

she a widow, he had devoted all his energies as much to her comfort and satisfaction as to the darling pursuits of study. But his health had never been good, and before he had gone in for his last examination he felt that his eyes were giving way.

"I loved ambition better than the gifts of God," he said to Jack once, "and I satisfied one by sacrificing the other. I did it with my eyes open," he said with a mournful smile, "and now I must not complain that they are shut."

When Margaret first discovered Mr. Palgrave's loss it affected her very painfully. Blindness had for her an overpowering dread that was almost horror. Blindness in a man who was a young man still, filled her with an unspeakably great compassion, while the awe that it at first inspired in her amounted almost to repulsion.

She said something of this to Jack Williams, but not till she could tell him that constant intercourse with Mr. Palgrave had entirely removed the childish prejudice.

"Oh, I beg of you, don't let him know that," he replied, "for strangely enough he has himself the idea that his blindness makes him repulsive. He is so little used to it that it is a very tender subject too; I never mention it unless he does so first. He will never talk to you of it, however, so there is no fear of your committing yourself by telling him what your first feelings towards him were."

"It was not towards *him*," said Margaret hastily; "it was the blindness itself that repelled me. It is an odd feeling that I cannot account for. Do you know my strongest associations with St. Mark's, at Venice, is that of a blind man whom I saw led in by a friend, just as you lead Mr. Palgrave. I was five years old then; my father had taken us to Venice. This man stood up erect against the wall as motionless as a statue. The crowd surged round him. The organ rolled, fresh faces were always passing and repassing. Now and then he felt nervously with his fingers about his coat, as if the darkness were quite new to him. Now and then he moved his hand a little, as if to make quite sure that he was master at least of that."

"I crept closer to my father, but my eyes refused to leave the spot to which they were riveted. I suppose it was the helplessness of the man in strange conjunction with an unusually powerful frame that impressed my child's imagination, but still more, I think, the awful constancy of his fixed gaze as he towered there over the moving mass of people."

After a little further conversation about

Mr. Palgrave, in which Jack Williams poured out his grateful soul and his intense love and respect for his friend to Margaret's attentive ear, she asked—

"Is there any hope of his recovery?"

"He has given up all hope. At least he says so, and I think it is as well."

This was all but a few days after the acquaintanceship had been formed. Later, though Jack Williams was never weary of praising and referring to his friend, the conversation became more and more one-sided. Margaret did not encourage the subject, though she listened. It is a great pity if she has let that foolish prejudice about the blindness return again, to become master of her better sense.

XXXVIII.

"Thank God, who made me blind to make me see."
ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Two days before Margaret left Rome, she was sitting very wearied and disconsolate in her empty room, the contents of her rickety Roman cupboard strewn on the floor, and the poor battered little square trunk gaping to receive them. She had not done more than lay a few books in the bottom of the box when her aching back compelled her to rest for a moment. Mrs. Armytage's maid was to fold the scanty little wardrobe, but there was a desk, some papers, and some books, which Margaret did not care to trust to other hands than her own.

When she had recovered herself, and had put in the remainder of her treasures, she threw open her window and looked out.

The next day was Christmas-day. In England there must be deep snow, holly, and fires; or that green, moist, grey Christmas-tide, with the shadow of its sad saying about "fat churchyards." How different here! Blue sky, a hot sun, open carriages, flowers—everything suggestive of peace and good-will, but not of yule logs or old associations. Rome is astir; foreigners have flocked to her for the great festival; the Pifferari, who have played since Advent began, to every Madonna at every street corner, are ending their tuneful jubilee; to-morrow no one will listen to them. The silver trumpets will empty Rome's streets to fill her St. Peter's.

Margaret, standing at her window, was thinking of all this, and watching a group of men playing "Mora" in the street below. "Due! Tre! Quattro! Tutti!" they kept calling, in a shrill, biting cry, beneath the overhanging boughs of an ilex. A footstep or footsteps on the landing of their own "stage" called her attention from the window.

She had a way now of listening to footsteps—perhaps fevers leave such effects upon the nerves. Several voices were speaking, luggage was being carried up and put down heavily on the ground.

"Margaret Marshall leaves on Thursday, and then you can have her room," said Mrs. Armytage, quite distinctly.

"Please, let me wash my hands and face," was the answer. "I feel a ruffian."

Poor Luke Carew! you are quite right to wash your hands and face. You will need all the assistance that you can lend yourself or that others will give you.

So he had come. There had been hints of it several times. "He may come any day," Margaret had overheard his sister saying to some friend, though, since the coolness had sprung up between the two women, Luke had been passed over in complete silence.

Margaret put on her bonnet and shawl and prepared to go out, for the first time alone. Would it look like cowardice, or affectation, or emotion? Perhaps. But she was not coward enough to sacrifice her inclination to what people might say or think. "And," said Margaret, hardening herself as she drew her shawl tighter round her and went quietly down the long stone stairs, "what can it matter what Mr. Carew thinks?"

She found the Corso too crowded to be pleasant, and made, as quickly as her weak limbs would allow, for the Doria Gallery. It was sweet to breathe the fresh air of heaven; and a certain sense of freedom came back to her as she stepped along alone—for she had lost her freedom, of this she was quite certain. Was it good? She knew it. Was it pleasant? She was not sure. Only she drew her shawl yet closer, and said to herself that it was sweet to be alone.

A few moments saw her seated in one of the rooms of the great gallery, people passing to and fro before her, but her eyes and soul absorbed in the great works that held her attention, and even prevented her from seeing and dilating on the hay, straw, and stubble, which abound in Roman galleries as elsewhere.

She had taken a quiet window-seat opposite some picture that fascinated her; then her view was obscured by two figures, who coming in by one door were passing through with their backs turned towards her to the other. But the same picture which had attracted her seemed to interest them; and, as they paused, she recognised Jack Williams and Mr. Palgrave. The surprise brought a little colour to her face, perhaps. But then

she is very weak still, and that is nothing. But, unlike herself, Margaret did not at once stand up and offer a greeting. An instant later, when she had thought better of it and was about to do so, a lady, to Margaret's surprise, joined the two friends.

Mr. Palgrave held out his hand, and, feeling for hers while his sightless eyes turned towards her, he drew her arm within his own.

"Now," Margaret could hear him say, in his patient, calm voice, "read the picture to me. Your eyes ought to be able to tell me the story well."

"It is a St. Agnes," said Jack Williams, and then he proceeded to describe the picture. After which the lady at his right side did likewise, but coloured her word-painting with a true poetry of her own.

"Can you see it now?" she asked.

Mr. Palgrave drew her hand closer to his side, and laid his own upon it as his answer.

"You are not cold in here?" he asked tenderly. And those sad eyes, turned upon her, showed themselves in part to Margaret too. She could not bear to see blind eyes, you know. That must be why her face has changed in the last moments since we have been looking at the picture.

"I can show you it better," said Jack Williams, smiling, "by telling you who it is like."

"Who?" asked Mr. Palgrave quickly.

"Margaret—Miss Marshall—it is her face on canvas. I have always thought her like a saint—like a St. Agnes, too, only with more power, much more power."

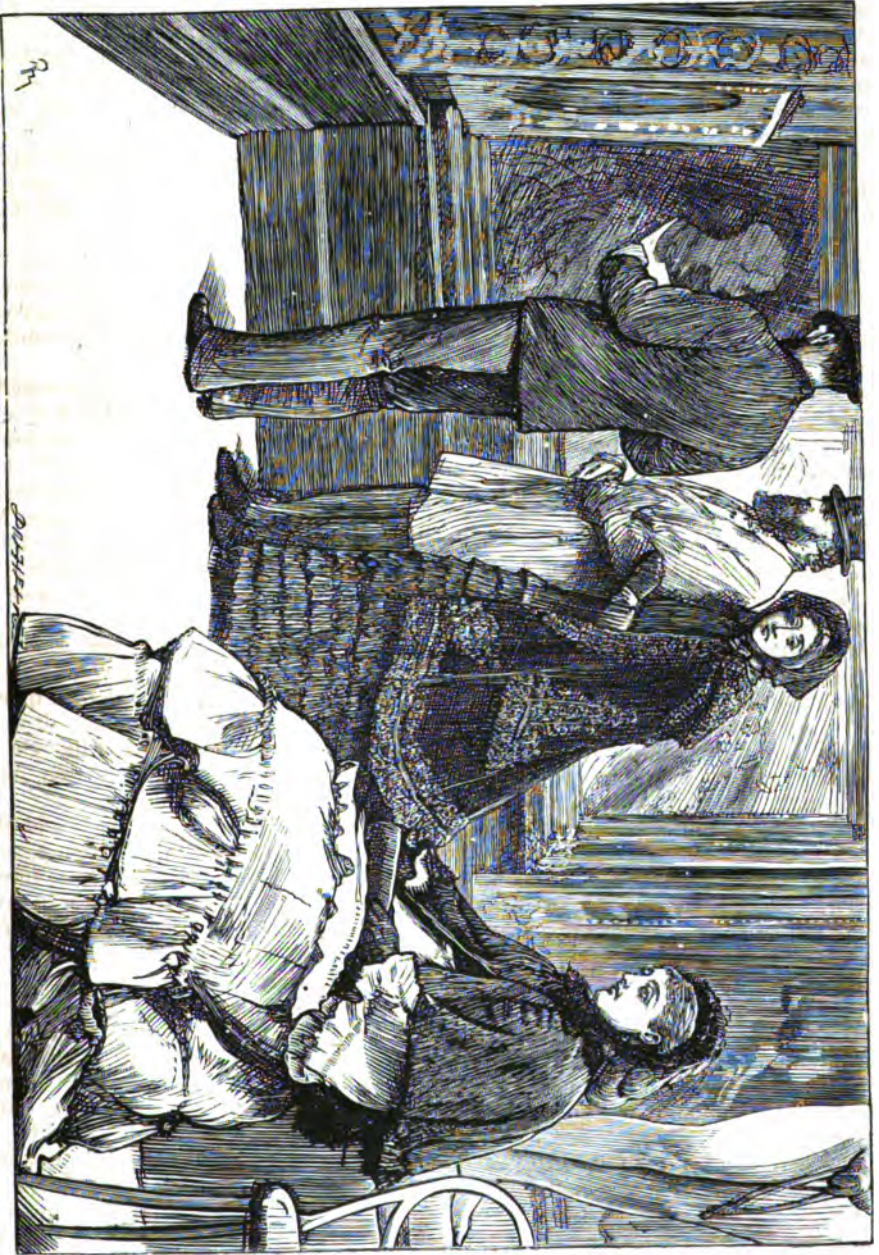
"I should like to see her," said the lady. "I am jealous of this Margaret." And as she spoke her tall, delicate figure turned itself half round, and Margaret saw a beautiful face under a thin black veil, eyes full of sorrow, and the sweetest and smallest of mouths playing with a gentle smile.

And then the three passed from the room, and Margaret was left with her St. Agnes.

When she thought of it afterwards she could not tell why she had sat there stupid and motionless. Why had she listened to what they had said of her? Why had she not at least left the room? But it had all passed in a moment. She knew nothing, except that an unconquerable dread of being surprised and spoken to just then had possessed her.

When she got home she was given a card. It bore the name of Mr. Pickering. He would call again at four o'clock.

"And luncheon is ready, Margaret," said Mrs. Armytage in a tone more amiable than



"MARGARET."

it had been for days past, "and my brother Luke has come."

Which were the most distasteful of the two, Luke or luncheon, it was difficult to say.

"Oh, child!" said Mrs. Armytage again, when the trio so ill at ease sat down to their light luncheon of fruit, macaroni, and wine—"how tired you look! What have you been doing with yourself—and how do you think you are to start on Thursday?"

Margaret smiled. But grapes and oranges lay untouched on her plate, and she acknowledged that though she had sat nearly all the morning in the gallery she was a good deal tired.

"We have a plan for St. Peter's and all manner of churches to-night," said Mrs. Armytage kindly. "And I did so wish you to be fresh and able for it."

Margaret said she should be quite able, though her looks belied her words.

XXXIX.

Four o'clock came, and with it Mr. Pickering.

His meeting with Margaret was of so affectionate a character that Luke Carew frowned a little, in spite of himself, as he left them together.

"My dear! my dear!" Mr. Pickering kept saying, wringing her hand in his elephantine clasp, and really moved too much for his usual rough speech and manner. He recovered himself very shortly, however, and was the veritable Joshua once more.

"Poor dear! poor dear!" he ejaculated once, when Margaret's eyes filled with tears as he alluded to their last meeting. She had not seen him more than twice or three times in her life, and yet the unmistakable warmth of friendship came into the room with him.

"Well, miss," he continued when he felt better, and the tears had fallen into Margaret's lap; "well, and I propose to be so impertinent as to ask what your plans are. Where do you propose setting up shop when you get back to the old place across the Channel?"

Margaret said sorrowfully she had no plans, further than her intention of returning to the cottage at Fernhill.

"*Fernhill! cottage!* stuff and nonsense, miss! Excuse me for saying so, but this is all sham and make-believe. You ain't really set upon *that* plan, I believe you. Not you!—oh! no."

And Mr. Pickering burst into a loud guffaw, and threw himself heavily back in the

arm-chair, which creaked ominously, and showed symptoms of Roman decay.

Margaret looked at him bewildered and astonished.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Now," said he, "I'm pretty fairly up to womanish dodges, that I am, having had some small experience with one Mrs. P. But I reckon they beat me sometimes, 'specially women with saintly faces. Whether they're speaking truth, or working on a poor chap's feelings, I ain't at liberty to guess. But what I mostly goes in for is, making for the point. And when I asks a straight question there isn't one woman out of fifty has the moral what-d'ye-call-it to tell a lie! With your leave, miss," and he bent forward, and peered into Margaret's face, "I'm going to ask a question now of you; and as I'm interested in the concern, perhaps you'll do me the kindness to reply. Have I your leave?"

"Certainly," said Margaret, unhesitatingly.

"Well, then," and he drew in his chair till his knees almost touched Margaret's, while he lowered his voice to a confidential whisper (he could not whisper, and it ended in a hoarse falsetto). "Do you mean to set up for yourself, or do you mean to enter into partnership?"

"I don't understand," she replied.

"To be plainer, miss, have you forsworn the single state and art together; and are you going in for matrimony, money, and the domestic hearth?"

Margaret fairly laughed. It was so long since she had done so, that the sound of her own laughter saddened her again. She sighed, and assured Mr. Pickering that she had no idea of abjuring either her art or the single state.

Mr. Pickering gave a long peculiar whistle through his thick lips, and his great eyebrows contracted. The whistle implied satisfaction; the contraction, of course, suggested a drawback, or a difficulty.

"Poor chap! poor chap!" he muttered between his teeth.

Then there was a silence, while he patted his great foot on the ground, and ran his huge hand through the mop of grizzly hair that crowned him.

Presently he looked up, set his jaw resolutely, and said,

"Miss Marshall!"

"Yes, Mr. Pickering."

"The Almighty has his system of compensations—Carew loses; art and Joshua Pickering win. Will you be led by me in the matter of this art? I ain't a polished scholar,

and I ain't a poet, but I've climbed out of the dunghill along of this art of mine, and I think I can help you too. My dear," said he, softening his voice to a tone Margaret had never heard in it before, and holding out his hand for hers, "my dear—no offence I hope—I want to help you. You ain't too proud to learn the way?"

"Not too proud, I hope," she answered, "to learn to help *myself*."

"The genteel blood! Thank the stars, there ain't none of it *here*, Joshua P.," and he dug into one of the veins of his brown hand with the forefinger of the other. "Not that I proposed otherwise, miss. I weren't agoing to offer you an annuity, nor to assist you into the Lambeth Union, nor to send you round with a hat to-morrow in St. Peter's."

"You are always kind, Mr. Pickering," said Margaret. "I know you would not make an unworthy proposal to me. Tell me what I must do, for, indeed, I want help." And she raised her large mournful eyes to his.

He looked away directly; nay, he turned his very chair round. "For goodness sake, don't look so! My pocket's got turned, and the port-money in it. And now, miss, before you see so ungenteel a thing as gold, and hear the vulgar click of coin, let me tell you that you've started helping *yourself*. One, two, three, four, five," and he counted out forty sovereigns upon the table.

"You ain't going to 'go off,' I hope, miss? Not while I'm alone in here, if you please—might look odd and out of place—"

"I never faint," said Margaret disdainfully, forgetting that swoon at Munich, she had indeed hardly known of, with tears pouring down her thin cheeks. "How have I earned this? Is it a dream? What does it mean, Mr. Pickering?"

"It means you painted a picture in your dream," said Joshua, with a half bacchanalian grin of delight at her astonishment and emotion; "it means I came and took it away while you slept; it means 'a sleep of sorrow and a dream of joy'; it means a picture of a child's head that's sold to a connoisseur; the artist one Margaret Marshall. It means, my dear, forty pounds sterling!" And arriving at that tremendous climax of his eloquence, Mr. Pickering wiped his forehead, and was silent.

"And now," he resumed, while Margaret smiled through her tears and fingered the pieces, making little broken exclamations of gratitude and astonishment all the while, "I have a plan to propose, Miss Marshall, upon which I beg your consideration for one whole day. If you come to the conclusion I come to,

you will not make the train to Civita Vecchia heavier on Thursday. You'll stay in Rome."

"That is impossible," she replied decidedly.

"Indeed!" said Joshua ironically.

"What is your plan?" she asked.

"That you study in Rome—that you take a studio here, in Rome."

"That is impossible!" she cried again incredulously.

"Indeed, miss! Well, I'm sorry—most sorry to find you ain't so large-minded as I took you for. It's narrow minds, I guess, that ain't got no room for possibilities. But I'll say good morning, miss, as my mission ain't as successful as I might wish.

'Fare thee well, and if for ever—'

"Don't be angry, Mr. Pickering," pleaded Margaret. "You don't know of my difficulties. What can I do with the children?"

"Children! children! People meaning to hook it oughtn't to leave a legacy of children to the world. Beg your pardon, miss. No offence, I hope. Bring them here, of course, at once. Send for them, I mean. Send for them! I'll telegraph! I'll write! I'll write six letters; so that one of the six has a good chance of escaping the old 'Papa's' fingers. Five for the post-office is a handsome allowance, eh? I'll blow up the cardinals! I'll prophesy the downfall of Papery—Popery, I mean! It'll take 'em a week to read the five. Meantime, what with the smoke of burning 'em, and the bother of reading 'em, the sixth 'll make his way to England, and you needn't go. You ain't fit to travel; you know you ain't." And Mr. Pickering opened his snuff-box and absorbed an unusually large pinch.

"That I must go home I know," said Margaret quietly. "Whether it would be possible for me to come back to Rome and follow your advice, that is such a weighty question for a lonely woman like me, that you must give me time to answer it. Shall I see you in St. Peter's to-night?"

"Oh yes! *Pastorelly*, or something, eh?"

"Yes, it begins about ten or eleven o'clock. I am going there instead of to high mass to-morrow. I will tell you then, if I can, what my 'possibilities' are. You must not despise me if I am less large-hearted than you, Mr. Pickering."

And with a hearty shake of the hand, or hands, they parted.

XL.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

VERY few people go to St. Peter's on Christmas-eve, for the greater part of

Rome reserves itself for high mass the next day.

All the more peaceful and impressive, therefore, is the long vigil in the beautiful, silent place.

There are no lights, save in the chapel on the left-hand side, where the Pastoral, the Song of the Shepherds, is being sung: This light, in a pale flood, streams out into the dim aisles, and lights up the faces of the few who stand beside the entrance: priests, with books, joining the choir within, Zouaves leaning against some marble monument, a good many foreigners, chiefly English and American, who have come to see, if not to understand.

There is a group of these whom we must look at for a moment. They are standing to the right of the chapel, the full light falling on their features. A blind man with a grand face and brow, sightless blue eyes looking constantly onwards, a mouth with the smile of a child playing upon it; but that firm look of patient resolve there too, so utterly unchildlike. Is he listening to the music, drinking in its harmonies, that his face is so holy and so calm? I think he must hear sweeter melodies than these—soul-melodies surging up, clashing with the Pastoral into melodious discords, carrying him quite above St. Peter's and the towering dome.

The great clock booms twelve! and then the Pastoral verily begins; for Christmas morning dawns upon old earth again.

The blind man becomes a little restless. Can it be the change in the music, the clear ring of the shepherds' pipes breaking through the roll of the organ? He puts out his hand and feels round him. He speaks his friend's name; but Jack Williams has left him since we looked, and is wandering now round the tomb of the apostle at the farther end.

Mr. Palgrave sighs, leans back against the wall once more, and throws his head up with an expression of pain. He moves his child-like lips; it seems as if he might be saying something between a prayer and a muffled moan of misery.

He starts suddenly, for his hand is touched.

"Even my ears are useless to me," he says to Mrs. Armytage sadly, for it is she who has touched him. And in his heart he adds, "I have been looking for you a long while past." But this not to Mrs. Armytage.

They stand there for half an hour, a silent group; Luke Carew beside Margaret, dangling an officious camp-stool in his hand, and trying to look at her face, which she turns from him; Mrs. Armytage, talking animatedly to Mr. Palgrave, rather more than he seems

to care for; the organ rolling, the shepherds' pipes waxing loud and jubilant, the Zouave falling asleep over his folded arms.

"Is that poor Palgrave, Miss Marshall?" Luke inquires timidly.

"It is Mr. Palgrave," says Margaret drily. She is getting terribly tired of standing, yet she will not take the dangling camp-stool and gratify poor Luke. She would like to walk about and change her position, but she knows the mournful shadow and the dangling appendage will come after her. She knew now she had never loved Luke Carew. She felt that to-night her indifference had become dislike. Why was he here, why did he intrude on her and her thoughts—"this last night!" She kept saying to herself—"this last night!" And yet it was not her last night in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Pickering arrived in St. Peter's about one o'clock. "Where's the 'Pastorelly,' if you please, Monsiure?" she inquired, arranging her disconcerted locks on either side her face, and addressing a young German priest, who shook his head solemnly and passed on to kiss what remains of St. Peter's toe.

"Où est ce que je peux trouverai le Pastorelly, Monsiure?" she tried next, but with better success. Her informant called it the "Pastorelly" too, and pointed out the chapel.

Half-past five. St. Peter's still. The Pastoral still. The dawn is creeping in, and all the faces are weary and haggard.

"When is it to be?" asks Mrs. Armytage of a lady beside her. It is the same lady who joined Mr. Palgrave and Jack Williams in the Doria gallery.

"Not for a year: he is to be under the doctors at Kissingen during the summer. The oculist returns to Rome every winter, and if Francis is well enough, please God, it will be tried by January twelvemonths."

"The operation, you mean?"

"Yes: he is not strong enough now. His health has never recovered the fever."

"And he lost his sight then?"

"Yes. Three years ago. Three years ago last August. Congestion followed the fever: the oculist thinks that congestion is the sole cause of his blindness. The operation, if it is successful, will remove that."

"Is he very anxious about the result?"

"Very. He has been more anxious than ever lately. He does not seem as resigned to his blindness as he used to be." The lady paused, and then said as a sudden afterthought, "Is Miss Marshall here? Will you introduce me?"

At that moment Margaret was standing apart: she had wearied out even Luke's patience for a while. A short time before upon looking round she had noticed the beautiful woman in black whom she had seen in the Doria gallery. Margaret had not spoken much that night, but now she drew farther away still, and stood in the shadow alone. "Who is that?" she asked Jack Williams with so apparent an effort that he thought she was ill, and offered to take her home.

"That is Mrs. Palgrave," he answered. "Is she not beautiful? Are you sure you are not cold? or tired? Will you let me take you home?"

"I think I will go home presently; I am a little cold," said Margaret shivering, and drawing her shawl closer.

And as she stood waiting for Jack Williams to go and tell Mrs. Armytage, the latter and the lady in black came towards her.

As they drew near, the chapel lights fell like moonshine on every white straight feature



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of Mrs. Palgrave's face. But they showed it to Margaret as she had never seen it before. She was not a young woman after all: the complexion, whose whiteness and fineness, together with her erect figure and perfect features, had given her at first sight a look of youth, was after all a little furrowed, had lost the soft freshness of early womanhood.

"This is our friend Mr. Palgrave's mother, Margaret—who wishes to know you," said Mrs. Armytage.

At six o'clock or sooner, St. Peter's began filling for high mass at nine. Veiled ladies were moving to and fro and taking their "reserved places" with looks of silent satisfaction.

Mrs. Pickering too began her part, railing

at the unfortunate Joshua for having neglected to give her a veil.

"It's not decent, Pickering, and you knows it. Respectable women coming here to be a-stared at by them nasty priests. Don't you see that horrid shaven-head looking at me? But *you* don't care, not you! Oh no! you don't care!"

"Bless you, woman!" returned Joshua, "I'm just conceiving a mural study, my dear, 'St. Peter's on Christmas morning'—ladies veiled—monks staring—Mrs. Pickering in the foreground."

"*Veiled*, Pickering?" she asked in a tone of genuine anxiety.

But Mr. Pickering was quoting Byron, and thinking how beautiful Margaret would look with a veil like that. He should make a study

of that, and abandon the "mural" study after all.

Margaret waited for Mrs. Armytage, and by half-past six they were at home. Luke Carew did not return with them. He was last seen wringing his hands, thinking himself *unseen*, in a dark corner of St. Peter's.

"I see you dislike my brother," said Mrs. Armytage to Margaret as they drove home. "I am sorry, my dear, and I hope you may do better."

Margaret said, as best she could, that she was very sorry too. Who knows but she may have echoed the last wish also, and thought it possible?

Margaret's sleep was sweet and sound that night, and the night after too, though it was the last in Rome for her.

THE MAN WANTED WHEN HE IS GONE.*

"Now Samuel was dead, and all Israel had lamented him, and buried him in Ramah; even in his own city."—
1 SAM. xxviii. 3.

AND yet he was missed—and yet he was wanted.

The world soon resumes its habits after most deaths: for few deaths it even suspends them. Four years after a death—which was the interval here—scarce two or three men in a generation are so much as thought of out of their own immediate circle. We can be dispensed with, we can be replaced, the busiest, the wisest, the greatest of us. There is but one heart, for most men—not one, for very many—in which the void left is permanent. Statesmen, Churchmen, generals, orators, poets, philosophers, of whom we said in the lifetime that the loss would be irreparable—they are gone, and we have borne it: new events have occurred, new ideas have arisen, new combinations and complications of circumstance—at last we feel that the same man restored would be behindhand in his knowledge, would be inappropriate in his counsel: give us the living man for the living, and be contented to deck with flowers, or to wet with your tears, the graves of the departed.

How is it, then, that one or two men are not only missed, but wanted again, sorely wanted, when they are gone? How was it, let us ask of God's Word this morning, that this particular prophet, whose name is our study for three Sundays at this season, was missed, was wanted, by king and people, when he had been dead four years? Saul, in this crisis of his fate, with the Philistines

making war upon him, and God departed and silent, will break his own laws, will undo his own exploits, will expose himself to disgrace and danger by unlawful commerce with necromancers, if he may but have five words with Samuel. And yet their relations in life had been unsatisfactory: their communications, as king and seer, had been closed long before death: the prophet had even given away the throne, had even anointed the successor. There must have been something—we know that there was something—in that character, which made it everlasting, indestructible, in its influence. In so far as any influence is permanent, it will be found to share these characteristics.

1. The life of Samuel, the character of Samuel, was one all through. There was no break in it. There was no dissolute youth to be patched up by spasms and convulsions of repentance into a grave manhood and a reverend old age. Samuel was not only "lent to the Lord" from his childhood—was not only brought up in a priestly house, amidst sights and sounds of religion: from his infancy he had been religious. When other youths around him were disgusting men with the Lord's offering by the unholy familiarity with which they touched the sacrifices and bandied words with the worshippers, he moved amidst holy things holily: he felt it a solemn responsibility to sleep in the precincts of the sanctuary: he was alert and waking when the unknown Voice reached him—ready, when he knew what the Voice was,

to answer instantly, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth."

Thus Samuel supplies the counterpart and correction of more exciting experiences. His is the history of a life brought up from childhood in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. "In quietness and in confidence" was that "strength" matured, because there had been no drying up of the first dew of the youth—no loss or forfeiture of original grace—only that early "planting in the courts of the Lord," which "brings forth more fruit in the age," and "shows how true the Lord its strength is."

Brethren, the grace of Conversion is mighty and wonderful. A sinner turned from the error of his way is the cause of joy in heaven. It is the joy over a recovery from deadly sickness. It is the joy over a restoration from drowning or shipwreck. It is the joy over a lost one found, over a life given back from the dead.

Brethren, there is but one thing greater. And that is, the unity of a life which has been all God's from the cradle to the grave. A life that has had no rent in it, and no chasm; and that, not because it was all colourless and passionless and loveless, but for the very opposite reason, that it was all brightness, all zeal, and all devotion.

That terrible saying, "The greater the sinner the greater the saint," is as ignorant as it is immoral. The Law should teach us better, if not the Gospel. Where in the Book of God do we find it written that Conversion ought to be the Church's hope? Blessed be God, His love lies deeper than doctrine, and therefore we trust His grace with the reparative as with the preventive processes of the spiritual life: but we cannot allow that sin, still less a half-lifetime of sin, is the necessity of His people: we cannot consent to rank higher among Gospel experiences the life that has been reclaimed than the life that has been protected.

The life before us to-day was a unit life; not a life cleft in twain—one half soiled and spotted and stained, the other half washed and cleansed and purified. A life all one—and all God's.

I know that it is idle to address a congregation of mature age as if they could begin afresh and make all things new. It is like preaching in a hospital upon the blessings of a good constitution. We are to-day such as we are. God can justify and sanctify—God Himself cannot unmake the thing that has once been. Still, for humility's sake, for truth's sake, for the Gospel's sake, let us feel, let us sorrowfully feel this—that God's highest,

most durable, most beautiful works on earth are for the unit lives, for those virgin souls which early knew, and never left, the first love. It is to these that sinners turn in their distress—it is to these that they tell their soul's deepest sorrows: sympathy with sin helps not, it defeats rather, sympathy with the sinner: the Sauls turn to the Samuels; they turn not to the Manassehs, scarcely to the Magdalenes.

Brethren, there is not enough said in our Churches, of the power of an unforfeited purity. It is a rare grace—it ought to be a great ambition. It is the condition of some service; it is the beauty and the crown of all. I doubt whether Samuel would have been wanted, four years after his burial, by a restless disconsolate king, if he had lacked this first characteristic—of a unit life.

2. The second was, an absolute disinterestedness.

It is this quality that he dwells upon in the appeal of his old age. "Behold, here I am: witness against me this day before the Lord and before His anointed. Whose ox have I taken? . . . of whose hand have I taken any bribe?" "And they said, Thou hast not taken aught of any man's hand."

From the first day to the last, he had lived for his people. His time, his strength, his judgment, his voice, his intercession, all had been theirs. For more than a hundred years, he was God's and Israel's. It is impossible to over-estimate the power of this grace—disinterestedness. "I seek not mine own glory." "I seek not yours, but you." Wheresoever this grace is, in dimmest, most clouded reflection, there is power. Believe that a man lives neither for money, nor for rank, nor for power, nor for fame—and you trust him with your all. Samuel died, as he had been born, in that house at Ramah. In that house he was buried. It is a sort of parable of disinterestedness. Even for his burial-place he had just the home. Saul knew, every Israelite knew, that no event, political or ecclesiastical, neither consecration nor coronation, could affect, in the slightest degree, the circumstances of Samuel. He lived for God and the people. Therefore there was a blank and there was a void when he was gone. Four years after his burial, the poor king's cry was, "Bring me up Samuel."

I do not say that no man can be disinterested who accepts office, or stipend, or title. Even to Samuel, when men came to enquire about their strayed cattle or their embarrassing duty, they brought a present in their hand. Even Samuel was asked to their feasts, and

they waited for him to say the grace. Office is no sinecure. Some men accept it as their cross, and resign it with jubilation. Some men exercise it as their daily sacrifice, and feel their days at once embittered by it and shortened. Some of the most disinterested men that ever lived have been ministers, bishops, judges, kings. It is the man that makes the office, not the office the man. I only say that disinterestedness is the condition of influence. You may have power—coarse brutal strength—without it; for there is a brute force of office, as well as of body: but power and influence are seldom united—never, where self-interest rules.

I do not doubt that Saul did full justice to the disinterestedness of Samuel. I do not doubt that he said to himself, that awful night before Gilboa, There was once a man who would have given me of his best—counsel, sympathy, Oh—far above all to-night—prayer! He would not have deserted me—he would not have spurned me in my extremity: he gave me up because he thought me crooked—because he could not make me straightforward in God's service: but Oh! to-night, could I but see him, he would pity me! "Bring me up Samuel!"

3. I will add a third characteristic—what I will venture to call the adaptability of Samuel.

He lived in an age of transition. He was the last of the judges—he was the first of the prophets. Much more than this—he was also the designator and anointer of two kings—the authoritative inaugurator of a system which he disapproved—of a human in place of a theocratic throne.

His very soul was shaken, was convulsed, by the innovation. He thought it impolitic, and he thought it wrong. His prepossessions, his opinions, were all against it. It contradicted his idea of the very meaning of the Chosen People. He disapproved, he argued, he warned, he remonstrated, he rebuked, he all but refused. He did not refuse. He saw God even in the error. It was a retrograde step; but sin had gone first, and then came necessity. It is a true type of the trial, and the duty, of politicians, of ecclesiastics, who live in transitional times. They cannot but feel—they cannot but suffer. They do well to remonstrate—they do well to reprove. They cannot, they ought not to throw themselves into the new. They must be solitaires, in spirit. They must feel keenly the lost good, the foreseen evil. Yet they do not well to take the one step beyond. They have no right to seclude and separate themselves.

They are citizens still, if nothing more, in God's Israel; and to retire because all is not to their mind, is to repudiate the franchise. Nor must they stand only on earth's highway, like ghosts and spectres, to "squeak and gibber" of a bygone perfection. Seriously, sadly, mournfully, yet manfully too, they must address themselves to the work that is, and to the world in which it must be done. Till God gives their discharge, they are in His army. They are at the post assigned—they must do what they can. When He sees that they are superannuated, He will say the "Well done," and the "Come up hither."

Saul must have felt that no officer of his army was half so loyal to him, after all, as Samuel. No one would have died with him, in God's cause, more cheerfully—not even the generous, the noble, the chivalrous Jonathan.

Men do trust these sad-hearted, these old-world, these out-of-date heroes—when they see them, at the same time, earnest to lend a hand to the practical, and to make the most of that which is. No work is more true, none therefore more effective, than that of these workers not for pleasure but for duty. You see it in public life—you see it in private.

These are they who would fain dream themselves back into earlier, fairer, sunnier days—but will not because they ought not. Here has God set me—here will I dwell. Sparta is my city, not Athens or Corinth; it may be duller, less graceful, less attractive than another's capital—but God made it mine, and I will "adorn" it.

These are they whose home is not lovely nor loving—whose fireside is sullen or churlish—whose gentle aims have been frustrated, and who find but a solitude where they looked for a paradise. Yet they make the best of it; expressive saying! how vast the difference between the "best" of it and the "worst!" They adapt themselves to the position; and God adorns the winter of the old age with a few blossoms of hope and promise, telling of an inheritance above, beyond—an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away.

4. Finally, and far above all, the real indispensableness of Samuel was his living communion with God Most High.

From that first night at Shiloh—when the child ran three times to the old priest, and was at last told what to say if the Voice should speak again—on through the tens and fifties of years in the fulness of which he found his last rest in his own house at Ramah—Samuel had been the living medium of God's communications with Israel. "The

word of the Lord was precious in those days : there was no open," no common, spread-abroad, "vision." God in those days spoke through a prophet, and the prophet of those days was Samuel. When he was gone, there was no one. Think of the helplessness ! How dreary must have been a God-silent earth ! Yes, we may imagine it a relief to be "let alone"—a relief, to have the excuse of not knowing—a relief, to hear no "word behind us, saying, This is the way !" Have we tried it ? Have we tried it, I do not say in days of merriment and nights of feasting—I do not say while life is quite young, and everything is decked in gay colours, even this sombre, this monotonous, this heart-aching earth—but have we tried the being without God's voice in some season of calamity, of terror, of grief, of remorse ? Have we tried it when conscience was sore and irritable, when memory was black with frightful sin, and anticipation hot with flames of judgment ? What would we not give, at such a moment, for that saintly mother whose very face shone with God's light, or that devout pastor who seemed to pass from the closet which was God's sanctuary to the pulpit which was God's oracle ? Can we not enter *then* into the disconsolate cry of the king hurrying blindfold to his ruin, "Bring me up Samuel ?" God is silent to me—neither by dream nor by vision will He condescend to speak to me, a sinner that has flung away grace—Oh, bring me where I can hear the echo of His revelation—bring me to the man, dead or living, whose ear, from childhood, God has opened !

Strange it seems, very strange, that we should, of our own will, go back from Gospel to Law—from the open countenance to the dim reflection—from "the Spirit poured upon servants and handmaidens," to the privileged, the sparing gift of that Spirit to prophets, one in their generation ! Yet, brethren, our appeal is to you—and "heart answereth to heart" in making it—which of all us is this day in vital, living, face-to-face converse with the God revealed to us in His Son ? Suffer, I pray you, lay to heart the word of enquiry—Have you spoken, you, and you, in this very service, to a God living and listening and almighty to answer ? Remember, neither preacher nor priest can do this for you—neither director, nor confessor, nor sage, nor saint. In these days of grace and the Gospel, the man deals with God, or nothing ! You can put nothing, no one, between—neither parent, nor friend, nor minister—neither service, nor sacrament—neither angel, nor saint, nor virgin—direct, direct, or none, is the com-

munication ; and he who communicates not has not the Spirit, and he who has not the Spirit of Christ is none of His.

Oh, it were sinking, and not rising, in this appeal, to speak to you of the absolute loss of influence involved in separation from God. It is true—it is true—to have God in you, to have access to Him and to use it, this, this is power ! This it is which makes you a force and a might in your generation—this it is which makes your friend, which makes your home, which makes your country, miss you when you have been four years dead. The man who brought into my life, into my soul, God's message—Oh, bring him back ! He comes not, but you can do better ! You can do that which he did—you can cry to God, and He shall hear you ; yea, He will be with you in trouble ; with His eternal life will He satisfy you, and show you His salvation.

There are men missed in their generation—men over whom Israel still makes lamentation, as they pass, in fulness of days, or (more often) in fulness of their vigour, from the work-field of earth into the saints' rest of heaven. Such a man has been lost, within these few days, to these kingdoms : we would make reverent mention of him within these walls. Something of a personal sorrow has wept, throughout the country, over his grave. For he was a man of love, and love gathered around him everywhere. We who scarcely knew him felt that we knew him well. For he had done more perhaps than any man to make Christian doctrine genial and religious literature popular. He would not suffer the influences of his national creed to cramp or narrow his sympathies. He felt in his heart and in his soul that Christ the Son of God was in deed and in truth Very Man, and that in Him Divinity and Humanity are perfectly and for ever one. "From man," and therefore from Christ, "nothing human can be alien"—not the prattle of childhood, not the mirth of home, not the sparkle of genius, not the orator's eloquence, not the voice of song—not the discovery of science, not the enquiry of truth—of Him and through Him and to Him are all things, and He is glorified in all.

Now he rests from his labours, and his works shall follow him. Palace and cottage, Kirk and Church, Scotland and England, meet at his grave, and shall understand one another the better for his having been born. May the mantle of Elijah fall on Elisha, and some kindred spirit breathe upon the generation to come the influence of his work and of his example !

C. J. VAUGHAN.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

X.

1 Cor. xv. 51-57.

BEHOLD, I show you a mystery—not a mystery in the sense in which we now ordinarily use that term—not a thing obscure, perplexing, hard to be understood, but a mystery in the sense in which the word is so often used in the New Testament, a thing that had previously been kept secret, that lay hidden from human eyes, which man could not have discovered, but which God has been pleased to reveal. Such is the information which Paul here gives as to the world's last day. That information he neither received from man, nor could it have been gotten otherwise than by direct revelation from God. He only, the author of that future, can tell us what future is to be. What and how much about that Judgment Day we are now to know, it lies with Him wholly to decide, for not a single ray of light can fall upon that event but what comes immediately from Himself. And looking at the kind and amount of the information that it has pleased Him to convey to us in the Holy Scriptures, we are struck with the absence of anything like extended or detailed description. Of all the topics within the range of revelation, none could have presented more materials for exciting and gratifying the wonder and curiosity of mankind. Imposture could have found no difficulty in framing a full-length picture out of these materials, enthusiasm could scarcely have escaped the attempt to do so. The passages in the Bible, however, are but few in which anything like a detailed description of the incidents of the Judgment Day is given us. Of the great fact itself, that the Lord hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained, we are frequently and earnestly reminded. But of the mode or outer circumstances of the event comparatively little is revealed. Nearly all that is told us in the Scriptures is comprised in four passages: Matt. xxv. 31-46; 1 Thess. iv. 13, 18; Rev. xx. 11, 14; and 2 Peter iii.—a chapter to which we are inclined to attach the greater importance, as it is so purely didactical in its character, so devoid of all figures and symbols, the introduction of which, into the language of the prophetic Scriptures, makes them necessarily, as they are designedly, so obscure.

One leading feature of the great day of reckoning—the one, perhaps, more than any other pressed upon our regard in Holy Writ—shall be its suddenness, its unexpectedness, the world's unpreparedness for it. It is to come as a thief in the night. It is to take the world by surprise. One cannot help often fancying to what a sharp, abrupt, and awful close the busy movements of the busy world shall then be brought. The day before its last shall see them all going on as usual. Over one-half the globe its inhabitants shall be eating and drinking, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage; the merchant in the marketplace calculating his gains; the scholar at his desk pouring over the ancient page; the reapers in the field plying their harvest task. And there in the quiet churchyard a group shall have gathered round the last grave, the coffin shall have been lowered down into it, and the grave-digger have grasped the shovel to cover up the dead. Over the other half of the globe its inhabitants shall have laid themselves down to rest; and the merchant shall be dreaming there of the gains that to-morrow's sales are to realise; and the politician shall be dreaming of the measure that to-morrow, in the senate-house, he is to propose, of the oration that to-morrow he is to deliver; and bright visions of many happy days to come shall be haunting many a youthful slumberer's fancy; and the ball-room and the banquet-room shall have hung out their glittering lights, and spread their inviting tables, and the smile, and the dance, the ringing laugh, and the jovial song, shall all be there. Just then, without a herald sent, or note of warning given, the Son of man shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. That trumpet call of heaven shall span at once the globe, and be heard the same moment at either pole. At its summons the million sleepers of the earth shall all start up from their last repose, their dreamings of earthly to-morrows all cut short. A shivering terror, like that which filled Belshazzar's hall, shall run through the ball-room and the banquet-room, and the jest half uttered, the song half sung, they shall stare upon one another there in pale affright. In the busy market-place the buyer shall forget the price he offered—the

seller the price he asked. At his desk the pen shall drop from the writer's hand. The reapers shall fling the gathered sheaves from their hands. And in that quiet churchyard that group around the grave shall be convulsed with wonder, as the coffin bursts and the dead man springs to life and stands up by their side.

For that trumpet call of heaven shall do more than waken all the sleeping and arrest all the living inhabitants of the globe. It shall go where sound never went before—it shall do what sound never did. It shall pierce the stony monument; it shall penetrate the grassy mound—far down through many a fathom of the ebbing waters shall it make its way—over the deep bed of ocean shall it roll—and the sea shall give up at once the dead that are in it, and the earth the dead that are there. And all the dead, small and great, shall arise. And in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, by the forthgoing of one fiat of the Omnipotent, over all the vast congregation of the living with which that still vaster congregation of the dead is to mingle—over all the bodies of the living a change shall pass that shall make them like to those new bodies of the raised. And all shall be caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, temporarily uplifted above those fires by which the world that now is, and all these its present works are to be burnt up. And the vast company as it rises from the earth shall meet another, perhaps vaster company descending from the skies. For He who shall that day come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, shall come with all his holy angels with Him; and there too shall be those angels that lost their first estate, and who had been reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day: heaven, earth, hell—coming thus for once together—that out of that intervening earth, heaven and hell might gather all that each could claim as its own, and then with a contrast heightened by that one meeting part for ever.

We might follow this description the few steps further that the Scripture statements enable us to take—but already we have passed beyond the point at which the Apostle in this fifteenth chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians stops. The trumpet, he says, shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we, the living, shall be changed, for as flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth

corruption inherit incorruption. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. And so when universally—as to the entire innumerable hosts of the Lord's redeemed, whether by the slow process of the sepulchre, or by one momentous change—this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Then shall the ancient prophecy of Isaiah, "He will swallow up death in victory," be fulfilled. *Then*, but not till then—till then, the swallowing up in victory lies all on the other side—death devouring all—greedily, pitilessly, promiscuously, implacably, insatiably—nor tender infancy, nor budding youth, nor rank, nor beauty, nor the bonds of love, nor the ties of friendship having any charm to touch his relentless heart or turn him from his prey. What a capacious maw! What a gluttonous, ever-craving, never-satisfied appetite the monster has! Truly now it is he who swallows up all in victory. Sooner or later all of us must become his prey. But such wide-spread, universal conquest is not to follow for ever upon the steps of the king of terrors: over this world of ours he is not for ever to go forth conquering and to conquer. Such triumph as he now enjoys is not always to crown his rule. Already upon the walls of time the mystic hand hath written the words of doom. That kingdom is to be taken from him. It is to be given to another.

Nor is it a simple stoppage of his sway, an overturning of his throne that awaiteth him. The day is yet to dawn upon our globe when at his hands his bygone conquests all shall be reclaimed. And all that the devourer had devoured he shall be forced to disgorge again, and he that swallowed us all up in that great victory of his over our race, shall in a still greater victory achieved over himself, be swallowed up—the spoiler spoiled, the destroyer in his turn destroyed.

The sight of these millions of the changed and the raised of that resurrection-day, standing up clothed with incorruption and immortality, rescued fully and rescued for ever from the dominion of sin and death; the thought that he too and all those who already were one with him in Christ should be sharers in the triumph of that day swells the Apostle's breast with the present sense of victory. With brightening eye, elastic tread, and tones that tell of triumph, he turns upon the grim tyrant death, and exclaims, "O death, where is thy

sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" No idle challenge this; no empty vaunt; no making light of death by one who knows not what death truly is, what makes it not only a sad thing, but a terrible thing to die. A kind of victory over death, a meeting it at least unmoved, is no uncommon thing. Mere brute courage lifts many above all fear of death; fired by the passion of the battlefield, thousands will meet their fate without shadow of a fear. Fatalism and infidelity have their own way of meeting death sometimes calmly enough, though most mournful that very calmness—the calmness of a dumb submission to an inevitable lot. Not thus is death contemplated by Paul. In the very height and rapture of his triumph over the last enemy, he is calm enough between the challenge and the thanksgiving to interject the statement, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." The deep consciousness of transgression—not simply the remembrance of individual distinct acts of guilt—but the agonizing, overwhelming consciousness of an unclean heart, an ungodly life, the going into the divine presence with all that accumulated weight of a lifetime's iniquity upon the soul—this it was that in Paul's judgment gave its true sting to death, make it an appalling thing to die—not the pains of dissolution, not the tearing away from all the well-known and familiar things of life, not the darkness and the loneliness of dying. The barbed and venomous dart which death holds in his hand, and which he is ready, if the poison be not beforehand taken out of it, to thrust stingingly, witheringly, consumingly, into the soul, is *sin*. And the strength of sin is the law. Were it only here and there that that sting of death came appropriately and legitimately to be inflicted, had death the option to use that sting at his own discretion, the sight of him armed with it might not be so terrible; but behind the arm that grasps that dart there is a power—the power of calm unimpassioned inexorable law—commanding that arm to strike and driving home the blow.

"But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul speaks here in the name of all true believers; he takes in as companions with him in his thanksgiving the whole company of the faithful. And the victory for which in their name he renders this high praise to God is not a victory of theirs over death in the act of dying. Such rapturous triumph in the hour of dissolution is given to but few of the soldiers of the cross.

