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Good words are worth much and cost little —Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1861.

ASS 1

EDITED BY

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

CHAPLAIN IN SCOTLAND TO THE QUEEN

And Illustrated by

J. B., J. D. WATSON, J. WOLF, F. WALKER,

AND OTHERS.

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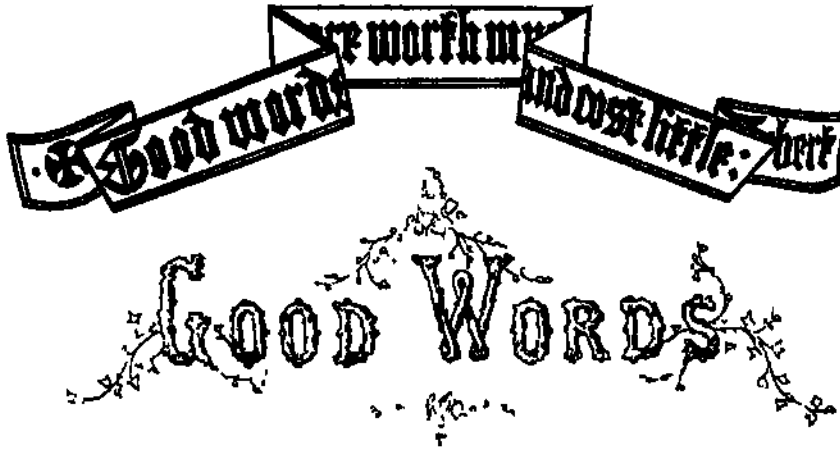

Good New-Year wishes for my friends!
  Good New-Year wishes truly!
In these my heart its fervour spends,
  Yet cannot speak them duly.
The very phrases others use
  Half jar upon my ear,
They seem to miss my inmost thought
  Of blended hope and fear.

"A happy year, with many more
  To follow in its train!"
So runs the hackneyed form, as though
  Long life to all were gain!
As though bright suns had only power
  To colour, not to fade!
As though no growth of human flower
  Were fairest in the shade!

My many friends, I dare not breathe
  A common wish for all!
A honeyed thought to *you* or *you*,
  To others were but gall.
So different the heart within,
  The outward life around,
Ye scarcely see the self-same sky,
  Or tread the self-same ground.

There are who wake from troubled sleep,
  This birthday of the year,
To feel their anguish but renewed
  By sounds of general cheer:

Some voice is still that greeted them
On last year's opening day;
Some eyes that dwelt on theirs with love,
In Earth are put away.

Last year had days and nights that passed
In sorrow soothed by sharing,
Now there is none to soothe and bless
By calm and cheerful bearing!
Their eyes may weep to dimness now—
No further need for hiding!
Of smiling back their loving flow,
For fear of loving chiding!

There are, to whom a cup of joy
So foaming o'er is given,
It seems too full for Life to drain—
It seems as Earth were Heaven!
They fain would fling their weight of bliss
On Time's too rapid flying,—
Stretch the glad moments into years,
And stay the years from dying!

There are, whom still the future lures
From present pastures fair,
With promise of a fuller life,
With whispered "Then!" and "There!"
Their hope lit Now seems cold and slow,
They pray to Time, "Speed fleeter!
Set—summer suns! pass—tranquil hours!
And make our bliss completer!"

And there are others, who foresee,
Throughout the coming year,
No rainbow in their leaden sky,
No special hope or fear:—
Their morrows tell the tale inscribed
On yesterday's dull page,
No wayside flower to mark the path
That leads from youth to age.

My many friends, how should I find
A wish ye all might share?
I dare not utter one at all,—
I change it to a prayer—
That He who knows each spirit's wants,
(Beyond *my* love to read,)
May mould your wishes to His will,
And crown them thus indeed:—

May give the lonely—patient hearts
The weight of Life to bear;
May nerve the loving and beloved
The thought of Death to dare!—
Before you all One Presence go,
To guard and guide you right;
To some, the pillared cloud by day,
To others, "Light by night!"

L. G. G.

THE EDINBURGH ORIGINAL RAGGED SCHOOL

HOW IT WAS GOT UP, AND WHAT IT HAS DONE

EDINBURGH, with the exception, perhaps, of some parts of Paris, is more full than any other town of interesting relics. Modern improvements easily clear away the brick walls that accommodate single families; but massive piles of stone are not so easily removed. Rising six, ten, even twelve and fifteen storeys high, yielding large rents and swarming with tenants they long defy old time and modern taste. Built to last, if let alone, till the knell of doom, these old houses of Edinburgh have, with few exceptions, yielded to no element but fire—and a mighty blaze they make! Such accidents however being of rare occurrence that long lofty, rock looking ridge which bounds its back up from the Castle down to Holyrood has much the same aspect that it had three hundred years ago. Since then the stone alone but the stage remains so little changed that were he to rise from the dead—though Bishop Latimer would be himself in modern London—John Knox would feel much at home to-day in the High Street of Edinburgh. Recognising as he went along many lofty tenements and quaint old gables with fleur de lis and thistle which he came near the Nether Bow he would find his old house not very much altered since the day he closed his good fight within its walls and was carried thence city attending his funeral, to his grave beneath the shadow of St Giles's crown.

Like Dumbarton, Stirling, Bruntisfield formerly all places of strength the capital of Scotland owed its existence to its Castle rock, that formed its nucleus. In troublous times people naturally sought shelter under the wings of such a fortalice, and when invading foes swept the open country, and laid happy homesteads waste with fire and sword, the security it afforded the asylum found within its walls, illustrate such expressions of Scripture as this, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." The High Street having begun at the Castle, and extending from it as the stem of a tree from its root, in that part which lies nearest the rock, as we might expect, its oldest and most interesting relics are found. There many visitors resort, and in autumn, when the New Town is all but deserted by its inhabitants, and the flocks on the rocky slopes of Arthur's Seat or the neighbouring Pentlands might do worse than try a day's pasture on the grass of our fashionable squares, many are the groups of bearded foreigners, and lean Americans, and rotund Englishmen that are to be seen, with guide book in hand, diving into the dark closes, or spelling the black letter, or Greek, or Latin inscription above some low browed door, or gaping up at the lofty tenements where a foul, half-naked creature, with savage look, has thrust its unkempt head through a window from which, once on a day, fair maids of honour, lounging on velvet cushions, watched their gallants ride down the street to drive the English back across the border, or attend Court at Holyrood. Here, with scallop shell on their cloaks, lived knights who had fought for the Holy Sepulchre; here, Mary of Guise, bringing the blood of persecution into the Stuart race, had her palace and held her gay Court; here, rudely carved coronets mark the town houses of our oldest nobility here. "Laus Deo" on one house, "Sedes mearit optima coelo" on another on another, "Praised be the Lord my God, my Strength and my Redeemer" speak of the Reformation and the piety of its times; while here, close under the Castle guns on the broad esplanade, where lounging gather now to see raw recruits at the goose step, Edinburgh's old burghers met to see treason punished—Lord Lorbelles his head, Lady Glammis burned alive, and traitors in minor degree with men and women accused of witchcraft, perish at the fiery stake. In a neighbourhood so full of interesting associations, stands a modern building that disputes the public attention with the relics of the olden time. It is the Original Ragged School, and with an open Bible (the arms of our infirmary) carved above its door and nearly 300 children within its walls whom Christian charity has rescued from ruin it forms the most interesting object there to many. Leaving antiquarians to their dusty and dry researches, many have entered our school saying, with Moses, "I will turn aside, and see this great sight" and after visiting Palace, Castle, and the crowd of interesting objects of "mine own romantic town" they have left our Institution, pronouncing it the best sight in Edinburgh. I proceed to relate its history, its rise, its progress, and its success, in all which, the hand of Providence has so often appeared, that we may surely say of it, "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes."

Holland is the only country that appears at the period of the Reformation to have anticipated an increase of population—and provided for it. There the State enacted that whenever a parish added two thousand to its inhabitants, it should have an additional minister. But in Scotland there never was any such provision, such wise adaptation of Church and schools to the growth of the nation, as men might have been taught by God's works in nature, where the integument that covers our bodies stretches with their expansion, and trees shed their bark, and the serpent wriggles out of its old skin, and the crab throws off, like an ill fitting coat, its last year's shell for one suited to a twelvemonth's growth. For instance, St Cuthbert's or the West Church, once a country parish, lying on the skirts of Edinburgh, came to have the town extended into its fields till its population rose to 60,000 souls,—but never another church rose there. It was left with its one parish church, as if the petticoats of a child were fit clothing for a man. In this way, and in the course of time, chiefly, indeed, in the last century—for Scotland never fairly started in the race of progress till the last hope of the Jacobites was quenched in blood on Drummossie Moor—the population of our towns shot far ahead of the means of education and of religious instruction. There were no "children

of Issachar which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do"

Another cause which largely contributed to the ignorance and irreligion that now pervade the lowest strata of our cities, is found in the blight under which so many of the churches withered, and some of them all but died in the last half of the eighteenth century. How low the state of morals and religion even among the ministers of the gospel, revealed in the autobiography of Dr Carlyle of Musselburgh! Think of that poor old man, on the verge of his grave, boasting how he had stemmed the tide of fanaticism, and crushed the bigotry which took offence at ministers being play-goers! It appears from his Memoirs that the leading clergy of Edinburgh were in the habit of spending their evenings at taverns in the society of leading infidels, there men that professed to preach Christ, cracked their jokes and drank their claret with men who openly denied the Saviour, and gloried in their infidelity. "I," said the Psalmist, "am a companion to all them that fear thee," but in David Hume and Adam Smith the leading clergy had their bosom friends. So low indeed, had the standard not of religion, but of clerical decorum sunk, that the business of the General Assembly was arranged so as to allow the ministers during its sittings to spend their evenings in the theatre. So says Dr Carlyle. He was behind the scenes and knew all about it. And thus in a court, constituted in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, opened with prayer, dealing with the most solemn matters, those divines hurried through their business to be in time for the Play,—for the Farce at least, seeking compensation for the dreary dulness of the forenoon's work in hearty laughter over *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. This was very shocking, nor are we less shocked to read how one, who professed high orthodoxy, dared to boast of the number of bottles of claret he could carry under his belt. How could this have ended but in the utter ruin of religion, in the loss of all that our godly fathers had suffered, fought, and died to attain, unless, in answer to the prayers of a few who sighed and cried over the abominations of the land, God had returned to visit the vine his own right hand had planted, and that the boar out of the field had wasted.

This race of clergy is now extinct, like those monstrous animals which belonged to a former epoch,—and from whose ravages the world is happily delivered. But they have left more than their foot prints behind them. The mischief they did remains. To meet the wants of a growing population, the State did nothing for education, the Church did less than nothing for religion, and we have to reap the consequence of this neglect and apathy. They stand up there in thousands and tens of thousands, in our large towns who fear neither God, nor man, who go neither to church, nor chapel, who respect neither Sabbath, nor saint's day, who neither can educate their children, nor care to educate them, who live in the most abject poverty, and indulge in the most shocking vices, whose foul houses, hungry faces, and filthy rags are dreadful to look on in God's creatures; and who die as insensible to the future as the beasts that have no future, and dying, perish.

This is a fair description of the great mass of the people among whom I was called to labour, as one of the ministers of the Old Greyfriars' parish. It embraced a considerable portion of the Cowgate, with adjoining wynds, courts, and closes, and it was only a man in some measure imbued with the spirit of Dr Chalmers, who could have understood him as one day when we were looking over George Fourth's Bridge, down on smoking chimneys and old houses, and foul closes, patched windows stuffed with rags, and wretched objects creeping along the dirty street, he turned to me, and, his eye kindling with enthusiasm, exclaimed, "A beautiful field, sir, a very beautiful field." It was there, or in some such locality, that, many long years ago, I got my first glimpse of the rude, ignorant, and savage state of the children that always swarm thickest where the people are poorest. A student at College I accompanied a friend to a Sabbath school, which to accommodate an acquaintance he had undertaken to teach for that night. The room was large and dingy, dimly lighted with candles—there being no gas in those days. The door opened on such a set of ragamuffins as I had never seen before, whooping, whistling, yelling, singing. By entreaties and dint of perseverance, some order was at length established, and a psalm given out to sing. No Orpheus to charm these unruly spirits: my friend who could not sing, would sing, and his cracked voice and nasal twang was the signal for such an uproar! Poor fellow! he was very good and patient, he held on his way till he got to the end of the singing, and calling them to join in prayer, unfortunately closed his eyes. For a moment his reverent attitude and the voice of prayer, seemed, like the voice of Jesus on the stormy waters, to produce a great calm. But by and by I heard a curious noise, and shall not forget the sight which met my eyes on suddenly opening them, there—and behind them a crowd of grinning faces, red with efforts to suppress their laughter—stood two ragged urchins, each holding a flaming candle under my friend's nose, and I could not help thinking that there was a wicked cleverness in this, for it so happened that this feature of his face always, and especially on that winter night, looked very cold.

Then I wondered at the wickedness and rudeness of these boys, but I had not been three weeks ministering in the College Wynd and Cowgate, when I saw what accounted for it, and wonder was changed to pity. Of the first 150 I visited in the Old Greyfriars' parish, going from door to door, certainly not more than five attended any place of worship. I wandered in those houses for whole days without ever seeing a Bible, or indeed any book at all. I often stood in rooms bare of any furniture, where father, mother, and half a dozen children had neither bed nor bedding, unless a heap of straw and dirty rags huddled in a corner could be called so. I have heard the wail of children crying for bread, and their mother had none to give them. I have seen the babe pulling breasts as dry as if the starved-looking mother had been dead. I have known a father turn his step-daughter to the street at night—bidding the sobbing girl who bloomed into womanhood, earn her bread there as others were doing. I have bent over the

foul pallet of a dying lad to hear him whisper how his father and mother—who were sitting half drunk by the fireside—had pulled the blankets off his body to sell them for drink I have seen children blanched like plants growing in a cellar—for weeks they never breathed a mouthful of fresh air for want of rags to cover their nakedness, and I used often to observe in these dingy dwellings, where the air is poison, and the food is scanty, and the cold is bitter, and short is the gleam of sunshine, and they live in continual terror of a drunken father or mother, and where when they cry they are not kissed but beaten, that the children have an air of sadness, and look as if they never smiled I don't recollect of ever seeing a mother in these wretched dwellings dandling her infant, or of hearing the little creature crow or laugh as he leapt with joy There, infants have no toys, and mothers' smiles are rare as sunshine Nobody can know the misery I suffered amid those scenes of human wretchedness, woe, want, and sin How often did I sigh for my old country parish, with the larks in blue skies singing over my head, bean fields and golden gorse scenting the air with sweetest odours, primroses and blue bells springing at my feet, ruddy children hunting butterflies over clover fields the strong and swarthy ploughman dandling his babe at the cottage door, the cattle boy whistling as he drove the herd home, and the loved, glorious sea, emblem of God's mercy and a Saviour's righteousness, gleaming in sunshine from the golden sands where it broke in measured dash, out beyond the Bell Rock Tower, that stood up erect amid the surging waters like a Christian amid his trials

But the misery into which I had plunged was not, thank God! suffered in vain They say a prophet is prepared in a fiery furnace, and those years of suffering prepared me to do such service as I have rendered to the Ragged School cause I became acquainted with the condition of the poor set of the poor, and learned to pity, much more than to blame them I was taught, by many bitter disappointments, and profitless efforts to change the adults, that, though nothing is impossible with God, the best hope of raising the sunken masses lay in working on the rising generation, and I was brought to the conclusion, that unless the yawning gulph which separates these children from education is bridged over by a loaf of bread—unless, in other words, they are fed as well as educated at school—they must remain begging, or stealing or starving, to sink, if that is possible, into deeper depths of ignorance and crime

In 1841, Sheriff Watson had set up a Ragged School in Aberdeen, and not very long afterwards an opportunity, though not of my seeking, occurred of repeating his experiment in Edinburgh The congregation of Free St John's, after building their church, found themselves in possession of a large room in the under ground storey. We had to consider to what good purpose it could be turned It was proposed by some to open a Free Church school there To this I and others objected, on the ground that there was already an adequate number of common schools in the neighbourhood, and that a school below our church could only be filled at the expense of those, and to the injury of their teachers The neighbourhood swarmed with hundreds of ragged children who—obliged to steal, or beg their food, or starve—neither went, nor could go, to any common school, and with the view of saving a few of these, I proposed that the congregation should set up and maintain a ragged, feeding, industrial school, for some twenty or thirty waifs. The proposal was agreed to, and orders were given for the necessary apparatus of soup boiler and porridge pot But the morning came, and schemes sometimes as well as spangles, look different in day from what they do in gas, or candle light Some of our office bearers got, and not very unnaturally, alarmed at the responsibilities we were about to incur, and in consequence the attempt was abandoned But the hope of saving poor creatures from the wreck, was too dear, and had been too nearly realized to be abandoned without a further struggle Baffled in this direction, another lay open to me I might leave the limits of St. John's congregation, and of the Free Church, to launch out on the open sea, I might throw myself on the Christian public, irrespective of sect or party, for were these children saved, it was nothing to me to what church they might attach themselves, or whose arm plucked them from destruction Having undertaken to come forward with £70 for supporting a Ragged School under our church, and not having £70 nor £7 to spare, I had, with the view of appealing to friends far and, I had down the keel of my First Plea Let no man think poverty an unmitigated evil, for if I had been able to spare £70, I had never projected a Plea nor run the risk of being crushed in the Press And let no man lose heart, and abandon a good scheme because he meets chopping seas, and cross winds at the outset, since God may be thereby driving him on a better course, and toward greater ends than he ever dreamt of On my little pet scheme being abandoned, I said, in the bitterness of my heart, "All these things are against me," but God, who had planned a much greater and more catholic enterprise, was saying, 'My ways are not as your ways, and my thoughts are not as your thoughts"

The Plea was at length prepared and published. It fell on Edinburgh as falls a spark into a powder magazine The public mind had been prepared for the scheme, and like a great mountain-stone, which rains and melting snows had been silently undermining for years, it only needed a push to set the mass in motion Leaving him that moved it to wonder at the effect, away it went—taking grand, joyful bounds, and bearing all before it All men were ready to sing over the birth of this Christian enterprise They hailed the proposal to establish it on a broad, unsectarian basis The judges of the land, who had long mourned in secret over the practical injustice of the law, and public prosecutors who had reluctantly placed infants at the bar, and asked for sentence on creatures more fit to be pitied than punished, were among the foremost with offers of support, all sectarian feelings were engulfed in a flowing tide of common love and pity; and money poured in on us in sheals of letters, some bearing the stamp of sovereigns, and some the stamp of thimbles

At length our schools were opened with an at-

number of two score boys and girls and as these were fed in we increased the number. They also received their good meals, they came to school before breakfast, and left after supper, they went through daily ablutions, they were trained so many hours to work and had out so many to walk, they were taught to write and cypher, they received religious instruction—reading, and being examined on the Bible. Our superintendent Mr Gibb, soon won their affections, and we found ourselves a prize of talents. Our Committee of Management consisted of Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Baptists and United Presbyterians, Free Churchmen, Papists and Independents, worked together in happy harmony, and for a while we had to build to us the beautiful prayer of an Indian: "May your council fire never go out in the land, your sky be without a cloud." The cloud came at length, and brought with it rain. It happened thus. Nearly half of the wretched outcasts whom we had gathered into the school and were saving from a life of crime and misery were the children of nominal Roman Catholics. Some of these had no parents, and those who had belonged to the class of Papists that had sunk like too many of them nominally Protestant neighbours into practical heathenism. These children, foul and ragged, were taught to beg, and at all events to starve, nor until we made an effort to save them had either priest or prelate done for them than leave them to their fate—passing by on the other hand. I never indeed, literally saw a priest pass by on the other side, though my almost daily walk, some twenty years ago, was in the Cowgate. I never saw a priest there at all. They might have had other duties to do than to go forth like the good shepherd after their lost sheep. But I saw the gulf were left to grow up pickpockets, and the boys to become thieves. So it was, however, when poor children were gathered into our school, and taught to read God's blessed Word, Popery rose to rescue them from so great a danger. Father Lennan of Dundee was careless enough to show the cloven foot. He in effect boldly stated that he would prefer to see the children perish in the streets rather than get food and education and God's Word in the Dundee Ragged Schools. "For Heaven's sake" exclaimed this zealot, as if he could be ignorant that the wretches had no faith, and grew up polluted from their earliest years, "let them, spotless and with unshaken faith, perish to the world, rather than live in abundance, purchased at such risk, and perish eternally." In Edinburgh, the tools of Rome, keeping behind the scenes, acted with more caution, shrewdly guessing that grand speeches from the lips of Popish priests, on behalf of toleration and religious liberty, would sound queer to those who had read of the fires of Smithfield and St Andrews, of the tortures of the Inquisition, and the bloody massacre of St Bartholomew.

I have no wish to rake up the ashes of an old controversy, and since most of those with whom we had to fight are in their graves, it would be mere folly to exult over their defeat. *Requiescant in pace.* We insisted that every child in our school should read and be instructed daily in the Word of God, without asking the priest's leave—whether he would or would not. We held *that* to be really sectarian school that excludes the Bible from all or any, even as the Popish is really the sectarian decalogue, since it excludes the Second Commandment—and to make up the ten, splits the tenth into two. The gentleman who headed the opposition was incautious enough to state in his speech as I heard with my own ears, and an astonished public heard with theirs, and the newspapers reported—although the statement was omitted in his revised speech—that when in Ireland he had been told by Roman Catholics themselves, "that for a consideration they would rather be guilty of shooting a man, than of eating flesh on Friday," and the thrill of horror with which this was heard, proved that the citizens of Edinburgh would never consent to have the children they had adopted served with such "serpent food." We held that in a Ragged School, whatever might be the case in other schools, the object aimed at could not be accomplished without the pure milk of God's Word for these babes, and that the principle—although some good men among our opponents seemed to have lost sight of it in the dust of battle—was the irreconcilable and eternal difference between Protestantism and Popery, the principle that God has addressed His Word to all the human family. We held firmly to this that its free use is as much man's heaven bestowed right, as the free use of God's sun, and rain. Holding that no party, whether priest or presbyter, has any right to interfere between a parent and child, and holding also, that in having adopted these children whom we clothed, fed, and educated we were placed to them *in loco parentis*—in the position of parents—we felt as much bound to instruct them as to instruct our own children in the saving truths of the gospel. We had entered on the solemn responsibility of being their "keepers," and there lies the plain difference between the position of the directors of a Ragged School, and that of the patrons or managers of ordinary schools. Well, the dispute between us and those, who, some of them not intending it, fought for Popish intolerance was referred on their own motion to the decision of an Edinburgh public. The city was stirred to its depths. The Music Hall was filled to overflowing, and after a fair stand up fight for four hours before the leading men of Edinburgh on the platform and a magnificent audience in the area and gallery of the house, the question was put to the vote. I have seen nothing more glorious than the forest of hands that rose up to approve our principles, and few things so ludicrous as the five hands raised on the other side—a feeling which they indeed seemed to share to whom the hands belonged, for, greeted with a peal of laughter, the hands went down like a duck in the water at the shot of a gun. There was great joy that day in Edinburgh, and many who, like Eli, had been trembling for the Ark of God, when they saw us come back, with colours flying, from the field of a most important victory, gave thanks to Him to whom we sing, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

Relieved from the presence of those between whom and us there could be no concord, our course since has been one of unbroken harmony and marvellous success.

The wretched condition of the children to whom our school has opened its arms, is set forth in the following table, taken from one of our early Reports

Found homeless and provided with lodgings,	72
Children with both parents	32
With the father dead,	140
Mother dead,	81
Deserted by parents	44
With one or both parents transported	9
Fatherless, with drunken mother,	77
Motherless, with drunken father,	66
With both parents worthless,	84
Who have been 7 years	271
Who have been in the Police Office,	75
Who have been in Prison	20
Known as children of thieves	76
Believed to be so, including the preceding,	118

What is this but a modern edition of the prophet's roll, written within and without, with "lamentation and mourning and woe"

The results of our School are to be found in many happy homes, the abodes of those that, once wretched, ragged outcasts, are now honest men and virtuous mothers, useful citizens and heads of families, and we have good reason to believe that some whom we picked from the dust heap, plucked from the very gutter, are now shining in heaven, gems in a Saviour's crown But so far as the results are very palpable matters of fact, they may be summed up under these three heads —

I We—and in these results I include the influence of other, though smaller schools—have cleared the streets of Edinburgh of juvenile beggars,—a feat the Magistrates and Police with cells and prison at their back, were so far from even being able to achieve, that, when our School was set on foot, their name was Legion They swarmed through all the town—it was creeping with them

II We are fast emptying the prisons If we may say, "seeing is believing," look at the following tables —

"Our school was opened in the summer of 1847 but could not, of course, tell much on the returns of that year

In 1847 the centesimal proportion of children under 14 years of age, to the population was	1 56
1848	1 7
1849	2 9
1850	1 3
1851	9
1858	1 7
1859	1 2

"There has been also a remarkable decrease in the commitments of prisoners from 14 to 16 years of age

The number of prisoners between 14 and 16 years of age was, in

1848	552
1849	440
1850	401
1851	227
1858	138
1859	130

I have it from gentlemen, members of Prison Boards, that the most remarkable feature of our time is the steady and even rapid decrease of crime —a most gratifying circumstance, and one which those most competent to judge attribute chiefly to the influence of Ragged and Reformatory Schools A part of our jails will by and by be to let, and already our jailers are suffering from enemia. A gentleman in an official position told me the other day that a large jail in the west of Scotland having been found too large for the common class of prisoners a part of it had been appropriated to convicts, and having some of that class to find room for, he went to this jail to see whether they could be accommodated there He knocked—the grim door opened—and a very dull, sad, and *grievous* looking man appeared On my acquaintance telling who he was and what he called for, the countenance of the jailer instantly lighted up, as when one lets on the full stream of gas,—he was so happy at the prospect of getting something to do—of getting idle time off his hands

III The Original Ragged School alone has rescued from great misery and certain ruin not less than five hundred children They are now blessings to society This number does not include the many who have received at our school a partial education, nor that considerable number whose parents, finding their circumstances improved, have removed them from ours to higher schools I have heard statistics of Ragged schools of the *couleur de rose* kind They were too good to be true, and a cause which needs not the help of exaggeration is only damaged by such displays of imposition or credulity The statistics I give may be thoroughly trusted Now, of those five hundred children, who are, take them all in all, playing their part well in life, let us suppose that but one half had run a career in crime That is a very low supposition, but take it Since every criminal costs the country on an average £100, the State, before it was done with punishing them, would have incurred an expense of £75,000 What have we saved the public purse by saving these children? Our school, during its twelve years existence, has been maintained at an outlay of some £24,000 Sinking, therefore, all considerations of a humane, moral, and religious kind, and looking only to the pounds, shillings, and pence view of the case, we have saved the country a sum equal to the difference between £24,000 and £75 000, which is £51 000 And if we make the much more probable supposition, that but for our school—its useful, kind and holy training—two thirds of those five hundred children would have developed into full blown criminals, we have saved the country not less than £72,000

It is strange and sad that I should have to charge our Government with a niggardly treatment of schools they should have fostered, patronized, and liberally supported as one of the most holy and blessed remedies for evils that it baffled the whole power of the State to cure What it could not do with its gallows, its prisons, its police, and penal settlements, we have done The light of education, the knowledge of the gospel, the kindness of Christian hands, and the love of Christian hearts, have conquered those that defied the boasted terrors of the law The devil possessed whom chains could not bind, is there—sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind One would think that those who saved the lost, and helped the neediest, would have shared most largely of the funds the country puts into the hands of the Privy Council for promoting the interests of education But, strange to say, the rule of the Government seems to be, to give much to educate those that need little help, and

little to educate those who need much. A sum of £1,200,000 is voted by Parliament for the purposes of education, and while hundreds of thousands go to educate children whose parents are in circumstances to give them a full education at their own expense, all the help we receive is *half a farthing* per day for each child we save from a life of misery and crime. Mockery, and miserable economy! Surely a Christian country will rise to remonstrate against the State—to use the words of Lord Brougham—abdicating one of its most important duties. Our employment is eminently like His who came to seek and to save the lost; and who put into the mouth of the prodigal's father, words so descriptive of these redeemed outcasts, "This my son that was dead is alive again, that was lost is found."

Governments may turn a deaf ear to our petitions; though, when we have burst the bands of red tape, and breaking through the outer circle of mere officials, have got our case fairly set before them, I hope better things of men in power. Meanwhile let the prayers and liberality of all baptized into the spirit of Jesus support us; thus be the picture of their life:—

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming too,
"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

MY FIRST GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION.

A CHAPTER OF GEOLOGY FOR BOYS.

THE finding of a little piece of stone, which most men would have passed unnoticed, and which, but for certain accompanying circumstances, the writer would have passed unnoticed himself, was the means of changing wholly the pursuits of his boyhood, and eventually fashioning the tenor of his later life. The experiences of an old boy may be useful to the younger ones, possibly, even to some who are older than himself, and, perhaps, I could not better begin a series of chapters upon stones than by telling the reader what set me to think about stones at all.

'Tis an old story now, so far back, indeed, that I hardly like to reckon up the years that have since passed away. But clear and bright does it stand in my memory, notwithstanding, that gay autumnal afternoon, with its long country ramble to the old quarry, the merry shouts of my comrades, the endless yarns we span by the way, the countless raw turnips that were devoured from the field at the half way resting place, and, above all, the priceless load of stones we brought away, and bore homeward over those weary miles, when the sun had sunk, red and fiery, in the west, and the shadows of twilight began to deepen the gloom of the woods. Many a country ramble have I made since then, but none, perhaps, with so deep and hearty an enjoyment, for it opened up a new world, into which a fancy fresh from the Arabian Nights and Don Quixote, could ride forth conquering and to conquer.

Up to that time my leisure hours after school-lessons were learnt, and all customary games were played, had been given to laborious mechanical contrivances, based sometimes on the most preposterous principles. For a while I believed I had discovered perpetual motion. Day and night the vision haunted me of a wheel turning, turning, in endless revolutions; and what was this wheel not to accomplish? It was to be the motive power in every manufactory all through the country. To the end of time, too, it would be called by my name, just as other pieces of mechanism bore the names of other worthies, in that treasure of a book *The Century of Inventions*. Among various contrivances, I remember striving hard to construct a boat that should go through the water by means of paddles, to be worked by a couple of men, or, failing them, by a horse; but though I found (if my memory serve me) that my friend, the old Marquis of Worcester, had anticipated the invention by almost 200 years, I could not succeed even with the results of his experience, in getting the paddles to move except when the boat was out of the water, and so the grand contrivance, that was to make me famous in every harbour in the kingdom, fell to the ground.

The Saturday afternoons were always observed by us as a consecrated holiday time, all school preparations being then consigned to a delightful oblivion. To learn a lesson during these hours was regarded as something degenerate and wholly unworthy of the dignity of a school boy. Besides, we had always plenty of work of some kind to fill up the time, and what the nature of that work was to be for the ensuing Saturday had usually been determined long before the coveted Saturday came. Sometimes if the weather were dull, my comrades repaired to my room (which we dignified as "the workshop") to hear a disquisition on my last invention, or to help if they could in removing some troublesome and apparently insuperable difficulty. Or we planned a glorious game of cricket, or golf, or football, that seldom came to a close until the evening grew too dark for longer play. In spring-time we would sally forth into the country to some well-remembered bank, where the primroses and violets bloomed earliest, and return at dusk, bearing many a posy and garland for the home circles. The summer afternoons often found us loitering, rod in hand, along the marge of a shady streamlet, in whose deeper pools the silvery troutlet loved to feed. And it fed, truly, with little danger from us. The writhing worm (we never soared to the use of the fly) though ever so skilfully twined round the hook, failed to allure the scaly brood, and we could see them darting up and down the current without so much as a nibble at our tempting bait. Not so, however, with another member of that tribe, to which we had the most determined antipathy.

The cry of "*A beardie! a beardie!*" from one of our party was the sign for every rod and stick to be thrown down on the bank, and a general

rush to the spot where the enemy of the trout had been seen. Off went stockings and shoes, and in plunged the wearer, straight to the large stone in mid channel under which the foe was supposed to be lurking. Cautiously were the fingers passed round the crevices and round the base of the stone, and the little victim fairly caught at last in his den, was thrown in triumph to the bank, where many a stone was at hand to end his torments and his life.

Autumn brought round the corn fields and the hedge rows rich in hip, and haw, and bramble, and then dear to the heart of school boy came winter with his loads of sliding skating and snow balling, and his long merry evenings, with their rounds of sight seeing, festivity, and plum cake.

'Tis an old story, truly, but I remember as if it had been yesterday how my Saturday employments were changed, and how the vagrant, careless fancies of the schoolboy passed into the settled purposes that have moulded the man. I had passed a Saturday afternoon alone, and next day as usual met my comrades at church. On comparing notes, I found that the previous afternoon they had set out for some lime quarries, about four miles off, and had returned laden with wonders—plants of strange form, with scales teeth, and bones of uncouth fishes, all imbedded in the heart of the stone, and drawn out of a subterranean territory of almost fabulous extent and gloom. Could anything more marvellous have been suggested to a youthful fancy? The caverns of the Genii even that of the Wonderful Lamp seemed not more to be coveted. At least the new cave had this great advantage over the old ones that I was sure it was really true, a faint suspicion having begun to arise that possibly after all the eastern caverns might have no more tangible existence than on the pages of the story book. But here, only four miles from my own door was a real cavern mysterious beyond the power of my friends to describe, inhabited by living men who toiled like gnomes, with murky faces and little lamps on their foreheads, driving wagons and blasting open the rock in vast and seemingly impenetrable galleries, where the sullen reverberations boomed as it were for miles among endless gigantic pillars, and sheets of Stygian water that stretched away deep and dark into unfathomless gloom. And in that rock, wrapped up in its substance like mummies in their cerements, lay heaps of plants of wondrous kinds, some resembled those of our woods and streams, but there were many, the like to which my companions declared that even in our longest rambles they had never seen on bank, or brake, or hill;—fishes, too, there were, with strong massive scales very different from our trouts and minnows. Some of the spiny fins, indeed, just a little resembled our foe the "Beardie." Very likely (thought I), the Genius of the cave being a sensible fellow, has resolved to preserve his trout, and so with a murrain on the beardies has burned them bodily in the rock.

But above all, in these dark subterranean recesses lurked the remains of gigantic reptiles, and one of the quarrymen possessed a terrific tusk and some fragmentary scales, which he would have sold to my friends could their joint purse have supplied the stipulated price.

My interest in the tale of course increased at every new incident, but when they came to talk of reptiles the exuberant fancy could contain itself no longer. "Dragons! dragons!" I shouted and rubbed my hands in an ecstasy of delight. "Dragons boys be sure they are that have been turned into stone by the magic of some old necromancer."

They had found too, in great abundance, what they had been told were "coprolites;" that is, as we afterwards learnt, the petrified excrement of ancient fishes. *Copper lites*," thought I, may perchance it might be *gold*, for who ever read of such a famous cavern with petrified forests, fishes and dragons that had not besides huge treasures of yellow gold?

So there and then we planned an excursion for the following Saturday. The days that intervened stretched themselves somehow into an interminable length. It seemed the longest week of my life, even though every sleeping and waking hour was crowded with visions of the wondrous cavern. At length the long expected morning dawned, and soon brightened up into a clear calm autumnal day.

We started off about noon a goodly band of some eight or nine striplings with two or three hammers and a few pence among us and no care to be home before dusk. An October sun shone mellowly out upon us, the fields bared of their sheaves had begun to be again laid under the plough, and long lines of rich brown loam alternated with bands of yellow stubble, up and down which toiled many a team of steaming horses. The neighbouring woods gorgeous in their tints of green, and gold, and russet, sent forth clouds of rooks whose noisy jangle, borne onward by the breeze and mingling with the drone of the bee and the carol of the lark grew mellow in the distance, as the cadence of a far off hymn. We were too young to analyse the landscape, but not too young to find in it the intensest enjoyment. Moreover, our path lay through a district rich in historic associations. Watch peels and castles and towers many a one looked out upon us as we walked, each with its traditionary tales, the recital of which formed one of our chief delights. Or if a castle lacked its story our invention easily supplied the defect. And thus every part of the way came to be memorable in our eyes for some thrilling event real or imaginary—battles stern and bloody, fierce encounters in single combat, strange weird doings of antique wizards, and marvellous achievements of steel clad knights, who rambled restlessly through the world to deliver imprisoned maidens.

Thus beguiled, the four hours seemed to shrink into one, and we arrived at length at the quarries. They had been opened, I found, along the slope of a gentle declivity. At the north end stood the kilns where the lime was burnt, the white smoke from which we used to see when miles away. About a quarter of a mile to the south lay the workings where my comrades had seen the subterranean men, and there too stood the engine that drew up the wagons and pumped out the water. Between the engine and the kilns the hill side had all been mined and exhausted, the quarrymen having gradually made their way south to where we saw the smoking chimney of the engine house.

This statement was received with a cheer as we ascended the hill toward the quarry. We could for a point midway between the two ends of the excavations, and great was the delight, on climbing a long bank of rubbish, to see before us a green hollow and beyond it a wall of rock in the centre of which yawned a dark cavern plunging away into the hill far from the light of day. My comrades rushed down the slope with a shout of triumph. For myself, I lingered a moment on the top. With just a thing of sadness in the thought I felt that though striking and picturesque beyond anything of the kind I had ever seen this cavern was after all only a piece of human handiwork. The heaps of rubbish around me with the smoking kilns at the one end and the clanking engine at the other, had no connection with beings of another world but told only too plainly of ingenious, indefatigable man. The spell was broken at once and for ever, and as it fell to pieces, I darted down the slope and rejoined my comrades.

They had already entered the cave, which was certainly vast and gloomy enough for whole legions of gnomes. The roof, steep as that of a house, sloped rapidly into the hillside beneath a murky sheet of water, and was supported by pillars of wide girth, some of which had a third of their height, or more, concealed by the lake, so that the cavern, with its inclined roof and pillars half sunk in the water, looked as though it had been rent and submerged by some old earthquake. Not a vestige of vegetation could we see save near the entrance, some dwarfed scolopendriums and pale patches of moss. Not an insect not indeed any living thing seemed ever to venture down into this dreary den. Away it stretched to the right hand and the left, in long withdrawing vistas of gloom broken, as we could faintly see, by the light which entering from other openings along the hillside, fell here and there on some heavy pillar, and finally vanished into the shade.

It would be a weariness alike to reader and writer to recall what achievements we performed, how, with true boyish hardihood, we essayed to climb the pillars, or crept along the ledges of rock that overhung the murky water, to let a ponderous stone fall plumb into the depths, and mark how long the bubbles continued to rise gurgling to the surface, and how long the reverberations of the plunge came floating back to us from the far off recesses of the cave. Enough, that having satisfied our souls with the wonders below ground, we set out to explore those above.

"But where are the petrified forests and fishes?" cried one of the party. "Here!" "Here!" was shouted in reply from the top of the bank by two of the ringleaders on the previous Saturday. We made for the heap of broken stones whence the voices had come, and there, truly, on every block and every fragment the fossils met our eyes, sometimes so thickly grouped together that we could barely see the stone on which they lay. I bent over the mound, and the first fragment that turned up (my first found fossil) was one that excited the deepest interest. The commander in chief of the first excursion, who was regarded (perhaps as much from his bodily stature as for any other reason) an authority on these questions pronounced my treasure trove to be, unmistakably and unequivocally a fish. True, it seemed to lack head and tail and fins, the liveliest fancy amongst us hesitated as to which were the scales, and in after years I learned that it was really a vegetable—the seed cone or catkin of a large extinct kind of club moss, but, in the meantime, Tom had declared it to be a fish, and a fish it must assuredly be.

The halo that broke forth from the Wizard's tomb when William of Deloraine and the Monk of St Mary's heaved at midnight the ponderous stone, was surely not brighter, certainly not so benign in its results as the light that now seemed to stream into my whole being, as I disinterred from their stony folds these wondrous relics. Like other schoolboys I had, of course, had my lessons on geology in the usual meagre, cut and dry form in which physical science is taught in our schools. I could repeat a "Table of Formations," and remembered the pictures of some uncouth monsters on the pages of our text books—one with goggle eyes, and a preposterous tail, another with an enormous pot belly, and no tail at all, for which latter defect I had endeavoured to compensate by inserting a long pipe into his mouth, receiving from our master (Ironsides we called him) a hearty thwack across the knuckles, as a recompense for my attention to the creature's comfort. But the notion that these pictures were the representations of actual though now extinct monsters, that the matter of fact details of our text books really symbolized living truths and were not invented solely to distract the brains and endanger the palms of schoolboys, nay, that the statements which seemed so dry and unintelligible in print, were such as could be actually verified by our own eyes in nature, that beneath and beyond the present Creation, in the glories of which we revelled, there lay around us the memorials of other creations not less glorious and infinitely older, and thus that more, immensely more, than our books or our teachers taught us could be learnt by looking at nature for ourselves—all this was strange to me. It came now for the first time like a new revelation, one that has gladdened my life ever since.

We wrought on at the rubbish heap most lustily, and found an untold sum of wonders. The human mind in its earlier stages dwells on resemblances, rather than on differences. We identified what we found in the stones with that to which it most nearly approached in existing nature, and though many an organism turned up to which we could think of no analogue, we took no trouble to discriminate wherein it differed from others. Hence, to our imagination, the plants, insects, shells, and fishes of our rambles met us again in the rock. There was little that some one of the party could not explain, and thus our limestone became a more extraordinary conglomeration of organic remains, I will venture to say, than ever perturbed the brain of a geologist. It did not occur at the time to any of us to inquire why a perch came to be embalmed among ivy and rose leaves, why a sea-shore whelk lay entwined in the arms of a butterfly, or why a beetle should seem to have been doing his utmost to dance a pirouette round the tooth of a fish. These ques-

tions came all to be asked afterwards, and then I saw how egregiously erroneous had been our identifications. But in the meantime, knowing little of the subject, I believed everything, and with implicit faith piled up in my turn fishes, beetles, cases, violets, sea-weeds and shells.

Will the reader wonder when he is told that the shadows of twilight had begun to fall while we still burst eagerly over the stones? Yet so it was, the sun with a fiery glare had sunk behind the distant hills, and the long lines of ruddy light that mottled the sky as he went down, had crept slowly after him, and left the clouds to come trooping up from the east, cold, intense, and grey. The chill of an evening late in autumn, fell over everything, save the spirits of the treasure-seekers. And yet, they too in the end succumbed. The ring of the hammer became less frequent, and the shout that announced the discovery of each fresh marvel seldomer broke the stillness of the scene. And, as the moanings of the night-wind swept across the fields, and rustled fitfully among the withered weeds of the quarry, it was wisely resolved that we should all go home.

Then came the packing up. Each had amassed a pile of specimens, well-nigh as large as himself, and it was of course impossible to carry everything away. A rapid selection had therefore to be made. And oh! with how much reluctance were we compelled to relinquish many of the stones, the discovery whereof had made the opposite cavern ring again with our jubilee. Not one of us had shown the foresight to provide himself with a bag, so we stowed away the treasures in our pockets. What would not those appendages of our youthful apparel contain! Surely practical geometry offers not a more perplexing problem than to gauge the capacity of a schoolboy's pockets. So we loaded ourselves to the full, and waddled along with the fossils crowded into every available corner of our outer integuments, which were, of course, bulged up, here and there, into the most unsightly and unnatural forms.

Despite our loads we left the quarry in high glee. Arranging ourselves instinctively into a convex phalanx with the speaker in the centre, we turned a tale of thrilling interest, that had come to its most tragic part just as we arrived at the quarry several hours before. It lasted all the way back, beguiling the tedium, darkness, and chill of the four miles that lay between the lime-works and our homes, and the final consummation of the story was artfully reached, just as we got to the door of the first of the party, who had to wish us good night.

Such was my first geological excursion—a simple event enough, and yet it was the turning point in my life. From that day, onward, the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my every day thoughts. I might have been a merchant or a banker or a lawyer, as others of the party have successively become, but that day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist.

And yet, I had carried home with me a strange medley of errors and misconceptions. Nearly every fossil we found was incorrectly named. We believed ourselves to have discovered in the rock organisms which had really never been found fossil by man alive. So far, therefore, the whole lesson had to be unlearnt, and a hard process the unlearning proved to be. But (what was of infinitely more consequence to me at the time than the correct names or even the true nature of the fossils) I had now seen fossils with my own eyes and struck them out of the rock with my own hand. The meaning of the lessons we had been taught at school began to glimmer upon me, the dry bones of our books were touched into life, the idea of creations anterior to man seemed clear as a revealed truth, the fishes and plants of the lime quarry must have lived and died but when and how? was it possible for me to discover?

Yes, it was possible, and after many an hour of puzzling thought and conjecture I did discover what the fossils had to teach. It was a strange lesson when learnt at last, very different from the first impressions obtained at the quarry. But this part of the story must be reserved for a subsequent paper.

In these boyhood recollections my younger readers will of course see much which their own good sense will teach them to avoid. I have no wish to find them setting out to hunt for caverns and gems, or pestering their lives in subterranean quarries, or mismanning their master, or scribbling their school books, or, save with a few exceptions, aiming to become professional geologists. But I do wish to see them one and all, lovers of nature. If, already, they chance to be botanists or entomologists, or ornithologists, or malacologists good and well. But if they have no such pursuits, let me earnestly advise them each to buy a hammer, and sally forth to examine all the rocks of their neighbourhood, especially such as contain organic remains. They need not at first trouble themselves with books. I do not ask them to learn to read (their teachers will see to that), but to learn to see, which, as no master can teach it, they must learn for themselves, and they will be surprised when they get older to find how few people there are comparatively who do really see. Neither need they care much at the outset whether they call the fossils by the right names or no, names are man's making, the fossils are God's. Let them strive to look at nature apart from books, and altogether away from man's devices, as a great manifestation of God, which He means us to read and study that we may know more of it and of ourselves and thereby more of Him who made us and all things. In such pursuits they will find some of the happiest hours of their life in this world. They will thus increase tenfold the pleasure of their youth, they will acquire habits of observation that shall serve them well in whatever sphere their after years may be spent, and they will eventually, with God's blessing, become nobler and better

THE MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR

CHAPTER I

If you had been at first slowly walking up the steep main street of the pretty little Welsh town of Raynford at the time my story begins, you could hardly, I think, have failed to bestow some attention on one large house that stood out conspicuously from the rest, in all the lavish decoration and glitter of new stucco and plate glass looking like a fragment of a London street, and singularly incongruous with the rather dingy, small windowed brick structures which presented the dull respectability of former days. These, for the most part, were overgrown with cotoneaster and other old fashioned creepers and had small gardens in front, well filled with dusty evergreens, to screen them from the public gaze. But this house, vulgarly presumptuous offensively spick and span, stood forward from all its neighbours, planted its pillared porch almost into the street, and disdained the shelter of a single shrub. Impossible to pass it by, if you were a man of average curiosity, and not inquire who its occupant was. And on hearing, that he was Dr Davenport, you would have concluded at once that he must have a good practice although a wretched taste, must be making money pretty fast in this quiet neighbourhood, or could never throw it away upon such misplaced decorations as these.

It is into this unamusing looking dwelling, however, that our story leads us. Pushing open the absurdly massive newly painted, iron gate, we will lift the ponderous brass knocker that frowns on the door, and walk through the new hall to a quiet room at the back where we shall find Mrs Davenport sitting. Come, here it is cool, shady, refreshing, we breathe again. The room belongs to the old part of the house, and opens out into a large garden with fine lime trees and some horse chestnuts in flower. The evening sun streams in cheerily through the Venetian blinds, and though it shows us that the carpet is decidedly worn, and the chintz faded through a long course of washing, yet the general effect is pleasant. There is a good deal of old China about, a little cracked if we look closely, several books, a pretty work box, two bird cages and, above all, a great bowl of freshly gathered lilies of the valley, exquisitely arranged, the lustrous green leaves forming a deep border round, and showing off the individual, delicate, ineffable bells that come in contact with them, while in the centre rises a snowy globe into the cool fragrance of which you plunge your face in very ecstasy. Who can have gathered those flowers with such a lavish hand? Not Mrs Davenport, we are sure. She is too busy over her work, sighing, pulling, measuring, adjusting—a slight contraction of the brow, an uncertain taking out and putting in of pins, and a frequent examination of what she has already done, betraying that she finds the task an unfamiliar one. A shadow falls upon it, and a young girl comes in through the open window, book in hand.

"Still at that tiresome skirt, dear mammy, and it is such a lovely evening. Come and hear the blackbirds in the chestnut trees, I think their notes are longer and more shrilly sweet than ever, this May."

The lines of care on Mrs Davenport's brow had smoothed for a moment, as she looked up at her daughter's face, but they reappeared when she shook her head, and bent down again over the seam she was running.

"Is this black silk dress worth turning, mammy?" said Alice Davenport, taking up one of the breadths with a supercilious gesture, "and is it not very disagreeable work? Why not send for Sarah as usual, she is at home, I saw her to day?"

"Sarah is very slow, my dear, I only wish I were more expert at my needle myself. It is rather late to begin, I know, but if I could make my own dresses, and reduce Mrs Williams's bill—"

"Dear mamma your dresses are so few I don't think the economy would be much felt, and what's the use of it? Papa must always have plenty of money to give us, I am sure. Shall I sit by you, and read this lovely poem of Longfellow's?"

No dear I could not list it very well just now, your papa said he would be in to dinner at five, punctually, did he not Alice? I don't think I could have misunderstood him, but it is more than half past six now."

"Papa never is punctual" said Alice, glancing up dreamily from the book, in which she had again got absorbed.

Then looking more attentively into her mother's face, "But why are you anxious for his return, mamma? His dinner is sure not to be spoiled. Nanny never has it ready till an hour after the time he names."

But dear, he knows he has to go to Ashfield Hall as soon as he returns. Lady Pradoe has sent over twice to day. They fear now that the baby has croup. It is not a case that admits of delay, and I should be sorry they had to send for that ignorant Mr Roberts."

"Is he ignorant, mamma?" listlessly inquired Alice, turning over another page.

Mrs Davenport took out a pin, and re adjusted it with a jerk, and a little deepening of the lines between her eyes. "Very ignorant compared to your father. After a pause, during which the clock had struck seven, she rose, nervously folded up her work, stroked Alice's smooth cheek, and said, 'Go and take a little walk in the meadows, love. Go and take poor Cado with you for a run, you have been sitting under the trees over your book all afternoon, but you have had no exercise, you are looking pale. Go, my love."

Alice tied on her hat with a slight sigh, reluctantly laid down her book, and left the room.

As soon as she had gone, Mrs Davenport began to pace up and down the room in evident excitement. "He is dining at Nant again, with that odious Sam Davies, and will return just as he did

before," she said, clasping her hands tightly "I was glad to get Alice out of the way"

Half an hour later the front door was heard to open and close again with a loud bang, but there was no sound of wheels, and Mrs Davenport knew it was not the Doctor A fine looking lad of seventeen sauntered into the room and the mother's face lit up again, as it had done before, at Alice's appearance, or even more brightly, for Tom was the especial delight and darling of her heart

I have called Tom Davenport a fine looking youth, because that was the impression he always made at a first glance Tall strongly built fresh coloured straight limbed, few were keen sighted enough to discover the abnormal narrowness of forehead beneath such masses of silky waving hair, or the unsteady, uncertain look in such blue and well fringed eyes

Tom walked up instinctively to the mirror over the fire place gave a slight twist to the handkerchief round his throat adjusted his hair took a circular glance at the set of his coat behind flipped a little dust from his shining boots drew himself up to his full height and smiling benignly upon his mother in return for the evident admiration in her look proceeded to say —'I others late this evening I met Sir William Prideaux coming walking up and down the street and he said if he was not home and ready to start with him in half an hour he must take back Mr Roberts for that the child was too ill to be neglected any longer I thought the man very impudent

Mrs Davenport's face fell 'He must surely be back in a few minutes Tom I am sure, for the child's sake I hope Mr Roberts may not be called in in ignorant inexperienced pretender He is always ready to undermine your father

"Well, he can't help going when he's sent for you know, said Tom with a degree of intuitive justice, that a mere schoolboy often possesses in larger measure than a cultivated woman "But where's Alice? Come to the meadows with Carlo? I'll go after them and give the old dog a swim in the river Oh hang my best trousers! a little water won't hurt them Why, mother, you are getting a perfect screw'

"Poor, dear fellow' sighed Mrs Davenport, as the door closed after him, "one cannot expect young creatures to be very careful But I wish I were a better manager myself And oh how I wish, how I *do* wish that the Doctor would come!" and she sank down in her chair, both hands pressed to her temples listening intently—

But not to the blackbird who was winding up his evening performance by a few of those long heart piercing notes fraught with the sweetness and the sadness of all our vanished springs, not to the low, self satisfied humming of the bees under the lime trees, not to the sigh of the evening breeze as it fluttered in through the muslin curtains, and stirred the little bells of the tallest lilies in the bowl There was only one sound which could catch her attention now, the sharp trot ringing on the stable yard, and telling her of her husband's return

While Mrs Davenport is sitting and waiting there in that attitude of strained attention, to which seconds are minutes, and minutes hours, we will take such a short retrospective glance at her life's history, as will enable us better to understand the nature of her present anxiety

Nineteen years before the time at which our narrative begins, Miss Davenport, then Alicia Hilton was living with her eldest sister at a charming little home about six miles from the town of Brynford Their father, a large landed proprietor in a neighbouring county, had recently died, and his estate being entailed on heirs male had become the possession of a very distant relative His daughters who naturally felt no little pain on seeing the home of their youth pass into the hands of a perfect stranger preferred to begin life under its altered conditions in some new locality For though their own income (Miss Hilton had a fortune of £5000 Alicia's was something less) was indeed sufficient to make them all needful comforts, and even elegances the elder sister, the ruling spirit of the two was keenly alive to her change of circumstance and position To the eyes of others her former lot might have seemed dreary, but she had not found it so Naturally of a commanding temper her father's continued invalidism of many years standing had thrown a great deal of authority into her hands The tenants looked up to Miss Hilton as their virtual landlord the household deferred to her as to a good though imperious mistress, and her sister Alice five years younger than herself, had never been known to do anything without her consent Mr Hilton a man of reserved and haughty temper, wretched health and an income somewhat inadequate to his station had long led a life of great retirement and his daughters had grown up without any of the pleasures and excitements that generally fall to a young girl's lot A very few county balls, a few dinner parties, stately and dull, a few ceremonious calls paid and received at stated intervals, made up all their experience of social life One or two of the smaller squires of the neighbourhood had made formal overtures for the hand of the eldest sister before Alicia left the schoolroom, but they had been at once rejected with disdain It will therefore be easily understood that when the curate of the parish ventured to write to Mr Hilton, and request his sanction to his attachment for Miss Alicia, he was dismissed with utmost contumely Not however, by the poor girl herself, for, though she cared not for the suitor, it was no part of her nature willingly to hurt the feelings of any creature living She was not even told of the unwarrantable liberty that had been taken with the family Shy and reserved in manner, and without any positive charm of appearance, at the time of her father's death, Alicia Hilton had never been the object of any other admiration, or indeed of much attention on the part of any one Her father preferred the companionship of his more energetic eldest daughter, who had herself a way of thinking and talking of her sister as "poor dear Alicia," it was only her horse, her dog, a few of the servants who came most closely into contact with her, and the children and old women in the villages round, who seemed strongly attached to her But she had never suffered from this, probably never discovered it She had all her placid nature craved, and was in-

variably contented and cheerful. And when the two sisters settled at Ampuis the home of which we have spoken, the neighbourhood considered it probable that neither of them would ever marry, but, jointing their incomes together, live on quietly indeed, but with all the ease of an elegant home, a proper establishment, and decent society could afford.

And so it would have proved had only one or two fewer eligible Miss Hiltons arrived. Alicia, who did to her sending for Dr Davenport, found that time was changing the whole current of her destiny.

Dr Davenport was at that time a young and handsome man, unmarried, in the receipt of a good but not overgrown income, and with every reasonable prospect of future advancement. He was there on the occasion of his first visit. Miss Hilton expressed herself pleased with the young man, and was more nearly right than many of her class whom she did not consult for. Alicia said little, but from the first conversation to hear in quiet, yet animated, tones voice and manner which no doubt would be for her all any experience of her choice. Dr Davenport with every success was not very much the young doctor found it necessary to give to the younger sister his continuous visits to the treatment of the elder. It had never occurred to Miss Hilton's mind that Alicia could possibly feel any interest of this description for any one still less in a professional man; and we are all very slow to discover what has never presented itself to us as probable, or the keenest and closest of the penetration, the sagacious improvement of her sisters whole [illegible] might well have struck her as impudent. But she did not mind; and the value of the exemption the doctor during Miss Hilton's protracted attack of low fever was truly great, he was Alicia's accepted suitor.

With what abandonment and passion Miss Hilton received the calm news shall not her describe. The same transient violence of impetuous nature, when for the first time it finds it will thwarted by some one hitherto invariably pliable to its influence, is a fearful thing. Words were spoken by that well-born and well-bred woman which would have appeared to her own self the utterance of phrensy at any other time. Now they were all inadequate to express her requirement, her violent opposition, her determination to conquer. To conquer! Not so. Within Alicia's gentle heart a feeling had sprung up strong as death, stronger than all her sister's weapons of invective, stronger than her own deep sorrow at giving that sister pain. For the first time in her life she loved, and felt herself beloved. All the latent strength of her character was suddenly developed. Very gentle, but very determined—her line and thus purpose were one.

We have said that Alicia felt herself beloved. Miss Hilton, on the other hand, protested, and several fair and disappointed candidates in the neighbourhood adopted her view of the case, that Dr. Davenport was solely influenced by mercenary considerations. Who was right? Both in part. Stephen Davenport was by no means the heroic character Alicia dreamed him, but a man of mixed motives and indefinite principles; or perhaps we might rather say no principles at all, but only a wide run of strong impulses. Full of health and energy, of a quick if not profound intellect, fond of novel tastes, fond of experiment, he took a sincere interest in his profession, was generally successful in his diagnoses, and on the whole judicious in his practice. His cheerful, positive manner did the large class of nervous patients good. In frank good nature I dare say made a great favourite with the poor, and two or three rather remarkable cures which had, to say the least, coincided with his treatment, had produced no favourable impression on the minds of the neighbourhood at large. He had also more practice than he could use it, so that he was under no pressure by, or even no strong temptation to marry for money. At the same time we are bound to confess that had Miss Hilton been well known to have had £6000 he would perhaps not have discovered the charms which now he so readily appreciated. And, on to him, a man of humble origin in point of his wife's undue name, there was something decidedly attractive in this connexion with one of the oldest of the county families. But these it might be truly argued were only predisposing causes to the existence of his love, not evidence of the want of it. Very few men or women either, we hold, are conscious by nature in their marriages. In looking out many often be quite palpable that wealth or position were the original lure, but once lured there is generally some self-deception practised to keep up that average amount of self respect and peaceful to all. In Dr Davenport's case however, there was really no need to practise any laborious self-deception. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should become attached to so gentle so devoted, so true hearted a woman as Alicia Hilton. He soon learned to delight in marvellous beauty in the soft blue eye that looked up with such timid adoration into his, and by the time the wedding day came, had Alicia, by some sudden transformation, stood beside him at the altar a penniless and plebeian bride it is but due to Dr Davenport to declare that he would have hated no pot of the favour with which he vowed to love and cherish her.

The first years of their married life kept that vow well, according to the capabilities of his character. A man's love, or a woman's either, is not necessarily a sublime and exalted feeling. It may be the best part of their nature, but it the nature be poor, it is but a poor product at the best. We hear it sometimes said of so and so, that surely he cannot love his wife, he is so selfish, or so dictatorial, or so inconsiderate of her. But "love, like an insect frequent in the woods, will take the colour of the tree it feeds on," and fortunately the heart, especially the feminine heart, can be satisfied with something very far short of its highest possible development. That in all conceivable cases, Dr Davenport should prefer his own comfort or convenience to that of his wife, would have seemed to her, if she had ever found it out, merely the right and reasonable thing to do. She herself would have preferred it so infinitely. But she never did find out that her husband was selfish—perhaps because she had so little selfishness of her own to come into

collision with his—or inconsiderate of her, she had not been used to be much considered, while it to his being dictatorial—there was no scope for it, so ready was her compliance with every wish of his

And now Alicia Davenport is sitting waiting for her husband's return It is eight o'clock The children, as she still called them in her thoughts, would be returning before him She had not wished that It would be too late to go to Ashfield Hill, he had promised to be there in good time, that odious Mr Roberts would get in there too—another family struck off the roll of profitable patients, and in close connexion with this circumstance there flashed across her mind Lomtaine's bill that morning received and the stucco and plate glass and iron railings—all their thoughts, and none of them included in the estimate for necessary repairs that had made her a little anxious even now Her heart is very heavy, but there is no blame in it for her husband or her love The house was shabby before it was intolerable to see a man, of no pretensions whatever, like Mr Roberts, occupying that pretty Elm Lodge and his husband contented with a shabby brick house in a street She indeed had liked it better in its former condition, but then she was no judge The doctor said, Thomson had made a very good job of it, and seemed pleased Dear Stephen! he had such a generous, lavish nature, so unlike hers, always anxious about something or other, and yet so little able to carry it out Oh, if she had but been a better manager! Certainly there used not to be this pressure in former days, but her husband never liked her to talk of it, always said they should do very well He knew best Poor dear Tom, too If he *could* but be a little less expensive, or if she could only reduce a little more efficiently her own personal requirements And sitting there in her simple print gown, her turned black silk rolled up beside her, reproachful visions rose before her of every handsome dress she had ever bought, every small personal gratification she had ever allowed herself Somebody must be to blame for the present aspect of affairs Mrs Davenport found it most intolerable to blame herself

But this other fear at her heart, this other shadow that had fallen across her home! Poor Stephen! He was so genial, so witty, so amusing no wonder they all snatched at his society, and then—he got carried away If she had been a brighter minded woman—could have made his home more lively! And so she sits and thinks in painful flashes, and listens, to the exclusion of all thought, and it is a quarter past eight, and the doctor, who ordered dinner punctually at five, has not yet returned home!

CHAPTER II.

"What a sweet place this certainly is," thought Mr. Moore, the young curate of Brynford that same May evening, as, after a hot and dusty walk of six miles, he turned down a shady lane, with its steep north bank still a mass of primroses, and reached the gate that led to Angoria, Miss Hilton's home. "What an exquisite spot, to be sure!" he said aloud, for Mr. Moore was sufficiently accustomed to solitude to talk sometimes to himself "I had no idea there was anything so pretty in this neighbourhood."

There are evenings in spring when any and every country spot looks charming clear, luminous still evenings with floods of yellow sunlight shining through the transparent green of the young leaves, and making out of two or three quite commonplace trees, that stand and quiver in glory against the pure blue of the sky a picture of perfect and most satisfying beauty But really the trees at Angoria were not commonplace To Mr. Moore's delight as he walked down the drive, a rapid river ran clearly past, well fringed by varied foliage, while to his left, rose up in the grounds, with fine old timber, planted each for itself in groups—venerable oaks, with their new vesture of a rich bronze colour that the evening light turned to gold, great sycamores a few full in still warm red brown, but for the most part vividly green—dazzlingly green, one would have to say—massive towers of foliage, casting deep dark shadows on the smooth yellow grass, and touched here and there with their pyramids of blossom nearly out and here and there, near the top of the hill, a very old Scotch fir, throwing their rugged branches out in bold, defiant attitudes, against the sky The house—long, low, covered with evergreen roses, now in their first exuberance—stood in a lawn green as an emerald, and the river swept round, almost encircling it, and then losing itself in thick oak woods beyond Opposite rose a wooded bank each tree standing out in the unmistakable individuality of its spring, and casting its own cool shadow over the clear river and the velvet grass In the early days of sanitary science, Angoria might not, perhaps, have been built so low, but nowhere could there have been found a lovelier site The sheltered nest, turned from all winds except the west had its own woods its own river—"almost" as Wordsworth says, "its own sky" There was no view indeed of the outer world but who could miss it with such trees, such flowers, such a very merry happy, laughing, companionable river? and then the birds! —that narrow valley seemed all their own Surely never birds sang as they sang there that evening, Mr Moore thought, as, putting sight of the house, he stood still beneath the cool canopy of a great sycamore to listen to them

To listen to them, yes but also to collect and compose himself a little, after his long walk Mr Moore raised the hat from his high, heated brow, passed his hand through his fair hair, and drew a long breath How dusty his shoes were, his very coat looked a rustier black since he came into this enchanted domain How would Miss Hilton receive him? Mr Moore felt decidedly nervous

Very varied, and by ourselves quite incalculable, the different aspects under which our personality may present itself to others. Often we are objects of deep interest to some we have never heard of, sought or avoided for motives to which we cannot possibly obtain the clue, our names occasioning a throb of pleasure or a spasm of pain without any fault or merit of our own, our opinions valued, our sentiments quoted, not because—as it would be pleasant to believe—of their internal worth, but

because of some distant relationship or association for which we ourselves have not the slightest value Miss Hilton knew this only of Mr Moore, that he had recently come to Brynford, had fair hair, and read well Mr Moore's impression of her she would have assumed to be indefinite, but respectful,—what else could that of a perfect stranger be? and here he was, almost at her door, agitated, anxious, half fascinated half repelled, feeling that to come into the presence of this middle aged lady, and ask her for her subscription to the New Clothing Club, was an errand of supremest importance, because, though not to be understood, a kind relative, still she was her sister, because he had repeatedly heard Alice Davenport talk of Aunt Laura—poor Aunt Laura

Yes Aunt Laura, why did the fair Alice call her With this charming home so comfortable in its large circle of friendly acquaintance, a still handsome person, and quick strong, intelligent Why was it that Miss Hilton was not struck by a dreary one—deeply dreary, pity of all its objects, utterly lonely

It was not only because children are mysteries to each other and the young have an insuperable difficulty in understanding the compensations of more advanced years nor was it only because Alice was of romantic and impressional temperament, peculiarly 'mad after persons,' as Emerson says in youth we all are, not only because in her ideal of life the glory of earth was good only as the stage for such a setting, the sky its canopy for one head all nature to be valued only as fellow handmaid and ministering servant to some one beloved but that there really were traces of melancholy on Miss Hilton's fine features which the young girl's quick eye had caught Perhaps, indeed, that the most talented and cheerful single life would have struck the somewhat morbid imagination of Alice with terror, but this life was neither talented nor cheerful Miss Hilton might well be called "poor Aunt Laura"

Assured as Mr Moore had recovered a comfortable degree of coolness and composure, he walked briskly up the gravelled sweep and rang the bell all the more loudly because of his past paroxysm of shyness The neatest, gravest, demurest of pages appeared and ushered him up into an elegantly furnished room where Miss Hilton sat alone reading

She received him with dignified courtesy, looked full at him with her large handsome eyes—they were like Alice's, they took his breath away—then waited a little helplessly for him to open the conversation and explain the motive of his call at this rather unusual hour

Mr Moore was a shy man. Miss Hilton's manner was not calculated to dispel shyness All his introductory commonplaces fell flat—the beauty of the evening, the loveliness of the place—he could almost have fancied that she thought his admiration of it a liberty—no response beyond a few calm, cold, unsuggestive words He tried a little personal talk next, but with no better success, the alarming illness of the poor little Pradoe—Miss Hilton knew it, had already sent her servant to inquire The proposed marriage between Mr Gibson, the leading lawyer of Brynford, and a young Lady belonging to a neighbouring town, a slight elevation of Miss Hilton's eyebrows suggested that she took no manner of interest in the proceedings of people of that class He would try literature, took up the book she had laid down on his entrance It was one of the heterodox works of the day Mr Moore had not nerve to enter upon a discussion of its demerits with this haughty, impassive lady He plunged into the subject of the local charities, and proceeded to explain the peculiar advantages of the New Clothing Club about to be established Miss Hilton was willing that her name should be put down amongst the list of subscribers, but had no expectation of any very marked success In a few calm, sensible sentences she contrived to divest the rules he had been dilating upon—they were his own devising—of all originality or peculiar merit to make his most sanguine hope of materially ameliorating the condition of the poor appear extravagant and illusory He wished himself out of her cold, paralysing presence, and yet he lingered on awhile, in desperate hope or fear—which you will—of her naming her niece, or at least Dr or Mrs Davenport, or Tom or even Carlo—anything connected with Alice He talked round them at them, unnecessarily trembling at his own daring for Miss Hilton apparently did not in the least observe the drift of his remarks, and then—refreshments being brought in he jumped up in haste, nervously declined them, and set out again on his homeward way

The birds were still singing as sweetly as half an hour before Mr Moore did not listen to them now He walked along quickly, striking at the clover dusty in the meadow grass the pale primroses in the lane, irritably uncomfortable, with a vague consciousness of having throughout his visit done and looked and said the wrong thing, and you may be sure, no very charitable feelings towards the lady who had brought on that consciousness! Just indeed true, that what we chiefly value or dislike in our acquaintance is their reflex action upon ourselves, that we have a tendency to make of them mirrors wherein to watch our own reflection, positively pronouncing those to be best in which we show to most advantage! Mr Moore did not perplex himself with such subtleties, but he could not help contrasting the two sisters as he went along In Mrs Davenport's society he invariably felt himself a superior man She had a kindly habit of warm acquiescence which seemed to imply a degree of force and novelty in the remarks made to her, a willingness always to listen and to learn How plainly she had seen the advantages of his proposed schemes for teaching the people of Brynford, self help Ah! she was the right kind of woman indeed, but he feared there was trouble in store for her, impending difficulty if not distress and that proud, unlovable woman had all that the world could give! So unequally, thought Mr Moore, are the gifts of fortune divided

When he was gone, Miss Hilton again took up her book, and moved nearer to the open window. The sun had just reached the brow of the wooded hill, the highest trees still vividly bright, the lower ones cool, misty, blue-green, the river running in deep shadow. What an evening it was! not breeze enough to stir one of those rich round roses clustering about the window, but every now

and then a great humble bee, with extra buzzing and hurry—for it was getting late—would for a moment hang his whole weight on one, and then flying off again set it rocking to and fro The birds evening chorus was over, but a blackbird or two still sang in parts from opposite sides of the dingle Then came that ineffable green light in the west which, more than any other aspect of the wondrous sky, seems to melt the heart into an unspoken, unspeakable, half rapture half agony of tenderness and vague yearning, that pure spiritual evanescent green in which the evening star rises

As Miss Hilton sat and watched it, her whole life began to rise before her The thoughts came of childhood and of youth (always that sunset tint suggests them), of days when Alice was her docile playmate, her little, obedient, admiring shadow Poor Alice! They seldom met now they hardly spoke That worthless husband—yes she knew from the first how that low born man would turn out No wonder that she was indignant at such a mesalliance that from that hour she considered her sister lost to her dead to her and remembering how lonely her life had since been she resented Alice's conduct with fresh vehemence Lonely abroad (Miss Hilton had travelled much), still more lonely at home She looked round her gracefully furnished room It struck her as cold and empty Visibly a room where a human life was led alone This mood in some of hers which she had sunk more than half her fortune to maintain what comfort had she in it? Those beautiful flowers, they gave her gardener more pleasure than they did her Her friends! why, what intimate friends had she? Her acquaintance the best families in the county, of course, but what real satisfaction did she get or give? She passed all that she possessed in review, and lo, it was nought! An unwonted desire for companionship seized her, but she never condescended to chat with her servants It was too dark to read, and, besides, she was not in the vein for that daring book any more just now She flung a light shawl over her head and strolled out into the opposite woods

Crossing the rustic bridge, threading the path that led through the hollow to a well, all overgrown with moss and shaded by fern, she thought she heard children's voices and shouts of laughter They had no right whatever to enter this wood, to come so near the house, what strange insolence this! There they were, boys and girls, playing their rude games John Thomas's three rough graceless lads trampling round the well, the very labourer whom she kept in constant employment had not the proper feeling to forbid his family to trespass! At sight of Miss Hilton a sudden silence, a horror stricken, open mouthed stare, and then they fled, tittering, in all directions, leaving behind one small toddling thing, who jumping up in her fright caught her foot in her pinafore and fell on her face, screaming frantically, not so much because of her scratched and smarting hands, but from the awfulness of her position, forsaken by her accomplices, and with the lady's eye upon her Miss Hilton had been angry with the boys, but the evident terror of this little creature pained her

What had she done to be such a bugbear? She lifted the struggling, shrieking bundle, set it on its sturdy legs, and spoke gently to it, but all in vain The mottled hands—how pretty in spite of their dirt!—were squeezed into the tearful eyes to keep out the appalling sight and the screams continued Miss Hilton was obliged to leave the child in possession of the field, knowing full well that as soon as she was gone, the ringleaders would return and carry her away Even this slight incident deepened the sense of isolation from which she was suffering She desired to be good to these people She paid for the schooling of two of these very boys She could not speak their language, she believed them to be a hopelessly unprincipled and pilfering race, but at least none could say that she was unmindful of their bodily wants And yet she won neither gratitude, nor affection, nor influence

Crossing the bridge, she struck into some fields the other side the river Two figures standing by the hedge made her pause It was her maid, pretty Polly and the village blacksmith—there was no mistaking his tall, powerful figure To think of Polly! Yes, it is all plain enough Young William Mason's arm is round her, she is leaning against him, playfully holding a sprig of hawthorn to his face Miss Hilton retraces her steps timidly, as if she were the culprit Yet reason tells her there is no culprit in the matter Polly, graceful looking as she is, was only a working man's daughter, and William Mason is steady, and has a good house to take her to Only the girl had been with her some years, suited her well it was another pang that she should secretly be meaning to leave her

Miss Hilton returned to her well furnished, graceful room Was that *home*, where no one ever welcomed her? How chill it felt to night! Those children with their ringing laughter at their own mischievous play, those humble lovers, heart to heart, beneath the earliest stars, the poorest woman in the village near, who was struggling and toiling in her one untidy room with work that must be done or daily bread would fail, with a husband to scold her, children to tease her, all, all were better off than she in her loveless home, her "unchartered freedom," her "untenanted life" Somehow she had *missed* all the life of life *This* world she had utterly lost And the next? then, too, all seemed vague, problematical to her mind, only in her heart a great instinctive terror

Miss Hilton buried her face in her hand If she did not shed tears, it was because in her desolation there was not tenderness enough to call them forth Meanwhile, Mr Moore was chafing at the undeserved brightness of her circumstances, and society in general pronouncing her an enviable woman It was only Alice who, by some instinct in her own nature, ever guessed the unseen reality, beneath the calm, delusive semblance—"Poor Aunt Laura!"

CHAPTER III

We must now return to the comfortable room in the doctor's ugly new fronted house, where we have left Mrs Davenport alone, undergoing the slow torture of waiting for her husband's return. We

shall find her alone there no longer. When the kitchen clock struck the half-hour Nanny, who had evinced her uneasiness for some time by irritability to the housemaid, muttered something in Welsh to the effect that she could stand it no longer, and quietly slipped into her mistress's presence under the pretext of shutting the drawing-room window. The faithful creature knew well that her mistress was anxious and unhappy, and what good reason she had to be so! Oh, though no word or hint on the subject had ever passed between them.