Humbled, solemn, subdued, full of awe, while full of hope, such generally is the temper and spirit in which the best of Christians approach the hour of death. As brave men in battle die without word of boast or triumph on their lips, so Christian bravery in dying is not tested by the words the lips may utter, but by the deep, calm, humble hope that lies within the breast—Christ's own true triumph in their hearts. We know not how the great Apostle bore himself when the time of his own departure came—how he looked or what he said as he bowed his head to the stroke of the Roman executioner; but it suits our notion of him better to believe that he met that solemn hour serenely, triumphantly, yet silently meekly, than that he met his doom chanting a hymn of victory. And so—modestly, peacefully, silently—are the Lord's true servants daily passing to the great account. One of them who had long and faithfully and successfully served his Master, being asked on dying how he felt, gently and modestly replying, "I feel like a feeble insect creeping into the sunshine of the Almighty."

But, again, it is a victory not won by the believer himself, not achieved by the strength of his own will or the power of his own faith—for which Paul here gives thanks—it is a victory given, won by another, won by our great Lord and Master for us over death and the grave—when, by becoming sin for us, He drew its poison out of that sting of death, and stripped it so of its power to inflict the second death upon the soul—when, by putting himself under the law, magnifying it both in its precepts and in its penalty, He made it to be a just thing in God to justify all who believe Him, and turned the very law that gave its strength to sin into a bulwark of defence securing the safety of the redeemed—won by Him when he burst the barriers of the tomb, writing deliverance for our race upon his empty sepulchre, and in his own resurrection securing that of all his followers.

It is both a present and a future victory the one thus won for us by Christ, whose fruits and spoils He shares out among the meekest and humblest of his disciples. A present victory—Paul speaks of it as such when he thanks God for the gift of it even here and now—yet a victory to be then only consummated when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality. It is a present living, acting, reigning faith in Christ that alone gives the true victory over death and the grave. That

faith has its great facts to lean upon—the past resurrection of Christ, the future resurrection unto life of all who in dying sleep in Jesus. No other faith than that which firmly grasps these facts, and grounds upon them its hope, can lift you to that elevation from which you can look down upon your own coming death, your funeral, your burial, the grave, not as the great end of all, but only as something coming between you and that end—one from which you can look forward to your immortality, your eternity, as to a real and abiding home, where, free from sin and death, you shall be for ever with the Lord.

Animated by such a faith, struggle on against self and sin and doubt and fear, glad and grateful for it that it is upon no dreamy uncertain struggle that you have embarked. Often and often may there have to burst from your lips the same agonizing cry that Paul himself lifted in the midst of the conflict, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" But ever, too, with him will you be enabled to add, "I thank God there is deliverance through Jesus Christ our Lord. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

WILLIAM HANNA.

THE STORY OF A SCOTTISH ROCK.

THE Frith of Forth has always been celebrated for its islands. It may be a question whether islands or rocks be the fitter name, especially for those of them that once owned human habitations, but are now abandoned to sheep and rabbits. But whichever they be—rocks or islands—they have long had a wonderful interest and attraction, especially for the stranger hovering about these shores. If we may believe Sir Walter Scott, the very warriors of Flodden looked on them with the same feelings as strangers now:—

"Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
And Preston Bay and Berwick Law;
And broad between them rolled
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

Most attractive and interesting of them all, beyond doubt, is the Bass, rising abruptly from the sea, four hundred feet in sheer perpendicular height, and nearly a mile in circumference. It is some three miles distant from the little old town of North Berwick, of which it may be said to be the pet and the glory. Artists at windows or perched on the cliffs are continually transferring its fine outline to their cardboard or their canvas. And without controversy, whether you look at it near or from a distance, it is a wonderful rock. Near, you are struck by the cloud of sea-fowl that, numerous and frisky as midges on a summer evening, keep up a mazy dance around it. Far off, it gleams in the expanse, when the sky is clear, like a precious stone in a setting of transparent blue. So unlike in shape to any of the other rocks in the neighbourhood, it has a majesty and a mystery about it that continually excite wonder and almost awe. What is its purpose—why was it set there? How came it to have

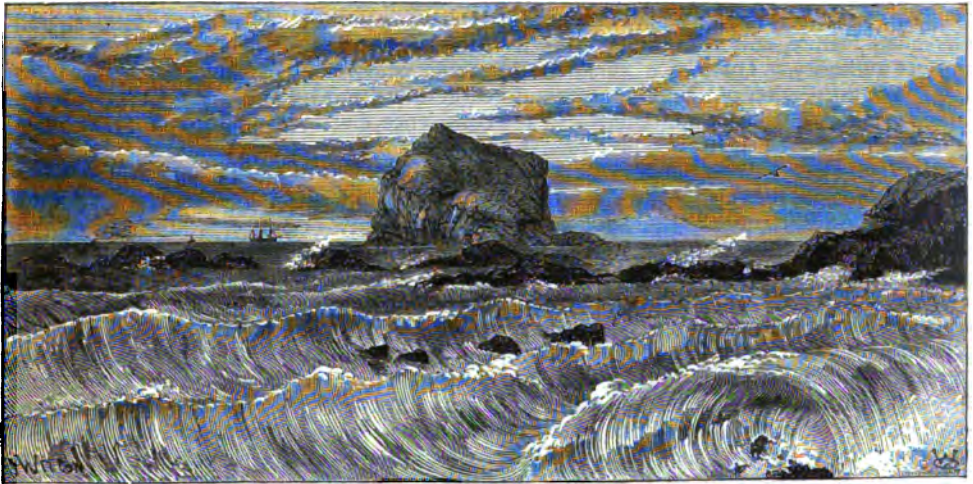
a shape so unlike that of the ordinary creations of nature? What makes it such a combination of the natural and the unnatural? And what is its language to us? What is it continually saying, standing up as it does in such stately majesty, grave and solemn amid the ceaseless play of the gannets, upright and immovable amid the wildest roar of storms, strange emblem of the Unchangeable?

The rock has its story, and to our mind there is more than a fanciful resemblance between the story and the scene. The most memorable thing in its more recent history is, that two hundred years ago, it was the prison of the persecuted Covenanters, some of whom were confined for five or six years in its miserable dungeons, but stood to their convictions as unshaken as the rock itself. According to the geologist, it must have sprung into being in a time of marvellous volcanic excitement, when the whole country side, from Dunbar to Stirling, was a mass of smoking craters. It is supposed that the Bass stands right over a crater whose mouth would correspond to itself in shape, the rock having been a mass of molten matter projected with enormous force through the opening. Originally it would be surrounded with softer matter, ashes, tufa, and the like, so as to present the appearance of a respectable mountain, like some of its neighbours ashore; but the action of the waves having long ages ago washed all these away, the solid column remains in solitary majesty, a witness of the convulsions which gave it birth. It is one result out of many of the adaptation of the earth, in its physical structure, to the nature of man, that these fiery convulsions prevailed before his creation. It would have needed nerves of iron

and flesh of asbestos to stand such convulsions. Vesuvius and Pompeii seem designed to tell us what sort of life men would have led had their lot been cast in the volcanic era.

"The most ancient inhabitants of this island," remarks a biographer of the prisoner Blackadder, "in all probability were the solan geese." It is not known when this remarkable bird began to visit the Bass. It used to be thought that Ailsa Craig in the Frith of Clyde was the only other station in Scotland where the solan goose was found, but St. Kilda and Suliskerry have each its colony, and Lundy Island off the coast of Devon, and the Skellig Isles off the coast of Kerry, give England and Ireland respectively a

share. It is only for breeding purposes that the birds visit the Bass, where they spend the summer, being attracted probably by two causes—the abundance of fish suitable for feeding their young, and the nature of the cliffs, affording little ledges on which these may practise walking until their wings are strong enough for flight. The gannet (as it is also called) would furnish material for a very interesting chapter of natural theology. The Duke of Argyll, in his "Reign of Law," makes special mention of the wing of the gannet—very long in proportion to its width—as exemplifying the contrivance by which ocean birds are enabled to poise themselves for long periods in the air at the least possible expenditure of muscular effort. At one



The Bass as at present.

time a strange superstition prevailed as to the generation of the gannet. The idea of development clearly underlay the superstition, which was not a whit more irrational (except as to the element of time) than much that has been gravely propounded of late. In his "History of Scotland" (A.D. 1526), Hector Boece tells us that he had inquired diligently into their mode of procreation, and found it to be this. Certain trees cast into the sea, he says, become worm-eaten, and little worms are found in the holes. At the first stage of development the worms show their heads and feet; and at the last, their plumes and wings. "Finallie," adds the historian, "when they are come to the iust meesure and quantitie of géese, they flie in the aire as other foules doo." The truth of this theory was wonderfully shown at the Castle of Pitsligo, in 1490, where a tree having been cast ashore and sawn up, there were

found in it an incredible number of holes, containing geese in all the various stages of development, on to perfect fowls. The tree was to be seen when Boece wrote at the church of Tyrie; and besides, there had been similar occurrences at Dundee and Leith. Nay, he himself had had ocular proof of the phenomenon, for among the roots of a tangle a friend had shown him a muscle-shell (?) which, when opened, presented "a foule perfectlie shapen, fullie answering to the capacite of the shell."

It may be noticed in passing that the mass of absurdities which many respectable old writers gravely tell respecting physical phenomena makes the absence of all such statements in the Bible the more remarkable. The story of Boece brings to our mind the account of the origin of the Phoenix, given (in illustration of the resurrection of the body) by Clement of Rome, the first of the

Apostolic fathers, and the nearest of any to the apostles themselves. There is a bird in Arabia, he says, that lives five hundred years. When that period draws to an end it builds itself a nest of myrrh and frankincense and other fragrant things, into which it enters and dies. As it decays, a worm is produced, which, being nourished by the juices of the old bird, brings forth feathers. When strong enough, this creature takes up the nest with the bones of its parent, and flies with them to Heliopolis in Egypt. Having done so, in open day it places them on the altar of the sun, and then hastens back to Arabia. The priests then inspect the register, and find that exactly five hundred years have elapsed since this occurred last.* Herodotus tells the story with other particulars, but says he can hardly believe it.† Tertullian adopts it in its main feature, and tries to find for it Scripture authority. Quoting a verse from the Septuagint version of the ninety-second psalm, he leaves a word untranslated—"The righteous shall flourish as the phoenix" (*phoenix*, *phœnix*, *palm-tree*)—and gravely finds in this an allusion to the bird of Arabia and a proof of the resurrection!‡ By what remarkable power was it that the writers of the Scriptures were kept from indorsing such current absurdities?

But we must return to the Bass. In the early dawn of our church history, we obtain a remarkable glimpse of it. In the wonderful era of the Culdee missions it seems to have been the chosen abode of one of those remarkable and devoted men who carried the torch of the gospel to so many places where the people sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. One can only regret that the records are so exceedingly scanty of the life and labours of such men as St. Baldred of the Bass. Like St. Columba at Iona, from which place he probably hailed, and like many other evangelists of the time, he seems to have chosen an island as his abode, partly perhaps from considerations of security, and partly for the quiet and retirement which it afforded. How much, or what portions of his time he spent on the Bass, we can only conjecture now. What means of living he had, and what relation he stood in to the people of the neighbourhood, are also beyond our knowledge. He appears, however, to have come from time to time to the mainland for the purpose of preaching to the neighbouring villages and hamlets. According to one of our old historians, his parish embraced the

whole county of East Lothian, from Lammermoor to Inveresk. "In those days," says the venerable Bede, "people never came into a church but only for hearing the word and prayer. All the care of these doctors was to serve God, not the world, to feed souls, not their own bodies. Wherefore a religious habit was then revered; and if any priest entered a village, incontinently all the people would assemble, being desirous to hear the word of life; for the priests did not go into villages on any other occasion save to preach, or visit the sick—in a word, to feed souls."*

The spirit of God seems to have been wonderfully given to the eminent missionaries of the period—the Columbas, Patricks, Ninians, Baldreds, and others that made their era so bright. Full of earnest life, they seem to have gone out like very apostles, and gained a wonderful influence over the rude people whom they addressed. Roused to earnestness, not by the mere force-pump of conscience, but by a living spirit that struggled and panted to communicate its convictions, they seem to have spoken with all that magnetic fervour which is usually made the means of imparting its earnestness to others. We need not speculate on the scenes they may have witnessed, the words they spoke, the life they helped to impart. In many a village, no doubt, their coming was announced with somewhat of the excitement and expectation with which the approach of our Lord had been announced in the villages of Galilee, and earnest men and women hung on their lips, and urged others to come and listen to them, feeling that it was the most precious opportunity of their lives. With perhaps a considerable spice of superstition, these missionaries would at all events commend very heartily the Saviour and his work on every side; and at that early period, more than twelve hundred years ago, the hamlets of East Lothian would have their Simeons and Annas, their Zachariases and Elizabeths, whose holy lives would diffuse a fragrance over their neighbourhoods. The very fact that the missionaries ordinarily lived apart, in these lonely islands, would increase the awe—perhaps the superstitious awe—with which they were regarded, and cause those legends of the supernatural to gather round them which tradition has preserved, when it has lost almost everything else. Of Baldred it is said, that he was much exercised about a rock, between the Bass and the mainland,

* "First Epistle to Corinthians," c. 25.

† ii. 73.

‡ *De Resurr.*, c. 13.

* *Apud M'Crie*, in the volume, by various writers, entitled "The Bass Rock." A store of all the lore and science connected with the Rock.

which had caused the shipwreck of many vessels. Causing himself to be placed on the rock, at his word it was immediately lifted up, and, like a ship driven by the wind, proceeded to the nearest shore, and thenceforth remained in the same place as a memorial of the miracle, being to this day called St. Baldred's coble. But a greater wonder is said to have occurred at his death (A.D. 606). The inhabitants of three neighbouring parishes in which he had laboured—Aldhame, Tynningham, and Preston—hearing of his death, assembled at Aldhame, where he breathed his last, in three different troops, each claiming the honour of burying him. But as they could not agree, they prepared, according to one account, to settle

the dispute by arms; according to another, they retired for prayer; and in the morning the body was found entire in three different parts of the house. Like most of the miracles of mere tradition, it contrasts by its sheer senselessness with the miracles of the gospel, having none of that evangelic significance which made our Lord's miracles symbols of redemption—epitomes, so to speak, of the gospel, types of the deliverance which He came to achieve.

More than a millennium passes away, when the Bass becomes again prominent in ecclesiastical annals. Of its more secular history we need not speak. Almost exactly two hundred years ago it became the property of the Government, and was turned into a state



The Bass in its fortified state.

prison, under the command of Lauderdale, so well known as the persecutor of the Covenanters. For several years it was the place of confinement for many of the more eminent of those who refused to comply with the wishes of the unprincipled libertines that were permitted to disgrace this period of our history; the prisons on the mainland were filled to overflowing, and the Bass was selected for the confinement of some of the leading offenders, including some of the principal ministers. The persecution which scourged Scotland at this period was, so far as we remember, the only systematic persecution ever raised by one body of professing Protestants against another. It is very odd how a single instance of Calvinistic persecution—the burning of Servetus at Geneva—is made to do duty on all sorts of occasions for exciting a feeling against the followers of Calvin, while, as Wordsworth's

generous sonnet testifies, these very followers were imprisoned and destroyed in thousands to gratify the avarice and cruelty of their opponents.

“ When Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry
The majesty of England interposed,
And the sword stopped, the bleeding wounds were closed,
And faith preserved her ancient purity.
How little boots that precedent of good,
Scorned or forgotten, thou canst testify
For England's shame, O sister realm! From wood,
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street where lie
The headless martyrs of the covenant,
Slain by compatriot-Protestants that draw
From councils senseless as intolerant
Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword law;
But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.”

The more immediate offence for which the prisoners of the Bass were dealt with was the violation of an Act of Council forbidding the Presbyterian ministers who had been ejected from their churches to preach, and forbidding the people to be present at their conventicles. In 1670 it was made a capital crime to

preach at field conventicles, though some time elapsed before the extreme penalty was inflicted. It was in 1673 that the Bass came to be used as a prison for such offenders. For fourteen years thereafter, some dozens of Presbyterian preachers and laymen were immured in its dungeons. The first prisoner was a Mr. Robert Gillespie, and on his first incarceration he appears to have been kept in the bitterest bondage; but two months after, the Lords of the Council were pleased graciously to allow him to have the liberty of the isle above the castle wall, "and to converse with such persons as might wish to speak with him, not exceeding the number of three persons in one day, the governor, or some person appointed by him, being always present, and hearing what discourse shall pass between the said Mr. Robert and them, and the said Mr. Robert not being suffered to preach or exercise the other functions of the ministry." His future history is little known; but, outwardly, it must have been sufficiently mournful, for according to a letter written by his son, "he was persecuted from the day he was licensed to the day of his death; and that merely for preaching the gospel, for he was neither at Pentland nor Bothwell Bridge."

In general the confinement of the prisoners was very rigorous. The prison was cold and uncomfortable, and its inmates were like to be suffocated with smoke. The windows looked into a dingy little court, at the back of the prison, so that they had no view neither of the sea or of the sky. It would have been a great privilege to them to meet for worship and conversation on the subjects that were nearest to their hearts, but this was a privilege seldom allowed them. Sometimes they were kept quite apart, closely shut up in their separate cells. In 1677, the Lords of the Council, in order to lighten their bondage a little, issued an order allowing the governor to permit the prisoners to have the freedom of the island between sunrise and sunset, "provided no more than two of them had their liberty at the same time, and provided that he shut up these two before he allowed the other two to come out; but declaring that this order shall not extend to Mr. James Mitchell, who is to be continued close prisoner, conform to former order." Alexander Peden, well known as a great field preacher and very holy man, dates a letter from "Bass, 11th August, 1677," which shows that the conflict of faith and sense was a hard and often most distressing one:—"We are close shut up by our chambers,

not permitted to converse, diet [eat], worship together; but conducted out by two at once in the day, to breathe in the open air—envying (with reverence) the birds their freedom, and provoking and calling on us to bless God for the most common mercies, and again close shut up day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow-prisoners; and oh that we were such as none of these things move us: yea, while all things speak a feeding, lying storm. He only knows wherefore we are reserved and what is appointed for us with you, who out of the eater brings forth meat. Our long fast will resolve in sad earnest, and when darkest it will be light, and most care least care. O for grace to credit Him (hitherto never cumbersome) and his cross in whatever piece of service, in bonds or freedom, He cuts out!" The prisoners were not maintained at the public expense, but depended on the contributions of their friends; and something worse than the truck system had to be patiently endured. The jailor was their only huckster, and the ale which he sold them for twopence a pint was not worth a half-penny.

Of the prisoners of note, one of the most remarkable was James Fraser, of Brea. He was the grandson of Lord Lovat, and eldest son of Sir James Fraser, of Brea, from whom he inherited the estate, or at least the title of the estate by which, through Scottish fondness for territorial distinction, he continued to be designated, even after he became a minister. Fraser has left us an autobiography which reveals a character in many ways very singular. At the beginning he tells us quite frankly that he was a sullen, peevish boy, and no great favourite of his parents; and that after his father's death he was much oppressed by a tutor as "dour" as himself, who commanded him to be good, but went little farther. The book gives an elaborate account of the steps that led to his conversion, and then of the conversion itself. His early life was more what we should call distempered than openly immoral, but not without serious experiences. When a student at the University of Edinburgh, his minister announced that on the Lord's day following he would celebrate the sacrament of our Lord's Supper. Young Fraser knew that he was unconverted, but resolved to communicate, and meanwhile seek for conversion. During the first part of the week, his efforts to embrace Christ had little success; but on the Thursday, as he says, "the Lord, while I was yet, like the prodigal son, a great way

off, ran to meet me. I addressed myself to speak to the Lord Jesus, and then was there a gospel view given me of Him; and some considerations and representations of Christ were brought into my mind, that He was the Mediator, a friend and Saviour to poor sinners, their only helper, the way and the truth and the life, that died for them, and one willing to be reconciled. What shall I say? While I was thus exercised, a marvellous light shined on my understanding, and with the eyes of my mind, not of my body, I saw the Just One in his glory, and love and offices, and beauty of his person: and such a sight as I never did see anything like it, and which did so swallow me up that I turned speechless, and only said, 'What is this? and where am I now?' The glory, love, and loveliness of Jesus revealed to me did very far exceed all that ever I saw or could see in the world, insomuch that there was no comparison. I was drawn by this, and after I had recovered, I said, 'O Lord, thou hast overcome me! Heart and soul and all that I have is thine! Begone, poor world, and beggarly vanities, and despicable devil and flesh—I will serve you no longer: I know now of a master and lover to whom henceforth I will dedicate myself!'"* At first he studied law, but soon he became convinced that he was called to be a preacher. Having been licensed and ordained by a few nonconforming Presbyterian ministers, he preached with much acceptance to crowds in private houses. It was natural that he should fall under the suspicion of the Council. About three months before his active persecution began, he sustained a great loss, in the death of the excellent lady to whom he had been married for a short time. He was greatly distressed, and was heard to say that after this "he never knew what it was to rejoice in any outward enjoyment from his heart, and that the whole world looked to him an empty, ghastly room, despoiled of its best furnishing." His captivity in the Bass for two years and a half, happening almost immediately after such a bereavement, and attended as it was by great privations, must have been intensely trying. Yet, with the fondness for minute specification which marked both him and his time, he enumerates twelve mercies that were given him in the Bass, partly temporal and partly spiritual, for which he desired to praise the Lord. His searching into his own heart during his imprisonment was very profound, his devo-

tions intense and very full, and his efforts to do good to others very great. Besides this, he studied Latin and Greek, and also divinity, wrote a treatise on Faith, and contrived to clear his estate, which had come to him much encumbered, to the extent of one hundred pounds. It is somewhat singular that the orthodoxy of Fraser was more than suspected by his brethren, and that while he abhorred Arminianism with all his heart, his views of redemption and of faith did not seem to differ much from those of the Arminians. When released from the Bass he enjoyed liberty for a short time, but was again apprehended for the offence of preaching, and committed successively to Blackness and Newgate. After the Revolution he became minister of Culross, and there spent the last few years of his life, dying in 1698, at the age of fifty-nine.

There were other gentlemen of family and property among the prisoners of the Bass, such as Scott of Pitlochrie, Bennet of Chester, Gordon of Earlstoun, Sir Hugh Campbell of Cesnock, and his son, Sir George, who was knighted in his father's lifetime. There were some men of high literary standing, like Robert Traill, afterwards of London, and Gilbert Rule, Regent or Professor in the University of Glasgow, and Sub-Principal of King's College, Aberdeen; and a very large number of men who had been faithful pastors and eminent ministers. A special mention is due to John Blackadder, of the family of Tulliallan, who late in life inherited, but did not assume, the title of knight-baronet. He was born in 1615, and ordained minister of Traquair, in Peeblesshire, in 1652. After many hardships and changes, undergone in preaching the gospel, Blackadder was sentenced to be confined in the Bass in 1681, when far advanced in life, and much bowed down by disease and suffering. After lying there for four years, his health was so much impaired that his friends petitioned the Lords of Council on his behalf. They were gracious enough to offer him a month's holiday, to be spent, however, in the prison of Dunbar, or that of Haddington, after which he must return to the Bass at the first Council day, January ensuing! Blackadder felt this to be a mockery, and refused to avail himself of it. Meanwhile, rheumatism and diarrhoea were rapidly killing him, and the lords were mercifully pleased to give him leave to come and confine himself in Edinburgh. But it was too late; the good man's spirit had gone to a better world before the order could be carried into effect. His re-

* "Select Biographies," Wodrow Society, vol. ii. p. 3.

mains were carried to North Berwick, and buried in the churchyard, where a tombstone was placed over them with the following inscription :—

"Blest John, for Jesus' sake, in Patmos bound,
His prison Bethel, Patmos Pisgah found;
So the blessed John, on yonder Rock confined,
His body suffered, but no chains could bind
His heaven-aspiring soul; while, day by day
As from Mount Pisgah's top he did survey
The promised land, and viewed the crown by faith
Laid up for those who faithful are to death.
Grace formed him in the Christian hero's mould,
Meek in his own concerns—in 's Master's bold;
Passions to reason chained, prudence did lead,
Zeal warmed his breast, and Reason crowned his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
He Enoch-like enjoyed, and walked with God
Till, by long living on this heavenly food,
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confined to jail, or flesh or blood
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; and by angels led,
Entered the mansions of eternal joy.
Blest soul, thy warfare's done, praise, love, enjoy!
His dust here rests till Jesus come again.
Even so, blest Jesus, come—come, Lord. Amen."

In these days of ours, when public feeling is so much softened, it is difficult to conceive the relentless barbarity that prescribed the conditions of imprisonment to some of these godly men. Hog, of Kiltarn, in Ross-shire, was a minister of proverbial godliness, but being sent to the Bass, he was seized with so severe an attack of diarrhoea that a physician, sent to see him, without his knowledge petitioned the Council to relax his sentence. Instead of this being done, he was ordered,

at the instance of Archbishop Sharp, to be thrown into the closest dungeon the prison contained. It was a wretched cavern, dark and dripping, with an opening towards the sea. The fate of poor Hog seemed to be sealed; but He "who hears the groaning of the prisoner" listened to his cry, and by-and-by he completely recovered.

In some cases the triumph of faith was very complete. "Since I was a prisoner," said Mr. M'Gilligen, "I dwelt at ease and lived securely. The upper springs flowed liberally and sweetly, when the nether springs were embittered, and I have had experience of that saying, '*Tanta est dulcedo cœlestis gaudii, ut si una guttula deflueret in infernum, totam amaritudinem inferni absorberet.*'" ("Such is the sweetness of heavenly joy, that if one drop of it should flow into hell, it would take away all its bitterness.")

The prison is in ruins, the island is abandoned to sheep, and the Bass has never again been associated with historical events. It is consecrated for ever a MARTYRS' MONUMENT;—and in the present time it points an age too ready to make idols of Ease and Pleasure to the men of other times, who counted not their very life dear to them, and loved their Master so well that dungeons, with all their miseries, could not terrify them to swerve from their allegiance.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

CHARITY IN LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

VI.—CRIPPLE HOMES.

THE number of cripples in England and Wales alone is reckoned at not less than One Hundred Thousand; and the saddest thing of all is that by much the larger number of them owe their infirmities and deformities to bad fathers, bad mothers, and bad nurses. Of the Seven Hundred Thousand children born in one year in England and Wales, between two and three thousand came into the world cripples. The returns of the Registrar General, however, show that during these twelve months there died in their first year between eight and nine thousand cripples; and thus it appears that through neglect, insufficient nourishment, and careless nursing, thousands are year by year crippled for life. Tumbling out of the arms of staggering drunkards, parents or nurses, they get their backbones broken, or their joints dislocated, or their limbs fractured. There is no doubt that

the use of intoxicating stimulants is the root of this and of a host of other domestic, social, and political evils. Year by year it cripples thousands of innocent infants; more ruinous to the country than a pillage of the Bank of England, it costs sixty millions of money, and, more fatal than the bloodiest battle-field, sixty thousand lives. Neither Moloch, nor Juggernaut, nor any other heathen idol was ever worshipped with such cruel and costly sacrifices as this Christian kingdom offers, year by year, to the demon of drink.

Considering the vast number of cripples; their painful lot; the privations they have to endure, especially in humble life; the constant bad health and bodily sufferings that are the usual results of deformity; and the mental distress that a consciousness of it inflicts, we may wonder that there should not have been till lately one, and that there are

now, so far as we know, but two or three homes for cripples—this in a country where charitable institutions, asylums, infirmaries, homes are so numerous that their name is Legion. A want this all the more remarkable in that "Impotent Folk" were, as much as any other class of sufferers, objects of pity to Him who restored power to the withered hand, and made "the lame man to leap as an hart," as well as "the tongue of the dumb to sing." By these acts the Son of God taught us more than his divinity—lessons of sympathy and kindness, a fellow-feeling with the infirmities of others, and the duty of relieving them as far as lies in our power. He loses half the lesson of the Gospels who, reading the record of our Lord's miracles, allows their splendour to dazzle his eyes to their mercy.

Only two Homes for Cripples where their number is reckoned at one hundred thousand! This, though strange, nor easy to satisfactorily account for, may be due in part to the circumstance that cripples are in many instances able to do something for themselves. Having all their senses, and able to make their wants known, they do not seem to make such a strong appeal to the sympathies of mankind as deaf-mutes, for instance; or the blind who, with sightless orbs, grope on their way through the world in darkness and perpetual night. Something is due also perhaps to this, that many cripples are of a fretful, discontented temper. Though this arises from physical causes, from circumstances for which they certainly are not to be blamed, its effect is to repel us from rather than draw us to them.

In the Constitution of Man, so close, as well as mysterious, is the connection between mind and matter that the soul, it has been observed, is apt to get soured in a misshapen body; hence the proverb common in Scotland—*Cripples are cankered!* It is but fair and just to them, however, to remember that the influence which the bodily frame exerts on the mind it lodges finds illustrations in others besides cripples. How many bad tempers, for example, are due to a bad stomach? and *vice versa*, how many get credit for a good temper who have no merit in that, owing it to nothing so much as to a good digestion? The sour dispositions and gloomy views of some Christians may be accounted for in the same way; physical causes having more to do than many imagine even with our religious feelings, and, whether they be bright or dark, with our frames of mind. There is comfort in this; and so, as David says, "It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men"—"He knoweth our

frame; and remembereth that we are dust." In the case of cripples and of others also, this should teach us to judge them charitably, and bear patiently with their fretfulness. Thus charitably, and ingeniously likewise, did Hugh Miller account for the occasional outbursts of temper in a very distinguished man. He had a great head and a great heart also; but such a contrast did his body offer to these, that a Highland porter, seeing a stranger looking intently at him, said, *Ay, tak' a guid look o' him: there is no muckle o' him, but there is plenty in him!* and Miller's way of explaining his peculiar temperament was a physical, if not a philosophical, one. His soul, he said, is so big that it does not find room for itself in his body: much as happened with a watch of ours, which never did, and never could, go right, because, as a skilful watchmaker found on examining it, the *movement*, as he called the works, was too large for the cases. Nor is the above by any means the only case where we have found the bodily frame affecting the mind it lodged—the latter, as by a law of nature, taking shape somewhat of the former. Another occurs to us, and one likewise not of deformity so much as of deficiency. Long years ago we walked the hospitals of Paris with a young man, a native of the Orkney Isles. He was gifted with rare abilities: accomplished in literature, and master of many sciences; but he was a mite of a man—extremely little. Now he was angry with God for lodging him in so small a body. This had a manifest effect on his temper; and he used to revenge himself on his Maker for the work of his hands, and on us for our height, in a curious way. Ulcers in the lower extremities, it is well known, are obstinate; many old men carrying them to their graves. In tall people especially, they prove very difficult to heal. We would come to the bedside of a patient, tall rather than otherwise, suffering from this form of disease; whereupon our Orkney friend would look up to us with a malicious-like satisfaction, to say, "Ah, you see there the consequences of your length—slow circulation in the extremities—the ulcer won't heal!"

To men even of the greatest minds, and possessing in rank, beauty, wealth, genius, and fame, every earthly source of happiness, a club foot, or some other deformity, has been the bitter drop that soured a full and foaming cup. Lord Byron is a notable example of that; nor can we know how much that unfortunate deformity had to do with his fierce, ungovernable temper, and the fiendish

pleasure he seemed to have in hating and being hated. Alas for him! he knew nothing of the grace which enabled Paul to glory in his infirmities; nor, though a noble, both by birth and genius, was he gifted with that nobleness of mind, that large and loving heart, which made Walter Scott a remarkable exception to the common proverb, that cripples are cankered.

Besides, and apart from the subtle influence which the form and shape of the bodily frame naturally exerts on the mind, it is sufficient to account for, and goes far to excuse, the jealous and irritable, if not misanthropical, temper often found in cripples, that what should make them objects of pity exposes them to the cruel ridicule of others. As if it were not enough that a sense of his deformity haunts him like a phantom, the poor cripple is turned into a butt for the jibes and jeers of coarse and unsympathetic minds. Like those who followed Elisha on his way from Jericho to Bethel, crying, "Go up, thou bald head, go up, thou bald head," children—for human nature is in all ages the same—who may be excused as not knowing the pain they inflict, insult the poor cripple's deformity and irritate him with nicknames—in the words of the Psalm, "They persecute him whom God has smitten; and they talk to the grief of those whom He has wounded."

Like clouds that vanish before the face of the rising sun, all evidences of such treatment as is calculated to sour their temper had passed away from the faces of the inmates of that blessed and benevolent Institution to which we are to conduct our readers. One, indeed, of its most pleasing features was the cheerful, happy, bright faces of its inmates, and the proof this afforded of the power of kindness to mollify and sweeten the temper; making those content with their lot who may have once repined at Providence, and regretted, if, in some cases, they did not curse, the day they were born.

We set off to visit the Cripple Girls' Home with no ordinary interest; recalling as it did the memory of one, herself a cripple, whom we highly esteemed, and whose history presents as remarkable an example of native talent, the energy that conquers difficulties, active benevolence and true Christian worth as we have ever met, or almost ever read of. It may inspire some with a laudable ambition, and encourage others who are struggling with difficulties, to give a brief sketch of it.

Our old parish in Edinburgh embraced the northern side of that *place* called the Grass-

market, where, in rusty iron crosses that top the walls of some old houses and the flat roofs of others that remind one of Cairo or Jerusalem, the eye of an antiquarian may discover vestiges of those times when the Crusaders returned from fighting for possession of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Knights of St. John, more soldiers than Churchmen, were a power in the land. There also, giving to the scene an undying interest to Scotchmen, many a covenanter ascended the scaffold to sing his last psalm, and, with a sea of weeping faces around him, die, for God's truth and man's liberty, like a hero and a Christian.

In passing from that district to duties in the New Town, our way lay along a road that skirted the base of the lofty and massive rock which, crowned by its ancient castle, was once the defence, and is still the most picturesque feature, of a picturesque city. There, with two crutches laid on the bank, sat a girl "by the wayside begging." Making no attempt to extort money by the whine and doleful look of ordinary mendicants, hers was usually a mute, and always a modest appeal for charity. The gentle and remarkably intelligent expression of her comely face, her neatly braided blonde hair, her dress, though poor, tidy and scrupulously clean, showed her to be no common beggar. Nor was she. Her father was a drunkard; the miserable slave of a vice that hardens the living heart as anatomical preparations show alcohol does the dead one. He left his wife and children to starve: and to keep fire on the hearth and bread on the table his daughter, this poor cripple, went out day by day, in fair weather and foul, to sit by the wayside begging. This we learned without much surprise: but how great was our surprise and also, let us add, our admiration and esteem, to find on further inquiry that after contributing to pay the expenses of the house with the charity she received, she applied the surplus to pay the fees of an evening school where she learned to read, write, and reckon? Think of a poor cripple lassie, of twelve years old, after she had sat perhaps shivering all day in the cold wind and rain, hobbling away on her crutches to spend her evenings in a school! A remarkable evidence *that* of the value Scotch people attach to education; a fact perhaps without a parallel among the mendicants of any other country. Beggar as she was, we were ready to say of her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Here, if ever, was a case for that excellent, but in the distribution



Workroom at the Cripple Girls' Home.

of our charities too much neglected, adage, "Help those that help themselves." So her case was taken up. Means were employed to get her introduced into an establishment where, as did other girls, she might earn an honest and adequate livelihood—a good day's wage for a good day's work. To this she brought a head and a pair of hands that soon bore her to the front. In the workshop she gained a foremost place: as in our class of young women, servant and sewing girls, she distanced all competitors; showing a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, even of systematic theology, and the profounder doctrines of the gospel, equal to that of most students in divinity. A warmer heart never beat in woman's bosom, and seldom has a bigger head stood on man's shoulders. She was quite a remarkable person; and remarkable was her fortune. Beggar once and cripple still, she won the affections of a respectable young tradesman. We married them—the bride supporting herself on crutches. She rose in the world to roll to church on Sunday in a Bath-chair, and through her piety and powers to become a centre of moral and religious influence in the streets of her neighbourhood. There she was the power-wheel of a great Temperance movement: and besides thus saving many from disgrace and ruin in this world, and perdition in the next, she established among the young tradesmen of the district a Literary and Mutual Improvement Society—occasionally herself contributing essays. We have known few who did so much good in their lifetime as this cripple; and if, beginning life a beggar and continuing all her days a cripple, she did so much for the glory of God and good of mankind, we may well ask, what may and ought we not to do whom God has placed in better and happier circumstances? On many of us God has bestowed two, and on some five talents; she received but one, and turned it into ten.

Very different from her were the two London girls to whom this Home for Cripples, in a sense, owes its existence. In 1854 a poor, wretched creature was to be seen day by day plying her trade as a beggar in the streets of Marylebone district. Her pale face, and weak, emaciated, misshapen form, moved many a kind-hearted passenger with pity; and their silent appeal she vigorously supported by a clever tongue and most doleful whine. There was an old mendicant in the South of Scotland who used to groan over the change of times, saying, *Begging was nae trade ava now: I mind when the town of*

Hawick, weell beggit, was worth 5s. ony day! Our Marylebone cripple made nearly as good a thing of it. Punctual in her attendance at church, though she never went further than the door, and, as if honoured with an invitation to all the marriages in the neighbourhood, sure to be found waiting on the company as they left and entered their carriages, she found, though in a way otherwise than Solomon meant, that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." Whately, a resolute man and more alive than many to the evils bred and the vices fed by indiscriminate charity, thanked God, as is recorded in his biography, that he had never given a half-penny to a street beggar. We cannot say so much. In this, as in other duties, most of us have, to use the words of the old heathen poet,—

*"Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor;"*

so the wise and good archbishop having few followers, our cripple cleared on an average from 3s. to 4s. per day. And a pleasant as well as a profitable life was hers. One sees wonderful compensations in nature. If the peacock has a harsh voice it has a brilliant plumage, and with apparent pride struts about on the lawn as if it said, Look at me! and if the nightingale, on the other hand, wears in her dull and sober dress nothing to attract the eye, what a voice God has given her, what music rolls out from her throbbing breast to make up for that, and turn the balance in her favour! We do not say that it is God who has given to the deformed the conceit, and vanity, and love of dress which they seem to enjoy as a sort of compensation for their bodily defects. But these characterize many of them; and did our Marylebone cripple in her wild state; and so the marriages and churches became to her a source of pleasure as well as profit—this her odd but fond fancy, that the coachmen and footmen who attended on such occasions were all, over head and ears, in love with her.

With another girl, also a cripple and a beggar, she was at length coaxed, or forced—we know not which—into a Refuge opened in Hill Street, Dorset Square, where a number of her sex, for the most part orphans or the children of vicious parents, were received and educated; and also taught household and laundry work under the superintendence of qualified matrons. There they were; safe in this haven from the temptations of the streets; learning under pious teachers the saving truths of the gospel, and

in training for a life of virtue. But this was a House of Industry as well as a school ; and the weak deformed frames of these two poor girls, unfitting them for washing, scrubbing, and other such work, how to employ them was a puzzle. With some straw and a string of tape, might they not make mats ? said one of the ladies. A happy suggestion ; the germ out of which grew the Cripples' Home—reminding one of the question out of which emerged the greatest of all our, and of all the world's, Christian and benevolent institutions, the British and Foreign Bible Society. A few good men had met in a counting room in an obscure part of London to form a Bible Society for Wales, where there was a great scarcity of the Word of God. "The hour and the man had come" for a more God-like enterprise, as all felt when one of the company, inspired for the occasion, rose to ask, Why not a Bible Society for the whole world ?

The lady's suggestion was approved. The tape and straw were got ; the girls were set to work ; and the experiment proved a success. From this comparatively rude and inferior work, step by step they went on to the manufacture of finer and more remunerative fabrics. Encouraged by this to open their doors to a larger and still larger number of cripples, the institution at length entirely changed its character ; and retaining and receiving no more than a sufficient staff of orphan and outcast girls to attend on the cripples, and do the laundry and rough work of the house, the original Female Refuge was transformed into the Cripple Girls' Home.

It occupies Northumberland House, 17A, Marylebone Road, near Marylebone Church ; and the shop, opened for the sale of its finest and more elegant handiwork, is in 33, Baker Street. Here may be seen the carriages of the highest classes in London, so beautiful is the work they do ; and even Royalty, as the poor cripples are proud to tell, has brought its custom to their door. The list of its patrons is headed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, that of the patronesses by the Countess of Gainsborough. Miss C. Blunt, 15, Upper Gloucester Place, Dorset Square, is its honorary, and Miss Steel its resident Secretary. A committee of ladies, one of whom visits it daily, manage the institution ; and admirably managed it is.

In 1870 there were seventy-four cripples and twenty-six able-bodied Refuge girls within the Home. Of these, as appears by the Report for that year, six had obtained situations with milkiners or dress-makers ; six had gone to ser-

vice ; four had been sent to hospitals ; and seven returned to their parents, as ineligible for the institution. Such cases as the last do occur, notwithstanding the care taken to select those only, out of the numerous applicants, who, with a certain amount of intelligence, possess the use of their hands, however deformed they may be in person, and deficient or impotent in the lower extremities. A very large proportion are so ; and thus, when they set out on Sunday for the church, or on ordinary week-days to breathe the fresh air in the parks or otherwise, they form a touching and very curious procession. We had the fortune to see it one morning—for they take the streets before the bustle and throng begin—on our way to a railway station ; and have been seldom more astonished than at the sight. Seventy cripples, in all manner of shapes and in all manner of ways, moving in a double line along the pavement ! Foremost went half-a-dozen or a dozen Bath chairs, each drawn by an able-bodied Refuge girl, and carrying a cripple who had no use at all of her limbs ; following these came the others, walking in pairs ; some hobbling along on crutches, others stumping it on a wooden leg : the human form twisted and distorted into the strangest shapes, and in some instances so arrested in its growth that girls of fourteen or sixteen years of age were no bigger than mere children. It was a queer, and we should have felt it a very pitiful sight, but that they themselves seemed unconscious of their defects, and talked and laughed merry as larks ; a happy illustration of the adage, God fits the back for the burden.

Many of them are sadly deformed. One we saw so distorted that the organs seemed to be displaced, and the doctors could hardly tell the position of the heart and lungs : it was by lying on her stomach and by motions resembling those of a fish in water that another moved out of the spot : here one, to move about the room, had first to bend her body like a bow, and then, grasping her toes with her hands, advance by lifting one foot after another ; and there was another with the upper as well as lower extremities so feeble that, getting help from neither hands nor feet, her only mode of progression was to sit on the floor, and wriggle herself forward after an extraordinary fashion. And yet, though not a few were thus pitifully, and all were more or less, maimed and misshapen, the house was bright, full of beaming, though pale and delicate, faces ; nor have we seen anywhere a sight at once so odd and merry as on the floor of this Home.

A game of romps was proposed at our visit, and to our astonishment. How these poor cripples were to romp was a puzzle; but not long. What a smile at the call for this game spread, like a sunbeam, over all their faces? They dropped their work, and hastened to the middle of the room to form a ring. Round and round they spun, a most extraordinary confusion of forms; some hirpling on two poor legs, some stumping on a wooden one, laughing loud and merrily as they sung the old English song of—

"Silly old woman, she stands alone,
She wants a husband, she cannot get one:
When you are married I wish you joy—
First a girl and then a boy."
 &c., &c., &c.

We never saw a bevy of beautiful girls, with health blooming on their rosy cheeks, mirth laughing in their eyes, and their golden hair streaming on the wind as they bounded over the spangled meadow, happier than these poor cripples. It was enough to bring tears of joy to any eyes: and who would not with us have blessed God for an institution that brought such alleviation to the sorrows of humanity, and shed such brightness on the lives of those who had otherwise, under ill-usage and contempt, in idleness and dependence, dragged out a miserable existence? Here they were happy as the day was long: kindly, lovingly treated; their minds instructed, their best affections cultivated: trained to earn their honest bread; and taught to find, through Jesus, their way to a better world, and the best of all comforts under the ills of this one. What a blessed change to many from the vile dens where, crouching like wild beasts, they were beaten and starved, and regarded as burdens by cruel and brutal parents; from the dismantled garrets where they were left the live-long day to sit moping and miserable, without food or fuel, or any one to cheer their weary solitude: from the streets where they crawled about to beg, or the crossings they swept, battered by the rain, and shivering in their scanty rags?

Let the Christian and benevolent public know that this admirable institution requires, as it deserves, to be liberally supported. £8 a year is paid for each inmate by the patron or patrons, in answer to whose application she is admitted. This, however, scarcely amounts to one-third of the cost of her maintenance and education. Besides the sum accruing from such annual payments, the institution is so admirably conducted that the receipts from laundry and straw work, and from the shop in Baker Street, amount to not less than £1,000 a year. Over against

this, however, are to be set very heavy expenses. The instruments and appliances required in the more deformed cases, for the preservation of life and the cure or correction of malformations, being costly, entail a heavy burden on the revenues of the institution. Hence the question a lady visitor one day put, when, on entering the garden, she saw a leg lying on a barrow—a fine new leg, not to be bought for less than two guineas. "Whose leg is that?" she said sharply,—an oddly sounding question, which the owner and culprit met with a still more odd excuse, "Oh, mem, I took it off, as I wanted to skip!" Nor are these instruments the only extra expense peculiar to such an institution. With bodily deformities that produce always a delicate state of health, and the strumous constitutions which a large proportion of these cripples inherit, they require more nutritive food, a better table, than other girls of their age and station.

But, as results prove, the money is not wasted. Wisdom is justified of her children. Under this generous treatment many a pale face there has changed to the bloom of health; crooked limbs have become straight; the crutches have been dropped; and not a few who came in hobbling on these have walked out of the institution on their own feet—that wrought by time, and care, and kindness which the Saviour, whom they are taught to know and love, wrought by a word, saying to the impotent man, "Take up thy bed and walk!" More than that, some, saved for this world and for the next, like our Edinburgh cripple, on returning to their homes in the country, to earn their bread there by dress-making, straw-work, millinery, or otherwise, have found good husbands, and become the happy mothers of children. What better illustration of that could be found than the following letter, with which, leaving the Boys' Cripple Home and the Cripple Nursery to a succeeding article, we close this one? It was addressed to a lady who takes a deep interest in the Cripple Girls' Home, and by one who was trained there, and now resides in Hants.

"— 24th July, 1871.

"DEAR LADY,—I hope you will not think me too bold in writing you. But I thought it my duty to do so, and thank you for the 2s. 6d. you were so kind as to send me. I did not know you promised it to the cripples: so it came quite unexpected, and I thank you very much for it. I was so very pleased to think you still remembered me. I hope you are quite well, and that it will please our Heavenly Father to spare you for a long time yet, for the sake of the Home and the poor cripples. I thank God every day I ever went there, for you know it was from dear Miss

Hunter I first learned to trust and fear God. Please to give my love and duty to her. I should so very much like to hear from her again. I do not know if she ever had my last letter. Dear lady, you will no doubt be glad to hear that I am still very busy with the straw work, and have been all the summer. I can't tell you how many pounds I have earned. I made a great many bonnets to go to London for ladies, and one to go to New Zealand. I am happy to tell you that it pleased God that I should marry a pious and God-fearing young man. He is only a farmer's labourer; but with his regular pay and what I can earn, we are living very happy and comfortable together; and by the blessing of God I hope we shall remain so. Our baby is quite well, and grows very much; he is five weeks old. Please give my love to

Doughty, and to tiny Roberts, and to all the girls I know. Tell them it is no good to learn the trade unless they learn to love Jesus, for they will never prosper if they don't. I could do nothing of myself, if I had not a Father in heaven to go to. I hope you will not think I have taken a liberty in writing so free to you. Please forgive me if I have.

"I remain your obedient servant,

"EMILY H., late K."

We leave that letter, with its *naïveté*, good sense, and the kindly, loving, pious spirit it breathes in almost every line, to speak on behalf of the Cripple Girls' Home. "The tree is known by his fruits."

THE BUD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF FERRAND).

MY heart, my heart, is a little bud,
Which slow and silent grows :
And all through the storms of winter,
With the dreams of spring it glows.

My heart, my heart, is a little bud,
Rich, rich with odours sweet :
But it cannot come forth while the fierce wild north
Chills and kills with its hail and sleet.

My heart, my heart, is a little bud,
And when it, loving, breaks,
Unfolding its wings of blossom,
To sunshine eternal it wakes.

A SUNDAY ON A CORAL ISLAND.

RISING about fifty feet above the level of the blue Pacific, is the island of Mitiaro, only three miles in length and two in width. In the great cyclone of 1865, the storm-wave rose at night some thirty feet, almost submerging the island. The entire village, including the church and school-house, was swept away. Fortunately, ere the cyclone had reached its height, most of the inhabitants escaped to the interior, despite the utter darkness.

When the cyclone was over, the terrified natives came back drenched to the skin, and possessed only of the clothes in which they stood—to see, instead of their once pretty village nestling amid cocoa-palms and other trees, a vast expanse of sand and shingle. On this scene of desolation they met to worship God, singing from memory the pathetic native version of "Rock of Ages." Their chests, containing their Bibles, clothes, &c., had all been swept away. The native minister, more prudent, had carried with him

to the interior his Bible and hymn-book at the beginning of the storm.

The writer touched at Mitiaro a few weeks after this fearful visitation, and was heart-sick at the miserable scene. Already they had roughly set up a low building, which served at once for a church and a manse.

On re-visiting the island on the 7th of July last, in the missionary bark, a most pleasing contrast met the eye. The island was smiling in tropical verdure, growing out of the very stones and rocks down to high-water mark. The good native pastor, Itio, and many others met us on the snow-white coral beach with a hearty welcome. A pathway, shaded with delicate mimosas, conducted us to the village, which has been rebuilt. The new church towers above all the other buildings.

Itio has been engaged about twenty years in the work of God; but he has only been on Mitiaro a few months. He showed us the frame of a new house, which is being erected



Distant View of the Island of Mitiaro.

for him. Meanwhile he lives contentedly in a shed close by.

We landed on a Saturday afternoon, consequently most of the adults were at a distance getting food for the Sabbath. But the news of our arrival soon spread, and a gift was made of native cloth, tempting ripe bananas, and a heap of young cocoa-nuts husked ready for drinking. This is the natural beverage of the tropics. Those who have only tasted the so-called "milk" of old nuts in England can form no idea of the refreshing qualities of this precious gift of Providence to these islanders. In most of the low coral islands only brackish water can be obtained by digging in the loose, sandy soil.

Out of a population of only one hundred and eighty, there are forty church members, besides some candidates. Our hearts were rejoiced to find that the conduct of these converts is worthy of the name of Jesus. Nor is their religion an empty profession, for they had collected £5 to spread the Gospel among the heathen, besides two guineas for Bibles. The money was obtained by the manufacture and sale of cocoa-nut-oil.

Anxious to know something of the interior of the island, we started off with a couple of guides to see the lagoon, the existence of which is suspected by few besides natives on account of the dense growth of forest trees surrounding it. The pathway is execrable, the entire surface of the island being sharp coral rock, sprinkled with small patches of soil, which sustain a growth of orange, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut trees, besides plantains, bananas, and guavas.

The ancient myth of these islanders is, that the gods once drew up this coral ringlet from the ocean depths; but there being no soil on it, two iron-wood trees suddenly sprang out of the rock near the sea—one on the east of the island, facing Mauke; the other on the west, facing the large island of Atiu. So tall were these trees, that they touched the skies, but complaisantly inclined until their topmost boughs rested on the interior of those islands. Huge cocoa-nut-leaf baskets, laden with earth, were lodged by friendly fairies in the branches of these trees, which at a given signal raised themselves erect, and scattered the precious soil over the barren rock of Mitiaro. Again and again this was done, until the surface of this once worthless island became covered with luxuriant vegetation, as it now appears. On the island of Mauke is a beautiful glen called "the hollow" (Anaoa), from which the soil now covering one side of Mitiaro was dug out by the fairies! A number of fruitful taro patches, watered by a never-failing spring, renders this romantic spot very valuable. On the island of Atiu a similar glen is pointed out as the veritable place from which the second band of fairies derived the earth which now covers the other half of Mitiaro. These two wonderful trees

were but embodiments of the god Tane-tarava—"Tanè-the-all-sufficient." And it will not, perhaps, be out of place to remark that *Tanè* is exactly equivalent to the Phœnician and Canaanitish 𐤕𐤍. The modifications of

Tanè are innumerable (𐤕𐤍𐤕𐤍). Tanè was invariably connected with stellar idolatry: the planet Venus, as the morning star, was worshipped at Mangaia as "*the eye of Tanè*."

Late in the afternoon we reached the borders of a swamp, beyond which lay the lagoon, which is about three miles in its entire extent. It is impossible for a European to cross the bog and get to the margin of the lagoon. It was queer to look at the children see-sawing on the firmer portions of it, where the weight of an adult would have broken through the green coating over the inky abyss.

The lake itself is nevertheless a pretty object. Tiny canoes lay about ready for shrimping and eel-catching. Besides the ordinary eel (*anguilla vulgaris*), there is a red variety of great size found only in this lagoon. The water is very brackish, almost black, and of unknown depth, with no visible outlet. It is exceedingly difficult to swim in; once down, it is said to be almost impossible to rise again to the surface. Long branches of iron-wood are laid in parallel lines, across the bog to the lagoon, enabling the bare-footed islanders to pass to their canoes and back with loads of fish.

On reaching the village again it was dark. We found that Itio had cooked a large pig and a couple of fowls for our party. The supply of vegetables was poor, as taro—the best vegetable of the tropics—does not grow on Mitiaro. We got on famously, however, having brought with us some tea, sugar, and bread. But Itio, unaccustomed to such luxuries, spoiled our tea by putting it *all* into the teakettle instead of the teapot. The natives who accompanied us got the fat pig, whilst the Europeans attacked the poultry. Crowds of natives good-naturedly watched our operations, occasionally asking questions, whilst two elderly women held candle-nut torches at either end of the table, the smell of which is exceedingly offensive.

When the hour of repose came, the only bedstead in the house was given up to the senior missionary, whilst the two others were glad to stretch themselves out as best they could, boots and all, on rough sofas made by our host. To get a little sleep, it was needful to cover up the face in native fashion, on account of myriads of mosquitoes. Towards

midnight we were alarmed by a strange rushing of waters underneath. Next day we were told that it was the strong influx of the sea by a subterranean passage into the lagoon.

At dawn the whole village was astir and neatly dressed. In a short time the newly completed church was pretty well filled, the building being too large for such a handful of people. The attention of these poor islanders throughout this early service, ay, and throughout the day, was most creditable. Most of them wrote on slates the outlines of the discourses, and doubtless in years to come will distinctly recollect the texts.

The church itself is sixty feet by thirty-three, with a single roof of iron-wood rafters, thatched with the leaves of the *pandanus odoratissimus*. The twelve windows are in the Gothic style and glazed;—made in Sydney, and costing the Mitiaro folks £4 each. *This expense was all defrayed before using the building for worship*; which is more than can be said of some finer churches at home. For the purpose of ventilation the upper part is filled up with graceful lattice-work. The interior is floored throughout with ancient cocoa-nut trees sawn in two and well planed. Seats with backs are arranged in three tiers. The pulpit is of unpolished native rosewood (*cordia*). The one obvious defect in this stone church is the painting of the wood-work in white, red, green, yellow, and blue!

Knowing that the *John Williams* might be expected in July, they had strained every nerve to complete the building, so that a missionary might take the opening services. Three, however, were present instead of one. An hour previous to the morning service, we went to see their Sabbath-school. It was held in an open shed near the sea, with neat forms and a desk at one end. The flooring was of the whitest coral worn smooth by the action of the sea. A pleasant breeze relieved the heat of a bright cloudless tropical day. We were pleased at the examination of the young people present, most of whom could read and write correctly. Most of the replies were correct; but some curious answers were given. One asserted that "*Mary the sister of Lazarus was the mother of our Lord*." Another thought that "*the Titus to whom Paul addressed an epistle afterwards destroyed Jerusalem*." These islanders never had a white missionary amongst them save for a few hours at a time.

The morning's text in church was, "*Ye are all one in Christ Jesus*,"—a great truth ever welcome to a Polynesian, and especially so to the natives of this blood-stained islet.

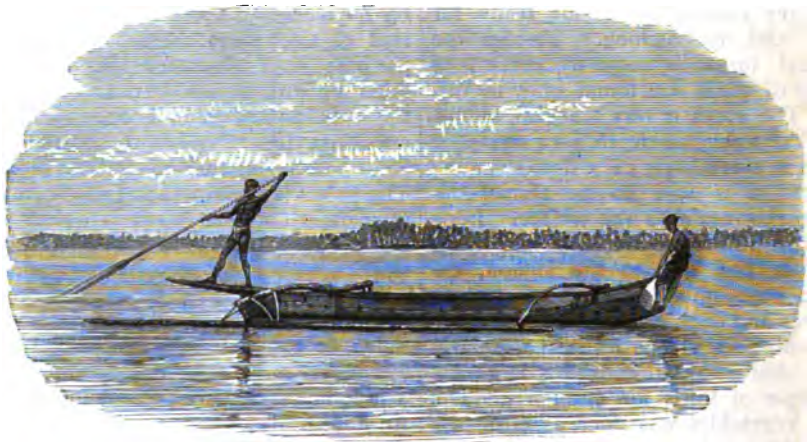
But the singing was horrible; reminding some of us of what we heard on Niue in 1862, when a thousand people sang without regard to verse or metre, until being quite out of breath they sat down.

After a frugal dinner the deacons came in to ask our opinions on various matters of interest to the little community, which is politically dependent on Atiu.

In the afternoon we spent another hour in the Sunday-school, when their musical bell summoned us again to church, where service was concluded at four P.M. Walking to the beach we found the ship's boat waiting for us outside the breakers. A hearty shaking of hands and plentiful "Kia ora na" (may you live!) followed us as we jumped on the backs of some stalwart natives and were deposited in a huge double canoe near the outer edge of the reef. A lull in the violence of the surf

enabled our clumsy craft to dart through. In a few minutes we were on the deck of the missionary bark sailing to the next island. For a considerable time we sat gazing with delight on the scene of beauty we had left; and never shall I forget the pleasant Sunday spent on this insignificant coral islet.

Mitiaro formerly sustained a much larger population than at present. The natives were counted very brave, never having been overcome by their foes from the neighbouring islands. Several canoe-loads of Atiuans were slain and devoured by these fierce Mitiaro people. In 1819 (only two years prior to the introduction of Christianity) a grand descent was made on these cannibals by Roma-Tane and his Atiuans. Admission was gained by treachery to the stronghold of the devoted Mitiaro natives. Frightful carnage now took place. A large oven is still pointed out where



Canoe used by natives of Mitiaro.

shrieking men and women, bound hand and foot, were thrown alive into the flames to be cooked. The brains of little children were dashed out on the stones in the sight of their mothers: twos and threes were skewered together through the ears! No distinction of sex or age was made. The great double-canoes of the retreating invaders required soft rollers (banana stumps are usually employed for this purpose) to prevent injury to the bottom from the sharp coral. On this occasion these rollers, laid at intervals, were living men and women, tied hand and foot.

Few of the original inhabitants now survive. The conquerors first gorged themselves with human flesh, and then carried off the remainder for their wives and little ones at Atiu. An aged native of Mauke (which was simi-

larly treated by the pitiless Atiuans) once told the writer, that on account of his relationship to the victors he was spared, but was placed on a number of packages of baked human flesh—the flesh of his uncles and other fellow countrymen. His eyes streamed with tears as he told the story. In 1869 I asked Mana, chief of Atiu, whether the stories I had heard about his eating human flesh were true. He said, "Yes, often enough; but I did not eat my Atiuans, only the refractory Mitiaro and Mauke people." Mana is brother to the terrible Roma-Tane referred to above. It is, however, but justice to the memory of the destroyer of Mitiaro to say that in 1821 he embraced Christianity, and abolished idolatry throughout Atiu, Mauke, and Mitiaro.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—AT HOME.

HOLIDAYS.

IT seems to be one of the discoveries of the age that holidays are not among the childish things which are to be put away when you become a man. The holiday-area, so to speak, is gradually and steadily enlarging. It is an understood thing that the professional classes all get a holiday—at least when they can afford it. The mercantile interest is no longer content with the allowance of worthy John Gilpin. Banks and offices give the regulation fortnight for country air. The working classes have all their occasional day, and some of them contrive to get a week at the sea-side. Kind-hearted and Christian philanthropists have set agoing sea-side houses, where teachers, governesses, city missionaries, and other members of the useful but ill-paid fraternities may inhale ozone and oxygen, and lay their hand on the mane of the mighty ocean. It is a happy thought that at this season so many families have the opportunity to lay in health and vigour for the working year. If all could have it, so much the better. It is a duty to try to live to the end of our days, and the holiday is a great help in this direction to all who from one year's end to the other have to undergo the strain of daily toil.

It is somewhat strange that in all this we are but slowly feeling our way backward to the point occupied more than three thousand years ago by the Jews. Their holidays were undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and one of the most original features of the social system organized at Sinai. They could know but little of holidays while making bricks for the Pharaohs, especially when they had to find the straw. From Egypt to the wilderness was a transition from oppressive toil to monotonous leisure. Having experienced perforce the two extremes, it was a very fitting arrangement that landed them in the happy medium. First there was the weekly Sabbath, so sacredly and yet not austere kept as a holiday. Then there were the new moons and the occasional festivals. Thrice a year the great annual feasts called all the males to Jerusalem, and occasioned the spending of some ten days each time in travel, or residence in the capital. And crowning all, came the Sabbatic year, in which the fields lay fallow, and the plough-share was yellow with rust. We at least have not yet begun to dream of this last, but who knows what may be in the future, or whether the rhyme that sets forth the working man's *beau idéal* may not one day be found insufficient?

"Eight hours for work,
And eight for play,
Eight hours for sleep,
And eight shillings a day."

One thing, however, deserves to be noted about the Jewish holidays, that they were part of a system that made full provision not only for cultivating self-control, but also the very highest spiritual qualities.

I. N.S.

Too often the derivation of the word holiday (holy day) reminds us of *lucus a non lucendo*. Masses of the people seem to have no notion of enjoyment apart from sensual *abandon*, and the consequences are alike disgusting and humiliating. Those who preside over the moral and spiritual training of the people might look to this much more than they do. The evangelical pulpit, in particular, might surely enlarge the circumference of its teaching so as to include the true notion of a holiday. For it is not merely the roughs that need to be taught how to enjoy themselves. On all of us there is room for enforcing the great central truth, so apt to be forgotten, that all true enjoyment comes from God. The holiday is God's gift to you, O child of labour, designed for your happiness, given to be enjoyed. But in order to be truly enjoyed, two conditions, at least, are indispensable—you must do no harm to yourself, and you must do no harm to your neighbour. Your moral and spiritual nature can endure no violence, and your neighbour must sustain no wrong. Nay, the more you can use your holiday for positive good to both, the more will it realise what is indicated by the derivation of the name. If all the world could have its holiday in this sense and in this spirit, what a happy time it would be! And even where there can be no actual holiday, if this spirit prevail, it will breed not a little of holiday-radiance and holiday-refreshment too.

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

Never, since Britain was a nation, has there been a larger share of general prosperity than there is now. Public grumbling is almost unknown, and the evidences of prosperity are alike numerous and weighty. Statistics of exports and imports show figures unprecedentedly large. The national income swells in the exchequer, and exceeds all the estimates of its chancellor. Pauperism shows a very large diminution. At the prison conference, delegates congratulate the nation on the diminution of crime. Merchants acknowledge that trade is unprecedentedly lucrative. Farmers admit that the times are good. And never were the wages of labour so large. All this is bright and satisfactory. But when the question is raised—to what does it all tend? the reply is not always so pleasant. We wish we could say that in every case it tends to more thankfulness, more cheerfulness, and a more careful reference to the rule, "to whom much is given, of them much shall be required." Turning in the first instance to the class that hovers on the borders of pauperism, we wish that we could say that the abundance now so general is tending to increased providence and to more regard than is often had to the "rainy day" that may be coming soon. We wish that we could assure ourselves that that abundance is never wasted in expenditure that will leave the owners as miserable as ever, when, as is probable, a reaction sets in and employment becomes scarce and precarious. We should like to

see the Savings' Banks, and other treasuries of small savings, keeping tune with the general testimony, and bearing witness to the provident spirit of the people. The occurrence of such prosperity, too, might be expected to be attended with a great increase in the number of dwelling-houses built by working men for their own accommodation. The fear is, lest in the case even of those who are not addicted to vice, the glow of prosperity should chill the spirit of self-command, and make them forget how greatly a little self-denial now may promote their comfort and welfare afterwards.

In regard to those classes where wealth is not measured by weekly earnings, the risk is, lest a too luxurious and ostentatious style of living shall be engendered by the present abundance. Of all things fitted to sap the true prosperity of a nation, luxurious self-indulgence is the worst. When the image of that god is set up in a house, it is as if a sirocco began to blow—all death lives and all life dies. Should a large section of our people come under its influence, the consequences to our national life would be ruinous. Betting and gambling, licentious pleasure and craving for excitement, irregular habits and laxity of every kind would come in like a flood. And there is no denying the fact that with the rapid influx of wealth, such abominations have been multiplied of late years. It is said of John Newton of Olney that he once astonished his congregation by announcing that a young man who had succeeded to a great fortune desired an interest in their prayers. People thought that such a request would have been more reasonable if he had lost a great fortune. Yet the experience of such a time as the present lets us see more clearly on which side the greater moral danger really lies.

The wilderness of Sinai, where so many words of truth and wisdom were uttered, will again give us the true cue:—"When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. Beware lest thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God, . . . and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day."

THE BENNETT JUDGMENT.

As we anticipated in the few remarks which we made last month—written just as the judgment was announced—the opposite sides in the suit have found something to please them and something to object to, in the decision of the Privy Council Judicial Committee. But in surveying the various expressions of opinion upon it, one thing is very apparent—the Evangelical side can find comfort only in words, while their opponents fasten upon deeds. Such men as Dean McNeile and Canon Hoare deem that essential service has been rendered to Protestant truth by the explicit renunciation, in the terms of the judgment, of transubstantiation as a doctrine of the Church

of England. In this view, however, Mr. Ryle, Mr. Molyneux, Mr. Robert Baxter, and many others, cannot concur. And as for the Ritualists, their satisfaction at finding that the law is not going to touch Mr. Bennett, nor any other man who holds the real presence as he has expressed it, is so great, that they can overlook altogether the warning that accompanied the decision, and the scolding which it administered to Mr. Bennett. On the part of the Broad Church, there is a feeling of satisfaction at the vindication of the comprehensive theory, and at the declared possibility of men being included in the same Church of England who are so different in the views which they entertain.

Some of the letters published on the subject, especially from the Evangelical point of view, are expressed in very strong language. Mr. Ryle regards the crisis as most serious, dreads the great loss of respect and power which the Church must sustain, and deems that the duty of the faithful among the clergy to testify for the truth in regard to the Lord's Supper is most imperative; while anything like a secession, the last refuge for those whose views are disregarded, is not to be thought of for the present. Mr. Robert Baxter, from the point of view of the laity, is impressed still more by the gravity of the occasion, and fears that the decision will drive tens of thousands of the most truth-loving of the people from the pale of the Church. Mr. Capel Molyneux thinks that heresy has been introduced into the very vitals of the Church. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff, of Edinburgh, quoting from a sermon of Hooker's, denounces a compromise that, in the words of that divine, would let the one side "have a mass by permission, and the other a communion with good leave and liking," thereby making the Church to consist of "a mangle-mangle of ministers and massing priests;" and proposes a conference of the older clergymen of the Church, and the issue of an address for the guidance of the rest. Other clergymen, on the other hand, dwell, as we have said, on the enunciation of Protestant doctrine which the Privy Council decision emphatically makes, and deem the protection which it affords sufficient to vindicate the position which they maintain.

A NEW EUCHARISTIC CONTROVERSY.

Amid the discussions that have been going on as to the nature of the Lord's Supper, and the manner in which his body and blood are present there, another question has risen to the surface, in itself of little importance, but vital in its relation to what lies beneath. It is, whether those members of a congregation who do not communicate, ought to leave the church during the celebration of the eucharist, or ought to remain. The discussion turns, in the first instance, on the import of the rubric in the prayer-book that bears on this point, but as that rubric is not very explicit, considerations of a more general kind are brought to bear on the question. It is not difficult to see in what manner the sympathies of the two great schools are affected by it. In the Church

of Rome it is not the practice for members to communicate often; but it is held that those who in a devout spirit are present at the celebration of mass, derive benefit from the sacrifice that is then offered for the sins of the living and of the dead. The benefit of the eucharistic sacrifice, as it is called, is not limited to those who receive the sacramental emblem or emblems, but may be made available for others. Where the Romish view of the eucharist prevails, the desire is to encourage the attendance of non-communicants, under the impression that the great act of sacrifice then performed diffuses certain of its blessings far beyond the circle of the actual participants. On the other hand, where the Protestant view of the Lord's Supper prevails, although the presence of non-communicants might be desired with a view to their being duly impressed by so solemn an ordinance, it would be strongly repudiated and discountenanced if the impression should prevail that saving benefit would be derived by them through their presence during the sacrificial act. It is sufficiently apparent what the tendencies are which give to this controversy its importance. And it is equally apparent of what consequence it is that Scriptural views should prevail regarding an ordinance with which so many strange views are apt to be connected.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

Notwithstanding initial difficulties and collisions, in the starting of a national scheme of education for England, there are several indications that the cause makes real progress. It does not seem to us to be any ground for real disappointment that not a little time has been consumed by school boards in discussions which may have yielded little direct results. The time is not lost that fastens the attention of able and influential men on the details of the subject, and deepens their interest in all the various aspects of it. We rejoice to think that during the last few years education has been fixing itself, so to speak, in the national mind as a great public interest, claiming the nation's attention *at least* as much as the army, the navy, or any other great national institution. No time and no discussion are wasted that serve to bring education into a more prominent place as one of the great factors in the elevation of the British people. A few years hence the real importance of all that has been going on will be more apparent. We have occasionally heard some excellent people, who are doing very valuable service in rescuing and educating neglected children, remark, rather complacently, that they are doing the real work, while parliaments and school boards are quarrelling as to how it ought to be done. True, in a sense; but these quarrels of parliaments and school boards are rousing attention, and really serving to elevate the cause beyond what the quiet and praiseworthy efforts of individuals could have accomplished.

Undoubtedly, too, the profession of teacher is in the way of being raised. The demand for trained teachers will certainly be increased, for if the new schemes in England and Scotland accomplish anything, there will

be a material addition to the number of schools. (course there is a risk that the more mechanical and the more intellectual parts of education—those which are tested by examinations, competitions, and the like—will receive more attention than that moral and spiritual training, that formation of the character and the habits which is the highest result of the successful schoolmaster's work. For obviating such risk, it is of great importance that institutions for the training of masters should be impregnated with a high Christian spirit. It is of great importance that earnest Christian men and women take a lively interest in the work of our common schools. Much, too, we believe, may be expected from the efforts of the better class of teachers themselves in their intercourse with one another. The Christian teacher who aims at forming the character of his pupils after the highest Christian model undoubtedly magnifies his office, and brings an influence to bear on his brother-teachers far beyond what is done by the cold secularist. When teachers feel that they constitute an independent profession possessing capabilities of good that cannot be measured, we believe that a great impulse will be given to their highest aims in reference to their charge.

Nor do we think that any harm has arisen from the discussions we have had as to the use of the Bible in schools. Even those who have pled for its exclusion on the special ground that has been maintained as to the use of public money, have been careful to explain that they only desired the teaching of the Bible to be transferred to other hands. It is abundantly apparent, however, that the general mind of the nation is strongly in favour of teaching the Bible in schools. There is a feeling that to exclude it from institutions designed to provide for the upbringing of the young would be something like an affront to its Author, and a great injury to the young themselves. Then there is a secondary ground in favour of the Bible that has been well maintained. Even apart from the highest aspects of religion, the Bible is wonderfully and unprecedentedly fitted for many of the purposes of education. It has a remarkable power of stimulating many of the secondary faculties of the mind. Let us quote in point a remarkable testimony of Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the preface of the little work he has just issued, entitled "A Bible-reading for Schools. The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration (Isaiah xl.—lxvi.). Arranged and Edited for Young Learners." Mr. Arnold does not present this prophecy in its more spiritual and evangelical sense, but he bears now, as on former occasions, a strong and emphatic testimony to the educational value of the Bible:—

"Only one literature there is, one great literature, for which the people have had a preparation—the literature of the Bible. However far they may be from having a complete preparation for it, they have some; and it is the only great literature for which they have any. . . . Therefore I have so often insisted, in reports to the Education Department, on the need, if from this point of view only, for the Bible in schools for the people. If poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, if what we call in one word *letters*, are a power, and a beneficent wonder-working power, in education, through the Bible only have the

people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy, and eloquence. Perhaps I may here quote what I have at former times said: 'Chords of power are touched by this instruction which no other part of the instruction in a popular school reaches, and chords various, not the single religious chord only. The Bible is for the child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy. What a course of eloquence and poetry (to call it by that name alone) is the Bible in a school which has and can have but little eloquence and poetry! and how much do our elementary schools lose by not having any such course as part of their school-programme. All who value the Bible may rest assured that thus to know and possess the Bible is the most certain way to extend the power and efficacy of the Bible.'

LORD DALHOUSIE AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Nothing is more generally established, in connection with church order in churches which are not sacerdotal, than that there is a certain place for laymen of talents and piety between absolute silence in public assemblies on the one hand, and the full functions of the pastor or the preacher on the other. The place is not one which it is easy to define, but when a good sample occurs of the kind of address that is suitable, the abstract may be defined by means of the concrete. Such a sample we conceive to have been furnished in Lord Dalhousie's address in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, a few weeks ago. To a very large audience, representing, many of them, a class not connected with ordinary churches, his lordship delivered an exhortation of fifteen minutes' length, founded on the thirty-seventh psalm. The subject was a wide one—the difference between those who served God, and those who served Him not. Admitting that the godless condition of many in London was the fault of those who had neglected them fully more than their own, he warned them against the public-house—urged the benefits of a well-kept Sabbath, and the value of the privileges flowing from it. The Sabbath, he said, was the oldest institution in the world. Since its establishment kingdoms have risen and fallen, dynasties have passed away, but it remains, because, first, it promotes the glory of God, and secondly, is for the benefit of man. On the Sabbath we were commanded to assemble ourselves together to hear of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's finished work. Let us join in that worship; it would make us happy. Let us get others to do the same; it would make us happier if we could introduce to the hopes of heaven those who, to our danger and theirs, had no such hopes, and were content to live in sin. In heaven there was room for all. It was his earnest prayer that such efforts as those which were made at the Agricultural Hall might not be in vain, but be owned and blessed by God.

We are sure it must, in like manner, be the prayer of many, that when men like Lord Dalhousie come forward in this way to express their interest in the state of the masses, and testify to them the value of the Gospel as the basis of all right movements for their welfare, the results may be highly encouraging to themselves, and beneficial to those whose welfare they seek.

II.—ABROAD.

THE FRENCH SYNOD.

The meetings and proceedings of the Synod of the Reformed Church in France have excited no small interest. The majority of sixty-one to forty-five, on the vote that followed the seven days' discussion, in favour of a brief declaration of faith, indicates the strength of the two parties, orthodox and rationalist. How little of real belief is left to some of the minority is but too apparent from some of the positions that have been taken, and the irreverent language that has been used in support of them. To make light of the great question of our Lord's resurrection from the dead by the remark that it was but a quarrel over his dead body, is not the way to inspire respect for the views of rationalists, or the spirit in which they are maintained. The Synod has not adopted any measures at present for enforcing the confession on individuals, so that there is no prospect of an immediate collision rending it asunder. But the differences between the two parties are so vital and fundamental, that even coherence—much less community—is hardly to be thought of as the ultimate result. There can be little doubt that an active opposition between the two sides must continue. At what time a crisis may be reached, we cannot conjecture; but, notwithstanding the hopes of M. Guizot, it is difficult to see a possibility of the permanent maintenance of unity.

THE JESUITS IN GERMANY.

Having determined that the Jesuits shall not be allowed to carry on their machinations in Germany, the German Parliament has gone home. It is not quite a decree of expulsion which the government has passed, consequent on the vote of the parliament; but the residence of Jesuits in Germany is to be confined to such spots as the government may resolve on.

"The Jesuits Bill in Germany," writes the *London Record*, "has now become law, and though it is not quite so sweeping as when it left the hands of the Government, owing to modifications effected by the Reichstag, it is still a severe and wholesome measure. It abolishes all Jesuit convents and other establishments on German soil connected with the Order, but it does not give the authorities of the State power to expel individual members from the country, but only at present decrees that they must live in certain places. Some so-called lovers of liberty have objected to this Bill, on the ground that it interferes with the freedom of the subject. A German, though a Jesuit, it is said, is still a German, and why should he be deprived of his citizenship solely because his creed differs from that of his neighbour? In theory this is all well enough, but in practice it becomes impossible. Where the safety of the State is concerned all other considerations, even that of personal freedom, must succumb, if necessary. And the duty is all the more imperative when such personal freedom is only exercised to the detriment of national interests. The German Jesuit has alone himself to thank for the penalty the law now makes him suffer. Of two antagonistic choices he has chosen the one which renders his presence in the State as dangerous as the presence of a Catiline. Deliberately, and of his own free will, he prefers to serve Rome to Germany, and to advocate the interests of his Church to those of the State.

Acting as a traitor and an alien, can he wonder that he receives the punishment due to treachery and the isolation due to hostile citizenship? He has vowed death to German unity, to German Protestantism, and to German policy. All the spiritual terrors of the altar, pulpit, and confessional he so well knows how to exercise he displays to defeat the ends of Prince Bismarck and to render null the result of the past terrible war. Though a German, he preaches disloyalty against the Emperor and the Empire, and insiduously advocates the cause of France and alliance with all who will wage war against one who has cemented German Protestantism and who is the deadliest enemy of the Church. Nay, it is now asserted that an unholy union has been struck up between the German Jesuit and that terror to society, the Republican Socialist. The Republican wishes to raze the German constitution to the ground, and on its site to erect purely democratic institutions, replete with revolutionary ideas. The Jesuit wishes to exalt the Church by the degradation of the political power of the nation. Though the object is different, the aim of the two is the same—destruction to national unity. Extremes meet; and atheism and popery—the most fettered superstition and the most unbridled licence—go hand-in-hand to destroy nationality, progress, union, and Protestantism. To suffer such a state of things to continue unchecked is to sanction conspiracy, and to encourage treachery.”

ITALY.

If the great secular powers are to withdraw their active support from the Papacy, the Papacy, it seems, is to have its *per contra* by refusing them a veto in the election of the Pope. Pio Nono, after occupying the papal chair for the unusual period of six-and-twenty years, must think of his successor. The manner of electing popes is quite a study, regulated as it has been by rules of a kind so singular as to be quite unprecedented in human arrangements. The rights of the conclave have been established during a long succession of ages, and any attempt to restrict these would be sure to be resented. But in dealing with the secular powers that have usually been allowed a measure of influence over the conclave, the Pope is under less restriction. It has ever been the policy of the Papacy, in reference to the powers of this world, to take as much out of them, and concede as little to them, as possible.

In the internal affairs of the country it is said that a new policy is to be introduced. The papal party has hitherto held aloof from municipal elections and the like, as if the whole interference of Victor Emmanuel's Government were such a piece of wickedness that any countenance of it would be a sin. But now, it is said, there are symptoms of another policy. The party of the priests are anxious to get men of their own views introduced into such situations. A new element is, therefore, beginning to appear in elections. Instead of holding aloof, the papal party, it is affirmed, have adopted as their motto, "Vote and Vanquish."

The progress of evangelical truth is slow, but not discouraging. Wherever the means are set in operation, in an earnest and prayerful spirit, some encouraging results are found to follow. Thus the Naples Evangelical Committee, in their report for

1871, tell that, in one of their best schools, the instruction is so appreciated that the parents have unanimously petitioned to be allowed to pay a higher fee! Mention is made of another school where a little boy of five and a half died in so beautiful a spirit that his parents opened their hearts to the Lord, and the mother, a Jewess, desired to be baptized. An interesting feature of the work is the manner in which Christian ladies, chiefly from England, are devoting themselves to orphanage schools and the like. Thus Mrs. Henry Boyce superintends an orphanage at Vallecrosia (Bordighera), to which in a few months twenty-five boys and as many girls have been sent, once untutored vagabonds, now undergoing the happy change arising from kind and Christian training. In Rome, notwithstanding all the opposition of the priests, it is said to be no uncommon thing to see a person in the streets reading the New Testament, and some even who cannot read carrying the New Testament with them, and asking others to read it for them. Notwithstanding, however, these encouraging symptoms, it can only be said to be the day of small things for the Bible in Italy; the mass of the people are too like Gallio—they care for none of these things.

III.—THE MISSION FIELD.

MAHOMETANISM—WAHABEISM—INDIA.

Various circumstances have contributed lately to draw attention to the spirit and attitude of the Mahometans in India. Politicians and missionaries have both been watching them more closely than in former times. That they are not well affected towards the British Government in India is very certain. Whether they are not too indolent and too corrupt to be able to do mischief, and whether the Wahabe sect may not succeed in so infusing vigour and fanaticism among them as to make them highly dangerous, are questions on which not a little discussion is going on. To politicians, the presence of a people amounting in number to thirty millions, acknowledged to be ill-affected towards our Government, must ever be a serious affair. According to some, the Mahometar is bound by his religion to rebel against our government. Others repudiate this statement; if there be truth in it, the Mahometan mutiny can only be a question of time.

In these circumstances, the question arises, What ought to be the attitude of missionaries towards the Mahometans? According to some, any attempt to proselytise them will only stir up their mutinous spirit, and precipitate the crisis which seems to be drawing on. Moreover, we are assured in some quarters, any attempt to proselytise must be in the last degree futile. Nothing will induce a Mussulman to change his religion. The idea of his conversion is preposterous. This, of course, is said only from merely worldly point of view. From a higher standpoint, the command to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, stands as binding as ever. The man of faith cannot see that a duty which he is called by God ought to be abandoned.

the ground that, by discharging it, he will stimulate the energies of the devil. He must sow good seed in the field, even though the enemy may be thereby excited to sow tares. And as to the conversion of the Mahometan, the principle becomes applicable, "That which is impossible with man is possible with God." From the same point of view, it might have been said, eighteen hundred years ago, that nothing could ever induce Saul of Tarsus to change his religion, or it might have been said that nothing could induce the murderers of our Lord to change theirs. Or, going still further back, it was once said, in the same spirit, "the people be strong that dwell in that land, and the cities are walled and very great; and, moreover, we saw the children of Anak there." But to a Caleb the reply is simple and obvious: "Let us go up at once and possess it: if the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us unto this land and give it to us."

In regard to the Wahabes, the impression of some is, that they may succeed in imparting to the languid mass of Mahometanism the vigour and fanaticism which will impel it to action. The Wahabes have sometimes been called the Protestants of Mahometanism. It is only in a very restricted sense, however, that the term is applicable. Wahhab, who was their founder nearly a century and a half ago, shocked at the corruptions which he witnessed at Mecca, and instructed in the true tenets of Islamism, began to testify, and to demand reform. After considerable persecution, he founded an Arab league, and propagated his views by fire and sword. The sect was highly victorious for a time, but was unable to hold its conquests. The capital of the Wahabe empire is Riad in the Nejd; and, according to Mr. Palgrave, its force is vigorous and aggressive. In India, the influence of the Wahabes is of but recent origin. It is only under the British rule that the sect has been tolerated by Mahometans. The extent of their influence, and the nature of their plans, are matters of debate among our countrymen. But the opinion is pretty general that Wahabeism bodes no good to the British rule in India.

The question whether conversions take place from Mahometanism to Christianity is one on which those who so vehemently deny the possibility of such a thing are, for the most part, little qualified to judge. Those who labour among them are by no means so hopeless. The *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, from whose pages we have been indebted for part of the preceding statement, has an interesting communication from M. Deimler, one of its missionaries in Bombay, containing undoubtedly a very distinct account of the fanaticism of the Mahometans, and their bitter opposition to the Gospel, but ending with a narrative of the baptism of a young Mahometan, which we here subjoin:—

BAPTISM OF A GRANDSON OF THE KING OF DELHI.

"The young man I baptized is Mirza Sulaiman Ali Ghor, a grandson of Bahadur Shah, late king of Delhi, and at this time, to my knowledge, the nearest male relation in India of that royal house. At

the time of the mutiny he was about nine years of age. At the recapture of Delhi his mother, Begum Zinat Nisa, drowned herself in a well with his little sister. His father was Mirza Faqra Wali-Ahad, or heir-apparent to the throne, who died a couple of months before the mutiny. Mirza Sulaiman was taken captive with his brothers and his grandfather to Rangoon, and was kept as such for the period of twelve years. On being released, he returned with his brother, Mirza Ali Ashkar, to Calcutta. He used to receive a pension of 50 Rs. per mensem from the Government, but, owing to his brother absconding from India, his pension was confiscated by Government, which a petition on his part to Government failed to procure. Dissatisfied and without means he left Calcutta for Bombay, intending to proceed to Mekka and Constantinople, with the hope of meeting his brother. Here in Bombay, after he had been on several occasions our vehement antagonist in street-preaching, he came to our house, and soon remained here for instruction. For some time he tried to support himself by repairing watches, which trade he had learned in his captivity; however, it proved insufficient, and we had to support him. In Rangoon he had become acquainted with the New Testament, and here with us he showed by his walk and conduct, steady attention to God's Word, and his amiable disposition, the sincerity of his desire to become a Christian. Thus, after due instruction during a few months, I baptized him in December last. I trust God will give him grace to live and die a true Christian, and to attain, after this life full of vicissitudes, a crown of life which fadeth not away.

"There is something melancholy in this story, and humanity is touched with pity about this young, poor, and hapless scion of the once famous imperial house of Tamerlane and Akbar. However, in this picture a golden star of hope is glittering, the name of which is—faith in Jesus Christ. Mirza Sulaiman is very desirous to receive education, and attends the Robert Money School; but he having no means whatsoever, I have to support him. I think he ought to petition Government again for a pension, the granting of which would bring him and us out of the difficulty. Should any friend of the Mission feel inclined to help us in this case we would be very thankful."

It can hardly be said that this is a decisive instance of conversion, or one on which the true state of the case is to be staked. It is a case, however, that clearly shows that such conversion is possible, and that it is alike unwarrantable in fact and in theology to say that nothing will ever induce a Mahometan to change his religion.

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The sixty-first annual report of the American Board (which now represents chiefly the Congregationalist body) gives a summary of the various operations of the Society in Africa, Turkey, India, Ceylon, China (Foochow and Tientsin), Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and among the North American Indians. It is deeply interesting to peruse a document in which the spiritual wants of so many different parts of the world are brought before us, and the efforts of the Church to distribute to all of them a portion of the living bread. It is also interesting to find notices of so many different forms of missionary agency and effort—translating and circulating the Bible, printing books, preaching, teaching, organization of native churches,

efforts for the elevation of women, and the like. "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

Of the missions of this Society, there is perhaps none that is more interesting than that to Turkey. It is not so much a mission to any form of paganism, as it is a mission for converting men from an effete and corrupt form of Christianity to the pure and living Gospel of Jesus Christ. Of late years its success has been very remarkable. We have had occasion ere now to bring some of its details before our readers. At present it may be enough to state that the number of churches connected with the Mission is seventy-four. In the course of the year, one thousand three hundred and eighty persons have been added to the list of registered Protestants, and four hundred and ninety-four persons have joined the churches on a profession of their faith; twenty-two native preachers have been sent out by the two seminaries at Marsovan and Marash; and contributions have been raised in Turkey for the various purposes of the mission to the amount of more than nineteen thousand dollars. Special attention is devoted to women over the entire field. Besides the wives of the missionaries, twenty-nine single ladies are devoting their culture and discipline, acquired in the best institutions in America, to the social and moral elevation of their sex in Turkey. The results have been beyond the most sanguine expectations. Hundreds of women are simple-hearted believers in Christ; every week the women's prayer-meetings and mothers' meetings are well attended; scores of women have gone from the seminaries as teachers and Bible readers, and many more are still in training.

REMARKABLE AMERICAN RECEPTION.

The Academy of Music in Philadelphia was recently the scene of a strange reception—thousands of Philadelphia citizens assembled to welcome a party of gentlemen rejoicing in the names of Red Cloud, Red Dog, Blue Horse, High Wolf, Red Leaf, Fast Bull, Little Wolf, Red Fox, Afraid-of-the-Eagles, Good Buffalo, Thunder Hawk, Hawk Eagle, Two Elk, Carry-Crow-on-his-head, and so on. Red Cloud is the chief of a tribe of Red Indians that have shown a great desire to be on peaceful terms with the United States, and have been interviewing "the Great Father," as they call President Grant, with a view to friendship and civilisation. The meeting was held under the auspices of Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, whose earnest Christian philanthropy and missionary zeal are known and esteemed all over the world. Red Cloud and his friends appear to have been of very great service in promoting a love of peace among their warlike countrymen; and having been met, as we gather, not by rogues but honest men as representatives of the Government of the United States, have not only become fast friends of that country, but are desirous to be initiated into its ways.

Their appearance on the platform was probably a disappointment to some. Instead of wearing their Indian dress, and flourishing the tomahawk, they

appeared in the civilised dress of American citizens. Red Dog had carried his civilisation to the extent of a black suit of clothes and a white hat; Red Cloud had gone a step farther, and appeared in a paper shirt-collar. The whole party decidedly objected to sing, or dance, or even to utter a war-whoop. Their statement of their aims and wishes was simple and touching. They want, as one of them said, "to get into the white man's path, *quick*." In the course of the proceedings (which were carried on through an interpreter), Red Cloud put to Mr. Stuart a number of theological questions. He said he had heard that God came down to earth, dwelt among men, and then went up to heaven. He wished to know why he went up to heaven? They gave a characteristic account of their interview with the President. Red Leaf said that he had told the Red Father that he wanted to do as the whites do, and the Great Father "took it, put it in his ear, and gave him a good answer."

Among the Christian portion of the American people the question, What is to be done for the Indians? has always been an urgent one, but not easily answered. The Indians themselves are now contributing towards its solution.

THE PROPOSED PROTECTORATE OF FIJI.

A discussion has taken place in the House of Commons whether or not a British protectorate ought to be established over the Fiji Islands. It is not the first time that this question has been stirred, and on the present occasion, as before, the proposal has been negatived. But the discussion has been the occasion of bringing out the marvellous social changes which the introduction of Christianity has made on the islands and the islanders. Forty years ago the Fijians were savage cannibals. According to Mr. M'Arthur's statement in the House of Commons, "all is now changed. Perhaps in the history of the Church no greater triumphs have been achieved than what has been effected in the short space of thirty-seven years. All honour to the noble men who, in the true spirit of martyrdom and apostolic zeal, were the pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in that bloodstained land. What has been the result? The greater part of the population has embraced Christianity or renounced heathenism—cannibalism has been abolished—schools have been established—large numbers of adults have learned to read—the Scriptures have been translated, and are now in the hands of upwards of 100,000 of the population—churches have been erected—normal institutions founded for the training of a native ministry as well as of schoolmasters—the King and a large number of the principal chiefs have embraced Christianity, and, as I have said, one of the fairest and most wonderful transformations in Christian history has been wrought on this savage and barbarous people."

The importance of the islands politically lies in their being in the very heart of Polynesia, and also on the direct highway between Australia and California. The white population of the islands, which is almost

olly British, amounts to 3,000, while the native population is about 150,000. Among other facts adverted to in proof of the progress of the country, it is stated that since 1849, when there was only one small schooner of twenty-five tons belonging to the islands, there were now no fewer than 211 ships.

In the discussion of the question, no doubt was thrown on the statements of the progress and importance of Fiji, but it was held that a native government had been set up, that the people were not asking for our protectorate, and that there would be no end of inconveniences in the assumption of so many islands as a British colony or protectorate.

IN MEMORIAM.

The death of Dr. Norman Macleod has sent a peculiar sense of bereavement and awakened a special feeling of regret throughout the whole community. From all quarters testimony has been borne to the remarkable combination of qualities that marked him as a preacher, as a writer, and as a man. As a preacher he proclaimed the word of reconciliation from the God of love, often with a fervour and a pathos that showed how deeply he realised the misery of the sinner, and what a value he set on the grace of God. To remedy the sins and sorrows of the crowded city, he organized his missionary machinery, and wrought it with an energy and a success that are known to all. His gifts as a popular writer, especially his humour and vivacity, secured for him a wide popularity, which doubtless would have been greatly increased had literature instead of merely occupying a few *horæ subsecivæ* been the chief employment of his life. The charm of his conversation, the geniality of his spirit, the width of his sympathy endeared him to all. Tolerant, genial, affectionate, he was much more disposed to look on the things in which he agreed with others than on the things in which he differed. Nor would it be right to say that he escaped the risk that besets such tolerant natures, or that he was fitted for valiant conflict on behalf of truth. A tendency to be easy in his views may be traced in various of his acts and writings. But this need not prevent a cordial acknowledgment of the representation he gave of the more genial aspects of our religion—its loving spirit, its wholesome activity and influence in the more ordinary walks of life. As an Editor and a writer his great service was that of carrying out the idea of Arnold (as has been pointed out in another journal)—treating of common subjects in a devout spirit, and contributing to fill the void in English literature which Arnold lamented. He contributed in an eminent degree to supply reading of a wholesome tone, fitted at once to elevate the intellect and improve the heart of his readers. Writers of the highest intellectual calibre did not deem their energies unworthily employed in contributing to his pages, while representatives of a much wider ecclesiastical circle than usually come together in the same publication, found themselves at home in his magazine. One of his earliest works, the *Life of John Mackintosh*, "The Earnest Student," exemplified at once

the fervour and the catholicity of his heart. The profits of that work were given to the Foreign Mission of what might be called a rival denomination—that with which Mackintosh was connected; indicating that the author's Christian generosity was not a thing of words only, but could express itself on fitting occasions in substantial deeds as well.

Men like Dr. Macleod, of evangelical spirit, yet exercising an influence on the world of letters, are few in number, and their removal is a great loss in such times as these.

It is with much concern and sorrow that we are called to lay a wreath—a double wreath—on another tomb, that of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, the former so intimately connected with Madagascar, the other specially known in connection with her labours for the education of women. Mr. Ellis's illness was of but a few days' duration; inflammation of the lungs had resulted from a cold; in attending him, Mrs. Ellis, strange to say, was taken ill in a similar manner, and died just about the time when the friends were assembling for her husband's funeral. Known at first in connection with his "*Researches in Polynesia*," Mr. Ellis of late years was still more closely connected with Madagascar. His visits to that island, and his accounts of its people, and of the great persecution and religious change, have given him a preëminent position as the historian and nursing father of the Madagascar Church. Mrs. Ellis was a Christian lady of active and cultivated mind, very practical in her ideas for the improvement of women, yet with a rich imaginative vein, as her work on the *Beautiful Evinces*. The Christian spirit that guided her worked at the foundation rather than on the surface, giving more of earnestness and force to her efforts than of mere softness to her tones. It was pleasant to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ellis in their home at Hoddesdon, and see them (as the writer of these lines did a few months ago), hale and hearty with three-score years and fifteen on their heads, Mr. Ellis still retaining his early taste for flowers, and revelling in his beautiful collection of orchids; Mrs. Ellis exhibiting her drawings of these plants, done in the early morning lest the visits of friends, or other unforeseen events, might compel her to wait till the flower which she copied had lost its bloom. Not less interesting was it to hear Mrs. Ellis detail the plan of instruction she had adopted in a class for young women, which was then in full operation. What had impressed her was, that through mechanics' institutes, lectures, and other means, many young men of the labouring class were getting their minds cultivated; while young women of the same class, not having similar advantages, were not rising to their level, and were therefore unsuitable as helpmates for them. To remedy this was her aim in the class she had formed. Her great desire was that a plan which had succeeded in her hands should be taken up by many more. She leaves her example and her experience for those to whom God gives a like love of work, and a like interest in the welfare of their humbler sisters.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD," "THE SEABOARD PARISH," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—ANCESTRAL WISDOM.