Nanny was a quaint-looking woman, of few words, and some people might have felt the weight of her stumping awkwardly there, with her thin red arms crossed under her apron rather in anger than otherwise, but if this silent sympathy were not positively soothing to Mrs. Davenport at last, Nanny was the only presence which he could have endured at such a moment. The two women were *en rapport*, united by a common affection, for Nanny loved her master with a devotion only second to that with which she regarded her gentle mistress. Each knew the unspoken fear in the other's heart. Each listened with equal intentness, the listening was less endurable to both, thus shared.

At last a sound of wheels: the close cart rolls slowly into the yard. It is not thus the doctor usually drives.

"Ma'am, *cariad*! just let me come in one moment," and Nanny rushed out and in, and before her mistress pale and tottering had reached the kitchen door—"Master is there, ma'am. It will be all right just now. Please, ma'am, stay here, it will be better, and so she must have gone. Oh, then it is not all right now: it is worse than usual! Oh poor wife is used to the loud blustering entrance, the thick voice, the stupified look in the once clear eyes: used too to the insane repetition, the occasional brutal rejoinder, too thankful if only the children are out of hearing if there be no patient waiting for a promised visit, if the Doctor can be coaxed quietly into his own room, only seen, only heard by Nanny, on whose pitiating forbearing love she can count as on her own. But what is this new phase of misery? Has there been an accident? Has he been hurt? She totters to the door. They are bringing him in—Nanny, the groom, and a strange man all needed to support the almost senseless form. She springs forward with a cry. Are they bringing her her husband dead?

"Lord love you! no, ma'am," says the stranger, with a knowing wink and chuckle. "The Doctor will soon be round. John Hopkins had to take the reins, if you please, ma'am, the Doctor being a little overtaken, and rolling in his seat like to fall out, and, says Mr. Roberts, surgeon, as he happened to come by in Sir William Pradoe's carriage, and stops, seeing John Hopkins and me a trying to steady him, says he, 'Jump in behind, Evan Thomas, says he, 'and hold the Doctor firm,' says he."

Mrs. Davenport was no heroine. Even at this moment of agonising shame and distress, she could feel an added pang at the thought of Mr. Roberts, the one human being to whom she was uncharitable and unjust, having witnessed her husband's degradation. A spasm of anger and almost hatred rose still further to torture her poor breaking heart, as, after paying and dismissing the obnoxious stranger, she followed her husband up to his room, and saw him laid in all the hideous helplessness and imbecility of intoxication on the bed there.

She took his hand, she called him, "Stephen! dear Stephen!" He did not hear or heed her, no comfort in those dull, wandering eyes, and she needed some comfort so much! In her utter desolation she had hold of poor Nanny's rough red arms. "Oh, Nanny, did you hear!"

"*Cariad anwyl!*" sobbed Nanny, "don't take on ma'am, about it. Name o' dear, sure it's nothing out of the way. It's the shaking, ma'am, so soon after dinner, and maybe the heat. Master will come round and nobody be the wiser. Drat that Evan Thomas! John Hopkins could have done quite well without him. It was all that Roberts's mischief. Please ma'am, don't take on. Anyhow, he can't say nothing, for it's well known what he is that way himself, and his father before him."

"Oh Nanny is he? I never heard it before," sighed poor Mrs. Davenport, with some secret sense of relief.

Nor, indeed, had Nanny ever heard it either, but what of that? She had many good qualities in full perfection but we are bound to confess that on certain occasions she scorned the trammels of fact. There are class virtues and class defects, and it may, perhaps, be said of the warm-hearted Welsh peasantry in general that their moral sense has not been weakened to the claims of truth. At all events Nanny's mind was little to Caleb Balderstone's in all that any invention that presented itself on the spur of the moment was likely to soothe the feelings, or enhance the consequence of any member of "the family" she so entirely loved.

"I'll go and get tea ready for Master Tom and Miss Alice, ma'am," said Nanny, well satisfied with the merit of her invention, "and then I'll come up again and sit by master. I'll tell them as he's tired by this heat, and as how you've a headache. It would be a pity to fret Miss Alice."

Mrs. Davenport thanked her with a tearful smile. Good, kind Nanny! What friends, indeed, have we so born for adversity as the faithful servants of many years. Nay, who are there that so well deserve the title of intimate friends? With others we share our life's pleasures, and put on our best aspect. To these we only give a portion of our life's anxieties and toil, before them we are not studious to hide the look of care or abstraction, they see us as we are at our worst, and love us for the very confidence many would complain of as egotism. We summon others to help us to enjoy, we depend upon these to help us to suffer. It is to their indulgence we safely trust the troublesome charge of our children's "noisy sports and teasing ways," it is they whose co-operation we have to ask in those minute, all pervading economies which many of us have to practise ungracefully often by those the world recognises as our friends. More, it is on their native tenderness and pity that we have to rely for services no others could perform, without wounding our sensitiveness, even if they had overcome their own; it is they who share our anxious watch beside the sick bed of some cherished sufferer through patient days and weary nights, it is their

strong, ready hands that meet and strengthen ours in their agonizing efforts to prop the dying into transient ease, it is their reverential help we ask in the sacred offices we render to our beloved dead

Nanny had begun life as a poultry girl at Mrs Davenport's early home, and the kindly feeling between the two dated from the time when the little Alicia's greatest delight was to steal away from nurse and governess, and watch Nanny's young broods, to help or hinder in feeding them sometimes even as an especial treat to hold for a moment some soft, warm, fluffy, newly hatched ball between her own little hands As Nanny grew older she was promoted to some obscure post connected with the kitchen department and owing to her quick observation, and thorough going activity, she rose from one stage to another till at the period of the two ladies leaving their paternal home she was considered by Miss Hilton qualified to undertake the position of cook in their reduced establishment at Angorfa

When Dr Davenport first appeared on the scene as an aspirant for her darling Miss Alicia's hand Nanny's first feelings were it is true those of mortification, for she had a strong sense of family distinction and looked down upon a professional man as being of the two nearer her own sphere than that of her mistresses, but this instinctive prejudice soon melted away beneath the unkind violence of one sister, the meek distress of the other and the Doctor's own frank and kindly manner So that when Miss Alicia left Angorfa, Nanny not only declared her resolve to accompany her but was heard after a somewhat stormy discussion with Miss Hilton to express her belief that the elder lady would not have said 'No' to the handsome doctor herself and that that was the reason she so set her face against the match for Miss Alicia But then Nanny had never thoroughly liked Miss Hilton, and as we have seen, she did not concern herself about the scrupulous accuracy of her statements At all events she truly said she had changed her place for the better When the newly married pair first settled in their large, rambling old fashioned house in the town of Brynford, Nanny had a kitchen maid to rule over and free scope for her culinary genius, for Dr Davenport was fond of giving dinner-parties At that time he was making a good professional income, and necessary expenses were comparatively few For some years, even when children came, and nurses swelled the household Nanny saw and heard nothing that led her to infer any necessity for particular economy, but times had changed since then The kitchen maid had been got rid of long ago,—Nanny protesting, so soon as she got an inkling into the family circumstances, that the girl only bothered her, and made more work than she ever got through,—tall, at the present hour, the establishment consisted solely of this one remarkable woman, and an average specimen of a housemaid, with whom Nanny was constantly at variance, and towards whom, it must be owned, she showed herself tyrannical and unreasonable enough Willing herself to spend and be spent in this her labour of love, she never considered that without this love such labour must necessarily be felt to be hard, up early and late herself, she resented Margaret's sleepy tendencies as sure proof of a good-for-nothing nature. In short, for the last few years the domestic changes had been incessant, for Mrs Davenport gave Nanny her own way in these matters, and Nanny was looking out for the impossible—for a stranger who, for the mere sake of wages, should work as she did in the strength of her deep rooted devotedness of years And as to the question of wages, they were but small ones that were offered now, while Nanny herself had received none for years, protesting she considered them safer with master than chapel people would worrit the money out of her, if she had it by her'

Who, indeed in that household had money by them' Certainly not Mrs Davenport Accustomed to witness lavish expenditure in her early home, and afterward to leave the administration of their joint finances in her sister's more experienced hands, she had never wished for any private purse of her own The bills all came in at Christmas, and for some years were promptly and cheerfully paid, and even when the Doctor began to put off the payment of some one bill or other till a more convenient season—remarking, in his cheery, sanguine way, that there was no hurry about it, that he had only to give Davis the butler or Stevenson the wine merchant another cut which they would like far better than having his name scratched off their books—she was not quick to take the alarm The expedient did not seem to her the desperate one we already foresee that it proved Some men carry about with them an atmosphere of promise and prosperity which affects more or less all that come in contact with them They are so sensible in their views of other people so shrewd in calculating *their* chances of success they have such a firm, free bearing so frank and disengaged a manner, that even when we know them to be of a speculating tendency, or suspect them of decided extravagance we can hardly feel any gloomy apprehensions connected with their career Still less when such characters are evidently working hard in some lucrative calling, and guilty of no unbecoming or unusual habits of expense A man of this stamp may leave his bills long unpaid, it is his way, it is inadvertency, it is what you will, the wife, the tradesman, are not alarmed the bills run on When, or how exactly Dr Davenport passed that only positive line of demarcation between the rich and the poor constituted by the excess, whether great or small of expenditure over income was never known to his wife never noticed by himself He had an easy going belief that things in general had an inherent tendency to keep straight, or, at all events to *come round*, and as to extravagant hobbies, he had none, thank Heaven' Give him two or three well bred horses in his stable, a plentiful dinner, and a bottle of old port for any friend who chanced to drop in, and he was satisfied He liked, to be sure, to see his wife and children well dressed, liked to run up to town in the spring, just to see what was going on in the medical and scientific world, liked his garden kept in order, liked his library furnished with the best books of the day, liked to lend a liberal hand to local charities But who could say a word against healthy and simple tastes such as these? No one, certainly,—with this one proviso so that they come *within* the income Now, Dr Davenport had never concerned himself about that.

What need for further explanation? By slow degrees it broke upon Mrs Davenport's mind that to some extent, at least, her husband was an embarrassed man and when once that knowledge was gained, she did her best to save him, to economise and retrieve—her poorest. Ignorant of what exactly the income was which she might safely spend, unwilling to curtail a single indulgence of her pretty ways, unable to check Tom's inordinate love of new boots and gloves, afraid even to hint at the extent of her own fears, lest it should come round to her husband, and make him angry what was it indeed that she could do? It was one of the symptoms of Dr Davenport's case which we should be tempted to call trying if it were not so invariable a one that at the very time it had become almost impossible to extract from him money for necessary purposes he seemed to have more than before for superfluities and luxuries he used, in more prosperous days to talk of himself as a struggling man he was jealous now of a word that impugned the ample sufficiency of his means That new frontage to the old house for instance, she had remonstrated against that, with what result she only knew, and she generally contrived to forget Only as she sat there by him to night, those harsh words—all her sorrows, all her fears—came surging up and the darkest possibility seemed only too probable now

A light knock at the door She opened it, it was Alice, candle in hand, a sprig of May blossom in her hair, eyes glistening, and her delicate face unusually bright in its colouring

"Oh such a pleasant walk, mamma! Tom and I met Mr Moore in the meadows Fancy, he had been to call upon Aunt Laura! I think him such an agreeable man Tom does not Tom says, in that horrid slang of his, that he is slow But, dear mamma, how is papa now? Nanny said he was much tired and that your head ached Is there anything the matter?"

"No, my darling" said the poor mother, almost unconscious of the untruth she told How could she darken that sweet, fresh face! "Good night, my own Alice I love to see you look so bright and happy!"

"I feel so happy, dear mamma! I would not have disturbed you, only I wanted you to know how nice our walk had been The evening is so beautiful and bright one can't believe there is such a thing as sorrow in the world everything 'smiling as if earth contained no tomb,' you know the line"

No Mrs Davenport did not know it, nor did it come home to her as peculiarly appropriate but she smiled at Alice, kissed her, blessed her blessed God for her and went back to sit in the dark by her husband's bedside

(To be continued)

NIGHT CRY TO GOD

It is not sad
That Thou so long hast laid me low,
And made me weary,—I am glad,
Though few of Thy designs I know

The hand of One
Who took the guilt that bound me long,
And put it on His only Son,
Can never do my soul a wrong

Smite on, my God,
And though the strokes be hard to bear,
In pain I bow beneath Thy rod,
And cry not unto Thee to spare

Thou wilt not break,
But only bend this heart of mine,
And if such blows the process take,
Do thy good pleasure,—I am thine

Thou would'st that He
Who ransomed me from death and hell,
The travail of His soul should see,
And let it be so. It is well

I too desire
To glorify my Lord who died,
And be refined—although with fire—
That Jesus may be satisfied

But stay Thou near,
To soothe me if I sometimes weep,
And through the trial, Father dear,
My trembling spirit safely keep

H. MARY F.

Midnight—December.

THE SHEPHERD OF HERMAS

A CHRISTIAN ALLEGORY OF THE SECOND CENTURY

About the middle of the second century a singular book was written in Rome by one Hermas "the brother of Pius, at that time bishop of the Roman Church" The book is singular both in itself and in its history It is the earliest specimen of Christian allegory—the first attempt made so far as known to illustrate the course of the Christian life by idealising its different aspects and circumstances under figures and incidents addressing themselves to the imagination rather than to the understanding It was so much prized by the Christians of the second and third centuries that they applied the name of "Scripture to it and read it along with the canonical Scriptures at their sacred assemblies Jerome testifies to this fact in his time, that is to say, well on in the fourth century From the respect then paid to it, it naturally came to be attributed to the Hermas of the apostolic age—the friend of St Paul whom he greets in Romans xvi 14 And this idea having been once started, Hermas was exalted to the dignity of an "Apostolic Father, and reckoned along with Barnabas, Clement of Rome, Ignatius, Papias, and Polycarp as forming one of the chain of writers connecting the apostolic with the succeeding Christian ages This idea, however is now abandoned by all historical critics The Hermas of St Paul remains to us, along with so many others, only a name Hermes, 'the brother of Pius is little more, but there is at least a fair historical foundation for considering him the author of the Shepherd" The statement is plainly and unequivocally made by Hegesippus a historian of the immediately succeeding age, and this statement having been brought to light by Muratori, the famous Italian antiquary, in a fragment discovered in the Ambrosian library at Milan after it had been lost sight of for centuries, has been generally accepted as settling the authorship of the book

As we read this book now we may be somewhat astonished at the estimate in which it was held by the early Church It will scarcely appear to us as suitable reading along with the Gospels and Epistles, —not certainly that it is deficient in interest, but that the interest, we feel, is of a different kind from that of the plain evangelical lessons of the New Testament In order to understand the early Church, however, it is necessary for us to know something of a writing which so delighted and impressed it And there are those in our day, profoundly conversant with the Christian literature of the second and third centuries, who have spoken of the "Shepherd" of Hermas as one of those books which "elevate the mind by the united power of thought and fiction, drawn from the depths of the human soul," and who have ventured to compare it to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and even to Dante's great work, the *Divina Commedia* *

The 'Shepherd" of Hermas is divided into three books under the titles—I The Visions, II The Mandates, III The Similitudes In the ordinary arrangement the Visions are four, the Mandates twelve, and the Similitudes ten But Bunsen contends that the Mandates and Similitudes with the exception of the last two, should form one book and that the Similitudes should be arranged as six The last two of the Similitudes he regards as a conclusion to the whole, just as he regards the first two of the Visions as an introduction to the whole We have thus, according to this critic, 'a tripartite composition organised in beautiful simplicity The first book represents the dark state of the soul her first awakening, and the glimpse she catches of the glory of the Divine life in God, living between fear and joy The second book brings before us the state of penitence in which man is disposed to listen to the moral precepts of Christianity, which he never understood properly before, and regulate his life accordingly with the feeling of moral responsibility The third book represents the perfect vision of the blessed life of the soul in communion with God and all good spirits, and of the eternal laws of the kingdom of God upon earth which is shortly to replace the present wicked world by a better'

BOOK I —THE VISIONS—DARKNESS AND DOUBT

The tale of the Shepherds" opens at Rome with an adventure in which the author describes himself as rescuing a poor slave girl, belonging to his father, from being drowned in the Tiber He himself had gone forth to bathe, and having spent some time in doing so, he beheld the girl whom he had learned to love as a sister, struggling in the water The supposition is that she had slipped into the river from one of the bathing houses allotted to the women on the banks of the Tiber, for both the ordinary Roman practice and the Christian feeling of the period, forbids the idea of her bathing openly in the river He extended his hand and saved her And he had scarcely done so, when, "struck by her charms, and the beauty of her soul," the thought arose within him, "How happy would I have been if I had obtained such a wife, in manner and appearance!" But his thoughts were innocent beyond this Only he could not help reflecting on his own fate, and the contrast which it might have presented had he been united to one at once so fair and so amiable

The truth was that Hermas, as the story goes on to tell, was ill mated His family circumstances were unhappy His wife was apparently a heathen, and she had an evil speaking tongue, her sons

* The writer who thus speaks of the "Shepherd" of Hermas is Bunsen, so lately called to rest from his many labours, historical and theological Acknowledging the rashness of many of his speculations, there are few men who have done more in their day to quicken thought and advance the cause of Protestantism than Bunsen He was a large hearted, noble minded man, and he died as he had lived, busy with work which he believed to be for the service of God and of religion In the present sketch we have freely availed ourselves of his translation and analysis of the "Shepherd.' Our paper is little more, indeed, than a condensation of his —*Hippolytus*, vol i.

were ill behaved and finally ruined their father. He himself was outwardly united with the Church, and so far as a active member of the Roman congregation, but he appear up to this time, to have had no real consciousness of his condition as a sinner and no awaken sense of his Christian responsibilities. He had grossly neglected his family and allowed its members to grow up, without due instruction or exhortation in their evil ways. The cares of business had choked the good seed of the word within him, for he seems to have lived a busy prosperous life. "He kept a mercantile business in town, and possessed a villa not far distant from Rome, on the Campanian Road." Such a life is scarcely the one we would picture to ourselves as that of an earnest Christian man in the middle of the second century. And, naturally, he confesses, when he begins to be troubled with a feeling of his sin, that he often dealt falsely in his business, and sought to take his customers in. He is, in short, the impersonation of the worldly professor, and how like the worldly professor in the Christian Church at home in the second century to the worldly professor now in the nineteenth century, with his place of business in town, and his villa in the country, and his ill regulated family!

The vision of the fair girl whom Hermas had rescued from the Tiber continued to haunt him, and some time after, when he was taking a walk and thinking of the "beauty of God's creature," he went to sleep, and fell into a trance. The spirit carried him into a strange and rugged place not unlike that (as Bunsen suggests), in which Dante awakened to a sense of his sins. "It was a place where nobody could walk, a place with rocks, surrounded by abysses, and rendered, moreover, inaccessible by waters." And when he had passed from this place he came to a great plain, where, falling upon his knees, he began to pray and confess his sins to the Lord. And as he prayed the heaven opened, and he saw the girl whom he had longed to have as his wife, saluting him, and saying, "Hermas, all hail!" And beholding her, he said, "Lady, what doest thou here?" She replied, "I have been called hither to bring thy sins before the Lord." He inquired why she accused him, and in what respect he had offended against her whom he honoured as his sister. Softly smiling, she suggested to him that his thoughts of her were not becoming a Christian husband. A just man thinks only just thoughts, and his evil thoughts ought therefore to lead him to repentance, and to a throne of grace, "for mercy to pardon, and grace to help."

When the maiden had thus spoken, the heaven closed and he was left alone in fear and darkness. As he meditated on his sins and how great they must be in the sight of God, who judged his passing thought to be evil, lo! a chair of wool, white as snow, and of spacious size, appeared to him, and an aged matron, splendidly arrayed, and having a book in her hand, came and sat upon it, and saluted him, "Hermas, all hail!" Sorrowful and in tears, he returned the salutation, and in answer to her inquiry, explained the cause of his grief. She did not try to lighten his burden, but rather at first added to it. It his thought of the maiden was evil, the anger of God was still more upon him, on account of the sins of his house, and his neglect in exhorting his wife and sons. But she admonished him to fulfil his duty towards them, and they might still be converted, and his wife become to him a Christian wife (a sister). Whereupon she read a book to him, containing an awful threatening against the wicked, but concluding with words full of comfort and majesty. And with a cheerful voice she took leave of him, disappearing eastward, whither the chair had also been removed, and said, 'Be of good courage, Hermas."

A year after, as Hermas was again walking in the same place, and thinking over the former vision, he was led anew to prostrate himself before God, and thank him for revealing to him his sins. As he rose from his knees, the aged matron reappeared to him, with a more cheerful aspect, and reading a book as she walked along. She addressed him, and gave him the book that he might copy it. He did so, but without understanding it, and as he did so, suddenly the book was snatched from his hand, by whom he knew not. A fortnight after, when he had been fasting, the meaning was revealed to him, and it was found to contain a serious admonition as to the iniquities of his house, and the manner of reproving them. It encouraged him, at the same time, with the assurance that all believers who repent from their heart, and reform their ways, will be saved, and receive support from God to bear steadfastly the persecutions that were approaching. When the matron disappeared, an angelic youth explained to Hermas that "she was not, as he had supposed, the Sibyl, but the Church, that is to say, the Spirit of the Communion of God's elect from the beginning of the world. She appeared in the shape of an aged matron, because she is the first of God's creatures, and on her account the world was created."

Some time after this she appeared to him in his house, and ordered him to make two copies of the book, one for the Bishop, who would send it to the foreign churches, and one for Grapte (a deaconess, probably), who should admonish the widows and orphans. To Hermas himself was committed the task of announcing the revelations to the Elders of the Church.

This is supposed to end the introduction to the Book of the Shepherd.—"The three apparitions of the Church," Bunsen says, "are preparatory to the vision of the heavenly organisation of the Elect, and of the Divine destiny of the kingdom of God upon earth. This latter vision," he continues (and we cannot do better than employ the language of his condensed analysis) "takes place after Hermas has been in a state of longing after further revelations in the silence of the night, at a lonely place in the country. The matron this time sits on a simple bench (subsellium), and he is requested to take his place at her left side. There he beheld a great tower which is being built upon the waters, out of splendid square blocks. The six first created angels of God are constructing it with the help of many thousand people. He learns that this is the Church of God or the Communion of all believers, a sanctuary which is building up in this world during what remains of time. Some explanations are given

him respecting the angels, and spirits, and men and the corner stones, and those which are rejected, and a prospect is held out of further enlightenment'

"Twenty days after, when he was in a lonely place, thanking God for having deigned to reveal unto him His mysteries, he heard a voice, saying, "Do not doubt, Hermas" Soon after a great fierce monster moved towards him intercepting his way, it was a hundred feet long, and out of its mouth came forth fiery locusts Hermas mindful of what he had heard took courage and encountered the beast which, as he approached laid itself quietly down and let him pass over it Who is not reminded of the three fierce animals that assailed Dante, when he first awakened to a serious repentance? Here sin is represented under the image of one monster in the *Divina Commedia*, of three, but the idea is the same" We are no less reminded of Apollyon, in the *Pilgrim's Progress* 'The monster, hideous to behold, clothed with scales like a fish, with wings like a dragon, and feet like a bear, and out of his belly coming fire and smoke" It is the same conception in all the three allegories The danger of sin is represented under a similarly monstrous image in each And the deliverance, if not after an exactly similar manner in each, is only in all through manful encounter with the enemy, on the part of the "Inquirer or "Pilgrim'

"No sooner had Hermas passed over the beast than the Spirit of the Church greeted him again, appearing no longer aged, but as a bridal virgin in radiant beauty 'Thou hast conquered,' she said, 'because thou hast, with a pure heart, laid before the Lord thy loneliness and care, firmly believing that thou canst not be saved but by His great majestic name Therefore, the Lord hath sent His angel who rules over that wild beast Go, therefore, and tell to the elect of God the great things that he hath done for thee And thou shalt say unto them that this beast is the figure of the trial that is about to come But those who shall prepare themselves, and preserve their hearts pure and without spot, shall escape Believe in God, ye doubtful, because He can do all things, He can both turn away His wrath from you, and send you help and security Woe to the doubtful, to those who shall hear these words and shall despise them It had been better for them that they had not been born'"

This closes the book of Visions, and the book of Mandates next follows In the same spirit, moral rather than evangelical, which has characterised the visions, they enunciate a series of duties, twelve in number, and some of them not very clearly distinguished They are introduced by a new vision of a 'Shepherd,' from which the name of the writing seems to have been derived

Hermas having prayed, and sat down upon his bed, there appeared to him a man with a reverend look, clothed in the habit of a shepherd, with a white cloak, and having a bundle on his back and a staff in his hand He made known to Hermas that he was sent as his special guide during all his remaining days, and he then gave him his Mandates and Similitudes to write down If the commands were accepted and obeyed by him in a pure mind, he should receive from the Lord the things that He had promised But if not, he should be punished So spake the shepherd or the Angel of Repentance The Mandates themselves may be condensed as follows

1 First of all believe that there is one God, Creator and Ordainer of all things

2 Live in simplicity and meekness

3 Love truth, that the Spirit of God may dwell in thee

4 Observe purity let no unclean thought enter thy heart, and if married, avoid divorce

5 Be patient and long suffering, so shalt thou have dominion over all wicked works, and fulfil all righteousness

6 Put thy trust in righteousness, and eschew unrighteousness Every man has two angels, the one, an angel of righteousness, is mild, modest, gentle, and strong and inspires just and charitable thoughts, the other, an angel of iniquity, is the contrary, and inspires evil thoughts and desires

7 Fear God and resist the devil

8 Flee from evil, and do good

9 Ask of God, in faith, nothing doubting

10 Banish sadness, and put on cheerfulness Sadness is the companion of doubtfulness and wrath, cheerfulness finds grace in the sight of the Lord

11 Trust the Spirit that cometh from God and hath power The spirit of the earth is from the devil, in whom there is no faith nor any power to raise the soul

12 Banish all evil desires, and put on good and holy desires

These are the twelve commandments He who has the Lord in his heart is able to fulfil them, but they who have the Lord only in their mouths, and their heart is hardened, and they are far from the Lord,—to such persons these commandments are hard and difficult

Such is a summary of the first two Books of the *Shepherd of Hermas* The third book containing the Similitudes and the Conclusion, is too lengthened to be condensed within any reasonable space at the close of the present notice *It* may afterwards deserve attention by itself

So far the reader will perhaps admit the interest of this old Christian allegory It is a strange story of the Christian life to have come down to us from the heart of the second century, bringing before us the sort of child like apprehension of that life which the early Church delighted to contemplate That this book of visions and commands and similitudes was read during the public worship of the churches of the second and third, and even the fourth century, is surely significant,—significant of this, if nothing more, that there was a spirit of great simplicity, we might say of credulity, in these churches The allegorical character of the book was no doubt understood, but its structure and manner must have strongly commended themselves to the sympathies and tastes of the times Christian truth must have appeared peculiarly acceptable and pleasing, and probably instructive in this guise And this is just what is so difficult for us to understand. It is scarcely possible to conceive a Christian con-

gregation in our time finding anything peculiarly edifying in such a book when placed alongside of the Gospels It may not be that our Christian congregations are more advanced in Christian life, or even in Christian intelligence, than those of the third century But merely that a different mental and Christian spirit has grown up, to which such a guise of Christian truth as is contained in the *Shepherd of Hermas* would no longer commend itself This spirit may not be wiser, it may feed itself upon marvels of even a less spiritual cast but it marks a wide change from that which welcomed and acknowledged the *Shepherd* as a portion of "Scripture"

There is one point which deserves particular notice in closing The spirit of the book throughout is far from what we would now call evangelical The principle of works, as confessed even by Barnabas, is so prominent in it, as almost to obscure the deeper principles of faith and life in God. And of the sacrifice of Christ, as the great spring and centre of all Christian duty, there is scarcely any mention The "Son of God" is indeed declared in the third book of Similitudes to be the rock upon which faith is built, and the "door" for all who shall enter this kingdom of God Yet the cross is by no means luminous in it In this respect, as in other respects, the *Christian allegory of the second century* is greatly inferior to the immitable allegory of Puritanism—the *Pilgrim's Progress* The visions of "Christian" are far more bright with the glory of the gospel, and "Evangelist" and "Interpreter" point the way and expound the duties and hopes and prospects of the inquirer far more clearly than either the "matron" or the "shepherd" who exhort and guide Hermas.

JOHN TULLOCH

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Who, but Jesus Christ, the God man, can call himself the Light of the World? As the only begotten of the Father, God of God, He is also Light of Light, and, as the man Christ Jesus, sent by God to be a Saviour and second Adam, He is the Light of the World God is Light, and He dwelleth in light inaccessible, but Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh, dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory—the brightness of God's glory—full of grace and truth

In calling Himself the Light, Jesus declared His divinity Men may profess to see and possess Light, they may endeavour to testify of the Light, to lead others to it, to guide and help them in their search after the same blessing But no human being ever announced himself as *being* the Light, no human teacher ever asserted, that to see Him was to see God, to know Him, life eternal, to believe in Him, to be translated out of the kingdom and to be delivered from the bondage of darkness, to follow, love, trust, and obey Him, to walk in fellowship with Him, the way of truth, blessedness and life Men are proud, and apt to over estimate their power and importance, but no man ever made himself equal with God, who *is* Light, except Jesus, the meek and lowly One, who, far from seeking the honour and praise of men, avoided all outward glory and splendour, living only unto God, and seeking only His approbation. But think no evil in your heart, whether is it easier to say, "I am the Light of the World," or "Which of you convinceth me of sin" or "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world!" Test and prove Him by what He was on earth, and what He has manifested of Himself since.

It is narrated, that when that proud and selfish conqueror, before whom so many nations had trembled, was banished to a lonely and [illegible] island, his thoughts were directed to the [illegible] and church of Jesus Christ, and the fact which struck him most forcibly, was the powerful influence exerted by an Invisible Being—once a Man on earth—on the hearts of thousands, filling men with love, courage, and deeds of self-denial and sacrifice. He could understand the influence of the Personal Presence of a great mind on the affection and will of men, for he remembered the devotion, the enthusiasm, and obedience of his own soldiers, but he reasoned, that the only supposition on which the fact of the love and loyalty of Christ's people in all ages and countries could be accounted for, was, that Jesus was more than man

The story (whatever its authenticity) is but another version of the apostolic word, "Whom, having not seen, ye love" An affection which is found among rich and poor, learned and illiterate, young and old, in the rugged north and sunny south, in every clime, in every century, among men of every rank, temperament, and degree of culture, evidently proceeds from what is deepest in human nature, from man's inmost, central being Only a perfect Man can be its cause and object Moreover, a love so strong and faithful, which has not only enabled tender maidens and grey haired men to endure tortures the most excruciating, and to die cheerfully and triumphantly, but nerved and sustained thousands in the daily battle of life, the hourly crucifixion of the flesh, and patient submission to toil and sorrow, must be a response to a love of infinite intensity, tenderness, and depth We ask the Church herself, and in her name the beloved disciple answers, "We love him, because he first loved us"

Life, love, and light are inseparably connected God is the living One, He is Love and He is Light But guilty sinners are separated and estranged from Him, they walk in darkness, they are children of wrath and disobedience, and heirs of death Jesus Christ, the God man, is the only Mediator As God, He has life in Himself, is light, is love, as the God-man, He is set apart from all eternity, that in and through Him, life, light, and love might be communicated to sinners Inseparable are these three elements, His Priesthood and Kingship—the Lamb slain for us, and the Fountain-Head of life—are inseparably connected with His prophetic office; hence, only they can call Him the Light of the World, who have found in Him their Saviour-God.

Who knew Him best, when He was on earth?

Who was His most beloved friend, His most favoured disciple, the nearest and dearest to His heart? The Apostle John Is it not a significant fact, that the man who was most intimately acquainted with Christ's humanity, gives the clearest and most emphatic testimony concerning His Divinity? That John, who leaned on His bosom, who had the deepest insight into the life, thoughts, and feelings, who enjoyed the largest share of the confidence and affection of the Man Christ Jesus, in all his writings never loses sight for a moment of the Godhead of the Saviour? The more we examine His history, the more we look at His humanity the more are we convinced that He has the words of eternal life, that He is that anointed One, the Son of the living God

Jesus Christ is the Light of the world, because He reveals to us God 'Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," in these words Philip expressed the deepest longing of the human soul the desire of all nations and the earnest prayer of Israel, is to behold God Nothing else can satisfy the thirst of man's spiritual nature no other life or blessedness can be real, true, and perfect The request is wonderful, but the reply is still more so, for Jesus answered, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" Notice the general tone of the assertion Christ does not single out some feature of His character, He does not refer to isolated acts and events in His life, He does not limit Himself to some special manifestations of Divine life power, and goodness, but he speaks of Himself His whole Person, as He was, spake loved—"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father Many descriptions had been given of God's character, many scattered rays had visited the children of men the righteousness, truth, love, long suffering wisdom of God, had been declared to the Gentiles by the works of creation and the voice of conscience to Israel, by the revelation of the word, by Moses and the prophets, by laws and precepts, symbols and types, by their whole wonderful history But the features of the Divine character had been delineated separately and fragmentarily, they received line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, at sundry times and in divers manners, darkly and in shadowy outlines, it was only by thought, and combination, and inference, that the mind of Israel endeavoured laboriously to conceive God But the desire of the true Israelite is, "*Show* us the Father!" He wishes a full, perfect, immediate revelation of God—without painful and laborious effort he desires to see the Father He longs after that one Mediator, who is not, like the Law or Old Testament revelation, complex, but a unity in whom he may behold at once the One God, that is, the whole character of the Supreme Jesus Christ is the revelation of God All his life, death, and resurrection is nothing but the purest, most blessed and perfect manifestation of the Father God proclaimed his name to Moses: "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty" Behold this name of God embodied in the Lord Jesus Christ!

Askest thou, "Is it possible that God, who is Spirit, infinite and unsearchable, is beheld in Jesus the son of Mary? We behold him in all things like unto us (though without sin), he is hungry and weary, we see him overcome with fatigue, asleep, he has all the infirmities of our nature, and we know that God is not like unto us, he is not like unto man or the son of man' He, who created man in his image, announced the coming of a Son of man whose name is Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace He appointed Him from all eternity He chose and elected him his fellow and equal, to become his servant the Redeemer of an innumerable multitude, the mystery is unveiled, the promise fulfilled, Zion behold thy God! See him, wherever and whenever it may be and thou beholdest God In His purity, in His love in His patience, in His righteousness, in His long suffering, when He feeds the multitude, the thankful and the unthankful, when He heals the sick, when He calms the troubled waves, when He comforts the sorrowing and desolate, when He rebukes the proud when He unmasks the hypocrite when He rejects the self righteous, when He receives the broken hearted, when He rejoices over believing babes, when He notices the widows' mite,—all His steps, words, looks, joys, emotions of anger and approbation reveal the Father The more we have learned from the Old Testament that God is Spirit, the more spiritual our conception of God is, the more easily and readily shall we acknowledge that God was in Christ

Former revelations of God were like flashes of lightning, like passing visitant rays, like the reflected light of the moon, here is the sun in mid day splendour, and yet its brightness is full of healing so that man can endure it We see God, and yet we do not die but live "Even from the least to the greatest they shall know me, saith the Lord" Thus hath the light inaccessible become very accessible and near to us, and the glory which sinners could not behold, has appeared to us as the glory of the only begotten, full of grace and truth Is not Christ the Light of the world?

Christ reveals God in His words and in His works In Him as the Light everything is simple, undivided, and perfectly harmonious His words and works are but a manifestation of His person While He taught and performed His works, He never for a moment interrupted His inward fellowship with the Father, as the sun giving light to the lowliest flower in the valley, leaves not his appointed path on high, and as a sunbeam passes undefiled through the vilest pollution, Jesus, while teaching, healing, and working, even when surrounded by the guiltiest and most God estranged, was always in heaven.

We, who possess the Spirit only in measure, have always to look up to our own teaching, it is high above us, we have not yet attained it, we *are* not yet what we see and declare—but Christ's words are only a declaration of what He is, realises, professes With us our works too are above us, the outward appearance and activity of love, kindness, zeal for God, does not correspond to the reality within, to the truth in the inward parts. But with Christ it is otherwise, all his works are but the manifestation of the inner life, the efful-

gence of his character, and her o Himself, His words, His works are in many a full unity—*Light*

Think of His teaching How beautiful is its simplicity! His words ar true parent for He is the Truth and Truth is cl ar like sunlight Truth perfectly understood and p rfectly expressed, conviction alone is the light ning in reveals all objects so Christ's w rds require no illumination, it is the entran which giveth light When Jesus speaks the s ul not merely he ars, but sees It is not merely that m rely understanding is satisfied our conscience r s l ves affections engaged our imagination emp l yed—it is all this, and still more, it is our whole st being, that in us which constitutes our l umanity, which is eternal that Christ pr sses and addresses, so that we feel Christ has come into contact with the very centre of our beings Into He goes to man's soul as the rays of light are straight No lengthy and intricate discussion no complicated and elaborate arguments no delicate and subtle weighing of probabilities no gorgeous dazzling and fascinating imagery,—here all is simple, strong,—revelation, sunlight

His teaching is perfectly original Well might they say, "How doth this man know the Scriptures, having never learned?" It belongs to no age or country Though He was in one sense of the word a true Israelite though He made use of Jewish forms of expression, of parables and illustrations, such as the scene of His labours offered though, as a true and loving teacher, He adapted himself to His hearers yet no erudition is required for people, separated by centuries and thousands of miles from the age and place of His teaching to understand and to enjoy His words As light and music appeal to men of all nations and of every century, Christ's words are gone out to all the earth, and to the ends of the world Can you account for this on any other theory than that His words are the words of eternal life, because He is Christ the Son of the living God? Notice moreover, the constant concentration of Christ's teaching, there is nothing superfluous nothing weak His stand point is so high, his vision so clear that disregarding all foolish questions and strife of words, and surface excuses, by which men keep themselves at a distance from God, He strikes at once the evil heart of unbelief, and constantly directs us to the one thing needful, either by showing us our sin or declaring to us God's remedy Nothing could disturb the brilliancy of the light, nothing interrupts its constancy It never flickers, so calm it is, and steady, and equal, like the very eye of God No intricate and subtle questions and sophistical dilemmas can perplex him, "Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," is His immediate answer, so easy and natural, without effort I had almost said without consciousness of His having solved a difficulty or evaded subtle snares This calmness and collectedness is moral, not merely intellectual For instance, when accused by the Pharisees that He performed miracles by the assistance of Satan, He not merely—without an expression of anger, though, doubtless, His intensely sensitive soul was grieved at their blindness and hardness of heart—explains to them that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand, but even manifests the most tender and yearning love, by telling them that sins against the Son of Man may be forgiven, warning them against that sin which is fatal and final

The divine beauty and truth of Christ's teaching appears in striking contrast with the teaching of men The people of His day felt instinctively that He spake with authority and not as the scribes The scribe had the authority of outward appointment, he was acknowledged by Church and University, he impressed his hearers with his superior erudition, his subtle dialectics his refined style, his extensive information his cogent logic Ah, what of that? The poor, illiterate artisan, the simple, ignorant woman, will, nevertheless, not yield the citadel of the heart until He cometh whose right it is *The sheep will not hear the voice of a stranger*, the authority is the authority of Light He spake of his own when He spake the truth, and man felt it, for He is the Light of the World

I might dwell on the fact, that He is free from all error and superstition, and that as His moral character has stood the scrutiny of the enemy for nearly two millenniums, so nothing erroneous has been detected in His doctrine I might notice the circumstance that His teaching is intelligible to all—to Nicodemus as well as the woman of Samaria, to fishermen of Galilee, and, to use the words of Coleus "to woollen manufacturers shoemakers and curriers, the most uneducated and boorish of men," as well as to the great and learned I might point out the wonderful combination of apparent opposites in His doctrine everywhere leading principles, general fundamental ideas, and yet all is practical and ready for immediate application in a concrete case, He insists on having our affections in heaven, and on our living in the world and working with cheerful energy He places eternity before us, and yet limits us to the present day, He demands zeal for the truth, and shows the way of true toleration, we might finally, dwell on the consciousness of Christ that His words were words of eternal life, that their influence would extend through all ages, that they were the divine and incorruptible seed of an everlasting harvest, that "all who are of the truth would hear his voice," in which calm assurance no unbelief and opposition, and want of appreciation, could ever disturb him He is not anxious about the success of His doctrine, for He knows that He is the Light of the World But enough has been said on this point, to show that 'never man spake like this man," that He is heaven high above all prophets and teachers, that His word is the living word of God

He is the Light of the World, because He is the perfect man We call Him the Man Christ Jesus, because He belongs to no age, country, temperament, rank, He is the perfect manifestation of man, created in the image of God, the representative of humanity Who since Adam's fall was able to call himself The Man, who could call to himself all the heavy laden and weary, and offer them sympathy and rest? Who ever had a mind capable of comprehending all minds, a heart wide and large and sensitive and all-sided to understand every sorrow, every fear, every joy, a life, comprehensive and exhaustive of every difficulty, temptation, and affliction, a death, in which was

concentrated all that is bitter and agonising and overwhelming so that He can say to all men I understand you, I love you, I was tempted like you, I suffered like you, I can be your guide your model, your strength, your help throughout' Who but Jesus Christ'

His name is "Wonderful" You are not able to explain Him by any other man, you cannot put Him under any class He stands by Himself He is a universal man, but you are mistaken if you think of Him as a vague cosmopolite He is a Jew, of the tribe of Judah, and the family of David Study Him and you will perceive that, only in the garden of Israel, and from the noblest flower bed of the royal house of the shepherd who was a man after the heart of God, could come forth He whom Nathanaels willingly receive as the promised Messiah and over whose cross is written 'King of the Jews He is a friend of publicans and sinners, but He accepts the invitation of Simon the Pharisee, He devotes a night's instruction to Nicodemus He loves the poor, and it is among them that He expects to find disciples, He escapes from them when they wish to make Him king He exposed the errors of the Pharisees, He rebukes their pride, He thunders against their hypocrisy, but He still tells the people to do as they teach them His personal character is also so comprehensive that it stands out as perfectly unique Contemplative, and a lover of solitude devoting whole nights to secret communings with the Father and yet active, always ready allowing no opportunity of doing good to be neglected, journeying and healing making such use of a very limited portion of time, as may greatly astonish the most practical and energetic utilitarian Lonely, standing on an eminence where none was beside Him, except the Father no human being holy, pure, lofty enough to be His companion, and yet so social that, unmindful of His fatigue He welcomes the nocturnal visitor, and at Jacob's well discourses with a poor guilty woman Living with God, yet never at a loss to begin a conversation with the most ignorant and degraded Earnest grave, solemn, constantly mindful of His aim, His work, His approaching death, yet who can say He was morose, austere, or that His presence was depressing' He came eating and drinking He rejoiced in spirit, He regarded the lilies of the field, He noticed the children playing in the market places, He changed water into wine at the marriage feast He speaks of singing and dancing in His parable, He has evidently joy in Him, and joy set before Him Friend of all, and yet giving special affection to Lazarus and Mary and Martha, and to the disciple who leaned on His bosom Sensitive, so that He at once perceives when men wish to kill Him, even where they themselves are unconscious of the extent of their hatred, yet never discouraged or influenced by the opinions of men, then approbation, or censure Gentle and meek as a lamb, bold, strong, majestic as a lion, while He gains all mothers' hearts by the way in which he took little children and laid His hands upon them strong men yield to His fiery zeal, and leave the temple they had desecrated Pure, spotless, righteous, He is able to make Pharisees feel their sin, and go out one after another, while He binds up the broken hearted, and infuses strength into the broken reed Burning with a holy desire to glorify God, and knowing that every plant which His Father hath not planted shall be rooted up, He never is carried away to violence, or mere outward reform To whom will ye liken Him' When we think of His character and of the whole course of His life, we can only say—The Man Christ Jesus'

All that conscience testifies all that the law of Moses required all that the Father ever purposed and delighted to behold in man—is in Christ Jesus' Here again all is unity Here are no complicated multitudinous rules, regulations and commandments not at sundry times and in divers manners but the whole will of God concerning man, the whole idea of God is embodied in the Saviour 'Follow me In these two words he condenses the whole law and the prophets' The Light of the World'

His temptations are exhaustive of all possible temptations He was tempted in all things Is it not a fact that all classes and conditions of men have found that when they are tempted by the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, Jesus had met the enemy before them, and that in Him they have perfect sympathy, clear guidance, and sure victory' And as for His sufferings, surely He is a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief Poverty and privation, ingratitude and malice of men, scorn and contempt, were His companions here below, and who can estimate the grief which He experienced in witnessing the wants and the sorrows of men, or how deeply He was affected by the wickedness around Him' The sorrows which He relieved He bore, all the afflictions of men poured their flood into that great and tender heart, and the sin of the world lay as a heavy burden on His pure and holy soul But what is even this when compared to the agony in the garden, and His sufferings on the Cross' Therefore is He the consolation of Israel the healer of all sorrow, whatever our sufferings may be, in the lowest depth of lowliness and anguish Jesus Christ is with us, the searcher of hearts as well as the balm of Gilead Who but the living God can thus enter into the most secret recess of the soul—the doors being shut even to the most intimate friend —and know us and search us, and be with us in the wilderness, when Satan tempts, and in the fiery furnace, when afflictions nearly break the heart' Mysterious Being, thou Wonderful, to whom all secrets are known and manifest, to whom every tear is transparent, and who hearest the unuttered groaning of the oppressed and aching heart, who for centuries hast joined all the lonely disciples on their melancholy walk to Emmaus, and hast dried the tears of the bereaved, and hast supported the faint and weary, thou perfect man, my Lord, and my God!

Light of the World, Light of Light' no power is able to mar thy brightness, for thou hast inextinguishable life Not all the malice and cunning of the serpent, not all the strength and might of the roaring lion, not the foul atmosphere of human vice and error, not all the waves and billows of sorrow and of anguish. "It was night"

when Jesus went out and entered the garden of Gethsemane, but to Thee the night shineth as the day, and although the night of our sin and guilt enveloped Thee so that thy soul was sorrowful unto death yet was it light, for Thou sadest 'Not my will but thine be done!" But then God was with Him and heard Him, and an angel strengthened Him Still we may ask, how He light in Himself Then behold Him on the cross when a ministering angel comforts Him, when the everlasting arms are no longer beneath Him when the sun above, even God the Father was darkened and hid His countenance from Him mystery of mysteries, miracle of miracles—Christ is still Light, more gloriously and brightly He shines—with infinite faith, love purity His soul cried "My God" Only infinite light could resist infinite darkness Here on Golgotha has Jesus Christ removed our sin, our guilt, our punishment, the curse of the law the wrath of the holy love of God, He has dispelled the darkness, by His priesthood He has fully entered into, and established for ever His prophetic and royal office, He has become the Light of a guilty and sinful world Here He has reconciled God to man and heaven to earth and from henceforth we see the heavens open and the angels of God descending and ascending for He who is the joy and adoration of the heavenly hosts has through the blood of His cross reconciled all things unto himself, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven —(Col i)

On that Saturday after His crucifixion, it seemed to the true Israel that Jesus was dead He, who was, as they had hoped, the Redeemer, life and light given lay buried in the grave The life had died, the light was extinguished It was the Sabbath day Sabbath? Oh cruel mockery! was this the end and rest of creation, Jesus the perfect man in the grave? Day of joy and heavenly repose, of hope and thanksgiving thou hast lost, so they thought, thy meaning for ever But had He not himself said that the corn of wheat must die first, ere it brings forth fruit? When Adam wished to live, self exaltation was the seed of a harvest of death, when the second Adam chose death, know ye not what the harvest must be? Truly the end of the first creation is the killing of Christ and all that is Christlike, but the beginning of a new creation is here, for, on the first day of the week, that very day on which the voice had said "Let there be light," He arose out of the grave, the Lord from heaven, the glorious Head, King, and Saviour of His people That resurrection light illumines all things It reveals to us the righteous love of God, the all sufficiency of Christ's atonement, the certainty and glory of eternal life, the redemption of the body new and transfigured. In His resurrection we are begotten again to the inheritance of light the day has dawned which shall never end, and in the heaven of heavens, the highest sanctuary, even on the right hand of God, we behold Him, the God man, as our Intercessor, Advocate, sympathising Friend, and glorious Head

In the well known picture of Correggio, in which the light emanating from the Christ child illumines all the other figures—Mary, the shepherds, and the angels—the deep thought is expressed that from Christ proceeds the light in which God and man, heaven and earth, are clearly seen For the light maketh manifest, and thus we find that Jesus Christ is the solution of all the problems which perplex the human mind In Him we understand history, for in Him we see its centre as well as its final aim and end Aged Simeon, moved by the Spirit, explained the meaning of the four millennia which had passed over the human race, when he exclaimed, "Mine eyes have beheld thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before all nations" The aged prophet foretold, also, the whole sum and substance, aim and end of the ages to come, when he added, "a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel" In Christ, we understand the counsel of God concerning this world, for under Him the Son of man, he put in subjection the world to come, Christ the Light, and the children of light with Him, shall reign over a world of righteousness and peace Thus, wherever we look, we behold the central Light is Christ If we think of eternity, it is in Christ the Father chose us and purposed our redemption, if we think of Creation, it is in Christ that all things were made, of the angels, it is Christ whom they worship before earth is called into existence, of history, it is Christ for whose sake God has patience and long suffering, and His advents—the first in humility, the second in triumph—are the two foci round which the whole ellipse moves, of Israel, Christ is its soul and spirit its meaning and import, of the world to come, Christ is the Son of the King for whom the marriage feast is made ready In all things He hath the pre eminence, the Father hath given Him to be the Light of the world

It is in Him also that we behold the true nature and power of sin, and the kingdom of darkness As He shows the character of God and the law of God, collecting all the scattered rays so He sums up and concentrates all the manifestations of sin, as opposed to Him He must be perfect Good—that evil in all its aspects, characteristics, and forms, turns against Him And notice that, in coming into contact with the Universal Man, men lose their individual character, and become types of men, to be found in all ages and places The Pharisees, the self righteous, godless religionists, who, knowing Scripture, yet not merely do not recognise Jesus as the promised Fulfiller, but accuse Him of heterodoxy and blasphemy, the sceptical, witty secularists or Sadducees, who, notwithstanding their unbelief, can not leave the subject of religion alone are they not everywhere, and in every age? The Judas, who betrayed Him, the Pilate, whose lukewarm indifference and unmanliness led him to the neglect of justice and truth, the heartless Herod, who desired to gratify his curiosity, the carnal multitude, who shouted "Hosannah," and "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" the sentimental daughters of Jerusalem, who had never wept truly over themselves, are not all these living in the very midst of us?*

* And in the very children of light, Christ's presence reveals the darkness that is still in them Not merely does He manifest the infinite distance between man's goodness, as the most excellent of our race conceive it, and God's goodness (compare "Rich Young Man," "Nicodemus,") but even of true Israelites, who are led

No Evangelist has described the contrast between darkness and light, and the hatred of the darkness against the light so emphatically and awfully as the beloved disciple, who is indeed the apostle of love, but not in the sense in which a God estranged generation has imagined it In his Gospel we read how Christ told the Jews that they hated Him, not although but because He told them the truth, that they understood Him not, because the love of God was not in them, and they were of the devil, the liar and murderer from the beginning Sin never looked so dark man's sin never appeared so fearfully connected with a kingdom of evil a prince of darkness as now, when Jesus Christ the Light reveals to us the mystery Of eternal death and of an uttermost darkness, whither no ray of light, life, and love penetrate the true and faithful witness often spoke For the Light maketh all things manifest, and that, out of love Sin death, hell mystery of darkness, —I stand in awe and tremble—yet I fear not, for Jesus, who reveals to me the darkness, is the Light of the world, He has atoned for sin, and renews the heart, He has conquered the grave and hell, the prince of the world is judged, the Lord, He is God the God of our salvation

The Light is self communicative it cannot be hid, they, who come to Him believe in Him, follow Him, rise from the dead and Christ gives them light They become light in the Lord, it is in and through them that Christ is the Light of the world Looking upward, they see a reconciled God, looking around them, they see brethren to love, fellow men to attract and benefit, looking before them, they see Jesus their Guide Jesus being no longer a stumbling block and rock of offence, He is the way, a path of light and peace

And thou who art not rejoicing in the Light, hear the testimony of the sun concerning Christ —

Light is free, no gold or silver can purchase it no skill can frame it no toil or labour earn it It comes unbought, and to its glory and strength no human being can contribute such is Christ

Light is seen by itself No artificial substitutes can equal it They are willingly left when it appears When Christ reveals Himself, the knowledge of mere memory and intellect, the light of nature, education, and outward religion vanish

Light is calm, yet strong! "It sparkles on morn's million gems of dew, it flings itself into the shower of noon, it weaves its gold into the cloud of sunset, yet not a sound is heard!' Thus it is, that far from all ostentation and outward pomp, "not with observation,' Jesus Christ sends light into the troubled heart, increasing in brightness and glory till midday splendour And as light is calm, dispersing the darkness gently and without violence, thus was Christ meek and lowly, "He shall not cry, nor lift up nor cause his voice to be heard in the street The heathen rage, the enemies mock, revile, and persecute—He only shines, with steady brightness, serene and glorious But He leadeth judgment to victory Paul is bound, but the Word is not bound, the Light is beyond the reach of man's cruelty, malice, cunning and power,—it is free Invincible is his might irresistible His influence, and His strength is infinitely tender and compassionate He adapts himself with unspeakable considerateness to the weakness and frailty of the broken hearted and poor in spirit He has many things to say, but remembering that His disciples cannot bear them yet He modifies the intensity of the Light so as to suit their capacity As the morning star He appears to the anxious and troubled soul, He is like sunlight, strong bright rousing fructifying, joy giving, He is like moonlight gentle, soothing, inviting to repose and calmness The infinite and perfect light is ordained by God, a sun to shine by day moon and stars shine by night

Regions which the sun rarely cheers are barren wastes But Christ the Sun of righteousness, converts deserts into vineyards gardens, and fields, clothed with fragrant and beautiful abundance The desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose, 'instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree'

Light brings courage The Lord is my Light and my salvation whom shall I fear? God is a sun, and thereby also a shield In the midst of snares and complicated networks of temptation we have a sure light guiding and directing us, and in the very valley of the shadow of death it is not utter darkness the Light still shineth

Light is joy When God turned away impending destruction from his people, we are told 'the Jews had light and gladness, and joy and honour" (Esther viii 16), and in like manner we read, 'Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart' (Ps xcvii 11) When God sends His light and truth, they lead us and bring us to the altar of God, our exceeding joy! Once we were in darkness, tempestuous was the voyage for many days neither sun nor stars appeared, we were in fear and terror, in loneliness and sorrow, in the bondage of sin and death, but now we see God face to face, and our life is preserved, on Christ's cross we behold the declaration, The Father himself loveth you and in the Resurrection of our Saviour is a sunrise, which commences an everlasting day

But what shall it be when the word is fulfilled? —'The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory" When Christ shall appear, then shall His people, the children of light, shine forth as the sun On earth their light was often obscured by their own unfaithfulness, weakness, besetting sin, the temptations of Satan and the world, but now delivered for ever from sin and frailty, from fear and sorrow, from evil within and evil around them, and beholding Christ as He is, they will shine forth strong, bright light! What shall it be, when the myriads of His disciples, conformed unto His image by the Spirit, shall emit the myriad coloured reflections of that fulness of love and purity which dwelleth in Him? And if Jesus rejoiced in spirit when on earth He thanked the Father for revealing the mysteries of His kingdom to the poor and lowly,—

by the Spirit the greatest and the best are beheld as imperfect and sinful when compared with Him. He is above all, because He is from heaven, who chargeth even His angels with folly, how much more them that dwell in houses of clay?

throne to welcome every believer who has finished His course and kept the faith—what joy shall irradiate His blessed countenance when all the children whom the Father has given unto Him, shall be with Him where He is beholding His glory!

Creation too in earnest expectation, is waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. It groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now for it was made subject to vanity. It is covered with dark night marring its beauty and loveliness, defiled with a curse, and the stain of sin. But the resurrection morning draweth nigh. The regeneration of the world is at hand. The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, unto the glorious liberty of the children of God, for the *Light of the world* hath overcome darkness, and behold now *a world of light!* Then shall we sing with a deeper and truer meaning, and with more joyous gratitude and praise than ever before —

> "O my Lord and God thou art very great,
> Thou art clothed with honour and majesty,
> Who coverest Thyself with *Light* as with a garment."

ADOLPH SAPHIR

THE DOCTOR

A DAY SERMON FOR WORKING PEOPLE,* BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS"

Everybody knows the Doctor, a very important person he is to us all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next. When we are well we perhaps think little about the Doctor or perhaps we have our joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells; let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to the doctor. If the mother thinks her husband or her child dying, how she runs to him and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his search ing eye, as he examines the dear sufferer; how she wonders what he thinks—what she would give to know what he knows! how she mourns for his visit! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress! Her whole soul goes out to him in unspeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her darling child or her husband. He knows many of our secrets, our sorrows, which no one else knows—some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows, how many cares and secrets, how many lives, he carries in his heart and in his hands. So you see he is a very important person the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves. A thinking man feels often painfully what a serious thing it is to be a doctor, to have the charge of the lives of his fellow mortals, to stand, as it were between them and death, and eternity, and the judgment seat, and to fight hand to hand with Death. One of the best men and greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr Sydenham, says, in reference to this, and it would be well if all doctors, young and old, would consider his words —

"It becomes every man who purposes to give himself to the care of others, seriously to consider the four following things —*First*, That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of all the lives intrusted to his care. *Secondly*, That all his skill, and knowledge, and energy, as they have been given him by God, so they should be exercised for His glory and the good of mankind, and not for mere gain or ambition. *Thirdly*, and not more beautifully than truly, Let him reflect that he has undertaken the care of no mean creature, for in order that we may estimate the value, the greatness of the human race the only begotten Son of God became Himself a man, and thus ennobled it with His divine dignity, and, far more than this, died to redeem it; and, *fourthly*, That the Doctor being himself a mortal man, should be diligent and tender in relieving his suffering patients, inasmuch as he himself must one day be a like sufferer."

I shall never forget a proof I myself got twenty years ago, how serious a thing it is to be a doctor, and how terribly in earnest people are when they want him. It was when cholera first came here in 1832. I was in England at Chatham, which you all know is a great place for ships and sailors. This foul disease comes on generally in the night, as the Bible says, "it walks in darkness," and many a morning was I roused at two o'clock to go and see its sudden victims. One morning a sailor came to say I must go three miles down the river to a village where it had broken out with great fury. Off I set. We rowed in silence down the dark river, passing the big hulks, and hearing the restless convicts turning in their beds in their chains. The men rowed with all their might, they had too many dying or dead at home to have the heart to speak to me. We got near the place, it was very dark, but I saw a crowd of men and women on the shore at the landing place. They were all shouting for the Doctor, the shrill cries of the women, and the deep voices of the men coming across the water to me. We were near the shore, when I saw a huge old man, his hat off, his hair grey, his head bald, he said nothing, but turning them all off with his arm, he plunged into the sea, and before I knew where I was, he had me grimly in his arms. I was helpless as an infant. He waded out with me, carrying me high up in his left arm, and with his right levelling every man or woman who stood in his way. It was Big Jim carrying

* Delivered many years ago at the Broughton Place Mission Schoolhouse in the Old High School Close, Canongate, Edinburgh.

me to see his grandson, little Joe, and he bore me off to the poor convulsed boy, and dared me to leave him till he was better He did get better, but Big Joe was dead that night He had the disease on him when he carried me away from the boat, but his heart was set upon his boy I never can forget that night, and how important a thing it was to be able to relieve suffering, and how much Old Joe was in earnest about having the Doctor

Now, I want you to consider how important the Doctor is to you Nobody needs him so much as the poor man He is often ill He is exposed to hunger and wet and cold, and to fever, and all the diseases of hard labour and poverty His work is heavy, and his heart is often heavy too with misery of all kinds—his back weary with its burden—his hands and limbs often meeting with accidents—and you know if the poor man, if one of you falls ill and takes fever, or breaks his leg it is a far more serious thing than with a richer man Your health and strength are all you have to depend on they are your stock in trade, your capital Therefore I shall ask you to remember *four things* about your duty to your Doctor so as to get the most good out of him, and do the most good to him too

1*st* It is your duty to trust your Doctor

2*dly*, It is your duty to obey your Doctor

3dly, It is your duty to speak the truth to your Doctor the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and

4*thly*, It is your duty to reward your Doctor

And so now for the *first* It is our duty *to trust* our Doctor that is to believe in him If you were in a ship in a wild storm, and among dangerous rocks, and if you took a pilot on board who knew all the coast and all the breakers and had a clear eye a firm heart, and a practised hand, would you not let him have his own way would you think of giving him your poor advice, or keep his hand from its work at the helm? You would not be such a fool or so uncivil or so mad And yet many people do this very same sort of thing, just because they don't really trust their Doctor and a Doctor is a pilot for your bodies, when they are in a storm and in distress He takes the helm, and does his best to guide you through a fever but he must have fair play, he must be trusted even in the dark It is wonderful what cures the very sight of a Doctor will work, if the patient believes in him, it is half the battle His very face is as good as a medicine, and sometimes better—and much pleasanter too One day a labouring man came to me with indigestion He had a sour stomach, and heartburn, and the water brash, and wind, and colic, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food, and too much of it, and then, when its digestion gave him pain, he took a glass of raw whisky I made him promise to give up his bad food and his worse whisky, and live on peas brose and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription, as we call it, for some medicine, and said, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight, and you will be well" He did come back, hearty and hale,—no coke, no sinking at the heart, a clean tongue, and a cool hand, and a firm step, and a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done, and having forgotten what it was, I said, "Let me see what I gave you" "Oh," says he, "I took it" "Yes," said I, "but the prescription" "*I took it* as you bade me I swallowed it" He had actually eaten the bit of paper and been all that the better of it, but it would have done him little, at least less good, had he not trusted me when I said he would be better

So take my word for it, and trust your Doctor, it is his due and it is for your own advantage Now, our *next duty is to obey the Doctor* Thus you will think is simple enough What use is there in calling him in if we don't do what he bids us? and yet nothing is more common, partly from laziness and sheer stupidity partly from conceit and suspiciousness and partly, in the case of children, from fatal indulgence, than to disobey the Doctor's orders Many a child have I seen die from nothing but the mother's not liking to make her swallow a powder or put on a blister

Thirdly, You should tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth to your Doctor He may be never so clever and never so anxious but he can no more know how to treat a case of illness without knowing all about it, than a miller can make meal without corn, and many a life have I seen lost from the patient or his friends concealing some thing that was true, or telling something that was false The silliness of this is only equal to its sinfulness and its peril

I remember in connexion with that place where Big Joe lived and died a singular proof of the perversity of people in not telling the Doctor the truth —as you know, people are apt to send for the Doctor for cholera when it is too late, when it is a death rather than a disease But there is an early stage called premonitory—or warning—when medicines can avail I summoned all the people of that fishing village who were well, and told them this, and asked them if they had any of the symptoms They all denied having any (this is a peculiar feature in that terrible disease, they are afraid to *let on* to themselves, or even the Doctor, that they are 'in for it'), though from their looks and from their going away while I was speaking, I knew they were not telling the truth Well, I said, 'You must, at any rate, every one of you, take some of this,' producing a bottle of medicine. I will not tell you what it was as you should never take drugs at your own hands, but it is simple and cheap I made every one take it, only one woman going away without taking any, she was the *only one of all those who died*

Lastly, It is your duty to reward your Doctor. There are four ways of rewarding your Doctor. The first is by giving him your money, the second is by giving him your gratitude, the third is by your doing his bidding, and the fourth is by speaking well of him, giving him a good name, recommending him to others Now, I know few, if any of you, can pay your Doctor, and it is a great public blessing that in this country you will always get a good doctor willing to attend you for nothing, and this is a great blessing, but let me tell you,—I don't think I need tell you,—try and pay your Doctor, be it ever so little It does you good as well as him, it keeps up your

self respect, it raises you in your own eye, in your neighbour's and what is best in your God's eye, because it is doing what is right The "man of independent mind" he never so poor, is "king of men for a' that" and "for twice and mair for a' that" and to pay his way is one of the proudest things a poor man can say, and he can say it oftener than he thinks he can, and then let me tell you as a bit of cool, worldly wisdom, that your Doctor will do you all the more good, and make a better job of your cure, if he gets something, some money for his pains, it is human nature and common sense, this It is wonderful how much real kindness and watching and attention and cleanliness you may get *for ten shillings a week!* Nursing is a much better article at that — much, than at *nothing* a week But I pass on to the other ways of paying or rewarding your Doctor and above all, *to gratitude*

Honey is not sweeter in your mouths and light is not more pleasant to your eyes, and music to your ears and a warm, cosy bed is not more welcome to your wearied legs and head, than is the honest deep gratitude of the poor to the young Doctor It is his glory, his reward, he fills himself with it and wraps himself all round with it as with a cloak and goes on in his work, happy and hearty, and the gratitude of the poor is worth the having, and worth the keeping and worth the remembering Twenty years ago I attended old Sandie Campbell's wife in a fever, in Big Hamilton's Close, in the Grassmarket—two worthy, kindly souls they were and are By God's blessing, the means I used saved "poor Kirsty's" life, and I made friends of these two for ever, Sandie would have fought for me if need be, and Kirsty would do as good I can count on them as my friends, and when I pass the close mouth in the West Port, where they now live, and are thriving, keeping their pigs, and their bonny old cuddie and cart, I get a curtsy from Kirsty, and see her look after me and turn to the women beside her, and I know exactly what she is saying to them about "Dr Broon" And when I meet old Sandie, with his ancient and long lugged friend, driving the draff from the distillery for his swine, I see his grey eye brighten and glisten, and he looks up and gives his manly and cordial nod, and goes on his way, and I know that he is saying to himself, "God bless him! he saved my Kirsty's life," and he runs back in his mind all those twenty past years, and lays out his heart on all he remembers, and that does him good and me too, and nobody any ill Therefore, give your gratitude to your Doctor, and remember him like honest Sandie, it will not lose its reward and it costs you nothing, it is one of those things you can give and never be a bit the poorer, but rather the richer

One person I would earnestly warn you against, and that is the *Quack Doctor* If the real Doctor is a sort of God of healing, or rather our God's cobbler for the body, the Quack is the devil for the body, or rather the devil's servant against the body And like his father he is a great liar and cheat He offers you what he cannot give Whenever you see a medicine that cures everything, be sure it cures nothing, and remember it may kill The devil promised our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him, now this was a lie, he could not give him any such thing Neither can the Quack give you his kingdoms of health, even though you worship him as he best likes, by paying him for his trash, he is dangerous and dear, and often deadly,—have no dealings with him

We have our duties to one another yours to me, and mine to you, but we have all our duty to one else—to Almighty God, who is beside us at this very moment—who followed us all this day, and knew all we did and didn't do, what we thought and didn't think—who will watch over us all this night—who is continually doing us good —who is waiting to be gracious to us—who is the great Physician, whose saving health will heal all our diseases, and redeem our life from destruction and crown us with loving kindness and tender mercies, —who can make death the opening into a better life the very gate of heaven, that same death which is to all of us the most awful and most certain of all things and at whose door sits its dreadful king with that javelin, that sting of his, which is sin our own sin Death would be nothing without sin no more than falling asleep in the dark to wake to the happy light of the morning Now I would have you think of your duty to this great God our Father in Heaven, and I would have you to remember that it is your duty to trust *Him*, to believe in *Him* If you do not your soul will be shipwrecked, you will go down in terror and darkness to perdition

It is your duty to *obey Him* Whom else in all this world should you obey, if not Him? and who else so easily pleased, if we only do obey? It is your duty to speak the truth to Him, not that He needs any man to tell Him anything He knows everything about everybody, nobody can keep a secret from Him But He hates lies, He abhors a falsehood He is the God of truth, and must be dealt honestly with, in sincerity and godly fear, and, lastly, you must in a certain sense *reward* Him You cannot give Him money, for the silver and gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, are all His already, but you can give Him your grateful lives you can give Him your hearts, and, as old Mr Henry says "thanksgiving is good, but thanksliving is better"

One word more, you should call your Doctor early It saves time, it saves suffering, it saves trouble, it saves life If you saw a fire beginning in your house, you would put it out as fast as you could You might perhaps be able to blow out with your breath what in an hour the fire engine could make nothing of So is it with disease and the Doctor A disease in the morning when beginning, is like the fire beginning, a dose of medicine, some simple thing, may put it out, when if left alone, by night, it may be raging hopelessly, like the fire, if left alone, and leaving your body dead and in ruins in a few hours So, call in the Doctor soon, it saves him much trouble, and may save you your life

And let me end by asking you to call in the Great Physician soon; to call Him instantly, to call Him in time, there is not a moment to lose He is wanting to be called; He is standing at the door But He must be *called*—He may be called too late.

JOHN BROWN.

THE TOAD.

We see the surface, but the life below,
The common soul of all things, who can know?
The clouds were rosy with the sunset's glow;
The stormy day was over. Evening came,
The west transformed the rising mist to flame.
Close by a rain-filled rut, an ugly sight,
A toad, half-dazzled, looked up at the light.
The leaves grew purple, and their stems were red,
The very rut a grass-lined mirror shone;
The evening, like an unfurled banner spread,
Subdued the bird's song to a lower tone.
Nature was hushed; and gravely dreaming there,
Free from all sense of shame, or fear, or care
The harmless toad gazed at the orb of day.
Perhaps this thing we curse felt himself blest,
Linked with the Infinite, like all the rest.
The lightning on the meanest vision play,
The dullest creature in his eye-balls bear
Inside all the vastness of the starry sphere.
A man who chanced to pass descried the brute,
And shudd'ring, crush'd its head beneath his foot;
He was a priest, and read a book of prayer.

A woman flower in bodice next came by,
And with her parasol put out an eye
The first it was old, the woman young and fair!
Then came four school boys, cheerful as the sky,
Giddy with hope and sport, and spirits high,
Loud free, and happy, how get through the day,
Save by tormenting weak things in their way?
The toad was crawling slowly, seeking shade,
The children spied it out, and shouting ran,
"Here let us kill the nasty thing," they said,
"And since he's ugly, hurt him all we can"
Then laughing, each—the child laughs when he kills—
Began to prick his blinded eye anew,
The passers by applauding, laughing too
From every wound the loathsome blood distils,
At every blow the froth starts more and more
"The vicious thing, he foams!" the children roar
Head crush'd, eye hanging, one leg torn away,
Thro' grass and burn he forced his wretched way
It seemed that death disdained so foul a prey!
At length he reached the rut, and plunging found
Relief and shelter in the swampy ground
The children, rosy cheeked and flaxen haired,
Said 'twas the finest sport they'd ever shared,
Talked all at once, at last, devised to throw
A good large stone to give the final blow
All watch the creature in its hiding place
With cruel transport in each youthful face.
Then one runs off and brings a huge stone back
And cries, "Look out, we'll see how this will do"
That very moment down the rugged track
A wretched ass his heavy cart load drew—
Old, meagre, lame, worn out, a scarce crow quite
Each step he took seemed like to be the last—
Nearing his journey's end in piteous plight,
While heavy blows rained on him thick and fast,
The road was rough, the muddy ruts were deep,
The wheels came creaking, grinding down the steep,
The ass could hardly stand, the carter swore,
The patient creature whip and burden bore,
Lost in deep dreams beyond our mortal ken

The children heard the cart, turned round, and then
Loudly called out, "Now do not throw the stone,
Just wait a moment, leave the toad alone,
The wheel will crush it, 'twill be better fun,'
And then they waited, breathless, till 'twas done

The cart came onward through the rut The ass
Saw the toad lying where the wheel must pass,
And hurt his head, poor sufferer, to see
A thing that suffered even more than he,
He seemed to sniff the battered bleeding mass
Then, gathering all his strength and forcing back
The heavy cart from out the beaten track,
Despite his driver's shouts and blows, the ass
Stiffened his bleeding muscles 'gainst the load
And turned the wheel aside and spared the toad,
And 'neath a shower of blows pursued his road

Then, one small hand the stone it held let fall,
And of those children, one, he tells the story,
Heard, sounding from the great sky's arch of glory,
A voice that said, "Be merciful to all!"

Altered from VICTOR HUGO *by* L. C. C.