DID think of having a chapter about children before finishing my book, but this is not going to be the kind of chapter I thought of. Like most mothers, I suppose, I think myself an authority on the subject, and, which is to me more assuring than any judgment of my own, my father says that I have been in a measure successful in bringing mine up—only they're not brought up very far yet. Hence arose the temptation to lay down a few practical rules I had proved and found answer. But as soon as I began to contemplate the writing of them down I began to imagine So-and-so and So-and-so attempting to carry them out, and saw what a dreadful muddle they would make of it, and what mischief would thence lie at my door. Only one thing can be worse than the attempt to carry out rules whose principles are not understood, and that is the neglect of those which are understood and seen to be right. Suppose, for instance, I were to say that corporal punishment was wholesome, involving less suffering than most other punishments, more effectual in the result, and leaving no sting or sense of unkindness; whereas mental punishment, considered by many to be more refined, and therefore less degrading, was often cruel to a sensitive child, and deadening to a stubborn one:—suppose I said this, and a woman like my aunt Millicent were to take it up:—*her* whippings would have no more effect than if her rod were made of butterflies' feathers; they would be a mockery to her children, and bring law into contempt; while if a certain

I. N.S.

father I know were to be convinced by my arguments, he would fill his children with terror of him now, and with hatred afterwards. Of the last-mentioned result of severity I know at least one instance. At present, the father to whom I refer disapproves of whipping even a man who has been dancing on his wife with hob-nailed shoes, because it would tend to brutalize him. But he taunts, and stings, and confines in solitude for lengthened periods high-spirited boys, and that for faults which I should consider very venial.

Then again if I were to lay down the rule that we must be as tender of the feelings of our children as if they were angel-babies who had to learn, alas! to understand our rough ways—how would that be taken by a certain French couple I know, who, not appearing until after the dinner to which they had accepted an invitation was over, gave as the reason—that it had been quite out of their power; for darling *Desirée*, their only child, had declared they shouldn't go, and that she would cry if they did;—nay, went so far as to insist on their going to bed, which they were, however reluctant, compelled to do? They had actually undressed and pretended to retire for the night; but as soon as she was safely asleep, rose and joined their friends, calm in the consciousness of abundant excuse.

The marvel to me is that so many children turn out so well.

After all, I think there can be no harm in mentioning a few general principles laid down by my father. They are such as to commend themselves most to the most practical.

And first for a few negative ones.

1. Never *give in* to disobedience; and never threaten what you are not prepared to carry out.

2. Never lose your temper. I do not say *Never be angry*. Anger is sometimes indispensable, especially where there has been anything mean, dishonest, or cruel. But anger is very different from loss of temper.*

* My aunt Millicent is always saying, "I am *grieved* with you." But the announcement begets no sign of responsive grief on the face of the stolid child before her. She never whipped a child in her life. If she had, and it had but roused some positive anger in the child instead of that undertone of complaint which is always oozing out of every one of them, I think it would have been a gain. But the poor lady is one of the whiny-piny people, and must be in preparation for a development of which I have no provision. The only stroke of

3. Of all things, never sneer at them ; and be careful, even, how you rally them.

4. Do not try to work on their feelings. Feelings are far too delicate things to be used for tools. It is like taking the main-spring out of your watch and notching it for a saw. It may be a wonderful saw, but how fares your watch ? Especially avoid doing so in connection with religious things, for so you will assuredly deaden them to all that is finest. Let your feelings, not your efforts on theirs, affect them with a sympathy the more powerful that it is not forced upon them ; and in order to this, avoid being too English in the hiding of your feelings. A man's own family has a right to share in his good feelings.

5. Never show that you doubt except you are able to convict. To doubt an honest child is to do what you can to make a liar of him ; and to believe a liar, if he is not altogether shameless, is to shame him.

The common-minded masters in schools who, unlike the ideal Arnold, are in the habit of *disbelieving* boys, have a large share in making the liars they so often are. Certainly the vileness of a lie is not the same in one who knows that whatever he says will be regarded with suspicion ; and the master who does not know an honest boy after he has been some time in his class, gives good reason for doubting whether he be himself an honest man, and incapable of the lying he is ready to attribute to all alike.

This last is my own remark, not my father's. I have an honest boy at school, and I know how he fares. I say honest, for though as a mother I can hardly expect to be believed, I have ground for believing that he would rather die than lie. I know *I* would rather he died than lied.

6. Instil no religious doctrine apart from its duty. If it have no duty as its necessary embodiment, the doctrine may well be regarded as doubtful.

7. Do not be hard on mere quarrelling, which, like a storm in nature, is often helpful in clearing the moral atmosphere. Stop it by a judgment between the parties. But be severe as to the *kind* of quarrelling, and the temper shown in it. Especially give no

originality I thought I knew of her was this To the register of her children's births, baptisms, and confirmations, entered on a grandly ornamented fly-leaf of the family bible, she has subjoined the record of every disease each has had, with the year, month, and day, (and in one case the hour), when each distemper made its appearance. After most of the main entries you may read—"*And his (or her) first tooth—at such a date.*" But, alas for the originality! she has just told me that her maternal grandmother did the same. How strange that she and my father should have had the same father! If they had had the same mother too, I should have been utterly bewildered.

quarter to any unfairness arising from greed or spite. Use your strongest language with regard to that.

Now for a few of my father's positive rules.

1. Always let them come to you, and always hear what they have to say. If they bring a complaint always examine into it, and dispense pure justice, and nothing but justice.

2. Cultivate a love of *giving* fair-play. Every one, of course, likes to *receive* fair-play, but no one ought to be left to imagine therefore, that he *loves* fair-play.

3. Teach from the very first, from the infancy capable of sucking a sugar-plum, to share with neighbours. Never refuse the offering a child brings you except you have a good reason—and *give* it. And never *pretend* to partake : that involves hideous possibilities in its effects on the child.

The necessity of giving a reason for refusing a kindness, has *no* relation to what is supposed by some to be the necessity of giving a reason with *every* command. There is no such necessity. Of course there ought to be a reason in *every* command. That it *may* be desirable sometimes, to explain it, is all my father would allow.

4. Allow a great deal of noise—as much as is fairly endurable ; but the moment they seem getting beyond their own control, stop the noise at once. Also, put a stop at once to all fretting and grumbling.

5. Favour the development of each in the direction of his own bent. Help him to develop himself ; but do not *push* development. To do so is most dangerous.

6. Mind the moral nature, and it will take care of the intellectual. In other words, the best thing for the intellect is the cultivation of the conscience, not in casuistry, but in conduct. It may take longer to arrive, but the end will be the highest possible health, vigour, and ratio of progress.

7. Discourage emulation, and insist on duty—not often, but strongly.

Having written these out, chiefly from notes I had made of a long talk with my father, I gave them to Percivale to read.

"Rather—ponderous, don't you think, for weaving into a narrative?" was his remark.

"My narrative is full of things far from light," I returned.

"I didn't say they were heavy, you know. That is quite another thing."

"I am afraid you mean generally uninteresting. But there are parents who might make them useful, and the rest of my readers could skip them."

"I only mean that a narrative, be it ever

so serious, must not intrench on the moral essay or sermon."

"It is much too late, I fear, to tell me that. But, please, remember I am not giving the precepts as of my own discovery, though I *have* sought to verify them by practice, but as *what they are*—my father's."

He did not seem to see the bearing of the argument.

"I want my book to be useful?" I said. "As a mother, I want to share the help I have had myself, with other mothers."

"I am only speaking from the point of art," he returned.

"And that's a point I have never thought of—any farther, at least, than writing as good English as I might."

"Do you mean to say you have never thought of the shape of the book your monthly papers would make?"

"Yes.—I don't think I have.—Scarcely at all, I believe."

"Then you ought."

"But I know nothing about that kind of thing. I haven't an idea in my head concerning the art of book-making. And it is too late, so far at least as this book is concerned, to begin to study it now."

"I wonder how my pictures would get on in that way."

"You can see how my book has got on. Well or ill, there it all but is. I had to do with facts and not with art."

"But even a biography, in the ordering of its parts, in the arrangement of its light and shade, and in the harmony of the—"

"It's too late, I tell you, husband. The book is all but done. Besides, one who would write a biography after the fashion of a picture, would probably, even without attributing a single virtue that was not present, or suppressing a single fault that was, yet produce a false book. The principle I have followed has been to try from the first to put as much value, that is, as much truth, as I could, into my story. Perhaps instead of those maxims of my father's for the education of children, you would have preferred such specimens of your own children's sermons as you made me read to you for the twentieth time yesterday?"

Instead of smiling with his own quiet kind smile, as he worked on at his picture of St. Athanasius with "no friend but God and Death," he burst into a merry laugh, and said,

"A capital idea! If you give those, word for word, I shall yield the precepts."

"Are you out of your five wits, husband?" I exclaimed. "Would you have everybody

take me for the latest incarnation of the oldest insanity in the world—that of maternity? But I am really an idiot, for you could never have meant it!"

"I do most soberly and distinctly mean it. They would amuse your readers very much, and, without offending those who may prefer your father's maxims to your children's sermons, would incline those who might otherwise vote the former a bore, to regard them with the clemency resulting from amusement."

"But I desire no such exercise of clemency. The precepts are admirable; and those need not take them who do not like them."

"So the others can skip the sermons; but I am sure they will give a few mothers at least a little amusement. They will prove besides that you follow your own rule of putting a very small quantity of sage into the stuffing of your goslings; as also that you have succeeded in making them capable of manifesting what nonsense is indigenous in them. I think them very funny: that may be paternal prejudice; *you* think them very silly as well: that may be maternal solicitude. I suspect that, the more of a philosopher any one of your readers is, the more suggestive will he find these genuine utterances of an age at which the means of expression so much exceed the matter to be expressed."

The idea began to look not altogether so absurd as at first; and a little more argument sufficed to make me resolve to put the absurdities themselves to the test of passing leisurely through my brain while I copied them out possibly for the press.

The result is that I am going to risk printing them, determined, should I find afterwards that I have made a blunder, to throw the whole blame upon my husband.

What still makes me shrink the most is the recollection of how often I have condemned, as too silly to repeat, things which reporting mothers evidently regarded as proofs of a stupendous intellect. But the folly of these constitutes the chief part of their merit; and I do not see how I can be mistaken for supposing them clever, except it be in regard of a glimmer of purpose now and then, and the occasional manifestation of the cunning of the stump orator, with his subterfuges to conceal his embarrassment when he finds his oil failing him, and his lamp burning low.

CHAPTER XLI.—CHILD NONSENSE.

ONE word of introductory explanation.

During my husband's illness, Marion came often, but, until he began to recover, would

generally spend with the children the whole of the time she had to spare, not even permitting me to know that she was in the house. It was a great thing for them; for although they were well enough cared for, they were necessarily left to themselves a good deal more than hitherto. Hence perhaps it came that they betook themselves to an amusement not uncommon with children, of which I had as yet seen nothing amongst them.

One evening, when my husband had made a little progress towards recovery, Marion came to sit with me in his room for an hour.

"I've brought you something I want to read to you," she said, "if you think Mr. Percivale can bear it."

I told her I believed he could, and she proceeded to explain what it was.

"One morning, when I went into the nursery, I found the children playing at church—or rather at preaching, for except a few minutes of singing, the preaching occupied the whole time. There were two clergymen, Ernest and Charles, alternately incumbent and curate. The chief duty of the curate for the time being was to lend his aid to the rescue of his incumbent from any difficulty in which the extemporaneous character of his discourse might land him."

I interrupt Marion to mention that the respective ages of Ernest and Charles were then eight and six.

"The pulpit," she continued, "was on the top of the cupboard under the cuckoo-clock, and consisted of a chair and a cushion. There were prayer-books in abundance, of which neither of them, I am happy to say, made other than a pretended use for reference. Charles, indeed, who was preaching when I entered, *can't* read; but both have far too much reverence to use sacred words in their games, as the sermons themselves will instance: I took down almost every word they said, frequent embarrassments and interruptions enabling me to do so. Ernest was acting as clerk, and occasionally prompted the speaker when his eloquence failed him, or reprov'd members of the congregation, which consisted of the two nurses and the other children, who were inattentive. Charles spoke with a good deal of *unction*, and had quite a professional air when he looked down on the big open book, referred to one or other of the smaller ones at his side, or directed looks of rephension at this or that hearer. You would have thought he had cultivated the imitation of popular preachers, whereas he tells me he has been to church only three times. I am

sorry I cannot give the opening remarks, for I lost them by being late; but what I did hear was this."

She then read from her paper as follows—and lent it me afterwards. I merely copy it.

"Once,"—(*Charles was proceeding when Marion entered*)—"there lived an aged man, and another who was a *very* aged man; and the very aged man was going to die, and every one but the aged man thought the other, the *very* aged man, wouldn't die.—I do this to *explain* it to you.—He, the man who was *really* going to die, was—I will look in the dictionary—"(*He looks in the book, and gives out with much confidence*)—"—was two thousand and eighty-eight years old. Well, the other man was—well, then, the other man 'at knew he was going to die, was about four thousand and two—not nearly so old, you see."—(*Here Charles whispers with Ernest, and then announces very loud*)—"This is out of St. James.—The *very* aged man had a wife and no children, and the other had no wife but a *great many* children. The fact was—*this* was how it was—the wife *died*, and so *he* had the children. Well, the man I spoke of first, well, he died in the middle of the night;" (*A look as much as to say, "There! what do you think of that?"*)—"an' nobody but the aged man knew he was going to die. Well, in the morning, when his wife got up, she spoke to him, and he was dead!"—(*A pause.*)—"Perfectly, sure enough—*dead!*"—(*Then, with a change of voice and manner*)—"He wasn't really dead, because you know"—(*abruptly and nervously*)—"Shut the door!—you know where he went, because in the morning next day—" (*He pauses and looks round. Ernest, out of a book, prompts*)—"The angels take him away" "—came the angels to take him away, up to where you know."—(*All solemn. He resumes quickly, with a change of manner*)—"They, all the rest, died of grief. Now you must expect, as they all died of grief, that lots of angels must have come to take *them* away.—Freddy *will* go when the sermon isn't over! That is such a bother!"

At this point, Marion paused in her reading, and resumed the narrative form.

"Freddy however was too much for them; so Ernest betook himself to the organ, which was a chest of drawers, the drawers doing duty as stops, while Freddy went up to the pulpit to say 'Good-bye,' and shake hands, for which he was mildly reprov'd by both his brothers."

My husband and I were so much amused, that Marion said she had another sermon,

also preached by Charles, on the same day, after a short interval; and at our request she read it. Here it is.

"Once upon a time—a long while ago, in a little— Ready now?—Well, there lived in a rather big house, with *quite* clean windows—it was in winter, so nobody noticed them—but they were quite *white*, they were so clean. There lived some angels in the house—it was in the air, nobody knew why, but it did. No, I don't think it did—I dunno, but there lived in it lots of children—two hundred and thirty-two—and they— Oh! I'm gettin' distracted! It is too bad!"— (*Quiet is restored.*)—"Their mother and father had died, but they were very rich. Now you see what a heap of children, two hundred and thirty-two! and yet it seemed like *one* to them, they were so rich. *That* was it! it seemed like *one* to them because they were so rich. Now the children knew what to get, and I'll explain to you now *why* they knew—and *this* is how they knew. The angels came down on the earth, and told them their mother had sent messages to them; and their mother and father— *Don't talk!* I'm gettin' extracted!" (*Puts his hand to his head in a frenzied manner.*) "Now, my brother," (*This severely to a still inattentive member.*) "I'll tell you what the angels told them—what to get. What—how—now I will tell you how—yes, *how* they knew what they were to eat. Well, the fact was that— Freddy is just towards my face, and he's laughing!—I'm going to explain. The mother and father had the wings on, and so, of course—Ernest, I want you—" (*They whisper.*)—"they were he and she angels, and they told them what to have. Well, one thing was—shall I tell you what it was?— Look at two hundred and two in another book—one thing was a leg of mutton. Of course, as the mother and father were angels, they had to fly up again. Now I'm going to explain how they got it done. They had four servants and one cook, so that would be five. Well, this cook did them. The eldest girl was sixteen, and her name was Snow-drop, because she had snowy arms and cheeks, and was a very nice girl. The eldest boy was seventeen, and his name was John. He always told the cook what they'd have—no, the girl did that. And the boy was now grown up. So they would be mother and father." (*Signs of dissent among the audience.*) "*Of course*, when they were so old, they would be mother and father, and master of the servants. And they were very happy, *but*—they didn't quite like it. And—and—"

(*with a great burst*) "*you wouldn't like it if your mother were to die! And I'll end it next Sunday. Let us sing.*"

"The congregation then sung *Curly Locks*," said Marion, "and dispersed—Ernest complaining that Charley gave them such large qualities of numbers, and there weren't so many in the whole of his book. After a brief interval the sermon was resumed."

"Text is No. 66. I've a good congregation! I got to where the children did not like it without their mother and father. Well, you must remember this was a long while ago, so what I'm going to speak about *could* be possible. Well, their house was on the top of a high and steep hill, and at the bottom, a little from the hill was a knight's house. There were three knights living in it. Next to it was stables with three horses in it. Sometimes they went up to this house, and wondered what was in it. They never knew, but saw the angels come. The knights were out all day, and only came home for meals. And they wondered what *on earth* the angels were doin'—goin' in the house. They found out *what*—what, and the question was—I'll explain what it was. Ernest, come here." (*Ernest remarks to the audience, "I'm curate," and to Charles, "Well but, Charles, you're going to explain, you know;" and Charles resumes.*) "The fact was that this was— If you'd like to explain it more to yourselves, you'd better look in your books, No. 1828. Before, the angels didn't speak loud, so the knights couldn't hear; *now* they spoke louder, so that the knights could visit them 'cause they knew their names. They hadn't many visitors, but they had the knights in there, and that's all."

I am still very much afraid that all this nonsense will hardly be interesting even to parents. But I may as well suffer for a sheep as a lamb, and as I had an opportunity of hearing two such sermons myself not long after, I shall give them, trusting they will occupy far less space in print than they do in my foolish heart.

It was Ernest who was in the pulpit and just commencing his discourse when I entered the nursery, and sat down with the congregation. Sheltered by a clothes-horse, apparently set up for a screen, I took out my pencil, and reported on a flyleaf of the book I had been reading.

"My brother was goin' to preach about the wicked: I will preach about the good. Twenty-sixth day. In the time of Elizabeth there was a very old house. It was so old that it was pulled down, and a quite new one

was built instead. Some people who lived in it did not like it so much now as they did when it was old. I take their part, you know, and think they were quite right in preferring the old one to the ugly bare new one. They left it—sold it—and got into another old house instead."

Here I am sorry to say his curate interjected the scornful remark,—

"He's not lookin' in the book a bit!"

But the preacher went on without heeding the attack on his orthodoxy.

"This other old house was still more uncomfortable—it was very draughty; the gutters were always leaking; and they wished themselves back in the new house. So you see, if you wish for a better thing, you don't get it so good after all."

"Ernest, that *is* about the bad, after all!" cried Charles.

"Well, it's *silly*," remarked Freddy severely.

"But I wrote it myself," pleaded the preacher from the pulpit, and, in consideration of the fact, he was allowed to go on.

"I was reading about them being always uncomfortable. At last they decided to go back to their own house which they had sold. They had to pay so much to get it back, that they had hardly any money left; and then they got so unhappy, and the husband whipt his wife and took to drinking. That's a lesson." (*Here the preacher's voice became very plaintive.*) "—That's a lesson to show you shouldn't try to get the better thing, for it turns out worse, and then you get sadder and everything."

He paused, evidently too mournful to proceed. Freddy again remarked that it was *silly*; but Charles interposed a word for the preacher.

"It's a good *lesson*, I think.—A good *lesson*, I say," he repeated, as if he would not be supposed to consider it much of a sermon.

But here the preacher recovered himself and summed up.

"See how it comes—wanting to get everything, you come to the bad and drinking. And I think I'll leave off here. Let us sing."

The song was *Little Robin Redbreast*, during which Charles remarked to Freddy, apparently by way of pressing home the lesson upon his younger brother—

"Fancy! floggin' his wife!"

Then he got into the pulpit himself, and commenced an oration.

"Chapter eighty-eight. *The Wicked*.—Well, the time when the story was, was about Herod. There were some wicked people

wanderin' about there—and they—not *killed* them, you know, but—went to the judge. We shall see what they did to them. I tell you this to make you understand. Now the story begins—but I must think a little. Ernest, let's sing *Since first I saw your face*."

"When the wicked man was taken then to the good judge—there were *some* good people: when I said I was going to preach about the wicked, I did not mean that there were no good, only a good lot of wicked. There were peace-makers about here, and they put him in prison for a few days, and then the judge could see about what he is to do with him. At the end of the few days, the judge asked him if he would stay in prison for life or be hanged."

Here arose some inquiries among the congregation as to what the wicked, of whom the prisoner was one, had done that was wrong; to which Charles replied:

"Oh! they murdered and killed; they stole, and they were very wicked altogether. Well," he went on, resuming his discourse, "the morning came, and the judge said, 'Get the ropes and my throne, and order the people *not* to come to see the hangin'.' For the man was decided to be hanged. Now the people *would* come. They were the wicked, and they would *persist* in comin'. They were the wicked; and if that was the *fact*, the judge must do something to them."

"Chapter eighty-nine. *The Hangin'*.—We'll have some singin' while I think."

Yankee Doodle was accordingly sung with much enthusiasm and solemnity. Then Charles resumed.

"Well, they had to put the other people who persisted in coming, in prison, till the man who murdered people was hanged. I think my brother will go on."

He descended, and gave place to Ernest, who began with vigour.

"We were reading about Herod—weren't we? Then the wicked people *would* come, and had to be put to death. They were on the man's side, and they all called out that he hadn't had his wish before he died, as they did in those days. So of course he wished for his life, and of course the judge wouldn't let him have *that* wish, and so he wished to speak to his friends, and they let him. And the nasty wicked people took him away, and he was never seen in that country any more. And that's enough to-day, I think. Let us sing *Lord Lovel he stood at his castle-gate, a-combing his milk-white steed*"

At the conclusion of this mournful ballad, the congregation was allowed to disperse. But before they had gone far, they were recalled by the offer of a more secular entertainment from Charles, who reascended the pulpit, and delivered himself as follows :

"Well, the play is called—not a proverb or a charade it isn't—it's a play called *The Birds and the Babies*. Well !

"Once there was a little cottage and lots of little babies in it. Nobody knew who the babies were. They were so happy ! Now, I can't explain it to you how they came together ; they had no father and mother, but they were brothers and sisters. They never *grew*, and they didn't like it. Now you wouldn't like *not to grow*—would you ? They had a little garden, and saw a great many birds in the trees. They *were* happy, but didn't *feel* happy—that's a funny thing now ! The wicked fairies made them unhappy, and the good fairies made them happy ; they gave them lots of toys. But then, how they got their living !

"Chapter second, called *The Babies at Play*.—The fairies told them what to get—that *was it* !—and so they got their living very nicely. And now I must explain what they played with. First was a house. *A house*. Another, dolls. They were very happy, and felt as if they had a mother and father, but they hadn't, and *couldn't* make it out. *Couldn't—make—it—out* !

"They had little pumps and trees. Then they had babies' rattles. *Babies' rattles*.—Oh ! I've said hardly anything about the birds—have I ?—an' it's called *The Birds and the Babies* !—They had lots of little pretty robins and canaries hanging round the ceiling, and—*shall I say* ?—"

Every one listened expectant during the pause that followed.

"—*And—lived—happy—ever—after*."

The puzzle in it all is chiefly what my husband hinted at—why and how both the desire and the means of utterance should so long precede the possession of anything ripe for utterance. I suspect the answer must lie pretty deep in some metaphysical gulf or other.

At the same time, the struggle to speak where there is so little to utter can hardly fail to suggest the thought of some efforts of a more pretentious and imposing character.

But more than enough !

CHAPTER XLII.—DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE.

I HAD for a day or two fancied that Marion was looking less bright than usual, as if some

little shadow had fallen upon the morning of her life. I say *morning*, because, although Marion must now have been seven or eight and twenty, her life had always seemed to me lighted by a cool clear dewy morning sun—over whose face it now seemed as if some film of noonday cloud had begun to gather. Unwilling at once to assert the ultimate privilege of friendship, I asked her if anything was amiss with her friends. She answered that all was going on well—at least so far that she had no special anxiety about any of them. Encouraged by a half conscious and more than half sad smile, I ventured a little farther.

"I am afraid there is something troubling you," I said.

"There is," she replied, "something troubling me a good deal ; but I hope it will pass away soon."

The sigh which followed, however, was deep though gentle, and seemed to indicate a fear that the trouble might not pass away so very soon.

"I am not to ask you any questions, I suppose," I returned.

"Better not at present," she answered. "I am not quite sure that—"

She paused several moments before finishing her sentence, then added,

"—that I am at liberty to tell you about it."

"Then don't say another word," I rejoined. "Only when I can be of service to you, you *will* let me—won't you ?"

The tears rose to her eyes.

"I am afraid it may be some fault of mine," she said. "I don't know. I can't tell. I don't understand such things."

She sighed again, and held her peace.

It was enigmatical enough. One thing only was clear, that at present I was not wanted. So I too held my peace, and in a few minutes Marion went, with a more affectionate leave-taking than usual, for her friendship was far less demonstrative than that of most women.

I pondered, but it was not of much use. Of course the first thing that suggested itself was—Could my angel be in love ?—and with some mortal mere ? The very idea was a shock, simply from its strangeness. Of course, being a woman, she *might* be in love ; but the two ideas, *Marion* and *love*, refused to coalesce. And again, was it likely that such as she, her mind occupied with so many other absorbing interests, would fall in love unprovoked, unsolicited ? That indeed was not likely. Then if, solicited, she but returned

love for love, why was she sad? The new experience might, it is true, cause such commotion in a mind like hers as to trouble her greatly. She would not know what to do with it, nor where to accommodate her new inmate so as to keep him from meddling with affairs he had no right to meddle with: it was easy enough to fancy him troublesome in a house like hers. But surely of all women *she* might be able to meet her own liabilities. And if this were all, why should she have said she hoped it would soon pass? That might, however, mean only that she hoped soon to get her guest brought amenable to her existing household economy.

There was yet a conjecture, however, which seemed to suit the case better. If Marion knew little of what is commonly called love, that is, "the attraction of correlative unlikeness," as I once heard it defined by a metaphysical friend of my father's, there was no one who knew more of the tenderness of compassion than she; and was it not possible some one might be wanting to marry her to whom she could not give herself away? This conjecture was at least ample enough to cover the facts in my possession—which were scanty indeed—in number hardly dual. But who was there to dare offer love to my saint? Roger? Poch! pooh! Mr. Blackstone? Ah! I had seen him once lately looking at her with an expression of more than ordinary admiration. But what man that knew anything of her could help looking at her with such an admiration? If it was Mr. Blackstone—why, *he* might dare—yes, why should he not dare to love her—especially if he couldn't help it, as, of course, he couldn't? Was he not one whose love—simply because he was a *true* man from the heart to the hands—would honour any woman, even Saint Clare—as she must be when the church has learned to do its business without the pope? Only he mustn't blame me, if, after all, I should think he offered less than he sought—or her, if, entertaining no question of worth whatever, she should yet refuse to listen to him—as truly there was more than a possibility she might.

If it were Mr. Blackstone, certainly I knew no man who could understand her better, or whose modes of thinking and working would more thoroughly fall in with her own. True, he was peculiar; that is, he had kept the angles of his individuality for all the grinding of the social mill; his manners were abrupt, and drove at the heart of things too directly, seldom suggesting a *by-your-leave* to those whose prejudices he overturned; true, also,

that his person, though dignified, was somewhat ungainly—with an ungainliness, however, which I could well imagine a wife learning absolutely to love; but on the whole the thing was reasonable. Only—what would become of her friends? There, I could hardly doubt—there lay the difficulty! Ay, *there* was the rub!

Let no one think, when I say we went to Mr. Blackstone's church the next Sunday, that it had anything to do with these speculations. We often went on the first Sunday of the month.

"What's the matter with Blackstone?" said my husband as we came home.

"What do *you* think is the matter with him?" I returned.

"I don't know. He wasn't himself."

"I thought he was more than himself," I rejoined; "for I never heard even *him* read the litany with such fervour."

In some of the petitions," said Percivale, "it amounted to a suppressed agony of supplication. I am certain he is in trouble."

I told him my suspicions.

"Likely—very likely," he answered, and became thoughtful.

"But you don't think she refused him?" he said at length.

"If he ever asked her," I returned, "I fear she did, for she is plainly in trouble too."

"She'll never stick to it," he said.

"You mustn't judge Marion by ordinary standards," I replied. "You must remember she has not only found her vocation, but for many years proved it. I never knew her turned aside from what she had made up her mind to. I can hardly imagine her forsaking her friends to keep house for any man, even if she loved him with all her heart. She is dedicated as irrevocably as any nun, and will, with St. Paul, cling to the right of self-denial."

"Yet what great difficulty would there be in combining the two sets of duties, especially with such a man as Blackstone? Of all the men I know, he comes the nearest to her in his devotion to the well-being of humanity, especially of the poor. Did you ever know a man with such a plentiful lack of condescension? His feeling of human equality amounts almost to a fault, for surely he ought sometimes to speak as knowing better than they to whom he speaks. He forgets that too many will but use his humility for mortar to build withal the Shinar-tower of their own superiority."

"That may be; yet it remains impossible for him to assume anything. He is the same

all through, and—I had almost said—worthy of Saint Clare.—Well, they must settle it for themselves. We can do nothing.”

“We can do nothing,” he assented; and, although we repeatedly reverted to the subject on the long way home, we carried no conclusions to a different result.

Towards evening of the same Sunday, Roger came to accompany us, as I thought, to Marion's gathering, but, as it turned out, only to tell me he couldn't go. I expressed my regret, and asked him why. He gave

me no answer, and his lip trembled. A sudden conviction seized me. I laid my hand on his arm, but could only say, “Dear Roger!” He turned his head aside, and sitting down on the sofa, laid his forehead on his hand.

“I'm so sorry!” I said.

“She has told you then?” he murmured.

“No one has told me anything.”

He was silent. I sat down beside him. It was all I could do. After a moment he rose, saying,—



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“There's no good whining about it—only she might have made a man of me. But she's quite right. It's a comfort to think I'm so unworthy of her. That's all the consolation left me, but there's more in that than you would think till you try it.”

He attempted to laugh, but made a miserable failure of it, then rose and caught up his hat to go. I rose also.

“Roger,” I said, “I can't go, and leave you miserable. We'll go somewhere else—anywhere you please, only you mustn't leave us.”

“I don't want to go somewhere else. I

don't know the place,” he added, with a feeble attempt at his usual gaiety.

“Stop at home, then, and tell me all about it. It will do you good to talk. You shall have your pipe, and you shall tell me just as much as you like, and keep the rest to yourself.”

If you want to get hold of a man's deepest confidence, tell him to smoke in your drawing-room. I don't know how it is, but there seems no trouble in which a man can't smoke. One who scorns extraneous comfort of every other sort, will yet, in the profoundest sorrow, take kindly to his pipe. This is more wonder-

ful than anything I know about our kind. But I fear the sewing machines will drive many women to tobacco.

I ran to Percivale, gave him a hint of how it was, and demanded his pipe and tobacco-pouch directly, telling him he must content himself with a cigar.

Thus armed with the calumet, as Paddy might say, I returned to Roger, who took it without a word of thanks, and began to fill it mechanically, but not therefore the less carefully. I sat down, laid my hands in my lap, and looked at him without a word. When the pipe was filled I rose and got him a light, for which also he made me no acknowledgment. The revenge of putting it in print is sweet. Having whiffed a good many whiffs in silence, he took at length his pipe from his mouth, and as he pressed the burning tobacco with a forefinger, said—

"I've made a fool of myself, Wynnie."

"Not more than a gentleman had a right to do, I will pledge myself," I returned.

"She *has* told you then?" he said once more, looking rather disappointed than annoyed.

"No one has mentioned your name to me, Roger. I only guessed it from what Marian said when I questioned her about her sad looks."

"Her sad looks?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?" he asked eagerly.

"She only confessed she had had something to trouble her, and said she hoped it would be over soon."

"I daresay!" returned Roger dryly, looking gratified, however, for a moment.

My reader may wonder that I should compromise Marion even so far as to confess that she was troubled; but I could not bear that Roger should think she had been telling his story to me. Every generous woman feels that she owes the man she refuses at least silence; and a man may well reckon upon that much favour. Of all failures, why should this be known to the world?

The relief of finding she had not betrayed him helped him, I think, to open his mind: he was under no obligation to silence.

"You see, Wynnie," he said, with pauses, and puffs at his pipe, "I don't mean I'm a fool for falling in love with Marion. Not to have fallen in love with her would have argued me a beast. Being a man, it was impossible for me to help it, after what she's been to me. But I was worse than a fool to open my mouth on the subject to an angel like her. Only there again, I couldn't, that

is, I hadn't the strength to help it. I beg, however, you won't think me such a downright idiot as to fancy myself worthy of her. In that case I should have deserved as much scorn as she gave me kindness. If you ask me how it was then that I dared to speak to her on the subject, I can only answer that I yielded to the impulse common to all kinds of love to make itself known. If you love God, you are not content with his knowing it even, but you must tell him as if he didn't know it.—You may think from this cool talk of mine that I am very philosophical about it; but there are lulls in every storm, and I am in one of those lulls, else I shouldn't be sitting here with you."

"Dear Roger!" I said, "I am very sorry for your disappointment. Somehow I can't be sorry you should have loved—"

"Have loved!" he murmured.

"Should love Marion, then," I went on.

"That can do you nothing but good, and in itself must raise you above yourself. And how could I blame you that, loving her, you wanted her to know it? But come now, if you can trust me, tell me all about it, and especially what she said to you. I dare not give you any hope, for I am not in her confidence in this matter—and it is well that I am not, for then I might not be able to talk to you about it with any freedom. To confess the real truth, I do not see much likelihood, knowing her as I do, that she will recall her decision."

"It could hardly be called a decision," said Roger. "You would not have thought, from the way she took it, there was anything to decide about. No more there was; and I thought I knew it, only I couldn't be quiet. To think you know a thing, and to know it, are two very different matters, however. But I don't repent having spoken my mind: if I am humbled, I am not humiliated. If she had listened to me, I fear I should have been ruined by pride. I should never have judged myself justly after it. I wasn't humble, though I thought I was. I'm a poor creature, Ethelwyn."

"Not too poor a creature to be dearly loved, Roger. But go on and tell me all about it. As your friend and sister, I am anxious to hear the whole."

Notwithstanding what I had said, I was not moved by sympathetic curiosity alone, but also by the vague desire of rendering some help beyond comfort. What he had now said, greatly heightened my opinion of him, and thereby, in my thoughts of the two, lessened the distance between him and

Marion. At all events, by hearing the whole I should learn how better to comfort him.

And he did tell me the whole, which, along with what I learned afterwards from Marion, I will set down as nearly as I can, throwing it into the form of direct narration. I will not pledge myself for the accuracy of every trifling particular which that form may render it necessary to introduce; neither, I am sure, having thus explained, will my reader demand it of me.

CHAPTER XLIII.—ROGER AND MARION.

DURING an all but sleepless night, Roger had made up his mind to go and see Marion—not certainly for the first time, for he had again and again ventured to call upon her; but hitherto he had always had some pretext sufficient to veil his deeper reason, and, happily or unhappily, sufficient also to prevent her, in her more than ordinary simplicity with regard to such matters, from suspecting one under it.

She was at home, and received him with her usual kindness. Feeling that he must not let an awkward silence intervene, lest she should become suspicious of his object, and thus the chance be lost of interesting, and possibly moving her before she saw his drift, he spoke at once.

"I want to tell you something, Miss Clare," he said as lightly as he could.

"Well?" she returned, with the sweet smile which graced her every approach to communication.

"Did my sister-in-law ever tell you what an idle fellow I used to be?"

"Certainly not. I never heard her say a word of you that wasn't kind."

"That I am sure of. But there would have been no unkindness in saying that, for an idle fellow I was, and the idler because I was conceited enough to believe I could do anything. I actually thought at one time I could play the violin. I actually made an impertinent attempt in your presence one evening—years and years ago. I wonder if you remember it."

"I do; but I don't know why you should call it impertinent."

"Anyhow I caught a look on your face that cured me of that conceit. I have never touched the creature since—a Cremona too!"

"I am very sorry—indeed I am. I don't remember——. Do you think you could have played a false note?"

"Nothing more likely."

"Then I dare say I made an ugly face. One can't always help it, you know—when

something unexpected happens. Do forgive me."

"Forgive *you*, you angel!" cried Roger, but instantly checked himself, afraid of reaching his mark before he had gathered sufficient momentum to pierce it. "I thought you would see what a good thing it was for me. I wanted to thank you for it."

"It's such a pity you didn't go on, though! Progress is the real cure for an over-estimate of ourselves."

"The fact is, I was beginning to see what small praise there is in doing many things ill and nothing well. I wish you would take my Cremona. I could teach you the A B C of it well enough. How you would make it talk! That *would* be something to live for—to hear *you* play the violin! Ladies do now-a-days, you know."

"I have no time, Mr. Roger. I should have been delighted to be your pupil; but I am sorry to say it is out of the question."

"Of course it is. Only I wish—well, never mind, I only wanted to tell you something. I was leading a life then that wasn't worth leading; for where's the good of being just what happens—one time full of right feeling and impulse, and the next a prey to all wrong judgments and falsehoods? It was you made me see it. I've been trying to get put right for a long time now. I'm afraid of seeming to talk goody, but you will know what I mean. You and your Sunday evenings have waked me up to know what I am, and what I ought to be. I *am* a little better. I work hard now. I used to work only by fits and starts. Ask Wynnne."

"Dear Mr. Roger, I don't need to ask Wynnne about anything you tell me. I can take your word for it just as well as hers. I am very glad if I have been of any use to you. It is a great honour to me."

"But the worst of it is, I couldn't be content without letting you know, and making myself miserable."

"I don't understand you, I think. Surely there can be no harm in letting me know what makes me very happy! How it should make you miserable, I can't imagine."

"Because I can't stop there. I'm driven to say what will offend you, if it doesn't make you hate me—no, not that, for you don't know how to hate. But you must think me the most conceited and presumptuous fellow you ever knew. I'm not that, though; I'm not that; it's not me; I can't help it; I can't help loving you—dreadfully—and it's such impudence!—To think of you and me in one

thought! And yet I can't help it. O Miss Clare! don't drive me away from you."

He fell on his knees as he spoke, and laid his head on her lap, sobbing like a child who had offended his mother.—He almost cried again as he told me this.—Marion half started to her feet in confusion, almost in terror, for she had never seen such emotion in a man; but the divine compassion of her nature conquered: she sat down again, took his head in her hands, and began stroking his hair as if she were indeed a mother seeking to soothe and comfort her troubled child. She was the first to speak again, for Roger could not command himself.

"I'm very sorry, Roger," she said. "I must be to blame somehow."

"To blame!" he cried, lifting up his head; "*You* to blame for my folly! But it's not folly," he added impetuously; "it would be downright stupidity not to love you with all my soul."

"Hush! hush!" said Marion, in whose ears his language sounded irreverent; "*—you couldn't* love me with all your soul if you would. God only *can* be loved with all the power of the human soul."

"If I love him at all, Marion, it is you who have taught me. Do not drive me from you—lest—lest—I should cease to love him, and fall back into my old dreary ways."

"It's a poor love to offer God—love for the sake of another," she said, very solemnly.

"But if it's all one has got?"

"Then it won't do, Roger. I wish you loved me for God's sake instead. Then all would be right. That would be a grand love for me to have."

"Don't drive me from you, Marion," he pleaded. It was all he could say.

"I will not drive you from me. Why should I?"

"Then I may come and see you again?"

"Yes—when you please."

"You *don't* mean I may come as often as I like?"

"Yes—when I have time to see you."

"Then," cried Roger, starting to his feet with clasped hands, "*—perhaps—is it possible?—you will—you will let me love you? O my God!*"

"Roger," said Marion, pale as death, and rising also, for alas! the sunshine of her kindness had caused hopes to blossom whose buds she had taken only for leaves—"I thought you understood me! You spoke as if you understood perfectly that that could never be which I must suppose you to mean. Of course it cannot. I am not my own to

keep or to give away. I belong to this people—my friends. To take personal and private duties upon me, would be to abandon them; and how dare I? You don't know what it would result in, or you would not dream of it. Were I to do such a thing, I should hate and despise and condemn myself with utter reprobation. And then what a prize you would have got, my poor Roger!"

But even these were such precious words to hear from her lips! He fell again on his knees before her as she stood, caught her hands, and hiding his face in them, poured forth the following words in a torrent.

"Marion, do not think me so selfish as not to have thought about that. It should be only the better for them all. I can earn quite enough for you and me too, and so you would have the more time to give to them. I should never have dreamed of asking you to leave them. There are things in which a dog may help a man, doing what the man can't do: there may be things in which a man might help an angel."

Deeply moved by the unselfishness of his love, Marion could not help a pressure of her hands against the face which had sought refuge within them. Roger fell to kissing them wildly.

But Marion was a woman, and women, I think, though I may be only judging by myself and my husband, look forward and round about, more than men do:—they would need at all events;—therefore Marion saw other things. A man-reader may say that if she loved him, she would not have thus looked about her; and that if she did not love him, there was no occasion for her thus to fly in the face of the future. I can only answer that it is allowed on all hands women are not amenable to logic: look about her Marion did, and saw that, as a married woman, she might be compelled to forsake her friends more or less, for there might arise other and paramount claims on her self-devotion. In a word, if she were to have children, she would have no choice in respect of whose welfare should constitute the main business of her life; and it even became a question whether she would have a right to place them in circumstances so unfavourable for growth and education. Therefore to marry might be tantamount to forsaking her friends.

But where was the need of any such mental parley? Of course she couldn't marry Roger. How could she marry a man she didn't look up to? And look up to him she certainly did not—and could not.

"No, Roger," she said, this last thought

large in her mind, and as she spoke, she withdrew her hands—"it mustn't be. It is out of the question.—I can't look up to you," she added, as simply as a child.

"I should think not," he burst out. "That *would* be a fine thing! If you looked up to a fellow like me, I think it would almost cure me of looking up to you; and what I want is to look up to you every day and all day long. Only I can do that whether you let me or not."

"But I don't choose to have a—a—friend to whom I can't look up."

"Then I shall never be even a friend," he returned sadly. "But I would have tried hard to be less unworthy of you."

At this precise moment, Marion caught sight of a pair of great round blue eyes, wide-open under a shock of red hair, about three feet from the floor, staring as if they had not winked for the last ten minutes. The child looked so comical, that Marion, reading perhaps in her looks the reflex of their own position, could not help laughing. Roger started up in dismay, but beholding the apparition, laughed also.

"Please, grannie," said the urchin, "mother's took bad and wants ye."

"Run and tell your mother I shall be with her directly," answered Marion, and the child departed.

"You told me I might come again," pleaded Roger.

"Better not. I didn't know what it would mean to you when I said it."

"Let it mean what you meant by it—only let me come."

"But I see now it can't mean that. No. I will write to you. At all events, you must go now, for I can't stop with you when Mrs. Foote—"

"Don't make me wretched, Marion. If you can't love me, don't kill me. Don't say I'm not to come and see you. I *will* come on Sundays anyhow."

The next day came the following letter.

DEAR MR. ROGER,—I am very sorry both for your sake and my own, that I did not speak more plainly yesterday. I was so distressed for you, and my heart was so friendly towards you, that I could hardly think of anything at first but how to comfort you; and I fear I allowed you after all to go away with the idea that what you wished was not altogether impossible. But indeed it is. If even I loved you in the way you love me, I should yet make everything yield to the duties I have undertaken. In listening to

you, I should be undermining the whole of my past labours, and the very idea of becoming less of a friend to my friends is horrible to me.

But, much as I esteem you, and much pleasure as your society gives me, the idea you brought before me yesterday was absolutely startling; and I think I have only to remind you, as I have just done, of the peculiarities of my position, to convince you that it could never become a familiar one to me. All that friendship can do or yield, you may ever claim of me; and I thank God if I have been of the smallest service to you; but I should be quite unworthy of that honour, were I for any reason to admit even the thought of abandoning the work which has been growing up around me for so many years, and is so peculiarly mine that it could be transferred to no one else.

Believe me yours most truly,

MARION CLARE.

CHAPTER XLIV.—A LITTLE MORE ABOUT ROGER, AND ABOUT MR. BLACKSTONE.

AFTER telling me the greater part of what I have just written, Roger handed me this letter to read, as we sat together that same Sunday evening.

"It seems final, Roger?" I said with an interrogation, as I returned it to him.

"Of course it is," he replied. "How could any honest man urge his suit after that—after she says that to grant it would be to destroy the whole of her previous life, and ruin her self-respect? But I'm not so miserable as you may think me, Wynnne," he went on; "for, don't you see? though I couldn't quite bring myself to go to-night, I don't feel cut off from her. She's not likely, if I know her, to listen to anybody else so long as the same reasons hold for which she wouldn't give me a chance of persuading her. She can't help me loving her, and I'm sure she'll let me help her when I've the luck to find a chance. You may be sure I shall keep a sharp look out. If I can be her servant, that will be something—yes, much. Though she won't give herself to me—and quite right too!—why should she?—God bless her!—she can't prevent me from giving myself to her. So long as I may love her, and see her as often as I don't doubt I may, and things continue as they are, I shan't be down-hearted.—I'll have another pipe, I think."—Here he half-started, and hurriedly pulled out his watch.—"I declare there's time yet!" he cried, and sprang to his feet.—

"Let's go and hear what she's got to say to-night."

"Don't you think you had better not? Won't you put her out?" I suggested.

"If I understand her at all," he said, "she will be more put out by my absence, for she will fear I am wretched, caring only for herself and not for what she taught me. You may come or stay—I'm off.—You've done me so much good, Wynnle!" he added, looking back in the door-way. "Thank you a thousand times. There's no comforter like a sister!"

"And a pipe," I said, at which he laughed, and was gone.

When Percivale and I reached Linne Court, having followed as quickly as we could, there was Roger sitting in the midst, as intent on her words as if she had been an old prophet, and Marion speaking with all the composure which naturally belonged to her.

When she shook hands with him after the service, a slight flush washed the white of her face with a delicate warmth—nothing more. I said to myself, however, as we went home, and afterwards to my husband, that his case was not a desperate one.

"But what's to become of Blackstone?" said Percivale.

I will tell my reader how afterwards he seemed to me to have fared; but I have no information concerning his supposed connection with this part of my story. I cannot even be sure that he ever was in love with Marion. Troubled he certainly was, at this time; and Marion continued so for a while—more troubled, I think, than the necessity she felt upon her with regard to Roger, will quite account for. If, however, she had to make two men miserable in one week, that might well cover the case.

Before the week was over, my husband received a note from Mr. Blackstone, informing him that he was just about to start for a few weeks on the continent. When he returned I was satisfied from his appearance that a notable change had passed upon him: a certain indescribable serenity seemed to have taken possession of his whole being; every look and tone indicated a mind that knew more than tongue could utter—a heart that had had glimpses into a region of content. I thought of the words—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," and my heart was at rest about him. He had fared, I thought, as the child who has had a hurt, but is taken up in his mother's arms and comforted. What hurt

would not such comforting outweigh to the child? And who but he that has had the worst hurt man can receive, and the best comfort God can give, can tell what either is?

I was present the first time he met Marion after his return. She was a little embarrassed—he showed a tender dignity—a respect as if from above—like what one might fancy the embodiment of the love of a wise angel for such a woman. The thought of comparing the two had never before occurred to me, but now for the moment I felt as if Mr. Blackstone were a step above Marion. Plainly, I had no occasion to be troubled about either of them.

On the supposition that Marion had refused him, I argued with myself that it could not have been on the ground that she was unable to look up to him. And notwithstanding what she had said to Roger, I was satisfied that any one she felt she could help to be a nobler creature, must have a greatly better chance of rousing all the woman in her, than one whom she must regard as needing no aid from her. All her life had been spent in serving and sheltering human beings whose condition she regarded with hopeful compassion: could she now help adding Roger to her number of such? and if she once looked upon him thus tenderly, was it not at least very possible that, in some softer mood, a feeling hitherto unknown to her might surprise her consciousness with its presence—floating to the surface of her sea from its strange depths, and leaning towards him with the outstretched arms of embrace?

But I dared not think what might become of Roger should his divine resolves fail—should the frequent society of Marion prove insufficient for the solace and quiet of his heart. I had heard how men will seek to drown sorrow in the ruin of the sorrowing power—will slay themselves that they may cause their hurt to cease—and I trembled for my husband's brother. But the days went on, and I saw no sign of failure or change. He was steady at his work, and came to see us as constantly as before; never missed a chance of meeting Marion; and at every treat she gave her friends, whether at the house of which I have already spoken, or at Lady Bernard's country place in the neighbourhood of London, whether she took them on the river, or had some one to lecture or read to them, Roger was always at hand for service and help. Still I was uneasy—for might there not come a collapse—especially if some new event were to destroy the hope which he still cherished, and which

I feared was his main support? Would his religion then prove of a quality and power sufficient to keep him from drifting away with the receding tide of his hopes and imaginations? In this anxiety perhaps I regarded too exclusively the faith of Roger, and thought too little about the faith of God. However this may be, I could not rest, but thought and thought until at last I made up my mind to go and tell Lady Bernard all about it.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE DEBATE.

"AND you think Marion likes him?" asked Lady Bernard, when she had in silence heard my story.

"I am sure she *likes* him. But you know he is so far inferior to her—in every way."

"How do you know that? Questions are involved there which no one but God can determine. You must remember that both are growing. What matter if any two are unequal at a given moment, seeing their relative positions may be reversed twenty times in a thousand years. Besides, I doubt very much if any one who brought his favours with him would have the least chance with Marion. Poverty to turn into wealth, is the one irresistible attraction for her; and, however duty may compel her to act, my impression is that she will not escape *loving* Roger."

I need not say I was gratified to find Lady Bernard's conclusion from Marion's character run parallel with my own.

"But what can come of it?" I said.

"Why, marriage, I hope."

"But Marion would as soon think of falling down and worshipping Baal and Ash-toreth as of forsaking her grandchildren."

"Doubtless. But there would be no occasion for that. Where two things are both of God, it is not likely they will be found mutually obstructive."

"Roger does declare himself quite ready to go and live amongst her friends, and do his best to help her."

"That is all as it should be, so far as he—as both of them are concerned; but there are contingencies; and the question naturally arises—How would that do in regard of their children?"

"If I could imagine Marion consenting," I said, "I know what she would answer to that question. She would say—why should her children be better off than the children about them? She would say that the children must share the life and work of their parents."

"And I think she would be right—though the obvious rejoinder would be: 'You may

waive your own social privileges, and sacrifice yourselves to the good of others, but have you a right to sacrifice your children, and heap disadvantages on their future?'"

"Now give us the answer on the other side, seeing you think Marion would be right after all."

"Marion's answer would, I think, be—that their children would be God's children, and he couldn't desire better for them than to be born in lowly conditions, and trained from the first to give themselves to the service of their fellows—seeing that in so far their history would resemble that of his own Son, our Saviour. In sacrificing their earthly future, as men would call it, their parents would but be furthering their eternal good."

"That would be enough in regard of such objections. But there would be a previous one on Marion's own part. How would her new position affect her ministrations?"

"There can be no doubt, I think," Lady Bernard replied, "that what her friends would lose thereby—I mean what amount of her personal ministration would be turned aside from them by the necessities of her new position—would be far more than made up to them by the presence among them of a whole well-ordered and growing family, instead of a single woman only. But all this yet leaves something for her more personal friends to consider—as regards their duty in the matter. It naturally sets them on the track of finding out what could be done to secure for the children of such parents the possession of early advantages as little lower than those their parents had as may be; for the breed of good people ought, as much as possible, to be kept up. I will turn the thing over in my mind, and let you know what comes of it."

The result of Lady Bernard's cogitations is, in so far, to be seen in the rapid rise of a block of houses at no great distance from London, on the North Western railway, planned under the instructions of Marion Clare. The design of them is to provide accommodation for all Marion's friends, with room to add largely to their number. Lady Bernard has also secured ground sufficient for great extension of the present building, should it prove desirable. Each family is to have the same amount of accommodation it has now, only far better, at the same rent it pays now, with the privilege of taking an additional room or rooms at a much lower rate. Marion has undertaken to collect the rents, and believes that she will thus in time gain an additional hold of the people

for their good, although the plan may at first expose her to misunderstanding. From thorough calculation she is satisfied she can pay Lady Bernard five per cent. for her money, lay out all that is necessary for keeping the property in thorough repair, and accumulate a fund besides to be spent on building more houses should her expectations of these be answered. The removal of so many will also make a little room for the accommodation of the multitudes constantly driven from their homes by the wickedness of those who, either for the sake of railways or fine streets, pull down crowded houses, and drive into other courts and alleys their poor inhabitants to double the wretchedness already there from overcrowding.

In the centre of the building is a house for herself, where she will have her own private advantage in the inclusion of large space primarily for the entertainment of her friends. I believe Lady Bernard intends to give her a hint that a married couple would, in her opinion, be far more useful in such a position than a single woman. But although I rejoice in the prospect of greater happiness for two dear friends, I must in honesty say that I doubt this.

If the scheme should answer, what a strange reversion it will be to something like a right reading of the feudal system !

Of course it will be objected that, should it succeed ever so well, it will all go to pieces at Marion's death. To this the answer lies in the hope that her influence may extend laterally—as well as downwards—moving others to be what she has been ; and in the conviction that such work as hers can never be lost, for the world can never be the same as if she had not lived ; while in any case there will be more room for her brothers and sisters who are now being crowded out of the world by the stronger and richer. It would be sufficient answer, however—that the work is worth doing for its own sake and its imme-

diate result. Surely it will receive a *well-done* from the judge of us all ; and while his idea of right remains above hers, high as the heavens are above the earth, his approbation will be all that either Lady Bernard or Marion will seek.

If but a small proportion of those who love the right and have means to spare, would, like Lady Bernard, use their wealth to make up to the poor for the wrongs they receive at the hands of the rich—let me say, to defend the Saviour in their persons from the tyranny of Mammon, how many of the poor might they not lead with them into the joy of their Lord !

Should the plan succeed, I say once more, I intend to urge on Marion the duty of writing a history of its rise and progress from the first of her own attempts. Then there would at least remain a book for all future reformers and philanthropists to study, and her influence might renew itself in others ages after she was gone.

I have no more to say about myself or my people. We live in hope of the glory of God.

Here I was going to write—THE END, but was arrested by the following conversation between two of my children—Ernest, eight, and Freddy, five years of age.

Ernest. I'd do it for mamma, of course.

Freddy. Wouldn't you do it for Harry ?

Ernest. No ; Harry's nobody.

Freddy. Yes, he is somebody.

Ernest. You're nobody ; I'm nobody ; we are all nobody, compared to mamma.

Freddy (stolidly). Yes ; I am somebody.

Ernest. You're nothing ; I'm nothing ; we are all nothing in mamma's presence.

Freddy. But, Ernest, *every thing* is something ; so I must be something.

Ernest. Yes, Freddy, but you're *no thing* ; so you're nothing. You're nothing to mamma.

Freddy. But I'm mamma's.

The End.

LITTLE LENA.

LITTLE Lena, God has given
Your young life, a breath from heaven ;
In your wealth of love and bliss
You can spare some in your kiss :
There is one—God help the stricken,
Heart-bereaven !—spirit sore,—
But you've left her, little Lena,
Happier than she was before !

Down in your clear, happy childhood
She can see her far-off past ;
And she prays God, little Lena,
That your joys may longer last :
That, as one by one, they wither,
As all earthly blessings do,
He will spare your time of sorrow,
Such a little child as you ! I. F. MAYO.



THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

XI.

1 Cor. xv. 58.

HOW promptly, how naturally, how easily does the Apostle pass from those high topics of the Christian faith, on which he had been dwelling, to the simple, plain, and practical exhortation! He had presented in detail the evidence by which the great fact of Christ's own resurrection from the dead was substantiated; he had shown how closely and inseparably the forgiveness of our sins now and our future resurrection unto everlasting life were wrapped up with that resurrection of our risen Lord. He had met the doubt or unbelief as to the resurrection that some had tried to inject into the minds of his Corinthian converts by unfolding the great difference that there was to be between the body—weak, corruptible, dishonoured—as we lay it in the grave, and that body—immortal, incorruptible, purified, spiritualised—as it shall emerge from the tomb. His eye had filled with light as he contemplated that glorious closing scene of this present economy of things, when death, the last enemy, should be destroyed. Surveying the triumphs of that great day, he had thrown out his challenge to death and the grave, and sounded over them as our vanquished foes his rallying notes of victory. And now as knowing and feeling that in those great truths he had been proclaiming, in that bright prospect he had been opening up there dwelt a store of stimulating, animating impulse that might and should be turned to actual daily use, he turns to those he had been addressing and says, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, sharers with me in that faith and hope, whose sure foundations I have thus set forth—therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Be ye *steadfast and unmovable*. Already there had been something, and there might still be more, to shake their faith, to move them away from the hope of the Gospel. Some false teachers had entered in among them, who under the pretence of leading them to broader, purer, more spiritual conceptions of the Christian faith, had been sapping the very foundation on which that faith reposed. Other teachers of a like kind, unsatisfied with the simple truths of Christianity, bringing with them diverse and strange doctrines, whose words should eat as doth a

canker, might follow in their train. Against all the subtle, seductive representations of all such teachers, Paul would have his Corinthian converts to be upon their guard. He calls upon them to stand fast in the faith, that they might not be like children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine—a wind blowing now from this quarter and now from that—but blowing from what quarter it might, still threatening to overthrow some portion of their faith. His desire for and his exhortation to them is, that they should continue in that faith grounded and settled, rooted and established in the truth as they had been taught, that they might "hold the confidence and the rejoicing of their hope steadfast to the end." Besides, however, the special danger springing up in this quarter, shaking and threatening their faith, how much was there in the tempting world without, and in the treacherous heart within, fitted to disturb that firm reliance upon Christ, to darken that blessed hope of eternal life in Him, to loosen and disjoint that framework of devout thought and feeling, to break in upon that course of holy living to which they had been called! Steadfastness, unmovable steadfastness, firmness of principle, steadiness of purpose, devotedness of pursuit,—what need that these Corinthians, and we, and all Christian men should be exhorted to the diligent and strenuous cultivation of those graces and habits of the soul.

And the way to cultivate them is by "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

But what is that work of the Lord to the always abounding in which we are here summoned? First, we have to say of it, that every work of life to which we are properly, providentially called, in which we may properly, legitimately be engaged, may and ought to form part of it. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed"—such is the apostolic injunction to all Christians in all positions and relationships of life—"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him,"—such is the special injunction to servants when urging them to obedience to their Master in all things. Whatsoever ye do in the way of such obedience, "do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men, for ye serve the Lord Christ." There is nothing then that any of us may be called to do, how-

ever mean the task, however humble the duty, that we may not turn thus into part of that service which our Heavenly Master requireth at our hands; nor is there any earthly task, however high, nor any earthly service, however honourable, that may not have a double honour thus conferred upon it. Over the lowest and over the highest walks of life this same elevation and dignity may thus be thrown. But it is not an easy thing to attain to and realise that dignity of the Christian calling—in all things to acknowledge God—to do all as unto God—to have all our doings begun, continued, and ended in God. To live throughout a consecrated life, what a deep and prevalent godliness of nature and disposition does it require! And this leads us to remark, that while it is quite true (and a truth never to be shut out of our sight) that whatsoever our hand or our head findeth to do, in all our various earthly places and callings—what the hand of the labourer findeth to do in the field, and what the head of the merchant findeth to do in his counting-house—whatever it be that all the busy hands and all the busy heads by which all the work and labour done under the sun is carried on, find anywhere and everywhere to do—may and should thus be consecrated to the Lord—there is a special work to which we are invited, distinct and separate from that outward and ordinary work of our common and daily duties, to which the name and character of the work of the Lord comes in the first instance, and most fitly, to be applied, and by the right performance of which it is that we come to be able, in the right spirit and from the right motives, to realise that consecration of the whole life to heaven.

"Labour," said the Saviour once to those who followed Him, "labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." It sounded this as a somewhat strange direction for human labour in the ears of those to whom it was at first addressed. "What shall we do, then," they said to Christ, "that we might work the works of God?" What is that work in which we may engage, in the prosecution of which we may have the comfort of knowing that we are doing the very work to which God calls us. Jesus answered and said to them, "This is the work of God, that ye believe in Him whom He hath sent"—a simple and compendious saying, including all that it becomes us to do and be, as numbered with those to whom the Redeemer of Mankind has been sent, for whom Jesus lived and died. First and

above all things, our peace is to be made up with God through Him. He is to be welcomed—to be confided in—to be followed and obeyed. Till that be done, all is left unsettled. Our faith in God as our Heavenly Father wants firmness and security. A cloud of uncertainty rests upon our state and prospects for eternity. We want that motive in our heart—that all-constraining love—which prompts to the Christian service and makes that yoke to be easy and that burden light. But the true, the genuine, trust in Jesus Christ, how much does it imply? Not merely the resting on his merits, but the walking with Him in holy fellowship, the imbibing of his spirit, the copying of his example; the purifying of all our motives, the keeping of our hearts, the subduing of all evil passions, the struggling against those thoughts, imaginations, desires by which the spirit is polluted and defiled; the cultivation of all gracious affections, of the humility, the faith, the love, the hope, the holiness wherein all true likeness to Christ consists. This is that work of God upon which all the first energies of our spiritual life are to be spent. In vain do we engage in any other outer wider sphere of Christian labour if that keeping of our own vineyard be neglected. It is possible, indeed, to carry a spirit of selfishness, or rather—for we have to coin a word to express here the idea that we have to convey—the spirit of selfism, into our religion. It is possible that we may be too much occupied and engrossed with the consideration of our own state before God. It is an unhealthy piety that is continually watching over its own movements, mourning over its own defects, lamenting its own want of progress. That would be a poor and profitless husbandry of nature which was ever scraping at the soil to see whether the seed was germinating beneath the sod. And that is as poor and profitless a husbandry of the spirit which is ever prying into the soul itself to see whether there be any growth of grace. Nevertheless, whilst freely admitting this, it ever must remain true that the chief work of the Christian calling is self-culture—the discipline of the heart; the moulding of the habits; the striving against sin; the resisting of temptation; humiliation because of past faults and failures; the forth-putting of fresh efforts to regain lost ground; the forgetting of the things that are behind; the pressing forward to the things that are before; the aiming at that perfection of which we have the one faultless model in the character and life of our Divine Redeemer. This is that work

of the Lord in which, as those who in Christ Jesus have been begotten to the hope of a blessed resurrection, we ought always to be abounding.

But there is yet another department of Christian labour. The opportunity is presented to each of us—the invitation given—the command issued—that we should be fellow-workers with God, in the establishment and extension of his spiritual kingdom upon this earth. To be associated in any way with the Divine Being, to have our feeble agency running voluntarily in the direct line in which his acts, to co-operate in any way with God, that is surely one of the worthiest and noblest of occupations! But to be so associated with the Supreme in what we know to be his chief and loving purpose towards our race, to co-operate with his blessed Spirit in bringing the wanderer and the lost home to Christ, to God, to holiness, to heaven—that surely is the very work in which human effort finds its loftiest sphere, and realises its richest and most glorious results. And when looking abroad on this earth, looking at the millions still lying in heathen darkness, or when looking narrowly into the state of things at home—especially within the ever-thickening population of our large cities—we think of the vast mass of that kind of work which lies over as yet undone, we scarcely know which to wonder at most—God's waiting so long and so largely upon human effort, putting that honour on it of taking it up and employing it as his chosen instrument for the advancement of his kingdom upon earth, or man's slothfulness and sluggishness; for how is it with all of us in this matter? Instead of hastening to occupy so honourable a position, to discharge so high a duty, what a reluctance and hesitation do we display; what a holding back of our hand from the direct and immediate work; what a willingness to have it done by proxy, by others in our stead! I shall not stop to inquire into that strange mixture of feelings and of motives by which we are thus restrained; the restraint felt not always wholly sinful in its character; one, indeed, in which in some of its aspects we have to confess to a strong natural sympathy with it. But surely we must all unite in acknowledging it as our great guilt, that, instead of abounding in this work, and always abounding in it, as we know we should, it has been but meagrely undertaken, and but feebly, brokenly, most imperfectly pursued.

But let us look now at the consideration by which the Apostle urges to persevering and abounding labour: "Be ye

steadfast, &c., forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Taking into account the circumstances under which this motive is pressed upon the Christian labourer, we may well believe that the Apostle had in his eye some tendency to relaxation in Christian effort, springing from the briefness of our present existence, which he desired to arrest, and some inducement to sustained and vigorous activity springing from the prospects of the resurrection state and life which he desired to present.

Now, is there not a strong temptation to weariedness in the highest kind of well-doing, whether it respects our own individual Christian good, or the Christian good of the great community of mankind, arising from the slenderness of the palpable and visible results? In other processes of human action—mechanical, agricultural, commercial, legal, medical—the amount or degree of success which attends the application of contrivance, the employment of power, comes speedily to be noticed, and can sufficiently be gauged. Not so—at least much less so—in that moral and spiritual region in which the highest kind of Christian labour is exerted. How slow, how hidden, how obscure those processes by which divine truth is apprehended, appreciated, digested, assimilated, by which impressions settle down into firm convictions, and convictions consolidate into fixed principles of action, by which the new character of the Christian man is formed, and grows, and is matured! Are we not often, in reviewing long years of our past history, tempted to think that little or no progress has been made? There has been a long and large outlay, but the return has been slow and scanty, and apparently insecure. And how slight too the impression that all which is being in so many quarters undertaken seems to be making upon the widespread ungodliness of the ungodly world! There is something, there is much here to unstring the nerves of effort and sink the spirit in despondency. But here it is that the Apostolic utterance comes in with power. Your labour is not in vain in the Lord. No kind of true and honest service rendered to Him ever did or ever can be unrecognised and unrewarded. It may indeed fall short of the specific end that the earthly labourer aimed at, or as to that end it may altogether fail. But the fruits and effects of it are not to be measured by its present outward and visible issues. You must look deep into the soul of the Christian labourer himself ere you can make any right account of

what this toil of his does for him — that spirit of love and loyalty to Christ, of submission, of patience, of alacrity, of activity, of zeal, of endurance, of watchfulness, of self-sacrifice, which those years of often-baffled and outwardly unproductive labour have all along been fostering—is not his larger possession of such a spirit of itself one of the greatest of present benefits, and one of the best of preparations for that life upon which at the resurrection he shall enter? One sure result of that doctrine of the resurrection as set forth in the New Testament, thoroughly received and practically proceeded upon, would be to work within us the impression that our two lives, our life before and our life after resurrection, shall be knit together by the closest links of correspondence, continuity, similarity, no abrupt separation of the state we quit from that we now aspire to—the leading principle, the ruling passion, the dominant spirit of both lives the same, the one running into the other, preparing for the other, finding its unimpeded expansion in the other. “I heard a voice from heaven, saying, 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.” The dead, to be called the happy, the truly blessed—we might say that of the few whose lives have been worn out in sickness, sorrow, and care, who themselves with outstretched arms welcome the last enemy as a messenger to them of peace. But what shall we say of him, whom death strikes down in the midst of health, and happiness, and growing activities, and expanding usefulness? Shall we count him happy in that he dies? Yes, the voice from heaven bids

us call him such, if, indeed, it be in the Lord that he has died: He rests from his labours, for ever rests, from all that bitterness and painfulness, from all that weary toil and trouble, with which his earthly Christian labours were carried on; but, though resting from all that injects into these earthly labours the element of suffering, his rest shall not be the rest of an inglorious idleness, of a passive and undignified repose. His works shall follow him. When he takes up on that resurrection morn the body which he is to carry with him into his new and everlasting habitation, he shall take up again that service which before in his embodied state he had been prosecuting. Whatever difference there may be betwixt the kind of service demanded of him now and the kind of service committed to him then, there shall be no difference in the powers of intellect, of emotion, of will, of action by which the services are carried on. No difference but this, that those powers, trained now to their first efforts amidst the sins and sorrows, trials and difficulties of the present life, acting here weakly and inconstantly, raised there above the touch of all defiling elements, with all within and around prompting to united, full, untiring, harmonious effort, busy as they shall be, in their very motion there shall be rest. And the rest of that sinless, eternal, untoiling, unwearied activity, in which, by its ever doing the will of God, the soul shall be ever growing in its own power and capacities, and ever rising into closer and closer communion with the Eternal—that by eminence shall be the rest into which the redeemed in the resurrection world shall enter.

WILLIAM HANNA.

A VESPER HYMN.

TO Thee, O Lord, to Thee, O Christ,
I raise my soul, I lift my life;
That they may never be enticed
To dwell again midst earthly strife.

A faulty life, a feeble soul,
I lay them at Thy sacred feet;
Nor need to Thee the list unroll
Of stains that make them all unmeet.

Thou knowest them, yet sayest “Come;”
The while Thou look'st with loving eyes,
Dark self-despair must needs be dumb,
Nor dare I quite myself despise.

Thy garment's fringe yet giveth grace,
Memorial still of love's great law;*
And those who scarce dare seek Thy face,
May cling to this with tender awe.

* Numbers xv. 38, 39.

I must go forth at break of day,
To work amidst the world awhile;
I must go forth,—but not to stay,—
Still hold and draw me with Thy smile.

For seek I beauty, love, high thought,
They have their home in this pure air;
But dim reflections, dearly bought,
Faint, broken gleams of light are there.

Therefore, dear Lord, to bind me fast,
To me Thy love's glad radiance show;
And while the working hours flow past,
Let life and soul still keep the glow;

Nor ever to return be slack,
Though fair earth-love sweet lurement weaves;
But nightly to Thy feet fly back,
Like birds that build beneath church-eaves.

F. G. WILSON.

TWO SCENES FROM THE HUSSITE WARS.

THE Hussite wars have scarcely, in Great Britain, met with the attention which they deserve. Yet the history of Bohemia in those days is fully as remarkable as that of Switzerland during her wars of liberation, if not more so. The Swiss fought and conquered for political and personal freedom, whereas the Hussite struggle had a higher aim, and contended for the freedom of the intellect and the conscience. If the Swiss, in thorough union and unanimity, struggled manfully and successfully against the mail-clad knights of Austria at the commencement of their national existence, and at a later period beat the power of Burgundy to the ground on the bloody fields of Granson, Morat, and Nancy, a mere majority of the small Bohemian or Czechish nation successfully repelled no less than five crusades, supported by the whole power of Rome and Germany; and finally, assuming the offensive in its turn, compelled the Council of Basle to grant the celebrated *Compactata*, the first and only concession ever wrung from Rome since the days of Hildebrand. As might have been expected under such circumstances of intellectual excitement, an extensive and remarkable literature arose before and during the Hussite wars in Bohemia, which, after the disastrous battle of the White Mountain in 1620, was sought out and delivered to the flames by the Jesuits with the most unrelenting animosity; and only relics enough survive to show what it must have been, especially in its prose writers, among whom Huss himself is one of the most prominent.

I propose to ask a few minutes' attention to two battles, which can scarcely be paralleled in history, when we consider the superiority, not only in numbers, but also in armament, of the vanquished party. Undoubtedly a military spirit or rather genius had developed itself in Bohemia, producing a series of leaders of whom the most warlike nations might well be proud. Ziska of the Chalice, who is said to have been the inventor of the modern system of fortification by means of earthworks, fought no less than sixteen pitched battles, in all of which he was victorious. His successor, Prokop Holy—"Prokop the Shaveling," afterwards called Weliky, "The Great"—was no less remarkable in both his battles and his campaigns, although, being a priest, he never wielded weapons with his own hands, as he expressly stated himself at the Council of Basle, when

the blood he was supposed to have shed was alleged against him as a stain upon his sacred office.

Nor is it only to the battles themselves that I ask for a brief attention, but also to fragments of the contemporary literature of their day, which have survived the fires and faggots of the Jesuits. A choice selection from the relics of the Bohemian literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has lately been edited by one of the most learned of the Bohemian *literati*, Karel Jaromir Erben, and published by the Matice Ceská, a society to which Bohemian literature and history are most deeply indebted, and which has also published the great work of Dr. Francis Palacky, the only history of Bohemia that is based upon a real examination of contemporary documents, and the careful accuracy of which, as to facts, has never been disputed.

Between the years 1420 and 1426 two great crusades, led by the Emperor Sigismund himself, against the Hussites of Bohemia had been victoriously repelled, and a third had as yet but muttered in distant thunder round that devoted land without gathering to a head and falling in storm upon any selected portion of it. The Duke of Saxony in the north, and the Duke of Austria in the south, had lately, with Sigismund's consent, taken possession of several districts appertaining to the Bohemian Crown. Ziska was dead, and his special followers had assumed the name of "Orphans," in token of sorrow at the loss of their "Father." Frederic the Valiant, Duke of Saxony, was engaged in the Diet at Nuremberg, with many other princes, and was endeavouring to obtain the systematic co-operation of the collective German nation.

Soon after Easter in the year 1426 the town of Aussig, on the Elbe, which had been mortgaged by Sigismund to the Duke of Saxony, was besieged by the united forces of the men of Prague and the Taborites under Jakobek of Vresovitz. The siege was pressed with the greatest vigour by the assailants, and resisted by the garrison with the greatest determination. Catharine, Duchess of Saxony, in the absence of her husband, who was still at Nuremberg, collected a large army in Saxony, Thuringia, Meissen, and Lusatia, and sent—or rather led it herself—to the relief of the distressed garrison. The Bohemian general, Jakobek, received timely information of the threatening danger, and called upon the

whole Hussite confederacy to come to his aid. Thus unusually large bodies of men on both sides approached each other at Aussig.

On Friday, June 14th, both armies were fully assembled and in readiness for the combat. Sigismund Korybut, Prince of Lithuania, a candidate for the crown of Bohemia, was at the head of the men of Prague in the Bohemian army, while the Taborites were commanded by the priest, Prokop Holy, to whom also the supreme command appears to have been intrusted. The German army was led by the Duchess herself by the town of Freiburg up to the Bohemian forests, and the address, which the courageous lady delivered to her soldiers at taking leave of them, urging them not merely to valour in the combat, but also to prudence and caution in the campaign, is said to have been most heart-stirring and inspiring.

The Germans entered Bohemia in three columns on Saturday the 15th of June, numbering altogether three thousand waggons, one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, and about seventy thousand men, all under the command of a nobleman named Boso Vitzthum. As they advanced towards Aussig early on the morning of Sunday, June 16th, the Bohemians sent them a letter, requesting that quarter should be given, in case the Germans were victorious, and promising to give quarter themselves, in case victory declared itself on their side. But, seeing themselves apparently far the stronger party, and also bearing in mind the position of the Bohemians as excommunicated heretics, the Germans returned for answer that they would not leave a single heretic alive. In consequence of this, the Bohemians also agreed among themselves to give no quarter to the Germans.

By the advice of Prokop, the Hussites occupied a height called Behání, near the villages of Predlitz and Herbovitz, and there awaited the attack in their usual movable fortress, which is thus described by an old German chronicler: * "The army of the heretics had made itself a very strong fortress of numerous waggons, placed in a circle and joined and fastened together with chains, after a marvellous and extraordinary system, that they might not be disunited. And within this fortress of waggons, which is commonly called a 'wagenburg,' their archers and pikemen stood, and these were able to hurt the army of their adversaries, while they themselves remained unhurt."

The battle began in the forenoon, in a time of unusual heat and drought, and the Germans rushed with great courage on the Bohemian waggons, one line of which they succeeded in breaking and bringing into disorder. The Bohemians allowed them to weary themselves with their exertions, and then, and not till then, did they raise their war cry and fire upon their enemies from the waggons with falconets and swivel guns, till "they made great lanes and thoroughfares among them." As another old German chronicler* has it, "Then shot the heretics among them with their cannons, whereof they had a multitude; and they had long hooks, wherewith they dragged the noble lords and pious men-at-arms from their horses and slew them." When this unexpected resistance had disordered the attacking army, the Bohemians sallied out and made so vehement a charge upon the Germans, that they drove them from the field in the wildest confusion.

Then took place so fearful a carnage that the brook which flows from the field of battle to Aussig is said on that day to have run with blood. Some of the Germans fainted from heat and thirst, others were forced into the mountains beyond Graupen and Geiersberg, where above three hundred slain knights are said to have been found lying together in a single heap. In pursuance of their agreement, the Bohemians gave no quarter on that bloody day, and even one of their principal generals, Jakobek of Vresovitz, was unable to save a German nobleman, Waldenburg of Wolkenstein, whom he actually took up behind him on his own horse. The Taborite arquebusiers shot him the moment they espied him, and in his fall he all but dragged Jakobek with him to the ground. Twenty-four counts and barons stuck their swords in the ground, near the village of Herbovitz, and knelt in vain before their conquerors for quarter; and those who had escaped into the villages of Predlitz and Herbovitz were burned to death in their places of refuge. There were more slain on that day than in any of the Hussite battles, the Germans, according to Palacky, who considers the statement of the ballad an exaggeration, losing in killed at least fifteen thousand men, many of them of the highest rank, while the loss of the Bohemians did not exceed thirty men, so successful had been the generalship of Prokop.

All the waggons and artillery and sixty-six tents belonging to the Germans fell into the

* Herm. Corner, writing in Latin with the exception of the word "Wagenburg."

* Joha Rohbe, writing in German.

hands of the Hussites, who jeeringly expressed their commiseration for the poor Saxons, for having, over and above their bloody defeat, drawn upon themselves the curse of the Pope by putting so valuable a booty into the hands of the heretics.

As regards the ballad itself, it may be re-

marked that it presents every appearance of being contemporaneous with the event, or very nearly so. It would seem to have been written by one who favoured the pretensions of Prince Sigismund Korybut to the Bohemian crown. The comparisons used in the dialogue between the adversaries before the



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battle are so singular, that it is impossible to avoid the inference, that we have embodied in it the actual retorts that passed between the parties. In making the translation I have most carefully abstained from elaborating or ornamenting the naked simplicity of

the original, although, in order to be able to keep closer to the letter, I have adopted an iambic instead of a trochaic rhythm.

The Bohemian begins :—

"Slusi Cechuom spominati
Ze jim dal Pan Buh u Usti

Vitezstvie nad neprately,
Kdyz pro svu vieru boj vedly."

In English:—

In mind let all Bohemians bear,
How God the Lord did for them care,
And victory at Aussig gave,
When war they waged their faith to save.
The year of grace—the time to fix—
Was fourteen hundred twenty-six;
The Sunday after holy Vite*
The German host dispersed in flight.

Many there were look'd on the while,
Look'd on Bohemia's risk with guile,
For gladsome they to see had been
Bohemians suffer woe and teen.
But thanks to God the Lord we raise,
To God we glory give and praise,
Who aided us with mighty hand
To drive the German from our land.

The Saxon Princess, mighty dame,
With lords and knights and squires she came;
Vast was the host, at her command
That entered the Bohemian land,
All true Bohemians she would slay,
And all their race uproot for aye,
And Aussig now her host hath ta'en
And fill'd the region round with slain.

To Prague the woeful news has pass'd,
Lords, knights, and squires are gath'ring fast;
Tabor and Prague their banners bear,
And Sigmund, Litva's Prince, is there.

The host doth nigh Bavaria war,
Crusading foes to chase afar,
Foes, that the Pope of Rome had sent,
That all the faithful might be shent.
The tale of woe all hearts doth rend,
Thus to the host for aid they send:
"Bohemia's faith doth stand upright,
If comrade comrade aids in fight."

The Count of Meissen said in sight,
"If the Bohemian bands unite,
Evil, methinks, will us betide;
Asunder let us keep them wide.
Fear strikes me, when the tails† I see,
And those black lads so bold and free!‡
"Tis said, that each doth crush the foe,
Upon whose mail he sets a blow."

Our Marshal, good Lord Vanek, spake:
"Whoe'er God's war will undertake,
Whoe'er will wage it free from guile,
Himself with God must reconcile."

On Friday then, at morning light,
The Czechians service held aright,
Received God's body and His blood,
Ere for their faith in fight they stood.
Prince Sigmund did the same likewise,
And prayed to God with tearful eyes,
And urged the warriors firm to stand,
And cheer'd the people of the land.

By Predlitz, on Behán's height,
The armies met and closed in fight;
Stout Germans there, Bohemians here,
Like hungry lions, I know no fear.

The Germans loud proclaim'd that day,
The Czechians must their creed unsway,
Submit themselves and sue for grace,
Or leave their lives upon the place.

"'Gainst us ye cannot stand," they said,
"Against our host ye are but dead;
Look at our numbers; what are ye?
A cask of poppy-seed are we."§

The bold Bohemians made reply:
"Our creed we hold until we die,
Our fatherland we will defend,
Though in the fight we meet our end."

* The cathedral at Prague is dedicated to St. Vitus, who is neither more nor less than a transmutation (Svaty Vit) of the old heathen Slavonic God, Swantovit, or Swatovit, or Swentovit, as differently pronounced in different localities.

† The national weapon of the peasantry of Bohemia.

‡ Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., thus describes the Taborite warriors:—"These men were quite black from constant exposure to the sun and wind, as well as to the smoke of the camp. Their appearance was horrid and terrible; their eyes were those of an eagle, their hair bristled, their beards were long, their stature prodigiously tall, their bodies covered with hair, and their skin so hard that it appeared capable of resisting iron as much as a cuirass."

§ The lion with two tails is the national emblem of Bohemia.

¶ The poppy is considerably cultivated in Bohemia, and mustard in both Bohemia and Moravia.

And though a little band to see,
A spoonful small of mustard we,
Yet none the less we'll sharply bite,
If Christ but aid us in the fight.
But be this pact betwixt us twain:
Whoe'er's by either army ta'en,
Bind him and keep him, slay him not;
Expect from us the selfsame lot."

Said they: "This thing we cannot do;
The Pope's dread curse is laid on you,
And we must slay in fury wild
Both old and young, both maid and child."

The Czechians too same pact did make,
No German prisoners to take;
Then each man call'd his God upon,
And thought his faith, his honour on.

The Germans jeer'd them as they stood,
On came their horsemen like a flood:
"Our foes," they say, "like geese* to-day
With axe, with dirk, with mace we'll slay."

Soon lose shall many a maid and wife,
Sire, brother, husband in the strife,
In sad bereavement shall remain;
Woe waits the orphans of the slain."

When each on other gan to fall,
The Czechians on their God did call;
They saw before their van in view
A stranger knight, whom no man knew.
The Taborites begin the fight,
Like men they forward press and smite;
Where'er the Orphans took their road,
There streams of blood like brooklets flow'd.†

And many a knight display'd his might,
And many a lord was good in fight,
'Twere vain to strive each name to say—
Lord! bless them and their seed for aye!
For there with valour without end
They did the truth of God defend,
They gave their lives right valiantly,
With thee, O Lord! in heav'n to be.

When long the fight had fiercely burn'd,
The wind against the Germans turn'd,
Their backs the bold Bohemians see,
Quick to the woods and hills they flee.
And those that 'scaped the bloody scene
Right sadly told the Margravine,‡
For faith and creed how fierce and wood
The Czechian heretics had stood.

Then fourteen counts and lords of might
Did from their coursers all alight,
Their sword-points deep in earth did place
And to the Czechians sued for grace.
For prayers and cries they cared not aught,
Silver and gold they set at naught,
E'en as themselves had made reply,
So ev'ry man they did to die.

Thus thousands fifty, thousands twain,
Or more, were of the Germans slain,
Besides the youths, that did abide
In helmets by the army's side;
But these they kept alive, to tell
Their lady how her people fell,
That all might think the fight upon,
At Aussig that for God was won.

The tidings reached the Margravine,
Of all her people's loss and teen,
She swoon'd and to the ground she fell:
"Ah! woeful is the news ye tell!"

Her wavy curls of auburn hair
She rendeth from her head so fair;
"Have pity, O my God!" cried she:
"My people on, that slaughter'd be!"
And many another lady bright
Did wail and weep that woeful fight,
For brother, cousin, husband slain,
Who did upon that field remain.

Again another embassy
Came to the King of Hungary,‡
For Meissen counsel to inquire—
He to Plavensky saith in ire:

"My friend! what counsel dost thou see,
That shamed the princes shall not be?"
Quoth he: "Who in Bohemia fight,
Must wisdom have and luck and might;
Seven years I've in Bohemia fought,
And never, never gain'd I aught."

* Husi, geese. Alluding to Jan Huss, John Goose.

† Here follows a list of names, which would scarcely be interesting to an English reader.

‡ Of Meissen. I am not quite sure whether the Duchess of Saxony was also Margravine of Meissen, or whether they were different persons.

§ The Emperor Sigismund.

Draw not Bohemia's wrath on thee,
 Who wilt not harm'd or shamed be !"
 Ho ! all ye faithful Christian men !
 Each lord and knight and citizen !
 Follow and hold your fathers' creed,
 And show ye are their sons indeed !
 Be steadfast in God's truth always,
 And so from God ye shall have praise ;
 God on your offspring blessings pour,
 And grant you life for evermore !

The result of the great battle commemorated in the above ballad was trembling and terror throughout the whole of Germany, and preparations for defence were made even as far as the Rhine. The next year (1427) a fourth crusade was proclaimed against the Hussites, who now for the first time assumed the offensive, and made victorious inroads into Austria and Silesia. This crusade was headed by Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, brother of the late King of England, Henry IV. ; but a sudden panic brought it to a still more inglorious end than any of its predecessors.

Still neither Rome nor the empire was willing to give up the contest. After various attempts at accommodation had been made and failed, a fifth crusade was proclaimed, for which the Diet at Nuremberg, which commenced its sittings on February 9, 1431, granted supplies of an extraordinary amount and character. Cardinal Julian Cesarini travelled, full of zeal, through Germany, preaching the crusade in every direction, and endeavouring to put a stop to both private warfare and commercial undertakings, in order that the whole power of the empire might be brought to bear upon Bohemia.

On the 1st of August the grand army of the empire and the crusade, numbering above forty thousand cavalry and about ninety thousand infantry, crossed the Bohemian frontier in the neighbourhood of Tachau, where it encamped and remained stationary for about a week. It then divided into three columns, each with five lines of waggons, after the Hussite fashion. The columns moved in parallel lines, with the interval of a mile between them respectively, in the direction of Taus. Very little is known of the movements of the Bohemian army, which had previously amounted to five thousand cavalry and fifty thousand infantry, with three thousand waggons and abundance of artillery, but had been obliged to disband itself on account of the difficulty of procuring provisions on the frontiers. It now reassembled, and concentrated itself at Choteschau, in the circle of Pilsen. On the morning of August 14 it arrayed its waggons and marched towards Taus, where its leaders intended to offer battle.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when intelligence was suddenly spread among the crusaders that the Hussite army was approaching, and the decisive moment was near at hand. Although the Hussites were still about four English miles removed and entirely out of sight, yet the sound of their waggons was heard afar, as well as the distant tones of their battle-hymn, which was chanted by the whole army :—

"Kdos ste bozi bojovanci
 A zakona jeho,
 Prostez od Boha pomoci
 A doufejite v neho,
 Ze konecne s nim
 Vadycky svitezite," a.t.d.

In English :—

O ye who are God's soldiers true
 And for God's law do fight,
 Ask help from God, and from your Lord
 Assurance draw aright,
 With him in the end,
 That ye your foes will smite.
 The Lord doth bid you not to fear
 Them that the body slay,
 He bids you for your neighbour's love
 Your lives to give away ;
 Then strengthen your hearts
 Right manfully alway.
 Christ's promise is your warrant sure,
 A hundredfold He gives ;
 Who lays his life down for his Lord,
 The life eternal lives ;
 Who dies in the truth
 At endless life arrives.
 Ye cannoniers and lancers bold,
 That hold the rank of knight !
 Ye halberdiers and flailmen true,
 In lower grade that fight,
 Remember your Lord ;
 To give is his delight.
 Then fear ye not your enemies,
 Their numbers do not see,
 Let Him, for whom you wage the strife,
 Deep in your bosoms be ;
 And for Him fighting
 Ne'er from the battle flee.
 The Czechians said in times of yore—
 They spake proverbially—
 If good the lord, then surely too
 Good is the cavalry ;
 The faithful servant
 May hope a knight to be.
 Ye men, that do the baggage tend,
 Do not your souls forget,
 Nor e'er for booty and for greed
 Your lives in danger set ;
 Lag not nor straggle
 For that which ye can get !
 The watchword all in mem'ry bear,
 Which each to each doth tell,
 And ever to your captains look,
 Each other rescue well !
 Let each at his post
 Stand firm the foe to quell !
 With cheerful and with merry shout,
 " Upon them ! on them ! " cry !
 Shout : " God the Lord ! " and manfully
 Your weapons wave on high !
 Smite, slay and slaughter !
 Let ev'ry foeman die !

Cardinal Julian and the Duke of Saxony ascended a hill in order to obtain a view of the army and the future field of battle, and sent word to the general in command to occupy the height on which they were standing without a moment's delay. But all at once they saw their own camp in an extraordinary

state of agitation ; all was confusion, noise, and shrieking ; the waggons left their appointed places in the lines and separated ; the cavalry dispersed into small bodies, which appeared endeavouring to outstrip each other, but all in a rearward direction. "What is this?" cried the cardinal in amazement ; "why are the waggons throwing their loads away?" But ere he could recover from his astonishment, word came from the Margrave of Brandenburg that the troops were in full flight, and that it was utterly impossible to rally them. Indeed the fight was already universal, especially on the road by the Castle of Riesenbergh and in the direction of Neuern ; the waggons were racing with each other in wild confusion, and those who had the care of them were throwing out their loads, provisions, drinking vessels, everything, in order to lighten them. Thunderstricken by so unexpected and astonishing a catastrophe, the cardinal himself was at length carried away by the stream ; nor was it till the forests were reached that a body of men, chiefly at his persuasion, assumed an attitude of defence, in order to give breathing-time to the fugitives and enable the waggons and artillery to be secured. But the light cavalry of the Bohemians galloping up, charged the crusaders with such vigour, slaying many and taking many prisoners, that they were obliged to leave their waggons and artillery with all their appurtenances in the lurch. The unfortunate cardinal, whose men had suffered most, found great difficulty in escaping the danger that threatened him, not so much from the Hussites as from the crusaders, who in their exasperation laid upon him the blame of the disaster. In order to save his life, the Bishop of Würzburg took him into the midst of his men, and there, disguised as a common soldier, he rode on in agony of mind without once dismounting or tasting meat or drink for an entire day and night. The panic among the crusaders was so boundless, and their terror so preternatural, that, for instance, several resident citizens of Nuremberg, as they hurried in their fright into their own town, sought for lodgings as if they had arrived in a strange place.

We need not, therefore, be surprised at the description given by an old Bohemian annalist of the events of the following night. "So greatly," says he, "were the Germans terrified and confounded on that day, that they knew not which way to flee ; their waggons went singly hither and thither in the forest, and the Germans concealed them-

selves among the bushes. Others took the direction of Bohemia, imagining themselves to be fleeing homeward. But the Bohemians were all night long among the German waggons—for the Bohemian army was already broken up—and slept not the whole night in the forest, but drew themselves wine out of great casks and took spoil from the waggons ; and on some of the German waggons there was gunpowder ; this they set on fire and let off from a distance. And thus there was great noise and great clamour in the forest all night long."

The next morning, August 15th, the Bohemians collected a large mass of prisoners, partly by felling a number of trees, among the boughs and in the foliage of which the fugitives had concealed themselves. These they formed into long columns, and marched them away manacled together two and two. The slain and captives were never counted, but the completeness of the victory may be estimated by the amount of the spoil. Out of four thousand waggons, scarcely three hundred—which had been the first to commence the flight—returned to Germany. All the artillery was captured by the Bohemians, besides many valuable tents, banners, arms of all descriptions, money, gold and silver plate, costly articles of dress, gunpowder, provisions, &c. But the greatest triumph of the Hussites was the capture of the Pope's Bull, containing the summons to the crusade against them, and of Cardinal Julian's golden crucifix and official mantle and robes. These trophies were preserved for two centuries at Taus, while the captured banners long waved over the Teyn church in the "Ring," a large open space in the city of Prague.

The next thing was to free Moravia from the devastations of the army of Duke Albert of Austria, which had been invading that province with considerable success and greater cruelty, and had burned to the ground about five hundred small towns and villages. This was soon effected by Prokop the Great, who hastened with all speed to the aid of Prokopek, or Prokop the Little, and chased the intruders beyond the Danube.

Thus in a brief space of time, Bohemia itself, with the exception of a few Catholic castles and towns, and also Moravia, were cleared of foes ; and the hallowed CHALICE, the victorious emblem of national unity and enthusiasm, held undisputed sway, to the joy of the Czeskish people and the terror of their enemies.

A. H. WRATSLAW.

BESETTING SINS.

EVEN in the case of the sincere Christian there is commonly some sin which continues easily to beset him and to seek to recover the power which it has lost, and which, like a loose garment winding itself round the limbs of the ancient racer, clogs his movements and threatens, if not cast aside, to prevent his ever reaching the heavenly goal. In some men, this hostile influence has its origin and its strength in a constitutional bias with which they are born. The stream of their natural corruption has, almost from the first, contracted itself into this narrower channel, and it seems especially difficult either to dislodge it or to dry it up.

In the case of others, the impeding influence arises from the old habits and the recollected sins of their unconverted state, which come back to their minds not only as accusing spectres, but as seducing tempters, striving to lure them back again to their house of bondage. This describes what we mean by "besetting sins."

Have you an earnest wish to discover what is your own particular besetting sin, which hangs upon your soul not only like an entangling net but like a poisoned robe, and makes you tread so imperfectly in the holy footsteps of Christ? You need have little difficulty in doing this, if you are only true to yourself and to your heavenly Master. What is that particular sin which has been the occasion of your most frequent stumblings and falls, which most disturbs your peace of mind, injures your usefulness, tempts you to restrain prayer, and mars your communion with God? What is that sin about which you are most tender, and which you would like to spare if you might, regarding which you shrink from being reminded in your most solemn moments when you are thinking of death and judgment, and hankerings after which come back upon you again after you had appeared to yourselves to banish it, as if it possessed a thousand lives? What is that sin the thought of which has, in your hours of dangerous sickness, blighted your assurance of salvation and made you afraid to die? The propensity within you which answers in its leading features to this description is your besetting sin, and, more than every other, places your salvation in jeopardy. Give it no quarter. It is the traitor within you by whose help and connivance "the strong man armed" hopes that he shall one day recover the goods which he has lost.

It disturbs and vexes you now; but begin to bear with it and to give place to it, and it will first become your master, and then your destroyer. There is no such thing as getting to heaven side by side with an indulged sin. I am reminded by this last remark of the vivid picture once traced in my hearing by a beloved friend and eminent minister now with God. The eagle which bore up from the earth a live serpent in its talons, expecting to destroy the reptile at its will, soared bravely up into the sunlight for a time, but as men watched its movements, it was observed first to pause in its upward flight, then to flutter, and then to descend; and by the time that the royal bird reached the earth, it was dead. For the serpent had gradually wriggled out of its hold, wound itself round its body, strangled it, and stung it. See in this an emblem of the man who hopes to reach heaven while he fails to "mortify his members which are upon the earth," and to "lay aside every weight," especially "the sin which doth most easily beset him."

But how are we to lay the besetting sin aside? What are those rules of Christian prudence, as Coleridge has termed them, by the use and application of which we may hope successfully to resist and weaken the force of such sins, and ultimately to destroy them altogether? I shall endeavour to supply some hints in answer to this question.

1. One important rule is frequently to represent to our minds the evil nature of that particular sin which from bitter and humbling experience we know "most easily besets us." For the likelihood is great that frequent thoughts of this sin, and even the frequent repetition of it at least in degree, may have gradually dulled the sensibility of conscience in respect to its "exceeding sinfulness;" while the fact that it is more congenial to our nature than any other kind of sin, may have rendered our hearts only too perversely ingenious in framing apologies for its partial retention and indulgence. How especially necessary, therefore, that we should be made to see such a sin in the clear light of God's Word,—that the light from Sinai, and the yet more awful light from Calvary, should be made to fall upon it, and to pierce it through and through! How desirable that we should be brought to see the havoc and ruin which this very sin when yielded to has wrought

in other men with a Christian name—how it has “slain many mighty,” and which similar destruction, if we become weary of resisting and opposing it, it has in store for us also. We should often think how the same sin would appear to us, if we saw it committed by another. We should become awake to the momentous nature of this conflict which we are waging with the powers of evil, and try to see it as the good angels see it. The common wars which men are accustomed to wage with one another are as nothing in comparison with the great soul-battle of a human being with his besetting sin. They are but the contest of shadows with shadows, and for shadows. But eternal life is the tremendous stake at issue in our conflict. “They seek to gain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.”