THE GOSPEL IN CHOTA NAGPORE

BELIEVE hope love pray burn waken the dead Hold fast by prayer, wrestle like Jacob ! Up up my brethren the Lord is coming and to every one he will say Where hast thou left the souls of these heathen ?—with the devil ? Oh swiftly seek the souls and enter not without them into the presence of the Lord

With these instructions from Father Gossner four missionaries sailed for India about fifteen years ago When they reached Calcutta they found that their proposed mission field was impracticable and somewhat sad of heart they waited for a fresh opening It was not long however till this was discovered and they were on their way to preach the gospel to the Kohls

This is one of those wild tribes found in many of the mountainous districts of India of an evidently different origin from the surrounding populations notable for rude and savage ways a very low and undeveloped religion consisting mostly of the worship of good and evil spirits and for the contempt with which they are regarded by the Hindus There seems little doubt that they are primitive inhabitants, pushed up into the mountains by the pressure of foreign invasions Wherever found, whether in the west or east there are broad, common resemblances between them, and probably the Kohls present most of the characteristics of the race The district they inhabit has an area of 44,000 square miles, and a population of about four millions, two thirds of whom are Hindus, and the rest are made up of a number of aboriginal tribes, unlike in language, physiognomy, and character, but allied in worship and traditions There are Kohls, Santhals, Oraons, and Mundas, and it was among the former that these German missionaries determined to settle They received much sympathy, they were delighted with the appearance of the country, which is exceedingly picturesque and charming, a broken, wooded, hilly country, well diversified with water, and possessing the climate of the South of Europe, and if the people struck them at first as thoroughly ignorant they were also frank and manly 'There are two races here they write thoroughly distinct The Hindus are bent on gain merchants for the most part, or artisans keep close by their idols, eat no meat, not an egg even for they say there is a chicken inside The Kohls are simple cultivate the soil and are greatly oppressed by the Hindus They are quite ready to eat meat and even count rats and mice among their luxuries. Not long ago an ox died in our neighbourhood the vultures collected to the feast and we feared lest the smell should be intolerable the next day, but in the morning the ox had vanished, for the Kohls had eaten it

They are the sweeps of India athletic, powerful men busy at home but capable of hard work abroad Labourers are sought eagerly from Chota Nagpore Kohls are found on the Indian roads, canals and railways in the West Indies, British Guiana Australia and the Mauritius The demand induces emigration Every year there are thousands who go out to seek their fortune, and yet there are no people more attached to their birthplace nor would even the high wages tempt them to leave were it not for their persecution by the zemindars at home For these zemindars who are the landed proprietors, use every effort to crush them so that they live in terror of a zemindars passion or revenge Nor when they go out into the world do they fare much better, but are in the habit of hearing from their employers,—You are our oxen, we feed you and do you mean to say you will do what you please ?—a mode of argument not unaccompanied by blows It is little wonder that this system of oppression and ill treatment has left them a barbarous and unstructed people But this as the missionaries soon found out was not the worst They had no knowledge of a supreme and holy God, no hope of a future life, and but a very slight perception of the difference between good and evil. Any one who has been a witness of their festivals, cannot conceive how a race of men have sunk so low Vices of every kind flourish among them without shame or restraint Their devil worship leads them into the cruelest practices, even the secret offering of human sacrifices They worship him out of fear lest he should destroy them by the wild beasts of the jungle Their misfortunes are attributed to an insufficient reverence for this evil being A

father will ascribe his child's death to him and straightway flee far off leaving his house and all that he has Cruel in their superstition they are cruel in their lives, wild and bloodthirsty and merciless as the tiger If they have a feast among themselves, each tribe is a curse to all the rest A dog may lap from the same dish and they will not throw it away but quietly eat on, only taking care that they do not come short But as soon as a man of another tribe although it is a Brahman unintentionally shall use their food, it is cast out with the utmost abhorrence If they were uneducated in the formidable mysteries of Brahminism they were found within the last fifty years to have borne within breasts of its popular idols and to worship the trees and stones and the sun They were slaves to their animal cravings and if a man but has stomach satisfied, and the brandy bottle in his hand he considers himself in want of nothing Whole villages were found in ruins for an evil spirit has settled in them Get up! fear not shouted the excited people to the missionaries as they camped on a little green knoll near the hamlet "Why?" "That is our devil's place you must not inconvenience our devil Whole villages were sometimes found with a drunken population The people who came to hear the missionaries were drunk It is not respectable for a man to get drunk till he has children but after that the missionaries letters report a fearful amends for this abstinence They are fond of music, and especially singing, and have loved dances which they practise daily They are stupid towards all higher things for they have no sense of beauty, or words of truth And they are helplessly obstinate It is no use speaking to a Kohl prayer is our great refuge

It was among this tribe barbarous, cruel, superstitious, despised stupid that the missionaries settled, and began forthwith to teach and to preach the gospel of the kingdom At first they opened a school, and built an orphan house Some children were slowly sent in, and learned pretty hymns and sung them sweetly Some of those children were afterwards brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and died, as the missionary believes, in Christ The school had its hard struggle, however for at first the fifty naked little things would occasionally hurl round the room with wild shouts and laughter, and end with a cry in full chorus of "Give me food, give me clothes! give me a book!" and the lessons must have been oftener interrupted than profitable Still, the children were sent, and though there were few if any Kohls among them, it was an actual result, and a work that kept the missionaries' hearts from altogether sinking But after some time the schools were less hopeful, and the mission prospects continued of the gloomiest The first house was but built when one of the brethren died Three arrived soon after, but one of these also died, and up to 1851 the mission had lost five of the brethren, and one sister by death. These were heavy personal trials, and trials of another character made them all the more painful. As soon as they had learned the language, the missionaries had begun evangelistic tours through the district These appeared to be without the slightest results to those for whom it was begun. Brahmans and Mohammedans would sometimes collect round the preacher, enter into conversation, and dispute with him, asking for his book The Kohls remained studiously away, and could by no means be drawn into any interest in religious conversation Thus continued for five years Through private sorrow and disappointed hopes the missionaries had held on They had never ceased to teach the plain words of God, nor to study how best it might be brought before so rude and careless a people They had not lost their faith in the work God gave them, they were as urgent in prayer as at the first Without a visible sign of success, against ordinary rules, against their own misgivings they have been sustained by the grace of God and they had their reward They were sure that the Word was a good seed, they were sure that God could prepare the hearts of the Kohls to receive it that lodged there, it would be a living and glorious power They were sure also of their duty that it was to do precisely what they were doing and that the consequences must abide in God's hands and their duty here corresponded to the promptings of their honest lively hearts In 1850 there were symptoms that the Word of God had penetrated even such gross and heavy hearts Kohls came round the mission tent They entered upon religious subjects They began to show some notion of sin although they threw their sins over upon the priests and the priests again upon the Company as having the broadest shoulders to bear a burden and with some dim notion that as the Government had taken the disposal of their territory it must also have assumed the responsibility of their conscience They denied that they worshiped the devil No no they cried not that—they meant that they only respected him In 1851, the missionaries could report that divine service was well attended and that in the course of but six months they had lost three faithful workers, from three to four hundred heathen had been sent them in exchange 'We are now seven years, wrote Brother Batsch, "in this land, and since others have followed us almost every year, we have been able to establish three stations where the Word of the Cross was preached without interruption But through these long years it was but trial of our patience and endurance The Word was received either with mocking and scorn, or with the deadest stupidity and want of concern Every thing seemed to be in vain, and many said the mission was useless Then the Lord Himself kindled a fire before our eyes, and it seized not only single souls but spread from village to village, and from every side the question was borne to us, What shall we do? How shall we be saved? Many are now baptized, several are candidates for baptism, others are learning in order to be received on probation The chapel, or our house, which holds about 125 persons, is not sufficient for the worshippers, and we are compelled to think of building a church"

The beginning of the movement was the baptism of four of the Kohls in 1850, persons of some importance also, as two of them were proprietors of land, and the others were by right, though deprived of their property by a trick of their oppressors, the zemindars. It seems as if this public act was

the signal Immediately the people crowded in, inquirers came in great anxiety, persons journeyed forty or fifty miles to have an interview with the missionaries A severe outbreak of cholera occurred at this time and tested the mission and the converts The heathen fled into the jungle, and left entire villages depopulated The Christians came the more eagerly to the church But the thought that it might be the punishment of so many forsaking the devil worship long with held those who were only well disposed from approaching the station Yet soon again it could be written that whole villages had declared themselves for Christ and crowds stream in on Sunday from places four and five hours distant to hear *the good word* Several families are already baptized and from four to six families will immediately receive baptism These receptions of families must have been singularly interesting one mother coming with her child in her arms and another leads here by the hand fathers and sons grey haired men and little ones all grouped together, and waiting to be received into the fellowship of the church Nor was there any hurry of admission or wish to encourage numerical increase Faithful to Christ in the days of waiting and disappointment the missionaries ever kept as faithful in the days of success and fruition The baptized remain a year sometimes longer under probation They came regularly to the Sunday services for which they had to suffer much not merely severe reproaches but oppression and actual wrong Several were thrown into prison others were stabbed others struck with heavy blows They had borne it all and held out and witnessed a good confession The last three weeks before baptism they live entirely under the eye of the missionaries and receive still fuller instructions Nor were there any temporal advantages connected with the mission During the time of probation they were required to bring their own food, the missionaries give them nothing earthly, only only what is heavenly

On the 18th November 1851 the foundation stone of the church was laid with some ceremony in the presence of many natives, and the English residents There was much singing and of a more advanced character than is common in India, there were chorales, sanctuses, chants and Te Deums, and they were sung by the native Christians in the first part, and very well Singing is cultivated among them with great success, and by their natural aptitude for music, and their intense love of it, the Kohls were led rapidly on The children sing with as much clearness and melody as in Germany, and when they sing before the houses of the brethren, one of them says he could have believed it was the boys of his gymnasium Unless I had seen it, I could not have believed that heathen children could be brought so far on They learn tunes quickly And "Ein' feste Burg," which Brother Schatz translated, they are delighted to sing so that Luther himself would have rejoiced. The church they dedicated was completed after some years, and is a handsome Gothic structure, capable of accommodating close upon a thousand people It was built by men who knew nothing either of architecture or building, and remains a monument, and with every prospect of being a lasting monument, to the perseverance, and readiness, and skill, of Father Gossner's workmen

Meanwhile the whole land is seeking after redemption A lady of the Royal family asked one of the native Christians, "How many people have become Christians now?" "Oh" he said, "very many in Benares, Calcutta, Burdwar etc" "No," she replied, "how many in Nagpore?" "Very many, and every day there are more Have any of our royal family become Christians?" Some attend Divine service but none have been yet baptized" "I know I know," she added, 'that the whole land will be Christian, and we too" Events followed quickly that seemed to show she was right In 1856 at the times arranged for baptism, it was no longer one or two who came forward, but forty fifty and as many as seventy five at once

What a blessed joy it was to see them,' writes one at the time 'Hundreds of Christian Kohls filled the spacious lighted pillared church, and the seventy five candidates stood up to praise and confess God before them all, and I thought it was no more a heathen land I was in but a Christian and at home The number of inquirers still continued to increase They no longer came singly and like Nicodemus by night but commonly many houses together, and sometimes an entire village or more than one

The Gospel continued to spread with amazing power and the few missionaries felt the burden of their labours almost intolerable under the pressure of so many inquirers Just however when there was the most life and hope for the future the rebellion broke out the missionaries escaped with some difficulty and for months the Kohls were left as sheep without a shepherd It was a time of intense anxiety and so soon as the way became safe the missionaries returned They found a sad picture The stations were in ruins, the books were torn and burnt the property plundered, and the converts were scattered abroad Then they came slowly dropping in each with a tale of heavy sorrow They had suffered incredible hardships had been driven out almost naked into the swamps, had been tortured with a fiendish barbarity,—stripped of everything they possessed, and now they came homeless, wounded, wasted lame, sickly sufferers with wounds scarcely healed, with diseases caught in the swamps, but with the word of God faster than ever in their hearts They had not betrayed the name of Jesus, but, by the grace of God had glorified Him in their hungerings and persecution One by one they dropped in, and the scattered church was again gathered together Singularly enough, it was found that the number of converts had largely increased in the time of trial The persecution purified and chastened those whom it overtook, they acted on others with greater singleness of purpose and more devotion and spirituality The work of God in this country has progressed at even a more rapid speed than before, and there are at present between 800 and 1000 villages where there are Christian families, where there is family and social prayer, and where the elder converts are daily instructing the younger, and preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ

This mission has important bearings upon mission work in India Hitherto the natives have been

approached very much by their mythologies and philosophies the educated well informed, high caste classes have been specially assailed The result has not been very striking for the conversions have been for the most part solitary, and there has been nothing like a local much less a national movement towards Christianity On the other hand no sooner has the gospel taken hold of rude tribes like the Karens in Burmah, and the Kohls, than it becomes a marvellous energy and touches thousands and they come as a people to the truth These Kohls are said to be the best fitted for evangelising the empire Once instructed themselves, they are indefatigable in teaching others. The truth completely masters them, they are capable of enduring all things for the sake of Christ They have much honesty, simplicity, integrity, their moral firmness, developed by Christian teaching, resembles more the Anglo Saxon than the Asiatic character If the entire province becomes, as there seems every reason to expect, a Christian province their influence may spread through all our Indian possessions, and they may be made the means of a general yielding up of India to the gospel

W F STEVENSON

GIVE US AIR'

BY THE AUTHOR OF JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

HONOURED SIR OR MADAM (whichever you be) —I understand you known authors are sometimes kind enough to read and criticise and help to publication us unknown authors less fortunate than yourselves which is indeed your duty to do If therefore, you consider the world would benefit by the enclosed paper wrung from me by my intolerable sufferings of the last three months may I beg of you to forward it to the editor of any publication with which you may be connected —I remain your obedient servant JANE AYRE

(*N B* —The recipient of this letter has accordingly done as requested)

I am, I believe no Sybarite but on the whole a person of limited desires nor overmuch the slave of luxurious habits It troubles me little what sort of clothes I wear, so that they are clean whole, and not ungraceful I flatter myself I can dine upon any decently cooked ailment, and I am sure I can sleep calmly upon any couch not harder than a deal board In short, my nature is accommodating, and my wants are few But there is one thing I cannot do without It is to me more necessary than meat, drink, rest, leisure, friendly and domestic companionship, intellectual and social pleasures Without it my mind gets soured my temper aggravated, my brain obscured, and my moral sense altogether obliterated, in fact, I become an irrational and irresponsible being This thing, this very simple thing, which yet I hardly ever get, is fresh air

Will any sympathising soul, or body, which recognises its woes in mine, yet perhaps is ignorant why it suffers, derive benefit from the ringing outcry, the piteous moan, which I feel impelled to make, after spending a summer in a region where, as to both the land and its inhabitants, one has every blessing which heart can desire, except fresh air?

This region, however, I decline to name, and though I protest that every lamentable statement concerning it is absolute truth, I mean to betray nothing that can identify places or people Let those whom the cap fits wear it Nor does this pretend to be a scientific article In my youth people were born and died ignorant of physiology, social science or the chemistry of common life On such subjects my brain is exactly as useful as an apple dumpling or a mew, either nothing gets in, or whatever accidentally does get in, immediately runs out Though, as a matter of conscience, before writing this paper, I delved through three large volumes and five pamphlets on the science of ventilation, I understand it theoretically, precisely as much as when I began to read Nevertheless, practically—Stop a minute, while I open the window!

I breathe again What a comfort it is to breathe! Alas, as Shakspere says,

"How many thousands of my poorer brethren, —

(or rather, rather, but I complain not of those who cannot but who will not have fresh air)—

"How many thousands of my poorer brethren
Are at this hour' —

Not "asleep," but suffocating, breakfasting in close parlours where the windows have never been opened since yesterday's or dinnering heavily in closer bedrooms, with the shutters shut, the curtains drawn, the door fastened, the chimney stopped, and the gas slightly escaping The atmosphere— I know it well! Poor things, poor things!

was bad enough. Three people, in a July night, shut up in a small second-class carriage, containing—how many cubic feet of atmospheric air? and how many more ought to be admitted therein, to replace the exhaustion of breathing, during a given time?—I'm sure I don't know. I only know I was choking: that when I happened to turn away from my two inch wide breathing-hole, towards the inner air—pah!

"The mouth of every human being, and of every other animal, is pouring the refuse matter of the body into the air. From it ensue cases of discomfort, of disease, sometimes of direct death. The surface of every animal is exhaling matter: cases of this may be shown in the odour of even human animals—the smell of perspiration—the scent of beasts," etc.

So writes science, and I was experimentalising upon it now! Still, matters might be worse; and I contented myself with staring at the dense black square of the window, and speculating upon the dark star-lit landscape through which we were ignorantly passing. By degrees, the black square changed to grey, and in spite of the carriage-lamp, a faint outline of the world without grew visible. We stop at one of our rare halting-stations. Woe is me! the second middle-aged gentleman wakes [illegible] his eyes—shivers—rises up, and with the crossness of a half-awakened keeper, shuts the window with a bang.

So, there we were. No help for it, but calm endurance. "The mouth of every human being"—But I might have preached a whole volume of science to deaf ears. No doubt, the atmosphere was exactly what my two friends were used to. I hugged myself, in a malign satisfaction, to think if they only knew how horridly ugly they looked when asleep! How their mouths opened inanely, and their foreheads knitted savagely, their breathing grew stertorous, two brick-red spots burned on their cheeks; big unctuous drops gathered all over their flabby, fat faces. How they tossed, and moaned and fidgeted—even though extended comfortably along the cushioned seats—not so ill a bed for any healthy man; and at last sunk into a stupor so heavy and ghastly, that one would hardly have marvelled had it subsided into paralysis, apoplexy, or death. Of course not. They were sleeping in a "vitiated atmosphere." Therefore they looked, exactly as you look, my excellent luxurious friend, about two, A.M., in your shut-up chamber, with your bed-curtains drawn, where, a few hours after, you are surprised to wake with a queer feeling on the top of your head, a heavy heat on your eye-lids, and a sense of general lassitude, as if you had not had half a night's rest, and it were impossible to get up at all.

Morning broke. "My friends," thought I, in an agony of suffocation, 'no county has no law. I must save you and myself, against your will.' So, with the stealthiness of a burglar, I let down a few inches of the window. The natural result ensued. The pure air rushing into such a foul and heated atmosphere, created that horror of everybody—a draught; and the same unwitting current which if kept up quietly and steadily through the night would have made us all comfortable because so cold that even I began to shiver. For my silver sauces, but their wrath was speech.... they had come their journey's end, and left the carriage to solitude and me. What I did afterwards in that unqualified insanity the fresh bright balmy air, with all the outlines of the loved hills sharpen in the dawn, and finally with the wind coming me, and the sunshine resting on my head like a welcome and a blessing, went peacefully to sleep—all that matters not. My first vow was ended.

The second was not long to come.

If my wanderings had any definite personal plan, it was, to keep clear of cities. I always hated them. Now dislike had grown into morbid terror. I never passed through a metropolitan street without feeling first nervously depressed then irritable, then positively wicked. One fortunate day a scientific friend enlightened me as to the cause of this—it was the want of Ozone. If asked to describe what ozone is, I can only say as I was told, that it is the life-giving principle in the air, which in all ventilated places and in large towns entirely disappears, and is found in the greatest abundance on mountains and at the sea shore. "Therefore," said I, "to mountain and sea will I go. My search after happiness resolves itself into a search after ozone."

And where should ozone be found if not in this nameless region, with its grand estuary, its lovely coast, its waves upon waves of hitherto mountains? Here, at least, I shall get my full of fresh air, say, I did,—*outside*. But *within* the houses!

Let me be just to my friendly Hosts. They were far better in sanitary matters than most of their neighbours. Their living rooms were unexceptionable: windows always open more or less, and no lack of that best of ventilators, all the year round, a good fire. During the day I was happy, but when I retired to my chamber at night, lo! the excellent domestic had, according to custom, closed the window, fastened the shutters, drawn the bed curtains, and lit the gas. And in that all but hermetically sealed apartment, which, the gas being put out, would also be left in total darkness, I was expected to pass eight mortal hours.

What! you are not going to open the window?

"My dear friend, I must breathe—by night as well as day."

But night air is so pernicious!"

Not half so pernicious as the air of this room will be two hours hence, with the gas, my breath in and the exhalations always going on from the very ornament of carpets, clothes, and curtains." And I own to giving a rather savage pull to the beautiful morocco hangings under which I was intended to be entombed. "Why, if you were to hang up a bird in a cage within this four poster, it would probably be dead by morning. I am not posting the experiment was tried. The foul air which kills a bird would likely not benefit me, so of two evils I prefer to choose the least."

And I undid the shutters, and threw the window open about a foot wide.

My friend regarded me as she would a person preparing to commit suicide.

But the damp, the frightful night damp!"

I shall shut out the worst of it by drawing down the blind which acts as a sort of respirator. Any how the dampest night air that could be found especially in July is not half so injurious as foul.

Is it foul? with a little indignation in the question.

Now this is the greatest difficulty that, in my humble character of ventilating missionary, I have had to contend with: people did not actually recognise when the air *was* foul. They had been so long accustomed to live in an ill atmosphere that their physical (like, alas! many a moral) standard of purity had become degraded. Many a room that to me was stifling, was to them quite innocuous, or at least unnoticed. True, they felt its effects, they complained of headache, weariness, loss of appetite and spirits, and, above all, of the drowsiness which is the first sign of a vitiated atmosphere: but they attributed all these things to ill health or extraneous causes. It never entered their minds that the present evil was a want of fresh air. It never occurred to them that the reason why, enjoying life enough in the day time, they yet complained of "such bad nights," and found such difficulty in rousing themselves of a morning, was because the air that circulates round a sleeper at night should be *exactly as pure* as that which he breathes during the day. He may defend his body with as many blankets as he likes, just as he would with overcoats by daylight, he may shelter his eyes from light, and his head from draughty currents, but he must have in the room a free circulation of absolutely pure air for his lungs to breathe, otherwise, during one-half of his exist-

ence—the nocturnal half—he might as well be in a baker's oven, a coal mine, or a church vault And that is the reason why so many of one's excellent friends, when they come down stairs in the morning look exactly as if they *had* spent the night in either of these three rather undesirable apartments, instead of in an ordinary bedroom

The substance of this long paragraph I preached to my amazed young friend, who yet could not reconcile herself to the fatal position in which she left me, as regarded the open window "In our climate too ! Think of the lung diseases so prevalent here '

"May not that be from the very reason I have been speaking of

' Because we do not sleep with our windows open '

"No, but because, granted the severity or dampness of your climate instead of hardening yourselves against it by lessening the transition between the in doors and out of doors atmosphere you make your houses perfect stoves of heated gas impregnated impure air, and then you rush out from them into bleak mountain blasts and soaking rain No wonder you catch colds consumption, and all those sad diseases which perpetuated in families become the scourge of the whole country side No wonder so many bonnie faces and stalwart forms pass away in their bloom even here in a region richer than any place I know of in sanitary blessings if only its inhabitants were acquainted with and would obey common sanitary laws '

' But how can we begin said my companion, hesitating ' I really never did sleep with my window open—should have been horrified at such a thing, but I have a great mind to try How wide shall I open it ' As wide as yours ' '

"And then from the sudden change, you will catch a severe cold, and say I gave it you, and never open your window afterwards No, my friend, sudden reformations are never to be trusted Open your window one inch, and one inch only, for a week, two inches for the next week and so on The terrible punishment of any habitual infringement of physical as well as moral laws is, that habit itself being so powerful, even a change for the better, unless very gradual, sometimes, at first, does more harm than good '

Here catching a politely suppressed yawn, I thought it time to end my sermon Whether it ever did any good, I know not—but that is neither here nor there

Alas, wherever I went I found texts for more homilies ! Not among the rural poor, who pass their lives almost entirely in the open air, except during the few hours that they retire to the universal bed place in the wall an ill sleeping place for healthy folk, and how the sick ever manage to recover in it—goodness knows ! Nor yet have I a word to say against the wretched city poor, God help them ! they *cannot* get fresh air My complaint is lodged against higher sinners, people who ought to know better, mothers of families who keep their children in almost air tight nurseries, mistresses of households who allow their young people to sit in the same parlour all day without once changing the atmosphere thereof, excellent old school people who think an open window or a fire in a bedroom a very unwholesome thing'—yet have no objection to send their delicate daughters from the warm parlour in order to undress in an apartment that rivals in temperature the ' frosty Caucasus

Above all I become fierce against the givers of evening parties, cruelly crumming a hundred people into a space which could only properly afford breathing room for a score of dinner parties where returning from vinous and alimentary vapours below to the drawing room above, we find it with fire and gas blazing with every window, shutter and door carefully closed, and in that atmosphere fifteen or twenty persons are expected to be ' agreeable for the rest of the evening !

Are they agreeable ' answer, dinner givers and dinners out Think of the long 'slow hours when, with your head aching your nerves unstrung your brains just equal to giving a plain answer to a plain question you hostess, listened for the carriages being announced, and you, guest, enjoyed the fresh cool walk home more than any portion of the entertainment Not that the latter was dull, far from it, you may like your friends extremely, and own that they bring together most capital people but somehow they put you in an atmosphere where you cannot enjoy anything, where the brightest wit falls dead, the most intellectual conversation flags where the mental pleasure is so overpowered by the physical annoyance, that everything in you and about you becomes an effort and a bore

Let me suggest the simple remedy of some friends of mine, who were telling me how amused they used to be with the remarks of their friends on their soirées "'Really, how pleasant the evenings always are at your house, so different from other people's, even though one meets exactly the same set and stays the same time. Here, one feels so light and cheerful and ready to be amused, there, bah ! one often goes to sleep '—They never guessed," added the lady, with a smile, "that the secret of our success was, because, hidden behind a venetian blind, for fear of alarm

ing the good folks, we always kept our windows a little way open

But I must shorten my plaint

Although the horrors of large towns, theatres, concerts, and social entertainments, may be exchanged by a devout disciple of ventilation, still there is one form of assembly which one cannot or would not desire to avoid—going to church Now, let me not be supposed to speak lightly of church going the assembling together of Christian brethren to worship God But He has given them bodies as well as souls, and why they should be required to worship *Him* in a house—consecrated or not—which is so ill constructed and ill ventilated, that their bodies are exposed Sunday after Sunday to a system of slow poisoning and their souls so weighed down by the oppressions of the aforesaid body that they can neither comprehend instruction, nor join in prayer and praise as they ought why this should be I cannot understand With all my love for the grand old kirk of this land its noble simplicity, its earnestness of devotion, I declare solemnly and sadly, during the last three months I have been in but one place of worship where a human being could sit through the prescribed hours of divine service without having devotion interfered with temper tried, and health deteriorated, to a very serious extent

Country churches were bad enough You passed from the glorious, breezy mountain road, fresh with heather and fern fragrant with bog myrtle, honeysuckle, and the small white High land rose, into a low roofed barn like edifice which had been shut up all week and even now had only a window or two opened to be closed again before the congregation assembled This congregation, accustomed to its ills sat contentedly stewing. Sometimes it fanned itself surreptitiously with a bonnet or the end of a shawl, sometimes smelled at its little nosegays of bog myrtle, quickly withering in this hot, fetid air And though the animal exhalations that arose made the place quite noxious, and the united breath gathered in a dense mist on the window panes, still it never occurred —not to the people of course, poor dear souls!— but to minister or office bearers, that three inches of open window at the top, not the bottom, on either side the little church would have carried off foul exhalations, let in fresh air, and prevented that sickly girl from fainting, that hard-worked, delicate looking man from dozing in his pew, getting a fierce headache, and being in a carping mood against the preacher and his doctrine for the rest of the day

Town churches are little better There is one, which I go to with the familiar love of many years—where the minister is a good man and an admirable preacher—yet I never "sit under" him, on afternoons especially, without having to resort to smelling salts, frequent changes of position, and an agonised concentration of attention, in order to prevent going to sleep My neighbours are no better off, they know not why, probably the pious of them blame themselves, the irreligious, the minister the real cause of blame is the noxious air No wonder they never enter it till the moment before the psalm, and rush from it with that unseemly haste pushing scrambling, crushing—in a way that any English congregation, though not half so earnest reverent and sincere, would be ashamed of doing In one church I went to—and never will again!—where the congregation were admitted by tickets and stood thronging the aisles half an hour before the commencement of the—I was going to say the *performance*—the minister must needs be a great healer of souls if he can answer to his conscience for the evil which he, that is his church, inflicts Sabbath after Sabbath upon a few thousand human bodies

Surely the Maker of both soul and body did not mean it so! Surely He who put the soul into the body meant its temporary resting place to be treated with deference and care Surely, it must be pleasing to Him that we should learn how best to do this for ourselves and for others that we should make our frames strong and healthy for His service, as well as our intellects clear and our spirits bright and brave We have, thank heaven, got over that false mysticism which believed that the enfeebling of the body was the enfranchising of the soul, we know now that the *mens sana in corpore sano* is the best offering we can make to the service of God or man And no waste labour is that which we spend, even in small matters, to attain this end

But I am growing serious, if not stupid, probably because my fire has burnt low—the hour of the diurnal prandial meal approaches, and—and the atmosphere of the apartment is not quite so fresh as it ought to be Let me obey the laws of nature, common sense, and experience, open all the doors and windows, and rush out into the glorious fresh air!

INFLUENCE OF NAMES

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

FAR from unreasonable was Pistol's objection to the odious word "*steal*" "*Convey* the wise it call" Truly wonderful is the amount of influence that *names* have Our legislators would have shrunk from the *name* of *spoliation, robbery*, or *confiscation* but they just *transferred* the burden of supporting the town clergy from the houses that used to pay minister's money, to the Ecclesiastical Board and *appropriated* part of its revenues (which were designed for other objects) to that purpose, just *robbing*, in fact, that fund of £1300 per annum!

(1) The Romans, from the time they expelled their kings, could never endure the idea of being governed by a *king* But they submitted to the most abject slavery under an *emperor* And Oliver Cromwell did not venture to risk disgusting the republicans by calling himself king, though under the title of Protector he exercised regal functions

(2) The American colonies submitted to have their commerce and their manufactures crippled by restrictions avowedly for the benefit of the mother country, and were thus virtually *taxed* to the amount of all that they in any instance lost by paying more for some article than it would cost to make it themselves, or to buy it of foreigners But as soon as *a tax* was imposed *under that name* they broke out into rebellion

(3) It is a marvel to many, and seems to them nearly incredible, that the Israelites should have gone after other gods, and yet the vulgar in most parts of Christendom are actually serving the gods of their heathen ancestors But then they do not *call* them *gods*, but fairies or hoglas, etc, and they do not apply the word *worship* to their veneration of them, nor *sacrifice* to their offerings And thus slight change of name keeps most people in ignorance of a fact that is before their eyes

(4) Others, professed Christians, are believed both by others and by themselves, to be worshippers of the true God, though they invest Him with the *attributes* of one of the evil demons worshipped by the heathen: There is hardly any professed Christian who would not be shocked at the application of the word *caprice* to the acts of the most High. And yet His choosing to inflict suffering on His creatures "*for no cause*" (as some theologians maintain) "*except that such is his will*," is the very definition of caprice.

But when Lord Byron published his poem of "Cain," which contains substantially the *very same* doctrine, there was a great outcry among pious people, including no doubt, many who were of the theological school which teaches the same, under other *names*

Why and how, any evil comes to exist in the universe, reason cannot explain and revelation does not tell us But it does show us what is *not* the cause That it cannot be from *ill will* or *indifference*, is proved by the sufferings undergone by the *beloved* Son

(5) Many probably would have been startled if it had been proposed to them to join a new *Church* under that *name*, who yet eagerly enrolled themselves in the Evangelical *Alliance*, which is in fact a church, with meetings for worship, and *sermons* under the *name* of *speeches*, and a *creed* consisting of sundry *Articles of Faith* to be subscribed, only not called by those *names*

(6) Mrs B expressed to me her great dread of such a medicine as tartar emetic She always, she said, gave her children *antimonial* wine I explained to her that this is tartar emetic dissolved in wine but she remained unchanged

(7) Mrs H did not like that her daughters should be novel readers, and *all novels* in *prose* were indiscriminately prohibited but *any* thing in *verse* was as indiscriminately allowed

Probably a Quaker would be startled at any one's using the very *words* of the prophets, "Thus saith the Lord" yet he says the same things in the words, "The Spirit moveth me to say so and so" And some again who would be shocked at *this*, speak of a person,—adult or *child*—who addresses a congregation in extempore prayers and discourses, as being under the *influence of the Holy Spirit*, though in neither case is there any miraculous *proof* given And they abhor a claim to *infallibility* only they are *quite certain* of being under the guidance of the Spirit in whatever they say or do.

Quakers again, and some other dissenters, object to a *hired* ministry (in reality, an *salaried*), but their preachers are to be *supplied* with all they need, like the father of Molière's Bourgeois, who was no *shopkeeper*, but kindly chose *goods* for his friends, which he let them have for money

A PEEP AT RUSSIA AND THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC

I WARN my reader ere he proceeds further with the perusal of this article, that it aims at nothing higher than being a sort of free-and-easy talk on paper about Russia and the shores of the Baltic. If any one expects to receive solid *information* from me, I frankly advise him not to spend "ten tickings of his watch" upon it. I might for a time have imposed upon him, perhaps, had I selected some majestic title for my paper, such as, "Travels in Northern Europe," or others still more sublime, as "Steamers from the Aurora," or "Coruscations from the North," or "Pencillings round the Pole." But when I confess that I saw little of the country, know nothing about it, except what could be gathered by "a peep," then, if the Reader has any fairness, he won't blame me for disappointing him, and after perusing all I have written, exclaim, "Every person knew that!" or ask with a sneer, "Is that all you have to tell us?" So if you wish revelations of Russian diplomacy—statistics of Russian commerce and finance—or critical judgments from "one who has been in the country, and *therefore* knows it," on the state of society, religion, art, education, manners, and morals, or a true account of the serf question in all its bearings, with sage reflections on the past, present, and future of Russia,—then, I regret to say, that you will find no attempt made here to enlighten your inquiring mind. I profess to be a sort of respectable gossip, and nothing more. So, proceed further at your own peril, but not by my advice, excellent and wise reader!

For several reasons, most of them connected with—to me—grave and important business, of which I shall not here speak, I visited Russia in the autumn of last year. Sailing direct from Hull to St. Petersburgh I spent a fortnight in that city and in Moscow, returning on the coast of Finland, as far north as Åbo, thence to Stockholm, and by the lakes to Gottenburgh and Copenhagen. The whole tour occupied less than two months. Some things which I saw and heard in-

terested me, and an account of them may, perhaps interest the readers of *Good Words*, more especially if they have the misfortune to know as little of "those parts" as I did before I chanced to visit them.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

I have little to say about it. The fact is that almost all voyages out of sight of land are much the same. In every ship there is the same sort of steward and passengers, the same bustle for berths at starting, the same running about through the cabin and on deck with hat boxes, carpet bags, and new portmanteaus getting settled down. The same smells too!—blame me not for dwelling on them—most notable facts are they, inasmuch as the nose conveys to the soul fully as much information regarding the external world as any other of the senses. Hence there is a sea-shore smell, a high-land moor smell, a couch smell, a first, second, and third class smell, a church smell, a subtle smell which sprung on hands as Wordsworth well knew having had the advantage of a large poetic nose to perceive it. No man feels himself abroad until he has inhaled the smell of the 'salt stranger' or the 'spare Spital.' And thus no man realizes that he is at sea until he has felt the smell of the cabin and of those submarine cells called state rooms—an aroma which stands alone, a product of sea and yet nothing else on sea or land having a scent like it. Then there are much about the same kind of waves on every sea, that is to say on ordinary occasions; for when put to it by a gale of wind I would back the Atlantic anywhere between Cape Race and Cape Clear, against all the treasures of the great deep for breaking, tipping, sweeping, roaring blue seas. The North Sea is not indeed to be despised, especially when it fights with the winds, as Duncan did with the Dutch over the Dogger Bank, but the Baltic, though ambitious and often seriously angry, has all the testiness of a fresh water lake but wants the grand majesty, the mountain swing of the real old Ocean. It is fierce and furious, not awful and overwhelming like the Atlantic. Our passengers were, of course divided between the whole and the sick, with various specimens under this last genus, from those possessing a solemn gravity and pensive meditativeness, down to a solitary inert mass of helpless agony, unconscious apparently of every existence except that of the steward—whose name was feebly uttered, by day and night, in spasmodic intervals. I have ever had the good fortune to be among the whole and hearty. Our good ship, I may add, was the "Admiral," sailing from Hull, and our good captain, than whom a worthier man or more experienced sailor sails not the sea, was Brown.

We took seven days to St. Petersburgh. Remember that fact ere ye thoughtlessly venture to peep into Russia. The most interesting spectacle on the North Sea was the fishing smacks. We passed several out of sight of land. They trawl over those endless banks for months, consigning their cargoes from time to time to vessels which convey them to British or continental markets, but the same crew always remaining in the smack. There they lie pitching and tossing, rocking and rocking, hauling and trawling, lying to and bearing away, night and day, through mist and spit and salt sea foam, with wet nets, wet fish, wet sails, wet ropes, wet clothes, wet skins. How cosy and comfortable is my returned convict on board, in contrast with one of our well-regulated prisons compared with these poor fellows! We would recommend Four months' fishing on the North Sea as a sentence to be passed upon all those genteel criminals who would miss the theatre and comfortable tavern. It would at all events improve their health, cultivate them good habits, or kill them.

After three days we saw in the distant horizon a few specks, and were told that they represented Jutland. Then by and by came the Skagen light, then some ten hours after the Skagen light house, marking a low line of sands, on which we counted five old wrecks—then twelve hours further with occasional peeps of misty streaks which were called dry land, the hitherto almost unseen shores began to come nearer. In a few hours we could see corn fields, and trees, and then houses, both on the Swedish and Danish coast, but no scenery worth remarking until at last, right ahead, at some distance, we saw a large square building, which we were told was the Castle of Kronberg by Elsineur. We anchored for an hour at Elsineur to take in a pilot, and landed in honour of Hamlet. I saw nothing very noticeable about this classic spot except excellent cherries, and some good cherry cordial also, two tug boats, representing the genius and the influence of Shakspere in this harbour of prose—the one being called Hamlet, and the other Ophelia! We were surprised at finding Elsineur neither 'wild,' "stormy," nor "steep," but a quiet little wooden town, full of fish and sailors, with its old castle, half a mile off, rising from the very margin of the sea, and wearing the look more of a decayed palace than of a warlike fortress. One would think from its appearance, that it is fit for little more than firing royal salutes. A few hours after passing Elsineur, the sea widens out again until Copenhagen is reached, of which more anon, sweeping round the margin of an ample bay. The day we first saw it was lovely, the sea a dead calm, and the waters alive with vessels. Various

buildings we pointed out as we leisurely surveyed the city while rowing our pilot; but I saw only the two battles before which the British fleet poured their broadsides sixty years ago for three hours, during the hottest fight ever witnessed by Nelson, and I also saw more clearly than these, the little man himself putting the telescope to his blind eye and turning it the right the smoke towards Parker and his N 39 signal ordering the hero to withdraw his ships from the terrible combat. I need only say that every man of us got up his "Nelson and the North" to the best of his ability and with becoming patriotism.

Away we went out of the Catteget and up the Baltic proper, the long island of Gothland, flat and shaped like a tombstone seen endways—on, across the Gulf of Bothnia, with sunsets of surpassing glory, and skies red and fiery from the west up to the zenith, and down to the eastern horizon which glowed as if with sunrise—on we went, rolling and pitching away with a quarter wind, and all sail set, the right paddle now buried in the sea, and apparently dying of suffocation, the steam giving a wheezing groan as if in sympathy, then, after a roll to port lightly capping the top of the foaming billows while the opposite paddle was struggling for existence—the persevering and strong engine all the while doing its duty with an air of dignified respectability but greatly wanting in zeal—on passing the time with the usual routine of meals and conversation enlivened by the screams of two pigs who paraded the main deck, and received daily a powerful scrubbing from the sailors, while a sheep tawny with coal dust, contemplated the scene in peace—on we went, with a stiff breeze and broken sea, passing several cold and dreary lighthouses and lightships, until one morning we were told that a few scratches on the horizon constituted Thurcame Sir Charles Napier's farthest point of observation Tumboukin lighthouse, until finally we bravely advanced towards the dreaded forts, which did not presume to stop our progress until we blew off our steam, and anchored close to the pier in the busy harbour. So ended our voyage. Before getting into the little steamer which conveys us to Petersburgh, twenty miles up 'the firth, let me tell you a short adventure of one of the passengers the Russian Lieutenant K—y, who left us at Cronstadt. The story has been told before, but I will tell it to us as nearly as possible the words of the Lieutenant, and as I took it down at the time in my note book. I may add that, like most educated Russians, the Lieutenant spoke excellent English.

THE LITTLE STORY OF THE SHIPWRECK OF THE DIANA.

"The 'Diana' frigate, of which I was an officer, was commanded by Admiral Pontaveen. We anchored on the 23d of December 1855, in the harbour of Sinoda, in Japan. We had on board about 500 of a crew. About half past nine in the morning we were surprised to see the boats ashore which we had sent on shore, and which had been all drawn up on the beach. But, immediately, our surprise was still greater, in seeing wooden houses floating past us! We guessed at once that an earthquake beneath and around us was taking place. Our conjectures were, alas! too true. It proved to be a very fearful earthquake, and continued for seven hours, or, until half past four in the afternoon. During this dreadful time our frigate was swept out of and into the bay by the sea. Anchors were of no use, for land and sea were changing places. We were now on the ground, and the next moment afloat, and again on shore, swinging back and forward, guns breaking loose, killing some and terrifying all. Our keel was torn off and our rudder lost. At last we were suddenly swept up from the outer bay into an inner harbour. Having reached it, we were seized by the waves as by a whirlpool, and the frigate spinned round and round *forty-five times in thirty minutes!* It was awful more especially as nothing whatever could be done to save us. No one could guess what the next minute would bring forth. We were, of course, unable to save a single life of the poor people, except that of an old woman whom we seized as she was sweeping past us on the roof of her wooden house. After the earthquake ceased, we found the ship leaking so much that we landed all her guns as speedily as possible, wrapped a sail round her to try and stop the leak, and, then in our miserably disabled state endeavoured to navigate her to a harbour not far off where we could refit. But our misfortunes were not ended! We had no sooner entered the open sea than a violent gale arose, and at night too. All now seemed over with us and our poor ship. We tried to hold her fast on at least check her way, by dropping two anchors. But early in the morning we observed, about a cable's length to leeward, a wild and rocky coast up whose steep precipices the sea was dashing its spray. One small nook of white sand, among the rocks, was at last seen. A boat was sent on shore with a rope, its crew manned to land and to fasten it. By this means we got the rest of the crew on shore, at first, by tying round each man a line which was conveyed to the party on shore, who hauled him to land, half drowned through the surf. But we improved upon this by anchoring a boat immediately outside the breakers and thus, the drag through the water was shorter. Thus every man of our 500 got on shore in safety. Next day the gale ceased, and the frigate, to our surprise, still rode at her anchors. Was it possible yet to save the good ship? It was resolved to make the attempt. We were able to collect very speedily 100 Japanese junks to tow her into a safe harbour. The junks were all made fast, the ships anchors raised, and away they rowed, towing her, when, suddenly, down she went, head foremost, to the bottom, like a stone! Well, we all went on shore again, and I must here say, that from first to last we were most kindly treated by the Japanese. Our numbers may possibly have awed them, but it is but fair to give them all credit for what they did, and did so well. What now was to be done? We resolved at once to build a schooner. Everything had to be extemporised, but so heartily did we work, that from the time we cut down the first tree to build our craft, until she was afloat, was only four months. The admiral (as noble a fellow as ever lived, and, by the way, married to an English lady, which of course, accounts for his excellence!) set sail with

as many of the crew as he could stow away, for the river Amoor, distant about 1900 miles In her voyage, the schooner was obliged to pass through the British Fleet So little idea had good John Bull that a Russian admiral was near him, that, on perceiving the approach of the unknown vessel, supposing of course, that in those distant seas she was one of their own, he even showed a light, while another ship hailed her to 'keep off' The admiral was ready to throw his valuable charts and also his despatches overboard, had he been taken But he escape into the Amour' The next division of the shipwrecked crew chartered an American ship and escaped the British The third and last division, of which I was one, tried to escape, but were captured by the British man of war the Barracoota I remained a prisoner of war for about a year, visiting various ports in India and I was treated with such courtesy and kindness that, to tell the truth I would have no objections to be again taken prisoner by a ship of the British navy' At all events I shall never forget my generous friends and the 'Barracoota' Such was the story of the Russian lieutenant

THE FIRST DAY IN RUSSIA

There is nothing very imposing about Cronstadt, I mean in the sense in which Gibraltar or Quebec, or any such mountain fortresses are imposing But to a skilled eye the soldier lying on the ground behind a bush, with an Enfield rifle is much more awing than a huge Goliath with his spear boastfully challenging the armies of Israel and so these forts built on low islands, or rising out of the water like three storied cotton factories, have a firm, dogged business look about them They are evidently built for guns, and for nothing else to knock down everything and to defy anything to return the compliment And so with great respect we first passed Fort Alexander, rising out of the sea on our left, and Peter Vahki on an island to the right (a narrow channel intervening) with the Rishnik between it and the opposite shore, and then with a respect increasing with the forts and their number of guns, we sailed past Fort Constantine backing Alexander, and Fort Menschikoff in the rear of all It is quite evident that no fleet, unless cased in iron, could run the gauntlet first *between* Alexander and Peter Vahki, and then past Constantine and Menschikoff, with hundreds of guns on the shore supporting them But no one doubts the certainty of their destruction during the war, had Sir Charles Napier attacked the island of Cronstadt from the rear But the water was too shallow for anything but gun and mortar boats, and of course there were none provided, until the Czar had time to make any attempt in the rear impracticable

It is not difficult to understand the relative position of Cronstadt and St Petersburgh The Neva empties its waters into a shallow firth about twenty miles long and, as far as I remember, two or three miles broad The entrance of the firth is guarded by the island and docks of Cronstadt, which is connected with the opposite shore to our right in going to the capital by two small fortified islands The water is too shallow to admit of any vessels, but those of a light draught, reaching the anchorage at Cronstadt (except by one passage close to the forts), or of going beyond that point to St Petersburgh, which is twenty miles up the firth The port of Cronstadt is therefore a busy place, with all sorts and sizes of shipping in its docks, and a goodly array of ships of war lying side by side, with their rigging down, in the navy dock and looking by no means imposing

The confusion for more than an hour at Cronstadt after we were moored near the wharf, and before we got ourselves and our baggage transferred to the small steamer which conveyed us to St Petersburgh cannot be described The grey coated and large booted men who came on board from the custom house seemed portraits from the *Illustrated News* of the Crimea Russian soldiers come alive Once they were on board there arose such a medley of sounds from the roar of steam the Babel of Russian, the rushing to and fro with papers, the meeting of friends the searching for luggage, the affectionate kisses between Russian men and old friends among our passengers the roaring out questions and answers by everybody and everybody apparently frantic with haste or some mysterious burthen, that it was an immense relief when the steam of our small vessel was choked in the boiler and with rapid paddle we skimmed through the shipping and between long poles which marked the passage and were off for the capital We saw little or nothing of the low and distant shores of the firth To the right along the wooded bank we could discern white houses thickly scattered and we heard that this was the fashionable summer retreat of the citizens who could afford a country cottage, but not a game at Rouge et Noir at Baden Baden The Emperor also has one of his favourite residences on the same side at Peterhoff The left hand shore is low wooded and without the slightest interest

As we rapidly approached St Petersburgh, one of the most magnificent rainbows I ever beheld spanned the sky before us from horizon to horizon Behind us was another resplendent sunset, with the mighty orb like a globe of molten gold, slowly descending amidst gorgeous colours of amethyst emerald, and gold, until a single star of light rested for a moment like a glittering diamond on a cushion of gleaming ruby, and then disappeared while we held our breath with wonder, and a hundred suns then danced before our eyes Already were the gilt domes of St Isaac's Church and of the Admiralty reflecting the last rays of evening above a low fringe of forest. In about two hours after leaving Cronstadt, on our taking a sudden turn to the left, we entered the Neva The first sight which arrested my attention was the huge form of the newly launched line of battle ship the "Nicolas,' with her as huge "*camel*" or "*cradle*,' to float her to the deep sea, in attendance

When made fast to the landing wharf on the shores of the Neva, and before the custom house, the first thing unquestionably which strikes one as new and quite Russian, that is to say, like what we have heard of Russia from our picture books, are the droskies—they are thoroughly national, and long may they continue so! The drosky is a low four wheel, with two seats supported by old

fashioned, hanging leather springs that make large semicircles behind The one seat behind is for the driver, a small one above his knees before for the driver Two persons of small bulk can cram themselves into the seat but if one of the occupants happens to be a "portly man in faith," he or his neighbour must suffer grievously Every driver or Voznik is dressed in exactly the same national costume—the large blue dressing gown, or kaftan reaching to the knees and tied round the waist with a sash while a low crowned black felt hat and turned up brim covers his head, the back of which has the bald flush brown hair arrested by the scissors just touches the coat, while the front is adorned by a face with cocked nose, large mouth, and a general dusty, turnipy, and, on the whole stolidly kind expression There is a myth about shepherds being able to distinguish one sheep from another by the expression of their countenances We do not believe James Hogg himself after marking the idiosyncrasies of all the black or white faces on Ettrick, would ever be able to discover the difference between one *Ivotof* (Ivo stchik) and another When the traveller for the first time, hazards his person in one of these small droskies, and has given securing a rouble in each hand, sets off with rapid speed along the quays and streets of St Petersburgh he has entered on a new experience in locomotion unless he has had some personal knowledge as I have had of the ordinary modes of America These streets those marmoreal streets surely have impressions never to be obliterated They are all paved with small stones and seldom level but deep seeding in the centre along which is an open water course But the holes in that pavement! the roughness of those stones! the little plunges knocks endured! while following a swift trotting horse and remorseless *Ivotchik* in a droshky forms an element of sight seeing in hot weather which every traveller should carefully consider before he leaves home Every bone thew muscle and sinew of his frame must be in perfect order to undergo this ordeal Rascally looking Cossack police on their small horses and with their long spears, galloped past, Greek priests with their black robes and broad brimmed hats, and hair down their back, moved along, and various other types of humanity never seen before But the eye feebly took in the panorama of a new country The whole soul was concentrated on the bones of the body, and all the natural emotions of gratitude for our safe arrival and wonder at finding one's self in Russia, began to dawn only when the droshky was left with a bound of delighted deliverance as it stopped at Dom Felinson's Anghtzke, Naberchna (so the words sounded to me), which meant, as I afterwards learned, Miss Benson's English Quay, being the comfortable *pension* to which we were recommended, and into which we gladly entered

SIGHT SEEING

Sight seeing in a new country is a necessity, a doom the city must be "done" Yet I maintain that it is a serious bore to do it in hot weather, and such weather we experienced in Russia—when the air was at what seemed the boiling point, with the pavement like a furnace, not a cloud in the sky, and the sun fierce and intolerable Where is the man who, in such circumstances, has not felt a nervous shiver, in spite of all his curiosity, as he stood at the hotel door, "Murray" in hand, about to pace it till dinner time through palaces, museums, churches, streets, and squares? After all is finished with a late dinner, the irresistible doom still remains to spend the evening at Tivoli the "garden" or some of those places attached to every continental city, with crowds of people, coloured lamps, bands of music, chairs in the open air waiters rushing to and fro with white aprons, and serving coffee ices, or anything to refresh the languid nerves or cool the parched throat,—but all this must be done, there is no help for it "Why did you come abroad unless to see all that was to be seen" asks the new traveller, up to anything It is possible however, slightly to mitigate this heavy imperious duty Beware first of all, of an enthusiastic, able bodied, patient, determined sight seer who desires to obtain accurate information about everything who is always discovering natural peculiarities—"things one never sees at home" who takes notes asks innumerable questions replies to which no memory can retain were it desirable to do so and who insists on seeing everything in the museum, down to the last Emperor's stocking, or in the palaces, down to the Emperor's kitchen Neither body nor spirit of ordinary mould can stand him the amount of excessive culture than again it is possible never take a guide Yet how seldom is it possible to get quit of that attached menials with shabby genteel surtout gloves and polished old hat Who on going abroad ever thinks of the trials that await him with commissionnaires or valets de place! Can any man recall the architectural glories of the famous old continental towns without the presence of a commissionnaire mingling itself in memory with the beautiful like a patch on a royal robe After a considerable experience, we adore the solitary stroll through the town, the discovery of sights for one's self, the enjoyment of freedom the delight of calm, undisturbed observation the power to gaze into shop windows, without being waited for, or of sitting alone in a cathedral, without an arm and finger of a guide compelling your eyes to follow their directions Only be assured that everywhere human beings may be found who will tell you all you wish to know in every place where you wish to wander, and where you seek to feel rather than to know The language, alas! *that* in Russia is a fearful demand French and German go far, but when Russ is required, you must get Mr Schaff to accompany you But let this be the last resource of desperation Fortunately for us, we had a perfect guide in one of our travelling companions who knew Russia and the Russians. Now, I will not trouble my readers by dragging them after me through all the sights of St Petersburgh and Moscow, this would be almost as bad as driving through their streets in a droshky Let me just give an abridged catalogue of the chief things which I saw, and in my next article I shall try and convey to them the general impression which they made upon me.

SIGHTS

In St Petersburgh I visited the principal churches, specially St Isaac's, great in granite, magnificent in malachite and hoary in nothing save superstition with the Kazan church draped with innumerable banners taken in war—never did an English flag form a part in any such collections!—with keys of many fortresses and the baton of Davoust dropped in his cold race from Moscow to Paris I saw in these churches the most august services of the Greek communion getting my pocket picked at the most solemn of them I paced through the Winter Palace from room to room, from bedroom to bedroom saw all the glories of lapis lazuli and crown jewels, I revelled among the very beautiful and choice pictures of the Hermitage one fine building at least The citadel which, with its mint was not neglected and I stood among the tombs of the Romanoffs beside the sleeping bodies of Peter the Great—great in stature in resolution in genius, in whim in war, in shipbuilding, in city building and wood turning the tombs also of Paul the madman and murdered of Catherine great in genius and in crime Alexander the hero of the great war, overcome by the talk of Napoleon on the Niemen raft and paying him back at the old Kremlin and last of all the tomb of Nicholas the grand despot who died of his wounds in the Crimea Ah! it was said to me as I entered that church the widow of Nicholas coming out of it old infirm tottering, and agonised by cancer, taking her last look where her once mighty Czar of all the Russias lay cold and senseless as a stone and where she has since joined him Oh sickness pain and death! what republican levellers are these of us all and how they unite us more than armies or fleets can do, by the tender bonds of sympathy and patying love!

I need not say that I wandered through the busy streets passed before the Admiralty admiring the noble Alexander column and the long vista of the Nevski Prospect and stood beside the statue of Peter the Great whose chief interest to me was the memory of its picture at the corner of an old school atlas, and I *drew* (that cannot be forgotten!) to the monastery of St Alexander Nevski and also through the wild islands—the finest park I have ever seen near a great city—rejoicing in the woods and in the flashing streams of the noble Neva that sweep through the Delta We visited all or several of the islands, Kamenoi, Yelaginskoi, Yelagin, Krestoroski, Vasali Ostroff, Petrosky, Aptekarskoi, &c, pausing, as the wont is in the evening, to see the glorious sunset from the nearest point to the Baltic, and I wandered through the best sight of all, to study Russia and mankind, the Bazaars, the Gostinnoi Dvor, the Apprazin Rinok, and Tshukin Dvor, those worlds of everything bought or sold in Russia by tens of thousands of dealers, and I paced down the Nevski Prospect more than once, and I visited the museum, and actually saw, not only the skeleton, but the skin and hair of a brute, known to all school boys as the Siberian mammoth, which trod the earth, ate, slept, grew old and stupid, and finally died, before Adam was born! Is the reader wearied of this catalogue? Yet I am not half done, for I also went twenty miles in one direction to see the Royal Palace of Tsarskoi Selo, built by Peter the Great, with its amber room, its museum full of every species of arms from every nation that ever fought, where the Duke of Wellington's sword and Kosciusko's slept together as harmless as two primroses and in the grounds of which is the summer house where that old randy, Catherine, used to entertain company round a table so constructed that every plate descended by machinery to the kitchen was filled and returned, without the necessity of any servant entering the room, which was a great advantage to the morals of the servants—and finally for this sight seeing puts one out of breath I visited another palace on the left shore of the turbid going to Constadt called Peterhoff, built by the half mad Czar Peter in which is still shown his bed and dirty flannel night cap lying on his pillow and another palace in the same place where the royal family reside in summer, which has grounds with no end of splendid *jets d'eau* bands of music, Circassian guards and fine soldiers This was a small portion of St Petersburgh sight seeing without a word of Alexandrofski and old General Wilson, and besides these all Moscow is before us yet, and Moscow has its Kremlin worth all St Petersburgh put together All this must keep dry for my next paper

THE BALCONY AT MISS BENSON'S

But before we part for the present, please, reader, take in fancy a chair with me on the balcony, entered from the dining room on the second storey of Miss Benson's excellent boarding house The guests who are seated beside me and in the room are all English with one exception, who shall be mentioned Almost all of them are commercial men Two or three of them with unrevealed names are probably not so They maintain the usual silence and reserve of Englishmen on their travels, talk among themselves, and gaze around them with eyes educated to express a vacant stare Yet these are very likely fine fellows, if you only knew them They have travelled before now, have just come from a fishing tour in Norway, have 'done Sweden, Finland, and intend visiting the great fair of Novgorod They study to appear unconscious of the presence of any other human being in the room, and it is to be presumed that "you must love them, ere you know that they are worthy of your love" Pray don't trouble them, and they won't trouble you. Yet, ten to one the ice will be broken between you, if you are not intrusive, and you will find Jones and Robinson right good fellows Sitting in the corner of the balcony, slowly whiffing his cigar, is a British naval officer who has been for many months in St Petersburgh He was one of the commissioners for arranging the boundary between Turkey and Persia He, too, is silent and reserved, though an Irishman, but only drew him out, and you will soon discover what a mine of inexhaustible information there is in him, and what sly, pawky humour What part of the earth does he not know? He will tell you the soundings of every mile in the Gulf of Mexico, and there is hardly a spot from Labrador to New Zealand, which does not suggest a story. For years he has wandered with

the Arabs of the Desert, from Bagdad to the ruins of Babylon The Sheiks Hassun and Selim, and every vagabond who wanders over Mesopotamia, are his familiars No one, except perhaps "Hakim Ross," the famous Scotch doctor of Bagdad, knew them better A most agreeable companion is the captain. But gliding in on noiseless tread is an old Russian man of science He dines daily at the table. Why, no one knows, for the English alone frequent it "The Professor" is upwards of seventy, but is still hale and active. What has he not seen? Whom does he not know? What scientific meeting of weight was ever held in Europe without "our distinguished friend from St. Petersburgh" being among them? What invention of any great importance was ever patented, that the inventor did not find a card and letter of introduction presented by "Professor ——" from St Petersburgh? Is the Great Eastern commenced, finished, launched—the Professor is there at each of these moments of her existence. Is the Trans Atlantic telegraph laid? He is the first at Valentia, and the last to leave "Please transmit the names of the Royal Family of Russia," he whispers to the clerks. He is sure to receive one of the first messages transmitted, and shows it to the Emperor Oh, how simple he is—a child—mere scientific curiosity, but is he not wide awake! He knows far more of persons and things in every part of Great Britain, than any inhabitant of the nation does Yet ask that man one question about Russia—try, if you can, and screw one ounce of information out of him,—interrogate him about serfage, the political liberty, or any other question,—oh, what ignorance saves him! How defective his memory becomes! He does not know, he does not remember He regrets to be unable to inform you He has indeed no information on such points! Most amiable, accomplished, and learned yet ignorant professor! I mention him merely as a type of a large class of Russians. Their rule is "got" (never "give") all thou canst.

> "High Heaven rejects the lore,
> Of nicely calculated less or more"

No wonder such persons should be considered "spies" If we conclude that they are not, no thanks to them for so favourable a judgment But look abroad! Below is the street, with a droshky-stand, bounded fifty feet across by the granite quay, and beyond, the Neva flowing past, broad, deep, and swift There are no vessels so high up, except a steamer or two on the opposite wharf "What a stupid, dull place," exclaims the naval officer; "how I hate it!" "And I" "Ditto, ditto," exclaim others "Please give me a light for my cigar," asks a commercial man of his neighbour, "I am dying of *ennui*" "What a glorious evening! What a sunset! Only look!" cries an enthusiastic new comer. It is indeed a glorious evening. Just watch across the Neva the remains of the sunset over Vassali Ostroff! What a marvellous combination of colour in the sky! How deeply calm and lovely are the heavens, from the horizon to the zenith, what exquisite colouring of blues, purples, reds, yellows, greens, and tints of yellow green, with broad streaks of light, wide-spread oceans, golden islands, amethyst promontories, unfathomable abysses of glory — all are there, and they will remain there till early dawn, at two o'clock, in unchanged undecaying beauty, while we bid them good night, and go to sleep! I hope my readers are not in this position long ago. If they are, it is time to be quiet, and not disturb their repose

NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

(See Illustration in front.)

Apart from the more sacred associations that gather round the story of the Dove and the Ark, from the symbolic meaning that came from the earliest Christian age to be attached to it, there is something so exquisitely simple and natural in the incident, that the mind loves to linger upon it as a point of relief amid the deep and tragic gloom of the Deluge. It has all the charm and the power of one of those touches of nature which "make the whole world kin." It gives a home feeling to the Ark, that mystic and colossal tabernacle which looms so grandly through the mist of primeval times. In the grey, sombre twilight, one last, sullen gleam of sunlight breaking through the lurid storm-clouds on the wan waters in whose depths lie the drowned Rephaim, and the rock-hewn cities their giant strength had reared, that white wing, gliding onwards to the dim mountain-isle where the Ark is stranded, takes a strange interest to us as the sole visible link between the dead and the living worlds. The only moving thing in the vast and dreary blank between sea and sky, it seems to

> to us the ghastly emptiness, the more than
> real stillness that broods all over the scene,
> broken even by a murmur of the slow-subsiding

waters, as we watch it flying homewards to its grim shelter through the dusk, as quietly as on old summer evenings to its nest among Armenian forest leaves.

What an event must this have been in the prison-life of the little household, shut up for so many months in their floating home—the first re-opening of communication with the world outside its walls. After weeks of the monotony of a long voyage, when from day to day one seems fixed immovably in the centre of the same never-changing dusk of waters, and eye and heart grow weary, the fluttering of a sea bird round the ship is an episode of wondrous interest, and its momentary perch on shroud or yard is a sight that softens the emigrant's heart with memories of home. We can imagine the vague suspense in which the first weeks were passed after the Lord had "shut them in," as they listened to the one sole sound of the rushing rain, and the plunge and swirling of the moaning surge; and then after a time of confusion silence when the flood stood at its calm level high over the mountain ridges, and "God remembered them," with what hope, night after night, they must have heard the strong, persistent blowing of the wind that dried up the

waters, till they found the Ark was anchored on firm ground again and at last a morning broke when, after solemn prayer, the casement was opened and high overhead was seen a blue square of sky bright with sunbeams and the two companion birds were let loose into the fresh, clear air. One has flown forth, true to its grosser nature to circum on low and heavy wing from congenial perch to perch and return to the Ark no more. But the Dove abroad on the melancholy waste has found no resting place. Still as she wanders in her white and spirit like innocence over the empty waters, she is led invisibly by gentle loving instincts to her familiar home and lured back to it from her farthest point of distance. No sooner has she alighted on the casement ledge than a kind hand is reached forth to draw her in and wondering faces gather round the timid trembling messenger who has been the first to look upon the face of the altered world. Seven days more of weary waiting from Sabbath to Sabbath as it would seem and she is loosed again this time to return with tidings of a blessed change. Down in some warm and sheltered dell on the flank of Ararat she has found an emerging olive tree and that evening she brings in her beak to Noah the first green leaf he has seen—a signal of hope and quick deliverance. More beautiful is she now in their earth sick eyes than if her wings were 'covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.' The sighing of the wind that might have lost its mournfulness it seems to them to be resting in shady woodland glades and dewy thickets as they had listened to it the night of their entering the Ark. In the small fresh twig before him a gracious token from the under world Noah sees a memorial how strangely in the ways of God judgment is weighed out in measure—not blind or reckless in its movement like the wrath of man but calm and self restrained ever tempered by a wise and vigilant gentleness. The deluge that had swept away the rebel giants of whom Heaven had grown weary had not hurt one frail delicate spray of an olive grove. Down there in the mossy glen so late brimming with water like an ocean cave the tender leaflet is budding and the spring flowers blowing as fearlessly as in the happy shade of Paradise, when only freshened by the mist

> 'that kept the heart of Eden green,
> Before the useful trouble of the rain.

Thus the weak things of the world outlast the mighty, the dove hovering unalarmed in the unpeopled world, the green leaf bursting fresh from the avenging waters, as the symbol of a better resurrection.

It was natural that an event so stupendous as the Noachic Deluge should be indelibly impressed on the minds of the Patriarch's descendants. The solemn remembrances which the little household brought with them from the divinely ordained abode of seclusion and safety, became of course, a sacred tradition among earth's renascent races. As by degrees they wandered in diverging lines into the wide world out of sight of "the wind swept peaks of Armenia," where the Ark had rested, this one memorial of their common origin remained imbedded in every dialect into which speech was divided, each tribe bearing a fragment of it out of the confusion of tongues, to be laid up in their archives of tradition, and gradually mystified in the wild fancies of many an antique mythology. Hence we can trace the story of the Deluge in the primeval records of all nations—in the boat like ark of the Egyptian, the sacred shrine of Osiris,—in the Babylonian legend of Xisuthrus, and the Greek myth of Deucalion—amongst the Hindus, the Chinese the American Indians, the Mexicans,—each nation stamping it with its peculiar cast of thought or adapting it to its own condition of place and usage. The version of the latter people is that out of many birds that were sent from the ship a humming bird alone returned with a leaf covered branch in its beak. The singular universality of the tradition may be inferred when we see it cropping out on the surface at once in the legends of classic story and those of the Crees, a Red Indian tribe on the limits of the Arctic circle. The fable of the Greek hero stranded on Mount Parnassus may be more elegant than the myth of the Indian demigod who saved himself and his family on a raft of logs and who having found as the flood subsided that various waterfowl were drowned in trying to dive to the bottom commanded a musk rat to attempt it which succeeded in bringing up soundings in the shape of a mouthful of mud. But the family likeness is unmistakable and shows the profound impression which this overwhelming catastrophe in its retributive aspect had made on the minds of men.

It was to be expected that the nucleus of historic truth in the narrative of the Deluge should come to be overlaid by a thick deposit of mythical or legendary matter that inevitable process which may be compared to the incrustation of the coarse grain of gravel or common glass bead introduced within the shell of the pearl oyster with the iridescent nacre the rich secretion of the animal. The fancies of the Jewish doctors have run wild on this subject. They tell us that during the twelve months that Noah was shut up he needed neither the light of the sun by day nor of the moon by night inasmuch as he possessed a jewel which he hung up in the Ark and as it waxed dim he knew that it was day and as it increased in brilliancy that it was night. Such a legend as this of the night shining carbuncle a mystic fire stone gleaming red and lustrous through the cavernous gloom of the Ark night after night of the Deluge quite suits the liking of the Oriental mind for weird narrations of enchantment and glamour.

But all apocryphal additions to the event set aside it merits special note how, in so many of the traditions and memorials we have of the Deluge, there is an allusion to the episode of the Dove and the Ark, as if this simple incident had graven itself as durably on the hearts of men as the great catastrophe. This may be observed in some of the legends already referred to. We see it glimmering through the Greek tradition, that the first olive branch that reached their country was carried by a dove from Phœnicia to the temple of Zeus, in Epirus. But the most striking illustration of the remark is to be found in the bronze medals of Apamea, a town in Phrygia, in the neighbour

hood of which, according to the Sibylline books, stood the mountain on which the Ark had rested We have coins of this city with the heads of three different Emperors, in whose reigns they were struck, each bearing on the reverse the device of a chest or ark floating on water, containing a man and a woman Outside the ark, two similar figures stand with their hands uplifted in an attitude of adoration On the top of the ark is perched a dove and another flies towards it with a twig in its claws On the side of the chest, are engraven the letters NOE, the Greek name of the patriarch

There is a remarkable parallel to this representation in the device that so often occurs rudely stuck in the mortar of the Catacombs those lonely crypts in which the Church found refuge in the storm of Pagan persecution With no use of the art which the classic model exhibits in its marriage, the Christian picture of an open chest with two figures put upon it, and the bird of good tidings flying towards them touches a deeper and tenderer chord To those who first with hurried hands and beating hearts, etched the rude symbol over a brother or sister's resting place it had a living and spiritual significance that belonged to no Pagan myth, however embalmed in poetry or glorified by art Hereby they announced the good hope which had come to them in the gospel of Jesus Christ, as their spirits drifted on an uncertain and perilous course over the waters of an evil world Christ's merciful hand had held out the olive branch to them in token of hope and redemption and reconcilement to God—that hope of the resurrection to the Life Eternal in which they laid their friend departed to rest in his lowly sepulchre. And again, by a beautiful inversion of the emblem, the weary Dove hastening to the Ark, as on her first return became an image of the soul, roaming over all the wide world in quest of a place of shelter wandering to and fro, seeking rest and finding none till it betakes itself to Christ, the Ark of grace and salvation

The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot and she returned unto him into the Ark, then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the Ark'

'For, says Augustine, 'Thou hast formed us for Thyself O God, and our souls can have no rest till they find rest in Thee"

THE JOYS OF EARTH

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PATIENCE OF HOPE"

A Spirit rests upon our Earth abiding, though unseen
Its soft and glowing wing may be we know where it hath been,
We hear no sound of rushing plumes yet feel them where they pass,
O'er waving boughs and bursting buds and light up springing grass

And we discern in earth and sky, in all familiar things,
A sense a subtle influence, we know not whence it springs!
A gentle presence looks on us with pure and loving face,
A mother yearns to fold her sons within a kind embrace

Oh! she is bountiful and rich in costly things and rare,
But her sweetest, dearest blessings spring like lilies without care,
The sun that shines o'er good and ill, the gentle rains that fall,
These are but types of what she gives—a heritage for all

The glory of the silent eve, when all is hushed and still,
And golden sunset splendours stream o'er valley and on hill,
When broad and deep the shadows fall, and o'er the pearly sky
In glory Earth may never match, the clouds go sailing by

Or when the flush of morning breaks in hues undreamt, untold,
And light dawns clear upon the world through shrouding mists of gold;
These are her pageantries in which each living soul bears part,
Her gorgeous shows for every eye, her lessons for each heart.

Where shielded for the eye of wealth exotic beauty glows,
The chaste Camellia unfolds her pure, unsullied snows,
The bright Geranium shines there in rich and crimson pride,
And waxen Orange blossoms hoard their sweetness for the bride.

But in the paths we daily tread and in the poor man's way,
The flowerets like whose looks, whose names are far more sweet than they,
The Primrose gem like 'mid its leaves and she whose heaven blue eye
Repeats the lesson it hath learnt from the pure changeless sky!

There clustering like wreathed pearls like Ocean's foam white spray,
It blooms for every hand and eye, the almond scented May
Fragrant and wild and bosky dells the faint pale Woodbine's wreathe,
And shed their store of honey dews for all that live and breathe

A palm like coronet the Fern waves green neath hedgerows lone,
The Cherry gleams within the woods the Chestnut rears its cone
The Furze breaks like an odorous flame on waste and upland wold,
And o'er each silent, ruined place the Wall flower scatters gold

And many a humble garden owns the flowers we love the best
Whose aspects weave a gentle spell by every heart confest
Where glowing Pink and queen like Rose in burning colours vie,
And the pale blossomed Lily breathes a summer on its sigh

Within the palaces of wealth the song and dance are found
The Viol and the Harp are there the flute with silver sound,
But Summer sends up in the air a yet more pleasant tune
The slow, sweet murmurs of the bee the melodies of June,

Dim forest rustlings light and low the waters lulling fall,
The song of birds the hum of bees a faint more distant call,
In one deep hymn the mighty winds the changing billows blend,
And in a ceaseless harmony unto their Lord ascend

Yet there are sweeter sounds than these!—the music of the heart
That breathes through greetings and farewells when kindred meet and part,
Kind voices loved in olden days that bear upon their tone
A message from the happy Past and all that it hath known

Oh! dim must be the deadened eye and dull the pining thought
That owns not in all things that be a power with blessing fraught
The Mother love that waits around with fond untiring care
Where each has all! abounding more, the more her children share

A single taper homeward guides the poor man's toil worn way
A thousand turn the rich man's night to soft and lustrous day,
But LIGHT more blessed shines alike on cottage and on hall,
Kind smiles are there, and pleasant words and the dear, dear love for ALL!

THE LOG OF "THE CONSTANT"

THE following narrative of shipwreck has the two great merits of brevity and truth. It is in the captain's words. And if it turn some thoughts to our sailors tossed about over cold and angry seas and draw out some prayers for their safety, and lead to some warmer interest in their welfare, some deeper sympathy for their position, it will have answered its purpose. When the storm howls round the house and through the streets these wintry days, some one may think before he turns round to his cosy fireside, of the sweep of that storm in the track of the scattered ships, and think, too, of the many precious souls there are on board. If they go down below the wild waters with a curse upon their lips, or a paralysed terrible despair, which of us is not to blame? Which of us asked God to bless them with the knowledge which is eternal life? Which of us made effort to help them to the truth, or spoke to them as we know the Christian is bound to speak? And which of us may not do something for them in these cold days and long dark nights? If we cannot visit them in the "crowded harbour," can we not at least remember them at the throne of the heavenly grace?

On the 18th December 1857 the ship "Constant" cleared out of Antwerp harbour, for Melbourne and Sydney, with a crew of eighteen men including Captain Uyttenhoven and his brother. After a fair passage she left Sydney again for Manila on the 14th June 1858. Three of the sailors deserted in Melbourne, but three negroes were shipped in their stead. Nothing remarkable happened during the first four weeks; but on the morning of the 12th July the ship suddenly struck upon a reef not laid down in the chart in longitude 165° 54′ and latitude 6° 59′, and in spite of every effort began to settle in less than half an hour. The situation was very critical. They were far from any inhabited coast, and such islands as they might hope to reach bore a terrible report inhabited as they were by the most savage and cruel populations of the globe. The captain held a council with his officers and crew. It was agreed to leave the ship, taking the ship's papers, the compass, a few necessary charts and provisions, and then to make for some port from which they might find opportunity to return.

The boats were launched at five o'clock with stores of provisions in each: the long boat with eight men, the gig with four and the mate, the captain with the other four in the jolly boat. As they left the ship a gust of wind caught the jolly boat and upset it, the men were thrown up upon the reef. The boat was recovered, but the water and provisions were destroyed, and as the bottom was cut into by the sharp edges of the rock it was needful to haul the boat up for repairs. This was accomplished with much pains, for the sailors were without shoes, and the rock cut their feet at every step. Sea boots were nailed upon the holes, and the boat was launched again. A handkerchief was raised as signal to the others, but as during the slow they had passed over the eye of the reef, the signal was not observed, and, as it was now ebb, the breakers would have hindered any approach to the reef from without. Captain Uyttenhoven boarded the "Constant" for fresh provisions, and after waiting till next day without any sign of the mate, set out for a little uninhabited island which adjoined the rocks. There he found the rest of the crew, and having passed the night together, the jolly boat was more thoroughly repaired, as far at least as the carpenter could, with only an axe, a hammer, and a saw. Meanwhile the sailors went round the island, and collected about 40 quarts of water, out of the trunks of trees. The water was bad and crawling with insects large and small, but there were some fine cocoa nuts, of which they brought away 200.

They were now ready to leave, the captain in the long boat with eight whites and three negroes, the mate in the jolly boat with five men. They had rigged out something like sails and went on fairly till 17th July, when their real sufferings began.

17th July.—About ten o'clock in the morning we discovered, through the telescope, a small island in the south east and steered for it in the hope of being able to land. As we came near we saw many other islands surrounded by reefs. We had thought to find water and provisions, but the breakers were so high we could not land.

18th July.—The islands are out of sight, the wind blows still from the west. As we saw no land towards the east we tried the south east, but to no purpose. We have still provisions, but the water is near an end. Every man has two glasses a day, the heat is intolerable, and they lick their rations to the last drop. We make no progress.

19th July.—All night we have had to struggle with a hurricane accompanied by lightning, thunder, and rain. We are now driven far to the north, and the wind is from the south east. About evening we approached the land.

20th July.—Wind still south east. Ugly weather. We approached the land, and men sprang into the surf and reached the island. The rest were busy in keeping the boats off the reef. We collected about 200 quarts of water, and with vast trouble got it on board. This supply of water has filled us all with joy. Yesterday the thirst was so intense the men would have given a finger for a glass. The island is one of the group Hoyvien.

24th July.—During the night, by moonlight, we again saw an island and drew slowly near. In the morning several canoes, with two, three, and four natives set out from the land to reach us. Fearing to fall into the hands of the savages we made all speed away, greatly helped by a strong breeze that sprang up. The canoes soon ceased pursuit, except one in which there were two men. We thought at first that we would capture it and find some provisions, so we tried to tempt it between the two boats, but seeing the number of our crew it drew off. Then we fired off a pistol to make them stop, but they only raised a loud laugh. A

second pistol-shot struck their canoe, whereupon they made swiftly back to the shore. . . . The provisions are almost run out, only some biscuit is left. The ration is fixed now at half a biscuit and two glasses of water per man. We had seen cocoa palms upon the island, and hoped to land and bring off some nuts, but we had to sail off with bleeding hearts and all the pains of hunger. The island belongs to the Martyr group; the natives were copper-colour, powerful, and hostile, those in the canoes were armed with bows and javelins.

25th July.—Light breeze with rain. We collected about forty quarts of water, not very good but drinkable. During the rain the men lay down on their backs with their mouth wide open and their hats stretched out, for the pains of thirst were becoming intolerable. Happily, the showers were plentiful, and the wet clothes helped to make our thirst more bearable.

27th July.—We saw an island to-day.