2. Another maxim of first consequence is to make ourselves aware of the circumstances in which our besetting sins have formerly obtained power over us. What have been those outward conditions or combinations of circumstances which have usually stirred the sin into fatal action and thrown us off our guard? What have been its subtle beginnings—what its most common inlets into our soul? Men who were set to garrison a fortress would be certain so to observe the tactics of their assailants, and to place a double guard, and perhaps erect new barriers at the points where they had formerly been exposed to sudden and dangerous surprises. And the Christian is wise who acts similarly in spiritual matters, for it is a just remark that “nature is always weaker where it has once given way.” We should form the very lowest estimate of the wisdom of the man who, after having been robbed and wounded, and left for dead on a particular road, was no sooner recovered than he ventured to travel on it again without any increased precautions for his safety. But does not that man only rush into more imminent hazards with the probability of far more fatal consequences, who goes back a second time into the midst of moral snares from which he was formerly rescued not without shame and dishonour? It is presumptuous in the extreme to try experiments on our own moral strength, as if we imagined that we were meeting fire with water, while, as a profound student of human nature once said, if we only knew our hearts better we should find that we were rather meeting fire with fuel. Among the early Christian legends a story is related of a colloquy which took place between a father of the second century and an evil spirit in a

Christian, whom he was seeking in vain to eject. Upon the father's inquiry how he had dared to enter a Christian, the demon replied, “I went not to church after him, but he came to the playhouse after me, and finding him upon my own ground, I have sought to secure him for myself.” Whatever we make of the legend, let us take heed that we do not lose the precious moral that lies beneath it.

3. It ought to be regarded by us as another primary rule of our Christian life to resist our besetting sin, and in common with this every sin, in its beginnings. These beginnings are usually in the form of evil thoughts and unlawful suggestions, and then is the most favourable time for doing battle with the adversary of our soul successfully. When the viper came out of the heat and fastened on Paul's hand, he at once shook off the reptile into the fire, and so he “felt no harm.” It has been truly said that “we are in our own power at the first moment of temptation, in a way in which we are not afterwards.” Our enemy is still outside the gate of our soul, though he is seeking to induce us to give him entrance; let us hesitate and parley, and his foul feet are already on the threshold, and our power of resistance to his further progress is diminished. It is one of the greatest delusions which men practise on themselves when they imagine that they are able at any moment to set bounds to sin, or to say to it as to the advancing tide, “Thus far shalt thou go, but no further.” Allow it to take one step, and it will take another and another. It is an observation of one of the old Puritans that “its not acting is more easily prevented than its bounding after it has once begun to act.”

These lesser sins have been compared by Leighton to the little thief who goes in by the window of the house and opens the door to a number of other thieves stronger than himself. “Happy shall he be who taketh and dasheth those little ones against the stones.” That evil spirit who is spoken of in Scripture by way of pre-eminence as “the Tempter,” is far too skilful in his malignant art to try to draw a Christian at the first into the grosser forms and more ripened degrees of his besetting sins. He first dries the green wood and then burns it. He endeavours by making the man's mind familiar with the thoughts of the particular transgression, and fanning into life and strength inordinate desires after its commission, by degrees to sap and mine the foundations and pillars of his moral integrity. And thus hundreds receive grievous

wounds, and are even lost, who would have been put on their guard by more direct and open methods of assault. The shepherd on the Alps, who had breasted the storm and baffled the brawling waves of the mountain torrent, and imagining that all his dangers were now past, heedlessly laid himself down in the wilderness to sleep, perished in a snow-wreath whose flakes fell silently upon him while he slumbered, and formed at once his winding-sheet and his grave. In one of his finest pictures, Southey describes an enchantress as gradually winding her thread around her victim, which is so thin as to be only visible when held up in the sunlight, and yet at length she binds him with it so firmly that, laughing over him with mocking triumph, she declares him to be hers. Did he mean to present us in this outward image with a picture of the manner in which the more subtle and hidden forms of temptation often work in achieving a fatal mastery over the secure and all unwatchful soul?

"My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee
Who can break this thread of mine."

The same moral truth was long since expressed in that proverb of the Rabbins, "Evil desire in the beginning is like a spider's web: afterwards, it is like a cart-ropes."

4. It is an excellent rule when we are seeking to subdue our besetting sin to cultivate with special earnestness the opposite Christian virtue or grace. When a man is afraid of falling over a precipice he is not content with standing erect on its very verge. He only thinks himself safe when he has gone as far as possible to the other side of the road. And something similar to this is advisable in our moral discipline when we would rid ourselves of a sin to which we are conscious of being particularly prone. When we have discovered ourselves forming an undue love for what are termed "the pleasures of the table," it is more than time that we betook ourselves to a meagre fare, and ceased to look on the wine when it moveth itself aright. "Where it laughs in thy face, then shut thine eyes, lest it steal into thy heart. Solomon knew that from looking on it, men come to like it, from liking to tasting, from tasting to a draught, from one draught to another, till the man is metamorphosed into a beast." On the same principle Jeremy Taylor exhorts the irritable man, when he finds anger beginning to rise in his breast, "instantly to seal up his lips and not let it go forth; for, like fire when it wants vent, it will suppress

itself." In like manner, let it be supposed that one of those besetting sins for which "your heart condemns you" is censoriousness, then it would prove an excellent healing regimen for this most unamiable temper to labour much in attaining the excellent grace of charity—particularly to expatiate, both in thought and word, upon the more favourable parts of men's character, always to put the best construction on their conduct of which it will admit, and when you can say no good of them, just to say nothing. There is one particular class of besetting sins, in our dealings with which this same Apostle holds up before us his own salutary practice for our guidance. I refer to those sinful appetites which have their seat in part in our "bodies of sin." We must beware of stimulating those appetites through the undue pampering of our bodies either by gluttony, intemperance, or idleness, making those propensities our masters, which were only meant to be our servants. "I keep under my body," says he, "and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

5. Then what an invaluable resource against our besetting sin, and against all sin, is prayer, by which we renew our confederacy with heaven and bring down omnipotent grace to "our help against the mighty!" The instances are innumerable in which prayer has put another spirit into men, and those who were by nature timid, desponding, and irresolute have come from their closets declaring, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "I believe," says South, "there is none who ever kneeled down to this duty with a good heart, and performed it well, but rose up with a better. If he came to it with desires against his sin, he went away with strength added to his desires." Paul tells us that this was his own experience in the matter of "the thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him." In answer to his three-times-repeated prayer, he obtained such promise of heavenly aid as made him ready to glory even in his infirmities. Even a brief ejaculatory prayer, when no other divine expedient was at hand, has been sufficient ere now to make a man a conqueror over his besetting temptation. It is recorded of the late eminent Mr. Hall, of Bristol, that when on one occasion he felt himself on the point of being betrayed into "speaking unadvisedly with his lips," he retired to a corner of his library in which he had been conversing with his brethren, and was overheard repeating again and again the

prayer, "O Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit." He then returned to his brethren with his mind tranquillised, and his "face shining as it had been the face of an angel."

6. Above all, we shall only succeed in resisting our besetting sins and in obtaining final and everlasting deliverance from them, by the habitual cultivation of a strong and lively faith. This is the victory that overcometh alike the world and the flesh in all their different forms of opposition and obstruction, even that "faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." When a man is able to realise to his mind with something of the nearness and certainty of objects that are tangible and visible, those rewards of heaven which are provided for all who continue "faithful unto death," but which must be irrecoverably and eternally lost where there is not perseverance to the end in faith and holy obedience, then it is that sin and temptation lose their hold and he becomes "strong to do exploits." But let faith become languid, and the divine impulse that formerly moved us is suspended, and we are helpless as the becalmed ship in mid-ocean. That glorious picture gallery of Old Testament saints which has been painted by Paul in his eleventh chapter to the Hebrews, was intended to exhibit to us, from its beginning

to its end, the trials and triumphs of faith. This is its one grand lesson. And those holy and blessed men still call to us from their heavenly thrones, "Arm yourselves with the same mind. Under the influence of this faith we resisted the seducements and endured the troubles of time, and we do not regret our choice. The sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that has followed." This is the witness borne by righteous Abel as he looks back upon his martyr-death—by Enoch and Noah as they call to mind their contest with antediluvian wickedness, when they stood faithful among the faithless—by Abraham as he remembers how he left behind him his kindred and his father's house—by Moses as he thinks how he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, and by all the other innumerable hosts of the redeemed. Look to them as your great examples and forerunners. And particularly let your faith pierce through the veil of those outer heavens to the highest throne of heaven, and to Him that sits on it waiting to bind your crown upon your brow and to garment you with glory; and press onward through all the allurements of the world, even through fire and flood, to your "recompense of reward."

ANDREW THOMSON.

PEACEABLE FRUIT.

"Nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

WHAT shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,

For this dark and suffering night?
Father, *what* shall Thine "afterward" be?
Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
And a new and joyous light?

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
For the moan that I cannot stay?
Wilt Thou turn it to some new song of
praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away?

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
For this helplessness of pain?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father's strength and my Father's
love?
Shall this be my lasting gain?

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?
How long must Thy child endure?
Thou knowest! 'tis well that I know it not!
Thine "afterward" cometh, I cannot tell
what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.

What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?
I wonder, and wait to see,
(While to Thy chastening hand I bow),
What "peaceable fruit" may be ripening
now,
Ripening fast for me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MARGARET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JASMINE LEIGH."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

XLI.

"Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."
Maud.



A N un-
eventful
year has
passed
o v e r
M a r-
garet's
h e a d;
Fernhill
is still
h e r
h o m e;
the chil-
d r e n
and El-
spetare,
as be-
fore, her
o n l y
compa-
nions.

Charlie and Dolly have grown, and added a year's wisdom to their strange sayings and doings. Rabbits were transplanted from the Towers, and are an endless source of amusement.

Sometimes they are dangled in pocket-handkerchiefs from the trees; especially upon windy days this recreation is allowed them.

"Children! children! how can you be so cruel?" said Margaret, the first time.

"They *like* it, Aunt Marg'ret," said Charlie scornfully. "Don't *we* like swinging?"

Elspet has been fibbing, and saving, and planning as busily as ever; Margaret's old dresses have come out refurbished up and looking as new as mourning of a year's time can be made to look; and Margaret has been painting, painting, painting, and caring about her clothes not at all.

Through the long summer days she stands or sits before that easel we have seen so often—drawing from nature, from the children playing beside her, or from memory. Sometimes it is a sketch of Rome from the Pincian Hill, the sea of roofs cunningly mystified in a soft sunset haze.

She has a pencil sketch of Jack Williams in a note-book, which she has shown to Ellen. It brought tears into those truthful

but impassive eyes. She has promised to try and open the way for his reception at home. When she and Margaret think the time has come, Margaret undertakes to bring the prodigal—for as such Ellen still looks upon him—to the father's arms. We have no fear at all for Jack Williams.

In the meantime things go badly in Fernhill parish. Little attempts at improvement are nipped in the bud; anything unusual is forbidden, under the most unusual circumstance; the rector meets cross looks at every turn, and cannot meet with a curate; irritated landladies say, "the very *rents* is gone down, all along o' the parson;" and poor unconscious little Ellen blames all the parish rather than her father, but is standing in the gap all the same.

"We do like the young lady, miss," the people would say to Margaret, while they filled her ear with complaints of the rector's hardness.

Jeanie Carter has gone over to the "Methodies" long ago. "It's my only chance of getting to the good place, miss," she says to Margaret. "For parson he ain't a-going to show me in, that's certain."

Philippine has been twice to Fernhill, in spite of Elspet's stoutest endeavours to prevent the catastrophe; for who could tell how much of the truth would percolate to "the room," and how many of Elspet's stories would be proved against her? Margaret thinks Philippine more lovable and more lovely than ever. They talk now of past times without restraint, and it seems happiest for both. A certain dignity, almost grandeur, has come over Philippine of late. Only in Jack Leslie's presence the demon of scorn and relentless persecution seizes her anew; but, like an india-rubber ball, he rebounds all the more for being crushed and trodden on. Margaret is always expecting the day when the final blow will be given, and there will be a collapse from which the poor ball will never recover.

Time is smoothing out the lines of care and sorrow from Margaret's face. People tell her she would be fat and fair once more if she worked less hard. But work she will; and painting after painting is finished and dispatched. The Beauchamps have got several orders for her; and no wonder, for the first six weeks after Margaret's return were taken up in finishing Philippine's por-

trait. Mr. Beauchamp has offered her two hundred guineas for it; then one hundred; then fifty. But Margaret stoutly refuses all payment, and by the time April had come round the finished picture was hanging in Mr. Beauchamp's study.

No wonder orders flow in to Margaret;

for there is Philippine, with all the witchery of her beautiful face and manner, the sheen upon her glossy hair, the very trick of her lithe hand and tiny wrist, with the passion-flower between the long fingers. There she is, a little in shadow, all in a soft mist of gauzy white, the sunlight just kissing her



here and there, just touching the passion-flowers falling around her, just illuminating their green leaves and showing out in lovely transparency its shape and delicate veins.

Miss Marshall has quite a style of her own, people are saying: "an atmosphere of I. N.S.

herself," some one has remarked who knows her. And who can wonder that, in spite of herself, Margaret is growing cheery, forgetting sad times now and then, as she should, learning at least to know what peace and hope mean?

And yet she has sad times too, and who can blame her?

"My Father! thou hast knowledge, only thou,
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still,

And bear the nations praising them far off,
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,
Our very passionate heart of womanhood,
Which could not beat so in the verse without
Being present also in the unknissed lips,
And eyes undried because there's none to ask
The reason they grow moist."

Margaret's soul did not beat out in verse, but surely it was poetry.

"Ay, ay, she's got a new power," said Joshua Pickering, whistling over her latest paintings. "Wherever it's come from, it's a new power. One 'ud think she had been in love to see the passion in that face, eh? eh?" he soliloquised. "Instead of hardening herself into a Niobe, and scorning poor Carew. Niobe! that's a good notion for you, Joshua! Paint her as a Niobe for the next Academy! Done!" And he thumped his hand on the table while he broke into the "*Quando a te lieta*" of *Faust*, and put half the passion he had found in Margaret's "*Juliet*" into his,

"O *Margherita! O Margherita! io ti saro fedele a nostri amor!*"

Margaret is to go out to Rome in the winter. A compromise has been made about the studio there. Tempted sorely as she is by the future which Mr. Pickering opens to her as the certain consequence of a year's study in the Eternal City, Margaret holds resolutely to her determination of neither risking the children's health by a summer or autumn in that climate, nor of leaving them behind her. Philippine, and even Mrs. Beauchamp, round whose heart Dolly had entwined herself firmly, have done all in their power to break her decision. They will take care of the children; they will send them out in the winter with Elspet to join Margaret at Rome. An elderly lady, a friend of Mr. Pickering, is waiting with open arms to receive her, while Margaret is to have a studio of her own in the next house, and her movements are to be quite independent.

"My darlings, I will never leave you again," says Margaret, after the hottest contest is over, taking a child on each knee, and laying her white face upon their rosy, dimpled cheeks. No one knows how hot this last contest has been; for it is between Margaret and herself—between a strong, passionate impulse over an open letter, and duty, whose voice has always been with her so troublesomely loud.

"Not even if you *die*, Aunt Marg'ret? You'll take us with you if you die, Aunt

Marg'ret? There'll be just room for two to go with you, Aunt Marg'ret, won't there?"

"Or, if there isn't room for two there'd be room for *one*, Aunt Marg'ret? If there isn't room, I could go with you, couldn't I? and then Dolly could come with Elspet, couldn't she?"

"Is the gate up there very wide, Aunt Marg'ret? There aren't any hurdles to keep us out, like in the field where all the cowslips grows? If there is, God's angels 'll knock 'em all down, Aunt Marg'ret, when they see you and me and Dolly coming in."

"Shall we go alone, children?" says Margaret, and her voice trembles ever so little as she speaks.

"Yes, yes, quite alone!—you and me and Dolly."

XLII.

"Let no one ask me how it came to pass."—*Maud.*

THERE is a studio in Rome; and I beg your patience while I take you there. The uneventful year has passed: a year and a month have passed, and Margaret Marshall is standing up before her easel in Rome. She is painting Stella, the beautiful model from the Spanish steps.

She has been two hours standing so: two hours has Stella leaned over a broken balustrade and held up her tired arms to shade her eyes from a half-imaginary sun. How hard Margaret is to-day; she does not once think of Stella and her weariness: she is painting too fast and eagerly; too fast and eagerly for success.

Every moment she stops suddenly: lifts up her white face: holds the brush almost rigidly in her fingers: then paints again faster than ever.

The studio is not like other studios at most times. Charlie and Dolly patter up and down, paint pictures, touch Margaret's colours, ask questions, or pull the silver pins out of Stella's hair. But to-day the children have been sent away almost impatiently. "I can't stand the noise," Margaret says to herself. And it seems verily as if the very sound of her brush upon the canvas were too much for her, so often she stops, and listens, and then paints again.

There are footsteps on the stairs at last. Margaret puts down her palette and brush softly, dismisses Stella without much ceremony, and throws up the window, till it rattles in its old creaking frame, and a priest below looks up to wonder at the noise.

The footsteps draw quite near. How slow they are! Surely now—now! Surely now!

They are at the door. The handle—will it never turn?

It turns at last. Margaret moves a step forward. She draws a quick sharp breath: her lips part. "Death, or life?" they seem to ask, though they are motionless.

"Come, my dear," says a sweet voice we have heard before; "will you come?"

There is no answer. Margaret is pinning her black shawl across her breast, and the white fingers will hardly do her bidding.

It is done at last. The black bonnet is put on, and the ribbons tied. With a strange reaction she begins tidying the studio slowly and deliberately.

"Margaret! my dear!" says the sweet voice with a touch of half-entreaty, half-reproach. Margaret puts down the easel mechanically, and allows her hand to be drawn into another hand.

They go down the long broad stair without speaking. Into the street without speaking. How long the stair is—how long the street is—will they never see the end?

They come to the end without speaking. They have reached a flight of steps. Margaret strikes her foot against the lowest step, and passes her hand before her eyes. Her guide pauses. They go up. The great door is open. A waiter is standing by the door. He is whistling "*Giovanettin che passi per la via!*" but he stops, bows, and moves out of the way as the two women approach.

It seems to Margaret that a black object has been moved out of her path; she knows not whether it be man or mountain.

They ascend a long stair. Another long stair. How long these Roman stairs must be! They cross a long passage. Margaret's guide pauses, turns a handle, opens a door.

An empty room is before them. Margaret is staring fixedly before her, opening her eyes as if sight had gone from her, and motionless as death.

How long moments can be! Hours, days, weeks—you are nothing to such moments. Eternity must be an endless moment, that knows no measurement, no counting, no name.

There is a folding door half open at the other side the room. The little light that comes from it is soft and dim.

A few steps across the room: a wild fighting with the thick mist before her eyes: a fierce effort to reach something, some one, looming out there—there—a few feet from her, and not yet reached.

Then there is a low soft cry. A sound that

in this place of dreams may be the folding of an angel's wings. No more.

Margaret's guide has passed back into the other room. We will go with her. She has fallen on her knees and is calling for blessings upon her children, thrice blessed. Bless them too, all who have ever grieved for Margaret or have had patience with the story of her griefs.

"Her children," Mrs. Palgrave says. Be it so. "Heaviness may endure for a night: joy cometh in the morning."

An hour passes. How short an hour can be! how short, and how long!

Is it the same hour, think you, to the little waiter on the steps below who has stopped "*Giovanettin*" to carol of "*Nennella?*"—the same as to those two above in the darkened chamber, who have come to love, to sight, to bliss unspeakable within this blessed hour?

Into that blessedness none but the faces of their angels in heaven may peer.

Enough be it for us to know that the consummation of all that hope has held out for a year gone by is theirs to-day. He would not speak till he should know whether God would touch and open the dimmed eyes: and yet without word or message she had guessed the truth, and loved and waited.

They are strong now, to live, to love, to work.

Riches, do you ask, poor worldling? Yes, they have riches; God-given riches,—faith, hope, love, trust.

"I knew you were beautiful, Margaret," Francis Palgrave says solemnly, feasting his eyes that have won away to themselves the child-smile from his lips upon the white face hanging like a lily after storm beside him, "but I did not think you were so sad to look upon."

"You will teach me," she answers, lifting her head, "you know I am learning to be happy."

"Thank God who makes me teacher!" he said solemnly, and then there was another silence for a space, as in heaven.

"Children!" said Margaret calling them to her one day soon after, "there is one wants to come to heaven with us—may he come?"

"Yes, Aunt Marg'ret! him, and me, and you, and Dolly."

"Amen!" said Francis Palgrave who was standing by.

THE END.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"This do in remembrance of Me."—LUKE xxii. 19.

THERE are two great heresies which inevitably bring bitterest retribution upon all who hold them. One is to doubt the Divine Love; the other to imagine that Jesus Christ did not mean what He said. They inevitably bring bitterest retribution: they do: they must. Doubt that God loves you, and life changes to a lengthened terror. The soul is like a beaten hound in its kennel glooming over bones flung to it by an angry master's hand. Doubt that our Lord did not mean what He said, and you lose all main guides for conduct; and in doing or not doing according to your pleasure, you are not long before some awful shipwreck of the soul is made.

Now here we have a command, or rather perhaps a request, from our Lord's lips. He is instituting what we popularly call the Lord's Supper. On the last night of his earthly life He gathers his disciples round a table, and they receive from His hands bread and wine. As they eat and drink He tells them that the broken bread is His broken body, and the poured-out wine is His poured-out blood; and they are hereafter to do this—eating bread and drinking wine—"in remembrance" of Him. What then is the meaning of this institution?

It is possible, of course, to make too much of it—to regard it in some mystical, transcendental sense. As when we permit ourselves to imagine that by the utterance of some specific words the bread and wine is absolutely changed into the body and blood of our risen Lord. That is to say, our Lord's person is in heaven, and YET it is contained in bread and wine spread upon a table on earth, and YET, though thus contained, it remains imperceptible to the senses. Such a miracle, judged by our Lord's own example in miracle-working, is both disorderly and degrading—disorderly, inasmuch as all His miracles did by their nature specially address themselves to the senses; degrading, inasmuch as they ever showed a change of the less to the greater, whereas this shows a change of the greater to the less.

Then, on the other hand, it is possible to make too little of this institution, to regard it as altogether subordinate and incidental. We may consign it to forgetfulness, as a relic of an obsolete and outgrown past, a fettering ceremony that cramps the liberty of a Christian soul, and cannot be expected to assist it

in its devotions. Thus, however, we do violence to His own words, and fall into the heresy before-named of doubting whether He really meant what He said. If it is good for us to remember Him through all time, then it is good also to do this especial thing in remembrance of Him.

Cannot we, then, discover a plain and simple meaning in this institution and its accompanying words, easily intelligible to plain and simple minds? Cannot we do this without dragging ourselves like entrapped flies through and out of some weary cobweb of controversy, which only leaves us perplexed and frightened? Surely we can. Oh, surely, our Lord intended us to reach His meaning easily and even rapidly, if we will but consent to desire truth, and be sincere in the search. And from a comparison of the various passages of Scripture (Matt. xxvi. 17—29; Mark xiv. 17—25; Luke xxii. 14—20; John vi.; 1 Cor. xi. 20—34), taking the general sense and agreement of the whole as they stand in the Greek original or our English version, refusing to stumble at any minute critical niceties, may we not with safety make these two inferences as being comprehensively true? First, *the Lord's Supper is a visible and material commemoration*. Secondly, *it is an invisible and spiritual communion*.

It is a visible, material, commemoration act. "This do," said our Lord, "in remembrance of me." And Paul, presently discoursing thereon to the Corinthian church, writes, "As often as ye do this ye do show forth the Lord's death till He come." The act, therefore, has especial relation to the sacrificial offering of our Lord as made upon the cross on behalf of mankind. It is the memorial feast of the Founder of Christianity. That evening, in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, on the fourteenth day of the first month of the ecclesiastical year, they eat first the Jewish Passover, and then to that old feast of remembrance our Lord linked on the new. He was tender to the old system. It had been ordained of God; it commemorated a real and supernatural deliverance from Egypt; it had prompted the hearts of thousands of generations to gratitude and joy. He Himself had often observed it from His youth. But its time had come; it had fulfilled its purpose, and must now yield to the newer and nobler growth which had developed from it.

Rightly proud of the present, do not let us lose our respect for the past: do not let us sneer at the ceremonial sacrificial system of the Jews. Whilst we know that it was imperfect, and resist its re-introduction in any shape as utterly inconsistent with our loyalty to Christ, let us cultivate reverence and respect for its past proven worth. We should treat it as we treat in thought the place where we or our ancestors were born. To-day we live in a modern house far more suitable and convenient. Yes, but there we were born; in that room we slept; those passages were trodden by honoured feet who travel them no more; that fireside is consecrated by many a household joy and sorrow. We look back with reverence, and sometimes almost longing. Life seems to have been easier and smoother there. But after all we would not really exchange. We are better and happier where we are.

Thus it is with the sacrificial reality. The involuntary death of the lamb faintly typifies the voluntary death of our Lord—the unconscious creature innocence faintly typifies the conscious moral blamelessness of Christ—the deliverance from the awful physical bondage of Egypt faintly foreshadows the deliverance from the more awful spiritual bondage of sin. But, oh, much as we respect it, much as sometimes in our cowardly weakness we might long to go back to it as easier for the heart and conscience, we must yet strictly remember God has summoned us to occupy a nobler place. An unutterably more sacred memory softens our hearts; an unspeakably more lofty anticipation fills our souls. We recall, at the Lord's Supper, that death upon the cross one morning outside the walls of Jerusalem; that meek majestic offering of the Son at last "made perfect through suffering." We think of that thorn-crowned head; that spear-pierced side; that white, resolute, unsubdued heroic face; that tortured, desolate soul with its cry of forsakenness out of the dark; and again of that resigned reposeful soul with its cry of faith up to the Father's care. Our commemoration feast is through all time a continued testimony to the death of Christ as the one sacrificial reconciliation between God and man, whereby all men may now approach God with sure acceptance.

He is the true Representative of sinners. We would not, could not, be satisfied with less. Such a High Priest became us, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." In Him and in his righteousness of self-surrender we joyously acquiesce. "That is," we say, "what I ought to be—what I may

be—what I am in Christ Jesus. Yes, in spite of my grievous sins, that is what I am." For though by the order of nature we are of the first Adam decaying through wrong into death, yet by the moral choice of faith we are in the Headship of the second Adam rising through right into life. For we do thus become "one" with Christ, dying into His death, living into His life, rising into His resurrection.

And when in harmony with the Christian church custom, dating from the upper chamber at Jerusalem, we sit together at the Lord's Supper, we commemorate the death of our Lord, the deliverance He has accomplished, and the triumphant return that He will presently make; for, as Paul writes, "we show forth the Lord's death till He come."

But, then, besides and with equal truth, the *Lord's Supper is an invisible spiritual communion*. We are not self-existent creatures. And in thus eating bread and drinking wine we make confession of our common bodily dependence on aids beyond ourselves without which we could not continue to exist. And except some aid be imported to our souls, they cannot continue to exist. But what can souls feed upon? "Truth," you say. What kind of truth? "Spiritual truth," you say, "like to like." Yes, but spiritual truth, where found and how prepared? Truth as found and prepared for our spiritual life in the Person of Jesus Christ. It is this that our Lord so expressly refers to in John vi., where we have the spiritual essence of the sacrament, "He that eateth me shall live by me."

Now bread and wine are symbols of spiritual life. The bread is broken; we take it and live by it. It signifies simple, satisfied strength. And strength is what we need. And strength comes to the feeble soul which refuses to think only of itself, which relies upon Christ as its true Head, and finds itself "complete in Him," "able to do all things through Christ strengthening me." The wine is poured out; we take it and live by it. It signifies joy—gladsome, light-hearted triumphing joy. And joy comes to the saddened soul which refuses to think only of itself, but unites itself by faith in Christ as its true Head, and finds itself "complete in Him," receiving His joy as their portion—the joy that cannot be taken away.

Bread and wine, strength and joy. Not strength alone, good as that is, for it may become gloomy. Not joy alone, good as that is, for it may become indolent. But a robust joy and a joyous strength; each the complement of the other.

Yes, the commemoration is robbed of half its glory, and all its worth, if we do not strive at such seasons to close with our Saviour in spirit, and to appropriate from Him spiritual life for our souls. We should expect an intense perception and reception of His presence—His presence as a Spirit—to content our spiritual want.

It is a time of spiritual nourishment—a heavenly instructing and filling of the soul—which shall be powerful to dismiss and abolish the conventional instructings of the world. Our attitude is that of guests waiting at the table. We are passive and recipient. The prayer of each soul should be—"Come to me and fill me with Thy presence, Thyself. Behold me waiting, emptied for awhile of my follies and evil desires."

At this season of the Supper we should specially expect His presence, and the gift of Himself to our hungering, thirsting souls. There is the need of His purity, to take the place of and expel our impurity; of His simplicity, to remove our vanity and ostentation; of His boldness, to remove our timidity; of His zeal, to remove our apathy; of His truthfulness, to remove our deceit and equivocation; of His faith, to remove our wretched yielding of principle and clinging to present earthly good; of His love, to remove our more than polar coldness, and our frost-bound and often frost-bitten sympathies. If this be expected, it shall also be given. We shall rise up, and go away men and women resolved to influence the world, and not to submit to it—to tolerate less than ever our own inner hollowness and meanness—to meet the follies and frivolities of life with a more solemn severity of conviction of our spiritual allegiance, as due to our Lord and Master.

We must thus remember Him in simplest trust of His truth. Did He not say, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them?" Did He not say, "I will send you the Holy

Spirit the Comforter, who shall lead you into all truth?" This is what we need—the growing importation of Christ's own life to the soul, which cannot, any more than the body, live alone. And thus the communion of the Lord's Supper is indeed fulfilled, and the Sacrament becomes a truly sacred act fraught with an eternal efficacy.

See then how great an error it is to look at the institution as some mysterious ceremony which, being observed at stated seasons, will magically abolish sins. The mere outward observance is nothing. It will even be a sin except the desire for spiritual communion accompany it. Paul very earnestly warns the Corinthian church, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." That is, let him seek to feel his need of Christ's help; let him be convinced of his remaining evil; let him look into himself and come earnestly craving for his Lord's presence. To such an one He will come, and will put away his sins indeed. But to one not such as this He will not come, we may be sure.

See, too, how great an error it is to stand away and refuse it altogether as unnecessary. Surely He must know what is best for us. He would not command more or less than ought to be commanded. How can we be truly His disciples when we do not believe His words? "This do," He said, "in remembrance of me;" and we are *not* doing it! Is this discipleship? Surely at such times when earnest, sincere people meet together in penitence, faith, and hope, they may especially expect the presence of their Lord. Have you a full heart? Ah, then you bring a portion of His Spirit. Have you an empty heart? Ah, then you bring room for His Spirit. And whether you be full or empty, all shall serve to enlarge and intensify His presence who said, "This do in remembrance of me."

ALFRED NORRIS.

ISLAY BURNS.

In Memoriam.

IT is a little more than two years since it fell to the lot of the present writer to publish in these columns a sketch of the life of William Burns, of China, one of the most apostolic of modern missionaries. Our duty on that occasion was simply to abridge and make some selections from the memoir which had just been issued by his brother Islay,

and of which we may say, that the rapid sale of six or seven editions has fully justified the high opinion which we then expressed of it. Little did we then think that in so short a time it would be our melancholy task to sketch the life and character of the biographer himself. It has pleased God to remove him, in the midst of his labours, at little more than

his brother's age. There are some, even beyond the limits of his own kindred, to whom his removal leaves the world palpably darker; perhaps they might even apply to him the language of David's elegy on Jonathan. A pure and loving heart, a presence that always brought sunshine, a soul full of intellectual music—it is not often we fall in with such; seldomer still that we find them full of love and loyalty to the heavenly Master; labouring with a calm, steady perseverance, in his spirit, and under his guidance, to leave the world better and brighter than they found it.

Islay Burns was two years the junior of William, and like him was born at the manse of Dun, in Forfarshire, while his father, Dr. William Hamilton Burns, was minister of that parish. The year of his birth was 1817. In 1821, while Islay was but four, the family removed to Kilsyth, near Glasgow, with which place the name of his father will long continue to be associated. Of the place of his birth, therefore, he could retain nothing more than the most dreamy recollection, if he even had that; his real home was Kilsyth, where his deepest and most lasting home affections were nurtured.

"It was to us," he has told us in his memoir of William Burns, "a sacred and blessed spot in every sense; full of quiet pleasure, healthy activities, and gentle charities—a manse home, and a manse home of the best type, in which cheerful piety, quiet thoughtfulness, and a modest and reverend dignity of speech and carriage, formed together the purest element in which a young life could develop itself and receive its first impressions of truth and duty. Here of course, as elsewhere, it was the parent that made the home, and in this respect I think we were happy beyond the lot of most. Our father, gentle, reverend, gracious, full of kind thoughts, devout affections, and fresh genial sympathies,—serious without moroseness, cheerful and sometimes even gay without lightness, zealous, diligent, conscientious without a touch of impetuous haste, and carrying about with him an atmosphere of calm repose, and staid, measured dignity, which in these bustling days is become increasingly rare,—he was the very model of a type of the Christian pastorate which is fast passing away; the father alike and the friend of his whole parish, and the loving centre of everything kind and good and true that is passing within its bounds. To him our mother was in some respects the direct counterpart. Of a nimble, buoyant, active frame, alike of body and mind,

she was all light and life and motion, and was as it were the glad sunshine and bright angel of a home which had been otherwise too still and sombre She seemed made, if any one ever was, to make home and home duties happy. Herself the very soul of springy activity and elastic cheerfulness, she kept all around her alive and stirring; while by the infection of her own blithesome and courageous spirit, labour became light and duty pleasant From her lips and at her knees we learned our earliest lessons of truth, and in her voice and face first traced, as in a clear mirror, the lineaments of that gentle and loving godliness which hath promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

With his brother William, Islay received the earliest part of his education at the parish school of Kilsyth; and with him also, though not at first, he went to Aberdeen to attend the grammar school, and afterwards the university there. In the memoir of his brother he has enlarged with glowing admiration, and at what might appear to some disproportionate length, on the singular benefits which his brother and he derived from the teaching of Dr. Melvin, then rector of the grammar school. But every man with any understanding of the highest work of the teacher, who passed under Dr. Melvin's hands will cordially admit that neither he, nor Professor Masson whom he quotes so largely, was guilty of any exaggeration of the remarkable qualities of Dr. Melvin, and the singular intellectual advantages which every competent scholar derived from his method of drill. So deeply did Islay Burns treasure what Melvin had taught him that a few years ago, he made great use of it in a little book on Latin Syntax, which he published for the use of students.

From the grammar school the two brothers passed to Marischal College and University. Here Islay Burns distinguished himself greatly. He was excellent in classics, and what was not very common either then or since, he distinguished himself equally in mathematics. It is for this department that in recent years, when so many honours are thrown open to general competition, Aberdeen students have shown the greatest capacity. The highest honour in Marischal College was called "the mathematical bursary;" being a prize of considerable money value, the competition for it was very keen. Burns threw his whole energy into the task; but though he was successful, it cost him dear. His eyes contracted an affection called conical cornea; the sight

of one was entirely lost ; through great care that of the other was preserved to a limited degree,—so imperfectly, however, that when he was reading, it was necessary for him to hold his book or paper within about an inch of his face. The slow rate of progress and great physical labour which this defect entailed made it a marvel to his friends that he persevered so earnestly with his studies and that through life he read so much ; it was a labour which few could have borne ; yet we believe that no one of his friends ever heard him express the slightest impatience at the resistance which he had thus constantly to encounter in his life work,—not even when it was like to prevent him from being appointed to the great object of his desire—a professor's chair.

The two brothers, while residing in Aberdeen, were exposed to an ordeal which proves too trying to many a youth. They lived together in a quiet lodging, their own masters in the disposal both of their time and money. In one thing, however, their father was very strict. Every fortnight, an exact statement of their expenditure had to be furnished to him. Balanced to a penny, the fortnightly account was despatched with the utmost punctuality all the time they were at Aberdeen. A class-fellow of Islay Burns remembers the great strain to which his conscience was put on one occasion, when the temptation to hear Kean, who was to appear a few nights at Aberdeen, had proved too much even for the horror of the theatre with which he had grown up. The struggle turned on the question, whether the shilling spent for admission to the theatre was to be entered as such in the account to his father. It cost him a good night's sleep, but the idea of deceiving him on such a point could not be borne ; the destination of the shilling was frankly avowed.

After graduating at Marischal College, he returned home, and at the University of Glasgow began his theological studies. By a sort of natural and at the same time gracious process, his mind turned to the ministry. The purpose, we mean, was not formed under any such vehement soul-struggle as that of his brother William, who urged by the irresistible surging of the new life, left the lawyer's office in Edinburgh, and hurried on foot to Kilsyth, to tell his family that he had resolved to be a minister. Quietly and without observation, the new life had dawned in Islay, greatly to the joy of his brother, who was the first to observe it, and announce it to the family. It seemed to be an understood thing that Islay would give himself to

the ministry. Clerical connections abounded in the family—many of them very strong men ; three of his father's brothers were in the church, and cousins without number—including Drs. David and Charles Brown, Dr. Chalmers of London, Mr. Burns of Kirkliston, and (by marriage) Dr. Guthrie. His entrance on the service of the church took place at a most exciting time ; amid the enthusiasm of a great controversy, in which the whole force of the family connection bore like a great tide in the same direction, and amid the remarkable work of grace at Kilsyth and elsewhere, recorded by himself so fully in the memoir of his brother, who was, indeed, one of its main instruments. In these influences Islay Burns participated fully ; a deeper tone was given to his piety, and the great spiritual ends of the Christian ministry were made to assume that conspicuous and commanding place which they ever after held in his regards.

In the beginning of 1843, a great cloud fell on Dundee in the premature removal of Robert Murray McCheyne. A generation has passed away since then, and the ever-fresh odour of sanctity that continues to be emitted by his name is the best proof of the marvellous power of grace which his character exemplified. It was no easy matter to find a successor for such a man. The choice of the congregation fell on Islay Burns, and just at the time of the disruption, he was ordained to the charge of St. Peter's, which had become connected with the Free Church. It may be doubted, however, whether the congregation in calling him, or he himself in accepting the call, knew precisely what manner of man he was. As it turned out he was not quite of the school of McCheyne. At first he tried to be like him, and fell into some of his special tones. But soon he found that that was a mistake, and he became himself. The mind of Burns was of a broader and more robust type than that of McCheyne. He did not possess the intense spirituality of his predecessor, nor his exquisitely tender, pitiful, almost weeping tone. To affect what he did not possess, whatever present popularity it might seem to bring, was a weakness from which the honest and manly heart of Islay Burns recoiled. While he was full of affection and longing for the spiritual good of his flock, and while his messages to them were delivered with an unction and a fervour that well befitted his character, he felt that the materials for their edification were to be drawn from a wider area, and that the process of their edification was to be spread over a

longer period than had been present to the mind of McCheyne. The one was emphatically an evangelist, the other was more of a spiritual educator. The one aimed at bringing souls at once into loving fellowship with God, and his cry was ever to the wind to breathe on the dry bones; the other, with the same ultimate aim, took more pains in bringing bone to his bone, and sinew to his

sinew, and in getting the flesh and skin laid over them, preparatory to their being possessed by the Spirit. In the preaching of Burns, there was more of a measured march, a formal progress, often with great beauty and richness of language, and there was less of close dealing with souls. There is no need for odious comparisons. No man would have admitted more cordially than Burns



that, viewed in itself, the rôle of McCheyne and of his brother William was the noblest a Christian minister could have, and implied a measure of devotedness and close fellowship with the Master, as beautiful as rare. But he felt at the same time that the intense pursuit of this single object by the most direct and immediate means is liable to breed a certain narrowness that may bring unwholesome results in other directions. If it were

given to a man to throw his whole soul at the highest pitch of intensity, into the work of immediate conversion, he admired him exceedingly; if on the other hand it were impressed on him that there were other things also claiming to be attended to in the kingdom of God, he would not have had him to give them up entirely, for the sake of the other. That was his feeling in regard to himself. When he followed it out in St.

Peter's, there was, as might be supposed, considerable dissatisfaction. The congregation fell off in numbers, and its tone was not what it had been. But it would be a great error to suppose that his ministry was unsuccessful. There was a goodly harvest of spiritual results. The congregation continued to be large, and latterly the church was full, though not overflowing. His preaching was marked by a solid, substantial richness and power, and in pastoral labour he was most assiduous. By-and-by, his name came to be connected with a type of Christian teaching, which was greatly relished by many superior minds. But of course it was always against him that the people among whom he laboured had been so deeply marked immediately before, by an image and superscription of a different kind.

The mind of Islay Burns was essentially broad and catholic. It roamed in every direction for truth and beauty; and wherever they were to be found, it delighted to recognise them. His classical and philosophical studies ever furnished him with new sources of pleasure, and where time and opportunity allowed, the fields of general literature were eagerly cropped. The sense of beauty led him to find a peculiar enjoyment in art—pre-eminently in architecture and in music. To unite the æsthetic and the spiritual seemed to him an important and desirable object, though he well knew that in the union the spiritual was very liable to be overlaid by the æsthetic. While fully appreciating the motive that had led the founders of the Scotch Church to eschew the æsthetic, he did not think that either Scripture or experience required so complete a separation always. He thought that in certain sections of the Church of England, and even of the Wesleyan and other churches, the question had been dealt with more satisfactorily. He perceived and deeply pondered the fact that the risks had not always been avoided—that in many cases the spiritual had been crushed to death; but, on the other hand, where a vital evangelical teaching had held possession of the pulpit, the æsthetic had rather helped than hindered the spiritual. Partly through his inquiries into this subject, and partly on wider grounds, his interest in all the great movements in the Church of England was remarkably great. He delighted to search them out, to trace them to their root-principles, to connect them with the ancient historical traditions and tendencies of the great parties in England, and to indicate the inevitable course of their future development.

A series of elaborate papers in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, extending over many years, was the fruit of these studies and cogitations. The writings of Archdeacon Hare, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Dr. Newman, Archbishop Manning, Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Pusey, and others, were subjected to minute examination. The power of analysis and of generalisation evinced in these reviews attracted great attention. To Scotch readers they were unusually interesting, not only for the information which they communicated, but also for the light which they threw on movements that were apt to be regarded as chaotic, and for the clear indication which they gave of coming events, the necessary but not obvious issues of the principles that had come into operation.

All church history had an attraction for Burns, but mainly in its relation to Christian life and worship. Amid the claims of a large congregation, he contrived to find time for writing a popular volume, which gave a very interesting survey of church history during the first three centuries, chiefly in the relations which we have mentioned. Other papers of a similar kind were occasionally written; several of these appeared in the columns of this magazine. In 1862, on the death of Dr. Cunningham, of the New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Burns (who about this time received the degree of D.D. from the University of Aberdeen) was proposed as his successor in the Free Church General Assembly. It happened that nearly all the men of great influence in the assembly were in favour of another candidate, Dr. Rainy, whose commanding abilities and high character, since that time so fully displayed, have amply justified their choice. Notwithstanding the disadvantage of having such a competitor, the number of his supporters was very nearly equal to that of Dr. Rainy's—two hundred and two to two hundred and thirty. Two years after, when a chair became vacant in the Glasgow Free Church College, Dr. Burns was chosen by a large majority. His leaving Dundee, where he had been steadily growing in Christian esteem and influence, was the occasion of a great demonstration in his favour. The town-hall was filled by an immense assemblage, and a testimonial of great value was presented to him. There had been a want of generosity in some of the objections brought against him in reference to the chair. His very fairness of judgment and catholicity of spirit had been represented by some as indications of latitudinarianism; and the enthusiasm of his townsmen in taking

leave of him was the outburst at once of their appreciation of himself, and of their indignation at the attempt that had been made to turn his glory into his shame.

Dr. Burns's last eight years were spent in the duties of professor of apologetical and systematic theology in the Free Church College, Glasgow. It is quite as might have been expected, that among the impressions produced on the students, the first, and probably the deepest, was that of his piety. "In him," writes one of them, "the old adage was fully verified—'Pectus facit theologum.' His creed was woven into his daily experience and life. Scarcely was his mouth opened in prayer at the beginning of the hour, when we felt the soul-breathings and the mighty wrestlings of a man of God. These devotional exercises were an excellent preparation for the lecture, and helped to keep the balance even (no easy task for the students) between the play of the intellect and the heart. An earnest, prayerful spirit ran through all his words, and we felt quickened and refreshed by contact with him." Another thing that struck them was his scholarly taste and habit. Many an apt classical quotation brightened his style, while from the fathers, and especially from the Bishop of Hippo, he drew large store of valuable material. The charm of his style was very delightful to students, abounding as it did in happy antitheses, coloured often with a tinge of poetry, and always rich, pure, and expressive. On the evidences, especially, his prelections were well adapted to the times—the Tübingen school was fully met. But what rendered him particularly attractive to the students was his genial affectionate manner, and easy address. "The evenings we spent at his house, in the bosom of his family," writes the same student, "were most enjoyable and stimulating; and methinks I see him now in the centre of a little group of students, listening to their friendly discussions, making himself their leading spirit, and detailing the lights and shades of his own experience. Humility and frankness were two of the brightest ornaments of his character, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to trace the progress and rejoice in the success of any of his students. Alas! the eloquent voice is now silent in the grave. We believe he is now in the ranks of the church triumphant. May it be ours to catch the mantle of his virtues and graces, and to follow him even as he followed Christ."

The last of the more important extra-official labour of Dr. Burns was the writing of the life of his brother William. He had already

written a small volume of family biography—"The Pastor of Kilsyth"—a sketch of his father's life; but in addressing himself to his new task, he felt a peculiar shrinking of heart. It arose from a conscientious fear that he might not succeed in giving to the world a faithful portrait of one so exclusively devoted to evangelistic work. Deeply similar though the brothers were in their faith and hope, and in the consecration of their whole lives to the same Lord and Master, there were points of difference between them, as Islay well knew, that might prevent him from doing justice to William. The one was remarkable for intensity, the other for breadth. The one would concentrate his whole force on a single point of the citadel of Mansoul, and take it, as it were, by assault; the other would surround the fortress with the various kinds of spiritual artillery, and hope to secure it by the slower process of siege. In William, it was the God-ward side of religion that was cultivated, and cultivated to the utmost pitch of intensity; in Islay, the human element also was prominent. William's view of the world led him to suspect and renounce everything that did not belong to the innermost sphere of the spiritual life; Islay saw outside of that circle not a few things worthy to be reclaimed for the kingdom of God. Undoubtedly he thought that his brother's views were rather ascetical. But, on the other hand, he saw in him such thorough genuineness and purity of soul, such true affection to all mankind, such simplicity and godly sincerity as entitled him to the warmest appreciation of the whole Christian church. He delighted to think that in William there was not one particle of that bitterness, or of that spiritual pride, which is so apt to flow from the ascetic spirit. His instincts of love had sustained no damage; he could take his brethren to his heart, and love them with an undiminished affection, though in many things, perhaps, they were indulging in what he had renounced. It often occurred to Islay that it would be better if some one more entirely of William's type would undertake to write his life. But happily those scruples were overcome; and every one who has read the memoir will admit that the portrait has been admirably given. It is a great possession for the Christian Church. It is a worthy canonisation of one whose rare graces and wonderful devotedness have shown that the great Head of the Church has yet in his quiver shafts as polished as in any previous age. With great wisdom, the biographer made his brother portray himself. Standing

quietly in the background, he hardly ever stated his views or opinions, but left the great evangelist and missionary to make his own impression. The Church has placed the portrait in its supplemental gallery to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews; and the life of William Burns has become a force of enduring vitality, whose influence may continue to tell on generations yet unborn.