28th July.—Seven of the men swam through the surf to-day for water and provisions. One of the negroes, Joe, sat on a palm, plucking the fruit, when a savage came up and hurled his javelin at him. Joe seized the javelin and hurled it with all his might against the savage, who fled immediately, and the men were obliged to re-embark with the utmost speed, leaving behind them two pitchers for collecting water. It was high time, for as soon as the savage had given the alarm a multitude of canoes pushed off from the island and began to pursue us. We happily escaped, but were not much better off on that account. Our only eatables were a very few biscuits, and we had no water whatever. Hunger and thirst tormented us with unspeakable agony. Again, one of the canoes followed the chase longer than the rest. We let it come nearer. The savage made signs that we should do well to remain quiet and go with them, but we hesitated to trust these signs of confidence, and feared that our confidence would cost us dear. We rather fled away, and preferred hunger or death to their savage hospitality. The men are losing their respect for the captain, and pay no obedience to orders. In presence of common danger, common privations, and common suffering, we all feel on one level, and whatever we do is determined by majority of votes. These decisions are sometimes fearful. A couple of biscuits which are kept over, lie in a corner covered with a piece of sail-cloth, and we have unanimously voted that whoever purloins the least bit will be punished with death. The rations have been reduced to a quarter biscuit *per diem*; and if in making the division one piece be a crumb larger than another we determine whose it is by lot. One of the men turns away his head and calls out the names in succession, another at each name having pointed with his finger to the special fragment. We are almost mad. Our bitterest moments are when, on looking at our daily decreasing provisions, we turn to the depôts of the two biscuits in the corner. Every day we count our store, and every day we reckon afresh how far we can prolong our wretched existence.

29th July.—The breeze which helped our flight yesterday, continues. About midday we came [illegible] another island, but hesitated to approach lest we should be made captive. There was rain to-day.

30th July.—A starry sky. We caught enough water for one day.

31st July.—Calm weather. A south-east wind in the morning. The longboat is making water, and more than we would like.

1st August.—Stormy. Much rain. Both the boats are full of water, and the entire crew are sick. Changeable weather until nine P. M.

5th August.—A new suffering was now added to all the rest. In proportion as our privations increased, we were visited with a horrible plague of vermin, a living testimony to our destitution. The men need only pass their hand through their hair to see it covered with thousands of loathsome insects. Every day the men washed head and beard. But there were neither razor nor scissors on board. From time to time the hair of the head and beard was singed away with a lighted stick, to rid the men of the frightful plague, but the vermin appeared again straightway in incredible numbers. Sleep came more and more seldom. A man would often pass five or six days without closing an eye, and it never happened when we did sleep but that the same dreams were repeated. Each time it was a well-laden table, a substantial dinner that stood before us, and to which we set ourselves with the greatest joy and lively shouts. There is not one of us who has not dreamt this ten times at least. The waking up to the truth of our misery is horrible.

11th August.—One entire month at sea. The bad weather continues. Our situation is unaltered. Frequently the men cry out aloud for death.

13th August.—Wretched weather; storm; an angry sea. Every moment it seems as if we shall be lost. The boats are tost about like toys on the great waves. We doubt if they will longer hold out against the violence of wind and waves. Every one is certain of death. We take heart-rending farewells of each other; some are casting their arms round others in moments of despair. The bravest are in tears and bewail their unhappy families that must be cast into poverty when they perish. Yet every one resists the elements to the utmost. A mast is rigged up, and the boats hold their own.

14th August.—The storm continues.

15th August.—The sea is still rough. The people fall visibly weaker.

16th August.—The weather calms down towards evening. For good or evil we push forward. Rain. The hunger and thirst are terrible.

26th August.—To-day the jolly-boat, which is the faster, determined to leave us in order to reach the sooner some hospitable coast. The mate, who was in command, refused to part from the captain, and swam over into the long-boat. The other five set off after receiving their moiety of the provisions, an explanation from the captain, and some of the ship's instruments. There are now thirteen in our boat. The biscuit is almost done. We have one compass. But we have not yet lost hope.

27th August.—We sighted the Pelew Islands, and must have sailed 17 degrees to the west since we

left the Hoyden Islands. Some were for landing, others were afraid that they would fall into the hands of the savages and be killed for no one has strength to make the least resistance, so we have sailed past.

1st September.—We are all thoroughly exhausted by weakness and we cannot row any longer and the wind is contrary. We have tried every means to stay our hunger. We have eaten the most of our shoes and clothes, we have broken off bits of wood from the sides of the boat and tried to nourish ourselves on them; we have eaten what I dare not describe. We are now at the last extremity. It is suggested to kill one of our number rather than that we all perish. The suggestion is approved. We determined at first to cast lots for the sacrifice but it was overruled. After long consultation, killed a negro by name Ban daly, I mean who had come on board at Sydney. The grounds of our decision were that he was now fit for nothing, being a burden to the rest and that as he was alone in the world his death would hurt no one, and bring no one to poverty. Had the lot fallen on the captain or mate we would no longer have had a commander and left to our own uncertainty, it was pretty certain we could never reach a harbour. The rest of the crew were married, fathers of families or had parents or other relatives. When this determination was come to every one sought to delay the execution. Nobody had the courage to carry it out and we comforted ourselves by the hope that we would see a sail.

5th September.—It is over. We wanted until now. We know that we were on the track of the China ships but our pains and misery redoubled and new sources of agony appear. He was killed to-day. Shortly before sunset six men flung themselves upon Bandaly. One of his countrymen cut off his head. I dare not speak of it at length. The men were weak and distracted by the horror of their work. But at length—oh how long it lasted—the head was cut off with the saw and flung into the sea. The hunger had reached its most horrid paroxysm—a kind of intoxication seized upon the crew at sight of the blood. They could not wait till the loathsome food was cooked but must eat it raw. When all was devoured they began to quarrel about the bones for our hunger was only half stilled. At last the bones have been divided by lot.

8th September.—To-day we saw a sail in the most horrible horizon. It for a long time took away our breath. Every one stared with fixed eyes upon the ship. We believed ourselves saved. The ship sailed on, in spite of every effort to reach it or draw attention to us. She was only about four miles off, a large vessel, and we splashed our oars, and hoisted up the last rags of our clothes as a signal. Sorrow, anger, despair, seized on all as the ship held off. At last as she was disappearing, we all joined our feeble strength in one final cry of anguish. It was useless, and we sunk down in the boat, while for a long time there was no other sound but bitter sobbing.

14th September.—Two months at sea. The hunger and thirst have again reached a horrible paroxysm. A second offering is demanded. The voices fell upon another negro, Juan Ignatio. The unhappy man lay asleep against the mast. By the voice of the crew one was appointed executioner. It was determined not to have the death so horrible as before. The man drew near with a loaded pistol turned away his head, and drew the trigger. The pistol missed fire. The negro started out of sleep looked suddenly round saw the pistol presented at him, divined what it was, and sprang forward to throw himself into the sea. As he moved the pistol went off and the ball lodged in his brain. He sunk down with a low cry, *Santa Maria!* All was over. Part of the body was eaten just as it was bleeding and fresh. The rest was cooked over a fire that we kindled in the boat on a kind of hearth.

16th September.—The human flesh had almost killed us. After the glutting which followed the long, fast horrible diarrhœa set in in its saddest forms. We were all so sick that we believed we must die. We have held out two months and no one has died a natural death. Notwithstanding we have no provisions, no shelter, no clothing, and a leaky boat.

18th September.—The negroes dying cry is ringing in our ears. We hear him on the seas. It seems to come over the sea. Always the *Santa Maria!* This is our captain's birthday. Miserable mocking thought! We see the coast again. We have caught fish, they were eaten raw. One of the men pointed out an albatross lying on the water. It seemed of immense size. We drew near and found it had been long dead and was partly eaten by worms, but it was a dainty dish after what we had had, and in a moment it was devoured.

19th September.—One fish, about the size of a herring, is in such abundance that the captain alone has caught 500. Besides, we have skate and dolphin and white fish.

21st September.—We landed this morning. The natives were arranged some distance from the beach, armed with spears, and bows, and axes. We felt we could no longer journey by sea and had rather perish by the savages than by each other. They are Papuans and we have come to New Guinea.

29th September.—The Papuans did us no harm. They even sold us eatables for such fragments of clothes as we had left. We remained with them four days. One of them to whom the women and children especially paid the greatest respect, had a printed prayer pasted on his back. As far as we could make out he had received it from the Dutch missionary at Dory, a station on the north west coast of New Guinea. We thought of a plan of escape, and tried to induce some of the natives to lead us to Dory. On his last journey but one, Captain Uyttenhoven had rescued many persons from shipwreck at much personal risk and in acknowledgment of his bravery and humanity, the king had bestowed upon him the Leopold cross. The captain hung it round his neck, and explained that it was a mark of honour from the king. It appears that the Sultan of Tenora, who is the lord of all the small island-chiefs, had received a similar decoration from the King of Holland, and so soon as the natives saw our captain's, they showed us the greatest honour. They have transported us from one tribe to another, brought us to the Sultan, and now, sent on by his orders, and everywhere

well treated, we have reached Dory Our feet are swollen and wounded—our stomach almost refuses food We have been seventy nine days on the water since the shipwreck Some of us cannot live we feel utterly weak and incapable

The missionary treated them with all care However one of the sailors Bergsma, died from the effects of privation Another and the captain fell so sick that their grave clothes were prepared, but they recovered It was six months before they felt themselves strong enough to move on They then set out in a native progue which the missionary procured for them and left Dory on the 11th April 1859 accompanied by some of the natives On the 22d April they reached the little island Salwati where they received a present of sago from the Rajah and from a chief man a large progue On the 12th May they landed in the island of Geby, when they all fell sick, and the ship's apprentice Cobbeels died They had had nothing to live upon but sago and water Notwithstanding they set out again in four days, and reached the island Halmahera, which they crossed This journey was painful and tedious The guide they had was doing some sago business on his own account and led them from one negro hut to another so that their journey lasted weeks, though it is but a matter of ten days They then arrived at Ternate where there is a Dutch resident by whom they were hospitably received and sent by steamer to Java from whence they shipped themselves for Amsterdam They landed at Amsterdam on the 21st October and the day after returned to Antwerp after an absence of almost two years

THE OLD LIBRARIAN OF 1861

On the last night of the year an old man sat in his room alone The earth was cold and still as a white corpse laid in its shroud The moon "looked round her with the heavens all bare The leafless trees stood out in sharp and stiff relief against the clear and cloudless sky With in the room the silence was profound, not a sound could be heard louder than the slow breathing of the old man, or the fall of the burning embers in the grate His head leant upon his hands as gazing into the glowing recesses of the fire, he wandered back in memory along the path which he had journeyed since childhood Hour after hour passed until the whole world seemed asleep, and he alone awake At last the clock from the old church tower slowly beat eleven and as its echoes died away in the clear air, his attention was attracted by a shadow which slowly shaped itself into the form of a man older and more venerable than himself Was he in reality It could not be! All was so real and palpable The venerable stranger with white hair, a long beard, and garments of faded green, ornamented with withered flowers and gatherings from autumn fields and orchards, having a pure white cloak hanging from his shoulders approached and gazed into the face of the inhabitant of the lonely and silent chamber He carried a number of large volumes which he laid on a table, and then stood up and folded his arms as if waiting to be questioned "Who art thou? and why art thou here was asked, with a subdued and trembling voice "I am," replied the mysterious visitor, with a hollow, death like sound, like a wintry wind muffled by falling snow—"I am the *Old Year*, and I am sent to you with these volumes in order that you may peruse them" "These volumes! what are they?" "They are the records of thy life which I have been watching every day during my own existence Here are twelve large volumes, each volume is a month, and it contains several week sections, each section being again divided into chapters, which are the records of a single day, itself occupying many pages" "My life! Impossible! who has written it? Who *could* have written it?" "One half of it has been written by an unseen hand but the other portion by yourself"

"That cannot be! I never saw those books before, I never wrote a line in them, stranger I am no stranger If you only look at me attentively you must recollect how often we have met You have had to do with me every day and hour for a long time and whether you knew it or not intended it or not recollect it or not you have nevertheless, with your own hand and by a very mysterious process which I have no time now to explain, written your autobiography" "I pray let me look into one of the volumes Certainly Here is one of last month Turn up any week or day in it examine it, and prove the truth of what I say I confess—yes it surely is my hand! How wonderful truly! I was not aware until now that this was possible" "Well then, since you are so far satisfied of this fact perhaps you would like to take a glance at the contents of the volumes? They are of very little interest to any other person in the wide world but to yourself I would suppose they must have a greater interest than any history ever written Give me, then, one of the volumes" "Which, pray?" "The volume of January last year" "Here it is" "Yet, I remember—no I would rather another volume Let it be February—but—alas!—" "What ails you The fact is, I feel it very difficult to make a selection On the whole, I would rather not read any of them when I begin to think of the past" "But, mortal, you *must* read them all! say, *all*, word for word, line by line, on a coming day, when time shall be no more, consider therefore whether it may not be better for you to read them now" "Wherefore" "I shall tell thee wherefore by and by In the meantime, READ!" said the Old Year, with a stern countenance which pierced the soul of his hearer "I have no time to argue, for I must depart Quick!" "Give me, then, any one I dare not, I cannot choose for myself" The Old Year selected one volume apparently at random, and presented it to his listener, saying, "Open any of its pages, and I shall explain to thee its meaning" The old man took the volume and opened it The left side of the page was written with one kind of

nak, the right with another the records of a single hour occupied a page. Just consider, question said the Old Year. Tell me then O Year, what are all these things I see on the pages to the left hand written with pure bright characters. These pages always are and whatever has been given to thee is made high day by day, hour by hour. All thy temporal mercies, for example such as thy health, thy daily bread, thy money, et. And yet will I see several notes below which record how these things were provided and what pains I and others had taken in order to bestow them on thee. I have read a single page and see what has been done for thy perishing body.' But I perceive that many of these same mercies are repeated. Yes, because renewed from day to day. But I would take you to read over the list of the last ten thousand things made known to you given. Friends, relatives, deliverances from danger, afflictions, comforts in trials, gifts, opportunities of receiving good, and of doing good to others by conversation, advices, and other things innumerable. Thou art right. Didst thou not receive all these things. Were they not given to thee. I admit it. But I never thought there were so many things given me by God. If you look here at the end of each day you will find a record of some, the summing up of the gifts. But there are so many things I cannot understand in this record. What mean these strange characters. They represent things given and done by God in wisdom and mercy and love which I cannot yet be understood or explained. And what are these days with such large full pages. Holy days given specially for thy good. In these are recorded also what God said to thee on such days for thy good. It cannot be. There must be some wrong. Seldom have I cared to hear what he said. 'Be it so, but yet He said it and said it to *thee* and here it is all down!' "And can it be that *all* which has been done for me, and given to me is here? All!" "And what is on this other side. It seems to be written by my own hand. 'It is so.' In these pages thou hast thyself written all which thou hast been and done every day and hour during the past year. Begin and read at the top of any page, read down, turn the leaf, and read on until the day is ended. Learn what thou hast thought of thy God or thy fellow men! Search any day for evidence of the reality of thy love to either! Learn thy character as a responsible being from what thou thyself hast here recorded. Come, read thy life! Remember there are no lies here, no false names given to thy motives or to thine actions, all here is truth. Every falsehood and hypocrisy is here revealed, all that has been done from selfishness, pride, and vanity, every call to duty, and how it was met by thee, all thine inner and outer life, every farthing of thy money spent is noted down, with thy motives for spending it; what use thou didst make of thy time, thy talents, thine influence, every sin of word or deed, all are here! Come, turn up any week day or Sabbath day, or any day during the year, and read what thou hast thought, proposed, said, done, or left undone. READ!'

The old man grasped the volume. Some chapters he passed rapidly by. But he searched for some days whose records he thought might be most favourable to himself. As he read both pages, his face got pale, his hands trembled. He closed the volume and said, "I cannot stand this history! It is too true. I never saw it before, or thought of it.' Are these the only volumes?' "These!' why 'here are as many for every year of thy life!' 'And where are they?' "All gone where these must go in a very short time, to be laid up in the Universal Library above, there to remain with those of all other men until each life is read at last by its own writer in the hearing of the world, and in the light of the Great Judgment.' The old man fell on his knees and cried, "Oh I see nothing, nothing in these volumes but goodness, mercy, and patience, love—everything on God's part that is worthy of Himself, but on my part'—woe is me!'—day by day, week by week! Alas! how dreadful! My life has been wasted on merely self ish ends. I have been rich towards *myself* only, and not towards God and therefore I have been poor indeed. I have been proud, vain, blind—without God, without Christ in the world. I beseech you, do not write a volume of it.' 'That is impossible, said the Old Year.' 'they do not belong to me now. As they are written even so must they remain until we meet again. No power could destroy one of thy thoughts or actions.' 'What can I do, oh, tell me!' The Old Year said 'One half page remains yet to be written for it is near midnight, and all thou hast said and art now shall be inscribed in it. But another Year is about to come to the world. That New Year has probably received it may be twelve volumes, it may be only a single page. Thou wilt thyself fill the allotted space whether small or great. So live, then, each hour that the page which records it shall narrate the life of a true and good man.' "But, oh! how can I blot out the past?' 'That *cannot* be. But if thou invest the present well, and evidence is afforded in this new book of thy true repentance for the past towards God with real faith in Christ, then those old books will be so marked by the blood of Jesus that they will not cause thy death. Farewell!'

The clock struck twelve, and the Old Year vanished. Then lights flashed into the room, and the old man in the chair had vanished also! But a father and mother approached a little bed, where lay a boy, who had just started from his sleep, to receive a warm kiss and embrace from his beloved parents, and to hear a loving prayer offered by them of "God bless you, darling, and may you have a Good New Year!' The boy returned the embrace with all his heart, but he could not forget his dream, when he thought he was an old man, sitting at the fire side, and so he prayed more sincerely than ever, and said, "I am resolved, God helping me!' so to live, that, when the books are opened at the end of my life, their pages may not put me to shame, or utterly condemn me, but so that Christ may be able to say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' May God so teach us to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

NORMAN MACLEOD.

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN JANUARY

First Sunday.

A SMALL ESTATE AND A WISE ECONOMY

'Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth'

Psalm xxxix

Angels and spirits made perfect have an ample existence. Before and around each one of them stretches a continent of duration bright and unbounded their years are endless. And as regards his lease of earthly life man himself had once a goodly heritage. We look back and we envy the long leisure of the patriarchs and then when from the millennium of Adam and Methuselah we revert to our own three score and ten we are apt to feel pensive or panic stricken. So narrow are the limits that it looks as if nothing could be done and in point of fact the handbreadth is usually all but exhausted before we advert to its minuteness and are startled by observing that it has already well nigh vanished away.

Yet, brief as is this earthly life it is precious. It is the grain small as a mustard seed from which grows the tree of immortality. It is the pearl of great price which wisely invested will be found again treasure in heaven. It is the small estate which a timely and conscientious husbandry will exchange for an inheritance rich as the resources of omnipotence, and enduring as eternity.

This is a solemn hour. Through the Lord's sparing mercy we are safe within the precincts of a new year but amidst the gladness and mutual congratulation we cannot forget that this must be to many the last of all their years. Perhaps it may be the last allotted to him who now reads these words, perhaps the last to some of you in this little group who listen. It is a solemn hour and with the curtain unlifted over a mysterious and eventful future he must be frivolous indeed who does not pause and ponder. Besides it is the evening of the day which God has made. There is nothing to interrupt us we have no festive engagement, nothing to call away our thoughts from the momentous inquiries which the season suggests, or from the work for which life itself is given. It is a solemn hour, and rightly improved, may make this first Sabbath of the year a "day of salvation." Let each of us ask himself, "Do I know whom I have believed?" and before we retire to rest, as we commit our souls to Christ's keeping, let each of us consecrate and assure the future by devoting himself anew to that Saviour Sovereign, whose friendship is life, and whose service is the sweet art of freedom.

Yes our days are an handbreadth but even the present moment if we yet feel its proffered mercy will secure a blessed immortality. Our days are an handbreadth and yet they are long enough under the guidance of God's own Spirit, to commence the education for a higher sphere. They are long enough to lay the foundation of ever during excellence and to acquire the holy tastes and pure affections to which the Father's house will afford abundant objects and unlimited expansion.

And if our earthly days are so few let us turn to the best account the priceless remainder. Suppose you saw a man walking along the cliff and a golden coin drops from his pocket, and rolling over the verge spins down the steep into the dark unfathomable sea and as you tell him he plunges his hand into his pocket and comes out with a great and bitter cry for all his fortune consisted of some few sovereigns and in his carelessness he had put them into 'a bag with holes' and most of them are gone. The bag was sealed which the Most High placed in your hand at life's outset and you were not told how many years it contained but you were told that the number was not great and you were exhorted to be very careful for a single mite—a moment lost, could never be restored. And what say you now—now that twenty thirty fifty of these golden years are gone? Must you not confess that you have taken little care of them? and to night listening to the sound which the last one made as it tinkled over the brink and went down into the abyss, do you not feel, 'I have lost a year. Lord, help me to redeem the time. So teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.'

The time is short the estate is small. But it is instructive to recollect how much has been accomplished by men who had a lease of life no longer than their fellows. The days of Thomas Cranfield were an handbreadth, and yet they sufficed to teach thousands of Sunday scholars, and to introduce into the Church of Christ two hundred members. The days of George Whitefield were an handbreadth, and yet they enabled him to proclaim the everlasting gospel in every region where the English tongue was spoken, and to gladden with the hope full of immortality myriads who fell then had sat in death's dark shadow. The

days of Isaac Watts were unhandselled and yet they were long enough to indite those hymns and spiritual songs which are sung in almost every sanctuary and which have done so much to exalt the Name that is above every name through the length and breadth of Christendom

Supply the remainder, by moment Prove your confession for the week just by your care of the little residue If possible let no day go by without adding some item to your knowledge still more let no day depart without some besetting sin vanquished with at some difficult duty resolutely and thoroughly discharged Let no day end without an effort distinct and specific to promote a neighbour's comfort or welfare and let none conclude without having radiated a sunshine which shall be felt by every member of the household Let no day pass without prayer and through the grace and strength of God, seek to let no day pass but in such occupations as would be befitting close to the days of your healthful activity, or such as, if suddenly called hence, survivors might remember with affectionate interest as the last employments of your earthly pilgrimage

Second Sunday.

"COME UNTO ME"

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."
MATT. xi. 28.

It is not Christ alone nor Christ's words alone that say *come*. "Come" is the language of every attractive object and of every persuasive influence and it is answered by a corresponding movement of every susceptible or congenial subject to which it addresses the appeal. Come up from your dark dens come forth to me says the vernal sun and at the right season we see the response in every field and every garden. Answering the invitation eager to reach the soft warm air the cowslip and daffodil push through the mould and in a thankoffering pour their light and perfume into the brightening atmosphere. "Come turn aside from your hot and dusty tramp and come in to me" says the alder or the elm and the foot soon travel leaf-nods back a "We thank you" and allured by the opportune shade he deposits his pack on the table, and himself on the moss-covered couch and after drinking of the brook by the way the crystal stream which comes from the rock and crosses the floor he resumes his journey, rejoicing. "Come," says the name plate on the doctor's door, and having heard his fame the sufferer knocks, and is instantly admitted and comes away possessed of the specific, and with the pleasant prospect of an early cure.

These all keep saying Come, and their invitation is universal. Every herb of the field, from the lowliest violet to the stateliest lily is invited up into the sunshine, and is welcome when it comes, and every pilgrim is welcome to the arbour, every patient is welcome to the Good Physician, and whoso cometh unto either, will in nowise be cast out. To the shadow of that resting place the beggar is as much entitled as the king, and in virtue of His noble profession, there is none from whom that Physician will withhold His services. If any of you are weary, Christ is the shadow of a great rock, and you will appreciate His "Come." If any of you have found out the plague of your hearts, it is Christ alone who can cure, and you will be thankful for that "I will" of His which makes you clean.

The invitation is abundantly large, but it is accepted only by those who have something responsive in themselves, a certain affinity, or a certain sense of need. Those beams flow down on the pebbles and pasheards buried in the soil as well as on the lily bulbs which are latent there but to the stone the warm invitation is addressed in vain, and no flower comes forth. That whole is available to every wayfarer but the sturdy traveller who is setting forth on the first stage of his journey despises its effer and passes on independent, exulting. That door is open to every applicant but hundreds pass it by unobserved and unbestowed—for they are whole or assume that they are and they are only such as are sick who have need of the physician. On Christ's side there is an invitation broad as His own beneficence, ample as His own Divinity but it is not joyfully only by those who feel their need, or who, by God's own Spirit have been brought to a certain degree of responsiveness or susceptibility.

Are you really labouring and heavy laden under a sense of sin? Guilt is a grievous burden, and no man has the power to relieve you from it. If an acquaintance were saying "Don't be so distressed don't call yourself by those hard names, for you are not nearly so bad as you think, he would be a false comforter and, however kindly meant his words could impart no consolation. But the Lord Jesus holds no debate as to the extent or enormity of the sin. Conceding that it is very great He is prepared to pardon it, allowing that it is like scarlet He is willing to make it as the snow, knowing that it is like to crush you, He bids you lay it on the Lamb of God,

> "Who bears it all and frees you
> From the accursed load."

Perhaps you labour under a burden of care and discontent. The rest which your spirit craves is a rest for your affections. You want an object sufficiently exalted to draw forth all your admiration and reverence, and yet not so remote as to have no need nor desire for your services. You want a friend so divine that it will be no sin to worship him, yet, withal so kind and so amiable, that it will be a sin not to love him—an Alpha in whom you shall find all that you require for the present, an Omega whose fulness of goodness and

wisdom and power, you shall not exhaust through eternity

Such a friendship now offers The dear Son of God, the divine Son of Mary says "Come unto me" So meek and lowly is He that far from disdaining your affection He desires He invites it, and withal so glorious and majestic is He that you cannot long hold converse with Him, without being raised to a height of joy and goodness otherwise unattainable

What has been the happiest time in all your life A friend once told us what had been the happiest time in his It was soon after his conversion from infidelity but that conversion involved the loss of friends and fortune For all, however he found friends in Christ in Christ who had saved his soul who had awakened in him the hope full of immortality and with whom he could walk and talk the live long day telling him all that was in his heart and feeling his own being refined and exalted by the ennobling fellowship And the happiest hour was in the city of Paris, when he sat down on a stone in the Champs Elysees with no friend in all the place and with just two sous in his pocket For now he felt Christ is all to me I have no other friend I have no other joy The equipages rolled past the gay people shouted and laughed but none of them all felt so rich or so happy as the stranger who there on the stone sat under Christs shadow with great delight, not another friend in all the place but the Saviour at his side just a penny in his pocket but so rich in this new friendship that happiness flowed from every feature and he felt I have all and abound

That same friendship is offered to you and if you take the Lord Jesus for the guide and the friend of your future you will find Him a great contrast to many and unspeakably superior to the best For the best have their failings but Christ has none The best have variations in their spirits or fits in their affection but in Him is no variableness nor shadow of turning The most honest memory occasionally forgets but He is a rock and there is no unrighteousness with Him, and the most powerful patronage occasionally falls short, but His is an arm that never wearies, and a treasury that can never be exhausted Some you cannot trust, even when they are before your eyes, but in Him, though for the present you see Him not, you can place implicit confidence, and although a long interval should elapse before you see Him as He is, the best thing that you could do, and the most in accordance with His claims, would be to love Him with all the powers of your being, and, thus, in the same moment that you found for your affection an object suitable and all suffering, you would begin to fulfil that good and great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind"

Wherever there is earnestness, if there be not peace of conscience or assurance of God's love, it must arise from some misapprehension Ye do not know or ye will not credit the grace of the Lord Jesus Let us suppose that there is summer in the earth In the heavens the sun is bright and high but here is a poor bulb buried beneath a plank or slate or flat stone It has life and in virtue of that life it feels the kindly solicitation of the season and it has struggled upwards But it cannot get into the daylight That cruel slab, like a grave stone crushes and keeps it down, or rather keeps it in and whilst its neighbours are expanding in the radiance and with their blossoms opened to the utmost are rejoicing in abundant life, this poor prisoner is pining with drink and can scarcely get a peep of all the summer Thus over our world from the azure vault of the gospel, from the clear unclouded New Testament canopy, the Sun of righteousness shines and sheds down healing from His wings and like the south wind wakes the Holy Spirit breathes and the air is heavenly in the church of Christ And yet amidst it all many an earnest mind feels dark and many who are sincere if not absolutely sad, are imperfect in their happiness Your piety has unfortunately sprouted where there is an obstruction overhead There is life in your soul but like a large stone, there is some intercepting influence, which prevents you from coming into the gospel's open day, some doctrinal theory some prejudice against a certain class of religionists or most likely of all, some powerfully besetting sin and until this is hoisted off you will be like one buried alive and the voice Come unto me will sound tantalizing as to one quickened inside the sepulchre, but who cannot find an exit But touch it, and the great stone will be rolled away Confront the realities of the case, and your fears and suspicions will be dissipated Come out from beneath that bad habit or perverse preconception, and deal with the simple declarations and faithful sayings of God, and you will find that Immanuel's heart and the Father's house are large enough for you You will see in Jesus the Godhead coming down on very purpose to draw our nature up to God and whilst,

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So pass the remaining moments. Prove your contrition for the wasted past by your care of the little rest that is left. Let not a day go by without adding some item to your knowledge, still more, let not a day depart without some besetting sin vanquished without some difficult duty resolutely and thoroughly discharged. Let no day end without an effort distinct and specific to promote a neighbour's comfort or welfare, and let none conclude without having radiated a sunshine which shall be felt by every member of the household. Let no day pass without prayer, and through the grace and strength of God seek to let no day pass but in such occupations as would be befitting close to the days of your healthful activity or such as if suddenly called hence, survivors might remember with affectionate interest as the last employments of your earthly pilgrimage.

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Wherever there is earnestness, if there be not peace of conscience or assurance of God's love, it must arise from some misapprehension You do not know or you will not credit the grace of the Lord Jesus Let us suppose that there is summer in the earth In the heavens the sun is bright and high but here is a poor bulb buried beneath a plank or slate or flat stone It has life, and in virtue of that life it feels the kindly solicitation of the season and it has struggled upwards But it cannot get into the daylight That cruel slab, like a grave stone crushes and keeps it down, or rather keeps it in and whilst its neighbours are expanding in the radiance and with their blossoms opened to the utmost are rejoicing in abundant life, this poor prisoner is pining in the dark and can scarcely get a peep of all the summer Thus over our world from the stone vault of the gospel, from the clear unclouded New Testament canopy the Sun of righteousness shines and showers down healing from His wings and like the south wind waking the Holy Spirit breathes and the air is heavenly in the church of Christ And yet amidst it all many an earnest mind feels dark and many who are sincere if not absolutely sad, are imperfect in their happiness Your piety has unfortunately sprouted where there is an obstruction overhead There is life in your soul but like a large stone, there is some intercepting influence which prevents you from coming into the gospel's open day some doctrinal theory some prejudice against a certain class of religionists or most likely of all some powerfully besetting sin, and until this is hoisted off you will be like one buried alive and the voice Come unto me will sound tantalizing as to one quickened inside the sepulchre, but who cannot find an exit But touch it, and the great stone will be rolled away Confront the realities of the case and your fears and suspicions will be dissipated Come out from beneath that load habit or perverse preconception, and deal with the simple declarations and faithful sayings of God, and you will find that Immanuel's heart and the Father's house are large enough for you You will see in Jesus the Godhead coming down on very purpose to draw our nature up to God and whilst,

> 'A guilty weal and helpless worm,
> On those kind arms you fall,'

which are now so graciously open for you, you will feel the blessed security of one who, neither dreading the law nor trusting the flesh, simply rests in Christ Jesus

Third Sunday.

NATHANAEL

Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile'
JOHN i 47

Nathanael, usually believed to be the son of Tolmai that is by the same as Bartholomew, was a disciple of John the Baptist, and he had lately returned from the banks of the Jordan to his quiet home at Cana in Galilee

> Or elsewhere at the silent shade,
> With prayer and praise agree,

and just as the bard of Olney had his arbour, so many of the old Hebrew rabbis had their shady retreats which served them for at once oratory and study There, with mellifluous murmurs over head, and with a soft air now and then stirring the sycamore leaves, they read and meditated and worshipped And from the exclamation into which Jesus surprised this simple hearted Israelite it seems natural to infer that he was occupied in some such way Most likely he was musing on the tidings which he had just received from Philip, along with what he had lately heard at Bethabara about the approach of Messiah and the nearness of Heaven's kingdom when the salutation of the heart searching stranger suddenly dropping into the full pitcher of his spirit it overflowed in, 'Rabbi Thou art the Son of God' Thou art the King of Israel —the impromptu response to what he instinctively felt was a Divine intuition, and a joyful conclusion to the faith and patience with which he had looked for the promised redemption

"In whom is no guile" To be open with our neighbours, to be frank without offensiveness and complaisant without flattery, to have such a fund of general good will and such an absence of acrimony and envy and ill nature, as to be perfectly sincere, whilst universally obliging and urbane, is a rare felicity, and still rarer, perhaps, is that meek ingenuousness which receives as they are given the kind words and acts of others and in so doing does not err, for, by truth's transmuting magic, its own sincerity changes others into its likeness 'It would be a shame to tell a lie to Arnold, for he believes everybody,' as the boys at Rugby used to say till at last he could see in others' faces mirrored the manliness, the courage, the straightforwardness which were radiated from his own

But is it not strange how apt we are to practise guile on God himself? For what else are complimentary thanksgivings, conventional prayers, unfelt confessions of sin?

In public worship we cannot help a certain generality We must sing such stanzas, and we must offer up such supplications as may be reasonably expected to carry a large concurrence, but in secret devotion we should try to be more specific We should seek to confess the very sins which beset ourselves, so as to obtain the blessedness of the man 'whose transgression is forgiven, and in whose spirit there is no guile"

How would this do? The next time you kneel down in your quiet chamber, remembering that it is the truth loving and all seeing Jehovah whom you are about to worship suppose you were to say to yourself Whatsoever I now utter shall be genuine Even if I should not be able to bring out a single syllable I shall say nothing which I do not think I shall ask for nothing which I do not really wish it might be long before you could begin and after you did begin the entire utterance might be very brief but we venture to say it would be a profitable exercise and a prevailing prayer

Well you try it and we dreadfully dismayed At this rate I must give up prayer altogether The blessing which I know I ought most to covet is the one I dare not ask for I find I do not honestly desire it The sin which I should most abhor is the very one to which I feel myself so wedded that it would be a mockery of God to ask deliverance from its power'

This is sad but it is best to know the truth This is the first result of your effort after guilelessness It shows you that in the petition deliver us from evil, you have been either deceiving or deluded, for, if God had offered to deliver you from your besetting sin, your giant evil, you would have been terribly alarmed This is the first result, and it seems sufficiently frightful but what are you to do? Will you skulk back again, and hide among the trees of the garden? Will you try to hide once more from God, and from yourself in a thicket of vague verbiage -in meaningless phrases and hollow generalities? Would it not be better to persist in the experiment, which must be an effort in the right direction, because an effort after reality? Would it not be better to confess this very iniquity, this past guilefulness by which you have tried to conceal from the great Physician, and so to keep back from a cure the special plague of your own soul?

Nay, as you persist, you say it grows all abyss together The tiny scrap of *terra firma* is gone, the few words which you could once utter honestly have vanished in general scepticism, in a welter ing chaos of unbelief, and you doubt whether there be any Mediator, and whether prayer is of any use. This, again, is terrible, but whatsoever you do, do not cease to be truthful Tell it all to God. All your doubts and difficulties—your misgivings, or reasons for disbelief—it may be long before you get rid of them, if you merely tell them to a minister, or other fellow mortal Tell them all to God. Tell them to the God of Truth, and tell them exactly as you feel them, and if you are guileless,

we undertake that they will not long harass you as He sends forth His light and truth like the merest phantoms they will flee away Sincerity is strong An elaborate devotional exercise may never get higher than the ceiling but a cry—a cry from the very depths —we know the ear which it never misses—the arm which it never fails to set in motion, and in the very midst of your anxious musings *apropos* of your present doubt or perplexity, He who sees you under the fig tree may have already come to your Cana, and as the solution of the long problem breaks in on your startled spirit, you too will find the Christ, and hail the Son of God your Saviour and your King

Fourth Sunday.

BORROWED MISERY.

"Take no thought for the morrow Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof
Matt vi 34

The pure, wise and holy words of Jesus —we sometimes tremble to touch them Usually they are so plain and simple that it is needless to expound them, and in themselves so weighty what argument can enforce them? Yet occasionally in order to rouse the hearers attention and excite his reasoning or reflective powers they start up into a momentary paradox and like every paradox they may be misunderstood or perverted

In the present instance is it not strange that He should say, Take no thought for the morrow Was it not very much His object to make people thoughtful and to get them to send their minds forward from an absorbing present to an overwhelming and all important future Was it not very much His object to get them to prefer to this little day of life the long morrow of eternity and even within the bounds of this present life did He not urge them to prefer to the sinful gratifications of the passing hour the good conscience of next year, and the serene satisfactions of an innocent and unreproaching old age

Precisely so And in the context this is His lesson He exhorts us to take God for our Master and not Mammon and this on the great principle that God is sure to take good care of His servants Mammon is a tyrant He takes all the work out of His slaves, and then tells them to do the best they can for themselves In other words they have to do a double drudgery They have to take thought at once for Mammon's "to day" and their own to morrow But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you God is a good master Whether he be a prophet beside the brook, or the raven who brings that prophet his daily bread, whether they be a million of pilgrims spending forty years in the desert, or those lives on the mountain side, God feeds His servants and clothes them, and whilst they to day are doing *His* work, He is taking care for *their* morrow

Such is the wisdom from above, such is the divine philosophy taught by the Lord Jesus, and such is the great life lesson learned by His meek and docile scholars If right to day, you are right for eternity If God reign in your heart, you will be in His kingdom and under His care, whether in the body or absent from it Should to morrow introduce you to the unseen world, you need take no thought for it, for if safe now, you will be safe then Or, should many years on earth await you, there is no day in all the distance which will develop aught absolutely evil for in all that protracted morrow God lives and rules, and He will 'take thought' for it so that you shall not be tempted above that which you are able to bear, nor swallowed up of over much sorrow

You say that you never like to anticipate your income You do not like to live on borrowed money but is it not as bad to live on borrowed misery Yet what else are you doing At present you are in excellent health but you have a great dread of pain and when you think of some violent malady or fearful operation which may yet await you it brings the perspiration to your brow At present you have your family all around you but the thought of possible separation sinks your spirit, and makes you groan amidst your happiness At present you have bread to eat and can pay your way but what if you were at last becoming poor? And so in order to create a fund of carefulness, in order to get materials for gloom and foreboding, you go forward and borrow crosses and vexations from the future

Is it right? When the Father of mercies is surrounding you with good and perfect gifts instead of receiving, and using them with thanksgiving is it right to look over the top of them is it right to stand on tiptoe and try to detect some calamity not seen as yet? When there is evil in the day actually passing—sin of your own and perhaps sorrow of God's sending—is it right to say that this evil is insufficient and so add to it a foretastment of evil from days to come —yes and from days which may never come to you And when you say that to your heavenly Father you can intrust your whole eternity is it right to take out of His hands, and assume as your own special and undivided charge the brief residue of your earthly sojourn?

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" Even within the day now present there is probably less evil than you fancy There is a great art in packing, and if "every man must bear his own burden," he need not lumber about with him a great shapeless heap, clumsy to carry, and jostling every passenger, nor need he adjust it so awkwardly as to gall his own shoulders but he should make it as compact and portable as the case permits And see to it that it really is the burden of the Lord,—the care, the cross, the trial He sends In order to waste your happiness, and so weaken your power for your proper work, the devil will try to put a burden of his own on your back, but don't

you be cheated Before setting out morning by morning, throw aside all the rubbish which he would persuade you to take up as part of 'the evil of the day' and which will keep you panting, sighing, groaning to the close Throw aside that rubbish—fancied slights false shame the fear of others Your worst trials—putting one day with another, and adding together the little but long continued griefs—your worst trials have arisen not from dispensations of Providence but from devices of the devil or from purely gratuitous grievances, self inflicted sufferings Not a hair of your head has been injured but your feelings have been hurt No subtraction has been made from any solid good which you possess but some one has been speaking unkindly about you, or to you There is some little misunderstanding which Satan is blowing the busy body is trying to blow up into a quarrel or a conflagration some apparent neglect some careless word some trivial affair of personal dignity—such trash that it is a shame to call it a trial And yet if the devil can persuade you to treat it as such—if he can get you to put it up along with the cross and carry it as a tribulation—it will prove no light affliction You will look as gloomy and be really more wretched than if it were only a bereavement after your dearest friend's funeral You will be far more miserable because far more morose than if you had lost half your fortune And to crown the whole from this sour and unsanctified sorrow no peaceable fruit will survive but after being so foolish as to forego much happiness and so frustrate much strength and energy you are more tried to find that it has been all a mistake—that this was no divinely appointed affliction but a mere devil's vexation and that you would have been a wiser as well as a better man if you had not once allowed a thing so paltry to distress you

But besides reducing the evil of each day to its real dimensions that is, besides rejecting all grief not of God's sending, and resolutely refusing to anticipate the grief of to morrow,—in order to be without carefulness commit your care to Him who besides taking thought for your morrow, will take care of your present day You may trust him He does not grudge you happiness He has given you good proofs how much He desires it And if you will only surrender to the guidance of His word, His providence, and Spirit, that happiness you cannot miss It may sometimes come in strange disguises, or with startling precursors It may come in crape as well as in festive attire, and is as likely to meet you under the cypress as under the myrtle It may sometimes play a serenade or sing a Christmas carol under your window, but it may also rouse you from your sleep with the cry of 'fire,' or some other terror of the night But when a grief comes from God, He Himself comes with it Nay He comes before it He is with you already preparing you for it strengthening you to bear it in His everlasting arms upholding you and by His own Spirit fortifying and tranquillizing you And of such a history—without unduly anticipating that which shall be on the morrow—we may safely predict that the conclusion will bring out on the Lord's side nothing unkind or capricious, but much that has surpassed all your hopes and confounded all your fears Like a late amiable young minister (Rev George Wagner of Bright) who when he could preach no more, wrote the following short sermon on the text,

'Thou hast dealt *well* with thy servant,' you will be able to say in the retrospect—

Thou hast dealt well in seeking me when I sought not Thee

Well in giving me what I have not asked,

'Well, in refusing what I have asked,

'Well, in calling me to the service of Thy church

Well, in calling me to suffer instead of serve,

'Well in succouring me in temptation,

'Well in guiding my wandering feet

'Thou hast dealt mercifully with me when I have sinned,

Bountifully with me when I have been brought low

'Gently with me when I have been in trial,

'And faithfully with me at all times"

JAMES HAMILTON

THE RELIGION OF LIFE

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP I —IN TRIAL

THERE is an old story of two knights who fell into a quarrel, almost into a combat, about a shield —the one asserting, and prepared with his sword to maintain, that the shield was made of gold, the other as positively asserting that it was not gold but silver Both were right, and there was no more occasion for quarrel between them than there has often been between good men in religious controversy Looking at a doctrine from different points of view, not having the same *stand point*, as it is called they quarrelled, and the quarrel was a needless These two knights saw one and the same shield but looking on it from opposite sides, each saw a different face, this was of silver, that of gold

Like that shield, the word temptation, as used in Holy Scripture, has to be regarded under two It has two meanings, and unless we be able to distinguish the one from the other, we may fall into a very serious mistake Sometimes temptation is employed as another word for afflictions, trials, at other times in a case so different, that, instead of counting it, as the Apostle James says, all joy, we should dread nothing more than to fall into divers temptations Whatever is calculated to inflame our corruptions, and has a tendency, from its own nature and our , to seduce us into sin, is temptation , and it is in this sense the word is used when it is said, Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God for God cannot be tempted with evil neither tempteth he any man But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his lust, and is enticed Then when lust has conceived it bringeth forth sin , and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death"

In this, the most common sense of the word, to fall into temptation, is often, notwithstanding our best and strongest resolutions, to fall into sin Such is the weakness of our nature' and how can that, which leads in so many cases to sin, ever be an occasion of joy' Who would keep his body under, as the Apostle says, who would be temperate in all things, who would hold the old man nailed to the cross, who would mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts, who would keep his marriage garment unspotted of the world, will not throw himself into the arms of temptation, but rather shrink from it with fear and dread. He will go out of his way to avoid temptation, as he would the road frequented by a ravening lion, a house or street where coffins were rife, and the plague was raging "He fell among thieves," is true of him who falls into divers temptations , and he would often die under his wounds, but for Him who drew His own portrait in the picture of the good Samaritan Beset by robbers and assassins, he may conquer through Divine strength, but he has a hard fight for it, nor comes out of the battle without some wounds to heal

"Stand in awe, and sin not,' 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation,' are warnings which no good man should disregard Is this to be a coward' Anything else will the height of rashness Who sleeps by a magazine of gunpowder, needs to take care even of sparks, who walks on slippery ice, let him not go star gazing but look to his feet, and take care of falling What ever provokes to sin, though beautiful as Bathsheba, what is in its nature calculated, and by the cunning fiend intended to draw us into temptation, is a danger against which we cannot be too much upon our guard Though in themselves innocent, pleasures are sought at too great hazard that grow on a dizzy crag or among the grass where adders creep, or in the lofty crevice of some tottering wall, or on the brink of a swollen flood , and all the more if, such as our poet describes,—

> 'Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> We nip the flower, the bloom is fled
> Or like the snow falls on the river
> A moment white, then gone for ever

The language of joy is praise but when a man is passing through temptation, the time is not for praise but prayer , it is for sighs, much more than songs , for strong crying, and tears, and holy fears, for deep horror, and the drawn sword that gleamed in the hand of Christian, as, amidst spectral forms, hideous sights and sound , he trode the valley of the shadow of death Count it all joy' Who consults his soul's peace, purity, and safety, instead of counting it all joy to fall into divers temptations, will do his utmost to avoid them, his constant, daily, earnest prayer, "Lead me not into temptation," and when he falls into it, his cry Peter's on the sea,—"Save me, I perish,"—that of one with the coils of a monstrous snake contracting round his form, "Make haste unto me, O God, thou art my help and my deliverer, O Lord, make no tarrying"

It is in an old, but now rather uncommon, use of the word that we are to understand temptation, as used by James when he says, "Count

it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations. It stands for what in common language we call trial—that test by which the best metal is tried, the bitter pill that must be swallowed, the cup that is mingled with every man's sip, the suffering, the [illegible] that are ever recurring between birth and the grave, and that chequer the life that begins with a cry, and ends with a groan. And what a great art is that which glories in these tribulations! How will a cold philosophy tell us that we cannot throw off, stoutly to fight what cannot be shunned, and, like one who kills his best friend to some painful end, endure what we cannot cure! How down the faith which, thrusting these all cruel forces aside, comes to the manner born, like the Christian captive pining in his dungeon, stands by his trial and bids us rejoice in tribulations—bold scorn of the man that endures the temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised them that love him! Sin tries more or less painfully us the fire of all God's people shall learn how to do it for them.

In Old Testament times Christianity was in the opinum bud, now it is in the full blown flower, but in the early types and symbols it was the cold wind in the skies but nest and burrow in our warm new full atmosphere filled with hope to breathe in. And how the piercing eye on the sun's rays runs upwards to clear the parting clouds and sunlight over them. Still though without miracles, these Old Testament saints present a marked instance among other graces of resignation and trust as we see the trees at this season bare, standing though autumn blasts and winter frosts have stripped off all their leaves, we see in the old patriarchs how stoutly faith can stand when trials have robbed life of every joy and the days come, of which he says, 'I have no pleasure in them,' the poor sufferer will be happy with his head beneath the veil where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. What an illustrious example of this was Job, when deep answered unto deep at the noise of God's waterspouts! Billow after billow went over him, he goes down, never to attempt to rise again, but faith cannot drown, and how wonderful to see his head emerge, and as he looks around on the desolation, fortune and family engulfed, to hear him say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord," or, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,' he has slain mine, my sons, my daughters, my joys and hopes, all are dead and gone, now let him slay not mine but me also, yet will I trust in him. What faith! What sublime strength! And would we, now suffering under trials, bear them or, having to suffer, would we meet them with like submission, we must learn to yield to, not to resist God's will.

Strive to enter in at the strait gate—it will cost and hazard, let sinners strive after conversion—to be in Christ but strive not, impatient of trials, to resist them. If, like many, you are fretful and impatient of affliction, it will do you no good to fret against it, that will but make the iron cut deeper into the flesh. The yoke sits easiest on the neck of the patient ox, and he feels less chain the lightest who does not drag but carry it. Bow before the trial, as Eastern travellers do when overtaken in the desert by the dreadful simoom. The simoom! When that fiery breeze, striking terror into the boldest hearts and the purple haze sweeps on, which to breathe is death they make no attempt to fly—the swiftest Arab's horse not the desert like the wing of this scourge—but instantly, they throw themselves on the ground, every head is muffled, and there low in the dust, trembling, dumb in awful silence they lie, and let the poisonous wind blow over them. "Hide thee in the dust,' hide thee in the dust is the voice of God in our calamities, and the low we lie there before Him, passive under His mighty hand, yielding to His sovereign will we shall suffer the less when days of darkness come.

To take an illustration from more familiar scenes, we should meet life's trials as we do the billows, to which Scripture so often compares them. When the foaming breaker comes rolling in, meet it erect, with bold front, defiant of its strength, and, sweeping you off your feet, it hurls you among the seething water. We have tried it, and, all but suffocated have risen, lacerated and bleeding, from the flinty beach. But meet the billow bent, stoop to its foaming crest, bow before its power, and, roaring, it passes harmless over your head, and as the waves neither come so fast, nor stay so long, but there is time to breathe between them, by this simple art you stand like a rock, and see the proudest billows burst foaming on the beach. A blessed art this, when deep is answering unto deep, and all God's waves and billows go over us! Who, seizing every opportunity to pray, bends to trials, breaks them—and is least stunned by the rudeness of their shock. And thus it is, perhaps, that Christians of a gentle spirit, by nature as well as grace more pliant than defiant, that women by their constitution less tough and more ready to bend, have more passive courage, often bear troubles better than stout men, they let the wave go over them, not fighting against God, but saying with

Christ, "Father, not my will, but thine be done," or with Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good"

Again, the sight of God in his trials greatly helps a good man to bear them The nearer we get to God in times of trouble, the less their pain and the greater our profit The man who, seeking to escape correction, stands at arm's length struggling to get away, feels the full power of the rod, but light falls the stroke on him who, confessing, "I am afflicted far less than my iniquities deserve, I will be dumb, opening not my mouth, because thou didst it," flies to his father's bosom, and falls penitent at his feet It happens in the spiritual as in the natural world, that the farther from him who strikes the heavier, and the nearer to him who strikes the lighter falls the blow Consider this, besides, that God never strikes his people with both hands, for who has ever sought Him in their trouble, drawn near to Him in deep affliction, but found that if He was strong to smite, He was strong also to support? Did you ever see a father beating a son who resisted? he holds the boy with one hand, and he smites him with the other It is not so God corrects a penitent, loving child While one hand is employed to strike, what does He with the other? They who draw near to him crying, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," ever find the other employed not to hold, but to uphold them. Wiping away the tears the rod starts in their eyes, pouring balm into the wounds His hand inflicts, sustaining while He smites, knowing while he corrects, He teaches His people that trials are the badge of sonship "Whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth"

But submission is not the highest lesson taught in the school of trial That school has higher instruction and nobler prizes It is a great thing to learn submission, but it is a grand thing to rejoice in, and rejoice over our afflictions, as Paul did, and James says we are to "count it all joy when we fall into divers trials" Why not? why should that language surprise us? why should we start at it? why hear it with an incredulous ear, if seasons of trial are the occasions of drawing out the tenderest love of God? Why not, if they correspond to the sick bed and sick chamber, where we get into the innermost circle of domestic affections? By the anxiety all show for our recovery, by the midnight watching at our bed, by no trouble grudged, but sleep and rest and pleasure and everything sacrificed for us, by the noiseless step and gentle whispers, by the cloud that darkens every brow when physicians look grave and our case looks worse; by the joy that sits on every face when we are better, by a thousand little kind attentions that, never thought of in the day of health, come out shining like stars at night, we now know how precious we are to others, how much we are valued, how tenderly loved. It is almost worth being ill to know this, and receive the kindnesses that our illness calls out Is that a set off to thy pains of sickness? How many of the Lord's people have had this to set against their sorest trials, that they never felt nearer to God, and God never drew nearer, nor dealt so kindly with them, as when they were cast into darkness and the deeps—then affliction abounded, but then their consolations much more abounded It was on the mount where it lightened and thundered that God showed them his glory It was in the wilderness that water gushed from the smitten rock and they ate of angels' food, that the pillared cloud was seen by day, the pillared fire by night It was when their bark was tempest tossed, and the sky was dark, and the sea was rough, that Christ came walking on the billows to still the tempest, to subdue their fears Can they ever forget how then and there He fulfilled these gracious promises—"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee, thou shalt walk through the fire, and not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee Fear not, for I am with thee For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour"

But, as I have said, the child of God has joy not only in trials, but through them, and for them among other reasons, because they prove the genuineness of his faith,—they are the trying of your faith, as an Apostle calls them.

There was a British regiment once ordered to charge a body of French cuirassiers The trumpets sounded, and away they went boldly at them, but not to victory They broke like a wave that launches itself against a rock They were sacrificed to traders' fraud Forged not of trusty steel, but worthless metal, their swords bent double at the first stroke What could human strength, or the most gallant bravery, do against such odds? They were slaughtered, like sheep on the field. And ever since I read that tragedy, I have thought I would not go to battle unless my sword were proved I would not go to sea with anchors that had never been tried But of all things for a man's comfort and peace, what needs so much to be proved as his faith—its truth and genuineness? Any way, it is a serious thing to face death, and meet the King of Terrors on his own ground, but were our faith never tried till we stood face to face in the valley with our last enemy, face to face with our God at the bar of judgment, it were still more serious. With our powers of self deception, —with Satan sitting at the sinner's ear, saying,

Peace, peace, when there is none to be found—with so many who have the form of godliness, but are strangers to its power—the stoutest heart might tremble for the issues. Before I go down to battle, I want to know if my sword is forged of trusty steel, before I go to sea, I want to know if my anchor is hammered out of the toughest iron, before I set out on my journey, I want to know if this is sterling money—is it genuine? has it the ring of true metal? will it stand the test? So long as it is fair weather, I want to know if my house is built on the sand or on solid stone when rains descend, and waters rise and winds blow and beat on my house it may be too late to know the truth. I want to know it now—now when, if I should have been building on the sand there is time to seek in Christ the Rock of Ages a foundation that cannot be moved. It is of the utmost importance to have our faith tested and God's people therefore have cause to bless him and do bless him, for the trials that have put it to the test, and proved it true.

If like the reaction of camomile or the crushing of a sweet scented plant that bathes in odour the hand that bruises it or the burning of incense that draws out its latent perfumes you trials have called forth heavenliness of mind, child like submission to God's sovereign will, strong trust in His providence, a ready willingness to bear your cross for the honour of Him that bore His cross for you, count it all joy when ye fall into divers trials. They have equipped you for future battles, and furnished you with recollections and experiences to disarm the greatest evils. His presence with you in the past is a pledge of His presence in the future, that He will be with you through whatever troubles, great or small, you have to go—with you always—with you even unto the end. Not one that has never been tried when days of darkness come, you can "remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Why should you be dismayed? You stand on the vantage ground of David, when, the host rocking back with terror, and Saul attempting to dissuade him from meeting the Philistine, he stood calm, collected, and, eyeing the giant, said, "He that delivered me from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear, shall he not also deliver me from the hand of this Philistine?" Let the past throw its shadow, or its light rather, on the future. "That which is to be hath already been," for "our God is the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." Courage, then! go forward! and as in days gone by, the favour of God shall be your shield, and the joy of the Lord your strength.

Some bear their sufferings as, if we are to believe the stories we have read, the Indian bears his tortures. Tied to the stake, abandoned of hope, looking on his last sun, a crowd of enemies dance round him with frantic gestures and brandished knives, and as they go round and round in the horrid dance, though avoiding to wound, they strike at his throat and face, but the Red man stands motionless, erect, nor shrinks, nor winks, nor gives sign of terror. Ingeniously cruel, they search out the most delicate seats of feeling, and thrust the burning match up to the quick. Inch by inch they cut his living form to pieces, but, with blood, they wring out no groan from that defiant man. Naming their braves he has slain and scalped in battle, this hero of the forest sings his bold death song, scorning their powers of torture. How different from the central object in this savage scene the form of Christian patience, her head meekly bowing to the hand of God, heaven in her eye, resignation in her face, and on her pale lips the seal of silence! It is pride, not patience, that sustains yonder haughty savage—stubborn endurance, the power of an iron will. And in some who, uncomplaining suffer pain, or loss, or wrong, or calumny, their silence, though they get credit for patience, may be but pride. It is a well known fact, that a man who stands erect can carry a heavier burden on his head than he ever can on his back, and rising itself to the occasion, pride has stood erect under crushing burdens, confronted misfortune, and, while smarting under insult and injuries, has scorned to gratify its enemies by betraying a sign of pain. This is but the counterfeit of patience.

Nor are we to take for this Christian grace the callousness or hardening effect which sometimes follows trials of great severity. They say that the wretch condemned to the Russian knout feels only the few first blows. After these have cut to the bone, and brought away long strips of flesh from his quivering back, the power to feel is gone. The nerves are crushed, their life destroyed, his head droops, and the lash falls on the dying man as if he were already dead. And some such callousness has come over hearts that have suffered many and severe afflictions, future trials giving them no more pain than the hot iron gives the blacksmith's horny hand. I once knew one, a Christian widow, who had early lost the husband of her youth. Other losses succeeded. The pledges of their love, a son and daughter, were snatched from her arms, her house was left unto her desolate. But these blows did not, as many feared, break that bruised reed. A pious woman, she was patient, resigned to the will of the widow's Husband, still it was not patience that replied to my sympathy, when, alluding to her first great trial, she said, "My first grief made so large a hole in

my heart, that now it can hold no common sorrow."

Patience is not pride, and is not insensibility. Acutely sensitive, she may feel all the pain of the rod, while kissing the hand that uses it. She bears not because she can do no otherwise, but would no otherwise, not because she cannot help it, but would not alter it. Leaving God to choose for her as well as chastise to select her cross as well as her crown, she meekly says, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good,'—not me but Him, good. How noble is this grace! It makes the greatest of all sacrifices yielding up our fondest wishes our dearest hopes our strongest will to the sovereignty of God. Offering the greatest of all sacrifices, it achieves the greatest of all victories, here man makes a conquest of himself, and in the judgment of Solomon, "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Let a good man, then, count it all joy when he falls into divers trials, for—God's Spirit brooding on the stormy waters—patience is born of trials. If not their child, she is their nursling, it is their storms that rock her cradle. I say not that we are to pray for trials, though, all unexpected they may come in answer to our prayers. We seek that patience may have her perfect work, and God sends trials in answer. It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful, angular not rounded. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about on the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in the arts so in grace, it is rough treatment that gives souls as well as stones their lustre, the more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles, and in what seems hard dealing their God has no end in view but to perfect his people's graces. Our Father, and kindest of fathers, He afflicts not willingly, He sends tribulations, but hear Paul tell their purpose,—"Tribulation worketh patience patience experience experience hope. Therefore as he said, we glory in tribulation therefore we should count it all joy when we fall into divers trials. Let patience have her perfect work, wait patiently for God to explain His own providences, wait patiently for the hour of deliverance.—Woman, He says my time is not yet come, wait patiently for the hour of death for the heavenly rest, for the blood bought crown. A little more patience, and you shall need patience no more. One of the multitude whom no man can number, who stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,—the days of your mourning are ended.

THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, AND CHRISTIAN WORSHIP, OF THE SECOND CENTURY

Who shall ever be able to picture to us the living face of the Church of the second century—that strange obscure time of transition and formation our only records of which are a few letters and addresses and an allegorical Christian story? We look upward along the course of eighteen centuries, and between the clear vision of the scriptural age, and the clear outline, again, of the age of Origen, we seem to gaze upon a broken, shadowy bridge uniting them. Where there is so little really known, where so few documents have been preserved, and a suspicion of corruption attaches to some of those that have been preserved, it is easy to imagine what scope is presented for ecclesiastical controversy and cross interpretation. Accordingly this is the grand field where High Churchman and Low Churchman, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Independent, Romanist and Rationalist, have waged battle ever since the freedom of Protestant inquiry began to be turned on its dim twilight and uncertainty. Each one has seen the few hazy facts which it exhibits from his own point of view, shedding a light around them which is not *theirs*, but *his*—not *historical*, but *dogmatical*,—a light streaming upwards from his own preconceived opinions, and not downwards from any surviving clearness in the facts themselves. While the facts themselves are so few and dim they have been studied, not so much in their simple meaning as in their argumentative interest. The student finds himself among the watchwords of a later party and rather than among the memorials of a primitive embryo life. He is apt in consequence to despair of the task of reconstructing the effaced picture. He would rather remain ignorant than pretend to please himself with ecclesiastical models which, in the very definiteness and precision of their outline, betray their origin in the conceptions of a traditionary dogmatism rather than in those of a genuine historical criticism.

Yet there are certain features of the Christian and Church life of the period that have come forth into clearer comprehension during later years and under the pregnant touch of the modern scientific school of theology in Germany. It is a special characteristic of this school that it has few or no preconceptions and especially ecclesiastical preconceptions, to defend. It is neither High Church nor Low Church, it is neither hierarchical nor democratical, in its sympathies. It professes to be animated by a purely historical interest. And whether in all respects it has been able to maintain its pro

fessed attitude of hostility it has certainly done more to certify and render intelligible the documentary fragments of the second century than has been done by any other single effort. In proof of this the student has only to turn from the pages of even so candid an investigation as Bingham to those of Neander and Bunsen to see what a comparatively natural and historical, if less clear and precisely outlined picture is presented to him. It is our present intention to sketch by the help of these writers and especially the last what can be said to be known of "The Christian School, and Worship of the Church, in the Second Century."

I. THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

Nothing is more clearly determined than the fact of the Christian School in the second century, the general character of the instruction imparted in it and the relation which it bore to the Church. At first, in the early outburst of apostolic zeal, and the outpouring of the Pentecostal spirit, converts were admitted into the Church directly and as if by instantaneous impulse. So many as three thousand were added to the Church in one day, under the powerful preaching of St. Peter and the blessed influence of the freshly descended Spirit. Cornelius, the centurion, and the Ethiopian eunuch were baptized forthwith, and the Philippian jailer passed immediately from the alarm of conviction to the security and peace of the Church's initiative blessing. But this was evidently a state of things that could not last. While apostolical authority and supernatural insight remained, they were sufficient to guide and control the exercise of such a power. But as soon as these disappeared such a direct process of initiation to the privileges of the Church would have been attended with frequent and dangerous abuse. Accordingly there grew up during the decay of the apostolic age the institution of the Christian School as the connecting link between the Church and the world. Baptism remained the solemn initiatory rite, freely solicited and accepted by the professed convert, but it was only to be bestowed after a careful preliminary training. Those who sought admission to the Church were, first of all, discriminated—men and women of a certain character, and certain (immoral) trades, were at once rejected, then they were placed under a system of instruction and training as catechumens, and only after this system had run its course, and their character and knowledge were clearly ascertained, did they become candidates for baptism.

(1.) PREVIOUS EXAMINATION.

Any member of the Christian community might present to the bishop or presbyter, those who offered themselves for instruction in Christianity, but the persons thus presented were subjected to a certain examination, before being allowed to enter into the school. A document in use in the churches of Alexandria and Antioch, on this subject has been restored, and edited by Bunsen. It bears that those who were brought to the bishop or presbyters, should be examined as to the causes "wherefore they came to the Word of the Lord," and that those who bring them should 'inquire secretly as to their character,' and "give them their testimony." If those brought were slaves 'to one of the believers they must have a certificate from their master that they were of good character. Without this they were not admitted. If they were slaves of a heathen they were to promise to deserve their master's good will by honest behaviour. If they were married, they were to be content with their wife or husband, and live soberly, eschewing all the abominable practices of heathenism. If unmarried, "let them learn not to commit fornication," but to enter into lawful marriage. And a believing master who did not permit his slaves to enter into lawful marriage, was to be cut off from the congregation. Any 'having a demon,' or connected with any of the impure or idolatrous professions of heathenism were to be rejected, unless, in the first case, 'they were cleansed,' and, in the second case, they abandoned their professions. Any man or woman belonging to the theatre, 'a charioteer, hunter, or racer, an Olympic gamester, or lute player, a dancing master, or keeper of a public house either let them leave off their employment or let them be rejected." A soldier was to be required "to do no injustice to accuse no man falsely, and to be content with his allotted stipend," and unless he promised obedience to these rules he was to be rejected.

(2.) COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

The course of catechetical instruction as a general rule was extended to three years, but 'if any one be diligent,' the Book of Greek Constitutions adds, "and has a good will to his business let him be admitted, for it is not the length of time but the course of life that is to be judged." After the first year the catechumen was permitted to join so far in the common worship of the congregation. He had access to hear the Word of God and the homily or sermon, but he was dismissed with prayer and the blessing before the peculiar service of the believers began—the Oblation and the Eucharist. This division of the Christian service was strictly natural in the circumstances, while the Christian body was surrounded by the heathen world in various relations of intolerance and hostility.

The system of instruction was based upon the law as much as upon faith. The moral element, indeed, as was most necessary, strongly pervaded it. It began with the ten commandments,—the spirit, more than the letter of which, was inculcated according to the interpretation and rule of our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount. The law of love to God and love to our neighbour was strongly set forth. "There are two ways,' it is declared, "one the way of life, and the other the way of death, and there is much difference in these two ways." But the way of life is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, who created thee; and thou shalt glorify Him who redeemed thee from death, for this is the first commandment. But the second is, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang the law and the prophets. Every thing that thou wouldest not should be done to thee, that do not thou also to another."

All anger as leading to murder, all unlawful desires as leading to impurity all divination, as leading to idolatry, were strongly condemned, and the catechumens exhorted to avoid them The books of the Old Testament and the canon of the New, which was gradually assuming an authoritative expression were set before the catechumen He was instructed in the order of creation, and the series of Divine Providence by which God had taught His saints in every generation, afterwards in the doctrine of Christ's incarnation, His passion, His resurrection and assumption and what it is to renounce the devil, and enter covenant with Christ The office of teacher was open to all, but by degrees the presbyter assumed this office If any one was competent, however, that is, "taught of God," "although he be one of the laity," he was at liberty to teach.

(3) Final Examination

In the third and last year of their school preparation, the catechumens were called *Competentes* or *Candidates*, as in the second they were called *Hearers* Before they were separated for baptismal admission to the Church, they were again examined, especially as to the way and character of their lives during the period of probation —"Whether they had lived in chastity during the time of being catechumens? whether they had honoured the widows, whether they had visited the sick, and been faithful in every good work?" Those who first introduced them were supposed still to maintain responsible relation to them and to be the witnesses for their Christian conduct in such matters 'It is unnecessary to remark," Bunsen says, "that this examination was a public one The congregation was and continued to be the supreme judge Those who inhabited estates or villages which formed small congregations by themselves, under a single clergyman, may have gone through the preliminary steps at their homes but the completion must have been left to the judgment of the mother church after adequate inquiry

(4) Preparatory Service to the Baptismal Vow

When the candidates had satisfactorily passed this examination they were solemnly set apart for the sacred rite before them They were first bathed, and pronounced personally clean They then fasted on Friday, and met together on Saturday for prayer and thanksgiving, when the bishop met with them "They knelt down, and received the bishop's blessing, who exorcised every unclean spirit, bidding him go out from them, and never henceforth to return When this solemn ceremony of exorcisement was completed, the bishop breathed upon them, and sealed their foreheads and ears and lips, it is supposed with the sign of the cross The whole night was passed in prayer, reading, and exhortation, each neophyte being allowed only to eat of the bread which he had brought with him as the thank-offering for the following Sunday

(5) Baptism and Admission

At the dawn of Sunday, "at the time of the cock-crowing," the baptismal font was filled, and a blessing said over it, exactly similar to the prayer of consecration used over the elements intended for the Lord's Supper The deacons assisted the men and the deaconesses the women to take off all their ornaments, and to put on the baptismal dress The young were baptized first, then the adult men, and "at the last, the women having loosed all their hair, and having laid aside all their ornaments of gold and silver which were on them Let not any one take a strange garment with him into the water"

When the time for baptism approached, the oil of exorcism and the oil of thanksgiving were also to be prepared "And a deacon shall bear the oil of exorcism, and stand on the left hand of the presbyter, another deacon shall take the oil of thanksgiving, and stand on the right hand of the presbyter"

The candidates were then presented to one of the presbyters, who solemnly exhorted each of them 'to renounce Satan and all his wiles" In the Church of Jerusalem it is said that "in conformity with an ancient custom the catechumen turned himself towards the west as the symbol of the spiritual darkness out of which he was to be brought into eternal light" After this solemn renunciation, he was anointed by the presbyter with the oil of exorcism* The meaning of which is explained by the formula of address used at the same time, "Let every evil spirit depart from thee" The deacon and deaconess accompanied the neophyte into the water, and made each of them in turn repeat after them a confession of faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost and respond to it by the words, "I believe' This creed in the second century is supposed to have been simpler even than that which we possess under the name of the 'Apostles' Creed —little more than the words contained in the baptismal formula in St Matthew's Gospel The confession was repeated three times corresponding to the three immersions of the candidates "After this followed the true baptismal unction with the precious oil the so called *chrisma* According to the Alexandrian Constitutions the hand, with the oil was laid on the head of the baptized, and then the forehead anointed with the sign of the cross which in the strict sense was called the sealing In ordinances of this church mention the presbyters as executing all these functions as well as the bishop, with the exception of the blessing of the oil'

The ceremony concluded with the Christian kiss When all the service was finished, the newly baptized were clothed in white and conducted into the Church They were now raised to the full enjoyment of Christian privilege, they were become 'brethren," members of the 'royal priesthood, the peculiar people" The anointing with oil was the symbol of the common spiritual priesthood to which they were raised, and accordingly, they had now, on their admission to the Church, to interchange the common salutation of peace—the "word," as it were, of the Christian Society As they entered, the bishop or presbyter saluted them—"The Lord be with thee!" to which they

* This ceremony of exorcism is supposed by many not to have prevailed till the third century

responded, "and with thy spirit." After this they partook of the Lord's Supper, and milk and honey was also set before them as emblematic of the goodly inheritance to which they were called, as a spiritual application of the promise concerning the land flowing with milk and honey, to that heavenly country with all its blessed privileges to which the baptized looked.

EARLY CHURCH WORSHIP.

In the foregoing sketch of the Christian school and Christian baptism, the order of the worship of the early Church has been so far indicated. In its general character, it was obviously a free and mutual service in which the congregation were direct sharers with the clergy. The former expressed their participation in every part of the service by audible responses, from the opening answer to the salutation of peace to the concluding Amen! There was an interchange not merely of devotional feeling, but of direct instruction, the function of teaching being so far open to all who were "taught of God." At the same time there seems almost from the first to have been certain liturgical forms—certain brief customary invocations. The Lord's Prayer, at least, was regarded as a prescribed formula of devotion.

The following passage from the first Apology of Justin Martyr is perhaps the most clear and connected account of the early worship, as a whole, that has been handed down to us. "And on the day called Sunday" he says, "there is an assembling together of all who dwell in the cities or country, and the memoirs of the apostles, or the writings of the prophets are read as long as circumstances permit. Then when the reader has ceased, the president delivers a discourse, in which he admonishes and exhorts all present to the imitation of these good things. Then we all rise together and pray, and prayer being ended, bread and wine and water are brought, and the president offers prayer in like manner, and thanksgiving with his utmost power, and the people express their assent by saying Amen; and the distribution of that, over which the thanksgiving has been pronounced, takes place, and each partakes, and a portion is sent to the absent by the deacons. And they who are wealthy and choose, give as much as they deem fit, and whatever is collected is deposited with the president, who succours the orphans and widows, and those who, through sickness or any other cause, are in want, and those who are in bonds, and the strangers sojourning amongst us, and in a word, takes care of all who are in need. And we meet together on Sunday because it is the first day, on which God, having wrought the necessary change in darkness and matter, made the world; and on this day, Jesus Christ our Saviour rose from the dead." Special parts of the service, such as the celebration of the Eucharist, are more minutely described by Justin in a foregoing passage, and other writers have also touched upon the subject.

Founding upon these various hints and the fragments of service, the *reliquæ liturgicæ* of the early Church, which he supposes himself to have rescued from the corrupted stream of tradition, Bunsen sketches as follows the Church ritual of the second century —

I. First or preparatory Service of the catechumens:

A psalm of the Old Testament or Christian hymn.
Humiliation and Confession.
Again Psalm or Hymn.
Lesson from the Old Testament.
Lesson from the New Testament.
Homily or Explanation of Scripture.
Dismissal of the catechumens or hearers with blessing.

II. Second Service of the believers, or Service of Thanksgiving (Eucharist).

The *oblation* or placing of bread and wine, and gifts upon the communion table.
Word of admonition—No profane!
Mutual salutation of bishops (or presbyters) and people.

"The Lord be with you,
And with thy spirit."

The Prayer of Consecration or Thanksgiving.

Either only the Lord's prayer or a free prayer of the bishop or elder praising God's benefits, and asking His blessing for the communicants.

Communion of all the believers present.
Prayer of Thanksgiving after Communion.
Dismissal of the congregation with the blessing.

Different views will, of course, exist as to the accuracy of this "picture" of the early ritual of the Church. The Romanist will repudiate it as at variance with the great central fact of his superstitious service—the *Mass* in which he professes not merely to represent, but to repeat the sacrifice of Christ, in which the priest and his associates are everything and the company of the believers little else than onlookers,—while the dread fact, in all its variety of ceremony, is being performed before them. How different in every respect the free mutual service of the early Church, in which president and people actively co-operate—the latter bringing their gifts, the former blessing them, and both sharing them in thanksgiving for their common redemption!

The extreme Protestant may equally repudiate the picture as at variance with his preconceptions. There will seem to him a touch of too much mystery in some parts of it, and under the impulse of a right feeling so far, he may object to the division of the service. This, however, would be a narrow judgment. The division of service in the early Church was, as we have already said, a necessary consequence of its position. Drawing as it did its adherents from the surrounding heathen world, it would have been quite impossible to admit them without a previous training in the Christian school to join in the solemn eucharistic service of the Church, or even to be witnesses of it. The position of the Church in a Christian land is a very different one, and out of this fundamental difference, many minor differences of observance and ritual naturally spring. The use of such a picture as that we have sketched is not to lead us to imitate it in any slavish and formal manner, but to copy rather the spiritual comeliness and decency which it exhibits. Adult baptism and baptism by immersion were the

rule in the early church—infant baptism was the exception, every sentence was thus read out of which sets it forth plainly. But I say this infant baptism invalidates only a weak and unhistorical bigotry would assert in this. On the contrary, infant baptism is the rule and adult baptism as the exception was merely the natural expression of the change through which the Church passed in the third and fourth centuries when it was no longer in the manner planted from the outside by the then world but had children born into it—when Christian parents brought the children given them by God to the Saviour who said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Out of the profound consciousness of what Christ had done for humanity redeeming and sanctifying it in all its relations and aspects grew, by an inevitable sequence, both of argument and feeling the necessity of infant baptism, as the older or at least the more common form of the rite in the early age, disappeared in the increase and extension of the Church. The "Christian school," in the same manner became remodelled in its character, the order of the catechumens ceased, the children of the Church took its place. All this might teach us if anything would that the form "profiteth nothing" it is good in so far as it is fitting and useful for its time, but just because of this fitness to one age and time, it cannot survive like the eternal truth itself. It is well for us to study the face of the primitive church, it would be well for us to be as near to its ritual as we can but the "one thing needful" is that we be akin to its spirit of faith and love, and purity, and self denial. In and through many forms we may be thus while *if we cling superstitiously to even the best and most catholic forms* we shall lose the substance while we grasp at the shadow.