We have not ventured to look into Islay Burns's private and domestic life. But those who knew it will bear ready testimony that seldom has a domestic circle been brighter or more attractive than that large group of which he was the centre. From first to last there was indeed the presence of the *res angusta*, but the abounding cordiality and cheeriness and hospitality showed that it had distilled no acrid elements on the dwelling. Who so ready to enter into the troubles of his friends, to encourage them to enterprises before which they were halting, to cheer them when they had bravely done their task? His friendly letter was almost uniformly the first to acknowledge any brochure or book that had been sent from the author to his friends, and so couched as to allay any throbbings of fear lest one had done what was either foolish or wrong. Not less certainly, when trouble invaded the dwellings of his friends, would he hasten to send his word of soothing consolation. Alas, he had in his own circle bitter enough experience of domestic sorrow. His first-born son, a youth of high ability and eminent scholarship, who had just reached the point of an Oxford career where his honours would have culminated, was smitten with fatal illness, and went to Madeira literally to die. It would not be easy to estimate the desolation of the blow; but the classroom testified that however grievous for the present, its ultimate fruits were of a different order, and that as in many a like case the plaintive cry had been verified,—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Even though it be a cross that raiseth me."

Dr. Burns had come of a race almost proverbial for longevity, and few of his friends had any apprehension of his being removed at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. A local affection of a painful nature had been giving him considerable trouble for three or four years, and in March of the present year, a severe attack of hæmorrhage, proceeding from the same quarter, suddenly brought him to the verge of the grave. He had gone through his college work with the utmost regularity; had moreover conducted a large young men's class in the city, formed

to counteract the spread of scepticism; and had been taking a share in a favourite work—the Foundry Boys' Society, an account of which formed his last contribution to the pages of this Magazine. (See SUNDAY MAGAZINE, October, 1871, p. 74.) The suddenness of the attack, which had at first all the appearance of proving fatal, was a great shock to his friends. For a time he seemed to rally, but though the acute attacks were not repeated, the pressure of the ailment proved too much for his strength. After hovering for a few weeks between recovery and relapse, his strength gradually but steadily declined, and on the 20th of May, he passed into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. His illness had been a most painful one, sometimes full of torture; remedies had become unavailing and hope of recovery had ceased; even the affectionate watchers at his bedside could welcome death as a friend, and be thankful to the grim messenger for bearing him away to rest.

Very simple but very beautiful was his mental experience in the prospect of death. After his first severe seizure, he fully looked for a fatal issue, and nothing could have been more calm or natural than his bearing. He went carefully over some of his manuscript lectures, giving directions as to those that were to be read to his classes during the remaining two or three weeks of the session. He talked calmly as to what his family were to do when he should be taken from them, entering minutely into all their arrangements. For himself he said that the one source of support for the sinner on which he had ever leant, was his support then, and that he found it as he had always found it, enough to sustain him. He felt that amid all his deficiencies and faults, he had tried to spend his life in the service of the Lord, and he had loved the work right well. There was so much mixture of motive in the best of our services as to make them unworthy to be accepted; but the Master was a gracious Master, and was pleased to own our services, defective and miserable though they were. When the present writer went to see him soon after his seizure, he found him more willing to speak of the happiness which he had derived from a long friendship than to accept of the regrets which the occasion inspired. Afterwards, when the last stage had come, his reply to our inquiries after him was, with a smile, "Just passing through the stream." On our asking whether he did not feel the comforts of the gospel sustaining him, he said, with that perfect honesty

which characterized him, "I am too weak to feel much—but nothing to the contrary." And when we asked whether there was anything in particular he would wish to be prayed for—"for an abundant entrance:"—and then he added, "And for a blessing to those I leave behind." Nothing could have been less theatrical, or more natural and real. Literally and figuratively, he had set

his house in order; and when the Master gave the last call, he obeyed as calmly and as readily as ever he had obeyed his slightest command.

Seldom has dust been committed to dust amid deeper regrets; and never, we believe, with a more sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

W. G. BLAIKIE.

BUTTON-HOLE ROW.

By A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

IT recently devolved upon us, as a matter of official duty, to make a house-to-house visitation of a certain quarter on the river-side, which, though familiar enough to us in kind, was strange individually, and we were as a necessary preliminary furnished with a map of it. "It is a bad district throughout," said the gentleman who handed us the map, and who was well acquainted with the place, "and just here," he went on, dotting off a corner with his pencil, "is the worst bit of it." The part indicated showed a number of streets branching off a leading cross street, and running down to the river-bank; and as the parts that were worst, in a general way, were the best for the purpose of our visitation, we jotted down the names of these streets, and proceeded to commence work there on the following morning. Our first discovery was, that though the streets had been named on the map there were no names lettered upon them; but this proved a very slight difficulty, except in one case. They were short streets, and we had found out and "done" all the others while vainly inquiring for "Foundry Lane." "Can you tell us where Foundry Lane is hereabout?" we had asked of men, women, and children, but none of them *could* tell us, and most of them expressed an opinion to the effect that we must have been mistaken, and that there "wasn't no sich place thereabout." Coming to the conclusion that such must be the case, we turned back, and had already got some little distance along the cross street, when we were startled by a voice above us exclaiming, "Below there!" Glancing up, we beheld, leaning half-way out of a second-floor window, a handsome but dissipated-looking man of somewhere about five-and-thirty. His dress, so far as could be judged by his bust, was loud, his air rakish, and over-weeningly self-assured, and his language—as we soon discovered—slangy, though still refined, by

comparison with that of the general run of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but didn't I hear you inquiring for Foundry Lane as you passed here before?"

"Very likely you did," we replied, smiling at the recollection of the number of times we had made the inquiry.

"And you didn't find it!" That I can tell by the look of your *mug*—excuse me, face I mean—no impertinence intended, force of habit and surroundings, you know; don't hear much of 'the language of the poets' hereabout. However, you didn't find it. Occurred to me after you had passed that you wouldn't; that was why I pulled you up just now."

He rattled this out in a jerky, voluble style, but on his pausing here for breath, we hastened to ask, "Can you tell us where it is?"

"Believe I can; wouldn't have stopped you otherwise. Always willing to oblige a square gentleman where I can. It's square parties you are after, eh?"

"Square or cross," we answered, "it was all the same to us;" and to make the point clear we briefly explained the nature of our business.

"Ah, yes, that's all right, the sort of thing that goes down nowadays, enlightened nineteenth century, and all that; however, they are all square people there, and I must say that their condition don't say a great deal in favour of squareness; no one on a cross lay could be much worse off. Needle-drivers, you know, Song-of-the-Shirt style of business, stitch, stitch, stitch, poverty, hunger, and dirt; hard work, starvation pay, and all that, and they'd be worse off still, if it wasn't for the old girl at the corner—"

"But where is Foundry Lane?" we broke in, somewhat impatiently.

"Ah, yes, that is the question," he resumed, quite imperturbably, "and your tone of ask-

ing it means—dry up. Well, right you are. I must own that I have a weakness for pattering when once I'm on the go; but now to answer you. The fact is you have not had the straight tip; if you had asked for *Button-hole Row*, you'd have found it fast enough."

"Well, Foundry Lane is the postal name of the place we wanted to find," we answered.

"Exactly," he said, with a self-satisfied nod. "Postal name Foundry Lane: popular name, name by which it is generally known, Button-hole Row."

"O, I suppose the people in it work at the button-holing."

"They do," he answered. "Button-hole Row is its name, and, if I may coin a phrase, button-holing is its nature. Its inhabitants aren't much with their button-holing, but without it—well, without it, I suppose they would either have to go into the workhouse, or on 'the cross,' like most of those around them."

"But where is it?" we asked.

"Well, when you were down at the other end of this street, did you see a wooden-walled, tile-roofed, stable-like building, stretching across a narrow opening so as to form a flat-roofed archway?"

"Yes," we answered briefly.

"Well, that is the entrance to the Row," he said.

"We glanced down there in passing," we answered, "and did not notice any houses."

"Just so," said our voluble friend; "you would see the backs and gables of wharf buildings, and I dare say you would think that between them and the archway it was storage ground."

"That was the sort of general impression our glance had given," was our answer.

"Just so," he repeated, again nodding in a particularly self-satisfied manner; "that's just about how it would strike you. The Row lies very snug; you must be in it before you see it, and to get into it you must go through the arch, and down a couple of steps on the other side of it—and now I see you want to be off."

We admitted that such was the case, and bidding good day to our free and easy friend, turned back again.

On reaching the stable-like building of which he had spoken, we discovered in respect to it what we had not noticed before, namely, that it was a "Gospel Hall." A board affixed to it announced that the gospel would be preached there every Sunday, "the Lord willing;" and later we found that it was

the headquarters of a band of those noble Christian pioneers of whom we spoke a little way back; the men and women who valiantly enter the breach, and strive to bridge the gulf by devoting themselves to the service of the poor and fallen. It was a chapel, a Sunday, a day and evening school. Mothers meetings were held in it, children's dinners given in it, and soup distributed from it. It was the office of a penny bank, a clothing and a coal club; a place for "Midnight Meetings," to which, from time to time, *thieves* were specially invited, in order that they might hear the message, and be told that it was to them; that not even the worst of them was beyond its pale. Stable-like the building really was, but holy withal, sanctified by the works of Christian love that went on within it, and by its being the centre from which radiated much of whatever moral sunshine lightened the general gloom of the district. Passing under this tent of a Christian vanguard, we came right upon the Row, our first glance at which would have been sufficient to show us, if we had not already been aware of the fact, that it was the "square" spot of the neighbourhood. It was quieter than the other streets; there were fewer children running about in it, and those who were to be seen were cleaner, while their raggedness was of the *patched*, not the *flying* order. There were no low-foreheaded, heavy-jowled, restless-eyed men lounging, pipe in mouth, in the doorways, and the women and children who were to be seen standing in them, were working—neither gossiping nor quarrelling, nor "sipping round" at a beer can, while a corner of vacant ground was conspicuous *by the absence from it* of a band of loafing youths engaged in pitch and toss, or some uncanny species of horse-play. In outward appearance the houses were much the same as those in surrounding streets; that is to say, they were tumbledown like and dingy, but there was still evidence of a *desire* to be neat that was not to be found in the other streets. The windows were curtained, the door-steps whitened, and the roadway innocent of rubbish heaps, and such pieces of wreckage as old boots and battered beer cans. We had entered the Row at its high-numbered end, and purposing to commence our business with its lowest number, we walked slowly down, and at almost every doorway, and in almost every window on both first and second floor, we saw women and children, and in two instances, *men* busy button-holing. Though we had seen a good deal of button-holing, the last-mentioned circumstance was a novelty

to us. Seen now, however, it was an easy matter to understand, and our feeling of surprise was less at the sight than that we should not have seen such an one before. The wasted forms, the sunken eyes, the hollow cheeks of the men, told the family story at a glance. In a word, that story was Consumption. That fell disease, in its lingering form, had attacked the husband, father, and breadwinner. He was a labouring man, a man to whom strength was everything, and that strength sapped, he had, from the "labour market" point of view, become unworthy of his hire, and so the task of being breadwinner-in-chief had devolved upon the wives. A common story enough among the poor, so far, and the rest in these two cases in Button-hole Row, was easy to imagine. The wives had taken to button-holing as a means of earning an honest crust, and the invalided, but not entirely bedridden husbands, being "handy" men, had seen their way to being of some little assistance, and illness giving thinness and delicacy to their hand, they had in time come to acquire the whole art—a very simple art, one to which any woman who can handle a needle at all can "take," and consequently one of the worst, perhaps the worst paid branch of even slop needle work.

Another noticeable feature among the button-holers of the Row was, that the women, as a body, were considerably older than the general run of button-hole hands, most of them being middle, or more than middle-aged. Otherwise, all the especial signs of the habitual button-holer were there. The round shoulders that come of constant stooping, the weak and blinking eyes, the absorbed manner and habit of speaking without raising the head, the swiftly flying fingers, moving with machine-like regularity, the dress plentifully bespeckled with ends of cotton, the gleaming scissors, worn, dagger-like, in the apron band, the skein of cotton hanging around the neck, and a dozen parcel of collars projecting from the pocket just within reach of the hand. These are the tokens by which the button-holer may be known, and they were all visible in the person of the landlady of No. 1—the first person in the Row whom we addressed. She stood in the doorway of her house, "plying her needle and thread" with all the celerity of a practised worker; while seated on a low stool, just inside the passage, was her daughter, a girl of about nine, who was also stitching away, collar in hand. Having asked the few official questions necessary for our own immediate business, we observed, in

a friendly way, "Button-holing seems to be the order of the day here."

"Well, as far as that goes, sir," she answered, with a smile, but without looking up, "it's pretty well the order of the night too, for you must often work well on in the night if you want to make anything like a decent living at it."

"Well, it is very poorly paid, we know," we said.

"It is, indeed," she answered, "not that I grumble; it's not them that have to work hard, but them as can't get work to do as is to be pitied; all the same, three-ha'pence for button-holing a dozen collars is small pay. You see, sir"—she went on taking a fresh collar from her pocket to show us—"the holes are just raw cuts, and we have to stitch all round them and form the button-holes. Of course a single button-hole don't look much, but you should remember there are three holes in every collar, that's thirty-six in the dozen—six holes to work for a farthing, and find your own cotton. I often wonder to myself whether gentlemen, when they are putting their collars on, ever give a thought to the likes of us. I don't suppose they do, and I don't blame 'em for not. I'm free to own that I never used to trouble myself about others when I was better off. Not as I want to make out that I was ever anything very grand, still I was a respectable mechanic's wife. My husband was a ship-smith, and earned his two guineas a week, and what was more, brought it home when he had earned it, for a steadier fellow, or a lovin' husband and father there couldn't be."

Her voice grew tremulous at this point, but after a momentary pause she went on:—"While his health lasted we had as comfortable a little home as any in England, but health failed him. For the last three years of his life he could only work off and on, and for six months before his death he couldn't work at all. Of course this broke us down a good deal; swallowed all our savings, and best part of our furniture; and when he died, I was left very bare with my two children, for I have a boy younger than Jenny here, and he goes to school. Well, I had no friends to help me, and what to do to keep myself and the children I didn't know. I didn't like to go out charing on account of having to leave the children; I'd got no furniture to take lodgers, and I couldn't dress-make or anything of that sort. At last, when nearly every stick of furniture and rag of clothing had been sold, I heard of this and came here and took to it, for any woman

who can handle a needle at all can button-hole, the difference in hands being in the quickness that comes with practice. Of course, at first I only got the commonest work, and that was paid at five farthings, and some of it as low as a penny, for the dozen collars, and, working as hard as I could for eighteen and nineteen hours a day, I could only make from four-and-sixpence to

five shillings a week—and how to lay that out worried me almost as much as to earn it.”

“Yes, it would be a puzzling matter to make ends meet out of that,” we said.

“Well, where they wouldn’t meet, sir, we just had to go short,” she resumed: “there was eighteenpence for the rent of a room, and everything else had to be found out of what was left. You may be sure it was hard



living, nothing but dry bread to eat, and often very little of that, though, as I have sometimes said since, my share of the bread wasn't always *dry*; many a time it was wet with my tears. I *wouldn't* cry so long as ever I could work, though my heart was full enough, but when eyes and fingers were tired out, and I sat down to eat my crust, the tears fell all the faster from having been forced back all day, and many a night, too,

I cried myself to sleep. But the Lord was good to me. He had opened a way for me, and He brought me through. I gradually got quicker and quicker at the work, and got the better kinds of it to do, and Jenny here grew to be able to help me, and now between us we can make from ten to twelve shillings a week, and that is doing about as well as any one in the Row, and better than most of them. I have seen the time when I would

have thought it impossible for three to be kept on that money; but we manage pretty comfortably, and have never had to trouble anybody for a penny in the shape of charity; and, please the Lord that health and eyesight are spared to me, we won't need to trouble anybody now, and that is a thought worth something."

While she was speaking we had been mentally calculating the quantity of work required to realise the sum she had named, and on her coming to a pause, we remarked:

"Well, as you would have to do *two thousand eight hundred and eighty button-holes* to earn even ten shillings, we suppose you have still to work pretty long hours."

"Well, yes, sir," she said, with a smile and a shrug, "there's no nine hours movement for us, I work fifteen hours a day, and Jenny four or five. I might make up another shilling or so in the week by letting her work all day, but I wouldn't do it. You mustn't think, sir, that because you see her at work here, I don't look after her education as well as her brother's. She goes to school mornings one week, and afternoons another, and to evening class in the Hall up there three nights in every week, and always on Sunday. Let's see, how many prizes have you had Jenny?" she said in a parenthetical tone, turning to her little daughter.

"Three, mother," answered Jenny, blushing, "a Bible from Sunday-school, and two others from day-school."

"You see that says something for her," the mother went on, a flush of pride coming over her face; "she gets on with her lessons, and she's well beliked by the teachers; and though she is sitting there, and I say it as shouldn't, she is as good a little girl as any breathing."

"A and a very industrious little girl," we added, for all this time her lissome fingers had never for a moment ceased their rapid plying of the needle.

"Well, she is," assented the mother, "though, as far as that goes, whoever works at the button-holing for a living must stick to it."

"And probably, by staying here talking, we are preventing you from sticking as closely to it as you would otherwise be doing," we suggested apologetically.

"Not at all, sir," she answered cheerily. "For one thing, I think it's me that is doing most of the talking; and if you only knew how little change I had, you wouldn't wonder at me liking to talk with any stranger who is friendly and willing to listen. It's no hin-

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drance whatever; with us women fingers and tongue can go together, as we say among ourselves; we can whistle and ride, as far as talking is concerned."

"It is a great pity," we said, continuing the conversation, "that you cannot have the collars direct from the warehouses; their prices are about double what the 'sweaters' pay."

"Yes; it is a pity in a general way," she answered; "but I haven't a word to say against ours; she's no common sweater; she's got a heart in her breast, not a paving-stone; and I don't suppose there's one of us in the Row as would say anything else of her than 'God bless her.' She deserves all she gets. If she makes money out of our work, she remembers that it is so. She isn't above coming among us, and is always willing to lend a helping hand, independent of business. It isn't one good turn, or a dozen, but hundreds, that she has done among us. She is what I call a real lady, if ever there was one."

"Certainly she is a lady in the best sense of the word," we said emphatically; for we had caught something of the enthusiasm with which the woman had spoken.

"The pity of it is, sir," she resumed, "that there are not more like her; she's one in a thousand—the only one, in fact, as ever I've heard of acting in the manner she does—and she'll have her reward, sir, I do believe that. The blessing of the widow and fatherless is upon her."

"What you say of her probably explains a little matter we couldn't quite make out at first," we observed.

"What was that, sir?" she asked.

"Why, the grown-up button-holers here being all elderly women."

"Oh yes, sir; she makes a point of giving her work to widows with families, or those that, as you may say, are almost worse than widows."

"Worse than widows?" we echoed questioningly.

"Well, women with a lot of little children, and husbands that are only 'cas'alty' labourers, or have belonged to trades that have been done away with, and as aren't strong enough, or are too broken down to get labouring to do; the sort of men, you know, as only get about two shillings a day when they are in work, and are very much oftener out than in, and as have to go tramping about day after day looking for it, wearing the shoes off their feet, and coming home down-hearted and hungry. Take 'em all the

year round, there's plenty of them don't earn anything like their keep. Not from any fault of theirs, poor fellows, but because there are always younger and likelier-looking men on the watch for whatever chance work there may be about. If there are a score of men waiting outside a workshop gate, and only two or three to be taken on, the old, and hungry and broken-looking, though they may need it most, stand the worst chance of getting it. But though it's not the fault of the men, but only their misfortune—for you must understand, sir, that I am not speaking of the drunkards or the can-work-but-won't sort—it falls heavily upon the wives all the same; for whatever they and the children can earn by any such work as this the husband must have a share of."

"So that in the matter of keep he really counts as another child as it were," we said.

"Well, yes, sir, that's just about what it comes to, though people don't give credit for it. They say, 'Oh, she has got a husband, and she is always working herself. There must be some mismanagement for them to be so badly off.' They never bethink them that the husband is out of work best part his time. Then there's them that are worse off still—they as has their husbands laid up, and not able to work at all. There's poor George Johnson there," she went on; and for the second time during the conversation she raised her eyes from her work, and by a glance indicated the younger of the two men we had seen engaged in the unmasculine occupation of button-holing—a man apparently of not more than two or three and thirty years of age.

"He's a painter by trade," she resumed, "but he hasn't been able to do a stroke at it this two years; and though he has got as he can help her a bit, it's not every day that he is well enough to do even that. He is in deep consumption, and what with her having to wait on him, and not being over quick with the needle, it's as much as ever they can do to earn seven shillings a week, and out of that they have to pay eighteen-pence for their room, and every other week there is elevenpence for his fare to Brompton Hospital and back; he's an out-patient there. It would make your heart bleed, sir, to see how hard they are put to it sometimes; more than once it's brought the water into my eyes, at the very time when I've been making believe to be cheerful, just to try and cheer her up a bit. He's been a handsome young fellow, as you may see, and I believe he was a good husband; and she's very fond of him,

and to get him any little bit of a thing that he *can* eat, she would leave herself without—and does. I don't say it boasting, sir, because it's only doing our duty, and as we would be done by; but many a time, if it wasn't for some of us in the Row as are doing pretty well, she'd be the whole blessed day through without bit or sup in her mouth. She's but a delicate young thing herself, and hasn't much push in her; and none of your common sweaters would look at her."

"Hers is indeed a sad case," we said.

"Yes, poor thing, she's the worst situated of any one in the Row," assented our friend.

"And none of you are over well situated?"

"Well, things might easily be better with us," she said, smiling once more; "still we oughtn't to grumble. There are many worse off than us, and in more ways than one, too; more's the pity. We have a roof to cover us, a place to lie down in, at night, and that we can call home. As I said just now, I'm doing better than most in the Row; but, still, speaking generally, when we have eat our bit of bread at breakfast, we have a piece to put away in the cupboard for dinner, and we know that there will be a loaf earned by night. Then we have always got hunger for a sauce, and knowing that you've honestly earned it, helps to sweeten even a crust."

"The last is a grand consideration," we remarked, as she came to a pause.

"That it is, sir," she replied; "and living in this neighbourhood it's us that knows it. There's plenty of those around us—not that I wish to speak hard of them poor creatures, for you may depend upon it their consciences trouble them enough, however they may try to swagger before others. There's plenty of them as often live on the fat of the land, and don't work at all; but bless you, sir, they're not happy; they'd much better be like us, with a hard-earned, hunger-sweetened crust. Not but what they're hungry enough sometimes, for it's generally feast or famine with them, living high one day and starving the next. However poor we are, we can look the world in the face, while theirs is a dog's life, as you may say. Why, if you was to go down one of their streets and they didn't happen to know you, you would see them scurrying into their houses like rabbits into their holes. They'd think you was a plain-clothes policeman, and each one would think it was them that was 'wanted,' as they call it."

She spoke earnestly and with a certain homely eloquence; and the thought that passed through our minds while she was

speaking was, that we would have very much liked the airy gentleman who had directed us to the Row to have heard her. He would then have found that "squareness" had an advantage that was apparently undreamed of in his philosophy—an advantage generally left out of consideration by those who speak and think lightly of honesty when coupled with poverty—a moral and spiritual advantage so great as to be a compensation for even such physical hardship as was to be found in Button-hole Row.

This was what passed through our mind, but we merely said, with a smile, "Then you feel that after all honesty is the best policy."

"I'm sure it is," she answered emphatically, "both for here and hereafter."

A glance at our watch at this point reminded us that we ought to be on the move, and so, bidding good day to the intelligent seamstress and her little daughter, we proceeded upon our visitation, pondering as we went upon what we had heard.

Conversation with others in the Row added little to the information we had gathered from our first pleasantly communicative button-holer. There were not many in the Row who earned as much as she did. Some were undergoing the bitter probation of which she had spoken in her

own case; were learners, and working drearily long hours, could only manage to earn about five shillings per week; others, from weakened eyesight or general debility of constitution, found it physically impossible to work the hours absolutely necessary for reaching the higher standards of earnings in the Row; and taking them "through and through," the families seemed to be earning an average income of about eight shillings per week. As a rule, each family occupied but a single room. A passing glance into the rooms and at their inhabitants was sufficient to show a "plentiful lack" of furniture and clothing; while sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and gaunt frames, told but too plainly of hard living in the matter of food. But though the physical aspect of the Row was sad enough, there was a cheering brightness, so to speak, in its moral atmosphere. Brotherly love abounded among its tenants, and their consciousness of independence and integrity made them generally contented and cheerful. We could well wish that these tenants were better placed; but looking at their characteristics, and knowing what we do of such neighbourhoods as the one in which their Row lies, we can also well wish that there were many more such places as Button-hole Row.

CONGREGATIONAL GIFTS.

IN a previous number of this Magazine* we called the attention of our readers to the Charisms or Gifts of the Corinthian Church, but were under the necessity of delaying consideration of the lessons suggested by the subject for our Churches at the present day. We return, therefore, for a little to this topic.

1. In doing so it is, in the first place, essentially necessary to remember that the power and variety of these gifts at Corinth is no token that the most gracious influences of the Spirit of God were more free to that Church than they are to us, or that they were actually enjoyed by it in a larger measure. It is true that such influences are not now exhibited in precisely the same way; but they are not on that account either the less real or powerful. In one sense, indeed, all the gifts possessed at Corinth may still be said to exist, though in other forms, among ourselves, the supernatural being now toned down to what is more like the natural. "The word of wisdom" is to be seen

wherever the great truths of revelation are explained and unfolded in such a manner as to show their bearing on all the relations in which we stand to God and to one another, and to bring into view their practical effect in regulating the conduct and the life. "The word of knowledge" shows itself when these truths are apprehended more on their speculative side, when their unity and harmony are traced, and when the great systems of theology, that have been elaborated by the master minds of the Christian Church, are formed or preached. "Faith," in the special sense in which the word is used in the chapter before us, appears when a principle of unshaken trust in Him who "turneth the hearts of kings as the rivers of water," elevates the believer to the conception and accomplishment of deeds that to the eye of sense, and in the judgment of the world, seem impossible. "Gifts of healing" are made manifest, not only in the perfection to which the noble art of the physician has been brought, but in that loving tenderness, in that un-

wearied watchfulness and care, which enable the Christian nurse by a sick-bed to contribute more than even the physician's skill can do, to a patient's recovery. "The working of miracles," or rather "the energies of powers," is exhibited when, in a strength that is not their own, the followers of Jesus do and suffer what the highest merely human strength and the most patient merely human endurance could not effect or bear. "Prophecy" is still possessed when the Christian preacher, neither seeking the favour nor daunted by the fear of man, sets forth the great lessons of the gospel in their immediate application to the errors, the follies, the vanities, and the sins of his own day. "Discerning of spirits" shows itself where the well-instructed Christian mind and the single unselfish Christian eye not only detect but unsparingly expose the hypocrites and false pretenders to piety who "make a gain of godliness." "Divers kinds of tongues" are there where a spirit of lofty enthusiasm leads the believer to delight in exploring the mysteries of the divine counsels, and to dwell amidst the passion and the poetry which they inspire. And, finally, "Interpretation of tongues" is to be found wherever any one has been endowed with ability to translate into the language of common life those views of divine truth which, in the form given them by the mystic and enthusiast, demand for their thorough comprehension the educated intellect and the cultivated ear. In short, not one of the gifts possessed at Corinth has in its substance, in what was mainly its essence and its power, disappeared from the Church of Christ. We may often mourn over the fact that the presence of the Spirit of God is not more manifest among us than it is. Nevertheless He is with us. The era of the Church's history in which we live is emphatically the dispensation of the Spirit. The Redeemer, in going away himself, has fulfilled his promise that He would send his people another Comforter to abide with them for ever. Acknowledgment of what we have is not less demanded of us than regret that we have not more; and it ought to be our delight to own that God is in the midst of us, and that the power and vitality of the Church, amidst all her shortcomings, are a fitting theme for constant gratitude and thanksgiving.

Still further, it is plain that the gifts of which we have spoken are not confined to the clergy. Some of them perhaps are, but by far the larger portion of them are possessed quite as much by the lay members of the

Church. Who doubts for a moment that they exist in all their reality, and in all their variety, in an infinite number of private Christian hearts and homes? We know that they are there; and that, however faithful the clerical members of the Church may be, however high they may rank in the scale of Christian excellence, they do not surpass, either in natural ability or in piety, many members of the flocks to which they minister.

2. The question then at once arises, What is to be done with these gifts? Are they to be allowed scope for exercise? Are they to be encouraged and nourished into greater strength by use? If we answer No, how are we to defend their repression? If we answer Yes, are there any conditions necessary to their being profitably employed?

The practical answer to such questions given by our Churches is, That the private Christian has ample scope for the exercise of his gifts, whatever they may be, in private life. In the family, in the Sunday-school, in district visiting, in speaking to the sick, in addressing small circles gathered together in private rooms, in the manifold works of unostentatious piety for which ample opportunity is everywhere afforded, it is thought that he may expend his energies in the service of his Master. More than this, however, is seldom expected of him, is even seldom welcomed. All public functions, it is said, belong properly only to those who are specially trained and set apart for the purpose. It is either not conducive to order, or it is violating the first principles of the Saviour's own institution of his Church, to permit the discharge of these by any who are not regularly "ordained" to them.

The direct and obvious answer to this is, that the gifts for some of these prohibited functions exist in many who, in the very necessities of the case, cannot devote themselves to the exercise of the ministry, and that their simple existence is a conclusive proof that one means or another for their exercise ought to be found. It is not enough to say, there is the easy, and surely satisfactory enough, alternative of private exertion. The question is not one of alternatives. It is a question of the use to be made of particular gifts, adapted in their own nature to particular spheres, and out of these spheres either useless or weaker than they might be. To say to one clearly possessed of a public gift that he ought to be content with using it in private life, is to ignore the most essential characteristic of what has been bestowed upon him. It is as if the Apostle had enjoined a

Christian at Corinth with the gift of "prophecy" to devote himself to "discerning of spirits;" or one with the gift of "tongues" to content himself with the "interpretation of tongues." It is to evade the very question that is at issue. No doubt can be entertained that, in the private discharge of Christian duty, and in the private exercise of Christian benevolence, there is ample room for such a measure of doing good as may well satisfy the most ambitious to follow in his Master's footsteps. But such a consideration does not meet the point. We have before us one who imagines that he possesses, and who is not denied to possess, a gift qualifying him for *public* service. It is plain that *private* exertion, however valuable, does not supply the field he is fitted to occupy with advantage both to others and himself; and that to bid him confine himself to that alone is to shut him out from the sphere in which the Giver of all good has fitted him to excel.

This will still further appear, if we keep in view that the non-exercise of any gift is equivalent to its gradual extinction. By a wise law, holding alike in providence and grace, what is not improved by us becomes constantly less and less capable of improvement, and is eventually lost. "From him that hath not shall be taken away what he seemeth to have." The Church of Christ ought seriously to ask herself whether she is prepared to take the responsibility of repressing anything in her members that she believes to have been bestowed upon them by the Spirit of God. "He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. iv. 11-13). Would the early Christian Church have been justified in saying that these orders in the ministry were too many, that they produced confusion, that it was difficult to settle their respective places and claims, and that the great end of edification would be best attained by reducing the number? In so doing, she would simply have set herself against the plain intimations of Him "who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks;" and, in her effort to secure ease of management, would have extinguished all that was worthy to be managed. The same principle holds now. What God has loosed the Church may not

only not bind; she is under the positive obligation of finding for it a sphere within which it may be exercised. Thus alone can she avoid the sin of trampling down plants of divine grace which her great Head has planted, and fulfil the duty of nourishing these plants into trees of righteousness for ornament, for shelter, and for fruit in the garden of the Lord.

All that has now been said is abundantly confirmed by the manner in which the Apostle speaks in the chapters of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, where he treats the subject that we have in hand. He does not say one word of repressing the exercise of any gift with which the members of the Corinthian Church had been favoured. In the most frank and cordial manner he acknowledges them all. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," or "for the common profit" (1 Cor. xii. 7). Yet there were disorders in the Church, preventing alike the harmonious working together of those on whom the gifts had been bestowed, and interfering with the good that ought to have been secured. Those who had more showy gifts were undervaluing those whose gifts made a less striking impression on the beholder. Persons speaking with tongues were doing so without an interpreter, and their words were spoken into the air. They who prophesied were prophesying two or three at a time. When they came together "every one of them had a psalm, had a doctrine, had a tongue, had a revelation, had an interpretation," and each was evidently more bent on finding means of uttering what he had than on edifying others. Everything was in confusion; a confusion, indeed, so great that to its existence we owe the large amount of space devoted by the Apostle to this subject. Yet there is not the slightest attempt at repression of any gift, however dangerous to its possessor, however calculated to attain less efficiently than another the great end of the edification of the Church. No channels are cut wilfully by the Apostle's hand within which alone he would say the water of public edification was to flow. He thankfully accepts those cut by the Spirit of God himself; he clears their beds, he trims their banks, but only that the river of life may distribute itself more regularly and equably among them; and he sums up all his instructions in what the

Dean of Westminster has so well termed "the two Rubrics of the Primitive Church,"* "Let all things be done unto edifying," "Let all things be done decently and in order."

It may indeed be said, as it often has been said, that these gifts of the Corinthian Church were designed only to be temporary in their duration, and to supply the place of a settled ministry not yet instituted. We admit at once that the institution of a settled ministry, to be handed down in regular succession from generation to generation, was one of God's appointed means for propagating the Christian faith, and for nourishing the Christian Church. The whole tenor of the New Testament, appearing alike in the instructions and the practice of the Apostles, is too clear to make it in the least degree necessary to spend time in arguing the point. We admit also that it is possible that there was no settled ministry in Corinth at the time when the Apostle wrote to the Church there. The want of any reference to it at the very time when, in pointing out abuses in public worship to be corrected, such reference would have been most natural, may be allowed to lend great probability to the idea that there was none. It is not, indeed, easy to explain how it should have been so. It was not too early for the institution. The Church at Thessalonica had been founded before that at Corinth, and St. Paul had laboured a much shorter time in the one city than in the other. At Thessalonica, however, there were regular rulers and teachers. "And we beseech you," says the Apostle in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians, "to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake" (iv. 12, 13). Perhaps the explanation is to be found in this that, the Jewish element being particularly strong in Thessalonica, the Christians there may have either been much more closely connected with the synagogue, or much more familiar with its forms than they were at Corinth. But, whatever the explanation, the fact, even supposing it to be correctly stated, is not sufficient for its purpose. The very case of Thessalonica proves this, for in that Church gifts, the same as those at Corinth if perhaps not so numerous, unquestionably existed. "Quench not the Spirit," that is, spiritual gifts, in all probability especially the gift of tongues, says St. Paul addressing the Thessalonian Church; "despise not prophesyings," another gift (1 Thess. v. 19, 20). Here then gifts existed side by side with the

functions of a more regularly constituted ministry. The one was not to be allowed to interfere with or extrude the other. Besides this, it is a gratuitous assumption to maintain that the Corinthian gifts were intended to be only temporary. There is nothing in the Epistle to that Church to lead to any such conclusion. If in after ages, and notably by some of the most distinguished upholders of the Presbyterian Church, this argument was often used, it can only be traced to the operation of a wish that was father to the thought. Another consideration, bearing upon the point, and showing that it is at least highly improbable that the exercise of gifts at Corinth is to be explained by the want of a settled ministry is that these two things coexisted in the synagogue, from which so many ideas and forms of worship passed over into the Christian Church. We have clear traces of this in Scripture itself. Thus, when our Lord appeared in the synagogue at Nazareth, "He stood up for to read, and there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias;" and, after He had read, "He began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth" (Luke iv. 16, &c.). When Paul and Barnabas, in like manner, went into the synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia on the Sabbath-day, "after the reading of the law and the prophets the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them saying, Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on" (Acts xiii. 15). It was, indeed, the universally recognised practice, and one said to continue down to the present day, that the ruler of the synagogue could give permission to any educated person to address the congregation; and the great Jewish authority, Maimonides, speaking of the discourses delivered during the fasts, says, "If there be no elder present, they appoint some doctor to preach who is not an elder (presbyter); if there be no doctor present, they appoint some person of known character and integrity."*

All these considerations sufficiently establish the fact that the exercise of gifts by individual members of the congregation was, in the early Christian Church, not thought to be inconsistent with the institution of a settled ministry. They were something over and above it; but, as not less than it bearing upon them the marks of divine appointment, they were acknowledged, used, and honoured for the benefit of all.

* Stanley on the Corinthians, p. 204.

* Barnard on the Synagogue, p. 102.

The conclusion to which we are thus led seems irresistible. Gifts exist. Powers and talents have been bestowed upon many lay members of the Church that, in their very nature, demand not a private but a public sphere for their appropriate exercise. Following the clear leadings of Scripture and of the practice of the Primitive Church, we can only say that something should be done to find that sphere for them.

3. But, if so, are there any conditions necessary to the profitable employment of such gifts? The answer to this question is to be found by calling to mind what the Church of Christ is. It is not a mere concourse of fortuitous atoms where, owning no authority, subject to no rule, every one does that which is right in his own eyes. It is a body, an organization, a regularly ordered and constituted whole. No lesson is more clearly taught us in the New Testament. None is more distinctly laid down in the passage where St. Paul encourages what is so often feared is inconsistent with any such idea. "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole body were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members, every one of them in the body as it hath pleased Him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body" (1 Cor. xii. 12, &c.). The same figure is used by him in so many other passages, that it is plain that no conception of the Church was more deeply engraven on the Apostle's mind than this, that it was a regularly constituted and organized whole. The inference is obvious; the whole has a right to regulate the exercise of a part. For the sake of the general welfare, each part must distinctly understand that its place in the body is one of subordination and submission to authority. It is only indeed in connection with the whole that any gift bearing on the whole can rightly work. It must be balanced by other gifts. Its action must be modified by the necessities of the body at the time, and what these necessities are the whole, and not the part, must judge. We have thus introduced into this question the

idea of regular church order, of inquiry, of examination, of "trial of the spirits whether they be of God." Such trial exists in the case of the ministry in most Churches; and it exists, not in any form necessarily and at all times binding, but in the form which, in the view of the Church at the time, is required by her special circumstances. The forms of trial not only vary in different Churches, they vary in the same Church. But, amidst all variations of form, the principle remains. It follows at once, therefore, that the trial necessary for sanctioning one particular function is not necessary for all others. The nature of the function has to be taken into account. In Presbyterian Churches the amount of preparation and of trial demanded for the ministry is very different from that demanded for the eldership or the diaconate. It is so because the functions differ. The principle, then, has only to be more widely applied. A variety of gifts has only to be recognised, and a trial of each to be made before it is allowed, to be competent for the work it proposes to undertake.

Nor is this rule inapplicable even to that function of public preaching, in regard to which the difficulties of our Churches at the present day have mainly arisen. All preaching is not the same. It may consist mainly of exposition, or of the inculcation of the Church's system of doctrine, or of exhortation, or of consolation. One kind of it may be peculiarly fitted to awaken the careless, another to build up saints. We see every day that these powers are possessed in very different degrees by different men. The gifts are different. The preparation needed for the one may differ from that needed for the other, and the modes of trial may also differ. In the old Presbyterian Church of Scotland this difference was formally recognised. "Preaching" was not thought to be the same as "teaching." The proclamation of divine truth in public by the minister was not the same as that by him who was called the doctor. The one was prohibited from discharging the function of the other. The principle might easily take a wider range, and might embrace more various fields of operation. All that we urge is, that the principle is essential to the edification, to the very existence, of the Church as a body. No man may take to himself, without the Church's consent, the discharge of public functions on her behalf. But, on the other hand, the Church ought not to bind herself by iron rules, making no allowance for particular circumstances, and virtually denying that

there are any other gifts of God than those to which her rules are applicable.

Perhaps it may be said in reply to all this that the great question, after all, is, How are these things to be practically carried out? We are not bound to answer the question. No man can answer it. The best mode of regulating the exercise of gifts can only be determined when the gifts are themselves in exercise, when it is known what they are, and what they are capable of effecting for the general welfare. Experience of what any member of the human body can do is the only thing that enables us to assign it its proper place in the economy of the body; and so experience of what lay Christians can do must have been had before the relation in which they are to stand to the admitted functions of others can be distinctly pointed out.

In conclusion, the lessons applicable to our own state, suggested by the Corinthian Christians, are thus mainly two. First, that our Churches ought to recognise more frankly than they do the variety of gifts unquestionably existing among their members, though now often disused or nearly quenched. Secondly, that these gifts can only be allowed public exercise when the sanction of the whole body has been gained. These two principles must be taken together, and they mutually correct and, while correcting, strengthen one another. Precisely in the degree to which the first is acted on will the Church recognise the propriety of the second. Precisely in the degree to which the second is enforced, will the Church have confidence that the decision come to in the first is wise and prudent.

There is, indeed, a fear on the part of many to pronounce judgment on what claims to be the immediate inspiration of the Spirit of God, and professes to be guided by Him to the good end that it has in view. This fear has done incalculable mischief in our Churches. That a man has good ends in view is no guarantee whatever that the means he uses may not be in the highest degree hurtful to the very end that he pro-

poses. That a man claims to be called of God to a particular work, is not necessarily a proof that he is so. It is the positive duty of Christians to judge in these matters. It is their function; it is part of the very end for which the Spirit has been given them, to determine what is self-renouncing, and what, under the plea of being self-renouncing, is really self-seeking; to determine what is hypocritical and what is genuine, what is true and what is false. There is no sitting in judgment on the Spirit of God in this. There is only the exercise of that spiritual discernment which the Spirit of God imparts for the very purpose of enabling us to recognise His operations. The want of this has led of late years to so many exhibitions of enthusiasm on behalf of persons who afterwards proved to be pretenders, that it ought to suggest to pious people whether they are not often unduly timorous; and, because so, faithless to a high commission. They have actually judged far less truly than the world; and, in doing so, have forced the altogether unnatural conclusion upon many a mind that the world is a better judge of genuine piety than the Church. The world judged these pretenders from the first, and it was right. The Churches, if not always in their corporate capacity, yet acting through large bodies of their members, owned them, and were betrayed. Such things sink into the minds of men; and it is no excuse for them that piety is often weak. It is of this weakness of piety that the world complains. It would rather be without such piety that it may be strong.

The fear then of which we speak ought to be at once dispelled. A full recognition of what is really a gift of God ought to be combined with painstaking examination whether what claims to be so is worthy of the name, that thus, on the one hand, all gifts of the Spirit may be drawn forth and strengthened for the service of the Church; that, on the other hand, the Church may be preserved from the impudent counterfeits by which she has been too often put to shame.

WM. MILLIGAN.



HARVEST FESTIVALS.

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest the corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof: thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."
—PSALM LXX. 9—23.



HIS psalm, we can scarcely doubt, was composed as a festival harvest hymn. It was intended to be sung, as its opening words show, by the whole congregation gathered before God in his temple:—"Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in

Zion." It describes in language of exquisite beauty and simplicity God's goodness in giving men the fruits of the earth. It traces every step to his loving care. He sends the showers which make the seed to swell and germinate. He waters the earth with the rain which is "the river of God." He softens the ridges of the field. His hands prepare the earth; his hands prepare the corn. Step by step of its mysterious growth, He brings it to maturity, till at last the whole land smiles with the golden grain, and the waving corn seems to shout and sing for joy. It is apparently in sight of the rich harvest-field that the sweet Psalmist sings his hymn of grateful gladness. His heart is full as he sees how God has visited the earth and blessed it, and provided for the creatures who wait upon his bounty. But other thoughts seem also to have been in the Psalmist's mind. It was a time apparently of great political convulsions; there was a shaking of nations and kingdoms in the midst of which God had manifested his goodness to his people. The Psalmist speaks of God, you will observe, as girded with power, as ruling the world of nature and of man, as stilling the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves and the tumult of the

nations. "By terrible things in righteousness dost thou answer us, O God of our salvation," is his grateful acknowledgment as he thinks of some great deliverance, some signal act in what God had manifested his saving might. It may have been the overthrow of Sennacherib's army, as many expositors have thought, or it may have been some other exhibition of God's power, whether in miracle or in the natural course of his providence. But whatever it was, the Hebrew poet celebrates it with grateful joy. He sees God alike in the phenomena of nature, and in the world of man. He is the Universal King. He disposes and orders all events according to the counsel of his own will. Neither fate nor chance nor blind laws govern this glorious world, but God the Everlasting King. And therefore before Him, in acknowledgment of his power and of his mercy, shall all men bow: "O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."

Such is briefly the scope of the psalm. It is a thanksgiving for the harvest, a recognition of God's hand in the ordinary course of nature, and it is a thanksgiving for a special providence, in the deliverance of a nation from the horrors of war.

The psalm, then, is a warrant to us for the custom, now happily become so common, of acknowledging, in public services, the hand of God in giving us the fruits of the earth in their season. It is right and fitting that we should do this year by year. It is well that we should be arrested, so to speak, in our daily course of indifference, and be compelled to remember how much we owe to the God of our salvation. The regularity of an event, its perpetual recurrence, or its recurrence with but slight variations of aspect, is no reason for passing it by with indifference. If it is right for us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," it is right for us to thank Him who gives it. Whatever view we take of the order of the universe, if we hold it to be God's universe, we may assuredly be thankful to Him for the blessings which we receive. And when, as in the return of the yearly harvest, the very life as well as the prosperity of a nation depends

upon it, when the failure of our crops for one single season would bring scarcity, if not famine, into every household, it does seem but "right and meet and our bounden duty," that we should with full hearts and joyful lips sing praises to our God, who "openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness."

I rejoice therefore, I hail it as an evidence of that new life wherewith God has visited us, that instead of the riotous orgies, and the too often demoralising festivities of the old "Harvest Home," we have now our solemn and beautiful Harvest Festivals through the length and breadth of our land. I am not sure that we might not even add something to the externals of our celebration, so as to increase its solemnity and beauty. I remember to have been very much struck, when I happened on one occasion, in a foreign city * to witness one of these public thanksgivings. It was a Sunday morning, a bright cloudless day, just one of those days which might fitly be termed, in the language of our sacred poet, "the bridal of the earth and sky." There was a long procession of priests and friars and acolytes, of magistrates and burghers, of persons apparently of all ranks and orders in the city, bearing crucifixes and banners. Young girls, dressed in white, carried baskets of fruit, and ears of wheat in their hands. And all poured forth songs of praise, as they moved in procession to the house of God. The churches were beautifully decorated with trees and flowers, and the rich music of holy joy rose and fell upon the summer air. I cannot but think that we might borrow something from such a ceremony, that purged of its superstitious adjuncts, it might well find place among ourselves.

And is it too much to hope that such a festival might be made the means of promoting unity among Christians? Is it not conceivable that a service might be framed in which Christians of all denominations could join? There are hymns suitable for such an occasion, which all would gladly sing; there are psalms and chapters of the Bible which would be welcome in any congregation, and prayers might surely be composed, or adopted, which few, we may hope none, would refuse to offer. Certainly there is no occasion of worship in which it seems so likely that mutual prejudices and differences could be forgotten. The goodness of God here speaks to us most directly and most universally, in a way to which all can respond. The joy of harvest is a universal joy. All

can feel it, all share in it. It is not the joy of the rich in any greater degree than it is the joy of the poor. It is not the joy of the husbandman only, and the reaper; it may be the joy of the mechanic and of the artisan, in their garrets, and cellars, and workshops. Even the man who does not see the golden grain waving in the fields and falling beneath the sickle, can still rejoice that God has crowned the year with his goodness, and can understand and be thankful for the loving-kindness of the Lord. And on this very ground, because it is a catholic joy, a joy of all stations and all classes, it may be made a common meeting-ground for all. It would be almost impossible to allege dogmatic differences as a colourable pretext for separation at such a time. And above all, those who call Christ Master may find in the common joy a means of, and a motive to, a closer fellowship.

There is another reason why such a service as that I have spoken of might be particularly valuable, viz., as a distinct recognition of the presence and immediate action of the Living God in his own world. There is a spirit abroad which would wither our thanksgiving at the very root. A great disease has fastened on the thoughts of men, and vitiated their lives. There are multitudes who would deliberately maintain that such a thanksgiving as this can be only a hollow formality. There is a positive repugnance in many minds to admit any distinct providential action of God in our daily life. There is a tendency, more and more widely spread, not only to refer all physical phenomena to laws, till the laws come to take the place of the lawgiver, but to class all the phenomena of human life in the same inexorable order. And either the name of God is deliberately excluded, or it is used without any certain and definite meaning. The God of such persons is certainly not a God near at hand, but a God very far off. He may be a God who created the world—this is left in abeyance—He is certainly not a God who governs the daily concerns of men with ever-watchful, tender solicitude. More than one writer, of considerable repute and popularity, have advocated a method of investigation which takes no account of God either in physical phenomena or in the history of man. And the deadly mischief of such speculations is not confined to a few among our educated classes. Popular lectures, addressed to men who have leisure to think if they have not leisure to study, and the very wide dissemination of such lectures, and of articles having the same tendency in our periodical literature,

* Munich.

have spread the poison among all classes of society. We are, perhaps, scarcely alive to the fact how speculations which once were confined to the few, have now become the property of the many. The latest discoveries, in every department of scientific investigation, and the practical application of those discoveries, are now carried by a cheap press to the door of every man who can read; and mechanics and artisans discuss with earnestness and intelligence problems which once interested only the most cultivated minds. And, unfortunately, with the scientific instruction which is valuable, there is distilled, or there is insinuated, or there is boldly taught, the so-called philosophical inference, which is wasting as the plague.

Do not think that I regret this diffusion of knowledge. Do not think that I advocate an attempt, which would be as foolish as it would be wicked, to keep any class of our fellow-creatures in ignorance. I am only drawing attention to the fact that, with this extension of knowledge, there is also an extension of a mode of thinking which encourages a forgetfulness of God's government, if it does not distinctly and formally deny it. That which was once only a vague practical atheism, has now become a theoretical atheism. That which was once only a brutal irreligion, has now become a scientific irreligion. That which once might have been charged upon men's ignorance, must now be charged upon their knowledge.

And the practical effect of such a belief on our daily life is obvious. Look, such men say, at that vast system of laws and forces under which we live, and of which we ourselves form a part. Turn where you will, "you will find the presence of law, with its undeviating action, its strict absolute invariable rule." Change there never has been, there never can be. "All moves, all lives, all grows, all wanes, all decays, all dies, in obedience to a fixed order." Prayer then to God for natural blessings is vain, and worse than vain, because it is unreasonable and presumptuous, inasmuch as it asks of God to break his laws. They tell us that we have no business to expect that God will stay the march of the universe in order to suit our petty convenience. They tell us that this glorious world is a perfect machine, every part of which is adjusted with minutest skill, and moves onward in its silent march with no break and no intermission. They tell us that every wind that blows, every particle of moisture obeys as definite a law as is the law by which the planets are sent on their path round the sun,

and that to change one part would be to change the whole. They tell us that it is as useless as it is foolish and wrong to pray for any change in material phenomena. Every ray of light, every cloud that gathers in the heavens, every shower that blesses the earth, are parts of a system eternally, silently, irresistibly working. And therefore, too, the germinating of the seed when sown, the growth of the blade, the ripening of the ear, are parts of the same eternal system, results of the same undeviating mechanism. Every harvest has been ordained from eternity. It is folly to pray for an abundant harvest. It is useless to ask for the fruits of the earth in their season. They will be given or they will be withheld, not in accordance with your prayers, or the prayers of all mankind, but in accordance with the unbending, unvarying laws to which all things bow. And there is a kind of fascination in this sort of argument which it is very difficult to resist. Even religious minds are disturbed by it. When we are hard pressed by moral difficulties, when the strange disorders of the world are felt, not as a mere matter for interesting speculation, but in their hard stern action upon ourselves, when we are ourselves wrapt about by the terrible contradiction, and begin to doubt of the righteousness of God, then no wonder that we begin almost to take refuge in the thought of a mechanical universe, and to regard ourselves as the sport of forces over which we can have no control. It is a kind of horrible relief, for a time at least, to persuade ourselves that we, and all things about us, are but the playthings of an inexorable destiny. Now, I say, this is a very great danger. Here you have unquestionably the fact that the further scientific investigations are pushed, the more certainly do you detect everywhere the operation of laws. And, eager to avail itself of this fact, you have the dull sluggishness of brutalised minds. And you have more or less influenced by this fact even the finer spirits and the more religious hearts who are perplexed by the moral difficulties and contradictions of the world. Surely this is no slight danger, no matter of little concern. Surely it is the bounden duty of the Church to confront this danger, to do all that in her lies to rescue souls from this peril.

And how is she to confront it? Not by railing against science and scientific investigations. It is not the business of the Church to decry science, or to regard any kind of knowledge as a weapon that may be turned against her. It is her greatest shame if she would

lift up the shield of ignorance against the arrows of light. It is her deepest degradation if she tries with feeble and useless fingers to put a seal on any source of knowledge that God has opened to man. But whilst she honours and welcomes all those who have any truth to teach, she is not to surrender her own high prerogatives. If the Church has any mission upon earth, surely it is the very mission of Christ himself to manifest the Father unto men.

Science may teach me the wonderful mechanism of the heavens. Science may put the telescope into my hands, and reveal to my wondering eyes new worlds in the starry depths of space. Science may put the microscope into my hands and discover unsuspected mysteries which lurk in the leaf and the flower. She may show me worlds of life where my unaided eyes had failed to see aught but material textures. Science may lay bare the hidden things of the earth and of the sea. She may trace God's creative power in ages long before man stood upon this earth, and she may tell us how continents have been built up by the silent agency of myriads of unseen workers from the depths of the sea, and how mountains have grown, lifting their heads unto heaven, through thousands of centuries; or she may take me to the side of some mighty river where there grew for ages, in the hot and steaming exhalations, the luxuriant belt of forest, the many generations of its tropical growth falling, and becoming submerged in the swamp, to form the coal-beds which now minister to human wants, and human effort, and human discovery. The imagination may almost fail to grasp the rich treasures which are put before it through the ministry of science. And science may go a step further, and bid us observe, not only the lavishness of creative power, but the merciful wisdom of the vast design.

Science may do all this and much more. But science cannot help me when I tremble as a sinner before God. Science cannot comfort me when I ask whether I have a Father in heaven who loves me. Science cannot assure me that not one sparrow falleth to the ground without my Father, and that the hairs of my head are all numbered. Science cannot lift the veil which hides from me the life to come, or give me one glimpse of immortality. This is no defect in science, for it is not her province to deal with the soul and with God. She deals only with the material universe. And if some of her disciples draw from their observations of that universe the miserable conclusions of fatal-

ism, this is not to be charged upon science. But I do say that while the aspect of the Church towards science is not, and ought not to be, one of antagonism, yet, at the same time, it is to be one of the fearless assertion of the truth. We WILL NOT set ourselves against science, but we WILL cleave to our Bibles; we will not look with distrust upon the progress of science, but we will trust with all our hearts the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. We will not doubt the eternal order of the universe, confirmed to us as it is by every fresh discovery. But we will no less doubt, yea, we will more firmly and unhesitatingly grasp the blessed truth of an individual Providence, watching over each man's life, and ordering its minutest concerns. I may not know how this can be, I may not be able to reconcile truths which seem to clash the one with the other. I may not be able to explain how it is that the individual care is ever working its purposes of love in the midst of the everlasting order. But I will not surrender the one truth whilst I grasp the other. I will say to the scientific discoverer, "You will not suffer me to intrude my theology into the province of science, why will you force science into the province of theology?" The revealed facts in each case are of a different order, and require a different method of study. The one may be apprehended by the intellect and the imagination, the other appeals directly to the heart and the conscience. The providence of God is as certain to him who believes in God, as the unchanging order of the universe to him who is a disciple of science. The one is as clear a revelation to the heart, as the other is a revelation to the intellect. Faith has her own province, faith must insist upon her own intuitions. And if science says my duty is not to ask for miracles, but to submit myself to the eternal order, faith bids me to pray, to "let my requests be made known unto God," and assures me that I am pouring my petitions into the listening ear of Him who is not bound and circumscribed by laws of his own making, but is free to give me that which I ask according to the good pleasure of his will. I cannot live with a devout sense of his presence without recognising his hand in the smallest events of my daily life. And, therefore, also I will yield to Him my hearty thanksgivings for the temporal mercies which He bestows. I will thank Him "above all for the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory." But I will not forget to thank Him for my creation and my preservation. I will come to Him in my

sorrow and my distress, in my wrestling with sin and temptation, in my desires after peace and holiness, and will plead with Him his promises, and sing praises to Him who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But I will also come to Him for my daily bread, and I will thank Him who "crowneth the year with his goodness," and "covereth the valleys so thick with corn that they shout and sing for joy."

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

ASTRA.

THE subject of the following pages belonged to that most valuable race of old servants so fast becoming extinct in our degenerate times. For more than seventy years good old Astra faithfully served her mistress, and during that time was a centre of interest and affection to a very large circle of friends. She was a native of India; her parentage somewhat clouded in obscurity. When the veil rises a most extraordinary scene comes before us.

At the end of the last century some parts of India were visited with famine, owing to the failure of the rice crops. One day during this time of terrible distress a poor Indian mother with two starving children arrives at the residence of an European lady. She will not be repulsed by the numerous servants, but insists on an interview with the Mem Sahib herself; her pertinacity at last gains her admittance, and she then makes the following unnatural request,—that the lady would buy one of her children in exchange for a bag of rice. The lady has a little daughter, whose birthday it is that day, and the latter taking a fancy to one of the children, joins her entreaties to those of the miserable mother. The wonderful exchange is made, and the quaint little bargain is handed over to the young lady as a birthday present.

The unfortunate mother and the remaining child then entirely disappeared, and one feels almost more than curiosity to know their fate. Were it not an established fact that there have been such cases, it would be almost an impossibility to conceive a mother thus far forgetting her love for her child. Perhaps, however, the consideration that she might at least save one child may have dictated what appears so monstrous and unnatural.

Little Astra was about eleven years old at this time. She was baptized by her new friends and instructed in the truths of Christianity, which throughout her long life she held with the same childlike faith with which she had received them. She seems to have been a pretty bright child, and her little

mistress soon became very fond of her, and kept her constantly with her; at first, we may suppose, as a playfellow, and then when they were both older Astra performed the duties of lady's-maid.

At eighteen her young mistress married an English gentleman, and soon after quitted India. Astra accompanied the newly-married pair to England, and when the duties and cares of a mother began for her mistress she proved a most excellent nurse. Her mistress was early left a widow with five high-spirited boys and two girls. It was soon found necessary to send the boys to school, as they were quite unmanageable at home. Even during their short holidays they contrived to drive poor Astra nearly out of her senses with their mischievous pranks. However, in spite of all this, she was really devoted to them, and though she herself occasionally grumbled about their behaviour, she would never allow any one else to say a word against them.

About this time she appears to have been very attractive; she had many admirers and several offers of marriage. Unfortunately, Astra was not at all sensible of the high compliment paid her; only very indignant at the notion of any man thinking it possible that for his sake she could leave her beloved mistress. We fear that we must allow that she was very rude to some of these swains, and sent them off with merely, "Get away, get away. I not marry you."

Though living for so many years in England, Astra never learnt to speak anything but broken English: her memory was anything but retentive; indeed, she even forgot her native language, and when one of the young men she had nursed returned from India, and naturally supposed that it would be a pleasure to her to talk with him in Hindostanee, she could neither speak to him nor understand him. She was so quick and clever in most things it is surprising that she should not have accomplished learning to read; she never gave up the attempt, and every day for many years tried to spell out a few words in the Bible. With the greatest

difficulty she used to get through about a verse, and then (most likely she was tired) wake up to the idea that she was wanted elsewhere, and say, "I not read any more now; think perhaps cook want me." Astra was most grateful to any one who would read to her, and generally asked for something from either the Psalms or the Gospels. Some of the parables in St. Luke's were great favourites; the writer of this has frequently seen tears in the dear old woman's eyes when listening to the "Lost Sheep," "The Pharisee and the Publican," and "The Prodigal Son." She had a quaint way of applying to herself literally everything in the Psalms, and once disturbed the gravity of the reader by interrupting her at the words, "Yea, even mine own familiar friend," with, "But I got no familiar friend."

Her inaptitude for book learning was a great distress to her. She used to shake her head, and sigh, saying, "Ah! poor me, God know I fool; perhaps He make it all right some day." Again, when she heard, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," she broke out with, "Well, even I not such a fool as that."

Like many others who enjoy excellent health, Astra often fancied that she had some dreadful complaint; and she of course always miscalled it. One day it would be, "I think I got canister" (cancer); another time, "I quite sure I have population of the heart." She finally decided that she had a "porpoise" (polypus) in her nose. One of her favourite walks was in the beautiful cemetery at T—. Her moralisings amongst the graves were often as touching as they were original. She took a great fancy to a particular sheltered nook in this garden of the dead, and made up her mind that there should be her grave, till one day she returned much put out, because, as she expressed it, "somebody been and taken my place."

All old servants are more or less given to plain speaking. Astra was no exception to the rule; but nobody was ever angry or even annoyed with her. Her sallies were generally received with shouts of laughter. Astra considered herself bound on all occasions to uphold the dignity of the family to which she belonged. One day she was noticed, by some of the young lady members of the family, to be depressed and out of spirits. At last one of the girls said to her, "Astra, what is the matter?" Then the grievance came out. "How is it none of you young ladies marry? Other folks' servants come and say to me, 'Our young lady going to be

married; why yours not marry?' Then I say, 'Poof, can if like; nobody good enough.' But I know better: would if could; nobody have; that's why you not marry."

The matiny in India excited Astra's utmost detestation and horror; it made her almost hate her own country and people. Her ideas of retributive justice were by no means satisfied by the hanging of the mutineers. "What," she said, "only hang they wild beasts who kill the poor ladies and the dear little chields? I know what I do to them. First I beat; then I pinch; then I scratch; then I say, 'How you like it?' After that I hang." Soon after this expression of her feelings, she had an interview with a black man; one of those Indians, dressed in native costume, with long greasy black curls, so often to be met with in large towns. Opening the door a small bit, Astra pokes out her little black face, and says sharply, "What you want?" The man replies, "To teach you to make a curry, mem." Astra gropes in her large pocket, and brings out sixpence, which she hurriedly gives the man, saying, "There, I give you something because you my countryman; now go." The indignant native receives this with, "Ah, mem, you needn't be so grand. Do you know I got a white woman for my wife?" "What!" says Astra, "you mean to say a white woman marry you? More fool she, then; I know I not." Astra then triumphantly retires, banging the door in her countryman's face.

It was always Astra's desire to die before her mistress; she could not bear the idea of surviving her oldest friend. Once, when her mistress was very ill, the old woman grew quite indignant with the doctors because they did not cure their patient directly. Her description of this illness was most characteristic. One of the sons of her mistress requested her to tell him all about his mother's illness. Accordingly Astra began:—"Ah! Mr. Henry, missis been very ill; I quite afraid she die. We had parcel of doctors about, and they shake head. First doctor come and say to missis, 'You very weak; must take mutton chop, glass of wine, often.' Then he have a guinea for dat. Poor missis no better, so have another doctor. He say, 'Mum, what you been taking?' Then missis tell him, and he say, 'Take it away, take it away; must have only water-gruel.' Then he have a guinea for dat. Poor missis no better. Next doctor come, he throw up window, and say, 'Oh! how hot this room! Must take air, go out in

carriage.' Then there's a guinea for dat. Poor missis still very bad ; so have another doctor, and he say, 'Mustn't go out ; shut it all up, shut it all up.' Then there's another guinea for dat. Last doctor say missis must take pepsine. Then she get well. You know what pepsine is?" "Yes, Astra ; it is a preparation of the rennet of the calf." "Yes, that just it. When missis well, I bring her beautiful junket, and she say, 'Take it away, nasty stuff, it got calf's rennet in it.' Now poor missis have to take rennet without junket. He! he! he! that make me laugh."

Four years before her death Astra had a slight attack of paralysis. She quite made up her mind that her end was approaching. She said, "Now I know I die, because I see angels, and black dogs come and wag tail at me." Can this strange notion have been the remains of some Hindoo superstition? Two of the granddaughters were in the room, and also two or three fellow-servants of the invalid. Calling them each to her bedside, Astra proceeded to the disposal of her worldly possessions.

Beginning with one of the young ladies, she said, "Here, miss, give you this brooch, my dear, Keep ~~for my sake~~ ; better take now, save trouble ~~after I dead~~." Then she presented each of the servants in turn with a remembrance, ~~saying the same words to each of them.~~ One of them being unable to repress a smile, Astra caught her up with, "What you smile for? That work-box very good ; cost me plenty money ; I give a sovereign for it." The other young lady, who had been left out in this general distribution of gifts, then drew near the bed, and said, "Well, Astra, are not you going to give me anything?" A whimsical expression came across the old woman's features, and with a twinkle in her eye, she answered, "Oh yes, my dear child, I give you my blessing ; better take now, save trouble by-and-by."

After this illness, Astra became gradually more feeble in body, and at times distressingly depressed in mind. She could not reconcile herself at first to becoming a burden to those whom it was her greatest happiness to serve. At times she would cry bitterly, and refuse to be comforted, because, as she said, "I no use to anybody now, only great trouble to all." She had the use of her faculties almost to the last, and often when one fancied that she was unable to follow what was said, she would come out with one

of her sharp odd sayings. Only a year before she died, Astra was able to enjoy a visit to Windsor. The castle was a source of great interest to her. Her curiosity to see everything about it was so great, that it was difficult sometimes to prevent her intruding into parts not open to the general public. Before she could be prevented, she would suddenly dart into any doorway she happened to be passing. On one occasion she was stopped by a sentinel on guard. After looking the dignified grenadier up and down, Astra turned away and, to the amusement of the bystanders, said, with a sort of grunt, "Umph! I suppose he think I want to carry away Castle."

There is little else to record of poor Astra ; she had been failing for some time before she finally took to her bed. Happily she suffered no pain. There was no clinging to this life with Astra ; she seemed glad to think that the time of her departure was so near. She became very helpless, and the last few days lost the power of articulation. On the day of her death a restlessness was noticed about her ; she appeared to be wanting something, but had not the power of expressing what she desired. At last one of the family she had nursed and lived with for so many years, ~~leant~~ over her to try and catch her meaning, at the same time placing her hand on one of those of her dying nurse. This was what the poor faithful creature had been wanting ; she wished to bid a last farewell to those she loved. Taking the hand in both her own, she raised it with difficulty, and pressed it to her lips. She then seemed satisfied, and soon after fell into a quiet sleep, in which her spirit passed away.

It was found that Astra had put aside a certain sum of money to defray her funeral expenses. Some years previously she brought to her mistress a large sum, the accumulation of her wages, and said, "This no use to me ; you better take it back. When I want money, I ask you." Astra was very generous, with quite the Oriental taste for making handsome presents. She used to always accompany her gifts with, "What I give, I give good. Don't tell anybody what I say, else they laugh." She was very sensitive about exciting ridicule from her peculiarities, and on this account very shy with strangers. Devotedly fond of children, she was a great favourite with them, and will long be remembered affectionately by many young people as well as older ones.

A. CORNISH.

THE COO OF THE CUSHAT.

OVER the smooth lawns, broided with violets,
 Over the hedges of snow-white thorn,
 Over the billowy, pink apple-blossoms,
 The musical coo of the cushat is borne.

In the still depths of the dim old plantations,
 Where the sweet-whispering night-wind stirs
 The delicate scent from the dew-sprinkled
 flowers,
 It sings by its nest in the tall green firs.

So peaceful, so pure, so divinely contented—
 The world out of sight and its true love nigh—
 Their little grey wings softly folded together;
 What dreams I have set to that melody!

I listen at dawn, and I listen at even,
 I hear the notes bubbling all day long;
 Through the woodpecker's laugh and the chirp of the
 titmouse—
 Little dove, yours is the sweetest song!



I envy you, though you're so small and so humble;
 I wish I were like you, you shy little dove;
 So far from the world and so free from its passion,
 Yet sure of your white eggs and sure of your love.

I wish I were pure from low earthly ambitions—
 As quiet and calm and contented as you;
 I wish my heart held such a well-spring of music,—
 That I were as gentle and trustful and true.

And now you have only to live and be happy;
 To rear up your young ones and teach them to coo;
 O sing on, and teach *me* the heavenly lessons,—
 To be faithful and worthy of God's word, too.

Teach me so humbly to take what He gives me,
 The manifold duties, the great and the small;
 Teach me so simply to do what He bids me,
 Loving and truthful, and thankful for all.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

I.—AT HOME.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND HIS WORK.

THE British nation had come to be like the father of Saul; she had left off caring for the asses, and was concerned only for her son. The sources of the Nile might remain an unsolved problem for a couple of millenniums more, and no one would have broken his heart; but for her dear son, David Livingstone, the whole country was greatly troubled. And now we are likely to recover both the asses and our son. Though no *Te Deum* has been sung in cathedrals, it has been sung by many a grateful heart. And many a blessing has been poured on the head of the brave old man who still sticks to the post of duty, and will not bend his footsteps homeward till he has completed his task. Who can estimate the moral influence of such devotion to duty on a vast nation that looks on, half regretting, and yet admiring! Yet there is always something to chequer the happy feelings of such a time. We mourn that Livingstone's great friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, is no longer among us to read his friend's letters, and shake his sunburnt hand when at length he sets foot in England. It looks as if that would have been the keystone of the noble undertaking. In place of that, however, we have the pleasure of coupling America with Great Britain, and welcoming our traveller in the name of both branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. There can be no dispute about the claims, direct or indirect, of an American gentleman to have been first to discover and relieve Dr. Livingstone. For ourselves we would welcome the circumstance as a further proof, if further proof were needed, of the identity of the two nations in their deepest feelings, and as an omen of their future participation in many an enterprise for the advancement of philanthropy, science, and religion. And who would for a moment dispute which of the two *roles* would be the better for either party—war, even if crowned by the most brilliant victories; or peace, leading the two nations hand in hand, to rid the earth of accursed slaveries, and bless it with all the blessings of the gospel?

Dr. Livingstone's letters have been like the wag-gons sent by Joseph for Jacob—they have scattered the last remains of incredulity, and convinced all that David our son is yet alive. The geographical discoveries refer chiefly to the sources of the Nile. He has now, he says, ascertained that the sources of the Nile are contained in an upland district, lying between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, and extending about seven hundred miles from east to west. Of the seven hundred, Dr. Livingstone has explored six hundred, but the remaining hundred, he thinks, will be found to be the most interesting of the whole, and it is to explore that portion that he has now gone back. The fountains of the Nile, he says, are all but infinite; it would take a man the better part of his life to count them.

I. N.S.

The smaller rivulets unite to form four great lines of drainage, which unite and flow northward. The four streams are all called by the natives Lualabas, and the name of each Lualaba is connected with some traveller. The mountains in the watershed district are believed to be the Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy. In the unexplored part, Dr. Livingstone expects to find the sources mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva at Sais, not issuing, like the rest, from oozy sponge, but from an earthen mound, and proceeding half northwards to Egypt, and half south to Lower Ethiopia.

Thus it would seem that we are on the eve of seeing the mystery dispelled that has so long hovered about the river which floated the cradle of Moses, and on whose banks there flourished so wonderful a civilisation, and was enacted so marvellous an Act in the great drama of the world's religious history.

The interest of his geographical discoveries, however, great though it is, is second, in general estimation, to the interest of his statements regarding the slave-trade in the East of Africa. "This fine country," he says, "is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, may be kept in abeyance till some future time when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave-dealers." "The whole traffic, whether on land or ocean, is an outrage on the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the untold evils it inflicts, it presents almost insurmountable obstacles to intercourse between the different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, and partly to ignorance of the more civilised of mankind of the blight which lights chiefly on the more degraded. Piracy on the high seas was once as common as slavery is now, but as it became known, the whole civilised world rose against it."

That the negro in a state of freedom is a much finer animal than the negro enslaved is clearly shown by our traveller, and can easily be comprehended by those who know how different even the donkey and the dog are, when well treated, from the same animals exposed to the roughest usage. African slaves are rarely other than ugly; African chiefs and African ladies are often extremely pleasing and handsome. But here is an enterprise for humanity and Christianity—the extermination of this odious slave-trade. Here is something to call forth a new order of chivalry. Evangelical religion in England was never so healthy or so mighty as when, in the persons of the Clapham sect, it bent its energies to the extermination of the slave-trade in our colonies. The religion of our day is needing some great enterprise to draw forth its energies and purify it from many paltry elements. When Dr. Livingstone returns the nation will be at a loss what to make of

him—in what shape to express its gratitude. Titles are out of the question. For one who has led such a life, a change from simplicity to luxurious habits would be impossible. The nation will of course see to it that he shall want for no substantial comfort. But the true national testimonial to Livingstone would be a kind of Solemn League and Covenant against the East African slave-trade—a great, earnest bending of the national energies to the breaking the last yoke from the neck of the negro. And, inasmuch as Livingstone is a Christian missionary, and the animating spring of his self-denying life is the love of Christ, it is the Christian church that ought to take the lead in the enterprise, although the forces of the State may have to be called into operation to carry it to a triumphant issue. But it is an enterprise well fitted to unite all hearts and all hands.

HOLIDAY GATHERINGS.

Holiday gatherings are of sundry sorts—many of them very delightful. Boys and girls coming home from school; friends paying visits at country homes; pedestrians walking together through the Highlands; friendly groups travelling on the Continent—all enjoying a fresh phase of existence, basking for a little in social sunshine, exchanging the dusty highway for one or other of the green lanes of life. Among such gatherings one of the most interesting kinds is that of friends, in different walks of society it may be, working together for the Christian good of the people. One of our "great lords" fulfils Tennyson's wish, and throws open his park for the City Missionaries, or some other hard-tasked class, more familiar with the close air and rotten surroundings of the back slums than with shaven lawns and spreading elms, and clumps of evergreens. Along with such visitors there will be present a number of friends, of a grade of society somewhat higher, but animated by the same spirit of love, and devoted to the same self-denying Christian life. If it be true that one of our purest joys is to see others enjoying themselves, such a gathering is sure to afford it. The very contrast which such a sight presents to the ordinary scenes and haunts of the workers, is a source of great interest and enjoyment. To a City Missionary it is no ordinary pleasure to miss the inevitable gin-palace at the corner, and the staring announcement of Brewman, Muddle, & Co.'s Entire. He becomes a ready convert to the somewhat questionable doctrine of Cowper—"God made the country, but man made the town." And yet, strange to say, when he goes back to his district, and tries to speak of heaven, it is a town! It is "the city that hath foundations," "the New Jerusalem," with walls, gates, streets, and all the other features of a town; yet with something of the country imparted—a river of water of life, and the tree of life in the midst of the street, and on either side of the river, with its twelve manner of fruits, and the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations.

We have before us an account of one of these gatherings. It is the City Missionaries' holiday, and it is spent at Knot's Green, in Essex. There are

three hundred and ninety of them, and as there are two hundred friends to meet them the party is somewhat large. Lawns, paths, gardens, conservatories, tents, summer-houses, rustic seats, and masses of geraniums and calceolarias everywhere invited the eye of the stranger. Solid food and light refreshments, ices and fruit, tea and coffee are in ample abundance. There is a Syrian girl, in oriental costume, telling of Miss Mott's Schools in the far-off East. Yonder is Mr. Bernardo, talking of the little boys at Stepney, their past life, and the change that has come over them. Hard-working clergy from the East-end are there, with their souls deep in their difficult work. Miss Macpherson is there, just returned from Canada, with fresh news of the Canadian homes, and the eagerness of the farmers to get the children she takes out. Shoeless, ragged, and friendless, often bearing on their persons the marks of brutal treatment, it seems as if the curse were visibly repealed when they go to the West, as it is really repealed in the case of not a few whose hearts receive the message of the Saviour's love, and are changed into the same image. The Quaker costume is not unfrequently at the gathering, and the quiet and measured, but hearty and loving words of those who wear it are in full harmony with the scene. Encouragement seems to breathe out from every side, and a new feeling of hopefulness takes possession of the most dispirited worker. All feel that it is a great work they are engaged in, worth all the sacrifices of a lifetime, sure to be blessed and rewarded in the end. Ere the dispersion there is a little speech-making, and hymn-singing, and prayer, and the benediction closes the scene. Away they go with its divine echoes sounding in their ears and something of its reality in their hearts. The air of Paradise seems around them; when they get home they fall asleep dreaming of heaven.

Next morning they go out among the old scenes; dirt, waste, drunkenness, sin, and misery. But the text is more vivid than usual—"Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

PROGRESS OF HUMANITY—THE MINING INTEREST.

The bill for the regulation of coal mines, now passed into a law, shows that at length the legislature has begun to take care of a class that for many long ages have been sadly neglected. The government inspection as hitherto practised has never been productive of much good. From time to time the most frightful accidents have occurred, arising in part probably from the carelessness of the workmen, but in part also from the cupidity of the owners and the indifference of the managers. The regulations of the new Act are fitted in some degree to check these evils. They are also fitted to check the employment of children of a very tender age, and for an excessive number of hours. The act makes it illegal to employ children under ten years of age. And after a considerable fight, especially in the House of Lords, the number of hours at which children may be employed is not to exceed fifty-two per week. Those

who know the nature of the employment will feel that these regulations, if they err at all, do not err on the side of leniency, but rather on the side of stringency.

According to Lord Shaftesbury's ideas, the regulations are not sufficiently favourable to children. His Lordship's personal opinion is, that boys ought not to be sent under the age of twelve. But he has waived his own opinion on this point in order to obtain that instalment of benefit which the Act secures. The employment of the coal-miner is in every case a sufficiently repulsive one. To employ children of the most tender age in such places is in all instances undesirable, and can only be justified on the plea of necessity. It is against the instincts of nature to work in the dark, and such opposition to instinct is peculiarly trying to children. Some of the places in which children's labour is employed are pits in which the seam is unusually thin, and the passage not much larger than can admit the child creeping on all fours. It is obvious that in such a position the work of hewing the hard rock can only be done in the most constrained attitudes, and that when trucks have to be dragged along the passage, the effort required must often be beyond the child's strength. It is no wonder that disease is often gendered in such circumstances. And it is no wonder that a boy who has spent a long day in such labour can have little relish for school-work in the evening. Every consideration of humanity shows that such labour should be guarded by careful regulations, and that every effort should be made to obviate or at least to limit the evils with which it is connected.

It is much to be regretted that Lord Shaftesbury should have met with something like rudeness in the House of Lords while setting forth his humane and Christian views in reference to this mode of employment. It is not much to be wondered at that many coalmasters, who look to their own enrichment, should think little of the case of their workmen, and even sneer at the endeavour to alleviate the hardships of their employment by proposing to enact that no man should be allowed to work for his livelihood six feet under ground. We are but too well accustomed to see how the greed of gain makes some men indifferent to the welfare of their assistants—body, mind, and soul alike. But in the House of Peers one did not expect to find this hard spirit. Rather it was to be expected that a body exempted by their position from all the troubles attending hard manual labour, whether above ground or below, would have been eager to show their regard for the case of those to whose lot so much disagreeable and dangerous labour falls. We rejoice, however, that the proposal to increase the hours of labour beyond fifty-two, was not persisted in. And in the Coal-mines Regulation Act, we rejoice to see another proof of the progress of a Christian spirit, albeit it has regard to little more than the outward comfort and well-being of the miner.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Conference has brought before the public various facts relating to

the progress of the body, as well as the expression of its opinion on a number of the leading questions of the day. On the subject of education, it was reported that a considerable increase, both of schools and scholars, had taken place. Mr. Arthur uttered an emphatic protest against the denominational system of education, and was supported by Mr. Lidgett, but it appeared that the general feeling was in favour of the system of the School Act. On the subject of chapel building, it appeared that during the year more than £287,000 had been expended on chapels, schools, houses, organs, &c. The movement in reply to Sir Francis Lycett's offer to contribute £50,000 in aid of new chapels, if the like sum were raised by others, has been completely successful, fully £57,000 having been received. The Foreign Mission enterprise had been well supported, the income having been £148,000, besides £28,000 in aid of the fund for extinguishing debt, and for evangelistic work in Rome and Naples.

At the meeting of Conference, much interest was caused by the appearance of "Father Jackson," the oldest minister of the denomination, who was ordained in 1804, and has, consequently, been some sixty-eight years a Wesleyan minister. He had come, he said, to see the Conference for the last time. It did him good to see that company of Methodist preachers, and he prayed that his spirit might be with them in the better world. Among the subjects that occupied very prominently the attention of the Conference, that of the Contagious Diseases Acts was conspicuous. A memorial was presented, requesting that strong efforts should be put forth towards having the Acts repealed. Referring to the petitions signed by immoral women at Windsor, Colchester, and other places, which have been presented to Parliament, the memorial said, "These are the first instances in English history where prostitutes have addressed Parliament avowedly as members of a recognised calling, and have absolutely been brought forward to advise the House of Commons as to what is good for the country at large." It was decided unanimously that a standing committee should be appointed to take action in the matter whenever required; that a memorial to the Government should be drawn up and signed; and that permission should be sought for a small deputation to wait on the Prime Minister, and express to him the mind of the Conference on the matter. The general opinion seemed to be that the entire power and influence of Methodism should be brought to bear on the subject, and that they should never relax their efforts till the acts were repealed.

At a subsequent meeting a memorial to the Prime Minister was agreed to, to be signed by all the ministers.

It must be evident that the Conference have thrown themselves with unusual heartiness into this matter, which excites their deepest feelings, and is felt to be connected most intimately with the highest welfare and true honour of the country.

Another resolution was adopted expressing the earnest sympathy of the Conference with the policy of Prince Bismarck in his attempts to put down the

Jesuits in Germany; the policy of that statesman being regarded as one of the deepest importance to Europe, and indeed to Protestantism throughout the world. Mr. Arthur said that it was a happy thing that, at a time when Romanism had boasted that England was going over to Popery, and when the Roman Catholic hierarchy said they had no need to conduct a controversy in their defence in England—for others not professedly of their communion did that for them—it was a happy thing that, in such a crisis, there had arisen in Germany the present reaction against Romanism. In England, as elsewhere, Popery sought to re-establish itself by means of political power, and it would be well if they, as Methodists, were found associated with every influence taking the broad and scriptural ground that religion should not be made an instrument of political organization, as it had been by the Jesuits.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.

The annual gathering of this branch of the Methodist denomination has been held at Bristol. One of the most interesting things at this meeting was the appearance of the Rev. C. New, interpreter to the Livingstone Secret Expedition.

Mr. New assured the Conference that it was with profound satisfaction that he met them. Ten years ago he sat in that assembly, and the Foreign Mission Secretary applied on that occasion for him as a missionary for East Africa. He returned home to Cornwall, and after earnest prayer he placed himself in the hands of the committee, and on the 12th of December of the same year he sailed from Southampton, and reached Zanzibar in April, 1863. The whole of the period since that time he had spent on the East Coast of Africa. He had stood to his post; and, though he had not done a thousandth part of what he could wish, he had done his best. He was suddenly brought into connection with the Livingstone expedition; his profound veneration for Dr. Livingstone as a missionary, as an explorer, as the great vindicator of African freedom, induced him to join the expedition, hoping to be of service to him and to the great cause of Christianity. That expedition was broken up, but it was not broken up through any fault of his. He expected a little blackballing; he did not know whether he deserved it; he did not think he did, for he could vindicate his conduct in connection with that expedition, and throughout he had done no single action that would disgrace his brethren of the Church with which he was connected.

At a subsequent tea-meeting, Mr. New spoke of his labours, his exploring expeditions for missionary purposes into the interior, his discovery of snow on the African mountains, and his intense interest in the mission work of that continent. He referred to the indescribable horrors of the African slave-trade, stating that 70,000 slaves were annually sold, which, however, only represents about one-fifth of the number actually captured, the others dying through their cruel treatment. He paid a high tribute to the pioneer labours of the Rev. Dr. Krapf, to the bravery and

energy of his (Mr. New's) colleague, the Rev. T. Wakefield, to the nobility and unexampled courage of Dr. Livingstone, and to the enterprise of Mr. Stanley.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN BRITAIN.

Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who has been paying a visit to Great Britain, at a recent meeting in London gave expression in a characteristic vein to his views on the religious life and activity with which he had come into contact:—

“He had just been spending an hour with that great intellectual master, Thomas Carlyle, who, in his most extraordinary Carlylese, had expressed the opinion that Europe was ‘sunk and swallowed up in one abominable and damnable cesspool of fetid lies, and shoddies, and shams,’ but he had seen quite enough since he has been in this country to keep alive a much more hopeful view of the matter than that. He had been in company with some of the motors, the steam-power men of the religious movements. In one day he had heard from that wonderful Spurgeon how he works his machinery; he had inspected Westminster Abbey, in company with its learned historian, and had stood in the Jerusalem Chamber while Dean Stanley pointed out to him the locality occupied by the various members of the Westminster Assembly of Divines when the Catechism was produced; he had been in the company of one of the most brilliant members of the Congregational body, and had afterwards visited that Apostle John of Quakerism, Joseph Bevan Braithwaite. That was something like ‘boxing the compass,’ yet he found underneath all this diversity of views a love of God’s Word and a love of God’s people, and he believed that from all he received a more hearty welcome from the fact of his being an American. He had twice breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone, and had on each occasion been impressed, not only with the intellectual force, dignity, and strength which characterized his utterances, but with his downright sincerity, his transparent honesty of heart, and the deep under-current of devotion and Christian feeling manifested. He felt that British Christians had reason to thank God that, in the highest place of influence in the realm, there sits a man who fears God, and endeavours to keep his commandments. A few days ago he (Dr. Cuyler) sat in the chair of John Bunyan, and afterwards addressed an assembly which comprised inhabitants of Turley, Bedford, and Olney; and when he remembered the associations connected with the names of Legh Richmond, Bunyan, and Cowper, his feelings quite overpowered him. . . . The real interchange between Great Britain and America must be an interchange of working reformers, practical philanthropists, and Christ-loving Christians. He rejoiced that there had been the recent newspaper discussion and kicking backward and forward of the football of diplomacy. ‘Blood is thicker than water.’ The question of peace between the two countries was settled from the beginning, and now settled finally. Public indignation on either side of the Atlantic would have arrested and indicted as a nuisance any statesman who had ventured to utter the word ‘war.’ Britain and America had one commission to preach the gospel, and to show throughout the world how truly they love one another. Each might learn something from the other. America, with its love of speed, starts the train with the watchword, ‘Go a-head!’ Britain, with more caution, steadiness, and thoroughness,

starts the train with the motto, 'All right!' He believed that the combination of these qualities would give the ideal nation and ideal Church of our time."

Dr. Cuyler is a typical American, happily of the best Christian species. He is American all over. Yet he is the Christian more than the American. One might apply to him an observation of his own in reference to Scotland, and say, "God made the Americans larger than America."

THE MEMORIAL ABOUT THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

In a former number reference was made to the memorial on the subject of the Athanasian Creed, subscribed by upwards of seven thousand laymen, and presented, under the auspices of Lord Shaftesbury, to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. We content ourselves with now recording the fact that the archbishops in acknowledging receipt of the memorial have expressed themselves as prepared, under all the circumstances, to assent to the course recommended to them. It may be remembered that it was not proposed by the memorialists that anything contained in the creed should be renounced or altered, but that "the recital of the creed in the public service of the Church should no longer be compulsory." Effect cannot be given to the opinion of the archbishops until the reassembling of Parliament. In reviewing the whole subject the *Times* has remarked, "Lord Shaftesbury has rendered the Church many a service, but he never rendered her a greater than in compelling this recognition of a long-neglected grievance."

II.—ABROAD.

THE PARIS SYNOD ON CHURCH AND STATE.

The question of the union of Church and State having been remitted to the various provincial synods and consistories of the Reformed Church, the results of the consideration of the subject have since been published. The following précis states the prevailing views:—

The opinion of the majority seems to favour the principle of the separation between Church and State, and would ask that measures should be taken to prepare the Church for this event, but not to precipitate it unduly. Very diverse opinions are expressed upon this important question. It is very natural that the partisans of the present state of things, *le régime concordataire*, should, with the exception of a few consistories, have abstained from expressing their opinion upon this delicate problem, since the question has not been formally proposed. The friends of separation, on the contrary, have been compelled to take the initiative, and to stimulate by their propositions and wishes the new circumstances which they believe would be more conformable to the interests of the Church and the State. It may be said that the leading opinions upon this subject have been formulated in the propositions which were placed upon the bureau of the Synod. The proposition of M. Babut asks the Synod to address a formal petition to the National Assembly in favour of the separation of the Church and State; but the petitioners do not pronounce upon the question of whether it is desirable for the Reformed Church to detach itself immediately.

The proposition of M. Colani asks for separation for all forms of religion, to begin 1874; and those who sign do not ask for the separation of the Reformed Church, unless the other forms of religion are separated also. The proposition of M. Rabaud asks for immediate separation for the Reformed Church, even although separation applied partially and only to the Reformed, would risk the Roman Catholic Church being constituted into a sort of State religion. But the petition prays the Synod to ascertain, before putting it into execution, the opinion of the Churches. Finally, the proposition of M. Faure, which is the most radical, wishes that from 1873 the Concordat, concluded between the Reformed Church and the State, would be cancelled by both parties in order that henceforth the two tendencies which divide our Church might organize themselves according to the views of each, and work unfettered and in their own way for the salvation of our common country.

THE ALT-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

The chief feature of interest in this movement for the last month or two has been the tour of the Archbishop of Utrecht in Bavaria, performing the functions associated with the episcopal office among the adherents of the new movement. The Archbishop of Utrecht is the representative of a most interesting movement too little known in church history. The controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists was one of the most remarkable instances of the conflict of might and right. The Jansenists, whose most talented and holy champions were those of the celebrated Port Royal, had to bend before the superior force that was brought against them by the Jesuits. In Holland, however, they found a refuge; and the Archbishop of Utrecht, who now represents them, heads a community that retains its outward connection with Rome, though severed from it in every vital interest, and though much more closely attached, in most things, to the Protestant communion.

After describing a long visit of the Archbishop of Utrecht to Bavaria, a correspondent of the *Times* remarks:—

"Thus several thousand German people have now not only been shaken loose from faith in an 'infallible' Pope, as well as from confidence in a good deal more of Ultramontane teaching, but have visibly realised that they can have a bishop, and enjoy all the functions the Church allots to him 'by the grace of God,' without depending on that of Rome. A powerful spell has been effectually broken, an old and strong link snapped, and they have learnt that they can be in full Church communion while yet freed from what Herr von Wolf so graphically called the 'esel tritt' of blind following of Papal guidance. Such a decided step forward cannot fail to be followed by further consequences. Although these good men have not thus far felt their way to any changes in their services, other than the substitution of Old Catholic for Roman pastors and teaching, it is cheering to know that they look forward to the day when their national tongue shall be restored for worship, and other important practical points of reformation, and return to purer primitive Catholicism follow."

STATISTICS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

In Father Gagarin's work on "The Russian Clergy," the number of parishes in Russia is given as

36,000, and the aggregate of the incomes of their clergy is supposed to be about £4,700,000, of which the Treasury contributes £600,000, "houses and properties belonging to parishes" yield £100,000, and the rest arises from the "contributions of the parishioners." The average income of the clergy of each parish amounts, therefore, to about £130. Of this the priests get half, the deacon a quarter, and the remainder goes to the "two clerics discharging the duties of sacristan, beadle, ringer, lector, &c.—that is to say, in parishes which are fully officered. As many districts, however, do not enjoy diaconal ministration, the average income of a parish priest, arising from the sources which have been mentioned, may be fixed at £83. In addition to this, he derives from the share of land allotted to him an income which, in a fertile district, may rise as high as £40 a year, and he receives from his parishioners "a species of tithe paid in kîpî," the value of which varies according to the locality.

The deacons of Russia are 12,444 in number, and these cost the country (at about £32 a head) £400,000, besides the value of the lands allotted them. It is easy to believe that "the existence of the deacon is a painful one." His wants are similar to those of the priest, and he has only about a third of a priest's income. "The character with which he is clothed forbids him the exercise of many professions, without opening to him access to the laborious practical functions of the ministry. His office ended, the church has no further need of him." He might, it is true, act as a schoolmaster, but he is generally so ignorant that he is incapable of teaching anything. The best thing that can be done with him, suggests Father Gagarin, is to suppress him altogether.

Next to the deacons, in the Russian Church, come the "63,421 clerks, who discharge the duties of readers, chanters, sacristans, beadles, and ringers. They form part of the clergy, take part of the perquisites, and, further, are enrolled in the caste." There are generally two in each parish, and "their maintenance costs £600,000, or £9 10s. per head. Each has, besides, four hectares to cultivate, and creates resources from cows, pigs, poultry, kitchen-garden, &c. Sometimes they follow a trade, as that of a glazier, bookbinder, &c." One of their most essential accomplishments is the faculty of reading fast, for "the Eastern Liturgy is extremely long, and if the reader read in an intelligible manner, the whole day would be passed in church." Accordingly the reader hurries on at such a pace that it is impossible to understand anything. Sometimes, indeed, "in order to proceed still faster, two read at the same time different parts." Father Gagarin suggests that the offices should be abridged, in which case one clerk would be sufficient, who might be "a layman of good life and manners." At present "the 63,000 families of these clerks form the great majority of the caste," and a serious obstacle to many of the attempts to reform it.

III.—MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

SYRIAN SCHOOLS AT ZACHLEH.

Our readers have been informed in this journal of the success of the schools for Syrian females begun by the late Mrs. Boscawan Thompson. We are glad to find that an unusual measure of interest continues to exist in these schools, that their benefits are eagerly sought, and that remarkable changes are occurring in the native feeling regarding them. The following extracts from letters by Miss Wilson show the kind of impressions produced:—

"One of the dear girls in our first-class has been married—not on the Sabbath, as is the custom here, but on a Thursday, against the will of the priests. Tonica, the bride, and a very lovely bride of fifteen years she was, is niece to our landlord; and the bridegroom, a fine young Arab, is brother to our landlord's wife. He has been studying the Bible for some time—not, as he says, with his eyes, but with his heart, and he came out most remarkably on the occasion of his marriage. The house was for many days crowded with visitors, but the Bible was never out of his hands. To all who came he read and spoke with a fervour and earnestness only equalled by his cousin, the former image-painter. Four evenings we were invited to speak to them at their own and the houses of relatives. I went, accompanied by my teachers; but instead of foolishness and smoking it was to serious Bible-reading and singing of hymns. The bridegroom spoke for an hour and a half.

"We had not been long in when one of my teachers said to me, 'This man is a Protestant;' and I rejoiced over him as a new-born brother in the Lord.

"There is an old Maronite who for two years has been a constant attendant at our Sunday services, though he lives at the other end of the town. His people have beaten him to disable him from attending, yet still he comes. He is very poor, but a true believer, and takes all as a matter of course, saying, 'The Lord knows it all!'

"I formerly spoke to you of our old cook and steward, who for twenty-five years was at the English Consulate at Damascus, and served under seven English consuls, and cooked for our Prince of Wales. He is a great treasure to me, and is a Maronite, and was most faithful to his church and party, but has become so interested in Bible truth that he is most faithful in coming to hear the Word preached on Sabbath days. I sometimes find him busy at work, and a little child from the school perched beside him reading the Bible. I now find he is speaking of it to others.

"Last week I found an interesting-looking young man sitting with him. He had been long wishing to see me, for Georgius had been speaking to him at the mill, and he was very anxious to have a Bible. I invited him to my room, and had much conversation with him. He seemed in real soul-trouble; he said he was working for his body, his family, and his house, but no one cared for his soul. His brother had died, and he spoke of him with tears, very unusual in this country. He said the priest had got much money from him to pay for his soul's deliverance from purgatory, but he could not be sure of his release. I gave him a Testament, which I hear he is reading aloud to all who come to have their wheat ground at his mill.

"Very many come to our service—many more come to ask for Bibles, but we cannot get a sufficient supply. None are to be had in Beyrout, and I am obliged to give away those belonging to the school."

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