JOHN CULLOCH.

LESSONS IN THE LIME QUARRY

THE quarries to which last month I introduced my readers proved to our school boyhood a never ending source of delight. They formed the goal of many a Saturday ramble. The hammer and steel gave place to hammer and bag, even our bats and balls and "shinties" were not unfrequently forsaken. Our love of legend too went on increasing every walk giving me two or three new ones, extemporized for the occasion and of course forgotten nearly as soon as invented.

These frequent visits brought us better acquainted not only with the quarries but with the quarrymen and our ideas of the one were considerably influenced by our impression of the other. There were, I remember, three very distinct groups of workmen and it gave our boyish fancy much pleasure to note wherein they differed. The kilns at the north end were tended by a marked set of men. They seemed to be mostly Irishmen whose duty it was to unload the wagons of limestone into the kilns, and keep up the supply of coal. The deep pits in which the *rock* was calcined sent up an intolerable heat, and belched out a thick white, stifling smoke, that curled and drove about with every veering of the wind. Creeping cautiously to within a short way of the edge of these fiery abysses, we could mark the red hot rock cracking and the coal flaming up from below it. The Irishmen however, would march round the brink without a trace of fear or hesitation, and then, after the firing of the kilns, they would squat themselves in the lee of a wall, an uncouth, sooty faced company, each with a pipe, or else an oath, in his mouth. We never cultivated very closely the acquaintance of the kiln men, an uneasy apprehension constantly arising that, on the slightest provocation, one of us might be tumbled into the pit and never more be seen or heard of.

Very different in the nature of their work, and equally diverse in their disposition, were the men who tended the wagons which the engine drew up from the quarry. They had once worked below ground, but had now got an easier post, their only duty being to wheel off the full wagons as they came up and put empty ones on the rails to be let down the slope into the mouth of the excavation. One of them had lost a leg in his subterranean service and so was somewhat slow in his movements. He had built himself a rude hut, with a fireplace and a wooden bench, and there I have often sat with him, and listened to his calculation of the fossils, and his ideas of cosmogony in general. He was never at a loss for an explanation of any of the numerous fossils which he picked out of the limestone blocks that came up from the quarry. Some of his fellow workmen maintained that rock and fossil were all created together but my friend was a long way ahead of them. He was certain that the plants in the rock must once have bloomed green in the land, and that the fishes must have darted through the water. His Bible told him of a great flood that had destroyed mankind and covered the lands which they inhabited, and he had no manner of doubt that the fishes and plants of the limestone were memorials of that great inundation, and, therefore contemporaries of Noah and the Ark.

The third, and by much the most numerous, group of workmen were those whose labour went on underground—blasting and quarrying the limestone, and then wheeling it in wagons along the galleries to the mouth of the quarry, whence it was drawn up by the engine. Murky and grim,

each with a shelf cut up, from the front of which hung a little lamp, they formed nevertheless, a merry company, keeping up a ceaseless harmony in those gloomy regions, except at intervals when a blast hole was charged with powder, and then all hurried away behind some of the huge pillars until the explosion was over. It was during one of these pauses that I first made their acquaintance. Along with one or two companions, I had been prying into the mouth of the quarry, and creeping for some way within, until the daylight began to grow dim when our courage failed, and we returned. A rumbling noise gradually approached, and there at last emerged from the darkness a full wagon, with a grimy workman pushing it from behind. The lamp that flickered on his forehead added greatly to his uncouthness as he came into the full light of day, and it was not without some hesitation that we accepted his invitation to hold on by the end of an empty truck, and return with him into the innermost recesses of the quarry. It was a long journey, and, of course, in total darkness. Eventually we began to hear the sound of clinking hammers, and then in the dim distance we saw little lights moving to and fro. The unsubstantial was soon approached, and the lights drew nearer, until we found ourselves in the centre of a group of begrimed workmen, which increased in numbers every moment as the men hurried from different parts of the workings to be out of the way of an impending blast.

They gathered round us, and examined our hammers as well as the specimens we had procured. One fossil had especially puzzled us, which we now submitted to the decision of our subterranean acquaintances. One of them—styled by his comrades 'the Philosopher'—a tall, wiry young man—took the stone, and after eyeing it gravely for a few seconds, pronounced it to be an oyster shell. I could see no resemblance on which to found such a decision, but the dictum of "lang Willie" seemed to settle the matter finally in the eyes of the quarrymen. Seating himself on a large detached block of limestone, and stuffing his short pipe into his pocket, he proceeded to point out to the company the evidence that the scene of their labours had once been under the sea. There was the oyster shell to begin with. Surely none of us could dispute that oysters only lived in the sea, and therefore, as the oyster occurred in the quarry, the quarry must once have formed part of the sea-bottom. Then there were the scales, bones, and teeth of fishes, very much longer than trout or any such like fresh water fish, and these must have dwelt in the sea. Besides this, he sometimes noticed a white powder crusting the rock like a sprinkling of salt, and the stone had occasionally an unctuous feel, like soap, that to Willie's mind clearly bespoke the former presence of the sea. All this and more was told at considerable length, with many a flourish of the fist, to the great apparent comfort and satisfaction of his brother workmen.

And there was some truth in the reasoning. His facts, indeed, would not stand a very close scrutiny, even the little experience I had at the time enabled me to see their erroneousness, but his deductions, had the premises been sound, were fair enough. They showed, at least, a habit of thoughtfulness and observation much rarer among this class of men than we should expect to find it.

Such were the men among whom we broke ground as geologists. With their crude notions, added to our own boyish fancies, those of our number who cared to think out the subject at all, strove to solve the problems that the quarry suggested. I cannot recall the process of inquiry among my comrades. But I well remember how it went on with myself. Our early identifications of all that we saw in the rock with something we had seen in living nature had unconsciously been abandoned. I had gradually learned the true character of most of the fossils, and learned, too, that there was much which I did not understand, but might fairly attempt to discover. The first love of curiosities and curiosities had passed away, and in its place there had sprung up a settled belief that in these grey rocks there lay a hidden story, if one could only get at the key.

The first, and not the least puzzling, question that arose was, How were the rocks of the quarry formed, that they should contain the relics of living beings, and differ so much from other rocks of the neighbourhood? There was one large quarry in particular, about two miles north of our homes—one of our favourite haunts, for it had been blasted out of the side of a sequestered valley, that had its slopes in autumn time clustered with brambles and sloes, and bounded beside a clear rocky rivulet, where we were wont to angle. This quarry consisted, from top to bottom, of one kind of rock, called by the workmen whinstone. The stone varied indeed in colour, and was fissured by great cracks and joints, in which we sometimes found crystals of lead ore and a little green copper. But there was no order or arrangement in the mass, from one end of the excavations to the other it showed only varieties of the same rock.

In our limestone quarry, however, the case was far otherwise. There all was regular, and yet diversified. There were different kinds of rock, but these occurred symmetrically, in parallel layers

or sheets, one above the other, from the top of the quarry to the bottom The limestone itself formed a bed or stratum some twenty seven feet thick, and over it came an alternating series of thin bands of shale—a kind of stone that can be split up into thin plates like sheets of paper or pasteboard Some seams of sandstone and coarse limestone were likewise interstratified among these shales

Now, this arrangement, differing so markedly from that of the other quarry, pointed to a different mode of production The two kinds of rock could never have originated under the same condition of things How, then, did the rocks of the lime quarry arise?

Their grouping into alternate layers of different mineral composition showed that they belonged to the series called in our school books the Stratified Rocks These, we had been taught, were originally deposited as sediment, and arranged by the action of moving water in rivers, lakes, or the sea The strata of the quarry perfectly agreed with this definition There could be no doubt, therefore, that they had been formed under water at some ancient period, when the configuration of the country must have been very dissimilar to its present aspect

This proved an important step in the progress of inquiry The next question was to ascertain, if possible whether the water in which these rocks were formerly deposited was fresh brackish or salt, that is to say, whether it was river, lake, estuary, or open sea It required no more than a moment's reflection to perceive that the true solution of this problem lay in the fossil contents of the rocks And here there was the widest scope for our young faculties

By ransacking all the books on the subject that lay within our reach, we had gradually come to form a tolerably correct conception of the nature of the organic remains These could be divided into two classes, vegetable and animal Of the former, we had found a good many forms, which of course, like the polypodies and spleenworts of our woods, must have been ancestrally terrestrial plants Along with these were the remains of reed like stems, and others of which we knew the scientific names, but could learn nothing more The general aspect of the vegetable organisms in the limestone appeared to us to be terrestrial, we believed that in whatever way the plants got into the rocks, they must nevertheless have grown green on the land

The animal remains, though much less abundant than the plants, proved considerably more difficult to determine We grouped them into two kinds, *fishes* and *crustaceans* The fishes belonged almost wholly to a tribe called the Ganoids Their scales consisted of bone covered with a coating of bright glittering enamel Their heads were cased in plates of bone, and furnished with a formidable apparatus of crushing teeth and sharp tusks—altogether a group of strongly built creatures that must have been fond of rough play in their time And that they actually did good execution upon each other we soon found from their *coprolites*, which occurred in abundance in some of the stone, and always contained fragments of scales and bones, showing clearly enough the nature of the food on which at least the larger fishes lived

We found that at the present day there are still some representatives of the ganoidal type of fish, inhabiting the Nile and the lakes and rivers of America I was fortunate enough to see at the house of a friend a stuffed specimen of the *lepidosteus*, or gar pike, of Lake Superior, which tended greatly to our enlightenment on the original structure and appearance of the ichthyolites of the quarry. I was especially delighted to discover that the creature lived in fresh water, and so I concluded, somewhat hastily perhaps, that the ganoid of our limestone must also have swam their way through some old majestic river, or some broad blue lake

The second kind of animal remains found by us in the limestone, belonged to the *crustacea*, the same family which includes our common crab and lobster But they were very minute, no larger indeed than a pin head In shape they exactly resembled a bean, and one might almost have taken them for some leguminous seed, such as it would have delighted the heart of a Japanese to rear into an infinitesimal bean stalk Each seed like organism existed in reality of two plates or valves like the two sides of a bean pod, but open a little at the top and on one side, to allow of the projection of the antennæ In our ponds and ditches there are living myriads of similar animals, and to both the fossil and the existing species the same general name of *cypris* has been given

So here again I found corroborative proof of the former existence of fresh water over the site of the limestone quarry

Putting it altogether, the sum of the evidence amounted to this the little *cyprides*, like those of our ponds, probably lived in fresh or perhaps brackish water, the ganoidal fishes in all likelihood swam in lakes, rivers, or estuaries, while the ferns and other plants gave undoubted proof that where these animals lived there was land in close proximity

Having determined these facts it was but natural to strive to ascertain what was the physical configuration of the country when the animals and plants of the limestone existed as living forms Were there the same hills then as now? Did the

old river that swept over the site of the quarry take its rise among yonder pastoral slopes, where we boys were wont to gather black nuts and junipers? Did the same sea roll in the distance then as now, curling white along the same green shore?

Here, however, I ventured far beyond my depth. To answer these questions required years of patient research. The whole country for many miles round had to be explored, and the minutest observations to be made before even an approximation to a reliable answer could be given. But a boy's fancy is an admirable substitute for the want of facts. I did feel at times a little vexed that no evidence turned upon which to ground my restoration of the ancient topography of the districts, or rather that such a world of work seemed to rise before me ere I could obtain the evidence that was needed. But the feeling unfortunately did not last long. And so I conjured up the most glorious pictures of an ancient world, where, as in the land of the lotos eaters, it was always afternoon, and one could dream away life among lakes clothed with ferns and huge club mosses, and washed by lakes and rivers that lay without a ripple save now and then when some glittering monster leapt out into the sunlight, and fell back again with a sullen plunge.

Happy afternoons were these! To steal away alone among the corn fields, and feast the eye on hill and valley, with their green slopes and bosky woods and grey feudal towers, and on the distant sea with the white sails speckled over its broad expanse of blue. And then when every part of that well loved scene had been taken in, to let loose the fancy and allow the landscape to fade like a dissolving view, until every feature had fled, and there arose again the old lakes, and rivers, and palmy isles.

Alas that such elaborate pictures should have grown out of such slender materials! It was, nevertheless, a good habit to treat the organic remains in the rocks not as mere dead mineral matter, but as the enduring records of life, and to think of them not as species to fill a place in a zoological system, or specimens to take up so much room in a museum, but as the remains of once living organisms, which formed part of a creation as real and living as that in which we ourselves pass our existence. And provided only that we do not allow fancy to run riot at the expense of both, I know of no employment more delightful, as well as instructive, than to restore in imagination the former condition of our planet. This is the aim of the geologist. He strives to understand philosophically the natural phenomena of the present, and thence proceeds to interpret those of the past, being sure that however much our earth and its inhabitants may have altered, the changes have ever been effected under the same uniform laws.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

This old saying, as it is generally understood, appears to me to have obtained rather more credit than it deserves. For, in the first place, I very much question whether it is strictly true, and, in the second place, even if it be true, it is, I think, a very poor and contemptible rule for the guidance of any man in the transactions of life.

"You do not think that this proverb is strictly true!" exclaim many of my readers, in surprise, indignation, and alarm. "What do you mean? Have not ten thousand facts impressed upon the minds of men the strong conviction that honesty is the best policy, and are there not multitudes who are by this maxim warned against dishonesty, and encouraged to persevere in a course of integrity? Do you not see, that in proportion as men lose faith in this proverb, honesty will be at a discount? Your opinion could do little harm, excepting to yourself, if you kept it to yourself, but, published in *Good Words*, it may be productive of most mischievous results!" My friends, notwithstanding your protest, I adhere to my belief, that the strict truth of this old saw, as generally understood, is disputable. Mark the limitation, as generally understood. If by the best policy you mean that which is best for a man in the long run, if in the best policy you include that which is best for a man's soul, and best for eternity, then I join with you right heartily and cry—without controversy—honesty is the best policy. But I am speaking of the proverb as generally understood, and you know very well that by the best policy most men mean the best way of getting on in the world, or the best way of getting rich, at all events, the best way of avoiding those temporal ills, which all men would fain escape, and securing those temporal prizes of which all men are ambitious. This is a very narrow sense of the expression; but it certainly is the sense in which the expression is popularly accepted. Now, this is what I venture to consider questionable—that honesty is always the best way, method, or means of getting on in the world, of escaping temporal ills, and securing temporal advantages. I have no doubt that, in opposition to this statement, a great number of striking and telling anecdotes could be produced, stories of good boys who, by persevering in an honest course, grew up to be wealthy and successful men, and stories of bad boys who, through learning to pilfer, were at last transported or hung, and instances upon instance might be given of men who, with all their cunning in fraud, never got on, and of others who, though successful for a time, were at last detected, disgraced, and ruined. But observe, I do not say that honesty is never the best policy, but that it is not always so, and that the proverb is not strictly true. It will be objected, however, that "the exception proves the rule," and that one or two cases in which honesty has not proved the best policy ought not to invalidate the maxim. I admit that "the exception proves the rule," but this principle has its limits, and limits which it is difficult to determine with precision. It is very obvious that the exceptions may be so numerous as to destroy the rule. If the rule is as often falsified as verified, it surely cannot be accepted, if the rule is verified in five cases and falsified in one, this proportion is, I should

think, large enough to vitiate the rule What proportion of exceptions is to be allowed as only proving the rule, and at what point does this proof enlarge itself into a disproof? These are rather important and puzzling questions wherewith to interrogate the saying, the exception proves the rule" This is certain that the exceptions may be numerous enough to disprove the rule I do not say that such is the case with regard to the rule — Honesty is the best policy and do not know in what proportion the exceptions to this rule exist, but still they are not so few as some people imagine

As you look at the carriages which roll along the fashionable streets and suburbs of a great city, you may, perhaps, conclude that the wealth of which these carriages are outward and visible signs has as a rule, been honestly acquired but, if you know anything of the world you will feel assured that there are some exceptions that some of the grandest of those equipages are the rewards of iniquity the results of successful scoundrelism And as travelling through the country you see one great mansion after another with its park and its preserves, and its broad acres in all charity and even in all justice you must assume that the owners thereof are most of them honourable men but still you feel that you have reason to believe that if the history of these estates and families were unravelled it would be found that some of them owe their origin to political jobbery and intrigue and baseness and that if certain persons who have been in their graves perhaps for centuries had been strictly honest the grandeur which you now behold would never have fallen to the lot of their descendants Think of these things and then say whether chicanery has not often enabled men to make splendid fortunes think of these things, and then say whether there are not many exceptions to the rule—"Honesty is the best policy" Take the case of a quack Would it suit his book to tell the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about those pills and lotions and ointments? Most certainly, honesty would be his ruin Through his lying advertisements he has made many thousands of pounds The magnificent carriage, which you saw at the corner of that comfortable square, is his, the large house and ample grounds which you so much admired as from that railway embankment, you caught a glimpse of them, are his And he is not a solitary exception, there are in this country hundreds who have gone and done likewise men who tried an honest business first but could make no hand at it at all, men who, in that honest business, could not make both ends meet They found that honesty was not the best policy, so they tried the other thing, and you see how they have succeeded There may be no dishonesty in giving a Greek or Latin name to a hairbrush, a perfume, a piece of soap, or an article of dress, but I cannot help thinking that, if these names were translated into the vulgar tongue, the demand for the trumpery would be greatly diminished What's in a name? Why, sometimes everything is in a name Think of the Enormous Sacrifice dodge! You know that this is a dishonesty A Jesuit might pronounce it honest, upon the principle of mental reservation, for it is true that the advertiser does not state whether he or his customers are to be the victims in the contemplated holocaust which is to be offered at the shrine of Mammon But the Enormous Sacrifice dodge pays, and in many trades large profits are made by misrepresentation, where a true, faithful, and particular setting forth of the qualities of the article would probably shut up the shop It is certain that the public is immensely gullible, and may we not say that to whatever extent the public is gullible honesty is not the best policy in dealing with such a public? And how does the case stand with that class of men who of all others ought to be above every species of dishonesty—I mean ministers of religion? It will be admitted that it is only honest that a minister should preach his own sermons, and that he acts dishonestly if he preaches the sermons of some other man without acknowledging the fact But most certainly there are men in the ministry who, if they were to preach discourses composed by themselves, would have to preach them to the walls and pews and even the walls and pews, if they had any sense, would follow the congregation Nor would the Rev Idler or Rev Imbecile succeed much better if, after having given out his text he were to say 'The discourse which I am about to read I have carefully copied from a volume of sermons by a very able divine, or I shall on this occasion read for your instruction a lecture which I purchased for ten shillings at a manuscript sermon shop of unquestioned orthodoxy' Now, to this not uncommon character, the Rev Idler or Rev Imbecile, honesty would be desertion contempt dismission, perhaps starvation and, therefore not at all the best policy Or take the case of a man who is ambitious of entering Parliament Far be it from me to say that the door of the House of Commons is kept by Dishonesty, or to say that a man cannot gain admission by strictly honourable means But if there is only one seat, of obtaining which our friend has the remotest chance, it is very possible that the particular constituency to which he is unhappily shut up is one which will not return him without a consideration Most certainly honesty is not always the best policy most certainly, in some cases, honesty will not do at all, if the object in view is political power and distinction

In this age and in this country it is comparatively easy to be honest, and honesty often finds its reward in temporal comfort and advantage, but will any one venture to say that honesty was the best policy in the apostolic age (remember the sense in which the expression, "the best policy," is understood)? and wherever and whenever there has been persecuting bigotry or despotic power, what is the result of being thoroughly honest? Fines, imprisonment, torture, death The poverty, the pain, the injustice, which have been the lot of almost every true hearted patriot and honest reformer, have been in direct contrariety to the maxim, Honesty is the best policy But even now, and in our own country, if there are many instances in which honesty is rewarded, there are not a few in which it is punished There is many a rural district in which the man who dares to be honest to his religious and political convictions is

subject to much annoyance and disadvantage, and thousands knowing that honesty would be the ruin of their calling practise it, pass their lives, if not in dishonesty, in such a practice of dissembling and hiding their motives and compromising their principles as makes them utterly mean, craven and despicable.

In the face of all these facts, shall we say that honesty is always the best policy, that by honesty a man is sure to get on in the world, and that dishonesty never thrives? I admit that the rule is more frequently verified than falsified, but certainly it is so falsified that I can scarcely accept it as the rule at all. That dishonesty is often the best policy, was clearly seen by Asaph many ages ago. "I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death, and their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world: they increase in riches." Well, it is all wisely permitted that dishonesty should often prosper, and honesty often fail. It is one element of our moral discipline. God will neither bribe us into honesty by guaranteeing a large reward, nor fright us from dishonesty by making failure and disgrace its constant and necessary results. There would be little virtue in honesty if such were the invariable rule. Small thanks to the man who in all his dealings is scrupulously honest because he is certain that by being so he will attain wealth and respectability, and that if he is not so he will be in a state of poverty and disgrace all his days. No, God will have us to be honest on very different principles from these: and so, to try us and to train us, he makes no absolute promise of temporal good as a consequence of honesty, he permits us to see, on all hands, the splendour and the power of successful rascality, and the great value in pounds sterling of a seared conscience and a hardened heart.

But, "fret not thyself because of evil doers," and as you look upon the quack doctor's carriage, and the gripping usurer's mansion, say not, "Surely I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." Honesty is not always the best policy, but honesty is right, and because it is right it is the thing for you, for me, for every man. I have said that this proverb, even if strictly true, would be a poor rule for a man's guidance in life. The man who is honest because he believes that honesty is the best policy, is honest on a dishonest principle. He would be dishonest at once if he found that honesty was not the best policy. "Is not honesty the best policy then?" asks some one. My friend, what is it to you or me whether it is the best policy or not? I think that we have little or nothing to do with the question. "But," you say, "if it be not the best policy—what then?" why then, still you are to be honest, honest, if honesty be the worst policy and not the best, honest, if honesty holds out no prospect whatever of your making a fortune, or of your even being able to keep the wolf from the door. The dislike the dread of poverty is within certain bounds a very wholesome feeling, it is a great incentive to industrious exertion; but if it be allowed to wax too strong, then, like a river which overflows or bursts its banks, within which it is so useful, it becomes a nuisance and a source of enormous evil. It is to be feared that in British society it has assumed this formidable magnitude, the horror of poverty has surpassed almost every other horror, practically speaking, to thousands upon thousands, poverty is hell, a moderate income, purgatory, and great wealth, heaven. But if we cannot get rich except by the sacrifice of honesty, there ought not to be a moment's hesitation as to the course we determine to adopt. "Gold may be bought too dear," and consider whether there is anything that is bought at such a monstrous price as that which is often given for gold. It is verily bought too dear when a man parts with honesty for it. Let us therefore, have no more talk about the best policy in relationship to honesty. Honesty has been far too often advocated on this ground, just as religion has been too often commended to men as more conducive to their secular prosperity than irreligion. No no, let us be honest because honesty is right and dishonesty wrong, the man who asks for any other argument in favour of honesty is a man not to be argued with at all. I have heard of one case, and but one, in which I think, this proverb was fairly and logically applied. An old man who had seen many ups and downs in the world, gave this council to his nephew, who was about to begin business. "Tom, take my advice, honesty is the best policy, I am sure of it, because I have tried both." If you feel yourself at liberty to "try both," then, certainly, it will be well for you to discuss the question, Is this proverb true? but if, on the other hand, you feel that you must not "try both," then all such discussions may very well be dispensed with.

But, is it not possible that we have been misreading this old proverb, and that it has a better and nobler meaning than we have been in the habit of assigning to it? The word policy, as we see it in a policy of insurance, means a promise. Is it not possible that the word is used in this sense in the proverb? If so, then the moral character of the proverb is almost immeasurably better than that which attaches to it on the ordinary method of interpretation. "Honesty is the best promise," the best guarantee that you can have for the fulfilment of any engagement is the honesty of him who makes it. Understood thus, the proverb is about equivalent to that other saying, "An honest man's word is as good as his bond." Even when understood thus the proverb is perhaps a little questionable, for, as an honest man may not be able to fulfil his promise—may die, for instance, before the promise becomes due—a better guarantee than his honesty may be desirable, and practicable too. But, still, with this sentiment, honesty is the best promise, let us not quarrel, for honesty is a good promise, if it be not under all circumstances quite the best: and the proverb thus understood encourages that confidence in an honest man which an honest man deserves.

HUGH STOWELL BROWN.

THE BELLS OF LORLOCHES.

SPAKE the Lady of Lorloches,
"Now I know by many a token,
Loosened is the silver cord,
Soon will the golden bowl be broken,
By the vessel and the wheel,
Failing, whence my Being drew
Draughts from life's clear well, I feel
Its waters soon will fail me too,
Singing o'er my spirit, full
Of loving voices, rose their flow
Now with deadened sound, and dull,
Comes that music, and I know,
God would call me—so hath set
Silence 'twixt my soul and Him,
On His face I look not yet,
But other looks have grown so dim,
That I feel how tenderly
He hath drawn a curtain deep,
Shutting out the evening sky,
And darkening all before I sleep;
Hushing me upon His breast,
Ere He takes me unto rest.

"By the ancient minster's door
Bury me, Heaven's lofty gate
Still it seemed to me of yore,
Near it I would patient wait
Bare the trodden ground yet sweet—
Sweeter sound than wind swept grass,
Make my children's children's feet
Lingering o'er me as they pass,
And for flowers, a rainbow stain
Will be on me as I lie,
Angels flushing all the pane,
O'er me like a rose-dawn sky.
Raise no stone, the spot to grace,
Where my dust returns to dust,
One above hath marked the place—
Leave it there in lowly trust,
Trace no prateful words to tell
Of my life, for One above
Keeps a truer chronicle—
I would leave it to His love—
Praised enough if there forgiven,
Pardon in the grasse of Heaven!"

III.

Sighed the Lady of Lorloches,
Sighed, and reverent spake, "In Heaven
Love is ever unforgot,
Though it have but little given;
God will not forget me, yet
They that I have loved so long,
They on earth will soon forget—
I would shield them from this wrong.
From this Castle, looking down
On it, all a happy life
I have loved this ancient town,
Joyful maid, and blessed wife;
Loved it, like the river winding
Round and round it, loth to go,
Loved it, like the old wall, binding,
As one jewel, high and low
In its massive ring of stone,
So I loved it, power and will,
Something I would leave when gone,
Saying that I love it still
In the tow'r'd minster, high,
Set where I am gone, sweet bells,
Clear 'neath the arch of the sky
Meet me well in sound and farewells
Strike them till that I may there,
Startled ears I lift and greet,
Clashing in the upper air
Silver sound of angels feet
Strike them joyful up and down
With the dawn ere yet the burst
Of Earth's din wake the town,
Let Heaven give its message first!"

Ring them out at early morn,
Watchers weepers through the night
Hearing, will feel less forlorn,
Comfort coming with the light,
Pale mechanics, up and bending
O'er their work, at dawning grey,
Mothers for their children sending
Anxious thoughts adown the day,
All that unto toil awaking
With the morning, listening there,
Learn that high above them breaking
Spreads a dawn that brings not care,
And the swarth smith, 'mid the clamour
Of his deafening task, will hear
'Twixt the heavy sounding hammer
And the anvil—voices clear—
Strike and touch him in their falling,
How an iron tongue may grow
Silver sweet, when it is calling
From the heavens to man below!
Ring them out at twilight's fall,
That the happy children playing,
Lovers 'neath the chestnuts tall,
Hand in hand together straying,
Hear them like a mother's call
'Homewards, homewards,' still repeating,
Soft and sweet and solemn fall
On the hearts so fondly beating,
Love and joy have need of rest;
Unto you, sweet bells, 'tis given
Now to better all earth's best,
Mingling it with peace of Heaven!"

Then the Lady paused, her eyes
Swam in gentle tears repreat:
"Other burden on you lies,
Than such blessing of the blest;
Ye must change, earth's change to show;
Silver tongued of joy to tell,
Iron tongued to tell of woe,
Knocking on the heart joy's knell:

Sullen, single, as if care
  Stood at one and owned not time;
Yet a meaning will be there,
  Deeper than in all the chime."
Then the Lady smiled. "How sweet
  Will it strike upon the ear,
When it tells that infant feet,
  Lightly climb the heavenly stair,
Like my Maud and Margery,
  Gathered with the dew upon them,
Sweet buds opening on high,
  In a clearer light to stir them

"From this Castle looking down"

Freed from Baptism of tears,
  Freed from Baptism of fire,
(These are for the after years—
  These for mother and for sire—)
Following so close and swift,
  Ere the earth-mists round them fall
One with mighty arm uplift,
  They have storm'd Heaven's citadel:
Won the gain without the loss,
  Crown and Palm without the strife
Or the bearing of the Cross,
  Passing swift from Death to Life,

"Purchased blessings to inherit"
Over these words she lingered fain,
Fain upon her fainting spirit
All their sweetness to retain
For her trembling lips never uttered
Word articulate again,
Though the stillness of each feature,
Like the Prophet's seemed to shine
Earthly impress of the Creature,
Merged in nearing the Divine
Full with endless infancy
Passing by the self same Way
Went her time tried spirit, free
Pure and whitened even as they!
And within the minster hoary
Sweet bells from the old time
Bring that gentle Lady's story
On the music of their chime
Hovering mirthful, tolling single
Over the crowded city's strife
With its weal and woe they mingle,
As her love was wont in life
And the breeze of April shakes them,
Light as showers on early corn
And the morn of summer takes them
Soft upon its stillness borne
Over the narrow streets, and singing
Over the sunny market free,
Pass they, on its fulness flinging
Down a Benediction
And when in the sunset splendour,
Lifted high above the town,
Like an ancient strong defender,
Smiling on his vassals down,
Rises the old minster soaring,
Dazzling clear, against the sky,
Like a spirit, rapt, adoring
Caught up heavenwards suddenly
And, as flung from giant's quiver
Thousand arrows flash in light
From the windows, and the river
Curls in ripples golden bright,
Then upon the radiant glory—
Flood of sunlight flood of song—
Send forth those sweet bells their story,
Clear and eloquent and strong,
Over the river's three fair bridges,
Down the sloping orchard rows,
Round old mounds and grassy ridges,
Borne on every wind that blows
Till their wild and breezy clangour
Ever softening, less and less
Dies on distance, like fond anger,
Fading into tenderness
And the ancient burgher meets them,
Pleased to linger on their swell,
And the home bound peasant greets them,
"Rest her soul that loved us well!"

D **

WEE DAVIE"

An a little child shall lead them

CHAPTER I

Wee Davie' was the only child of William Thorburn, Blacksmith The child had reached the age in which he could venture, with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another his wits kept alive by maternal warnings of "Tak care, Davie, mind the fire, Davie" And when his journey was ended in safety, and he looked over his shoulder with a cry of joy to his mother, he was rewarded, in addition to the rewards of his own brave and adventurous spirit, by such a smile as equalled only his own, and by the well merited approval of "Weel done, Davie!"

Davie was the most powerful and influential member of the household Neither the British fleet, nor the French army, nor the Armstrong gun, nor the British Constitution, had the power of doing what Davie did They might as well have tried to make a primrose grow on a lark sang! He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labour His father, the smith, had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities, which offered themselves, of bettering his condition, and Jeanie was easily put off by some plausible objection when she urged her husband to make an additional honest penny to keep the house But "the bairn" became a new motive to exertion, and the thought of leaving him and Jeanie more comfortable, in case sickness laid the smith aside or death took him away, became like a new sinew to his powerful arm, as he wielded the hammer, and made it ring the music of hearty work on the sounding anvil The meaning of benefit clubs, sick societies, and penny banks, was fully explained by "wee Davie"

Davie also exercised a remarkable influence on his father's political views and social habits The smith had been fond of debates on political questions, and no more sonorous growl of discontent than his could be heard against the powers that be, the injustice done to the masses, and the misery which was occasioned by class legislation He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him, until the required reforms in church and state, at home and abroad, had been attained But his wife, without uttering a syllable on matters which she did not pretend even to understand, and by a series of acts *out* of Parliament, by reforms in household arrangements, by introducing good *bills* to her own House of Commons, and by a charter, whose points were chiefly very common place ones, such as a comfortable meal, a tidy home, a clean fireside, a polished grate, above all,

a cheerful countenance and womanly love,—these *radical* charms which made him wonderfully fond of his own home. He was not this teaching, getting every day too interested for a patriot, and too happy for a man in a humble, contented world? His fellow-companions could not at last coax him out at night. He was not a member of one of the many philosophical clubs in the neighbourhood. Hard to think, they all were some. The wife, it was all said by the party to bachelors, had "cowed" him and driven all the spunk out of him. But "Wee Davie" annulled this resolution. One feeling of William had hitherto resisted Jeanie's silent influence. The smith had formed the habit, before he was married, of meeting a few companions "just in a friendly way," on pay nights at a public house. It was true that he was never "what might be called a drunkard"—"never lost a day's work"—"never was the worse of liquor" etc. But nevertheless, when he entered the magic in Peter Wilson's whisky shop with the blazing fire and comfortable atmosphere, and when with half a dozen talkative, and, to him, pleasant fellows and old companions, he sat round the fire and the glass circulated, and the gossip of the week was discussed, and many stories were told and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry meetings, and current jokes were repeated, with humour, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on "innocent social enjoyment"—then would the smith's brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and his feelings become melodious, and his experience begin to melt, and flow out in gracious sympathy into Peter Wilson's foy hand, and there counted he not the sudden eyes. And it was that the smith's wife was always *aware*. Peter's cronies. His wife had her fear—her horrid anticipation—but did not like to "even" her husband to anything so dreadful as what he in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good, and gently nourished wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no doubt, was only "merry," and never was ill tempered or unkind,—"yet at times"—"and then, what if—" Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sends into the house by degrees, and at first may be dispelled, and the door shut upon him, but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, and lovely, and of good report, and bar it against thee and "Wee Davie," ay, and against better than thee and than all else, and fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But "Wee Davie," with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus. One evening when the smith returned home so that "you would know it on him," his child toddled to him, and lifting him up, he made him stand before him on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, and to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of "dad-a." The smith gazed at him intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness. "Isn't he a bonnie bit bairn?" asked Jeanie as she looked over her husband's shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed still upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenance. "It's done," he at last said, as he put his child down. "What's wrang, what's wrang," exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his. "Everything is wrang, Jeanie." "Willy, what is't? are ye no' well?—tell me what's wrang wi' you?—oh! tell me!" she exclaimed in evident alarm. "It's a' richt noo," he said, rising up and seizing his child, lifted him up to his breast, and kissed him. He then folded him in his arms, clasped him to his heart, and looking up in silence, said, "Davie has done it, dear wife, Jeanie. Think God, I am a free man!" His wife felt awed, she knew not how. "Sit down," he said, as he took out his handkerchief and wiped away a tear from his eye, "and I'll tell you about it." Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet with Davie on her knee. Her husband raised his child's little hand with one of his own, but with the other took his wife's. "I have been what ye may ca' a drunkard," he said, "but I have been often as I should na' have been, and as wi' God's help, I never, never will be again." "Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie. "Let me speak," said William, "to think, Jeanie,"—here he struggled as if something was choking him—"to think that for whisky I might beggar you and wee Davie, tak the claithes off your back, drive ye to the workhouse, break your heart, and ruin my bonnie bairn, that loves me so well, in saul and body, for time and for eternity! God forgive me! I canna stand the thocht o't, let alone the reality!" and the strong man rose, and little accustomed as he was to show his feelings, he kissed his wife and child. "It's done, it's done!" he said, "dinna expect, Jeanie. Think God for you and Davie, my best blessings." "Except Himsel'" said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck. "Amen!" said the smith, "and noo, woman, nae mair about it, it's done. Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready."

"Wee Davie" was, also, a great promoter of social intercourse, an unconscious link between man and man, and a great practical "unionist." He healed breaches, reconciled differences, and was a peace maker between kinsfolk and neighbours. For example, Jeanie's parents were rather opposed to her marriage with the smith, some said because they belonged to the rural aristocracy of country farmers. They regretted, therefore, the day—though their regret was expressed only to old friends—when the lame condition of some of the horses had brought Thorburn into communion with their stable, and ultimately with their house. Thorburn was admitted to be a sensible, well to do man; but then he was, at best, but a smith, and Jeanie was good looking, and "by ordinary," with expectations of some "tocher," and as her mother remarked, "tho' I say it, that shouldna say it," etc., and so, with this introduction she would proceed to enlarge on Jeanie's excellencies, commenting on the poor smith, rather with pauses of silence, and expressions of hope "that she might be mistaken," all of which, from their very mystery, were more deprecatory than any direct charges. But when "wee Davie" was born, the old couple deemed it proper and due to themselves—not to speak of the respect due to their daughter,

whom they sincerely loved—to come and visit her. Her mother had been with her indeed at an earlier period, and the house was so clean, and Thorburn so intelligent and the child so pronounced to be so like old David Armstrong, Jeanie's father, especially about the forehead that the two families, as the smith remarked, were evidently being welded so that a few more gentle hammerings would make them one. "Wee Davie," as he grew up, became the fire of love which heated the hearts of good metal so as to enable favourable circumstances to give the necessary finishing stroke which would permanently unite them. These circumstances were constantly occurring until at last Armstrong called on every market day to see his daughter and grandson, and he played with the boy (who was his only grandson), and took him on his knee, and put a 'sweetie' into his mouth, and evidently felt as if he himself was reproduced and lived in the boy. This led to closer intercourse until David Armstrong admitted that William Thorburn was one of the most sensible men he knew, and that he would not only back him against any of his acquaintances for a knowledge of a good horse, but for wonderful information as to the state of the country generally, especially of the landed interest and the high rent of land. Mrs Armstrong finally admitted that Jeanie was not so far mistaken in her choice of a husband. The good woman always assumed that the sagacity of the family was derived from her side of the house. But whatever doubts still lingered in their minds as to the marriage these were all dissipated by one look of "wee Davie." "I'm just real proud about that brew bairn o' Jeanie's," she used to say to her husband. She added one day with a chuckling laugh and smile, "D'ye no think yersel' gudeman that wee Davie has a look o' auld Davie?" "Maybe, maybe," replied auld Davie, "but I aye think he's our ain bairn we lost thirty years syne." "That has been in my ain mind," said his wife, "but I never liked to say it. But he's no the wear o' being like baith."

Again—there lived in the same common passage, and opposite to William Thorburn's door, an old soldier, a pensioner. He was a bachelor, and by no means disposed to hold much intercourse with his neighbours. The noise of children was obnoxious to him. He maintained that "an hour's drill every day would alone make them tolerable. Obedience to authority, right about, march! That's the thing," the Corporal would say to some father of a numerous family in the "close," as he flourished his stick with a smile rather than a growl. Jeanie pronounced him to be "a selfish body." Thorburn had more than once tried to cultivate acquaintance with him, as they were constantly brought into outward contact. But the Corporal was a Tory, and more than suspected the smith of holding "Radical" sentiments. To defend things as they were, was a point of honour with the pensioner—a religion. Any dislike to the Government seemed a slight upon the army, and therefore upon himself. Thorburn at last avoided him, and pronounced him proud and ignorant. But one day "wee Davie" found his way into his house, and putting his hands on his knees as he smoked his pipe at the fireside, looked up to his face. The old soldier was arrested by the beauty of the child, and took him on his knee. In his surprise, Davie did not scream, and when his mother soon followed in search of her boy, and made many apologies for his "impudence," as she called it, the Corporal maintained that he was a jewel of a child, successfully presented a toy in the hope of a small sword and drum for his young heir. That night he smoked his pipe at the smith's fireside, and told such stories of his battles as filled the smith's enthusiastic mind forthwith with pictures of what was more substantial, a most comfortable tea by Jeanie, which cemented their friendly intercourse. He and the Captain" became constant associates, and many a loud laugh might be heard from the Corporal's room as he played with the boy and educated his genius. He made the young again does the Captain" remarked the Corporal to his mother.

Mrs Fergusson another neighbour, was also drawn into the same net by wee Davie. She was a fussy, gossiping woman, nosy and disagreeable. She found Jeanie uncongenial, who "kept her skill to herself,' instead of giving away some of herself to her neighbour and thus taking pride of her neighbour's bad self out of her. But her youngest child became seriously ill, and Jeanie thought, "If Davie was ill I would like a neighbour to speir for him," and so she went up stairs to visit Mrs Fergusson, and begged pardon but "wished to know how Mary was?" and Mrs Fergusson was bowed down with sorrow, and thanked her, and bid her "to come ben." And Jeanie did so, and spoke kindly to the child and told her, moreover, what pleasure it would give her to nurse her baby occasionally, and she invited the younger children to come down to her house and play with wee Davie, and thus keep the sick one quiet, and she helped also to cook some nutritive drinks, and got nice milk from her father for the sick one, and often excused herself for apparent meddling by saying, when one has a bairn o' their ain, they canna but feel for other folk's bairns."

Mrs Fergusson's heart became subdued, softened, and friendly, and said, "We took it as extraordinar kind in Mrs Thorburn to do as she has done. It is a blessing to have one a neighbour."

But it was wee Davie did it!

The street in which the smith lived was as uninteresting as any could be. A description of its outs and ins would have made a "social science" meeting shudder. Beauty or even neatness it had not. Every "close" or "entry" in it looked like a sepulchre. The back courts were a huddled confusion of outhouses, strings of linens drying, stray dogs searching for food, pigeons similarly employed with more apparent success and satisfaction, and cats creeping about, with crowds of children, laughing, shouting, and muddy to the eyes, acting with intense glee the great dramas of life, marriages, battles, deaths, and burials, with castle-building and extensive farming and commercial operations. But everywhere smoke, mud, wet, and an utterly uncomfortable look. And so long

as we, in Scotland, have a sweet name to afford an unlimited supply of water, and we cram nutmegs, condense it as it passes in the air over their summits, and we call it whisky to our cities and say it will put down and be welcome to by and by above and earth below—then consequently so long we shall find it difficult to be neat and tidy about the doors, or to transport the cleanliness of England into our streets and lanes. But in spite of all this how many cheerful homes with bright fires and nice furniture, and rows of books and intelligent, sober, happy men and women with healthy nice children are everywhere to be found in those very streets that seem to the eye of those who have never penetrated further than their outside, to be "dreadful looking places," and who imagine that all their inhabitants must be like pigs in pig styes, steeped in wretchedness and whisky, and infer that every ignorant and filthy and drunken Irish brawler and labourer is a fair type of the whole of our artizans.

Here, I began to suspect a vast deal of exaggerated nonsense written about the working classes. Be that as it may I feel pretty certain of this, that there is no country on earth in which the skilled and well conducted artizan can get so much for his money so really physically intellectually and morally, as in our own Britain, and none in which there are to be found so many artizans who take advantage of these benefits. But for the ignorant and ill disposed the idle and the drunken, there is no country where their degradation is more rapid and their ruin more sure. The former can easily rise above the mud and breathe a free and happy atmosphere: but if he falls into it, it is likely he will be sooner smothered and buried than anywhere else on earth.

A happier home could hardly be found than William Thorburn's, smith as he sat, after coming *home from his work* at the fire side, reading his newspaper, or some book of weightier literature, Jeanie sewing opposite to him and, as it often happened, both absorbed occasionally in the rays of that bright light, "wee Davie," which filled their dwelling, and the whole world, to their eyes, or hastened to the grand concert of his happy voice, which mingled with their busy work and silent thoughts, giving harmony to all. How much was done for his sake! He was the most sensible efficient, and thoroughly philosophical master many of social science in all its departments who could enter that house!

CHAPTER II.

My heart is sore as I write it, that wee Davie got ill. He began to refuse his food, and nothing would please him, then to get peevish and cross, so that he would hardly go to his father, except to kiss him with tearful cheeks, and then stretch out his hands with a cry for his mother. His mother nursed him on her knee, and rocked him, and walked with him, and sang to him her own household lullabies, and put him to bed, and lifted him up, and laid him down, and "fought" with him day and night caring for neither food nor sleep, but only for her child's ease and comfort. What lessons of self sacrificing love was she thus unconsciously taught by her little sufferer! The physician was at last called in, who pronounced it "a bad case—a very serious case." I forget the specific nature of the illness. The idea of danger to Davie had never entered the minds of his parents. The day on which William received it, he was as his fellow workmen expressed it "clean stupid." They saw him make mistakes he had never made before, and knew it could not be from drink, but could not guess the cause. "I mann ging hame," was his only explanation, when, at three o'clock he put on his coat and stalked out of the smithy like one utterly indifferent as to what the consequences might be to ploughs or harrows wheels or horse shoes. Yet taking an old fellow workman aside he whispered to him, "for auld friendship sake, Tam tak' charge this day o my wark." What ails Willy?" was the only question put by him and others, to which no reply could be given. It was on the afternoon of next day that the minister called. It must here be confessed that William was a rare attender of any church. The fact was he had been hitherto rather sceptical in his tendencies: not that his doubts had ever assumed a systematic form, or had ever been expressed in any determined or dogmatic manner. But he had read Tom Paine associated the political rights of man with rebellion against all civil authorities all of whom seemed to him to have denied them and he had imbibed the idea at the old "philosophical" club, that ministers, especially those of the Established Church, were the enemies of all progress, had no sympathy with the working classes, were slaves to the aristocracy, preached as a mere profession and only for their pay, and had, moreover, a large share of hypocrisy and humbug in them. The visit of Dr M'Gavin was, therefore, very unexpected. When the Doctor entered the house, after a courteous request to be allowed to do so, as it was always his principle that the poorest man was entitled to the same respect as the man of rank or riches, he said, "I have just heard from some of your neighbours, whom I have been visiting, that your child is seriously unwell, and I thought you would excuse me intruding upon you to inquire for him." William made him welcome and begged him to be seated. The call was specially acceptable to Jeanie. Old David, I should have mentioned, was an "elder" in a most worthy dissenting congregation, and his strong religious convictions and church views, formed in his mind a chief objection to the marriage of his daughter with a man "who was not," as he said, "even a member of any kirk." Jeanie had often wished her husband to be more decided in what she felt herself to be a duty and a privilege. The visit of the doctor, whose character was well known and much esteemed, was therefore peculiarly welcome to her. In a little while the Doctor was standing beside the little bed of the sufferer, who was asleep, and gently touching wee Davie's hand, he said, in a quiet voice, to the smith, "My brother, "I sincerely feel for you! I am myself a father, and have suffered losses in my family." At the word *losses*, William winced, and moved from his place as if he felt uneasy. The Doctor quickly perceived it, and said, "I do not, of course, mean to express so rash and unkind an opinion as that you are to lose this very beautiful and inter-

esting boy, but only to show you how I am enabled, from experience, to understand your anxiety, and to sympathize with you and your wife.' And noiselessly walking to the arm chair near the fire, he there sat down, while William and Jeanie sat near him. After hearing with patience and attention the account from Jeanie of the beginning and progress of the child's disease, he said, "What ever happens, it is a comfort to know that God our Father is acquainted with all that you suffer, all you fear, and all you wish, and that Jesus Christ, our Brother, has a fellow feeling with us in all our infirmities and trials." "The Deity must know all," said William, with a softened voice, "He is infinitely great and incomprehensible." "Yes," replied the Doctor, "and so great, that He can attend to our smallest concerns, yet not so incomprehensible, but that a Father's heart can truly feel after him, so as at least to find him through His Son. Ah! my brother," continued the Doctor, "what a comfort and strength the thought is to all men, and ought to be to you working men, and to you parents, especially with your dear child in sickness, that He who marks a sparrow fall, smitten by winter's cold and who feeds the wild beasts, is acquainted with us, with our most secret affairs, so that even, as it were the hairs of our heads are numbered, that He who is the Father, Almighty Maker of the heavens and the earth, knows the things which we need, that He has in us, individually, an interest which is incomprehensible, only because His love to us is so in its depth, that He considers each of us, and weighs all His dealings towards us with a careful ness as great as if we alone existed in His universe, so that, as a father pitieth his children, He pitieth us, knowing our frames, and *remembereth* we are dust." William bent his head, and was silent, while Jeanie listened with her whole soul. "It is not easy, minister," said William, breaking silence, "for hard wrought and tried men to believe that." "Nor for any man," replied the Doctor. "I find it very difficult to believe it myself as a real thing, yet I know it to be true, and,' he continued, with a low and affectionate voice, "perhaps we never could have known it and believed it at all, unless God had taught it to us by the life of His own Son, who came to reveal Him. But as I see *Him* taking up little children into His loving arms, when others would keep them away who did not understand what perfect love was, and as I see in such doings how love cannot but come down and meet the wants of its smallest and weakest object, oh! it is then I learn in what consists the real greatness of God, 'whose name is Love!'" The Doctor paused for a moment, and then went on. "Because, my brother, I see in this love of Christ more than the love of a good man merely, I see revealed in it the loving tenderness towards us and ours of that God whom no eye hath seen or can see, but whom the eye of the Spirit can perceive, for, as Jesus said, 'He who seeth me, seeth the Father!'" "I believe a' ye say, Doctor," said Jeanie, meekly. "*I* wadna' like to keep my bairn frae Him, but, oh! sir, I hope—I hope He will lift him up, and do to us now as He did to many distressed ones while on earth!" "I hope," said the Doctor, "God will spare your boy, but you must ask Him sincerely so to do, and you must trust Him, and commit your child into His hands without fear, and acquiesce in His doing towards you and your boy as He pleases." "That is hard!" remarked William. "Hard!" mildly replied the Doctor. "What would you choose else, had you the power of doing so, rather than of acquiescing in the will of God? Would you trust your own heart, for instance, more than the heart of God? or would you rather have your child's fate decided by any other on earth than by yourself?" "No, for I know how I love the boy." "But God loves him much more than you do, for he belongs to God, and was made by Him and for Him." "Excuse me, Doctor, but yet I canna thole the thocht o' parting wi' him!" said Jeanie. "My God spare him to you, my friends!" replied the minister, "if it be for your good and his." "But," he added, "there are worse things than death." This remark, made in almost an audible voice, was followed by silence for a few moments. The Doctor's eyes were cast down as if in meditation or prayer. "Death is hard enough!" said the smith. "But hard chiefly as a sign of something worse," continued the minister. "Pardon me for asking you such questions as these.—What if your child grew up an enemy to you? What if he never returned your love? What if he never would trust you? What if he never would speak to you? What if he always disobeyed you? Would this not bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?"

"Eh! sir," said Jeanie, "that *would* be waur than death!" "But excuse me, Doctor, for just remarking,' interrupted William, "that I never knew any child with a good parent, who would so act. I really don't think it possible that our auld wee Davie, even with our poor bringing up, would ever come to *that*. It would be so unnatural." "God knows!' Thorburn," said the Doctor. "There are many unnatural things in this world. Listen to me kindly, for I sincerely thank you for having allowed one who is a stranger to speak so frankly to you, and for having heard me with such considerate patience." "O gang on, gang on, Doctor, I like to hear you," said Jeanie. "Certainly sir," added the smith. "Well then,' said the Doctor, "I have no wish to appear, even, to find any fault with you at such a time. I feel more disposed to weep with you in your sorrow than to search your heart or life for sin. But I feel at such solemn times as these, solemn to you and to your wife, that the voice of a Father is speaking to you in the rod, and it ought to be heard, and that His hand is ministering discipline in time, and you ought to give Him reverence, and be in subjection to the Father of our spirits that you may live, and, therefore, in order to impart to you more strength and comfort in the end, let me beseech of you, after I am gone, to consider candidly whether you have not perhaps been acting towards *your* Father in heaven, in the very way in which did your child grow up and act towards you would be reckoned as worse than death? Therefore honestly ask yourselves, Whether there has been from you love to God your Father in return for his love to you? Has there been cordial friendship or the reverse? Confidence or distrust? Disobedience or rebellion?

Communion in frank, loving and affectionate prayer, and also 'I do not want to reply to ... but I wish you and myself as loving fathers of our children to ask whether we have felt and acted towards God as loving Fathers, as we wish our children to feel and act towards us.' The Doctor paused for a moment, and looked hard at the sixth stained window at the end. 'My friends, we have all sinned and thereby come short of the glory of God, that is, we have *not loved Him as a Father*, but have been forgetful of Him, strange to Him, yes, we have been cold, hard, prodigal, disobedient children.' After a short pause, and the Doctor then [illegible] in the same quiet and loving voice—"But whatever we may have been, let us hope in God, and not despair. Every sinner is doomed, but no sinner is doomed to be a sinner. God is our Father still, and just as you both have nourished and cherished your dear boy, and have been loving when he knew it not, and could understand that great love in your hearts which, sure am I, will never grow cold but in the grave, so has it been with God to us his children. Open your hearts to His love, as you would open your eyes to the light which has been ever shining. Believe it as the grand reality, as you would have your boy open his heart to and believe in your love when he awakens from his sleep. Your love, as I have said, is deep, real to your boy, and positive of his knowledge or return of it. But what is that to the love of God? '*Herein* is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us and gave his Son to be a propitiation for our sins.' Let us, my friends, never rest till we are enabled in some degree to see and to appreciate this, and to say 'We have known and believed the love which God hath to us.'"

"Dr M'Gavin," said William, "you have spoken to me as no man ever did before, and you will believe me, I am sure, when I say, that I respect you and myself too much to flatter you. But there is surely a meaning in my love to that boy which I never saw before. It began to [illegible] come." "Thank God it does!" But I do not speak to you, and thus you must give me credit for, and it were my profession only, I speak to you as a man, a father, and a brother, wishing you to share [illegible] God has given to me and gives to you. So I tell you again, and would repeat it and repeat that if we would only have to God that simple [illegible] hearty love, frank, cheerful communion, [illegible] joy, which we wish our children to have [illegible] Jesus we would experience a true regeneration. And what was the whole life of Jesus Christ, save a life of this blessed, confiding, obedient, child-like worship? Oh, that we would learn of Him, and grow up in likeness to Him! But this is, to our God's worse than death. For if knowledge be life, spiritual ignorance is death. My dear friends, I have been led to give you a regular sermon," said the Doctor, smiling, 'but I really could not help it. To use common every day language I think our treatment of God has been shamefully unjust, and disgraceful on the part of men with reason, conscience, and heart. I do not express myself half so strongly as I feel. I am ashamed and disgusted with myself, and all the members of the human family, if we but weighed and felt, to such a Father. If it were not for what the one elder Brother has suffered, the whole family would have been disgraced and ruined most righteously."

"Doctor," said William with a trembling voice, 'I thank you, thank you, from my heart. I confess I have been very careless in going to the church, but—' "We may talk of that again, if you allow me to return to-morrow." Yet continued the Doctor, addressing the child, "God in his mercy never leaves himself without a witness. Look at your child, and listen to your own heart, and remember all I have said, and you will perhaps discover that though you tried it you could not fly from the Word of the Lord. A father's voice by a child has been preaching to you. Yes, Thorburn, when in love God gave you that child, He sent an eloquent and holy missionary to your home to preach the gospel of what our Father is and what we as children ought to be. Only listen to that sermon, and you will soon be prepared to listen to others." The Doctor rose to depart. Before doing so, he asked permission to pray, which was cheerfully granted. Wishing to strengthen the faith of the two sufferers in prayer, he first said, "If God *cannot* hear and answer prayer, He is not supreme; if He *will* not, He is not our Father. But blessed be His name, His own Son who knew him perfectly, who himself prayed, and who heard in that he prayed, has enabled our parental hearts, from our love to our own children, to feel the beauty and truth of this his own argument. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom, if his son ask *bread*, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?'" And then the Doctor poured forth a simple, loving, and most sympathizing prayer, in which he made himself one with his fellow worshippers, and expressed to a common Father the anguish of the hearts around him. When it ended, he went to the bed, and looked at the sleeping child, touched its white hand, and said, "God bless your little one! May this sleep be for health." "It's the first sleep," said Jeanie, 'he has had for a long time. It may be a turn in his complaint." Without waiting to force the parents to give him an immediate reply to what he had taught them, the Doctor shook them warmly by the hand, and gazed on them with a world of interest in his eyes, asking them only kindly to consider what he had said. The silence which ensued for a few minutes after his absence, as William and Jeanie returned from the door and stood beside the bed, was broken by the mirth observing, "I am glad that man came to our house, Jeanie. You was indeed preaching that a man can understand and canna forget. It was Wee Davie did it." "That's true," said Jeanie, "thank God for't!" And after gazing on the sleeping child, she added, "Is he no bonnie? I dinna wunner that sic a bairn should bring gude to the house." That night William

had thoughts in his heart which burned with a redder glow than the coals upon the smithy fire! I am much mistaken if he did not begin to feel that God had sent him a home missionary in Wee Davie.

CHAPTER III

It was a beautiful morning in spring, with blue sky, living air, springing grass and singing birds, but William Thorburn had not left his house that morning and the door was shut

Mrs Fergusson trod the wooden stair that led to the flat above his with slow and cautious step, and as she met her boy running down whistling she said, "What d ye mean, Jamie, wi' tant noise Do ye no ken wee Davie is deid? Ye should have mair feeling, laddie!" The Corporal, who door was half open, crept out, and in an under breath beckoned Mrs Fergusson to speak to him "Do you know how they are?" he asked in slow voice "No,' she replied, shaking her head "I sat up wi' Mrs Thorburn half the night, and left Davie sleeping, and never thocht it would come to this My heart is sair for them But since it happened the door has been barred, and no one has been in I somehow dinna like to intrude, for, me doot thy will be in an awfu' way about that barn" "I don't wonder,—I don't wonder!" remarked the Corporal, meditatively, "I did not believe I could feel as I do I don't understand it Here am I, who have seen men killed by my side I have seen a single shot cut down half our company" "Is it possible?" "It is certain," said the Corporal, "and I have charged at Pampeluna—it was there I was wounded—over dead and dying comrades, yet, will you believe me? I never shed a tear—never, but there was something in that captain—I mean the boy—" and the Corporal took out his snuff box, and snuffed vehemently "And what a brave fellow his father is! I never thought I could love a Radical, but he was not what you call a Radical, he was—I don't know what else, but he is a man—is out and out man, every inch of him, I'll say that for him—a man is William Thorburn! Have you not seen his wife?" "No, poor body! It was six o'clock when she ran up to me, no distracted either, but awfu' quiet like, and wakened me up, and just said, 'He is awa,' and then afore I could speak she ran doon the stair, and steekit the door, and she has such a keen spearit, I dinna like to gang to bother her My heart is sair for her." They both were silent, as if listening for some sound in William Thorburn's house, but all was still as the grave

The first who entered it was old David Armstrong and his wife They found Jeanie busy about her house, and William sitting on a chair, staring into the fire, dressed with more than usual care The curtains of the bed were up. It was covered with a pure white sheet, and something lay upon it which they knew.

Jeanie came forward, and took the hand of father and mother, without a tear on her face, and said quietly, "Come ben," as she gave her father a chair beside her husband, and led her mother into an inner room, closing the door. What was spoken there between them, I know not.

William rose to receive old David, and said, "It was a fine spring day" David gave a warm squeeze to his hand and sat down He rose and went to the bed William followed him and took the cloth off the boy's face in silence They both gazed on it The face was unchanged as in sleep The flaxen curls seemed to have been carefully arranged, for they escaped from under the white cap, and clustered like golden wreaths around the silvery forehead and cheeks William covered up the face, and both returned to their seats by the fireside "I never lost one since my own wee Davie died, and yours Willie, was dear to me as my own, exclaimed the old man and then broke down and sobbed like a child William never moved, though his grief that seemed to have, but he stirred the poker, and began to arrange the fire, and there was still as before By and by the door of the inner room opened, and Jeanie and her mother appeared, both of them composed and serene The same scene was repeated as they passed the bed Mrs Armstrong seated herself beside her husband and Jeanie placed a large Bible on the table and, pointing to it, said, "Father," and then drew chair near the south David Armstrong put on his spectacles, opened the Bible, and selecting a portion of Scripture, reverently said, "Let us read the Word of God" The house was quiet No business on that day intruded itself upon their minds It was difficult for any of them to speak, but they were ready to hear The passages which old David selected for reading were 2 Samuel xii 15–23, Matthew ix 18–26, and John xi 1–44 Having closed the book, he said, with a trembling but solemn voice, "God, who doeth all things according to the counsel of His own will, has been pleased to send us a heavy affliction 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away!' May He enable us to say at all times, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord' For whether He gives or takes away, He is always the same in love and mercy If He takes away, it is but to give something better, for He afflicts us to make us partakers of His holiness Our wee one is not dead, he only sleepeth" Here David paused, but recovering himself, said "Yes, his body sleepeth in Jesus till the resurrection morning He himself is with Christ He is alive, in his Father's bosom. Oh, it is strange to think o't, and hard to believe! but, blessed be God! it's true, that—that—Jesus Christ, who sees us, sees him, and sees us together, ay, noo!—" continued David, thoughtfully, like one pondering on a new truth, "this very minute we are all in His sight! Oh, it's grand and comforting, our wee Davie is in the arms of Jesus Christ!" A solemn silence ensued. "The bonnie barn will never return to us, but we shall go to him, and some o' us are lang, I hope Let us pray" And they all knelt down, and a true prayer, from a true heart, was spoken, from suffering parents, to Him "of whom *the whole family* in heaven and earth is named." To David's surprise and great satisfaction, he heard William utter Amen to his prayer, which included honest confession of sin, expressions of thankfulness for mercies, enumerating very many mercies, among others, the great gift of their child, thus taken away, with thanks for all he had been, and for all he then was, with trustful petitions for grace to help them in their time of need.

That afternoon Dr M'Gowan called, and manifested quiet unobtrusive, but most touching sympathy. His very silence was eloquent affection. "I'm prent to meet wi' you sae," said old Armstrong, after the Doctor had been seated for a while. "Altho' I'm no o' your kirk yet we're baith o' ae kirk for a' that. With one Father, one Brother, one Spirit, one life, one love, one hope!" replied the Doctor. "True, sir, true, sir, our differences are nothing to our agreements, Doctor." "Our differences usually arise out of our essential unity," said Mr Armstrong. "If we differ honestly and conscientiously as brethren, I hope it is because we differ only in judgment as to how to please our Father and our elder Brother. Our hearts are one in our wish to do their will. For none of us live to himself, or dieth even, to himself." "Ay, ay, Peter. So it is, so it is," as the auld saying has it: the best men are but men at the best. We must carry sair another's burdens, and ignorance, or even bigotry, is the heaviest cuy man can carry for his neebour. Thank God, brighter and better times are coming! We here see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. We know only in part, then shall we know even as we are known. We must be faithful to our given light and serve Him, and not mair." "There are differences among living men," replied the Doctor, "but none among the dead. We shall only agree perfectly when we know and love as saints without error and without sin." "I mind," said David, warming with the conversation, and the pleasure of getting his better half out—"I mind two neighbours of mine and yell mind them too, guidwife," that was Johnnie Morton and auld Andrew Gebbie. The tane was a keen bumbler, and the tother an antiburgher. Baith lived in the same house, tho' it did rentands; and it was the bargain that each should keep his ain side o' the house aye weel thatched. But they happened to dispute so desperate about the principles o' their kirks that at last they quarrelled, and didna speak. So a day after this, as they were on the roof thatching, each on his ain side, they reached the tap and sae looking ower, face met face. What could they do? They couldna flee. So at last, Andrew took aff his Kilmarnock cap, and scratching his head, said, 'Johnnie, you and me, I think, have been very foolish to dispute as we have done as to Christ's will about our kirks, till we hae forget His will about ourselves, and so we hae fought wee keen for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in brither fechting against brither. Whatever's wrang this canna be richt, if we dinna love. Noo, it strikes me that maybe it's wi' the kirk as wi' this hoose: ye're working on ae side and me on the other; but if we only do our wark weel we'll meet at the tap at last. Gie's your han'!' And so they shook hans, and were the best o' freens ever after." "Thank you, Mr Armstrong, for the story," said the Doctor. Then looking to the bed, he remarked, "Oh if we were only simple true, and loving, like little children, would we not, like that dear one, enter the kingdom of heaven, and know and love all who were in it, or on their way to it?" "I'm glad I have met you, Doctor," resumed the old elder. "It does ane's heart good to meet a brother who has been a stranger. But if it hadna been for his death noo, we might never have met. Isna that queer? God's ways are no our ways!" "God brings life out of death," replied the Doctor, "and in many ways does He ordain praise from babes and sucklings, whether living or dead." Was not "Wee Davie" a home missionary to the dissenting elder and Established Church minister?" "And now," continued the Doctor, "with your permission, good friends, I will read a short Psalm and offer up a short prayer before I go." They thanked him, and he read the 23d Psalm. His only remark was, as he closed the Bible, "The good Shepherd has been pleased to take this dear lamb into His fold never more to leave it." "And may the lamb be the means of making the auld sheep to follow!" added the elder. When the prayer was over, Jeanie, who had hardly spoken a word, said, without looking at the Doctor, "Oh, sir! God didna hear our prayer for my bairn!" "Dinna speak that way, Jeanie, woman!" said old David softly, yet firmly. "I canna help it, father, I mean get out my thochts that are burning at my heart. The minister mean forgive me," replied Jeanie. "Surely Mrs Thorburn, said the Doctor "and it would be a great satisfaction to me if I could, from what God has taught me from His Word, and from my experience of sorrow, to be able to solve any difficulty, or help you to acquiesce in God's dealings with you, not because you *must*, but because you *ought* to submit, not because God has power, and therefore does as He pleases but because He is love, and therefore pleases always to do what is right." "But, oh, He didna hear our prayer, that's my battle! We were maybe wrang in asking what was against His will." "Not in the way, perhaps, in which you expected, Mrs Thorburn; yet every true prayer is verily heard and answered by Him. But he is too good, too wise, too loving to give us always literally what we ask, if so, He would often be very cruel, and *that* He can never be! You would not give your child a serpent, if in his ignorance he asked one, mistaking it for a fish; nor would you give him a stone for bread?" The Doctor paused. "When Nathan, the Lord's prophet, telt King David that his child must die, said Armstrong, "yet David even then prayed to the Lord to spare his life, and I dinna doot that His Father in heaven was pleased wi' his freedom and faith." "Right," continued the Doctor, "for I am sure we cannot trust Him too much, or open our human hearts to Him too freely; let us always remember, too, that when God refuses what we ask, He gives us something better, yea far more than we can ask or think. He gave your dear child for a time, and if He has taken him away, can you, for example, tell the evil, the misery, which he may have been prevented? How many parents would give worlds that their children had died in infancy! And you could not wish for more than your child's good, and so God has thus far literally heard that prayer. He has done so by taking your child to Himself. Your precious jewel is not lost, but is in God's treasury, where no thief can break through and steal. *that* is surely something!" "Oh, yes, sir, it is!" said Jeanie, "but yet it's an awfu' blank! Like thing in the world seems different." "I'm just thinking,

Jeanie," said Mrs Armstrong "that it's a comfort ye ever put yer een on Davie, for there's puir Mrs Blair (John Blair's blin' wife, ye ken) when she lost her callant, Mary was a yeun, she cam to me in an awfu' way about it and what vexed her sae muckle was that she never had seen his wee face, and that she could only touch and han'le him, and hear him greet" "Puir body," remarked Jeanie 'twas a sair misfortun' for ony mither that—but yet—But I'll no think about it Ilk ane has their ain burden to carry Noo, minister, let me spell it you, sir Will I never see my bairn again' and if I see him, will I no ken him?' "You might as well ask whether you could see and know your child if he had gone to a foreign country instead of to heaven, replied the Doctor "Alas! if we did not know our beloved friends in heaven, earthly separations would be dearer to our hearts! But then, ignorance is not possible in such a place of light and love" "It would be rational to think so,' remarked William, speaking for the first time though he had been listening with great interest to the Doctor "But," continued Jeanie, with a quiet earnestness "will our bairn ave be a bairn Doctor? Oh, I hope so!" "Dinna try Jeanie dear," said David, "to be wise about what is written" The Doctor smiled, and asked,—'If your child had lived, think you would you have rejoiced had he always continued to be a child and never grown or advanced' and were you sorry or glad to your father and mother, because you have grown in mind and knowledge since you were an infant?' 'I never tho ht o' that," said Jeanie, thoughtfully "Be assured' continued the Doctor, "there will be no such emotions there as infants in intellect and sense for ever All will be perfect and complete according to the plan of God, who made us for fellowship with Himself and all His blissful family Your darling has gone to a noble school, and will be taught and trained there for immortality, by Him who was himself a child, and who knows a mother's love and a mother's sorrow and you too parents, if you believe in Christ, and hold fast your confidence in Him, and become to Him as little children, will be made fit to enter the same society, and thus you and your boy, though never, perhaps, forgetting your old relationship on earth, will be fit companions for one another for ever and ever Depend upon it, you will both know and love each other there better than you ever could have done here!" "My wee pet!" murmured Jeanie, as the tears began to flow from a softened, because happier, heart William hid his face in his hands After a while, he broke silence and said, "These thoughts of heaven are new to me But common sense tells me they maun be true Heaven does not seem to me noo to be the same strange place it used to be My loss is not so complete as I once thought it was Neither we nor our bairn have lived in vain" "Surely not," said the Doctor,

'Better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all!'

You have contributed one citizen to the heavenly Jerusalem, one member to the family above, one happy spirit to add his voice to the anthem before the throne of God!" "Lord, help our unbelief!" said Mr Armstrong, "for the mair I think o' the things which I believe, the mair they seem to me owre gude news to be true!" "The disciples, when they first saw Christ after his resurrection," said the Doctor, "did not believe from very joy" 'We think owre muckle o' our ain folk, Doctor, and owre little o' Him But it's a comfort that He's kind and loved as He ought to be by them I think Him, along wi' them that's awa', for all He is and does and will ever be and do to every man who trusts Him, added the Doctor, "our friends would be grieved if grief were possible to them now, did they think our memory of them made us forget Him, or that our love to them made us love Him less Surely if they know what we are doing, they would rejoice if they also knew that, along with themselves we too rejoiced in their God and our God What child in heaven but would be glad to know that its parents joined with it in the prayer of 'Our Father!'" "If Wee Davie could preach to us, I daresay, sir that might be his text" "Though dead, he yet speaks," replied the Doctor

Yes, the boy was yet at home just as he was drawing the hearts of that household to God

The Doctor rose to depart "Ere the I go" he said, "let me repeat a verse or two to you I have been, from a poem which I am sure you will like It expresses the thoughts of a parent about his dead girl, and which have already in part been poorly expressed by me when your wife asked me if she would know her boy —

"She's not dead the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no more can need a mother's protection,
And God himself doth rule

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead

"Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For when with rapture wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,

"But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye,' said Thorburn, "and ye'll no be offended if I ax ye to gie me a grip o' yer han'" And the smith laid hold of the Doctor's proffered hand, so small and white, with his own hand, so large and powerful,—"God reward ye, sir, for we canna!" "And noo, Doctor," the smith continued, "I maun out wi't! Since ye ha'e been so kind as gi'e us that fine bit o' English poetry, I canna help gi'ing you a bit o' Scotch, for Scotch poetry has been a favourite reading o' mine, and there's a verse that has been duling a' day in my heart This is it,—

"It's dowie at the hint o' hairst,
At the wa'gang o' the swallow,
When the winds blaw cauld
And the burns run bauld,
And the wuds are hinging yellow,
But oh! it's dowur far to see
The wa' gang o' ane the heart gangs wi',
The dead set o' a shinny e'e,
That closes the weary warld on thee!"

Farewell, my [illegible] I'll expect you [illegible] two, if [illegible] smith will [illegible] Dutch auld [illegible] the door to-morrow. I'll be sure to come by [illegible] "Thine own [illegible] Corporal," and the [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] there was [illegible] comfortable [illegible] pure [illegible] Farquharson's [illegible] Corporal was [illegible] the party [illegible] dropped in upon them he would not have supposed that there was [illegible] smith's house. But in the highest ways, when they dash and fall, there is a little black, and scatter their rebound into sparkling foam and [illegible] bubbles. The Corporal told some of his old stories of weariness and famine, of wounds and suffering and marches over the fields of Spain from victory to victory. Old Armstrong could match the Corporal tales from 'the Scotch Worthies' of battles long ago. But when he touched to find the Corporal such a [illegible] companion, who had no sympathy with "relics." Yet so kind and courteous was the pensioner that the elder confessed that he was "real fond" of him, without a grain of "freedy." William too had his talk on "the times," and his favourite topic of reform, while Jeanie and her mother spoke of the farm, and of old friends among the cows, with many bygone reminiscences of persons and things. And thus the weight of their heartaches was lightened, and made stronger along with higher and better thoughts to carry them [illegible]. But ever and anon there came one little presence before them, causing a sinking of the heart.

No sooner had their friends left the house for the night than the smith did what he never did before. He opened the Bible and said to Jeanie, "I will read a chapter aloud before we retire to rest." Jeanie clapped her husband fondly on the shoulder, and in silence sat down beside him while he read again some of the same passages which they had already heard. Few hours had that night more quiet and peaceful sleepers than that house, and whose roof, beneath the shining stars of God, those parents and their child reposed.

The little black coffin was brought to the smith's the night before the funeral. When the house was quiet Davie was laid in it gently by his father. Jeanie stood by and assumed the duty of arranging with care the white garments in which her boy was dressed, wrapping them round him and adjusting the head as it to sleep in her own bosom. She brushed once more the golden ringlets, and put the little hands in their right place, and opened out the folds in the cap, and removed every particle of saw-dust which soiled the shroud. When all was finished though she seemed anxious to prolong the work, the lid was put on the coffin, but so as to leave the face uncovered. Both were as silent as their child. But ere they retired to rest for the night, they instinctively went to take another look. As they gazed in silence, side by side, the smith felt his hand gently seized by his wife. She played at first nervously with the fingers, until finding her own hand held by her husband, she looked into his face with an unutterable expression, and meet [illegible] his eyes so full of unobtrusive sorrow, she leant her head on his shoulder and said, "Willie, this is my last look o' him on this side the grave. But Willie, dear, you and me maun see him again, and, mind ye, no to part, as I canna thole that." We ken whaur he is, and we maun gang till him. Noo, promise me now along wi' me her, that as we love him and ane another, we'll attend mair to what's gude than we have done, that—O Willie! forgive me, for it's no my part to speak, but I canna help it noo, and just my bonnie man just agree wi' me—that we'll give our hearts noo and for ever to our ain Saviour, and the Saviour o' our wee Davie!" These words were uttered without even lifting her head from her husband's shoulder, and in low, broken accents, half-choked with an inward struggle, but without a tear. She was encouraged to say this—for she had trembled for her husband—by the pressure ever and anon returned to hers from his hand. The smith spoke not, but bent his head over his wife who felt his tears falling on her neck, while she whispered, "Amen, Jeanie! so help me, God!" A silence ensued during which Jeanie got, as she said, "a gude greet," for the first time, which took a weight off her heart. She then quietly kissed her child and turned away. Thorburn took the hand of his boy and said, "Farewell, Davie, and when you and me meet again, we'll baith, I tak' it, be a bit different frae what we are this nicht!" He then put the lid on mechanically, turned one or two of the screws, and then sat down at the fireside to chat about the arrangements of the funeral as a matter of business.

After that for the first time, William asked his wife to kneel down, and he would pray before they retired to rest. Poor fellow! he was sincere as ever man was, and never after till the day of his death did he omit this "exercise," which once on a day was universal in every family whose head was a member of the church, and I have known it continued by the widow when her head was taken away. But on this the first night when the smith tried to utter aloud the thoughts of his heart, he could only say, "Our Father—!" There he stopped. Something seemed to seize him, and to stop his utterance. Did he only know how much was in these words, he possibly might have said more. As it was, the thoughts of the father on earth so mingled, he knew not how, with those of the Father in heaven, that he could not speak. But he continued on his knees, and spoke there to God as he had never spoken before. Jeanie did the same. After a while they both rose, and Jeanie said "Thank ye, Willie. It is a beautiful beginning, and it will, I'm sure, hae a braw ending." "It's cauld noo, Jeanie, woman," said the smith, "but it will melt and come a' richt."

The day of the funeral was a day of beauty and sunshine. A few fellow-tradesmen and neighbours assembled in the house, dressed in their Sunday's best, though it was visible in one or two that the best was the worse of the wear. The last thing a Scotch workman will part with, even to keep his family in food, is his Sunday clothes, and the last duty he will fail to perform, is following the body of a neighbour or acquaintance to the grave. All were dressed with crape on their hats, and had weepers on their coats—the Corporal wore, besides, a medal on his. The smith, according to custom, sat near the door, and shook each man by the hand as he

pointed to a seat Not a word, of course, was spoken When all who were expected had assembled, the Doctor who occupied a chair near the table on which the Bible lay opened the book, and after reading a portion of it without any comment he prayed with a fervour and suitableness which touched every heart This is our only Scotch burial service The little coffin was then brought out and was easily carried The corporal was the first to step forward and saluting the smith by putting his hand to his hat, soldier fashion he begged to have the honour of bearing Slowly the small procession moved towards the churchyard about half a mile off and angels beheld that wondrous sight a child's funeral—wondrous as a visible type and symbol of redemption, of the insignificance of a human being as a mere creature, and of his magnificence as belonging to Christ Jesus As they neared the grave, the birds were singing and a flood of light streaked in glory a neighbouring range of hill, while overhead the sky had only one small snow white cloud reposing in pure contrast azure blue When the sexton had finished the grave, and rounded it with his spade, William quietly waved it, saying, "Let me the school John and I'll gie him the last clap myself" and he went over it again the green turf carefully with gentle hands and removed with his hand the small stones and gravel which roughened its surface Those who stood very near, had they been narrowly watching him, which they had too much feeling to do might have observed the smith give a peculiar, tender pressure and clap on the grave with his hand, as on a child's breast, ere he turned the spade, and with a careless air, said, 'Here, John, thank ye, it's a' right noo" Then lifting up his hat, and looking round, added, 'Thank ye freens for your trouble in coming' And so they left "Wee Davie," more precious and more enduring than the everlasting hills!

Several years after this, Dr M'Gavin, then a very old man as he sat at his study fire, was conversing with a young preacher who seemed to think that a thing could be accomplished of much value for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, unless by some "great effort," or "movement" or "large committee, which would carry everything at once by *coup de main* The Doctor quietly remarked, 'My young friend, when you have lived as long in the ministry as I have done you will learn how true it is that "God fulfils Himself in many ways" Here in the still small voice, and often, too when heard neither in the earthquake nor in the hurricane One of the most valuable elders I ever had—and whose admirable wife and daughters, and well doing prosperous sons are still members of my church and much attached friends—told me on his dying bed, that, under God, he owed his chief good to the death of his first child, the circumstance which accidentally made me to be acquainted with him On the last evening of his life, when enumerating the many things which had been blessed for his good, he said to me, 'But under God it was my Wee Davie that did it a'"

NORMAN MACLEOD

ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE

It is related of the Marquis de la Fayette that, when undergoing a rigorous imprisonment, he was subjected to the constant supervision of a sentinel A hole was cut in the door of the small cell and by night and by day a human eye looked through that hole to keep watch on the prisoner within He afterwards related the awful sensation produced by the consciousness of that eye's clear, ceaseless gaze

> 'Being observed
> When observation is not sympathy,
> Is just the direst torture'*

When the poor prisoner sank to a troubled slumber—when he started from his hard couch—when he partook of his prison fare—when he raised his eyes to heaven in supplication, still it was there,—the eye of a fellow mortal And so severe was the nervous suffering arising from the sense of perpetual observation, that the man, though brave and much enduring, confessed that all other troubles and persecutions seemed light in comparison Yet

> "There is an Eye
> That never shuts
> Beneath the wing of night,'

yet there is a presence from which we cannot flee even had we the pinions of the morning,—an eye and a presence of spotless holiness, belonging to Him who cannot look upon iniquity, and in whose sight the clear, beautiful heavens are not clean How placid, how unmoved are we under the keen eye of this piercing vision! Is it because we can welcome and bear the holy scrutiny? Or is it because we have no practical faith in its reality?

We may have a general belief in God's presence and knowledge of our actions and yet not realise it in daily particulars Do we really believe that the Lord Jesus Christ knows where we dwell, whether like Simon the tanner, by the sea side, or like Saul in the straight street, or in the croft, or the farm, or the large house, or the small cottage? Do we really believe that He sees every stone, every corner of our abodes, and every step we take within and without, that His holy eye scans each one of our household arrangements, that His wisdom which planned the creation of worlds with so much economy and order, is ready to help us in the management of our little home worlds? If our belief in all this were more than head knowledge or lip profession, what a change would be seen in our homes! What a solemn interest would be attached to our day's work in its smallest particulars! How often, humbled and ashamed in our felt weakness and ignorance and foolishness, would we be found on our knees before God! And with

* Aurora Leigh

what stores of strength, skill order, economy, and cheerfulness would we draw from thence? "Ye have not, because ye ask not."

Very specially ought the motives and incentives to be held up to women who are at the head of households, whether small or great. For such to know well about the home is an easy matter, but to get their hearts as well as heads and hands, educated to it is far more difficult, and quite as necessary. Let us consider some of the points which make the right performance of household duty of essential importance, especially for women "professing godliness."

First. Its direct and vital consequences. The household is like a vessel sailing over a difficult ocean, and the housewife is like him who steers the vessel. If she forgets to steer or if she does not know how to steer, or if she thinks that 'it does not signify' whether she steers well or ill, the vessel which might have sailed safely and smoothly towards its destined haven, richly freighted with love, joy, comfort and blessing, strikes upon the rocks of destruction and goes down into a fearful deep. Lest any think that these words are too strong, let us look at some of the deadly rocks in the way of the little barque. There is the dram-house, and the tavern, and the gin-palace to which the comfortless home sends the husband and the father, or the brother. Further on lie hanging to the same reef of rocks, there are the hulks and the gallows. The last day only will declare how much crime might have been spared had the wives known, and loved, and practised the important duties of a good housewife. A step further we find the maid-of-all-work driven to despair and ruin, not only by her own ignorance, but the ignorance and negligence of the mistress to whom she vainly looks for help and instruction in the work of the kitchen, the parlour, and the washing house. Further up still, we find the husband's affection alienated, his temper soured, and harsh looks and voices taking the place of the old loving ones, because the wife dislikes or looks down upon the domestic duties which, if she did but 'tincture with the right hope and motive, would be "turned into gold." It is an old proverb, often quoted and generally behaved, that when poverty enters the door, love flies out at the window. It is a painful truth that household affection takes flight when household discomfort enters in, but in most cases this is *not* caused by the unavoidable privations and sufferings of poverty sent straight from the hand of God. British husbands, as well as British wives, can endure hardship bravely, and bow under its yoke meekly, and can love and cherish each other "for richer for poorer." But it is when unnecessary discomfort, and faulty ignorance, and wilful mismanagement, find an entrance into the household that the husband's affections, looking justly to the second causes of these miserable effects, takes its reluctant and melancholy flight.

In still higher circles, where the housewife has under her authority many to whom she can say "Go," and they go, or 'Come," and they come, the consequences of wilful ignorance and incapacity are quite as sad, though not so open. If, unlike the noble woman in Proverbs, she looks not "well to the ways of her household," what ruin and misery she spreads amongst her servants and her dependants! How many young handmaidens can trace their destruction to being in "easy places," where they and the presiding lady were strangers, though under the same roof! Truly the rocks are many, and the sea paths intricate, and the mariner needs to look well to the compass.

Second. The influence which one housewife has over many. I heard a homely story told on a platform the other day which illustrates this point. A ragged, dirty boy, on his first day of introduction into Dr Guthrie's school had his face and hands washed. When he returned, his mother was lost in amazement at the unusual brightness and beauty of the little face, and declared that she "wadna hae kenned her ain bairn." Further, she resolved on trying the experiment of washing her own face and hand. Then looking around it struck her that the house looked dingier and duller than usual. She knew little or nothing about household work, and the praise and the honour of being a good housewife were as words of a strange language. Deep down however, there was something of a woman's instinct for the beauty of order. So she washed, and scrubbed and tidied up, and was looking around breathless, but well pleased when a neighbour came in, and lifted up her hands and eyes.

'Lh, Mrs Black what's come to ye? Ye're surely up in the world the day.'

'Well, Mrs Brown it's just that I mysel's got his face washed, and I washed mine, and then I put things a bit straight, and it feels unco pleasant like.'

Back went Mrs Brown to her comfortless room. It would not do to be behind her neighbour so soap and water found a place where long they had been strangers. What further reformation ensued, I cannot tell, but it is almost a necessary consequence that the good beginning went on, so much are we all the creatures of influence and example, not only among the poor, but in all ranks. The woman who takes a high, noble view of the home position in which God has placed her, what ever rank of life she may be in, who does her work from day to day with the pure love of God in her heart, subduing her natural dislike to "house keeping," or her ambitious longings for "higher work," or work that would give more food for self applause, will assuredly spread the good leaven in many other households, both high and low. I would the more insist upon this point, because household error and ignorance arising from contempt of the nature of the work, are very generally found, not only among the frivolous and foolish, but in minds of a higher order, and consequently exerting greater influence over others. Women graced with gifts of intellect and imagination, are too apt to consider as wasted the time spent in ordering and considering the household meals—the store room deficiences—the daily duties of each domestic. Mathematics, or composition, or the study of all the brilliant works of the day, have for them a far greater charm, and therefore self prompts the elevation of these pursuits into higher place in the scale of work than the duties that are wearisome and commonplace. Daughters, and neighbours, and visitors are influenced to ad

mure the one and look down upon the other, and who knows to what depths of social life that stone of evil and false influence, when once set rolling, may descend! Oh, if gifted women would but consider it their highest gift to be permitted to do the will of God, "whether they eat or whether they drink!" If they could but see now as they will see in the light of eternity, the strength and honour, the favour and praise attaching to the good housewife who does all her work in the fear of the Lord, they would hasten to employ their gifts and their influence in doing likewise. Still more subtle is the evil, and still worse is the influence when women of high Christian profession fall into the same snare. Their hands and their feet are active in all external good works—their names laboured everywhere as doers of good deeds, and attenders at every kind of public meeting and association. Their prayers are frequent and sincere for the Spirit of God to dwell in their hearts, and their efforts for the salvation of souls are active and constant. Yet, such women are heard bewailing the necessity of giving thought and heed to home work, they sever the two services, and consider every moment that is not spent in the direct and visible work of the Church, as spent in the service of the world. They forget that if they are led by the Spirit, every day and all day, that no duly work can separate them from His gracious companionship, that He must be as much with them in the kitchen as in the prayer meeting, at the account book as in the Sabbath class, that He will enable them to speak of Jesus as forcibly in the performance for Him of all duty as by the tongue or the pen. Bezaleel and Aholiab were "filled with the Spirit of God in all manner of workmanship," what more could be said of the high priest in the Holy of Holies? It is not told of all the women whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom, that they ministered in the tabernacle, or sang hallelujahs before the Lord of glory, but "that they did spin goat's hair, and brought that which they spun." It may seem a high reach of spirituality to despise the sphere in which God has placed us, but it is the poorest and narrowest and easiest attainment of all.

Third, The observation of others. It is true that every Englishman's "house is his castle," it is true that our houses have no loop holes like the prison of Lafayette. Yet there is a social observation and criticism of a Christian household, a regard to which, though it must not degenerate into the fussy apprehension of "What will Mrs Grundy say?" ought to have its right place in the motives of the woman "professing godliness." "What have they seen in thy house?" is a question from the God of all the families of the earth, that will one day resound painfully in the ears of many professing Christians. Remember that much more is involved in housewifely management than the glorification or humiliation of the housewife, and the comfort or discomfort of the husband. We are the servants of the Lord Christ, and if we do His work ill, the Master's cause and glory suffers in us and by us. What then have those around us seen in our houses? Have they seen the cleanliness, purity, and order, which are emblems of the renewed heart and the justified soul? Have they seen the energy and activity which the Spirit of God will increase and sanctify in those who have them as natural gifts and which He will bestow on those who have them not, when they ask for them in all earnestness and sincerity?

Fourth, The great encouragements which are held out to us. Let us take the full comfort and the full lesson from the fact that Jesus knows our abode. If His "eyes behold," His "*eyelids try*" the children of men. While His piercing eyes see the failures, His tender heart feels the difficulties, and He veils the keen vision with interposing eyelids. While He is grieved when we are careless, He rejoices when we are prayerful, humble, and diligent in all our work, even though not crowned by success. It is not so in the world's history, where "success makes the man." The general who would be tried by a court martial, were his brave venture a failure, is crowned as a hero because it succeeds. But our gracious Saviour is far otherwise. "She hath done what she could," are words of cheer and encouragement to all women in all ages. When the daily work has been prayed over, and planned with the heart and eye "looking to Jesus," it may safely be left in calmness and comfort to Him who careth for us. Success may be withheld, but the blessing will come, though we may not see how or when. It is only the careless, indifferent worker who need fear the sympathizing eyes of Him who knows our hearts and accepts the willing mind, and whose desire is that we work within our house with a "perfect," that is, with a "sincere" heart.

The preceding remarks have been addressed to Christian women, who, feeling their own weakness, and anxiously desiring to be better stewards of their home talents, and, like Moses, and One greater than Moses, to be "faithful in all their house," are willing to follow through a series of papers upon domestic subjects, the words of one herself only struggling to perform household duties with a "perfect heart," though imperfect success. But women, destitute of the grand motive and end of work, must beware lest they make an idol of their house work. It will only be kept in its right place by those who are serving the right Master. Many a well constituted, well arranged household is more displeasing in His sight, than the one where the housewife is toiling, as it would appear, almost in vain, because in the one is absent what is written on the other—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A woman may obtain the fame of a good housewife, and yet all her skill, order, and economy may be offered up on the shrine of the idol SELF, instead of being done to the glory of God. There may be "washing with nitre and much soap, and yet iniquity marked before the Lord." I have been in an Irish home, so clean and airy with its polished furniture and blooming roses, that save for the loaded gun standing in the corner, I might have been in a cottage of a fair English village; yet the souls in that cabin were in thick darkness. The building may be white and lovely, though it only contains death, like the painted sepulchres described by our Lord, beautiful without, and within full of dead bones.

MARGARET MARIA GORDON.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR

CHAPTER IV.

About a year after that disastrous evening with which our last chapter concludes, one of those curious small incidents which we all have now and then to chronicle in the course of our journey through life occurred to Dr Davenport. At the very moment that he was ringing at the door of Mr Gibson the leading lawyer of Brynford one of Mr Gibson's clerks was hitting the formidable brass knocker on the Doctor's own door, and performing it would not be unreasonably loud and long to say a good deal to flurry the nerves of the maids on ordinary days, the day being a busy one Saturday, of second-rate caps and muslin aprons.

Nothing could exceed the reaction of contempt in Nanny's mind when, having pushed aside the housemaid, conscious that of the two he was most equal to the emergency herself, she beheld, no visitor for her mistress, no patient for her master, but only that little trumpery fellow, Price from the office, with a letter which he might just as well have brought round to the back door as his father did before him to Ashfield Hall in old times, when people knew their places. She could not suppress a growl of indignation as she snatched the letter out of his hand, and banged the door in his face. Then having turned the document round and round, with an uneasy misgiving that it boded mischief, she reluctantly laid it down on the table before her master. For Nanny had, for some years past, seen a good many letters arrive of the same aspect—large, blue paper, over neat in their address, all with an ugly family likeness—and she had never known any good come of them. She had used to connect them with loud words on her master's part, and the trace of tears on her mistress's dear face, or, still worse, with his sitting alone in the dining room till late at night, she waiting in her gloomy kitchen, the fire well covered up, and her inch of candle unlighted, heard his heavy, unsteady step stumble slowly upstairs to bed.

"Who brought this letter, Nanny?" said Mrs Davenport, looking up from her work with a sigh, and turning it round, too, in her turn, with a secret uneasiness.

"Please, ma'am that little impertent Price, one of the office lads whom Master Tom is, the like of him to be knocking the door down, indeed!"

"Young Price is one of Tom's fellow pupils, Nanny, and a steady, diligent youth, I hear," Mrs. Davenport sighed again. "I fear my poor boy will never like the profession, never get on in it as well as he."

"*Dear* me, how should he?" rejoined Nanny, "them Prices are born with a pen behind their ear, this lad's grandfather put in a warrant into my father's farm, three years before I went to be poultry girl at the Hall. Master Tom's a gentleman born, you can't expect the like of him to sit all day long, stock still, on a high stool in Gibson's dark room, selling folk by the ears, and selling them up" (such was Nanny's notion of lawyer's proper function) "Ma'am, if it's not making too free, can't you better change his mind, and put Master Tom to something else?"

"I am afraid that could hardly be managed, Nanny, it was a great expense to get him articled to Mr Gibson. His father thought it the best thing that could be done under the circumstances. It would never have the dear fellow idling at home all the day long."

Mrs Davenport paused rather wistfully thinking, and then returning no answer to Nanny's query. The good creature lingered a few moments, when, one or two of the old China bowls with her upon no conscience to say might have more to add, and then finding she had not, slipped away.

Meanwhile the Doctor has been ushered into Mr Gibson's private room, where he throws himself into an arm chair, evidently a good deal fatigued. To be sure the sun is hot this afternoon, and the street is steep one, but the distance he has walked is scarcely a quarter of a mile, and yet how heated and exhausted he seems, how hollow the temples, from which he wipes the damp hair back, how sallow his complexion, how wasted his hand! The doctor's once powerful frame has grown shrunk and stooping. Not a patient on his list—it is not a long one now—with a more ominous aspect than his, as he lies back there in the easiest chair the room affords, and waits the appearance of Mr Gibson with a sick sinking of the heart, for he has come upon an unpleasant errand.

Mr Gibson himself was a little startled by the announcement of this visit. Not five minutes ago he had despatched young Price with a letter to the Doctor, containing two unpleasant clauses, the one a complaint, the other a request. Both quite fair and warranted by the occasion, but still much pleasanter to write than to state in person. Mr Gibson was an amiable man, and a happy man, at that very moment he and his bride of a year ago were contemplating their baby, lying in its rose lined nest, and looking, with preternatural sagacity, at one small dimpled hand after the other. It was an unwelcome effort to turn from this, life's sweetest ode, to discuss painful questions, to distress a neighbour of many years. It must be done, of course, but Mr Gibson would have postponed the disagreeable necessity had it been possible. Again, he did not at all know whether Dr Davenport had come in consequence of his note or not. If so, young Price must have met him and given it him in the street, impossible that the Doctor, who walked but slowly now,—poor fellow, what a wreck he had made of himself, to be sure—should, after receiving the note, have come from the bottom of the town with such speed. One likes to know the mental attitude of the man one is about to encounter, likes to have the key of

the position Mr Gibson was a good deal embarrassed, and evinced it by arranging his hair before his wife's looking glass and humming a very indistinct attempt at a tune

"You are keeping the Doctor waiting, dear," said Mrs Gibson, still absorbed in the manœuvres going on beneath those pretty little pink curtains "I wish you would tell him that I am quite well enough to see him Mrs Davenport, I long to know her baby, I know so well how she will nurse him"

And here we would remark that there was not a lady in, or near, the town of Brynford, nor a poor woman either who did not invariably presume, with the utmost confidence, upon Mrs Davenports deep interest in, and appreciation of, her baby If it was healthy, her warm praise of its beauty was wanted, if sick, her sympathy with its suffering There was such a genial and unconscious *motherliness* about her that all felt they could safely draw upon it at will, and leave it unwearied and unexhausted

By this time Mr Gibson, still humming his tune, had opened the door of the room where his visitor sat At the sound Dr Davenport sprang up and held out his hand cordially Evidently the note had not reached him What was a present relief, at all events, but then, what in the world brings him now? There is a little talk upon general subjects, not particularly pertinent or suggestive—the customary commonplaces of men, each of whom has something else upon his mind which the other is listening for through that pretence at conversation—and then Dr Davenport, the more prompt of the two, suddenly dashes to his point of attack

"The fact is, Gibson, I am in want of two hundred pounds I owe you two already I'll give you a bond for four hundred at five per cent Could you accommodate me, eh? I like better coming to an old friend like you, than going to the bank, that new manager is such an intolerable prig"

The Doctor was an accomplished borrower, had acquired by long habit, and much success, an easy, pleasant way of setting about it, and had come, indeed, to view the transaction rather as a mutual accommodation than an obligation incurred, but he was shattered and out of health now, and besides there was an expression about Mr Gibson's face, as he pursed his mouth tight, and pinched his chin into a point, which Dr Davenport had not hitherto been used to meet there His heart beat fast, and again he wiped back the hair from his forehead with an air of exhaustion.

"The fact is, my dear sir," said Mr. Gibson in return, still pinching his chin, and balancing himself on the rug as if a rather overpowering fire were burning behind him, "the fact is that—that I have written to you this morning"

"Indeed," said the Doctor, shifting his position with as much *sang froid* as he could command with that beating in the heart and temples

"I had occasion," said Mr Gibson, gaining confidence as he went on, "I had occasion to make some rather decided complaints about Tom. His idleness and inattention are—intolerable, I may say, and he not only does nothing himself, or worse than nothing, but he turns the heads of the other young fellows I have spoken to him more than once, I assure you, before I made up my mind to appeal to you I know," said Mr Gibson, his own pulse momentarily responding to a spasm of pain that passed over the Doctor's sunken features, "I know that young men will be young men, but I augur, from a long, brief document which Tom had that very morning, drawn up with its most important clause omitted, to be before his mind, "that the limits, my good sir, to human endurance—there really are, now

I am very sorry to have this, Gibson, very sorry indeed I was afraid the lad had got into idle ways but he is a thing always makes the best of him to me However, I'll speak to him very seriously, and I trust you will find him improve And then about that other little matter—you can lend me the two hundred pounds at once, eh?"

"I wish you had spoken to me a little earlier Doctor," said Mr Gibson, pinching his chin more evenly than ever "The fact is that I am, I really am, from one cause and another a good deal in want of a little ready money myself You see, my property is for the most part invested in railroads, and they are heavy just now—cannot sell out—and furnishing—and—and, in short, one thing with another Its a curious coincidence, really, but do you know I had just written to say that when it was convenient I should be glad of that two hundred you have of mine, wanting money myself, you see, just as you were thinking of borrowing from me It's a good joke, I declare"

If it was a good joke, there was not much mirth in the laugh with which Dr Davenport responded to it And yet there was some bravery in that effort made to laugh at all, akin to that which prompts the death song of the tortured Indian.

"Why, Gibson, I thought you lawyers were made of money And so you are hard up now I suppose you can give me a week or two? Thank you I'll speak to Tom, you may depend upon it. I must not take up your time Mrs Gibson going on well?" and the two shake hands, and the lawyer thinks the reports of Davenport's embarrassments must be a good deal exaggerated, but to be sure, how broke he is, and a man in his prime, not five years older than himself! Not long for this world, he fears

As Dr Davenport left that house, ruin stared him in the face No more miserable man, he fully believed, walked that summer day beneath God's blue sky, and perhaps he was right To this precipice, then, that long flowery slope he had been sauntering down for years had led at last. He had sometimes foreboded that it led here, but had always so fully meant to stop in time Now he hung over the abyss, clutching desperately with bleeding nails at the grass, the thorns, would they hold him up? There was indeed one alternative, but, oh! how he shrank from it As he walked down the street, a poor woman, a profitless patient, comes to him—would like to tell him how much good that last bottle of his did her He stops, he listens kindly; he gives her good hopes of a cure. "God bless you, sir! God for ever bless you!" says the poor woman, shaking her head as she looks after him. "He's gone to nothing, and he's as white as my

cap God help him he was always good to the poor!'

We too will say—God help him! This man had ventured [illegible] had [illegible]—how should he?—kept his footing there but his nature was a kindly one originally and in this moment of bitter self-reproach of almost passing perplexity he could not have listened to another's troubles And see how mutually dependent we all are! How the humblest and most among us may be really helping those they appeal to as strong to succour them! Something of all this in his terrible anguish seemed to fall with redoubled force upon that poor sickly woman's fervent blessing

That evening Mr Davenport arrived later for dinner after an unusually fishing for the sake of which he had cut short official office hours had not been taken his place at the table than he became aware of an impending storm He saw it in the nervous timid look on Alice's [illegible] in his father's lowering brow, but most of all in the tearful tenderness of his mother's gaze Dinner was often a painful ordeal to pass through now The Doctor, dark and moody, Mrs Davenport anxious and constrained Alice who was afraid of her father, painfully silent—I am was used to this but to day there was evidently something more than usually wrong and his conscience though not by any means generally officious or importunate in suggestions of the kind, did upon this occasion whisper to him that his own conduct might perhaps have had something to do with it The moment his mother and he found all right, and were soon as he reached the shelter of the drawing room exposed his fear that 'Old Gibson had been kicking up a row about a word or two that he had happened to leave out in some stupid law paper or other that morning, and setting the Governor against him for nothing' Such was Tom's version of the case

His mother passed her white fingers through his hair, and gathered up all her courage to speak reprovingly to her boy

He seemed to read her resolve in her sorrowful face "Now, mother, don't *you* begin to jaw me You know as well as possible how I hated the thought of the law from the very first, you know how I begged and prayed a year ago that I might be sent to an army tutor There is my godfather's legacy of £500 Why could not I have had that advanced to me to purchase a commission if there was no other money to be had? A fellow never does any good in a profession he has no taste for, and I say it was a shame of the Governor to tie me down to a trade like old Gibson, and he has no right to complain because I don't work myself to death in that confounded office of his"

"My boy my dear boy" pleaded Mrs Davenport, "you have a good, true heart at bottom I want to speak to that now I want you to be a help and support to your father and me, not to weigh us down by an anxiety heavier than all the rest"

Tom seemed softened His was a ductile nature, but just because an impression was so easily made there, it was with equal ease effaced That, however, Mrs Davenport had never realized Her mother's heart had a gift of "believing all things," "hoping all things" and, despite the experience of years, she had still undiminished faith in every fresh assurance of Tom that he would try to work a little more and to spend a little less, and would often shed tears of grateful emotion as she repeated to Nanny some off hand, characteristic good resolution of the kind the youth had made in haste and forgotten at leisure Thus evening he spoke more earnestly than usual and produced apparently a deeper impression Who could have wished her to analyse very closely its value or its source? It was enough, that under the dark lashes of Tom's blue eyes, some moisture shone as she talked to him of his father's altered health and spirits and prayed him to help her in saving him all painful emotion Had she possessed a clearer insight into Tom's character, 'unstable as water' though not devoid of a sort of surface beauty she would have lost the ray of hope she now held on the gathering gloom When we thank God for his tender mercies towards us, let us not forget to thank him for the comfort of our illusions for the strength derived from our true heart of hope even when often regarded its fulfilment the 'hope was vain'

While mother and son were talking thus, the Doctor was alone in his library This evening he would not sit over his customary bottle he would not trust himself with it, this evening letters had to be written which required all the clear thinking he was master of Poor Alice! He little thought when he married her that it would ever come to this The fortune she so unreservedly made over into his hands he had fully meant—God knew he had—to preserve intact for her and her children In those first prosperous years, it seemed impossible that he should ever be even tempted to have recourse to it, more, it seemed certain that he should be able by insuring his life, to double the provision it made for her and her family The convenient season for doing this had not indeed ever arrived, but when that hope was over when he found year by year that increased expenses necessitated his drawing upon their capital his next firm resolve had been to make up by a life insurance at least the original sum, and now he could no longer pay the premium—nay—only from the bonus which the relinquishment of this insurance would secure him, could he possibly derive the means of liquidating pressing claims. Gibson—the Doctor cursed him in his heart—Gibson even would trust him no longer The bills for the house too were urgent Last year it seemed that they at least would be met with the utmost ease But everything had gone against him How his practice had fallen off! How ungrateful former patients had proved! How that slippery fellow Roberts had crept in, supplanted him in all directions! It never occurred to him that his own want of punctuality, his intellect too often clouded by intemperance, had anything to do with this No, it was injustice, caprice, cruelty on the part of a whole neighbourhood His hand was raised in fierce, impotent enmity, not only against all mankind, but against the moral government of the world, against the great Lawgiver whose unalterable laws he had surveyed against himself

Extravagance! Embarrassment! A venial sin,

a minor misery in the estimation of the unthinking, and especially of the young a shadow cast by a generous genial temperament, nothing more nothing worse than this Alas! as we live on taught by wider and deeper observation, by sad experience, if not actually in our own case, in that of some relative or early friend indirectly bearing upon ours, we learn a juster appreciation of all the misery and wrong the words comprehend It is not too strong a statement to affirm that he who wilfully offends in this one point is "guilty of all" The embarrassed man cannot afford a single virtue First and foremost truth must go Life would be unbearable without a cultivated self deception, the 'lie that saveth,' the next step is inevitable and very easy, a careful deceiving of others A sense of honour goes, the measures that would have startled him once, now practically commend themselves as ways of extrication,—"the empty bag cannot stand upright Good temper goes How can a man live serene with a sword hanging over his head? how can he stand the friction of family intercourse, with some hidden sore which any unguarded touch may torture? Natural affection goes The death of a once loved relative grows to be the mere preamble to the falling in of a legacy, children are viewed as expenses rather than pleasures the wronged, untrusted wife, be she ever so gentle appears an enemy and accuser Where all is so wretched who can wonder if the stimulant be sought, which at least can procure the temporary forgetfulness of all? And to this a man, by nature intelligent, kindly, generous, cheerful may be brought by small and slow degrees! Well if it be not lower still! Well if, to the unscrupulous character that could carelessly run up bills without any certainty of power to pay them,—could purchase selfish indulgence by the degradation of the loan—swindling more palpable still forging and theft may, murder itself, has not been presented as the only means of self preservation

Dr Davenport's letters—one of them to the insurance company—were written and posted And now, now that his whole nervous system is tortured by the step he has just taken, he will try a little counter irritation—turn away from the contemplation of his own conduct to that of Tom's How unwarrantable and inexcusable that boy's extravagance and idleness were! He would stand it no longer He vehemently rings his bell Nanny appears—"Send Mr Tom here" Nanny, instinctively aware that her darling is in disgrace, suggests that probably he is gone out with Miss Alice, believes it fully, saw him, indeed, she thinks Dr Davenport is not to be so deceived—"Send him here, instantly" There is nothing for it "Oh, Tom, be dutiful to your father!" cried his poor mother as he leaves the room

We have said that Tom was not a very hopeful subject for the best, calmest, wisest moral teaching, but at least such would always have excited in him a transient penitence and purpose to amend His father's violence woke all the anger and resistance of his inconstant nature As the altercation went on, Tom more and more lost sight of all those delinquencies of his own, which his mother's gentle words had brought out in strong relief before his conscience half an hour ago, till at length he believed himself the most wronged, the most unjustly censured, the most unfortunate, and the most blameless youth in the county Terrible words passed between the father and son words of bitter recrimination and mutual contempt It is our own most prominent fault that looks ugliest in another Dr Davenport had no restraint of pity, Tom none of respect

At length there is a pause in the angry voices that ever and anon have reached and tortured Mrs Davenport She thanks God that the painful if necessary discussion is over The door bursts open Tom pale to death, drags her by the arm

Something is wrong with my father, he was very angry—then all of a sudden, he stopped talking Come, mother I think there is something very much the matter I think he has fainted away

CHAPTER V

While all this misery was going on within the Doctor's home Alice was unconsciously enjoying the beauty of the pure evening on a bridle lonely common about two miles from Brynford Aware that her father was even more than usually gloomy and morose, and nervously dreading some explosion or other, she had stolen away just as Tom followed his mother into the drawing room, had hurriedly tied on her hat, stepped into the yard to unloose Carlo and then walked off as fast as she could along an old and now little frequented road, that lay between Brynford and the neighbouring town of Nant Poor Alice's heart was heavy at first but Carlo's gratitude for his release and evident appreciation of the walk soon lightened it a little There was no resisting the contagion of his high spirits as he dashed on out of sight, then returned to jump up almost to her shoulder, to worry the skirt of her dress with much friendly growling and ecstatic bursts of barking, and suddenly dash off again farther than before Carlo was very young; so was his mistress both 'felt their life in every limb,' both soon forgot their home grievances—Carlo, that dull barrel in the yard, sloping and uncomfortable, in which he never could arrange the straw to his mind, Alice, the transient cloud her father's angry gloom had cast over her spirits Her mother had so carefully screened her from any definite knowledge of Dr Davenport's embarrassments or unfortunate habit, that though Alice felt of late years a vague shrinking from him, and was always secretly relieved when he was away from home, she had no positive apprehension of domestic calamity, and no sense of selfishness in making her escape alone this particular evening

There were few things Alice more intensely enjoyed than this walking alone She had no intimate female friends, and Tom's companionship only disturbed the day dreams her too vivid imagination delighted to conjure up, and gave her nothing in return She was inexpressibly tired of hearing him complain of office work and home life, and he on his part never took the least interest in the books she had been reading, the poetry she loved This exquisite evening, if Tom had been

with her, she should not have been able to stand as now, and watch the changing glory of the western sky, her eyes suffused, her heart full of vague yearning of that sweet melancholy the young love to dally with, till there comes to them the experience of a real sorrow. Alice's reverie might have lasted longer if all had not been disturbed by Carlo. He had been quietly sitting beside her with his head thrown back, and tongue still hanging a little out on one side over his shining white teeth, gradually recovering from the unwonted mental fatigue he had gone through. Now all of a sudden, he rose with a growl and walk'd forward with a deliberate step and unusual elevation of his bushy tail. Along the road which crossed the common still loitered Jabez the tramp, slowly accompanied by a still more ill-looking dog, who soon as he saw Carlo, comes to a dead stop and then walks on also very slowly, with his crabbily hair raised into a perfect mane. Alice foreboded mischief, called out impatiently to Carlo to come back, but all in vain. 'Uncle Lamy Carlo' can he not see how terribly against him the odds are? Then to the boy in despair: "Call off your dog, oh, do call it off!" But the young miscreant intended to have a little engagement. At all events his master (a most ill-favoured mongrel half terrier, half bull dog, Alice believes it a misfit of colossal proportions), flies at the silken throat of his would-be adversary. They roar, they fall, they roll over and over. Poor Alice screams aloud in her agony. Oh he will be killed, her dear faithful Carlo! and she cannot help him. She has not even a pencil to look over that horrible creature's terrible back. And that unnatural boy! he only grins, he only says, "*Dem Sassenach!*" Suddenly the sound of horses' feet, a pretty pony carriage coming rapidly along, a lady driving. At once she stops her ponies, speaks to the servant behind, who jumps out, and with her handsome silver mounted whip, which she has given him, belabours the vicious terrier with might and main, till, howling, he relinquishes his hold, and limps away. Well for Carlo that that snowy throat of his was so thick a mass of curls with all his bull dog pertinacity, the terrier's teeth never contrived fairly to meet. But still the poor spaniel is half-choked, there is blood on the curls and a parting snap given by his unconscious foe has left him dead lame. Alice bends over him crying sadly. The lady requests that the dog may be lifted in behind, that the dog's mistress will take her place beside her, she will gladly turn back, will drive them as far as the entrance to Brynford, if that be their way. It is too kind an offer to refuse. The servant has already taken poor Carlo into his arms. Alice rises. It is her Aunt Laura who has come to her rescue.

At any other time the young girl might have felt her present position an embarrassing one. Not so now. In moments of excitement we are never shy, never awkward, because we are lifted out of self consciousness. To Alice it is the simplest thing in the world to bend forward and kiss the small, strong, neatly gloved hand that grasps the reins. 'Dear Aunt Laura, how good and kind you are, how fortunate that you chose this upper road! But for you, my poor Carlo would have been killed by that dreadful creature. I always knew I should love you if ever I knew you, and so I do." And she smiles up in the elder lady's face, smiles brightly in spite of her tears, looks trustingly into the huge brown eyes so like in their form and colour, to all but the light of youth and hope so like her own.

Another moment, and she is seated beside her aunt, the ponies trotting rather reluctantly back again towards the town they had so lately left. Miss Hilton applied her whip pretty smartly to the more unwilling of the two who resented the hint by a plunge which a little frightened the timid girl. "How courageous you are, Aunt Laura! I would not drive such spirited ponies for the world." Miss Hilton looked down very kindly on the young innocent face. "You are like your mother in that, she replied, "she was always timid in a carriage." Then, after a pause, 'Alice how is your poor mother?' We have not met for many years. Circumstances over which I had no control—" and again Miss Hilton startled that relapsing pony by a sharp cut. 'Distressing cases of the kind will sometimes occur in families, but my poor sister can never be indifferent to me, nor" added she with a something of tenderness in her tone "nor from hence forth can her daughter be so.' Again Alice bent down as if to kiss her aunt's hand. There was to her an intense charm in the handsome face, so stately and sad in the ring of the clear decided voice. It must be remembered that she had never heard from her mother a single disparaging word respecting Aunt Laura. Dr Davenport, indeed, would sometimes blurt out an uncomplimentary allusion to her pride and cold heartedness, but his opinion had little weight with his daughter. She had even more than once thought that it was no wonder Aunt Laura had not liked him. And then the romantic character of the whole occurrence. It was like a chapter in a work of fiction. It was the most exciting incident of Alice's whole life. This unapproachable relative, whom she had been accustomed only to look at in church from the other side of the aisle, whom to meet by chance in Brynford was a rare and interesting circumstance, why, here Alice was, sitting by her, talking to her, henceforth to be often with her no doubt, to love her, to make her life happier, to be the agent in bringing her and her mother together again! All these delightful probabilities presented themselves at once to her mind. Meanwhile Miss Hilton's question remained unanswered. "I was asking for your poor mother, Alice," she resumed, "I fear home anxiety tells upon her health just now." "Mamma is well," replied Alice, "at least she always says she is well, but sometimes she looks very pale, and Nanny often tells us she should take more care of herself. It is papa who is not well," the young girl continued in a lower voice. "Papa is very much changed the last three or four years. When I was a child, I remember him so different, so cheerful, so kind. Mamma is uneasy about him, I am sure." No reply, only a jerk at the reins. Alice feels her heart beat very fast. There is something

she so longs to say, shall she be able to muster courage in time? Here is Brynford in sight and it is but to the entrance of the town that she has asked to be driven If the ponies would not go at such a breathless pace! In another moment it will be too late "Oh, Aunt Lina if you would come and see mamma! If you only would!" "I am leaving home to-morrow, Alice, leaving it for many months, perhaps years A residence on the Continent is considered advisable for my health Tell your mamma this Tell her I often think of the days when we were happy together And now, my dear, good bye! Is the poor dog out? Yes,—see he is better now I am glad I met you We shall meet again perhaps, some day Good bye Alice"

And that is all and she is gone! Out of sight in a few moments the ponies eager now as they were reluctant before, and she is leaving the country and not one of Alice's bright visions will come true! For a moment she stands bewildered there, then starts off homeward,—Carlo limping still but with head and tail once more pretty erect determined before the town dogs to put a good face on the matter as he can 'At least' Alice consoles herself, "how much I have to tell mamma and Nanny! How surprised they will be —how interested!" And she quickens her pace Alas! in the house she is hurrying to, there is only confusion and distress She will find no one this night at leisure to listen to her tale—no one to-morrow—no one for days and days —till the memory of it grows dim under the pressure of painful, present experience, and dies away unspoken

As Miss Hilton drove rapidly on her homeward way, her thoughts too, were engrossed by the singular and unexpected occurrence No face had looked into hers with such love and trust since by her severity, she estranged her younger sister's heart Alice was not like her mother in features or complexion, but the dark eyes had the same wondering, innocent, appealing look the blue ones used to wear At all events, she was not in the least like her unfortunate father, Miss Hilton mentally pronounced If she had not been leaving the country, a young girl like that, who loved and looked up to her, would have made Angorfa a different place Well, it was too late now for unavailing regrets, her plans were fixed Mr Roberts had that very day agreed with her that she imperatively needed change

Is Miss Hilton, then, an invalid? She did not look like one, sitting there so stately erect, urging her ponies on with so firm a hand The cool breeze had brought a colour into her usually pale face, and the excitement of the meeting with her niece given a brightness to her large, melancholy eyes Certainly she has by no means the air of an invalid this evening And yet Mr Roberts is right,—some change is needed The listless, unsatisfied mind is telling upon the body, the body reacting upon the mind There is danger lest Miss Hilton sink into a lamentable state of depression, both mental and physical If she were a poor woman, indeed, compelled by a happy necessity to work for bread, her latent energy aroused, demanded alike and increased by some regular compulsory occupation, or if she were an actively benevolent and sympathising woman, capable of throwing herself heart and soul into the wants and interests of the poor around, such trifling ailments as hers might be surmounted at home as well as elsewhere but as the case stands a foreign tour is her best chance Trying change of pursuit, change of scene must be tried Of all idleness travelling is the least burdensome the most unsuspected Miss Hilton, as she moves from place to place ostensibly in search of health, may possibly forget the uselessness and uselessness, and selfishness of her life —may be less intolerably unhappy than she is at home

It is written 'No man liveth unto himself' The poor and barren existence of the self centred treated does not indeed deserve the name of *life* Loving no one more than self self becomes at last distrustful Better the most fussy and injudicious benevolence, better even the most disproportionate doting upon idol or pet than the heart-isolation to which Miss Hilton had doomed herself As years went on, she seemed to have less strength to bear up under its burden She found a positive relief in attributing this change in her feelings to physical disease and had for several weeks been one of Mr Roberts' patients and he after exhausting all the ineffectual resources of his pharmacopœia, has seriously advised foreign travel Accordingly, Miss Hilton and a French maid whom she has engaged set out on the morrow Alas!

the eye is not filled with seeing, nor the ear with hearing' "The mind is its own place' even in Switzerland even in Rome, whether fact to face with the highest snow peak that blushes in the sunset or while the music rolls most richly beneath the colossal cathedral dome Miss Hilton' experience has taught her thus much, and if you were to question her now, she would tell you that she anticipated but little pleasure in her journeyings, that she only went at her doctor's desire Her French maid, who has to pack to see after the luggage, to catch a glimpse of her old master as she passes through Paris, comes in for all the excitement, the energy, the prospective enjoyment Ducie's laugh is intolerably loud to Miss Hilton this last evening For her own part she wishes her health would allow her to remain where she is, wishes—it is very weak, no doubt, but still she cannot help it, with her niece's smile so vividly present with her—wishes that she could consistently with her duty to herself have forgiven poor dear Alice's degrading *mesalliance*!

CHAPTER VI

Three weeks later, Dr Davenport came down to his study for the first time since the fainting fit that had so terrified his household He had been confined to his bed by a severe attack of jaundice, accompanied occasionally by acute pain, and for some days had been critically ill So said Dr Allen, one of the leading physicians of the good old city of Chester, whom Dr Davenport allowed his poor distracted wife to send for, on condition that if this professional brother took the same view of his case he himself did, and prescribed the same treatment, he should not be harassed again about calling in advice, so long as his own brain remained clear And as Dr. Allen's

diagnosis and practice did coincide with that of the patient, he was not invited to come all that way again, and Mrs Davenport's many anxious hours were consoled by the daily visit, the kindly suggestion, the positive assurance of amendment which we all at one time or other of our lives, learn to consider of such incalculable value. Neither husband nor wife ever thought of calling in Mr Roberts, there was no neighbouring medical man for whose skill the Doctor had much respect, and the journey from Chester was obviously too long to impose on one who declined any compensation for his time or trouble. Mrs Davenport and Nanny were therefore obliged to guess at the bearing of the symptoms as well as they could, for the Doctor was singularly impatient of questioning. Nanny was however, much cheered by his irritability and every time again assured her mistress that it was an infallible sign of recovery. 'It's them meek ones as is always took,' she averred, 'but master will do finely, I warrant him. It's a pleasure to hear how sharp his voice is bless him' and never a thing we can do to please him. He *must* be strong to be so fractious, thank God for it.' Mrs Davenport inwardly feared that she herself was but a poor awkward nurse, and that this might have something to do with the symptoms, but she dared not broach such a counter theory to Nanny, and was only too thankful to accept the more favourable.

It was supposed to be some days after the Doctor wrote two letters in reply to some which had arrived for him when too ill to read them. On the twenty first as we have already said, he tottered down supported by his wife and Nanny to his own study on the ground floor.

But oh, the ravages of these last weeks! In the warmth and shade of bed he had looked better, they thought—much better since the yellow hue had faded away. Now, sitting so feebly there, taking up so little of the chair he used to fill, his head restlessly hanging forward, his eyes huge hollow, glassy, his face drawn the sunshine streaming in revealed the full extent of the change. The Doctor raised one of his hands, looked at it with a keen professional glance, felt it, laid the finger of the other hand on his wrist, counted, mused, counted again. Then leaning wearily back in the chair his eye met Nanny's running down with tears. Very hurriedly she wiped them with her apron. *Dyn bye*, master dear, I am a great fool to be crying just with joy to see you down once more.' 'Oh that's the reason, is it?' asked he, with something of playfulness, and then he held out his hand. 'You are a good friend to us, Nanny.' The worthy woman enclosed the poor yellow fingers for a moment in her own rough, red, vigorous hands, and then hurried away to sob violently in the kitchen over a terrible misgiving that rose within her for the first time. Oh, to have heard him scold her ever so roundly, anything but the heart rending gentleness of that faint smile! Whatever Dr Davenport's faults were he had at least 'the genius to be loved' by his dependants. 'You see for all he's a bit hot and hasty' the coach man who had lived with him ten years, once remarked to Nanny, by way of apology for his reluctance to leave his somewhat stormy master, 'you can come so near him, like.' Wherever indeed there is genialty and sympathy, and above all, a total absence of haughtiness, these, in the estimation of the humbler classes, are sure to cover a multitude of sins. Violence of temper they can understand, rough words spoken, these they freely interchange amongst each other, and yet at the bottom of their hearts, cherish warm, strong affections ever true to the touch of sorrow or sickness and they can give a passionate master credit for the same. But the man who stands aloof, who never interchanges a jest, a familiar word, who feels and thus cannot help showing that he feels himself of a different order of being, this man may render services, nay, may do kindnesses, may give away a fair proportion of his substance in most judicious charity may be useful, owned useful, respected, deferred to, he never will be *loved* by tenants servants, or poor neighbours.

Nanny having hurried away, Dr and Mrs Davenport were left alone, she standing timidly a little behind his chair. There was a length ened pause and then 'Alicia come and sit beside me. I have something I should like to say to you.' His low pleading voice struck a nameless terror to her heart. She knelt down beside him, and waited till he should speak again. "Poor Ally, said he stroking her soft light hair "there's not a white streak here, and yet there are—how many years since you cut me off that long plait one summer evening at Angorfa?' There are twenty' she said as calmly as she could taking the poor hand as it dropped heavily down, and kissing it reverently. This dear hand is not so thin as it was, she added with the flicker of a smile. The Doctor shook his head. 'So much the worse, then suddenly—"When I am dead you will not curse my memory, Ally?' Do not start—I am not delirious. I say, when I am dead, will you think as tenderly of me as you can?'

You will recover" she said, forcing back her tears by a mighty effort of will, "you will recover to be as you always have been, my heart's best blessing.' The Doctor shook his head again, "I've been a brute to you, Alicia, often and often.'

Hush!' said she, almost for her imperatively, and laid her fair, cool hand on his parched lips. There was a little pause during which she gave him something to drink, re arranged the cushions in the chair, and then returned to stand behind it, judging it better that he should not excite himself by further conversation. But he was not to be dissuaded from his purpose. "Alicia, come here again. Don't kneel. I should kneel to you. I have wronged you, wronged your children." Her face seemed frozen into speechless terror, her blue eyes opened wide, her lips apart. She does not even try to speak. "Ay! I expected you to be shocked. But I did not mean to waste your money, when I married you, Alicia. I meant, God knows, to be a faithful trustee to you and to our children." Money! oh, it is only some question of money, none of disloyalty as husband and father. This she can bear. Again she kisses the poor listless hand within her grasp. "I have been a bad manager, Stephen. I was inexperienced and unpractical when you married me. And then you

were so generous to the children and to me, you allowed us to be too expensive But when you are well again we will be so prudent, so economical, you shall have no anxiety on our account" "My good, kind Ally! I shall never be well again, my poor wife! Look here," and he pressed her taper fingers, one by one, on the yellow whiteness of his cold hands, where their impress remained "I know my own case well I shall not last six weeks, Alice"

The poor creature gave one loud cry God only knew the anguish that wrung it from her "You will sorrow for me in spite of all!" he said, and tears—sweet, soothing, sacred—gathered slowly in his large dark eyes "yet I have been a bad father, a bad husband Well, well I will not say it, if it pain you to hear it But Alice I have wronged our children, can you love me still?" "I love you more than our children, more than ever Stephen!" "You forgive me, my Ally—forgive me for leaving you poor—bitterly poor—you, who were born and bred so differently I did not mean it, dear, indeed" And the once strong voice almost broke "Stephen," said his wife in a low, firm, sweet tone, "it is to you that I owe all the happiness I have ever had Before we met, I was a mere cipher, without any life or will of my own You seemed to give me my heart, my soul, you made me a different creature I bless you for the untold sweetness, I bless you for the very sorrow of my dear love for you, I bless you for the strength to tell you now that if I live on without you—if I can, if I can'—a struggle, but she would not yield—"I do not fear poverty for myself or our children I believe that God will enable me to work for them Let me poor weak creature that I am And for this and for all I bless you His face is bent down on hers "You forgive me?" I love you my husband "And yet I have been—let me say it—No Ah, well you may choose to forget, but God knows what I have been" "All manner of sins and trespasses shall be forgiven to the sons of men" she said in the same sweet, low voice A long pause, and then, "I believe it," said the Doctor Your enduring love helps me to believe in the forgiveness of God I have had this misery on my mind in a measure for years, though I always hoped the tide would turn Then came that last sad, desperate shift, that sacrifice of your interests' All through my illness, feeling how I had wronged you, sometimes I could hardly bear your presence I know I was often impatient, brutal I wanted so to recover, to get things right, to insure my life again, recover my practice Now the struggle is over I've made a clean breast of it, Ally, and I feel a great rest and peace I do believe, sinner that I am, He who made will forgive me" "With Him is plenteous redemption," broke in the sweet, low voice "I do believe you love me spite of all" No reply None was needed but that upward look of hers

A little later, the Doctor, leaning wearily on his wife's arm, went into the drawing room, where Alice was sitting She started at his entrance, for, having seen but little of him during his illness, she was not prepared for the ghastliness of his appearance, then went up timidly to kiss him "My pretty Alice! My little girl! My poor, wronged, pretty child!" was all he could say They had him on the sofa, they wheeled it near the open window For a few moments he seemed revived and easy, then the restlessness of weakness came over him He would go into the kitchen, and shake hands with Hopkins, who would be come in for his tea When he went out of it again, after a few words to each of them, the servants—Margaret, the sleepy housemaid, and all—sobbed like children "I think it's the look in Miss-uses face that cuts one up most," Hopkins thought. As Dr Davenport tottered through the passage, Tom chanced to come in, cigar in mouth, but seeing his father he instantly threw it away and trod it out His cigar of Tom's had often been a cause of quarrel but the Doctor did not seem to notice it now Give me your arm, my boy, I lean too heavily upon your mother's, my ankles are still and swollen I hope you are not tiring yourself, sir,' said Tom the ready tears springing to his eyes 'A little I wanted to see all the old places—a foolish fancy enough The old places' but there's a new look about them all to night Tom, help me up stairs to my bed"

That evening, no one knew exactly how, it spread all through the little town of Brynlord that the Doctor was a dying man Perhaps no one of its inhabitants heard it quite unmoved Mr Gibson was very considerably shocked "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" thought he, "I had not much hope of his lasting long when he was here about three weeks ago, but this is sudden indeed I wonder how he contrived to pay me that two hundred pounds I hope he is not so much embarrassed as people thought Thomson has been rude too, I hear I am glad I dissuaded him from putting the Doctor in the county court Poor fellow! poor, poor fellow! A man in the prime of life about my own age I am glad I have always been tolerably patient with that idle lad of his I must see what more I can do to help him on" Even Davies, the tutor, though his mind suggested that he had been too sanguine about that long bill of some years standing considerably swelled of late by Tom's frequent orders felt, on hearing the rumour, that his probable loss was a secondary consideration, so keen was his regret As to the poor, who had never come into contact with any but the best portions of the Doctor's character, their sorrow was vehement as well as sincere To them, in his earlier days, he had never grudged time nor trouble, and of late, though there were indeed seasons in which they knew the Doctor was not quite his own man, yet he had generally a kindly smile, a sixpence, or, better still, a patient ear to lend to their case. Quite early the next morning, several old women, and more than one labouring man, might have been seen hanging about the back door, hoping to see some of the inmates passing in and out, and so get authentic tidings They would not make so bold as to ring and trouble the servants, but if Nanny chanced to make her appearance, she was surrounded by eager faces, and she put up willingly with the trouble to herself for the sake of the respect shown to her beloved master

Very dark and solemn the shadow cast over the

hours by the wings of the Angel of Death. Agonies of tenderness of yearning, of terror go on beneath it, alternations of hope and fear that congeal the life blood, rendings asunder of soul and spirit, suffering has was only in its full extent to Him who framed the human heart like the strongest and weakest of all earthly things. But no cup given us to drink out of our Creator's hand is wholly bitter. Beneath that awful shadow all that is mean, selfish, cruel, in our character disappears for a season. Nothing is felt but love, pity, gratitude on one side, self denial on the other. God's blessing rests upon the house of mourning. Very poor, very frivolous, the nature that has never groaned there.

Tom seemed a different youth from that night he supported his father up stairs—grave, considerate, thoughtful, always at hand, always anxious to help us. Miss Davenport and Nanny were often met in thankfulness for this through all their sorrow. Alice, too, was roused from her dreamy inaction, too happy to do any little service to her father. He had always a cheerful word for Tom, always a tender smile for Alice, but he best liked—this was her exceeding great reward—he best liked to be ministered to by his wife. All were very good to him, all moved the pillows, drew the curtains, gave him the cup his terrible thirst constantly craved, well—only she did all these best. Then she knew all. He had told her every particular of his reduced circumstances. He could speak openly to her of his weaknesses, his temptations. Sometimes, when the sense of his own sin was strong, rather than that of God's mercy, she, with a return of her old distrust, had wished him to see Mr. Moore, who was assiduous in his visits of inquiry. But, no. Even here he wanted no other human help, even here his Ally comforted best. He never would hear of bringing her to that matchless type of the Divine forgiveness the story of the Prodigal and the Father, who saw him *a great way off*.

So the days went on. Glowing August weather out of doors, cloudless skies, the promise and cheer of an early and abundant harvest. In the sick room, some ground lost day by day, increase of weakness, of suffering, increase of patience too, and of unutterable love between the two so soon to part. One of Mrs. Davenport's bitterest trials was a short interval of delirium that set in. Not that it was delirium of a painful kind, on the contrary the imagination of the dying man returned to happy scenes of childhood. He was a school boy again at play, or an ardent student talking over his classes to some early friend. But he was severed utterly from her, his thoughts were of the young life in which she had no part, and, oh! she should lose him so soon—it was agony to be deprived of one hour's communion. Dr. Allen, who often came over, gave her hopes of consciousness returning before the end. *The end!* They speak these words to us of our life's life, and we live on!

Dr. Allen was right. One evening, waking out of a long doze, Dr. Davenport's eyes opened calmly upon his wife watching on one side—Nanny on the other. They had sent the children out for a stroll in the garden. He knows them again. Oh, thank God for that! He speaks to them, but his voice is very faint.

'My faithful Nanny!'

'*Master, annoyed can't abide.*'

"Leave me a little with *her*."

Nanny kisses his hand in an agony of affection, and goes out of the room, but not far. The shadow of the brooding wings is deepening on the shrunken face.

"Alice, I have no fear. I feel like a little child, quite sure its father loves it."

'My own! my own!'

"Ally, I am thankful that I married you, though I have you so poor. Kiss me, my darling wife."

In she dying too—feeling those lips grow cold beneath her own? She believes so, and she blesses God.

When consciousness returned her children were beside her. "Papa is in heaven!" sobbed poor Alice, "but, oh, mamma, you will live for our sake!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE RAVEN

(*See Illustration in front.*)

We do not wonder that Noah waited forty days after the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat, before he ventured to open the window. His soul was filled with awe, and though he doubtless trusted in the goodness of God yet fear and sorrow must have predominated in his mind when he thought of the judgment and destruction which had come upon all the earth. He sent first the raven, and afterwards the dove, to ascertain if the waters were abated. This reminds us of what we read of ancient nations taking birds with them on their voyages, to serve them as guides on the pathless ocean. As God brought unto Adam every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and endowed him, not merely with an insight into their peculiarities, so that he could give unto them names, but also gave him power and dominion over them, so that they willingly obeyed him, thus must it also have been in the case of this second Father of the Race. Yet how striking is the difference! Here, the ark surrounded by the waters of judgment and the streams of death—a place of safety, yet of darkness and mysterious gloom there, the garden of Eden, in all its loveliness and beauty, with its river flowing to [illegible] in fourfold divisions—the picture of life, [illegible]ity, and hope. It was not merely a miracle [illegible] the animals were brought into the ark, and that they lived together in peace, but also a sign that the power given originally to man, as the king of earth, should be restored to him and that the time is coming when the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.

We find that the distinction between [illegible]lean and unclean animals was known at this [illegible] stage.

The very circumstance that it was a serpent which beguiled Eve must have suggested to man whose eye for the hieroglyphics of nature was far clearer and quicker then than now, that evil had entered also into this part of creation, and though we do not find in the Old Testament a distinction, such as prevailed in Parsism, based upon the belief in Dualism—the kingdom of light of Ormuzd, and the kingdom of darkness of Ahriman—yet they must have possessed a deeper insight into the characteristic peculiarities and symbolic meaning of animals, which rendered the subsequent ceremonial distinction with reference to sacrifices intelligible and instructive Thus is the more remarkable when we bear in mind that Scripture is entirely free from what may be termed the superstitious or sentimental view of animal creation It does not hesitate to exhort us to be wise as serpents, though Satan himself is represented under this image, and while the grandeur, generosity strength and royalty of the lion are fit emblems of the great Hero of victory and King of kings, the inspired Apostle does not scruple to speak of the adversary as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour Noah sent first the raven, a bird well adapted to this wild, lonely, and awful enterprise Characterised by great cunning and sagacity, omnivorous, and possessing the faculty of discovering its food at a great distance, both by the power of sight and the perception of odours, capable of high and long continued flight, he was sent out of the ark to explore the unknown region 'The raven of quick scent of gross feed, of tough constitution,—no fowl was so fit for discovery, the likeliest things always succeed not He neither will venture far into that solitary world for fear of want nor yet come into the Ark for love of liberty, but hovers about in uncertainties How many carnal minds fly out of the Ark of God's Church, rather choosing to feed upon the unsavoury carcases of sinful pleasures than to be restrained within the strait lists of Christian obedience * Strange picture and striking contrast to the timid and gentle dove! With his dark plumage and sepulchral voice, it seems as if the awful wilderness of water had no terror for him, and careless of shelter, and home and companionship he seems content if only the cravings of hunger are satisfied Nor can Noah gather anything from his movements —a selfish and useless messenger has he proved As Augustin says "Who are meant by the ravens? They who seek their own And by the dove They who seek the things that are Christ's † No wonder that Martin Luther writes of this raven "As this bird has black plumage, which is an emblem of sorrow, and a croaking voice, so are the preachers of the law, who teach works, for they have the ministry of death and sin Yet are they sent forth, even as the raven was, and they flutter round about the ark, but bring no sure sign of peace or tidings of a reconciled God But the preachers of the Evangel are like unto the dove'

And yet let us see whether we cannot find anything to admire, and, if possible, to love in this apparently repulsive creature There is beauty in its jetty plumage, and thus, in the Song of Solomon, the bride describing her beloved says "His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven, and there is music in the raven's cry, when we hear it in the right manner The Lord himself, when he answered Job out of the whirlwind, said—'Who provideth for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat" The Psalmist also speaks of the young ravens which cry, and to which God greatly food It has been observed, that the raven after having taught its young to fly, does not suffer them any longer to remain in the nest, and when thus left helpless and unprovided, a higher power remembers and satisfies their wants. He who is adored and praised by myriads of angelic voices and to whose throne the prayers and hallelujahs of his beloved saints ascend, does not disregard the cry of this poor bird, but listens to it as if it was consciously addressed to Him; and the Saviour, when on earth, considered the ravens as the objects of God's care and goodness, and commanded us to listen to them as preachers of the providence of a Father rich in mercy "Consider the ravens for they neither sow nor reap, which have neither store house nor barn, and God feedeth them, how much more are ye better than the fowls?' And as God hears their cry, and gives them food, so he uses them as his messengers and servants, and sent by Him, their errand is not uncertain or in vain By a lonely brook, running murmuring along between rocky masses, Elijah, according to the Divine command, has taken up his abode And though the whole country, and fields, and woods, are scorched, and every fountain is exhausted, and every forest stream dried up, the brook Cherith continued to flow, and while the Prophet drank of its clear water, he praised his God, whose goodness is new every morning, and His faithfulness every evening. And as his thirst was satisfied in this desolate place more abundantly than in the royal and princely mansions so was his daily bread also provided in a marvellous manner The ravens, voracious birds and impure according to the law, are the messengers of God which bring unto His servants bread and flesh Every morning and every evening they come, their cry is heard aloft in the trees, it is no doleful sound in Elijah's ears. Their dark plumage has nothing ominous or foreboding to him The keenness of their vision, and their strength, were used by God for the benefit of one who was an heir of salvation, and to whom therefore the word applies, "All things are yours'

* Hall's *Contempl*

† As the Ark was considered as a type of the Church it was natural to [illegible] the presence of unclean animals as well as in the [illegible]ster of Ham an illustration of the impurities and [illegible]ed character of the visible congregation of [illegible]. It is necessary with Augustine that during [illegible] of this present dispensation the Church should [illegible] both raven and dove The tares are to grow with the wheat Another and perhaps deeper view is that of Ambrose, according to whom the unclean things symbolize those evil inclinations and tendencies, which remain in the believer till his landing in the world

* The German expression "Rabenvater, applied to a cruel parent, is based on a popular but erroneous conception

A PEEP AT RUSSIA AND THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC

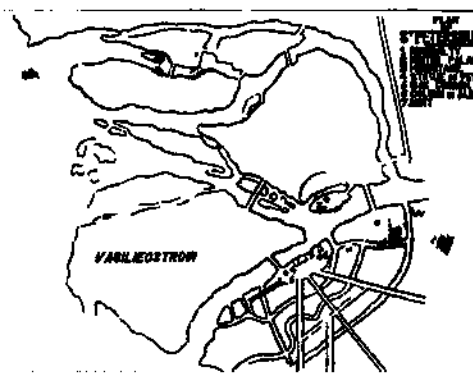
NO II

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST BASIL

I confess to the disappointment which I have always experienced when comparing any place I have ever visited, with the best descriptions of it which I had previously read The pictures drawn by the writers, or perhaps those as more presented by the mind of the reader, have never at once adjusted themselves to the actual reality A revolution is necessary, in order to exchange the old image of the fancy for the new one of the eye Mountains, lakes, and rivers, require a new arrangement—yet the descriptions may have been admirable and, when read on the spot have probably assisted in pointing out beauties and features of the landscape which otherwise might have escaped our notice With this experience I will not attempt to describe in detail, but only very generally, what I saw in St Petersburgh and Moscow, and as I intimated in my last chapter, shall attempt to inform my readers, who care to know it, of the general impression only which the general view of both made upon

At the beginning of the last century the site on which the capital is now built was a dreary morass, shaded by the primitive forest and like a huge black sponge, was charged with moisture from absorbing since creation the waters of the Neva that flowed through it and over it as they pleased The Czar Peter, a giant man with a giant's will, boots and walking stick and with a genius which bordered on insanity, determined as all the world knows, that here should be built the capital of his Empire And so after having learned shipbuilding, and other useful handicrafts while he lived in that small wooden house in Holland—which I have visited with all tourists to that wet, flat land of ditches, canals, and windmills—the mad Peter built a similar hut among the marshes of "the Islands" of the Neva, and began to drive piles, build quays, and accumulate stones, to rear a new Amsterdam

Peter determined to have ships, to beat the Swedes, and thus gain the command of the Northern Sea, and open a grand gate to his future empire—how much greater since he day!—and also to have always open a back door to Europe He began by ordering every strange ship to bring thirty paving stones as a part of her cargo, and every boat ten, and every land carriage three, and the stones accumulated, and the city was built All his plans succeeded When he beat Charles XII at Pultowa in 1709, he exclaimed that "the foundations of St Petersburgh at length stood firm" He fought many enemies but the Neva was his greatest, and may yet prove one of the most invincible if provoked by any opposition of the Baltic Twenty five feet of rise, such as has occurred, will probably decide the battle against the capital of the Czars But for more than a century and a half Peter's plans have beat the Neva's stream Upwards of 600 streets reticulate the surface of the morass, 12,000 public and private conveyances drive over it, 11 000 shops and stalls adorn it, and half a million of people live upon it But alas! the morass has so far its triumphs! If a pit is dug in any part of the town, three feet deep, the water oozes from its sides and bottom. This probably [illegible] the



health of the population as the deaths every year exceed the births by 9000

Knowing the admiration which most travellers have expressed for St Petersburgh I am almost afraid to acknowledge my great disappointment with it It by no means came up to what I expected from the description I had read or the "illustrations" I had seen of it The finest view I think is from the centre of the Admiralty * in that grand open space where 100 000 men may be manœuvred In front is the Nevskoi Prospect one of the widest streets in Europe and stretching in a straight line for three miles To the left is the noble Alexander column flanked on one side by the Winter and Hermitage Palaces, and on the other by the handsome quadrant of public offices opening by a large arch into streets beyond having on its summit a car of victory The extreme right of the view and of the place, is bounded by the buildings of the Holy Synod and the farthest angle filled up by St Isaac's Cathedral The open space on the opposite side to St Isaac's and next the Neva is marked by the statue of the Czar Peter, while beyond the broad noble river itself appear the long buildings on the quays of the Islands There is no doubt a vastness in the scale of this Place d'Armes which is imposing There are moreover details in this great whole which stand minute examina

KREMLIN, MOSCOW

tion St Isaac's Church—which by the way cost about in some say £16,000 000!—is a stately and solid building without but too bizarre within and too over loaded with gildings, and too flash with colour, to produce the solemn effects of York or Westminster as a place of worship It is, however, admirably adapted for those spectacles in which the Greek Church delights The Hermitage Palace, with its noble staircase and magnificent collection of paintings, is worthy in every respect of a great capital, nor is there any monolith in Europe to be compared with the Alexander Column, the shaft alone being eighty feet of unbroken polished granite But in spite of all this, and much more which might be said in favour of other views and of particular objects the general impression with which the whole made on me irresistibly was that of a rapidly got up city, with a singularly waste and unfinished look about it barbaric vastness and oriental display, without real, enduring, unmistakable grandeur The platform or base line is ugly from which the buildings spring being a desert of uneven stones, full of mud or dust holes, open water ways, and undulations, excruciating to the miserable travellers in a droshky This sadly mars the general aspect The vast majority of the palaces are in red brick and stucco with a very decayed shabby look about them, while the immense space seems to dwarf every building into paltry dimensions, and themselves to appear empty of people who are but dots on their acres of surface The Nevskoi Prospect has nothing very striking in it except its breadth and length The shop windows are small, owing

* The open space, as seen in the plan and from which the streets radiate

I presume, to the necessities of winter the show of goods commences here, the pavement is wretched and uncomfortable made up of round flinty stones, or blocks of wooden pavement the equipages are mean the passengers on the whole, poor looking, while every street wanders to end at last in wretched houses, dusty spaces with horses, carts, and all sorts of rubbish, and finally to be lost in "nowhere," unless in the primeval forest or morass

The very unintelligible mystery of the Russian signs which seem made up of all our old letters having become deranged, some turning back to back, and others standing on their head, diminishes from the interest by denying information, and is hardly made up by the panoramic views of the contents of the shops, painted for the sake of the great majority of its customers who cannot read Who, for example, in examining the name on a statue, and seeing Cyhopob inscribed upon it, would detect in these symbols the name of the old General "Suwarrow" Then there in the absence of all historic interest No doubt, to the native of Russia, many "vitches," and "ditches," and "offs," are full of patriotic remembrances But most travellers, like myself, have never heard of these names, or the deeds which have made them illustrious, performed beyond the Caucasus. The Czars are, in fact, the nation to a stranger. One knows and hates only of them,—the great, the mad, the bad, the murdered, from Peter down to our late enemy Nicholas, who combined not a few of these characteristics The associations which chiefly fill the mind are connected with immense armies, distant conquests, Cossacks, the knout, serfs, political criminals Siberia with a Czar over all, and a background of bribery, and of political and moral corruption, which darkens the whole Russian sky

The most sights in St Petersburgh are the great bazaars and the islands The former are the roughly Russian and oriental, and there is no finer subject resting as through these interminable narrow arcades, perfectly sheltered from the rain, and admitting as much daylight from above as is desirable, with the open warehouses, containing every article bought and sold over a counter in Russia, and swarming with the most motley assemblage of buyers and sellers to be anywhere seen In the great city bazaar alone (in Gostinoi Dvor), there are 2000 shops, having I know not how many feet with plank floors crossing each other at right angles

The drive through the islands was to me peculiarly interesting from its endless extent, the presence of uncultivated, untouched nature, with her Nova stræms and quiet Baltic inlets, and primeval trees and peasant houses, as rude as in a distant forest while everywhere are as unexpectedly met with the country seats and beautiful cottages of wealthy citizens, and here and there cafés and theatres, and scenes of gay amusement, as idle and gaudy as in the Champs Elysées On the whole, wild nature has the best of it

But perhaps the most feature of St Petersburgh is the noble Neva! The hotels are filthy, the police villains, the droshkas torture, the palaces shams, the natives ugly but the Neva seems to redeem all! It flows on, deep, pure, rapid, proud, and majestic, whether one gazes on its waters flowing beneath sun set, crosses them in the light and painted ferry boats, quaffs them, or bathes in them, they are in no case disappointed

But why should we express any astonishment that this great capital should in any respect disappoint us? The wonder rather is that such a city has risen in such a country in so short a time Old General Wilson told me that he had, when a child, been spoken to by "Catherine the Great," whom he distinctly remembered, and she was married to Peter the third, the grandson of Peter the first, who founded St Petersburgh *

I longed to see the real old capital of Russia. Yet I had no preconceived idea of it in my mind, except that of an undefined picture of a mysterious old Kremlin, with flames and smoke surrounding it, and Napoleon beginning his terrible march from the unexpected heat to the unexpected cold. I was happy, therefore, to find myself in the train, which was snorting along its iron path *en route* to the Kremlin I have little to say about the journey It occupies about eighteen hours, the distance being 400 miles The line is as straight as an arrow, and quite as uninteresting It passes through a forest as prosaic as a few brooms stuck

* Perhaps some of our readers may feel an interest in the following items, gathered from the authentic statistics of St Petersburgh, published in 1860

Births	Males, 9,000	Females,	8,500
Deaths	„ 17,000	„	6,000

Male and female children Legitimate, 10,550, Illegitimate, 4708,

Population, 500,000

Males,	330,000	Females,	170,000

Of these there are —

Germans,	60,000
French,	4,000
English,	3,000
Other foreigners,	4,000

One twelfth are free citizens.
Four fifths are serfs
One half are peasants
Nineteen twentieths are poor
One sixth are military
One eighth, more or less, annually in prison
One fifth in hospitals

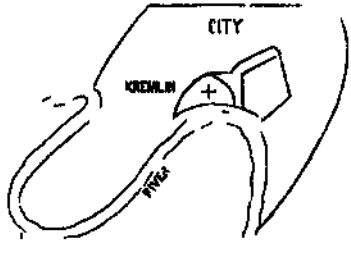
Belonging to the Greek Church,	400,000
„ Christian sects,	80,000
„ Jews	3,000
„ Pagan Turks &c,	4,000

Streets and lanes 600, not paved, 120, Churches, 201
Bargains, 5000 Street hawkers, 7000 Police 2000
Droshkas (public, 5000, and private, 5000), 10,000
Hackney drivers, 12,000
Booksellers, 45
Five daily papers, 3 Russian, 1 French, 1 German; 20 weekly journals, 30 monthly magazines
Barracks, 56
Houses of refuge for poor children, 18
Civil hospitals and infirmaries, 25
Wine cellars, 230, Beer and porter shops, 270, Gin shops, 200
Arrested by police for drunkenness annually, 10,000
„ „ debt, „ 4,000
Hotels, 90
Public Parks 5, Public Gardens, 9 Private Gardens, 700, Places and Parade Grounds, 63
Manufactories, 370, among these—Cotton Mills, 12, with 500,000 spindles, 3000 horse power steam-engines, and 12,000 workmen

in a marsh No tunnel darkens it, no cutting flanks it Not a town is seen along its course, for though a few are stations, yet the station house alone is visible I would have liked to have stopped at Tver, on one of the branches of the Volga, and the starting point of the steam navigation down that noble river The route is extremely comfortable by the railway to Moscow, the carriages, as everywhere else, being far superior to those in Britain, especially the second class The officials are most civil The refreshment rooms are equal to any in Europe, and the tea unrivalled I cannot mention its name without expressing my thankful acknowledgment for this one unmatched Russian luxury The Russian tea, or "Tchai," is the product, I have been told, of provinces in China too far north to be able to supply the European markets through the southern ports of the Empire It is conveyed overland to Russia, packed in skins, which are seen in the tea shops, in parcels about a yard square It is consequently more expensive than our tea, its price varying from 8s to upwards of 20s the pound. But a much smaller quantity is required to make a cup, or rather a tumbler, as it is only in such that tea is served in Russia It is the universal and most refreshing beverage, and costs to the drinker, as far as I remember, about 6d a glass In some of the "Traktirs" or restaurants of Moscow, such as the famous one near the Exchange, about forty pounds' weight of tea are consumed daily The food supplied at the principal railway stations had nothing which I could discover very peculiar about it, except its general excellence The Russian dishes, *par excellence*, must be demanded by the traveller before they can be obtained In the best restaurants of Moscow, where one sees two friends eating with their spoons out of one tureen, he naturally assumes that this is a national rather than an individual custom, and when dining out, he may probably be startled by his iced soup with cold salmon in it But along the railway he is not reminded by the cooking of his distance from France or England, except by the high charges for wine above the former, and by the abundance of time granted at every station for meals, as compared with the latter Next to tea, the common drink is excellent beer, or "pivo," and a sour but not unpleasant acid decoction, void of alcohol, called *quass* The supplies of fruit are neither cheap nor tempting Most of it comes from the south The stoppages on the railway are frequent and long But a walk and saunter refresh the system, and I saw several really nice looking young ladies, who were in the same carriage with us, employ these seasons of repose to smoke their cigarettes, which they did with such grace as unfortunately to tempt both strangers and foreigners to follow their bad example

I found myself early in the forenoon in the busy parlour of Mr Billo, well known to all travellers to Moscow as a most civil landlord "To the Kremlin!" was the first and anxious desire of our party So to the Kremlin we went How shall I describe it? for it is unquestionably one of the most remarkable, odd, out of the way, like nothing else spots I have ever visited, and indeed, *the* thing to be seen in Moscow, if not in Russia The first sign of the Kremlin, as we walked along the street towards it, was a high whitewashed wall, with Tartar like embrasures, and separated from the town by an open boulevard Beyond this nothing was visible, until, on passing through a gateway, behind which was a very small chapel, which seemed from its lamps, its pictures, and crowded worshippers, to be some "holy place," we entered on what seemed a busy town This was the "Kitai Gorod" or Chinese city Proceeding along the narrow crowded street, we debouched into a vast oblong space, half a mile or so in length, and about half this or less in breadth This was the *Iverskoi plowchad* (red place) The one side was bounded, opposite to us, and also to the right, by another high whitewashed wall, with towers, which contained the Kremlin proper, the other side by the back of the low houses of the great bazaar. The end to the left was occupied by that most fantastical and indescribable of all buildings, that compound of twenty domes of different shapes and sizes, of stars, and chapels, and mass of colour, blue, green, yellow, white, red, and gilt, that Tartar like Chinese Pagoda, ridiculous were it not so venerated and venerable Basil, the Cathedral of St Basil or Basilski Blagennoi Nearly opposite this church is the sacred entrance to the Kremlin, by the Holy Gate or the "Spass voroti" Over it there hangs, under a glass, and before a lamp which burns from age to age, a picture of the Saviour. From various traditions, which need not here be enumerated, every passenger, high and low, from the Emperor to the serf, must keep off his hat as he passes through this covered archway which leads upwards, by a slight ascent of a few yards, to the acropolis and capital of Moscow So have passed many a stately procession, many a weary pilgrim, many a conqueror and soldier from conquests extending from Paris to Persia, and from the Volga to the Amoor Bareheaded, I found myself at last on the stone plateau of the old Kremlin Anxious to get a bird's eye view of the whole before examining any of its details, I directed my steps at once to the highest point in the city, the summit of the high tower of "Ivan Velki," or Long John But I could not help pausing as I recalled an early dream which, then, with many others was suggested by a dear old book I have long since lost sight of, called *Lives of the Bloodies of the World*, and on now it stood in the 'Tzar Bell of Moscow' There it lay, the 'Tzar Kolokol," or King of Bells, a huge inverted cup, twenty one feet high, and upwards of sixty feet in circumference, whose very metal is worth £50,000, and with a piece out of its side which leaves a door open for easy access to the curious who wish to view its ample interior What a tongueless mouth! What a dead thunderer! But we must ascend the tower We first pass a huge bell which in size looks like the eldest son or wife of the dead one below, weighing about sixty four tons, and requiring three men to swing its clapper, then up another storey, meeting about fifty more bells, diminishing in size as the summit of the tower is reached—yet the least of them great When the summit is at last attained, let a cursory glance only be given at the Kremlin below, and at Moscow beyond, through the clear,

transparent, and brilliant atmosphere and then perhaps, for the first time, one feels amply repaid for coming so far to gaze on such a peculiar and wonderful spectacle. Immediately below, as the flat summit of the low hill which is properly called the Kremlin or fortress, and which occupies about a mile square. Rising out of this flat plateau, and without apparent order, but closely grouped together, are about sixty gilded domes, marking the oldest and most revered churches in Russia—with palaces for metropolitans bishops, and czars (Ivan the Tartars, and modern as Nicholas) with treasuries, arsenals, and nunneries. And then there are the walls of all the buildings whitewashed with snowy whiteness topped with coloured roofs of every hue—the vacant spots and small squares dividing the closely packed buildings occupied by thronging worshippers soldiers, monks, nuns, and pilgrims all clearly defined in their many shadows in the pure atmosphere while the visible portion of the wall which bounds the view on two sides, is so singularly picturesque in old, curious watch towers mouldering turrets, all covered with coloured tiles—all making up a most remarkable picture. But when the eye passed from the more immediate objects beneath and took in the rude panorama beyond the spectacle was magnificent. On one side the river Moskva curled itself like a snake, one of its bends being immediately under the Kremlin walls. Far away a few miles to the right rose a low ridge of hills or steep wooded banks called the Sparrow hills whose base was washed by the river from which the whole city first burst upon the gaze of Napoleon and his army and after visiting the scene, I can hardly imagine a more imposing view of a vast city. Let this savage drawing give the reader some notion of the relative position of places.



In turning to the other side, to gaze on the city from the summit of the tower—what can be finer? It covers a great area for its population (which is only about 500 000).

This is chiefly owing to the fact of most of the houses standing apart and having gardens attached to them. The characteristic feature unquestionably of the city, is its churches. How many there are of them, I know not (it is said 600) for I tried in vain to count them. But as each has several copper covered, gilded, or ornamental domes (generally five), with high gilded crosses and these everywhere glittering in the sun mingling with the green of the trees, and the white of their houses, all form a most brilliant and singular panorama, spread over a great area. Add to this the domes which gleam to right and left beyond the city, on the banks of the Moskwa, of great monasteries, such as the Seminoff and Donskoi (sacred to the Don Cossacks), and the brilliant impression is deepened which the gazer receives from the summit of Ivan Veliki. It is a spectacle which one never tires of, and few travellers grudge the toil of a second ascent, at least, in even the hottest weather, to have the splendid vision renewed. Before leaving this "stand point," the mystery of the walls within walls around the Kremlin is explained. These but represent the defences built at different times as the town extended beyond the "fortress" which occupied the summit of the highest point for hill it can hardly be called in the original Muscovite settlement of the fourteenth century.*

Perhaps the reader asks whether "the great fire of 1812 which roasted the French out of the capital into the frost has not altered the features of the city?" I could see no evidences of the fire, nor were any changes in the town pointed out between what it was and is, which enabled me in the least degree to realize its effects. The Kremlin was saved. But the line of retreat which Napoleon himself was obliged to follow, in order to pass with his staff from the Kremlin to the Palace of Petrovski in the northern suburbs and from whence he gazed on the tremendous conflagration is easily traced and from its detour indicates a great area of fire which barred his progress by the more direct route. Nor has it in reality been ascertained with any certainty how the fire originated. Many of the romantic stories told about it have been denied. The Emperor Alexander repeatedly declared that he had never sanctioned it; and the then Governor of Moscow, Rostopchin, who was thought to have fired his own palace on fire published a pamphlet, asserting that the whole thing was accidental! Whatever glory therefore has been attributed to the Russians for this supposed grand sacrifice has been thrust upon them by others but rejected by themselves.

But we must descend from Long John and examine the Kremlin its churches, nunneries, palaces, treasury. Impossible! The mere catalogue of its curiosities would occupy pages. We would be compelled to degenerate into the "Look now before you, and here you see," etc., of the penny showman. Yet without doubt, a collection of objects are here congregated, expressive of the history and rise of Russia. The palaces are extremely interesting. The New Palace has the most magnificent suite of apartments I have ever seen. The St George's, Alexander's, St Andrew's St Catherine's, in which the knights of those several orders are invested, are finer than any in St Petersburgh, and are not surpassed by any in the world. The old Tartar palace, with its low roofed, small apartments, almost closets, its narrow screw staircase to the council chamber, its thrones, beds,

* The woodcut on p. 105 gives some idea, though a very imperfect one, of the imposing view of the Kremlin from one of the bridges over the Moskwa.

arabesque and fantastic ornaments on the walls of trees with buds, and fruits squirrels mice, painted in every colour are all thoroughly Oriental and Moorish It was from the roof of this palace that Napoleon first beheld Moscow, from within the walls, and the view is superb The treasury again, is a world in itself of national curiosities It contains, among other provincial wonders the crowns of all her emperors and those of the several countries they have conquered, including the crown and sceptre (broken, too!) of Poland, crowns dating as far back as the twelfth century, and all sparkling with clusters of jewels of immense value and splendour The thrones, too are there —one of massive silver, all enriched with jewels— on which successive czars have sat, most of them uncomfortably, I doubt not, and huge gilded chariots, like those in old pictures of Lord Mayors shows, with wheels and harness suited to a mermaid's equipage, in which these bears of the north have driven, and the clothes, which these same czars have worn on State occasions, with things innumerable, including Napoleon's camp bed and the chair which Charles the Twelfth used at the Battle of Pultowa In passing out of this treasury, 900 cannon taken in war are seen arranged in the Place d'Armes The most of them were taken from the French, in their retreat by their victorious but barbarous pursuers I need hardly say, that no specimens of English cannon are there These are guns too rare to be found in foreign arsenals 'Our national vanity is great!' I am told the foreigner It may be so, but I trust our national gratitude is greater Wellington never lost a gun

But I am forgetting the Kremlin What else have we to see there? Why the *valet de place* tells us we "have seen nothing,' and that too after pacing for hours, under oppressive heat,— up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber' We have yet to see, he says the Palace of the Patriarch, with its venerable public halls, and House of the Holy Synod, with its ancient library, and its halls with the two great silver kettles and thirty silver jars, in which the holy oil or *muir*, is manufactured having as its *élan vital* drops of the oil from the flask used by Mary Magdalene when she anointed Christ's feet This is sent to every part of the empire, to anoint infants when baptized from the Archs of the Czar down to queer looking creatures beyond the Caspian among the forests of Siberia, near the walls of China, or on the shores of the Arctic Ocean—and applied also to the dying, who are passing into the land where there is neither barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free We have also to enter the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, so holy to the Russians Just glance at that fresco of Jonah, in which there are three Jonahs, each with his name over his head, one Jonah thrown overboard, the other disgorged and the other received by the King of Nineveh What a delightful and primitive combination of ship, waves, whale sailors, prophet or prophets kings, and nobles, with Nineveh itself, in that space above the door! Within are the tombs, side by side like huge coffins, of the Russian monarchs down to Peter the Great There is also the Church of the Annunciation, in which the Czars are crowned paved with jasper, agate, and cornelian (with its beauty), having the throne of the Czars and relics without number, gold and silver counted by the pound weight, and with a picture of the Virgin Mother, painted by St Luke,—the only real and authentic one of course, and with a real drop of blood no doubt, which once belonged to John the Baptist And after that we shall visit the great Military School capable of drilling within its four walls, and beneath one roof eight thousand men, and the Foundling Hospital, and—and— In some such strain as this, our well informed, intelligent bore, the *valet de place*, addressed us on the Kremlin, when the sun was pouring down its hottest rays, and these were reflected from the stone pavement, which glowed like a furnace I have too intense a memory of the utter hopelessness of 'doing' these wonders, and many more satisfactorily to repeat the dose, even in fancy, to my readers They are I doubt not, almost as tired by this recital of the sights as I was by the reality I resolved to take a Russian bath 'What like was it?' Pardon me if I do not reveal the mystery beyond stating that it was very hot very soapy very dear, very barbarous and utterly indescribable, and let me advise all who have a hot and shower bath of their own to be thoroughly contented with the luxury, and not to envy the Russians few of whom have either

But have you nothing to tell us of the ecclesiastical political educational state of Russia? Nothing beyond this outside gossip? We shall see in our next article Recollect, I only promised a "peep into Russia

NORMAN MACLEOD.

HUDDLED TOGETHER IN LONDON

We are a little too apt to pride ourselves on our material growth, and to overlook the quality in the quantity of our population. Thirty millions of people in the United Kingdom—one tenth of whom belong to London proper—make a very pretty figure in returns and official documents, until they come to be carefully sifted and examined. Taken in the bulk, with a lofty statistical disregard of mind and souls they show an undoubted advance in capital and prosperity. Taken in detail, in a kind of house to house visitation, they show that the spreading limbs of a great city may be healthy and vigorous, while its heart may gradually become more choked up and decayed.

A vast deal of life that skulks or burrows in London is only familiar to the hard working clergy, certain medical practitioners, and a few police officers. It burrows in holes and corners at the back of busy thoroughfares where few know of its existence, or care to follow it. The largest and most painstaking directories pass it by, writers upon London reject it as too mean to be republished, or too obscure, and novelists, when they condescend to touch it, for the sake of obtaining contrasts, paint it in the colours of imagination, rather than in the hard outlines of fact. Its records, if truthfully given, have little romance, little beauty, and little variety. Poverty, ignorance, dirt, immorality, crime, are the five great divisions of its history. Immovability, love of place, a determination to huddle together, are some of its chief characteristics, and the growth of many courts and alleys, disgraceful to humanity, is the sure result. Whatever is demanded in London, whether in defiance of law or public decency, is promptly supplied, and ill constructed, ill ventilated, lurking nests of dwellings, exist in every quarter of the metropolis, in obedience to this rule of trade.

Those who wish to search London for gross examples of overcrowded dwellings may find them in the centre, or in any one of the four outskirts. Soho, St James's, Westminster, and St Martin's in the Fields, can lay no claim to purity in this respect, and that part of Westminster known as Tothill Fields is notoriously one of the greatest offenders. In the west there is Knightsbridge, rendered filthy and immoral by the presence of its large military barracks, with Chelsea, and Brentford in the south there are Lambeth, Walworth, embracing Locke's Fields, and the Borough, with its notorious Kent Street; in the north there is Agar Town, built on a swamp, and running down to the canal in every stage of dirt and decay, with Somers' Town, Kentish Town and Camden Town, each contributing its share to the general mass of misery; and in the east there are St George's, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, and overgrown Shoreditch. A melancholy list like this could be filled up for pages by any one familiar with the back streets of London. I have not touched upon Milton's Golden Lane, in the heart of Cripplegate and St Luke's, upon the "corners of Clerkenwell, of "merry Islington," and a dozen other districts, and I have purposely omitted St. Giles's and Saffron Hill, because they no longer represent the worst parts of London. I have merely taken a broad glance round the metropolis to show that overcrowding amongst the poor with all its attendant evils, is not peculiar to any particular parish or district.

The features of this huddling together vary slightly in different neighbourhoods, being governed, in some degree, by the character of the houses. In neighbourhoods that have "seen better days"—where family mansions that were once inhabited by city merchants, or the leading clerks and managers in banks or offices, have sunk gradually through all the different grades of lodging houses "classical and commercial" schools, down to workshops for chemical makers, tanners or ginger beer brewers—the overcrowding takes the form of living in what are called "tenements." The old mansion, faded and dilapidated, with its garden cut off it may be, for a skittle ground or a factory, is let out to a dozen or fifteen families, according to the number of its rooms. Its broad staircase has been shattered, and muddy, is always open to the street; and its long, narrow windows are patched with rags and paper. Its broad closets and store chambers are now filled with ragged children who share their rough beds with coals, coke, wood, and a few cooking utensils. Its dark wainscotings, scratched and chipped, are hung with damp yellow clothes, that are always "in the wash;" its passages are often strewn with oyster shells and broken tobacco pipes, and its fore court is filled with ashes, one or two rusty, broken saucepans, like old hats, and sometimes with a dead cat,—the playthings of the crowd of dirty children, who roll about on its hard, black earth. The iron railings that once closed it in from the thoroughfare have been long torn away, stolen, destroyed, sold, and all that remains of the low wall in which they were fixed may be a few rotten, jagged bricks standing on one side. I can find scores of such houses—containing forty, fifty, or even sixty human beings, surrounded by neighbourhoods crowded with gas factories, cooperages, and different workshops, or pierced by the yellow arches of metropolitan railways—that stand within two miles of the Bank of England, and that once were looked upon as pleasant country retreats!

The changes in London house property, which seem to obey a certain law, under which a once aristocratic street will sink, step by step, into a colony of tenement holders, are particularly striking in central parts of the metropolis. St James's, Westminster, a parish or district that has often been ignorantly represented as the refined neighbour of St Giles's, cries out loudly, through its officers of health, against the nuisances arising from huddling together. In Dr Lankester's report of last year, he complains of the number of kitchens occupied, contrary to law, and the Sanitary Inspector, Mr Morgan, gives a list every year of similar nuisances discovered and remedied. A house that is crowded in the kitchen is also crowded from parlours to garrets, and the result is, that passages, outbuildings, and approaches,

belonging to everybody, are looked after by nobody The overcrowding in this West end district, within a stone's throw of Piccadilly, Regent Street, and the Clubs, has at times been so great, that it has been found necessary to apply a rule of space to such dwelling rooms, giving every individual five hundred cubic feet of space By these compulsory means the population of the parish has been redistributed, and though it has been found impossible to induce many of the residents to remove to any distance the evils of huddling together have been somewhat alleviated

In another part of these useful and interesting reports allusion is made to the huddling together of animals in connexion with the overcrowding of human dwellings In addition to thirteen licensed slaughter houses which add to the evils of huddling together, we find that more than two hundred cows are crowded into a small space at the backs of certain houses A great deal has been done to remedy the nuisances arising from these places but much more is required In one place —in the very centre of the spot where the cholera spent its chief fury in 1854—five and twenty to thirty of these animals are reported as herding in the room of a dwelling house! The huddling together of horses as an adjunct of human overcrowding is another nuisance requiring a check It shews itself through ill kept, ill drained stables and is generally found at the back of mansions whose fronts are all luxury and architectural magnificence In the parish of palaces and hovels (according to Dr Lankester's and Mr Morgan's reports of 1859 60), there are nearly four hundred stables containing nearly eleven hundred horses Over these stables are a number of those low red small windowed rooms, peculiar to every London mews, in which nine hundred persons reside who form *one fortieth part of the whole population of the parish*

Another, and perhaps a more national phase of dirt misery, and overcrowding in London is to be found in our thousands of populous courts and alleys Our huddling together in "tenements" may be copied from the common "flat dwellings in Edinburgh, amongst which, in a three hours walk some two years ago, I saw more filth, crime, sickness, and poverty, than I ever saw gathered within the same space in any part of the United Kingdom I have made depressing journeys in every part of London, in Dublin, in Liverpool, in Bristol Birmingham, and other important towns, but I honestly declare that the layers upon layers of social degradation which I saw in the Cowgate and the High Street, Edinburgh, made me feel more sick at heart than I have ever felt before, or since

The great brotherhood of vice, ignorance, dirt, and misfortune, however, is not confined to one city, or even one country, and what Edinburgh nourishes in her outcast flats, London welcomes to her black thousands of courts and alleys. There is a wonderful family likeness in all these holes and corners of the poor and thoughtless, and, with the exception of a few unimportant details, when we have sketched the picture of one, we have drawn them all. They lie closely—few people know how closely—at the backs of thronged highways, and rough headed, barefooted, slinking children may be often seen oozing out from them on to the public pavement Many people pass by these rolling bundles of rags, and look at them as they would at rats or mongrel dogs, but many others follow them into their noisome hiding places plant mission houses in their very midst, and seek to give them that sense of decency, through the medium of education and religion, without which no improvement in their condition can ever be expected

We will take Shoreditch, in its main thoroughfare and select a few specimens of its courts and alleys not that they are necessarily the worst in the Metropolis, but because, having touched upon the West in some measure from report and hearsay, it may be as well to make an actual survey in the East Starting then from Shoreditch Church towards the Eastern Counties Railway, we shall observe a winding row of shops on each side, presenting every appearance of thriving business There are steaming eating houses which fill the air with the scent of boiled greens cheap theatres, whose doors are guarded by waxen faced dummies, dressed in the stiffest and most shining suits of cloth and moleskin, glittering gin palaces, that smell of stale beer, rum, and sawdust coffee houses letting beds at a dozen prices, from four pence to eighteen pence a night, butchers who encroach upon the footway with greasy galleries of meat, boot shops and tea shops, with enormous emblems of trade projecting from their upper windows corn chandlers, smelling of seeds and hay, and giving a pleasant country air to their immediate neighbourhood, and old, triangular topped, wooden houses, standing over low shops, where loaves or other necessaries are sold down many steps Standing along the line of kerbstone and so forming a close avenue of trade through which the foot passengers must walk, are a number of stall keepers of different degrees of capital and importance, who have claimed a right to their position (as they have in Tottenham Court Road and a few other parts of London) by long squatting custom and usage They sell fruit and vegetables upon shutters, water cresses upon tea trays, combs upon clothes' horses, toys out of baskets fish upon barrows, baked potatoes out of cans, and almost everything, in fact, but meat, and bread, and beer They belong to that large army of small London street traders, who number one hundred thousand strong, and the least favoured of whom are engaged in a perpetual war with policemen and magistrates They earn scanty livelihood, honestly and hardly, rise early and in all weathers to catch the various markets, and stand all day in the bitter cold, or the scorching heat Sometimes they carry heavy burdens on their heads, or push them through the mud, and, altogether, they lead very blank, unlightened, cheerless lives

This panorama may be always seen by even the most hurried or unobservant passenger who walks along Shoreditch, but there are other aspects of the neighbourhood which require something like digging out Peep on one side of the hay bundle standing at the corn chandler's door, look through the group of rough, idle loungers, leaning against the corner of the gun-shop; or dive under the flut-

tering garments that hang across outside the cheap clothier's window, and you will see a dark, damp opening in the wall like the channel of a sewer passing under and between the houses, and leading to one of the wretched courts and alleys. You enter the passage picking your way to the bottom, and find a little square of low, black houses, that look as if they were built as a penal settlement for dwarfs. The roofs are depressed, the doors are narrow, the windows are patched up, and the whole space can almost be touched on each side by a full-grown man. At the further end you will observe a trap enclosed in a wooden frame that supplies the water for the whole court, with a dust-bin etc. which are openly used by all. In the middle of the little sooty square, standing in the puddles always formed by the sinking stone, you will see three or four barrows belonging to street vendors, and you will gather from this that some of the stall-keepers you have noticed in the thoroughfare outside, retire to these dark hiding-places when their labour is done. Glancing over the tattered green curtain at one of the black windows you will see a room like a cellar, very well, and in its depths perhaps a knotted old woman crouching over a small glow-worm of coal, or nursing a grate full of dust, or the frowning face of some idle male inhabitant of the court whose expression somehow reminds you of the felons' dock. If you pass to the right or left you may find other even blacker entrances leading to other similar courts, or you may go out into the main thoroughfare and seeing a similar passage a few yards further on you may explore it to find yours if in another twin huddling place of the poor. The plan and design of this second court will be in all respects the same as those of the first, showing that the same master mind has created them both. Who the owners of this class of property are, may remain a mystery; they draw their rents in short sharp payments, and they have no reason to complain of the unprofitable character of their investments. These settlements, of which there may be fifty scattered at the backs of the houses on each side of Shoreditch within the space of half a mile, were all built thirty, forty, sixty, and even eighty years ago, when building regulations were not so strict as they are now, and they were nearly all framed to meet that desire of the English people to have a 'house to themselves.' Many of the better class of huddlers in these courts and alleys still cling to them from this feeling, although they know they could get a superior lodging at a lower rental even in the immediate neighbourhood. Others cling to them from a wish, as they express it, to be "near their bread," and they put up with many inconveniences rather than remove a mile further from the scene of their employment. If all the merchants in the city of London were of this way of thinking, the crowding in the business part of the metropolis would be similar to what it is in these courts, and there would be a similar action upon city rents. The value of house property in these holes and corners of Shoreditch must be rising rather than falling,—the natural result of this determination on the part of these poor huddlers in London to cling to particular spots. An ordinary room, in one of these courts, will fetch two shillings a week, and an ordinary house, which contains little more than one room covered with a loft, will fetch four shillings a week. These would be high prices for Hoxton, and parts of Kingsland a mile farther out of town, but not even the knowledge of this fact will prevail upon the huddlers to move. In some cases these courts are choked up with every variety of nuisance: their approaches wind round by the worst kind of slaughter-houses, they lie in the midst of rank stables and offensive trades, they are crowded with pigs, with fowls, and with dogs; they are strewn with oyster shells and fish refuse, they look upon foul yards and soaking heaps of stale vegetable refuse, their drainage lies in pools wherever it may be thrown, the rooms of their wretched dwellings have not been repaired or whitewashed for years, they are often smothered with smoke which beats down upon them from some neighbouring factory, whose chimney is beyond the control of the Act of Parliament, rag-ware houses have their close store-rooms looking them full in the face, and cats-meat preparers boil their cauldrons amongst them without fear. In most cases the inhabitants were we might fully expect, are not superior to their surroundings and in places like Bowl Court, Plough Yard which contains a half Irish colony, they form the greatest nuisance of all. An Irish landlord or landlady will rent a room at about two shillings a week, and then take in as many families or individuals, at a small nightly rental as the floor can possibly hold.

Red Lion Court, near the Shoreditch corner of the Kingsland Road, is another bad specimen of these alleys being overcrowded with men and their families engaged in the water cress trade. Pierce's Court, New Inn Yard, Shoreditch, is another of the worst, and the whole line of Holywell Lane, on either side, is full of these holes and corners. In summer or winter they are always crowded with children, who almost live in the open air, and so preserve their health in what must be thorough hotbeds of disease. Some of the alleys, which are sometimes called "rents," sometimes "rows, and sometimes 'walks'—situated on the other side of the Curtain Road, down Holywell Mount—still maintain a little of a certain rural aspect which they must have had in full bloom, when they were first built and occupied. Their houses are not larger, but they have each a piece of ground in front, which, though it grows nothing, to all appearance, but broken, uneven railings, serves to ventilate the place and keep the opposite dwellings at a proper distance. In other alleys, even in the thickest part of Shoreditch, there is, here and there, a desire shown to be clean, and I may mention one little, ill-constructed court in Holywell Lane, which is quite a flower in the wilderness. Its entrance is low and gloomy, but the rugged stones on its footway are carefully swept, and the uneven steps leading down to its little row of houses, are white with hearthstone. The first dwelling—a small room, with a staircase like a ladder, leading up into the top loft (the plan upon which nearly all the small houses in these courts appear to be built)—has nothing about it to account for its luxurious look, and yet it seems to be a palace compared with its neighbours. Its owner is a humble working man, with one child, and a

cleanly, decent wife, and all the magic that struck me, or that would strike any one who took the trouble to pay it a visit, was produced by nothing more wonderful than a little soap and water

This question of huddling together in London has now been before the public for some years and it does not appear to be any nearer its settlement St Giles's and Saffron Hill have been cut up—half destroyed—and "improved" but the old inhabitants "cleared out" have been merely displaced and not transformed into better members of society Model lodging houses have grown a little in popularity and have lost the character of being 'workhouses' but it is doubtful whether the English lower orders will ever come to desire a 'house of their own' and fall into a system which make them lodgers The difficulty is found to lie in the habits of the poor, and until these are changed, by some process, educational, social, or moral, it is of little use to root out the courts, and pitchfork their inhabitants into model dwellings The people who are so lost to decency, and a desire for comfort, as to take one or more rooms for the purpose of sub letting them to a dozen different families at one time would carry their trail of filth wherever they moved, and turn a Dutch dairy into an Irish dunghill The new house would not improve the man but the man would immediately defile the house Education must do a deal more than it has hitherto done to train such men and women for an advance in civilisation, and much must be left to the slow but certain operation of the increased wages of labour

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD

THE TURKEY TRAP AND NON CAUSA

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

THE TURKEY TRAP

The Turkey (an *American* not a *Turkish* fowl named from its call of 'Turk! Turk!') is a silly bird, and the French call a person *Dindon* whom we with less propriety, call a *goose* that being very far from a silly bird In America they are used to entrap the wild turkeys through their silliness On a slight slope, just at the edge of a kind of pen is made of sticks and covered over At the lowest part an opening is left sufficient to admit a turkey, and corn is strewn within and without the pen to entice them in When they have entered they might escape by simply descending to the entrance and walking out the way they walked in But, instead of this, they vainly beat against the sides of the pen, till the trapper comes and despatches them

Many foolish bipeds are like these turkeys When it is plainly proved that you have formed a rash judgment or taken an unwise step the right course manifestly is to confess this and retract and retrace your steps But most men are too much of turkeys to do this Usually when a man finds himself in a *pen*, and that there is *no thoroughfare*, rather than *descend* so far as to own a mistake, and *walk out* of the error the same way he had walked into it he will resort to every kind of shuffle He will insist on it that he was quite right all along, but that there has been a change in some of the people, or in the circumstances Or perhaps he will flatly deny that he ever said so and so, or maintain that he was misunderstood Anything rather than retract and acknowledge an error

And yet a man who does this frankly, will usually obtain great applause for his candour and good sense, even more perhaps than he would have had if he had avoided the error from the first Yet even this will not tempt most men to take this ingenuous and wise course They are too much of Turkeys

NON CAUSA

In former times the plant called Borage, which is still sometimes used to flavour "cool tankard" was in high repute as a *cordial* In the *Schoole of Ithym* we have "Bug Borage guarded semper ago which Master Gerard (says old Parkinson) 'hath nobly translated Borage always give courage Our simple forefathers prescribed that it should be infused *in wine* and the infusion would greatly cheer the spirits' If the wine employed was *hock*, the exhilaration was proportionate

The fallacy which logicians call Non causa pro causa or 'Post hoc, ergo propter hoc' is one peculiarly apt to mislead men in their conduct

Sometimes an effect is attributed to what has no more efficacy, either way than the borage probably had, and sometimes to what is a *hindrance* Of this latter kind are almost all the cases of legislative interference with manufactures and commerce Well meaning, but unwise legislators, in various countries attributed for ages, all the prosperity (often rapidly increasing) of their people, to laws which had no effect but to *retard* the advance of prosperity To the *inert* class belong most superstitious observances *inert*, I mean, not that superstition is without *any* effect (far otherwise), but without any effect as to the *immediate object* aimed at, as *e g*, the sacrifices offered up to the north wind by Xenophon's "*ten thousand*" The wind, he says which had distressed them, sensibly abated *after* the sacrifice In one of Marmontel's tales, a Brahman (very naturally) expresses his wonder that

the English stranger who had afforded him the most generous protection, should never have heard of Virbius and his nine metamorphoses.

Many things, however (it should be observed, by the way), are usually called *superstitions*, which are not such in the strictest sense, being unconnected with any religious belief, as, *e.g.*, the notion about the Bunge, the carrying about with you what is called the *cramp bone* of a leg of mutton (the *patella*) as a preventive of cramp, making nine bows to a magpie, to avoid ill luck, *tolling the bees* on every event that occurs, the ill luck of transplanting a *parsley*, and of *spilling salt* &c.

In many of cases you could not produce a person *not to be proof* that the ill-luck which befell a family was caused or foreshown by that which he or she sees was the cause or is assumed by *intuition*, and a considerably large one. It will not be enough to reply him to *explode* the circle, since there are many things which we are forced to believe, though quite unable to give the *how*. A very eminent clock maker was laboring hard at a time piece which he was anxious to make as perfect as possible. He sat before it and watched it for hours and found that it was *unlucky* to wear his wig. When he sat before it in his night cap, all went well, but when he had his wig on, there was always some irregularity. He overturned the fact long before he could account for it. And if he had never found the solution at all, he would not have been justified in therefore disbelieving a well established fact. But, at last he discovered that the steel spring which fastened on his wig had, by some chance, been *magnetized* and exercised attraction on the works. But if you can show a very great number of cases in which the effect *has not* taken place and where the like event has taken place *with absence* of the supposed cause, this will convince,—not indeed the vulgar minded,—but those open to reason.

In my garden at Halesworth, there were several trees whose trunks had evidently been split when young, in order to pass a child through the opening, as a cure for rupture. The tree is then to be closed and carefully bound up, and if the cleft heals, as it usually will,* the child will recover, as infants often do than not. But in some of my trees the wound had *not* closed. I pointed out one of them to an old man who was working in the garden, and he told me that that very tree he had himself split, and passed a child through, and the child, he told me, got well, which it ought *not* to have done.

It is not safe to run counter, without necessity, to popular superstitions. If you transplant a bed of parsley, in a country where this is fully believed to be unlucky, your cattle and fences and fields will be neglected by your labourers through despair, and when any disaster arises through their negligence, they will attribute this to the parsley.

There are *two* baronets—Sir *Robert* Wilmots—in Derbyshire, and of course much inconvenience results. But the belief is, that the title can in each case be transmitted only through a *Robert*. And it is said, that whenever the eldest son has any other name, he dies in infancy.

In some cases, however, you can prove (to any one who is not *proof proof*) that what he attributes to the belief in a certain fact *must* be the effect of some other cause. For instance, the *consulter* which a *fatalist* of any kind attributes to his conviction, that a certain future event is *fixed, one way or the other*, may be proved (as I have shown in the Appendix to Archbishop King's "Discourse") to be the result of his conviction, that it is fixed *in the way* that is the *favourable* one to *himself*. The knowledge that an important law suit, involving wealth or ruin to you, is *decided*, one way *or* the other, is no satisfaction, except you are confident that it is decided in *your favour*.

THE WORKING ASSOCIATIONS OF PARIS

At a lecture given by M. Louis Blanc on "Co-operation" in the City Hall of Glasgow (October 11, 1860) wherein he slew for the fiftieth time the calumny which persists in still fathering upon him the so-called "national workshops" of 1848, that gentleman stated a fact which sounds still new and incredible to many, namely, that "there are at present in France many co-operative societies in a most thriving condition," specifying those of the piano-forte makers, arm-chair makers, jewellers, hat makers, tinmen, blacksmiths, spectacle makers, lantern makers, wheelwrights, brush makers, machine makers, engravers, masons, and giving special details as to the last. The above list, as will be seen from this paper itself, is far from exhaustive. I have myself the names of twenty-two existing Paris associations, of which nineteen are specified to be prospering. That such bodies have ceased to exist is the rooted belief, the confident assertion, not only of almost every Englishman, but of almost every Frenchman whom Englishmen are likely to fall in with; and, what is most curious, both belief and assertion have lasted since almost the very beginning of the remarkable economic movement to which these bodies belong. Professor Huber, of Wernigerode, the author of a well-known work "on the English Universities," who has devoted considerable attention to this subject, in a pamphlet published by him this year at Tubingen, relates how, in 1854, and again in 1858, in the "good society" of Paris, "in official circles, in the great world of business, no one *would* know

* See White's *Natural History of Selborne*.

anything about the matter," so that real "voyages of discovery" were needed to find the trace of the twenty seven working associations of which he then ascertained the continued existence The causes of this ignorance are many Schools of self government, these bodies are essentially antagonistic to the Napoleonic despotism It began by crushing them wherever it could, so that the provincial bodies, three, I believe, excepted, have disappeared altogether Of the Parisian ones only a handful have undoubtedly remained, but those, the strongest, wisest, noblest, official ill will operating at least usefully to winnow out the chaff, if indeed the blast, too furious, may have carried away some grains of good wheat also The subsisting bodies however, have been compelled to work, as it were in the dark suppressing all outward symbols of their organization trading under ordinary commercial forms unable to unite or combine for measures of common utility, as M Louis Blanc showed by the conviction of the architect Delbrouck To the passer by, to the looker on, they thus merge entirely into the ordinary stream of trade, whilst they are forced, in self defence, to maintain the most cautious reserve towards unknown strangers Thanks to this caution indeed, and to the real strength which some of them have acquired they have now won the allowance, sometimes even the apparent favour of the Government which seems to feel that it has nothing to gain and might have much to lose, in meddling with bodies composing the most skilful, industrious orderly, well conducted members of the working classes of Paris—men whom it knows injured by every species of trial, ready for every species of sacrifice for the maintenance of their principles, and possessed moreover of the hard won capital accumulated by some ten or twelve years of labour But all around them what Professor Huber calls "the most absolute indifference of self seeking, in its most manifold forms," rules supreme, and is but too happy to forget to ignore, to deny the hidden existence of these few witnesses against that profound demoralization of French society of which such indifference is the outward expression

That, however, a similar ignorance and misconception relative to the subsistence of such bodies should prevail in England is the more remarkable, that not only are all those influences of despotism wanting which keep them under a cloud in France, but that the greatest political economist of the day, Mr J S Mill, has distinctly pointed out the working associations of Paris to the notice of his countrymen, and emphatically stamped them with his approval. "The form of association," he wrote, in the third edition of his "Political Economy" (published 1852), "which, if mankind continue to improve, must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist, as chief, and work people without a voice in the management, but the association of the labourers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves" Quoting (1) from M Feugueray's work entitled *The Working Association in Industry and Agriculture* (Paris, 1851), the interesting story of the pianoforte makers' association, and referring to the destruction of many such bodies by the Napoleonic rule, he declared, nevertheless, that 'though the existing associations may be dissolved or driven to expatriate their experience will not be lost They have existed long enough to furnish the type of future improvement, they have exemplified the process for bringing about a change in society which would combine the freedom and self reliance of the individual with the moral intellectual, and economical advantages of a great production and which, without violence or spoliation or even any sudden disturbance of existing habits and expectations, would realize, at least in the industrial department the best aspirations of the democratic spirit, by putting an end to the division of society into the industrious and the idle and effacing all social distinctions but those fairly earned by personal services and exertions' And in his fourth edition (published 1857) he quotes, in an appendix from M Villaume's work on Political Economy of the same year, the latest information on the French industrial associations" from which it appears that in that year there were still twenty three such associations in Paris, *all prospering*

And now what are in effect some may ask these working or industrial associations, and whence have they sprung?

A 'working association' according to the French idea is simply a society of working men, established on a permanent footing to carry on their own particular trade on mutually fair terms Nothing more It does not strut, like some other attempts in co operation by a large organization of several trades at once It has no fixed formula as to the division of the community of profits But it aims at being permanent It is not a mere venture spread over a certain number of years like our temporary building societies it does not aim simply at transforming a certain number of working men into a certain number of employers, as did the establishment once well known in the annals of the iron trades as that of the 'Forty Thieves" Its aim is the seemingly humbler one of raising the worker into the worker capitalist To effect this end two means are chiefly employed, one, the attributing the greater part of the profits to labour as such, the other, the creation of an indivisible fund, destined for the permanent maintenance of the body, and over which outgoing associates have no claim so that each generation of workers hands over to the next the fruit of its own labours

It is a common opinion that the idea of the working association dates from the French Revolution of 1848 Nothing can be more fallacious It has been abundantly shown by the more serious writers on the subject (I would only quote M Feugueray and Professor Huber), that the idea dates from before the French Revolution of 1830, that it was fully set forth, by a remarkable thinker, M Buchez, in a journal directed by him in 1831 and 1832, that it was sought to be realized in practice by a few cabinet makers as early as the former year (their deed of association being dated 10th September 1831), and again in perhaps nine other

unsuccessful instances prior to 1848 lastly that the still subsisting and well established association of jewellers was founded in 1834, and definitively organised in 1843 Working associations in France are therefore not the bubble of a day, but the products of a struggle of thirty years

The true nursery ground of the idea of associations in France is however to be found in the journal called *L'Atelier* (the workshop), a periodical founded, and for ten long years (1840 50) conducted by working men although, as M Feugueray observes, chiefly read by members of the middle classes Its writers were mostly men formed in the Buchez school, one remarkable in the history of French socialism as an essentially Christian one Calm, moderate (except when carried away by national prejudice), logical, appealing not to passion but to reason and conscience, severely moral in tone, their journal was in advance of the very class to which its writers belonged Duty 'right,' 'self devotion,' such for instance, are the titles of its first series of leaders Take the following passages from the article last referred to

"He who says, 'My good first and then that of others,' is against us Whosoever on the contrary wishes every one to devote himself for all is with us Let us frankly acknowledge it to say to each individual, The happier thou shalt be the more enjoyments thou shalt have and the more thou shalt contribute to the universal welfare which is composed of the sum of individual happiness is to sow discord in the state since according to this system every man has not only for right but for duty to render himself as happy as he can always at the expense of others

If, on the contrary, we imbue ourselves thoroughly with the thought that the happiness of the state can only exist by the self devotion of its citizens each of us will do all he can to be useful to others without fearing to do too well there will be no struggles amongst citizens and from this continual self devotion will come the happiness of society, and consequently that even of individuals

Such were the teachings amid which co operative associations grew up in France Utopian ethics' do you say with a smile or a sneer I know not, but at any rate the ethics of hard handed hard headed strong hearted men, such as Mr Carlyle would delight in, not put forth to school boys in a lecture room, but destined to discipline men to an essentially practical purpose For, from first to last the co operative association—the simple practice of fellowship in work, fellowship in trade—is the field marked out for the application of such ethics These men are no day dreamers, no spinners of cobweb theories, like the philanthropists of the eighteenth century *Work* is the beginning and end of their whole preaching, the pivot upon which it all turns Their political economy is merely that principle of St Paul which stands indeed as the foremost motto on their title page "He that will not work neither should he eat' They have tried to dig deep into that saying, and they have found that its strength contains a sweetness, that its sternness implies a promise —"He that will work shall eat' And they find, more over, that man will have all the more to eat by working with others instead of working against them, by learning to sacrifice his small individual interest to the general weal, by 'looking before and after, and providing for the future, even for generations to come Hence their advocacy of co operative associations Such seed as the *Atelier* sent forth is never thrown idly upon the wind That most of the leading men in existing associations acknowledge a deep obligation to that journal can surprise no one No doubt years had to pass away, during which the idea of association bore but little fruit But it was only the silent germinating and sprouting in the soil of that seed which burst forth in the blade after the February Revolution Nothing, I believe has been so misunderstood as the influence upon that revolution of the co operative idea It was the great moderator of that movement which it is accused of having stimulated The co operative schools of thought had had no share in the February Revolution They were, one and all, anti revolutionary in spirit It is owing to the spread of co operative principles, I am satisfied that with the exception of one sad and bloody struggle that revolution was so essentially harmless, especially during the three months of literal anarchy which succeeded the days of February For those principles had the effect of turning into practical channels into efforts for the organisation of productive labour those energies which in 1793, for instance, wreaked themselves in fruitless acts of violence and bloodshed It is a fact, that scarcely any of the associated workmen took part in the June insurrection And how could it be otherwise? Who would not find it easier to leave a master's workshop than one hired and stocked with his own money filled with his own chosen fellow workmen? No doubt the mass of French working men were but ill prepared for co operative labour No doubt that of the hundreds and hundreds of associations which sprang up, in 1848 and 1850, many were only born to die Yet I firmly believe that even the most ephemeral of them was far from remaining void of useful effect were it only as above pointed out, by occupying and detaining unquiet spirits It is the after effects of a revolution which are the most deadly—the collapse of credit the cessation of demand the hiding and skulking and flight of capital Now in the midst of the stagnation of trade produced by such causes after February 1848, the working associations were the heroic effort of labour to do double duty, to stimulate demand, to supply the functions of runaway capital

How can this be done? The thing, I shall be told, is an economic chimera, a logical impossibility It is, if we persist in overlooking the might of human wills in life and death grapple with facts and so learning to use and master economic laws instead of remaining slaves to them The associated working men had no capital, they created it out of their sacrifices, out of the pinching of their bellies There was no demand for their work, they created it by the good quality of their goods, by the sympathy which the sight of their struggles gradually awoke in other men's breasts

Look upon the rise, for instance of the associated *Pianoforte makers* of Paris, whose story, though

told by Mr Mill, I will venture, with some additional detail, to repeat Fourteen working men, without capital, without credit repulsed in their application for a loan by the Commission of the Luxemburg (charged with the distribution of a fund of £120,000, for the encouragement of working associations), resolved, nevertheless (1849), to found one for themselves They managed to hire, in an out of the way quarter of Paris, a sort of loft up a steep stair made of wood in the rough with a well rope for hand rail and transformed it into a work shop Those who had tools brought them, the savings of a few others went to purchase more some who had no savings sold their poor jewels their furniture, their very linen When all was put together, they found themselves in possession of a sum of less than £9, 4s cash But this was not enough, weekly subscriptions had to be paid, by those who were at work out of their earnings by those who were not through the pawning of what they had even to the very wedding rings of their wives They went without fire when it was cold, they gave up wine almost a necessary of life to the French workman they lived on dry bread working like slaves they had the courage to make their little children eat it And so at last penny by penny, privation by privation they scraped together £40 wherewith to buy materials and set to work A timber merchant was found who gave them credit they worked for two months without a farthing of pay made one piano sold it began another then two then four On the 4th May 1849 they received their first monies which after payment of debts gave about 5 3l 1l for each member For wages 4s were set apart the balance was voted to be spent in a festival dinner where the fourteen associates their wives and families met together to celebrate their first victory and taste wine again most of them the first time for a twelvemonth For a whole long month yet wages were only 4s a week per head but in June a baker offered to buy a piano for bread and a bargain was struck for £19 4s It was agreed that the bread should not be reckoned as wages but that each might eat to his need and carry away for his wife and children Meanwhile their excellent workmanship was attracting custom, by August the weekly wages rose to 6s 12s 18s a week Yet even these were not wholly paid out the sum required for the purchase of first the materials being deducted out of every Saturday's pay the workers receiving only a dividend of the balance in cash with a credit for what they had earned more By the end of 1850 they had 32 members and a stock worth nearly £1600, on premises rented at £60 a year Eventually, they divided (1852) into two separate associations one of which I believe, only survives Professor Huber found it in 1854 with 45 associates and auxiliaries, and a business capital of £2240, he found it in 1858 somewhat suffering from the effects of the then late commercial crisis, but weathering the storm It prospers still, though I have no recent details to add respecting it

Like the pianoforte makers, the *Arm chair makers'* association had to start upon its own resources It was founded on the 16th November 1848 The idea of association seems to have been popular in the trade, out of 600 workmen, 400 put down their names as willing to join A few were selected to form the first group of associates, and contributions were called for The total capital that could be brought together was £20, 3s 4d, of which £14, 15s 2d in tools With this they began to work upon custom, and prospered Denied state aid at first, they subsequently received a grant of £1000 which I believe was long since paid back By the end of 1850, they employed nearly 180 persons In 1854 they had nearly £1500 capital, and did business to the extent of £22,000 a year In 1857, they had 65 associates, 100 auxiliaries, and were the strongest house in Paris in their own line By 1858, they had set an engine of six horse power, and a capital of nearly £5200 This association, it should be stated, has traversed many an intestine storm and war and has had to part under painful circumstances, with a manager once reckoned one of the foremost working men of Paris But it has remained flourishing notwithstanding

The *Lamp makers* are another little band of true heroes As early as March 1848 an association was started in the trade under the fairest auspices Nearly all the 500 workmen engaged in the trade were in it and several of the employers themselves But in spite of these fair promises it soon fell to pieces and the work had to be begun again by a smaller body of 40 members Their capital was literally collected in a hat at a meeting other driblets of money and tools came in in January 1849 they set to work and a first lump was made and sold for 9s 8d But the ill repute of the former failure clung to the new body, and sheer want soon forced its numbers to three In the summer business got a little better and the number of associates rose to fourteen But one fine morning the cash box was found rifled £28 the whole money of the association had disappeared and probably by the hands of a member On once more, the association was on the verge of dissolution, once more the three remaining members hoisted the flag of adverse fate, to emerge this time winners In 1855 the association was reconstituted with over 100 members, in possession of well found workshops and warehouses, and a few dwellings for members as well as of a clear capital of £2000 By 1858 this had doubled, and Professor Huber was happy to note that "a certain spirit of brotherhood" which he had found in no other association so well diffused through the mass of associates ruled still, unimpaired by success

The *Tailors* are another remarkable association The trade employs in Paris some 200 men On the 26th August 1848 fourteen formed themselves into an association upon a capital of about £20 in cash and about £91 in kind These succeeded in obtaining a share of the government fund, to the extent of £400 They enjoyed, moreover, a valuable privilege over other workmen,—they had chiefly workmen for their customers They started thus with comparative success Their first fortnight of work brought in 16s a head They obtained a medal of honour at the French National Exhibition of Industry in 1849 By December 1850, they had 42 associates or auxiliaries, two saleshops, and were about to have four workshops They numbered more men in their employ than any

[illegible] number. [illegible] were chosen by purchase [illegible] put at work he added them to all their files from [illegible] open at the [illegible] to the [illegible] month last made in [illegible] yearly. Their business was worth £2400 a year, [illegible] with a profit of 14 to 15 per cent. Time, [illegible] diversity introduced the present state of [illegible] to have introduced the number of [illegible] for I have before me a new deed of [illegible] and, dated 15th June 1859, from which it [illegible] that the then number of associates was only twenty-two. But the success of the association is [illegible] by a single rule. Associates [illegible] withdraw and to have their share of capital [illegible] paid to them, but if they choose to leave [illegible] association, they are to receive interest at [illegible] per annum. In a letter from worthy [illegible], who has been the steady friend [illegible] French associations, I find it stated that [illegible] capital (a statement of £250 borrowed) [illegible] now over £2000, their business amounting [illegible] between £3200 and £3600 a year. Looked in [illegible], it reached to nearly £3900, giving over £250 profit.

Of *les Ebéns*, as will have been seen above, we [illegible] to speak, the patriarchs of the French associations. They started in 1841, eight in number, with £8 capital, the wages of the associates. They did not, however, succeed in placing them [illegible] within the protection of the law, and eight years after two of their associates brought them to the level of men carrying on many models, [illegible] cost more with impunity. The association was [illegible] constituted in 1845, each associate now [illegible] in £80. In 1848 the association received [illegible] accession of loss of £960 it extended its operations [illegible] to employ 20 men. By 1856 it did a business of £5600 a year, the average since 1850 [illegible] has however, been £7000. Their capital is nearly £4000, and the associates realized in 1856 £1640 as profit. But what chiefly distinguishes the [illegible] is, Professor Huber observes, is the strong religious feeling, and high moral bearing of its associates.

Among other successful associations are those of [illegible] *Charpentiers*, founded 15th October 1848, by seven with 12 francs of capital, now reckoning [illegible] associates, and employing 50 to 70 men, [illegible] of both classes, doing an average business [illegible] £6000 a year, manufacturing 2000 doors [illegible] a year, and realizing an average profit of [illegible] £80 to £240, a somewhat low rate [illegible] *Horlogers-mécaniciens*, founded 17th February 1850 by seven associates, without capital, [illegible] and 20 lent to them by Gilland, a locksmith, [illegible] of the National Assembly, now 22 in number, doing from £2200 to £2600 a year business upon £130 capital, with a profit of nearly £3 on the last balance sheet. They have never [illegible] a year of loss, and have divided from 1850 to 1855 [illegible] of £2240 net profit.

The *Fumistes* founded by four associates in 1848, now 30 in number, doing £4000 a year business and realizing from £600 to £680 a year profit.

The *Lunettiers-mécaniciens*, 25 in number, who did business in 1859 to the amount of £13,200, realizing about £10 per cent net profit.

I now come to the body which, for many years, has led the van of the Paris associations, that of the *Menuisiers*, or, as we should say, *Builders*, around whom have gathered and prospered the subordinate associations of the *Peintres*, *Jointers*, *Carpenters*, *Slaters* (the first of which divide 12½ per cent net profit in the first year of its existence), and the newly formed body of *House Locksmiths*. Of this most remarkable body (the *Builders*) some account will be found in the appendix to the fourth chapter of Mr Mill's work, and in an article headed 'Builders' Combinations in London and Paris,' published in the number of the *National Review* for October 1860, whilst further details respecting it are contained in M. Louis Blanc's lecture. It was set on foot by the voluntary contributions of men for the most part out of work. The first month however 50 members contributed 4s each, the second, there were only about 30 who were able to pay up, the third month only about ten. All this went for the first expenses of publication and setting up. There did not remain enough to buy a sack of plaster for the first job, friendly purses had to be appealed to, to secure it. Other associations, however, held out a helping hand by their orders, the associated cooks paid them in kind, as the municipal bakers paid the pianoforte makers. Yet there came a critical moment, when subscriptions failing, through want of work, and all payments on account from customers being absorbed in the purchase of material, the first brick came in the midst of the masons and two associates on a political pretext. Bills remained unpaid, a dissolution seemed inevitable.

Yet these men hath the gods not vanquish'd. It was *now* only that the association was first definitively constituted. According to the terms of the French law the manager was hitherto (in the form which the association then held) alone responsible for the bills under his signature. To support him, each associate was required to contribute £40 towards capital. Some quailed before this obligation, others held on. They sought to attract capital by allowing capitalist associates a share of 40 per cent in profits, the remaining 60 per cent being attributed to labour in proportion to the number of days' work done, the maximum share of capital being fixed at 4 per cent. A legal deed of association was entered into (16th October 1852), and became the basis of those of other kindred associations still on foot—those of the carpenters, joiners, painters, etc. The tried and winnowed remnant of associates showed themselves fully capable of carrying on the business. The tide of success fairly set in. There are now one hundred associates, doing a business of more than £60,000 a year, indeed on the 1st June 1860, there were 450 men employed, with £40,000 of work on hand, £2000 almost had been paid in the preceding month in wages, and £4000 of materials had been taken up. The managers are reckoned the ablest building contractors in Paris. Profits have been realized for the last few years at the rate of nearly £18 per cent for capital, and nearly 2s per day's labour for the workmen, and the following are reckoned by the associates (I translate their own words) as constituting the benefits of association —

"1st, The sympathy and care of their fellow-workers.

"*2d*, Never to have to go in search of work

"*3d*, Having a library at their disposal

"*4th*, Securing assistance at the rate of two francs (1s 7½d) a day in case of illness, however long

"*5th*, Reaching, by zealous exertion, a higher rank in the social hierarchy

"*6th*, Deliberating themselves on the conduct and modification of the association

"*7th*, Finally insuring to their children profits which will enable them to avoid destitution, and to bring up their family."

I wish I had space to translate entire the report of the managers read at the general meeting of the association, 21st June 1860. It is only by the perusal of such documents that one can convince one's self of the entirely new agency which the principle of association has set at work in human industry. These Paris builders are not working for hire, nor for gain, they are, with reverence be it said, preaching a gospel by word and deed. They may do it strangely, oddly, ignorantly, blunderingly often. They may have started from a low level, but they have started *right*, and that right impulse is carrying them on, and, please God, will carry them on to ever higher and higher summits. What think you of this, for instance?—

"If it is a duty for man to act well, it is also a duty for those who surround him to acknowledge it.

"Assuredly, a good man has no other incentives than the attraction of truth, and the inward satisfaction which he experiences, he works not in the hope of a reward, of a distinction. But is it not quite just that sympathy and gratitude should not fail him?

"You know it also, intelligence, the love of good often slumbers in the man even of the most profound convictions. He needs a stimulus, a means of emulation. This stimulus is wanting with us—let us create it.

"Our rules give us the right of blaming, fining, excluding those who forget themselves. Why should they not impose on us also the duty of rewarding those who act better than others, and are more useful? . . .

"We hope, therefore, that you will give your approval to the following proposal:—

Every year, at the general meeting, the associates will give three tokens of sympathy and gratitude to those of their members who shall best fulfil the following conditions.

"*1st*, To him whose conduct shall most approach to the true type of man in association—that is, who shall have led the most moral, brotherly, self-devoted life.

"*2d*, To him who shall relatively have acquired most instruction, who shall have been the most useful by his labour, and who shall have made himself most fit to direct a yard.

"*3d*, To him who by his studies, his researches, his reflections, shall have contributed most to the improvement of the association."

The following is no less remarkable:—

"With us, also, the means of making disciples (*adeptes*) are wanting. Each man fulfils his share of labour, and remains there. Yet Paris swarms with young men who are sleeping in debauchery, or live in solitude instead of coming to improve and instruct themselves with us. What is the cause? The allurement of pleasure, ignorance, timidity? They do not know us well enough. Let us go to them. If we cannot do so by word of mouth, let us do it by writing. Let us create a quarterly periodical which shall simply say what we are, how we live together, what is our aim, which shall contain extracts from our minutes, our decisions, our various proposals,—in fine, which shall make us known and consequently loved. By proceeding thus we shall grow, and growth, you know, is the law of life."

Was there ever anything so absurd, according to the sacred laws of political economy, as this practical Socialism on the part of men in actual possession and direction of a business of 100,000 francs, and who might just as well be keeping it to themselves? Was there ever anything which came nearer in the sphere of labour, to the realisation of that divinely absurd command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"?

But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Yes, there is. To prove the reality of the co-operative movement in Paris, I have quoted the examples of successful associations. But a fact as significant in Paris with which the leaders of our Lagny co-operative bodies are themselves but too familiar is self-absorption creates success. Success kills self-absorption. Large profits have been found generally the very greatest obstacle to the development of associations. The founders—a few devoted men in their wake—retain and nourish that spirit of sacrifice, which is the very life-blood of the associated body. But those workmen who only come to the association to better their own condition by earning more money—the ideal men, in short, of popular political economy—those men, whatever their abilities may be, do more harm than good. Those who seek to raise not only themselves but their brethren above the class of mere wages receivers, always divided in interest against the wages payers,—these men are ever seeking to open the doors of the association, to extend its benefits to new comers. Those who enter the body from self-interest, on the contrary, try to keep the door shut that bigger lumps of profit may fall to the greedy clutches of a few. Yet, in spite of all, it is generally found that the most devoted men are at the head of the associations, that they only can be trusted with the direction of a success which it is far easier to squander than to achieve, and still more to maintain.

And now, shall we not say that these despised, calumniated, working socialists, these at least who understand their work, are among the salt of the French earth? As we look upon that work, however marred by the selfishness of their companions, shall we not acknowledge with joy that below the hideous, seething scum of successful crime, unabashed falsehood, vice so drowned in hypocrisy, that it sometimes imagines itself to be virtue, godlessness grown self-righteous by bowing to every superstition, which tosses at the surface of French society, there are still, calm, clear depths, wherein works yet visibly God's holy spirit of order, and peace, and love? What if these men seem, many

of them, yet unaware of Him whose name should be the seal of their work? is it not rather as the disciples at Emmaus while their eyes were yet holden? If we have faith in a Father of lights, from whom all wisdom proceeds, if we have faith in a Son apart from whom no branch can bear fruit if we have faith in a Spirit of truth, who alone can guide men into truth we must feel that that Father, that Son, that Holy Spirit, are not far from these French workmen, that they are but sheep of another fold, which the Shepherd will know in His own good time how to bring in, and is bringing in already, though they know it not, to the sheep fold

I M LUDLOW

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

A NOVEL'S DREAM

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PATIENCE OF HOPE'

So dreaming sad and true
He deemed he saw two wretched children rove,
Oft had he nursed them fondly as he knew
Their races—Hope and Love!

And ever farther North—
Such heavy doom lay on them through some sin
And sorrow not their own—they wandered forth,
And none did take them in.

The wild wind round them strewed
Brown whirling leaves and sighed amid its play
While ever deeper in the wintry wood
Their small feet went astray

Yet smiling as they sung
Their little songs, they held each other's hand
And cheered each other onwards in a tongue
None else might understand

They fed each other kind—
For slender food these gentle Babes require—
With here and there a berry, left behind,
On ragged thorn or brier

And closer, as the dew
Fell dank, unto each other's side they crept
And closer, closer to each other drew
For warmth, before they slept

For by some law, these two
Together born together knit for aye
Could only die together! so they knew
What time their hour drew nigh

And oft amid the chill
They woke, and listened for each other's breath,
And felt a pulse beat feebly, all was still,
And yet it was not Death!

'Still, Brother, thou art warm,"
They whispered to each other, till its fold
Relaxing languidly, each little arm
Grew stiff, and both were cold

No pious Robins there
Brought leaves but smitten with a late remorse,
A pitying Spirit of the upper air
Wept kind above each corse

And from undying bowers
Shook on those Children bound in the snow
Sweet buds and blossoms of the May flowers
They played with long ago!

THE BLUE FLAG OF KAISERSWERTH

I.—THE ORIGIN OF THE DIACONESS INSTITUTION

Up the Rhine, has no more the meaning it bore in the days of Thomas Hood's exquisitely droll itinerary—not so long ago, but for this railway and now telegraph speed at which the world is flying past us—when it means leisurely sailing for days together from the very Rhine mouth up to Basle or Schaffhausen, with nights bivouacs at the villages on either side, and endless opportunity of observing the vicissitudes of social life from the crowded quarter deck. For the first point of departure from Rotterdam is now the pretty station of the Dutch Rhenish Railway and along this rail way you are whirled at a steady, comfortable pace without so much as a peep at the rejoicing river, or at anything else, save a deep, full ditch close to the rails, an occasional sand hill, or flat, colourless fields where the hard soil is bleached by the sun until you see the towers of the great cathedral at Cologne, and there take the water for Coblenz and Bingen. It saves time and mistakes, no doubt. The vineyards do not begin till the Drachenfels, and quotations from the poets, with other polite interjections, are thrown away on a mere brown, dirty coloured river, flowing between two flat banks. But should any one be simple, quiet, and old fashioned enough to embark at the Boompjes, in one of the fast Rhine steamers, and be content to look, for two days, at a row of bulrushes on the one side and poplar trees upon the other, or at poplar trees upon the one side and a row of bulrushes on the other, he will not only come upon the exquisite scenery higher up with all the advantage of contrast and relief, but will probably see, about an hour before reaching Dusseldorf, a strange flag floating from a tower upon the left. It is not time for the

"Fruit, foliage, crags, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chapelless castles, breathing stern farewells,
From green, but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells,'

the only rising ground in sight is on the horizon and the tower is only the relic of a windmill. Neither does the flag suggest anything of battles passed below, but is simply a huge blue flag bearing in the centre a white dove with an olive branch. It is the signal that you are passing Kaiserswerth, a pretty old world village, as you would presently say looking at the houses that straggle down to the river, and it is nothing more that withstanding its ruins of the eleventh century and that St Suitbert the first evangelist of the district, is buried in the *Pfarrkirche*. Moreover in nearer inspection it turns out to be dirty as most Roman Catholic towns unfortunately are. And yet it is better worth stopping at than St Goar or Ehrenbreitstein. It is the seat of a movement which is exercising a profound influence on the German Church and drawing no little attention from England, as well, where an unpretending German clergyman has been working out in his own way a problem which deeply concerns us all—the right relation of womanly gifts and service to the kingdom of God. That simple flag over the old windmill tower has a very eloquent meaning and no one will repent loitering about Dusseldorf till its story is fully learnt *

Kaiserswerth was entirely a Roman Catholic village until near the close of the last century, when certain velvet manufacturers brought over

* This flag is displayed on such festival days as are notable in the Institution. Its emblem of a dove meets the eye in every form, on the Kaiserswerth books, in the grounds, and carved on the stone lintels. The dove

fresco painting, typical of the Institution as a whole, is appears with a touching fitness of symbolism, as a weary bird with heavy wings, flying into the arms of the Saviour. An excellent view of the town and neighbourhood may be had from the tower, if any one has courage to flounder through the hay which occupies the lower storey

their work people from Protestant Crefeld. The Protestant congregation was small enough, two hundred in a population of eighteen hundred, and over it

Candidate Fliedner was placed as village pastor in the year 1822. He was not there a month when the velvet manufacturers failed, and the congregation, mostly their own workmen, threatened to be broken up. Fliedner was offered another charge. He says he could not reconcile it with his duty to leave his flock when they most needed help and as they were no longer capable of supporting a pastor among them, he made a begging tour as far even as Holland and England, and returned with a sum sufficient to afford a moderate endowment. This however, was by far the least result of his journey. His longing and aptitude for practical work, not as a philanthropist only, but as an earnest minister of Christ, had been greatly stimulated by what he saw. He visited hospitals, workhouses, schools, in London he dwells simply on having "seen Newgate, and many other persons" he regrets only missing Mrs Fry. And when he came back he thought, with deep shame that in faith and love Englishwomen far surpassed German men. It was not long till his thoughts found a practical outlet.

The prison at Dusseldorf was no better than other prisons at that time. There was no classification of the prisoners, no schooling for the young, scarce any separation of the sexes. The filth was horrifying, the arrangements for sleeping and eating of the worst. The prisoners had no employment, and there was no effort to give them any spiritual instruction. Meanwhile the jailers grew rich, and the prison boards fell asleep. Fliedner sought admission to the Dusseldorf prison, having more hearts, as he says, than his brethren, and obtained permission to preach in it every Sunday forthwith. It was characteristic of that period in Germany, that a Roman Catholic was his chief friend in the matter, and that the same Roman Catholic helped him to found a Bible Society. His chapel was humble enough—two sleeping rooms, with the bed straw piled up recently in the corner, and a doorway between them, where the chaplain stood, that he might be heard by the women on one side, and the men on the other, but it was the commencement of a genuine prison reform. The next year he visited the prisons of Rhenish Prussia, carefully collected statistics, and laid them before the authorities. They were moved. At Dusseldorf, out of 220, only 70 could write, 90 could not read, at Cleves, out of 152 80 could not read, out of 290 at Cologne, 150 could not read, and at the workhouse of Brauweiler, only 80 out of 516 could read. A society was immediately formed, after the pattern of that in England, to provide chaplains and schoolmasters, introduce classification, and procure work for discharged convicts of good character. There was much opposition, but the Government sanctioned the plan, and in 1828 the first chaplain was appointed, and to the prison at Dusseldorf.

Fliedner was now thoroughly roused, and the aim of his life was daily more clear. In 1827, he had made a journey through Holland, Brabant, and Friesland, to study the bearings of the Church upon the prisons the poor, and education, in 1832 he made a tour through England and Scotland with the same object, and with his merits so far recognised that the Ministry of Education paid part of his expenses. His range of view was gradually enlarging, and assuming at the same time definiteness and precision, and the conception was always in his mind by which his later life has been signalized. During the second visit to London he met Mrs Fry, and went with her to Newgate, and in Scotland, where he wrote, "the Lord greatly quickens me," he made the acquaintance of Dr Chalmers, at that time Moderator of the General Assembly, and learned from him the entire story of St. John's. The end of his travels was, that he proposed a Refuge for Discharged Female Convicts. People shrank from it and said it was too troublesome; they ridiculed the notion of prisoners remaining where they would be under no compulsion, and prophesied that they would not stay a month. This did not hinder but that, with the assistance of his wife, who had formerly, from love of the work, taught some years in the Reformatory of Dusseldorf, he declared such a Refuge open in Kaiserswerth. A woman came in the autumn of 1833, and, for want of better accommodation, was lodged in the garden house of the manse. Others followed, and in a short time a house was taken specially for the purpose.

Fliedner's next thought was for the children. In a manufacturing town they are peculiarly to be pitied, when the father is all day at the mill, and the mother, perhaps, too busy to watch them, the streets are unwholesome play grounds, and bad companions are at the door. But the younger children are even more helpless, shut up alone in the house, or carried about as a burden, or left hurriedly with a neighbour, neglected, and sickly, and fretful. He had met Wilderspin in London, and seen his infant school in Spitalfields, so having helped to found one at Dusseldorf, he converted the now empty garden house into another at home. Nor could he rest here. These were only the first steps to a larger project, certain factors timidly thrown out, and, as each step was blessed, his confidence grew, and his thoughts took shape in a careful, comprehensive, well matured plan. Only, let it be remembered that neither now nor later was it confidence in himself, but in God alone, to whom he was joined in a living faith, and to whom he looked, in great humility and distrust of his own gifts.

The sick poor, he says, had lain long upon his heart. There were many towns without an hospital, and there were hospitals without nursing. He saw one at Manchester, gleaming with marble, but there was miserable tending of the body. Physicians complained of the nurses by day, the nurses complained that the men were drunk by night. As for any spiritual tending—. Hospitals once bore in Holland the name of *God's Houses*, but where would that name be well bestowed now? He brooded over these thoughts, a high ideal of an hospital lay before him, where the sick should be tended by Christian love, where there should be ministry of faithful, self-sacrificing service might

and day, where Christian teaching should be given, and Christian prayer be made and the Word of God be the comfort of the dying and where the sores of the body might be made the way for the healing of the soul It would need Christian women of a rare devotion, it would be a huge and burdensome undertaking For he saw that besides an hospital it should be a school for other hospitals that Christian women needed certain training, and could give but poor irregular, uneconomical help without it and that such women were required, if for a village like Kaiserswerth much more for Germany, and if for tending the sick, then for other work as necessary, to which by their position and gifts they seemed already called Yet Kaiserswerth was not the place for all this, and he was not the man So he tried his brethren in Dusseldorf Elberfeld, Barmen, and elsewhere, but they refused And feeling it all laid even upon him, he began There was a house for sale, and it happened the house of the head of that failed firm already mentioned It was the chief house of the place had twenty lofty spacious rooms a large yard with offices, and a walled garden of half an acre The good people looked on in amazement village gossip had it that a new manufacturer was coming When it was known it was for an hospital the town became excited, some persons in the house threatened law, the Romanists were stirred up to protest against it, a physician who had been passed over, went from door to door with the story of "a plague house in the very midst of the town they would all catch the infection" a deputation of town councillors waited on the mayor, to represent public feeling, the appointed physician was indignant

While this battle was raging, round his cherished project he went away to a mission festival at Gladbach and, sitting with some Christian guests after the speeches were over he told publicly for the first time, that he intended opening a training school for sick nurses His proposal was met with applause and on his return he was laden with the offerings of the company towards his help An excellent and pious and otherwise suitable woman was promised to come but not for months He was impatient of the delay Then a lady from Dusseldorf offered to take *interim* charge, and his children's maid offered to help, so they moved into the lower storey of their house, and, on the 13th October 1836 the Deaconess Institution was opened without deaconesses * Their hospital furniture was a table, some chairs with unsound legs, some damaged knives and forks, and a few old fashioned, worm eaten bedsteads It was beginning at the furthest end from the gleaming marble Dr Fliedner does not care about beginnings being small, provided there be only the beginning of a right thing He felt that watchfulness, tenderness, and sympathy were more to the patient than corridors and ceilings and that, if corridors and ceilings were necessary, they too would come in good time Now they only wanted for a tenant, and at length one morning a servant maid, a Roman Catholic, asked to be taken in Immediately the battle was renewed, and how it was fought Dr Fliedner may relate to us — 'She was scarcely in the house when one of the tenants, a half pay officer, burst in upon me, as I was putting on my gown to go into the church to preach, and demanded that the sick should be immediately turned out if not he would summon me I begged him to be quiet whereupon he stormed out, went over to the burgomaster, who was chatting with some friends at the apothecary's, and demanded from him the immediate expulsion of the poor girl He assured him he had no authority Then he called the burgomaster a stupid dolt and he, being likewise an officer, grew hot and requested an explanation' The quarrel was made up with some trouble, the tenants vacated the premises, and the battle was won Yet in the neighbouring towns, they laughed at Fliedner's folly, the Roman Catholics declared that as these ladies had no vow of chastity, nor other nun's rules, the whole thing would fail to pieces, and even the burgomaster would not be at the trouble of enrolling the names of those who entered for 'he knew that they would straightway scatter" Mockery from the largest party, hostility from his neighbours, astonishment only and an occasional *bravo* from his fellow ministers, these were the ends with which he commenced an experiment looked on suspiciously by many good people full of hazard costly—and he had no means And these are the circumstances which try men what manner of spirit they are of, which, if they are brave and true to God, strengthen them for a partial victory, bring out the depth of their faith shew them calm, clear sighted, self possessed and reveal the texture of that life which is Christ who liveth in us Of that time, Fliedner only says —'It was the Lord's good pleasure in this also, to choose the foolish things of this world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, that no flesh should glory in His presence, save in God alone"

The work was thus fairly set on foot, and during the first year there were forty sick, and seven deaconesses Each succeeding report speaks of advance, and not only within but without Stations were opened in many towns, and requests for others were constantly coming in An hospital, or an orphanage, or a parish society, or a clergyman, sent for a person who had been trained at Kaiserswerth. Similar institutions began to rise in other places—in Holland, Switzerland, and France—and as they rose, they sent their workers to be taught by Dr Fliedner. Two teachers were educated for Holland, deaconesses were sent to them from Strasburg and Zurich, and even a Sister of Mercy, who had been led out of the Romish Church and to the truth by meeting a Bible, was taught the system which gloried in the Word of God alone. A wide

* This word is simply borrowed from the German It is not meant to affirm that it rests on those scriptural grounds which Dr Fliedner claims for it It is a mere translation, for convenience, of the name by which these Christian women are designated Whether such an office has any warrant in the New Testament, how far it might be practicable to sustain it in the present condition of the Church, are questions of very deep interest English readers may consult with much profit a recent article in the *Quarterly Review*, on "Bible women and "Deaconesses," where these questions are fully and largely discussed, and whatever may be thought of its author's conclusions, he has at least on Biblical grounds an eminent claim to be heard.

field was opened in Berlin In the *Charité* hospital alone, there was room for 50 nurses In 1847, the first attendants were supplied to the hospital *Bethanien*, for which Fliedner had sketched an organization at the King's expressed desire * Utrecht had already received in 1844 The first report contemplated an activity in Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, but now it was necessary to take a range that included the globe Fliedner travelled with four deaconesses to America in 1849, in 1851, he travelled with others to Jerusalem Bishop Gobat had sought earnestly for Christian women to wait upon the sick, they were found, and obtained the readiest welcome The physician of the English hospital, Dr Macgowan, acted as their medical head, and they not only took the sick into their house but visited them at home The Pasha calling once, left 500 piastres as a sign of his good pleasure, and as they had also opened a school for children, he sent 500 more for a children's feast Nor are the Mohammedans slow to avail themselves of the Sisters' care, as many as from 20 to 30 are tended by them in one year In 1852, an hospital for Germans, that had been formed six years before at Constantinople, was handed over to Kaiserswerth and has from 60 to 70 sick annually The school opened at Smyrna a year later for elder girls, has been remarkably successful, and had before its misfortunes, over 100 pupils while excluding many from want of room, besides that, acting as a mission station it made a German pastor necessary and practicable in 1857 At Alexandria the violent proselytism of the Sisters of Mercy and other Romish orders compelled the foundation of a Protestant hospital, chiefly supported by the English and Prussian Governments, and managed from Kaiserswerth Besides the direct nursing indoors, from 70 to 80 Arabs come every day for free consultation, and with whom there is opportunity of entering into conversation on higher things The Viceroy has signified his approbation of the system in the most emphatic manner, many harems have been thrown open to the nurses, and a glance at the nationalities represented in one year will give the best conception of the amount of good wrought † The list of foreign stations may be concluded with Bucharest and Florence, the two most recent, but not the least important

While the institution was widening its limit of operations, it was also adding to its practical efficiency An orphanage was opened partly for the daughters of poor clergymen, and chiefly as a nursery for future deaconesses The family system of the *Rauh Haus* was carried into it, the children, of whom there are about thirty, being divided in to two households, and knit together by birthdays and other ties familiar to those who know anything of the Reformatory at Horn It was by a noticeable coincidence that one of the first orphans received was Hedwig Francke, a descendant of the noble minded man of faith, who founded the great orphanage of Halle, which was in later days to be the training school of Mr Muller A druggist's shop, a general shop (to save the Sisters the inconvenience of purchasing in the town), a bath house on the Rhine, an ice cellar, and a bakery were added, and as the inmates came to be nearly as many as the population of the place, a special graveyard was obtained A large building was erected as a seminary for the training of governesses and nursery maids, and the King having made a present of a barrack, it was converted into a lunatic asylum, one of the most pressing necessities of the colony, as, owing to the want of a special education with the insane, the deaconesses had not been allowed to enter on this department of nursing To the original Refuge was added also a Magdalen, and other additions were, a Home for the aged, sickly and worn out deaconesses, of which the King laid the foundation stone, and a country retreat called Salem, where in the midst of wooded and mountain scenery, the deaconesses might occasionally recruit their health and the less severe cases of insanity find change of treatment Theodor had before then resigned his pastorate after holding it faithfully, and exercising it in the might of prevailing prayer for twenty seven years It is but fair to say that his occasional absences were necessary to recruit his health and the vast addition to his cares had never been suffered to interfere with his first duties to his people He was instead appointed Pastor of the Institution, which received parochial rights At present the colony (for such it must be called) consists of an Hospital for men women and children a Lunatic Asylum for females an Orphanage for girls, a Refuge for discharged female convicts, and Magdalen Asylum, a Normal Seminary for governesses, an Infant School a Chapel, two shops a publishing office a museum residence for the deaconesses, and a Home for the infirm A baker two tailors, a shoemaker, a carpenter, and other tradesmen belong to it besides, as the property of the Institution there are—a Home for maid servants in Berlin an Orphanage at Altdorf the Deaconess Home at Jerusalem, the Seminary at Smyrna, the Hospital at Alexandria, and the Seminary at Bucharest The number of these Christian women is about 320, of whom upwards of 100 are at Kaiserswerth on private service, and the rest scattered over 74 stations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America Upwards of 800 teachers have been sent out to educate many thousand children The number annually in hospital is over 600, and upwards of 50 families are supplied with sick nurses, in the Asylum, there are 24, in the Orphanage, 30, in the Infant School, 50, in the Refuge, 20, in the Seminary, 50 The number dependent on the Institution for daily bread is between seven and eight hundred These are mere hard statistics, but they are the briefest and most tangible evidence of what has been done, and done, I must repeat it, in faith "We live by grace, and the gracious Lord of the heavenly treasury knows how to furnish us every year with so many under treasurers of every rank and age, that to the question, 'Have you ever wanted?' we must joyfully answer, 'Lord, never!'"

W F STEVENSON

* *Bethanien* is the most perfect hospital in Prussia, and is a normal school for deaconesses as well

† 93 Englishmen, 11 Prussians, 8 French, 4 Swedes, 2 Norwegians, 1 Dutchman, 3 Americans, 1 Pole, 2 Russians, 1 Spaniard, 1 South African, 2 Syrians, 2 Arabs, 1 Armenian, 1 Italian, 6 Greeks, 4 Hungarians, 2 Austrians, 1 Tyrolese, 4 Bavarians, 2 from Baden, 2 from Bremen, 2 Swiss, 6 Wallachians, 1 from Hamburgh, 1 from Dusseldorf

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN FEBRUARY

First Sunday.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE

THE HALL OF KING EDWIN

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee." Isa. lx. 1, 2.

WHAT do we mean when we speak of Christ being the Light of the World? or when we speak of this 'enlightened' age? or what was it of which the prophet spake when he told of a great Light shining on the darkness, the thick darkness of the people and of the nations?

Many answers can be given to this question, for the Light of Christ is manifold. The light of the sun is one, but yet it comes to us in many different colours and through many different ways, and in many different degrees. So it is also with the light of the Sun of Righteousness. It enlightens our consciences. It enlightens our understandings. It enlightens us through the Bible. It enlightens us through the example of good men. It enlightens our life. It enlightens the valley of the shadow of death. Above all it enlightens the dark world which lies beyond death—the world of the grave.

In order to understand how much we owe to this Light let us go back twelve hundred years ago when our fathers were in darkness, and the Light had not yet shined upon them. At that time the Lowlands of Scotland formed one kingdom with the north of England. From the Firth of Forth to the Humber ruled a powerful king, Edwin by name, from whom it is said, it takes the name of the city of *Edinburgh*. Let us hear (for it is a beautiful and well established history) how he and his people were converted to the faith of Christ. He had heard that a teacher had come from a southern country who had a new religion to proclaim. He called his nobles and his priests around him. They met on the top of a bleak hill rising out of the flat plain in the east of Yorkshire, which can still be seen surrounded by the remains of the old Pagan temple and commanding, in the distance, the view of the two great Yorkshire churches which afterwards sprung up in consequence of this interview, York Minster and Beverley Minster. The question discussed was, whether the missionary should be heard or not? The king was doubtful. The priests were doubtful. At last there rose an honest, straightforward man—a chieftain, a laird as we should now call him—a "thane," as he was called in the language of those days, and spoke much as follows:—

"You know, O king, how, on a winter evening, when you are sitting at supper in your hall with your company around you, when the night is dark and dreary, when the rain and the snow rages outside, when the hall inside is lighted and warmed with a blazing fire,—sometimes it happens that a sparrow flies into the bright hall out of the dark night, flies through the hall, and then flies out at the other end into the dark night again. We see him for a few moments, but we know not whence he came, nor whither he goes, in the blackness of the storm outside. So is the life of man. It appears for a short space in the warmth and brightness of this life, but what came before this life, or what is to follow this life, we know not. If, therefore, these new teachers can enlighten us as to the darkness that went before, and the darkness that is to come after, let us hear what they have to teach us." So spoke this old heathen seeker after light, and he prevailed on the king and the priests to hear the missionary, and through him under God our fathers on both sides the Border received the knowledge of Christ. Our manners have changed since those days, and our religious knowledge has enlightened that darkness. But we can still understand the force of that comparison. Although we do not sit in rude halls, with open doors at each end, yet we still know on these wintry evenings the difference between the dark, cold night outside and the bright, warm room inside. Although we know more of the unseen world beyond the grave of the two eternal states between which we stand, than did our heathen forefathers, yet still the question may well arise in our minds as we look forward to that world to which we are all moving. What is it that we learn from the gospel of Christ concerning that dark, awful, unknown night into which our souls must fly at last out of the midst of all the things now so dear, so familiar, so cheerful, so clear?

Let us seek for the answers to these questions on the three remaining Sundays of this month.

Meanwhile let us read some of the passages that speak of Christ's religion being a "light," and let us remember, as we read, that every such passage is a condemnation of the dark, and crooked, and dishonest ways of this dark world, and a blessing on the bright, open, honest, straightforward character in which God delights. We shall often be tempted to do or to say something underhand, we shall be often tempted to condemn inquiry—to throw out dark insinuations against those who seek after truth. Let us remember that, from the passages which follow, we learn clearly how amongst the Christian graces, of humility, and prayer, and faith, and love, Christ and his apostles had placed honesty, knowledge, light, and truth.

Matt. v. 14-16, vi. 22, 23, x. 26, 27, xxiii. 25-28, John i. 4, 5, 9, viii. 12, 32, xi. 9, 10, 2 Cor. iii. 12-18, iv. 1, 2, Eph. i. 17, 18, 1 John

Fourth Sunday.

THE TEMPLE AND THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

THE VOYAGE DOWN THE DARK RIVER.

I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—Rev. xxi. 22, 23.

This is the brightest ray of light which the Gospel sheds on the darkness of the grave.

We know but little of that new state. Every thing must be different from what we see here. All the outward means by which we are sustained even in duty here, will be altered or gone. Tongues, knowledge, prophecy, shall have vanished away. There is no temple in that city: no church, no congregation, no liturgy, no ordinary, no priests, no elders, no ministers.

And that city has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it. Even all those lesser lights which are so cheering on earth, even all those good men of whom we spoke in the last reading, even all those dear families in which had been our joy and stay on earth, will not be needed there. They which are counted worthy to obtain that world neither marry nor are given in marriage, neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels.

But is there then no certainty, no support, no light in the great void of the other world? Not so. There are two Objects in that world which include all others, and which make the darkness light, and fill the timeless void. "The Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the temple of it. The glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." *God and Christ.* These are the two Ideas, these are the two Persons, Father, this is the one Idea, this is the one Person to see, with whom it is the true blessedness of the sufficient account of his happiness in heaven. "In thy light shall we see light," was the trust of the Psalmist. In the presence of God, all the difficulties of this world will be at last made clear. In the presence of God all the darkness and justice and wisdom of this world will be at last made perfect. To be with Christ. This was the one prayer of the apostle. If the world beyond the grave is dark, if the thought of God is too vast or wide for us to grasp, yet the promise of being with Christ is clear and distinct to the humblest as well as to the wisest. We know what He was: we can figure to ourselves from the Gospels His truth, His love, His watchful knowledge of every soul and character amongst us. What He was, He is still. What He is, God. What support we should have had from Him had we known Him on earth, we shall receive tenfold with us but on hundredfold, from His everlasting arms in that world of which He is at once the Temple and the Light. He is the Temple of Heaven, for He is the end to which all earthly worship tends. Every ordinance, every prayer, every hymn, every psalm, every sacred day, every sacred memory has or ought to have but one object—to bring us nearer to God by making us more like to Christ. When we have at last come into the presence of Christ, then the means will cease for the end will be gained.

We shall be like him for we shall see him as he is. He is the Light of Heaven for in Him are combined all the perfections which we see scattered amongst His faithful servants: all the beauty and glory which we see divided in the works of creation.

This last and best glimpse into the other world shall be explained by one more tale taken like those which have been told before from the dark hours of this world.

An old New Zealand chief who like King Edwin of Northumbria had been converted in middle life to the Christian religion and had lived a life of consistent Christian goodness was at last brought to his deathbed. He gathered his friends and family round him—some Pagans still, some Christians—and then he raised himself up and began to sing one of the ancient songs of his country which he had used in his youth before his conversion. It told of a maid who had a lover, a faithful lover, she had not seen him for years, he had gone off into the distant seas, and now she was determined to seek out and to join him. And so the New Zealand chief sang of her voyage in words well known to those who stood around him, but with a meaning far deeper than they had ever before put on the words, for they saw that under the figure of the forlorn maiden he meant his own soul going forth on its last long voyage, and under the figure of the lover he meant that blessed Saviour whom he hoped now to join in that unknown sea. He sang how the maiden in her frail canoe, went down the dark river, how she dashed down the foaming rapids, how the steep rocks closed in on either side, how through the black pass the river opened into the wild sea, how in the wide sea she still was not afraid for she looked forward all the more to being with him whom she loved for ever.

So singing and so transfiguring the old pagan song with the light of the Gospel the Christian chieftain passed away. It is to that outer darkness, of which the Saxon chief spoke to the first missionary of our forefathers, through that dark river and into that unknown sea, of which the New Zealand chief spoke to his newly converted friends—we must also go. Education, business, worship, life itself will all take their proper place and their proper proportions, then, and then only, when we remember that they are all means to one end, namely to be like Christ and to be with Christ.

To remind us how this is the great end of the gospel, read and ponder on these few passages:—Matt. v. 48, xi. 28–30, xvi. 24; John xiv. 6, 9, 21–24; Rom. viii. 28, 29; 2 Cor. v. 10, 11; Eph. ii. 19–22; Phil. i. 21–23; ii. 5; iii. 20, 21; Col. iii. 1–10; 1 John iii. 1–3.

A. P. STANLEY.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

CHAP. II.—REFUGE IN TRIAL.

It was a common thing for men in old times to provide themselves with a refuge against the hour when the worst came to the worst. You may see it in the crumbling ruins of our old castles, where, once carefully concealed behind the arras, it now stands exposed in the narrow stair within the thick and massive walls. By this, when the gates were forced, and the defenders, a bleeding band, were driven back from room to room, they, suddenly pushing aside a panel, descended into the dungeons; and issuing out by some secret port, escaped with their lives. And to this day the shepherds show the hiding-places among their green hills, the "holes and caves of the earth" to which our forefathers betook themselves when persecution waxed hot, and bloodhounds bayed at their heels. A midnight march brought the ruthless soldiery in the grey of the morning to the cottage of a lone upland, where some man of God was in hiding. They surrounded the house—but missed their prey. Warned by trusty watchers, who often concealed bold daring and deep cunning under the garb of homely simplicity, he was off. Near by rose a dizzy crag, roared a foaming waterfall; and ere his enemies arrived, the fugitive had leaped the chasm, and scaled the rock, and swinging himself up by the arms of a friendly mountain-ash, whose scarlet foliage screened the mouth of a dark cavern, he was safe within, singing to the music of the cataract these appropriate words: "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me, he shall set me up upon a rock; and now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me."

The *Chronicles of Froissart* relate the strange issue of a siege which took place in the days of chivalry—and somewhere, I think, in France. Though gallantly defended, the out-works of the citadel had been carried; the breach was practicable; to-morrow was fixed for the assault. That none, alarmed at the desperate state of their fortunes, might escape under the cloud of night, the besiegers guarded every sally-port, and indeed the whole sweep of wall. They had the garrison in a net; and only waited for the morrow to secure, or to slaughter them. The night wore heavily on; no sortie was attempted; no sound came from the beleaguered citadel; its brave, but ill-starred defenders seemed to wait their doom in silence. The morning came; with its dawn the stormers rushed at the breach; sword in hand they poured in to find—the nest empty, cold. The bird was flown; the prey escaped. But how? That was a mystery; it seemed a miracle, till an opening was discovered that led by a flight of steps down into the bowels of the rock. They descended, and explored their way with cautious steps and lighted torches, until this subterranean passage led them out a long way off from the citadel, among quiet, green fields, and the light of day. It was plain that by this passage, the doors of which stood open, their prey had escaped under cover of the night. A clever device—a wise precaution. It was the refuge of the besieged, provided against such a crisis. And when affairs seem desperate, and the worst has come to the worst, how should it encourage God's people to remember that He has promised them as safe a retreat! What says an apostle? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape." Our extremity is His opportunity.

These words of Scripture, and a whole cloud of corresponding passages—"a cloud of witnesses," indicate that God's people always have a refuge in their days of trial. According to David, "God is known in her palaces for a refuge;" and in what glowing language is that truth sung out by Moses in his parting words to the tribes of Israel: "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who *rideth* upon the heaven in thy help. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Happy art thou, O Israel! who *is* like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!"

Now let us turn our attention to one of the many refuges and sources of support which a pious man has amid the trials of life. "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." So says the apostle James; and referring to the trials of the first Christians, he says: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering: for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven of the wind and tossed." I would ask the reader's attention to the following points:—

What we are to *ask*. Wisdom! As used in Scrip-

ture, that word has a wide meaning, and here, as elsewhere, it may stand for all the graces and virtues that constitute true religion. And what of these we lack, whatever indeed we lack—not those that man lacks but any man, every man lacks—God promises a liberal supply of it. There is no restriction, no exclusion here. He would have all men to pray. It is their own blame if people are not saved. As a mother would do to her fallen and guilty child, God opens His arms wide to the world, and would press it to His bosom. With the offer of Christ to all and virtue in His blood to cleanse all, who is lost is his own murderer. Who goes to hell is not excluded but excludes himself from heaven. As the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ whom He sent to seek and save the lost God, if they will but ask it, giveth liberally to *all* men.

But though I do not understand the word wisdom, as employed by James in the passage quoted in a strictly literal sense, there is much need of wisdom, of a sound right, practical judgment, in times of trial. That will save us much suffering, if not much sin.

It is not wise to fret under our trials—the high mettled horse that is restive in the yoke but galls his shoulder—the poor bird that dashes herself against the bars of the cage but ruffles her feathers and aggravates the sufferings of captivity. It is not wise, overlooking the sovereign will of God, and that presiding Providence which numbers the hairs of our head as well as the stars of heaven, and without which neither a sparrow nor an angel can fall, to trace our calamities only to ourselves—that breeds but unavailing regrets, or to others—that only kindles bad and angry passions. It is not wise to look on our trials as heavier than those of others, and as warranting us to cry, in the language of Jerusalem, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, where with the Lord hath afflicted me!"—that can only foster a rebellious spirit. It is not wise to forget that our blessings are loans from God, and that when we lose them, whether husband, wife, or child, health or wealth, fame or fortune, their owner but resumes His own,—otherwise we shall be ready to regard God as a robber, rather than to render Him the gratitude due to a most bountiful benefactor. It is not wise to cling too closely to the living—else we shall some day be found embracing the dead. We are to inquire whether God has any controversy with us, whether He is not rebuking idolatry by destroying our idols, still it is not wise to regard our trials as being certainly expressions of His wrath. It were a great mistake to fancy that the goldsmith is dissatisfied with the gold he burns or the lapidary with the diamond he grinds, or the gardener with the tree he prunes. On the contrary, the metal is cast into the furnace, and the gem is ground on the wheel, and the tree bleeds beneath the knife, not because they are little, but because they are much esteemed. It is not wise to meet trials in our own strength, on the contrary, when they advance with threatening front let us run to God, and lay hold on Him, as, at the cry "Hold on!" sailors seize rope mast, shrouds, or bulwark, when the curling wave rises at their bows, and, bursting sweeps the deck, and but for their hold would sweep them overboard, into a watery grave. I need not say that it is not wise—it is madness, it is misery in this world, and damnation in the next, to fly from grief to the intoxicating bowl. I don't say that it is unnatural. Tell the drowning man it is but a floating straw, a poor rotten twig he sees, yet he clutches at it, grasps it, and when all God's billows are going over men's heads, those who have not comfort in God will seek it elsewhere, anywhere. Men have fled to the wine-cup to drown reflection, and I have heard a poor, wretched mother the slave of drinking, trace her habits to domestic trials, to the desolation death had made in her home and heart. Miserable refuge! Job's friends indeed, are these stimulants—beer, wine, spirits. "Miserable comforters are ye all!" Yet, as the wise man says "they drink to forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more." By all means fly from sorrow to the bosom of God, but to fly from sorrow into the arms of sin is an awful illustration of the common adage "An unsanctified affliction is the worst of all afflictions"—and also of the prophet's question "Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more."

There is great need of wisdom under trials, to be enlightened as well as supported by the grace of God, and in the Holy Ghost to have a counsellor as well as comforter. With all thy getting get wisdom—wisdom to true your trials to the Hand above, to bear them so that you may glorify God in the fires, to improve them, so that you may get the good intended, and be more than indemnified for their heaviest sufferings. The honey of the bee is an excellent antidote to its sting, and what comfort under trials like feeling that we are the better of them? Has not many a dark cloud, that in the distance lightened and thundered, and filled us with alarm, broke in blessings on our head—leaving us, as, passing away, it showed the bright bow of the covenant on its back, to say, It is good for me that I was afflicted; before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word. Right are thy judgments, O Lord; in faithfulness thou hast

afflicted me! Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory.

Next, *Of whom we are to ask wisdom?* Of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not! If we want money, we go to the bank; water, we go to the well, medicine, we go to the physician; and who wants divine blessings, mercy to pardon, or grace to help, is to go to God—"He giveth liberally"

Did you ever stand in a bright summer day by the black swirling pool at the foot of a waterfall, and look up to the top of the cascade, where, scattering its liquid beads, like sparkling diamonds, it springs boldly out from the rock into the air? How ceaseless the flow! and with its snowy foam ever flashing in the light of day, and its deep, solemn voice, in that lone glen, ever praising God through the hours of night—what an image does it offer of the stream of mercies that are continually falling on us from the bountiful hand of God!

The Scriptures employ other, and indeed many images of God's affluent bounty. God himself says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel"—but there are cloudy skies and breezy nights when no dew falls, emblem of divine bounty, to hang gems on every bush, and sow the fields with "orient pearls." Again it is said: "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth"—but there are days and weeks without a drop of rain Again, it is said, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground"—but it is only on rare occasions that the river, swollen by many a tributary, comes down red and roaring, and, overflowing all its banks, turns every wooded knoll into an island, and green valleys into inland seas But, is there ever a month, a week, a day, an hour, a moment, a single moment, when from Thy blessed and bountiful hand, O God! mercies are not falling in showers—thick as the rain-drops that shimmer in sunlight on the water, or as the snow-flakes that fill the wintry air!

He giveth liberally, and He giveth constantly, and, if He pours such affluence of blessings on all men, even on His enemies, even on those that trample the mercies, as they trample the snows, of heaven under their foul, guilty feet, what may not His own, his chosen people, expect? Will He deny His fathership when they, His children, His own loving children, repair to Him with wounds to stanch, with cheeks to dry, with bruised or broken hearts to bind, with cries like these—Father, help me, I am weak! Lift me up, I have fallen! Forgive me, I have sinned! Save, oh, save me, I perish! How have I seen a poor wandering vagrant, when her child, footsore and weary, had sunk, crying, on the road, true to a mother's love, take up the creature in her arms, and, shifting its burden to her own back, trudge on her weary way? And what may not you, groaning under your burdens, hope for from Him, who is as much greater than we in love, as in the wisdom that planned, and the power that built this glorious universe? You know what are your thoughts and ways to a darling child that is withering away like a delicate flower, over whose couch you hang in anxious solicitude, for whom you have prayed in agony, and whose young life you would purchase at the price of all your fortune! Hear, then, what God says My ways and my thoughts to you, are as far above your ways and thoughts to it, as the heavens are above the earth. I have known a mother who trod the great city's streets, with weary steps and broken heart, the long night through, searching every house and den of infamy to find her lost one. She found her. Clasping the unholy thing to her virtuous bosom, locking her in close embraces, to win the wanderer back, how did she promise her every pleasure of home, with these hands to toil and work for her, never to cast up her sins, nor speak an upbraiding word? and these yearnings of a mother's heart, what were they, but, if I might say so, a spark struck from divinity—a drop out of the ocean of love that fills the bosom of an infinite God!

"He upbraideth not." You are unworthy; you have abused my kindness; charity is wasted on you, I am tired of helping you; patience is exhausted; you come too often; you ask too much—such language never fell from the lips of God. I have often seen a shivering, ragged child, or a widow, in brown and rusty weeds, with an emaciated infant in her bosom, timidly knocking at a rich man's door, to have it, so soon as it was opened, and they were seen, shut rudely in their face. And while I thought how ill it would be for them were God, in their hour of need—on a bed of death, or at a bar of judgment—to deal with them as they deal with others, it was blessed to think that the door of mercy is shut in no man's face; that God's heart is shut against no man's misery; that God's hand is shut against no man's need; that God's eye is shut to no man's danger; that God's ear is shut to no man's prayer. "He giveth liberally, and upbraideth not." Appearing in human form, and speaking through the voice of His beloved Son, he stands up there at the wide-open door of heaven, crying "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden;" be your burden sins or sorrows, be your load grief or guilt, Come unto me, and I will give you rest; Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain it; Open thy mouth wide and He will fill it.

Again, *How we are to ask*. With faith, nothing wavering!

The pendulum of a time-piece is in constant motion yet it makes no progress, because it has no sooner swung a certain way to one side, than it swings as far to the other. In like manner, as you may know by watching the floating weed, or the foam-bells that whiten it, or the boat that rides on its back—the mass of water that forms a wave makes no progress. Impelled by the wind, the wave advances but not the water of which it is formed. If the water did, it would bear yonder drowning wretch to the shore, nor merely leave the wave passing under, to raise his head to catch a sight of the blessed land, and then, rolling away to break on the beach, leave him to perish. And so alas! will it be with many, who are not altogether insensible to religious impressions, who may even be easily affected by such influences as a sermon, the solemnities of a death-bed, the heaving swell of a revival, and being so imagine themselves on the way to heaven, just as many careless observers imagine because the wave goes shoreward, the water also does.

As employed by James to describe certain characters the wave is a most felicitous figure. Look at a boat floating on the sea at high or low water, when the tide, out or in, and on the turn has ceased to run, or watch a boat away amid the swell of a mountain lake when the wind, returning to its caves among the hills, has roared itself to rest! It is in constant motion between earth and heaven—now mounting to the top of the billow, and now sinking out of sight in the trough of the sea, yet with all this violent action, heaving, tossing, rolling, the skiff does not make an inch of way, but continues to ride over the self-same spot. Too true a figure of many professing Christians! Vacillating—not hypocrites, but through the influence of opposing motives—double-minded, and therefore unstable, heaven now seems to draw them upward, and then again earth draws them down—now, following Christ they cry, with the young ruler, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? and then, with their backs turned on Him, they are leaving Him, sorrowful perhaps, but still leaving Him—now they are casting sin away from them, and by and by they are locked in her foul embraces—now they are fighting the Philistines, and ere long you find them sound asleep in Delilah's lap—now full of alarm, in fear of hell pricked to the heart, their conscience awake, bent on being saved, they make a rush for heaven, and their foot is on the door-step—' they are not far from the kingdom of heaven;' but a cross lies on the threshold, and stumbling on that they fall—fall back into sin, and the last state of that man is perhaps worse than the first. One day they seem to serve Christ, and certainly serve their lusts the next. They don't want to lose heaven, yet they cannot part with earth. Often starting up in their sleep, like one disturbed by horrid dreams, they are ever falling back again into slumber, and thus, equally affected by opposite influences, they are like a wave of the sea, rising and falling, now moving heavenward, now earthward—driven with the wind and tossed. Well, of a life spent in such unsteady efforts after what is good—in sinning to-day, and repenting to-morrow—what is to be the issue? It comes to nothing, like a door moving on its hinges, they make no progress, and the fate of their hopes, when death throws them on another world, is foreshadowed by the wave, that, launched on an iron-bound shore, bursts into froth and foam. The end of these things is death.

Who, dying, would go to glory, who would be redeemed from sin and hell who would secure a saving interest in Christ, who would have strength to endure trial, and stand its buffetings as a rock stands the blows of waves, must have his heart steadily, resolutely, firmly fixed on divine things. 'No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven.' Pray for unwavering faith a strong—as Jabez Bunting when dying, said, an *obstinate* faith in God. Seek such faith as not only lays hold of Him, but holds Him and won't let him go, that has the grasp of a drowning man. Seek a faith greater than Joshua's, when, laying its hand on the sun, he held it back from going on, a faith like Jacob's, who, strange as it seems, held God from going away, as, endowed with superhuman energy, he wrestled the night through with an angel, and, the stronger of the two, prevailed—replying to the prayer, Let me go, for the day breaketh, I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me.

Were this too bold a freedom to take with God? No! We have "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." It is the boldness of the little child that, unabashed by any one's presence, climbs his father's knee, and throws his arms around his neck—or, bursting into his room, breaks in on his busiest hours, to have a bleeding finger bound, or some childish tears kissed away, that says if any threaten or hurt him, I will tell my father, and, however he might tremble to sleep alone, fears neither ghosts, nor man, nor darkness, nor devils, if he lies couched at his father's side. Such confidence, bold as it seems, springs from trust in a father's love, and pleases rather than offends us. Well then, if you that are evil have such hearts, and know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will our heavenly

Father give the Holy Spirit all, everything they need, to them who ask—asking with faith, nothing wavering!

Hope, as well as prayer, opens a welcome refuge to the good man in times of trial "Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love him" Here how true is the common proverb "All is well that ends well" It is not, Blessed is he that hath no trials whose heart they never wrung, whose tears never flowed, whose brightest prospects were never clouded, whose dearest hopes never lay withered and scattered like autumn leaves, on life's rough and rugged path, who never entered the fiery furnace, nor trod the swelling flood He is blessed who endureth temptation, stands the test, bears his burden well, glorifies God in the fires and comes forth shining like gold from a refiner's furnace Every wave of trouble lifts him but higher on the Rock of ages—wafts him nearer to the heavenly shore

Let the down cast lift their heads and look upward and forward! For the joy set before Him Jesus endured the cross and despised the shame And He says, Learn of me overleap the narrow bounds of a few short years and what shall your present sorrow be but the morning recollection of a disagreeable dream! The days of your mourning shall be ended—your cross exchanged for a shining crown I have heard one say as he bent over a friend who was groaning under the surgeon's knife It will soon be over! and so Jesus with tender fellow feeling for their infirmities consoles His suffering people And your trials think of that—they will soon be over, sooner perhaps than you fancy Your salvation is not only nearer than when you believed, may be nearer than you suppose, even now the cry may be sounding in heaven—Room for another saint! a crown for another head! and the next turn of the road may bring you in front of the gates of glory

Whatever be your cross, don't keep, with down cast head, looking at it, but raise your eyes to the crown that hangs yonder in heaven,—beyond the grave When grim death comes, see it glittering bright behind his awful form, nor fear the King of Terrors Constructed of bands of metal and bits of stone and doomed to perish in the wreck of all things, other crowns grace the brows of dying men, they are borne in the procession that carries a king to his grave—and, in mockery of the royal pageant the heads that wore them are laid, low as a beggar's in the dusty tomb But this is a crown of life Immortals wear it, and it is itself immortal—"a crown of glory that fadeth not away And how will that moment swallow up all memory of the sorrows of earth when, led by angels or a father or mother within the brilliant circle when you recognise the glorified forms of long lost friends you stand before the throne, and, bending low your head, receive, amid the plaudits of the sky, this crown, at the hand of Jesus

And what shall heaven see there and then? Life crowning love! not Merit, that stands proud and panting at the goal, not Success that has filled the world with famous deeds, not Learning, that has explored all the mysteries of knowledge, human and divine, not Prophecy, with her many tongues, not even Faith grasping the cross nor clear eyed Hope, with her hand on the anchor, and her gaze on heaven, but Love the true queen of graces She who, when Faith seemed to lose hold of Christ and Hope to lose sight of heaven still clung to Jesus, and, refusing to part with Him, said Intreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee, where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ says Paul, and I say thanks be to God who bestows the crown of life on those that love Him, and can say, Though I have not honoured thee, nor served thee, nor followed thee, nor fought for thee, nor wrought for thee, nor suffered nor sacrificed for thee, as I should have done, yet, "Lord, thou that knowest all things, knowest that I love thee"

DUTY AND METHOD OF INSTRUCTING

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

I was lately reading in a newspaper an account of a meeting called by some Agapemonists in London The speakers were cried down—most deservedly—as talking blasphemous nonsense, when they said that "Brother Prince" was an incarnation of the Holy Ghost, etc It occurred to me that as Jesus was called a blasphemer for calling Himself the Son of God, we should show some *difference* between the two cases, and what difference is there except what is derived from an appeal to the *Reason*? viz, that the one gave proof by His miracles of the truth of the claim, and the other, none at all

It cannot be said that we are to decide between the two cases by the *matter* of what was preached, for it was precisely to this that the Jews, who rejected Jesus, did appeal "This man cannot be of God, because He keepeth not the Sabbath-day,"

and "Thou being a man makest thyself God" For they did not expect the Messiah to be a divine person, as is evident from their being unable to answer why David called him *Lord*," and accordingly they condemned Him under the injunction given in Deut xiii 7

It cannot be said that what He taught, or that what the Agapemonists said, was contrary to the immutable laws of natural *morality* But if He had not really been a divine person, He would have been justly condemned for blasphemy, and He says Himself, 'If I had not done among them the *works* which none other man did, they had not had sin' And if "Prince" had given like proofs it would not have been allowable for us to reject him, merely on the ground that we have *no reason to expect* any such divine incarnation, for no more did the Jews think *they* had to expect such a Messiah as Jesus in fact was

No difference, then, can be made out, except the difference of *evidence and no evidence* The case is altogether one of an appeal to the understanding in judging of evidence

Of course, a sincere desire to obey the truth, a pure and candid judgment, is necessary for a right decision The understanding *may* be biassed by prejudice and passion, and no *mere* intellectual power will secure us against that, but still, after all, it is an appeal to the understanding It is necessary to wipe clean the glasses of your telescope, but, after all it is with your *eyes* you must see only it is necessary to give your eyes a fair chance

It is a matter of great patience to hear people talk so thoughtlessly as some do, of "appeals to the heart, rather than to the head," on the ground that mere intellect is not sufficient (and who ever said so?) to guide us into truth One may equally well say, "The *mere* use of the compass and rudder will not bring a ship into port without sails or steam, therefore get up the steam, and set the sails, and throw the rudder and compass overboard"

No one can doubt that there is much hearty and fervent devotion felt for the Virgin Mary, and in fact, *she* is applied to by a much greater number than her Son. The difference is, between rightly and wrongly *directed* devotion Impassioned hortatory discourses may get up the steam, but they do not supply the compass and rudder, without which we may as easily as not run upon the rocks

Oh but let them read the Scriptures!' It is very little trouble for those who have the gift of fluid eloquence to give exciting exhortations, and then urge their hearers to read the Scriptures, without giving them any warning, any instruction, any explanation but leaving them to open the Bible at hap hazard and take for their guidance the first passage they chance to light on Any man of tolerable good sense in reading any book—except the Bible—which he is anxious to understand thoroughly, does not *dip* into it at random, reading a scrap here and a scrap there, or taking single sentences, or half sentences, apart from the context, but considers, while reading (in the order it was written), what was the writer's design? Who, and how circumstanced, were those he was writing for? And what comes before, and what follows each passage? The way in which many read Scripture is in all points *just the reverse* And religious instructors often encourage the error, by compiling books of insulated texts, each "improved," as they call it, without reference to the context, or they piece together sundry passages into a system of their own, making what may be called an *anagram* of Scripture, *e g*, perhaps they find that "no prophecy of Scripture is of any private interpretation,' by which it is not unlikely they may understand that they are to take whatever sense is put on Scripture by the Church, which, they read, is 'the pillar and ground of the truth," and when they consider the question of "*What* Church is it to be?' the unlearned, who have been taught to profess their belief in "the holy *Catholic* Church," are not unlikely to conclude that that which is usually called the *Catholic* Church, and which claims to be *the* Catholic Church, must be the one to which they are to pay implicit submission

By all means let men be urged to read the Bible, for the Evangelists and Apostles will preach the gospel better than we can, but let them have instruction and explanations, for the profitable study of Scripture This will cost us more pains than more eloquent exhortations, but it will do more good, and avoid much harm

They should be taught that they are not to look on the Bible as *one* book, but a collection of several, written at different times, and for different purposes, and they should be placed as far as possible in the position occupied by the most simple and unlearned of those to whom those books were first addressed, who were familiar with places and with customs which the most learned among us can ascertain (and that imperfectly) only by diligent research

We should endeavour to explain, especially, the differences between the Old and New Testaments, and the connexion between them And anything in the habits of the people, or in the localities, it is worth while to explain, even though there should be no *immediate* connexion with a saving faith. Nothing should be regarded as insignificant that can tend to render the study of Scripture more interesting and to put people, as it were, *at home* in it For instance, a man may doubtless be a good Christian, without knowing that, in the East, the roofs of houses are flat, and formed a thoroughfare, so that he would not at all understand the meaning of "Let him that is on the housetop not come down," etc, and that *καῦσον συκων* means the fig *harvest*, so that the going to seek figs would be an unconquerable *pursh*, and that it is the custom in the East to provide *garments* for guests, so that the man who was condemned for want of the wedding garment, which a poor man could not be expected to possess, would seem to be hardly used, etc

Let no one say, "What is the use of this and that?" Whatever is written in the Bible is worth understanding, and therefore is worth explaining to those who would otherwise not understand it

And it may be added, that many things which are not *in themselves* either important or likely to be interesting to most hearers, may be such that to know and understand *them*, will make interesting, and fix in the memory *other* things that are of high importance. The case of the barren fig tree is an instance; and so is the wedding garment.

Then again we should remember that the transactions and sayings recorded in the New Testament are but a very *few, selected* out of a great many that must have taken place A *complete* account of all that our Lord did and said in one week of his ministry, would take up more space than all the four gospels, and if everything had been recorded, "the world would not have contained the books" Now, how *dare* any one say that what the sacred writers thought *worth selecting* to record, is not worth our attending to? Some few things, indeed, are recorded, that had a local and temporary interest, and none to us, such as "the father of Alexander and Rufus,' etc etc, but these are exceptional cases

Of course, the things we are to explain are such as *are* explicable by Man, not divine mysteries beyond what is revealed in Scripture And yet it is remarkable that many who will not be at the trouble to learn and to teach what *may be learnt* of things quite familiar to the humblest of the hearers of the apostles, are yet often found ready enough to explain what can be known only by revelation, and is indistinctly revealed, pretending to go beyond the apostles themselves

And we are not to make Scripture a commentary on some human system, as some do who cite a great deal of Scripture, but make it *subsidiary*, and as it were pull down the temple, and erect another building of its materials, but rather give a human commentary on Scripture

The others make, as it were, the *warp* a human system, and interweave a woof of Scripture, which is just the opposite of the right procedure

And what is said about explanations of what relates to places, customs, etc, will apply to the case of passages imperfectly, or obscurely, or erroneously rendered in our Version, and to words either wholly obsolete, or—which is many times commoner—obsolete in the sense in which they are used, though still in use in a different sense, and therefore much more likely to mislead than if wholly unintelligible

It is a pity that, when our last authorized Version first came out, there was not at the same time appointed a standing *committee of revision* to bring out a new edition every ten years, with such minute corrections as might seem needed It would not have been desirable to *modernize* completely the whole diction,—far otherwise, but when a word has become so far obsolete as to mislead ordinary readers, it is no longer a mere matter of taste to leave it or to change it And such a bit by bit reform would not have shocked and unsettled men's minds, as a thorough reform of our Version now would do

Even now, something of a gradual improvement might be effected without any dangerous shoke to men's feelings (1) A manifest misprint, as of "strain at [out] a gnat," should be corrected (2) Some of the marginal and text readings might be exchanged, as in Philippians 1, "*You* have me in your hearts" (3) It would be good to put the words supplied by the translators in square brackets [] instead of *italics*, which, in all other books, denote the *emphatic* words (4) A few of the completely obsolete words might be changed (5) Some mis translations might be corrected by a very slight change, as, "*the* angel," "*the* mountain," for "*a*," and *vice versa*, "our only Lord God and Saviour," for "the only Lord God and our Saviour," "godliness is gain," for "gain is godliness," etc

But as the case stands, each individual minister is bound to put before his people, to the best of his power, the true sense of *Scripture*, i e, of the real *original* Scripture, as the sacred writers left it Let no one presume to say, "It is of small consequence whether the people understand this or that particular passage" It is *our* plain duty to explain to the people whatever may help them to the right understanding of the Scriptures, not presuming to say, 'It matters not much if so and so be not understood, or if they are mistaken as to such and such a trifling matter "To be pure from the blood of all men, we must not shun to set before them all the counsel of God'

And we must not be deterred from this duty by the fear (so often put forward) of what is called "*unsettling* men's minds' It is true that every man's mind is likely to be somewhat unsettled, if he has been taught to build on a foundation of sand, and you seek to place his building on a rock If he has been trained by those who assure him that his religion is true, but that an attempt to investigate the "reason of the hope that is in him" is likely to end in infidelity, if he has been taught to regard our Bible version as the original, or as the only version extant, or as inspired and infallible, or if he has been taught to regard the Romish Legends as of equal authority with Scripture,—no doubt he will be "unsettled," and his faith, perhaps, endangered when he is undeceived on these points But a truly honest and conscientious minister will not *dare* to leave any one in darkness whom he is able to enlighten, or to practise or to connive at anything of the character of a pious fraud, on the ground of a supposed expediency

And if he does his duty honestly, because it *is* his *duty* it will then be given him to perceive that the honest course was also the expedient one, and that there is much more danger ultimately in the opposite For when once a man comes to perceive that he has been led, or left, to error, he will distrust, and probably disbelieve, all that comes from the same quarter The first detected falsehood—the first suggested doubt—is a mortal wound to the faith which has been based on utter ignorance For example, a man comes to learn, by some chance, that the passage about a 'testament being of force when man are dead," is a mistranslation, or that that about the "three witnesses" is allowed by the most learned men to be spurious, etc, and having been from the first taught that the Authorized Version is infallible, he will distrust altogether such teachers, and having heard that certain learned Germans represent our New Testament as a work compiled in later ages from floating and uncertain traditions, he may think this also very likely to be the case, and likely to be your opinion too all along though, if the honest course had been taken from the first, it would have been easy to prove, even to the unlearned, the impossibility of such a theory. But this can be done only by one who has shown, at

least, a willingness and an endeavour to remove all ignorance he can and to connive at no error

If you pursue in all points, the open and straightforward course you will find that instead of ultimately unsettling you will have settled men's faith on a better basis than sand For instance, The existence of various Readings of Scripture with some different readings and of different Versions, by wise, and learned translators, while all the main facts and doctrines are to be found in *every one* as a proof of authenticity within the reach of the unlearned

It is curious that there should be so many who deride the pretence to learning of any one who ventures to offer an opinion as to the right sense of any word in the original, though they have no objection to his *commenting* on a passage as fully as he will Of course there may be a pedantic and absurd display of knowledge—or ignorance instead of knowledge, and nonsense instead of sense—in either But there are persons who cannot be brought to perceive that every translator and indeed punctuator, is, to a certain extent, a commentator *

If our Church had intended that the translation of the Bible should be open to all, without any help from any one for the understanding of it, she would not have enjoined the clergy to "instruct the people out of the Scriptures," nor have required of them any qualification beyond that of being able to *read* the Services If, on the other hand, she had intended the teaching of the clergy to be authoritative and sufficient, she would (like the Church of Rome) have left the Holy Scriptures in a dead language

Any one who fairly tries in the right way, to give instruction to the uncultivated, will be surprised to find how much more they can be brought to take in, by proceeding on the principle of the *inclined plane*, than many would have thought possible When the Lectures on a Future State were published, a reviewer derided the idea of their having been delivered to a country congregation, and understood by them But such is the fact He would probably have still more derided the idea of conveying to children of the lower order the Elements of Political Economy of Christian Evidences, and of Logic But it has been done By the principle of the inclined plane, I mean that you should observe Aristotle's maxim of *ἀρτέον ἀπὸ τῶν γνωρίμων* Begin by what is known, or very readily taken in, by the learners (which can only be ascertained by conversing with them) and thence proceed to something a very little in advance, and so on, leading them upwards gradually and almost imperceptibly

In giving instruction of any kind to any description of persons, it is necessary to have *converse* a good deal with them You must *hear* them as well as speak to them, so as to ascertain what are their difficulties prejudices, and habits of thought, and what they have understood or mistaken in what was said to them, and what does and does not interest them, etc Without this converse and examination or without a great deal of it, it is impossible for any one to be a good instructor (whether by oral lecturing, or written discourses, or in printed books) to that class of persons with whom he has not had such *practice* He will be like a physician who should have studied medicine theoretically but never attended clinical lectures, never visited sick beds or felt a pulse, or examined a patient's tongue The Laputan tailor who, instead of measuring Gulliver for a suit of clothes, and *trying on* each garment from time to time, took his altitude with a quadrant, and calculated the dimensions made the clothes a complete misfit

And in conversing with those whom, and the like of whom, you wish to instruct you should not limit yourself to the subjects of your instruction but encourage them to open their minds on *any* that interests them (precluding, of course, scandal against their neighbours), so as to gain an insight into the character of their minds, and see what *kinds* of fallacy are most likely to mislead them and what kinds of illustrations they can best take in etc

Moreover, when they see you taking an interest in whatever interests them, they will attend to you the more And you will have a great advantage if you possess some knowledge of agriculture or horticulture, or of the principles of any mechanical art or anything else relating to the matters in which the learners are necessarily conversant If they find that you are not quite a stranger to the things they are occupied in, and especially if you should be able to give them now and then a useful hint thereon, they will listen the more readily to what you say on matters belonging to your own department.

* See *Cautions for the Times*

AUNT MARY

Aunt Mary belonged to that class of female society designated "old maids." My blessing be upon them!—if the greater can be blessed by the lesser. They have at least, one devoted admirer among the male sex, whose love, if sobered by years, is yet deepened by whatever experience years have left behind them.

Aunt Mary was in comparison with a hero of mine, called "Our Bob,"* what a blue sky, with balmy air, is to a drizzly day with muddy streets, or what a green grassy spot among the hills, with tufts of blooming heather, and a clear bubbling spring, near which sheep repose at evening, and lambs sport at morning is to a black, treacherous morass, where cattle are smothered, and which the circumspect traveller avoids by a long *detour*.

Amidst the cares and anxieties of life and the selfishnesses and meannesses of the world, it soothes and refreshes the heart to think of Aunt Mary. Her name is like oil on the troubled waters.

But she was an old maid! Her niece Jemima often remarked this, as if *she* could never earn such an addition to her name. Yet a careful observer might from sundry indications in her face and disposition have safely hazarded the conjecture of her being, one day in this respect at least, like her aunt. Her sister, Mrs Simpson, often remarked, with a certain self-satisfied, yet triumphant manner as she poured out the tea, "Our Mary, you know, is a confirmed old maid." Nevertheless Mary as she quietly surveys Mr Simpson's unintellectual face, like a purse in which everything interesting or attractive (assumed by his wife to exist) is locked up as if to keep another leathern purse an countenance, and as she hears his apoplectic cough and listens to his borough mongering prose, never envies, and is never tempted to envy her sister Jane's good fortune.

Yes, Mary was an old maid! Every one knew that. Her dozen nephews and nieces knew it well, and seemed to look upon it, somehow, as a matter of course. So they had found her when they were born, so she had continued to be all their lifetime. But why was Mary never married? Was she ugly?—I mean *plain*, a word which is, at least, smoother, more ambiguous, and less decisive. To me she was always beautiful—in a way, yes, far more so, indeed, than many who are called, and I presume are, beautiful in the estimation of the world. I cannot dissect Mary's features, or determine what was defective in curve, or line, or general cast, whether of chin, of nose, of cheek, or of forehead. All I can say with perfect truth is, that I have seen the beauties of many nations, when presented before the public eye at grand festivities and at royal courts—when arrayed, trimmed, bejewelled, bedizened, toileted, lustrous, from the top of the adorned crown to the point of the satin shoe, and yet that quiet eye of Aunt Mary's, harvesting into the garner of her heart all that was hopeful and good in other human beings, and rejecting the evil only, those lips around which the lights and shadows of love ever played, and words of kindness ever lurked, that whole countenance, in spite of her small curls, which clustered round it, and the unartistic cap which crowned it, had a beauty to me which I never felt exist in Madonnas on dead canvas, or in living beauties with dead souls. Those old familiar tones of voice, too, which I have heard joyously chiming at marriages, softly tolling at funerals, and ringing carols to us boys, ere going to rest, with merry peals on holidays, have lingered in memory's ear as a music, whose echoes are grander and more prolonged than those of sublime oratorios! I cannot believe Mary was ever thought plain! Indeed, to do her justice, I never heard any one say so, not even Mrs Simpson, whose judgment in matters of taste, by the way, would to me have had little authority, from her studies in that line having been confined too exclusively to Mr Simpson's face. Nor did I ever hear that Mary "had no admirers" or that she "never was asked in marriage." On the contrary, I remember distinctly a tradition in the family which I myself could trace up, so far at least as an authentic conversation I heard between my mother and a near relative, forty years ago on a wintry night, at the fireside, when they thought I was asleep on the sofa. It related to a love affair of Mary's. The hero was one who was gentle born, gentle hearted, and noble minded, with accomplishments and refined talents which might have been divided over many rich mercantile firms, and yet leave enough to make the giver still rich in his gifts. But he was "but a tutor!" It was alleged by my mother, who had "reason to know," that his love for Mary was like a possession, though he kept it so quiet that few ever guessed its existence, and the other relative had also "reason to know" that this was equally true of Mary's feelings towards the tutor. But why, then, had Mary not been married? Was it his poverty? or Mary's devotion to her father and mother, and to her young brothers and sisters? or what? No one could well tell. But all knew that Mary never

* See *Good Words* for 1860, p 725

breathed his name. It became an understood thing indeed long ago in the family, that no person ever alluded to the tender subject. Her father had, on one occasion, when some person lightly spoke of it, forbid, with a sternness rare in him, that it should ever be mentioned again in his or in her presence, for he loved Mary "as his own soul." He always called her "his own Mary." And thus, as I have said, she found herself enrolled in the corps of female society called "old maids." Yet she never became discontented or unhappy, but circulated like a star of promise and of hope through the homes of her kindred and friends.

I do not say that all old maids are like Aunt Mary. Some, I know, partake largely of the sins, more or less, clinging to our common humanity, and are stiff, selfish, hard. These generally speaking, are the best off in the world. They have large quantities of old china, with gods sitting cross-legged on a side table, fans, sandal-wood boxes, and silver filagree baskets, all brought home from India by their brother, who left his money to them. They have also a spoiled poodle, asthmatic, ostentatious, and uncourteous. They wear black silk mittens in the house, and are rich in boa or muffs in winter. They pay stately visits once a year—generally on the same returning week, taking Janet, their servant, with them—to aristocratic relations who have a small property in the country. They are rich in gossip and leisure in passing all sorts of crude intelligence about personal and family affairs, along their still telegraphic wires, and are flattered by their nephew, Sam, who is sorry for their colds, but would not be sorry for their deaths. Let these old maids depart in peace without further notice. They might have been great, indeed had they only used the great talents of their time, their money, and their influence.

There are other old maids, again, who are what is termed sour and discontented. Is that a sin which no one will cover with a mantle of charity? Methinks a small handkerchief of charity might suffice! For was it nothing to seek an object on which to fix their love and have it returned, yet not to find it? Was it nothing to have to keep the deepest feelings of their nature pent up for life within their minds? Was it nothing to be fettered, cribbed, chained, held back, held down, merely because of some defect in the contour of the chin, in the modelling of the nose, or in the colouring of the eye? Or if with no such defects as these, but, alas! with an incurable defect in the estimation of so many—the want of the god Mammon, and the possession of only his temple, the purse—but empty! Was this no *trial*? But why are there so many old maids who *could* have married, but did not? For reasons, I take it upon me to reply, which, if known, would reveal in many an old maid, a moral heroism that might exalt her name above thousands of those which emblazon the page of history! Self-respect, refined taste, the love of an ideal never realized in the coarse materials with which circumstances brought them into contact, self-sacrifice to duty, the claims of kindred, old or young, on their ministrations, ay, self-sacrifice by the true love "which seeketh not its own," but the good and happiness of its beloved object, and which, accordingly, weighs carefully the whole circumstances of the case, making up the result of what is right and suitable for a woman to do, not only for her own sake, but chiefly for his. Oh! how many in the silence of their own heart, in their lonely chamber on their bended knees, or alone beneath the stars, with no eye upon them but that of God, have endured a long struggle, and a crisis of a great agony, while the knife pierced their heart as they offered up themselves as a sacrifice at the altar of duty, which is ever the sublimest sight on earth, in the eyes of pitying and admiring angels! Such offerings as these are the more solemn and touching, because the more secret and unknown to the world, being made in the holy of holies of a pure and sensitive spirit, beyond whose veil no one can enter, save the one High Priest and Brother man!

I have unconsciously allowed my feelings to run off with my pen, so far as to betray me into more serious language than I intended to use when wishful to express my respect and sympathy for old maids. But I don't retract a word, for I ask my readers, with perfect confidence as to the reply which the vast majority of them will give, whether among their acquaintances they cannot select from old maids, rich or poor, those who are the most loving, unselfish, considerate, generous, genial, and happy maids on earth? Yet these dear Ladies are the persons who, forsooth, because they are old maids, our comfortable matrons think often so slightingly of, while they survey all the blessings of their happy home, and see themselves continued in their children's children, and with countenances only with comfort and complacency, talk of 'our son John's good fortune,' and of "our dear Lina's marriage," and "our sweet Flora's engagements," and of the prosperity of their family, and their domestic blessings—among others, not the least, that of having Aunt Mary to help at the weddings, and to save them too much trouble in making the purchases, and to remain with her sister to comfort her when the young couple are gone, etc. And these are the persons, those dear old maids, who are so pitied by those who have married without one grain of love, and who have sold themselves

as truly as ever slaves were sold, for so much a year; with pin money, and with *such* a comfortable house, and *such* a nice drawing room, and *such* very handsome furniture, damask, and satin, and bronze, and mirrors, and prospects of a footman too, or butler! with a one horse carriage, to grow into a pair, and a cottage in the country, and a good marriage portion settled all on themselves and "heirs of their body," and then—there was also, to be sure, the husband himself! Poor Aunt Mary! What a pity no one would buy her! Ah! she had too much worth for that sort of market, so she remains poor, with few changes of fashionable raiment, and her nieces quiz her for neat everlasting grey gowns; and her travelling baggage, the black trunk, does not cover the carriage; but she comes and goes, circulating like a domestic sun among the many patients, male and female, of her house.

Every friend and relation knows when Aunt Mary will come. Is there any sickness? Is Eliza confined to a bed of lingering pain? Are the children ill with measles or hooping cough, scarlatina, or gastric fever? If so, the mother is weary, and the girls are always in the way, and the boys cannot amuse themselves, and the father is troubled "Had we not better send for Aunt Mary? She is so kind and useful, and she is sure to come She has, besides, nothing else to do" And Mary comes. The boys meet her at the coach There is the old black trunk. She and her luggage are as unchanged as the equinoxes. Aunt Mary is heartily welcomed, and is soon at her work. What a sick-nurse she is! How patient, how composed, how cheerful! She is up to the making of every soothing drink, and suggests every bodily appliance which can ease the patient. She has a peculiar knack of arranging the pillows and bed clothes, and in affording support to the sick one's shoulders and wearied back; and as she bends over the sufferer, what sunshine and strength are derived from her looks, her words, and cheering promises, mingled with anecdotes and old stories, that make the white face on the pillow smile She is better a thousand times than all the doctor's drugs, and much more pleasant And then she never seems to eat or sleep. She creeps about the room with noiseless step, casting a large shadow from the small night-lamp, and is sure to give the medicine or the nourishment at the right hour. She rests on a sofa, or in a small closet off the sick-room. At ten o'clock she puts on that old fashioned cap and peculiar dressing-gown, and is sure to run off and hide herself, with a quiet laugh, when papa comes to bid goodnight. She is seldom, at such times, seen at meals; or if so, is sure to be called off when at her chop, and never appears again. "Anything will do," "she prefers tea," "would really rather wait" Dear Aunt Mary!

Is there a death? *She* is sure to be there. But no one hears loud sobs from her, or sees any symptoms of hysteria. Yet she feels in her heart of hearts. But the shadows make always a part of her landscape, as well as the lights, and she knows who sends both In those times of sorrow and bereavement when other hearts are breaking, Mary is there to soothe them. One mourner leans her head on her shoulder She holds another with her loving hand She it is who alone arranges all about the dead, and tells everything that can comfort, and about all they said ere they died, and how they looked in their last sleep, and she connects their latter days with all her remembrances of them when they were born, and recals a thousand happy reminiscences which were rather never heard before or are forgotten.

And she is with her friends in more joyous times. Aunt Mary is sure to be sent for at a birth I think she is then in her glory. What a child! What eyes! What a sweet expression! How like his father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother! What singularly long hair; or if there is none, what a fine forehead, and was there ever such a strong fine child? Or if delicate, yet so handsome! Or if very weak, she has "seen a smaller vessel reach the land" But if comfort is possible, and hopes are not extinct, Mary is sure to afford the one and light up the other.

She is not absent from marriages, though it must be confessed that on *the* marriage day she does not occupy so prominent a place as she did during the previous six weeks of preparation. The crowds of ladies with white gloves, and gentlemen with white cravats and white waistcoats, who stream in the room and form the sweeping circle of colour and grandeur, conceal her rather in the background. Yet she does not mind that, for Mary is always thinking about others. But during the previous weeks, as I have said, how invaluable she has been! She was an early confidante, and would sit up till two in the morning with Alice by the bed room fire, the fire getting more and more buried in ashes, as Alice told all the endless details of what William did and said, and *how* he did it and said it, and *why* he did it and said it, and how nice it was in him, and how unexpected, and was he not a fine creature? and would Aunt Mary only say candidly what she *really* thought of him? and did she not think she, Alice, was quite right in all she had done? and in the manner in which she had acted to William, and to William's mother and father, and to her own mother and father? and did not Aunt Mary see clearly how it would never have done to have taken mamma's advice on *that* occa-

sion, and how odd it was in her sister Martha to have thought so? Aunt Mary is very sleepy, but she wishes to make Alice happy and so she holds her handkerchief between her face and the fire, and listens patiently to all the talk of the girl which, like a simple melody of love, could be easily sung by her with variations till breakfast time, and Mary with kind words drops in every wise advice she can give. And then what a preparation for the wedding! If Aunt Mary "would kindly step over to Walpole's shop, and see that he has not forgot the piece of silk, and just call in passing at the milliner's about that trimming" and then there will be time enough before dinner to settle what is to be done about the cloak and morning bonnet." "Oh, do Jane," says Mrs Simpson to her daughter, "go and take a walk, Aunt Mary will manage all that for you."

Where is she not? Is she at the gay parties? Is she at the picnic? Is she at that boating excursion? Is she brought to the concert? Does she make one of the party during the summer tour? "Aunt Mary does not care about these things." Does she not? Who told you? Herself? Ah! dear soul, that is so like her! But why do you not interpret with more charity her sensitive heart? and value more that tender soul, incapable of any falsehood except that of asserting that she cares for nothing save for what helps to please other people? Come, Paterfamilias! don't forget the hour of sickness in thy house, but ask Mary, as a proof of thy gratitude, to make one of the party to the Highlands of Scotland to Lapland or Iceland, if not further. Come! good lady wife and mother, see that Mary is at thy best parties, and let her find in her room a new dress to adorn her if she needs one. Go and present it with a kiss of love and warm thanks. Come! Mr John and Miss Ellen, and all you nephews and nieces, do what you can to make Aunt Mary happy. Love her for her own sake, and use her not merely like a machine for your own convenience. She will neither say nor think you have done so. But if you more than suspect that such was your own selfish feeling, repent! Be assured that Aunt Mary values all that you can give of material things, only in so far as they are signs and seals of the unseen love, which is her most precious earthly treasure.

It was a remarkable fact in Aunt Mary's history, and one which may, apart from every other, make her attractive in the eyes of many, viz., that she was rich, that is according to the definition of riches given by Sir Thomas Browne, who says, that they are rich "who have enough to be charitable." In this sense, Mary was richer than the apostles, who have contributed not a little to the wealth of the world, yet who were obliged to make this confession, "Silver and gold have we none!" But Aunt Mary had both, for she had an annuity left her by her father of £30 per annum. Besides this, she received a crisp, clean, stiff £10 bank note from her brother William on every Christmas day, with his annual kiss, crisp a little, and stiff, too, by the way, like a stamp receipt. Mary's love had beamed on William like sunlight on snow, brightening his outer life, and softening its hardness, without however penetrating into his inner heart, so as to melt and warm it. But, nevertheless, Mary was rich, richer than some once illustrious mercantile firms and famous banks now are, richer than even some European empires, for she had no debts but "something over," to give away, with a heart to do so. And she bestowed her gifts so wisely so liberally, with such true love and genuine sympathy, that her barrel of meal always emptying was never emptied, and her cruse of oil always burning and shining, never wanted some light for those in darkness, nor did she ever require to borrow oil. What she gave was somehow so twice blessed, that baskets of fragments were gathered where all seemed spent. Mary had a large circle of acquaintances in the hamlets which here and there nestled in the neighbourhood of her brother William's house. He always complained of the many demands which were made upon him being under the charitable impression that they were all met, whereas he dismissed them, all and sundry, like a persecuted yet singularly benevolent man. But Mary got over difficulties with the audacity of thoughtful self sacrifice. The lions in the way which growled at William, and which made William growl in return, received a portion from Mary's basket, or were so subdued by her smile, that they slipped off and disappeared.

Was there a marriage in the village? The handkerchief, or the small bonnet, or the gloves, or the book, which Mary gave the bride, cost little, but yet were "so unexpected," and the gift was accompanied by such words of sympathy and playful fun, that an impression was left as if a large dowry had been bestowed. "Never expected such a thing, and Sally was so proud of it," Mrs Wilkins would say to her neighbours, as if her daughter had received the stamp of aristocratic approval, and goodly character from one whom all looked up to and respected. But Mrs Wilkins need not have supposed that she alone had received these honours, for she was immediately informed of small baby frocks, girls' bonnets, a spade for old Joe, flannels for Widow Hogan, a doll for this child, and a something else for that man or woman, which had left fireside monuments of love in every family,—things of small value in the shops, but of immense value in the human

heart. Each was an electric spark that flashed messages and brought rephes of kindness along the wire of a common humanity

The sick and suffering then declared they did not know what they could have done without her Yet, what had she given? Could her good have been measured by the exact quantity, more or less, of the broth or soup which she gave? Or by the length and number of her visits? Many an invalid, weak, nervous, and desponding,—many a lonely widow and orphan,—many an old man and woman tottering in solitude through the dark valley, have received more strength and comfort from the tones of Mary's voice, from the glance of her eye, the patience of her manner, the pressure of her hand, ay, even from her very silence, than whole parishes have received from the stiff, unbending, hard, iron legal hand of the poor laws and their magnificent staff of officials! Yet she gave but "what the poor can give the poor,"—she gave her love, carried another's burthen, and so fulfilled the law of Christ, whose saying it was, 'that it was more blessed to give than to receive.'

What a marvellous power, also, Aunt Mary exercised over young men who might care very little for the authority of the acknowledged 'powers that be.' In a quiet corner of the drawing room, at the fireside, in an easy afternoon walk, she took her own way of giving an advice to poor Tom before going to India, or to that nice young fellow Plunkett, whom she prizes, and who is evidently making a fool of himself with the cunning little heartless flirt Miss Fitzherbert, and she does not despair of even that reckless, disputed Jim Yates, who, she declares, has something in him that attracts her, but which few else can discover, and she helps him in her own way, and that way is utterly indescribable! As well might I attempt to describe the delicate ministrations of light, or dew, or warmth towards a plant Those who receive the good she gives, know not how they have got it Yet breaches in families are healed, and streams running the wrong way are turned into new channels, and dead hearts are quickened, and all feel Aunt Mary had something to do with it Bold lads have frankly confessed that they cannot stand her They could face a battery, or fight the police, or do battle with public opinion, but as one of her muscular nephews said, "I can't resist Aunt Mary. She turns me round her little finger, and I am cross at myself for being often made a spoon by her, but I can't help it" Such is the mystery, yet simplicity, of unselfish and watchful love!

But Aunt Mary herself must become an invalid, suffer, and die Strange that no one ever anticipated that event as even probable A general impression seemed to prevail that all her friends would die before her, and have the comfort of her presence during their last sickness Like a gold thread she had been wrought into the woof of their whole life, and they could hardly conceive the family web continued without this distinctive feature, which had ever formed a marked portion of it Her sick bed was all sunshine and peace To the last it was the centre of active benevolence and of tender sympathy for others She worked, wrote, talked, smiled, listened, advised, comforted, but always as if she herself required nothing save the happiness of giving She was in all respects, the same, except in body, as when in health and strength Her bed was a bed of life rather than of death

One scene only, occurred which broke upon the calm sameness of every day It was the return of a sailor lad to the village, who had been given up by his friends as, what we call in Scotland, "a never do well," but in whom Mary had taken a great interest She used to say that "they did not understand that lad Roberts," that she 'blamed his rude father and stupid mother, more than himself," that 'he had great power of feeling, with a generous nature, though all had been going in the wrong direction" So it was that she became his friend, and preached to him many sermons, such as Mary alone could preach She sung "songs without words,' yet such as the deeper instincts of humanity could interpret, and which had a harmony with the choral songs of holy and redeemed spirits

Roberts went to sea, with no property but a Bible and a little money given him by Aunt Mary This was all the poor lad possessed, and for years he had not been heard of But he returned, the mate of a ship, with a noble figure, and a worthy sunburnt face—the record of heavy gales, hot climates, and all the day and night mysteries of the great deep He insisted, meekly but firmly, with the servant at the Hall, to see Aunt Mary "if it was possible," and her alone, "if the favour could be granted" He had brought a parrot, and sweet meats, and a shark's jaw, and a stuffed flying fish, and bits of coral, and other curiosities But all these he left in the lobby, with his shoes also, and, creeping up the stairs, he entered her room Mary welcomed him, and when she put forth her thin hand and clasped that horny paw, saying "How truly rejoiced I am to see you," poor Roberts knelt down, with her hand in his, buried his face in the bed clothes, and sobbed like a child "I ax your pardon, mam, but I was ship wrecked, and you took me into harbour, and a sailor cannot forget that, God knows I never forgot you, and never will So that's all, if you will pardon

the freedom.' Before they parted, never to meet again, Mary drank the purest happiness a human soul can possess, that of having made another partaker of their own eternal good. As Roberts left the room, he turned round and took one long look—went out—opened the door again, and said without himself being visible, "Tom was with me three years, and mayhap you'll not be offended when you see and hear him. He's wonderful grateful and has a real good heart, has old Tom—that's his name, mind." "But who is Tom?" inquired Aunt Mary. The door was shut and only after Roberts was gone did she hear about the parrot who entered her room, in his cage crying 'Tom, Old Tom, I belong to Jack Roberts. Reef main topsail!" Next day Roberts had left the village.

Aunt Mary died. The blank was not fully realized at the time. They had been so accustomed to find that never failing support when they put forth their hands for long, long years in times of sickness, sure of finding it, that it took some time to realize the void when the hand instinctively sought it in the old place, but in vain. She died in her bachelor brother's house, which was chiefly her home. The legacy left by her was immense, and I am glad to think that not a few of the family rejoiced to serve themselves heirs to it. A more gentle lady was never known to them, nor had they in their tree a more aristocratic name than that of the Lady Mary. She left riches of love, which were divided among several of her nephews and nieces, without their paying the legacy duty. Beyond this she left nothing, save the old trunk with the round lid and the iron handle on the top, and the tufts of brown hair scattered over its surface, marking like stubble its original crop of luxuriant skin. Within the trunk were found a few letters from her father and mother. It was believed that there were many others, but they had been consigned to the flames: no human eye had seen them, nor could any human tongue comment on what Mary alone could understand. But a Bible well thumbed and marked, a few old books, some pieces of needle work, and an old embroidered gown, worn by her mother at her marriage, remained with labels attached, to indicate, "with Aunt Mary's tender love," the different nephews and nieces who were to inherit her property. I must not forget to mention, though I feel it to be like a breach of confidence to do so, that round her neck was hung a small brooch, with a lock of jet black hair. She never told the secret to her brother William, or any human being, but William said, 'I think I know what it means, let it alone, and bury it with her."

The burial was attended by almost every member of her family. All mourned very truly and deeply though none wept like little Harry, whose face seemed so pale when contrasted with his black cap and clothes. It was most touching to see how he trembled with nervous sorrow, as he gazed for the first time in his life into that deep, dark, narrow hole, and saw Aunt Mary's coffin stretched along the bottom, a few bits of brass gleaming out in the darkness. He held a cord, and retained it firmly in his grasp, after all the others had been dropped. For he then vividly remembered his long illness, and the stories, and songs, and hymns, and Bible readings, with the affectionate kissings and clappings, during the long wintry nights, when all the house was still, when the snow fell so death like without, or the storm roared at the chimney head. As Aunt Mary's coffin lay there, and the earth was thrown upon it with its hollow and never to be forgotten sound, as dust met dust, yet in the very silence and submission of that body, the voice of her life seemed to speak, and meekly say, now as ever, "Thy will, not mine be done."

Rest in peace, Aunt Mary! There are other Marys, and One best of all who was their friend, who shall not be ashamed to welcome thee as their sister to their hearts and Home!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE BLUE FLAG OF KAISERSWERTH.

II.—THE AIM OF THE DEACONESS INSTITUTION

Even from the fragmentary sketch of the origin, and up to this time the story of the Institution at Kaiserswerth, given last month—from its unbroken progress and success, it will, I think, be apparent, that there was a real need which it supplied, and that Dr Fliedner was peculiarly qualified to develop its objects and resources The need is one of which, in this country, we are well aware, the need of organized and educated womanly service At the same time, it is one which is only whispered cautiously about, as if a step towards supplying it would plunge the adventurer either into a woman's rights' convention, or the hopeless cloisters of a nunnery It is a discouraging subject as those will feel who have timidly broached it for the first time to their friends The bare notion of the employment of women as a class is met with either real or affected terror, cried down or laughed down The wildest theories are suggested, as if the question was entirely beyond the pale of common sense Comical exaggerations are drawn of the possible results, weak failures of weak enthusiasts are brought forward as final, and then it is triumphantly asked if things are not better as they are It is an innovation, and society brings all the weight of its traditionary maxims to bear against it, the religious world shrinks from it with suspicion, and the great majority of people, not inquiring much about its bearings, and stumbled, perhaps, by some foolish word, lift up their hands in well meant horror It is at present, as Mrs Jameson has well said, "the battle of opinion, and not the difficulty of practice," that must be met, for the practical details are not much investigated, but inclusively condemned with the first sweeping condemnation pronounced upon woman's service in itself But this battle of opinion is only to be won by practical detail, by being able to point to the practical, simple, beneficent working of the condemned visionary theory, to show that it is only what we dreaded that is visionary, by proving that there is no actual harm but good In this way the battle has been fought abroad, and suspicion and discouragement have been met by plain incontestable results And if Dr Fliedner's labours have done nothing more than enable us to see the reasonableness and possibility of Christian women being trained for Christian work, they would still have been worthy of enduring and grateful record, for, to a great extent, we acknowledge those unpleasant facts with which he started. We are ready to abuse the present state of helplessness in which many excellent women find themselves by the poor and sick; no one knows better than the skilled lady visitor the advantages of a regular training, or the awkwardness, to say no more, of our everyday mistakes, every one knows persons anxious to work, but ignorant how to begin; and probably every one knows work which is done clumsily and but half by men, because there is no woman to do it. In her famous letter to Lord John Russell, Mrs Jameson mentions an hospital for *sick children* somewhere in London, in which the constituted authorities consist of twenty six men and *one* woman in a subservient position' It is plain that these things are not as they should be, that they need a remedy, that the sooner a remedy is found the better it will be for society The remedy may or may not be at hand, but so long as we disguise from ourselves that it is wanted, we have no right to pronounce one way or the other It is at least confessed, that there are many women marked by gifts and circumstances for the active service of others, and the problem to be worked out and which it may be hoped this generation will see solved, is how to use that service with the greatest advantage to society If the benefit to society be genuine it can be at no loss to what is feminine and domestic in woman, for what is pure and modest and feminine in woman has at the very basis of our social purity and welfare In this aspect, the effort at kaiserswerth is full of interest German women are more domestic, more confined to purely household duties, less independent in their movements, than English women, and if it is practicable to learn the duties of a sick nurse in Germany without being thought unfeminine, so far it may be as practicable here

The object at Kaiserswerth is, "to educate Christian women for the service of Christian love as far as women may serve, and that among all classes of the needy,—the sick, the poor, the children, the prisoners" The object determines the character of the House The details are throughout those of a normal or training school, and the benevolent works under Dr Fliedner's immediate superintendence are limited by this principle The hospital, a great unattractive German house in the broad street of the village, has about 100 beds, and, though larger than the necessities of the place demand, is proportioned to the number of nurses to be taught. The Orphanage and Asylum, the Refuge and Infant School, are erected and carried on for the same end, and are not to be estimated by the number they shelter, but by the number they train. The nurses are of three classes, those for the House, those who go out to private families, and those employed in parish work They all pass through the same discipline, and have the same practical teaching in the same things, and live by the same rule.

The greatest number are house nurses, and their chief school is the hospital For the men's department there are certain male nurses, and the women merely direct, for the rest, they do all themselves. The rooms are uncommonly cheerful, the nurses helpful, and even the patients in the common wards good-tempered For they are not only carefully and gently tended under two experienced physicians, but they are read to, instructed, and kept busy when they are able for it, so as to benefit both mind and body The visitor sees many of them knitting, sewing, combing hair, working in

straw and pasteboard, and looking so thoroughly contented, that the usual painful impression of sick wards is forgotten. The children also are taught if they are old enough,* and, till they can read, they learn some of that endless store of hymns with which Germany is endowed, and if they are very young, they play with the newest Nuremberg toys and contrive, poor things, to make out a wonderful amount of happiness, notwithstanding bandaged faces and tied up limbs. But a chief aim of the nurses is to teach their patients the Word of God. They are to be ministers to their souls as well as to their bodies. Not, however as if they were to force this spiritual medicine with the mere help of authority upon their patients, or took unfair advantage of their helplessness. There is nothing of the mere official tract distributing about them, or of that speaking of hard religious commonplaces to the sick, against which still harder words have been written, and perhaps not unjustly. But there is a careful, patient watch, as over those whom God has brought into their house, and as they feel, given to their keeping, a watch of love and sympathy, delicate and unobtrusive, wise to note the deeper and more hidden feelings skilful to minister to them with a friend's gentleness and good faith. They drop a quiet loving Bible word as they smooth a pillow. They try to introduce thought in those who can bear it; they are ready to commence earnest religious conversation, to read a chapter, to repeat a psalm. To this end they receive diligent religious instruction from Dr Fliedner, and his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr Disselhoff, also resident, and in cases too difficult for them, the chaplain is always at hand. Formerly moreover the Roman priest received the same religious care as the Protestant, but that was in the old days, when good Procurator Wingerode helped to found the Bible Society. The Romish curate keeps strict watch against such irregularities now.

As might be expected, such hospital tending as this, is followed by the happiest results. "A consumptive patient came in with the same lightness and folly of spirit, in which she had wasted the years of her youth. She took it ill if the kindest word was said about her condition. The Lord had patience with her, and, contrary to our expectation, spared her for some months. She learned to know herself as a great sinner, and sought grace with Jesus, who sent a blessed peace into her heart, and so earnest and devout a spirit, that she was a wonder of Almighty grace to every one who had known her before." "A young man of nineteen was sent to us from a distance. He was in consumption, but would not hear a word about his soul's salvation. 'He would soon be well, and there was plenty of time to be converted if that were necessary.' Soon after he was so much worse, that the physician could give him little hope. Two days later the chaplain was summoned, and found him, his face laid against the wall, in bitter conflict of soul, crying aloud for mercy, with most suitable and mighty words of Scripture, many of which he had learnt in childhood. It was not long till he entered into everlasting rest, praising and glorifying God for His unspeakable gift." "What she says is all lies," said a hot infidel one day to the others in his ward, as the nurse went out. "But what she says is out of God's Word," they replied. "Oh! that is all written by a pack of men, and it is the most stupid stuff". In a very few days he was so softened that he begged the nurse to come again and read to him. And many such instances, and some of them most touching but too long for quotation, might be taken at random from the journals of Kaiserswerth. The ignorance of anything spiritual is often profound. "Do you pray?" said a nurse to a girl of sixteen who had come in. "What is that," she said, and stared—'Pray—I don't know what that is." A poor woman complained that she had sought so many doctors, and all to no purpose. "Have you gone to the right, the good Physician?" said the nurse. "Well, I have really been with very many, but whether any of them were the right one, I can't say." In conversation with another patient, a nurse asked, "What way (of life) she had followed before she came?" "Why, I came right through Charles Street into the Church." Even where no impression seemed made, a squeeze of the hand, a tear in the eye at parting, told a silent and unmistakable story. When the pastor was on his travels, it would quite commonly happen that some one would run up with a beaming face. "Don't you remember me, sir? I was in the hospital, and brought away a blessing for soul and body." And this suggests the admirable practice of the hospital, which is, to offer a New Testament to every one on leaving, not as a gift, but for purchase. It is often taken, though often refused, and the sales of Bibles and Testaments average over 200 in the year.

Another department of the House nurses is the Refuge and Magdalen. In the tenth report, it could be stated that out of seventy two who had left, more than half had turned out well, and eleven had been married. The proportions have not much altered since, though sometimes unexpected declensions occur. "We rejoice over them with trembling, and that is well, lest we should be exalted, and think we made them better by our own power and might." They are divided into three classes, one including those who have gone off, and them returned. Some of them are desperate, and it is the duty of the nurse to remain with each class constantly. One ill featured and sullen looking woman whom I saw, was kept apart, and a nurse appointed to her alone, as she had more than once attempted to commit suicide. The Asylum is also managed by them, and from its peculiar difficulties occupies several. Christian companionship and care is apparently the cause of a large percentage of cures.

Nor must it be overlooked, that if the influence of women is found so salutary in our asylums at home, where nothing more is looked for than quiet feminine tact, it will be proportionately greater when it implies also the steadfast, gentle service of Christian love and contact with a spiritual mind. If it is the law of insanity that it submits to a high

* "Children of fifteen and sixteen, who have never learned a lesson all their lives till four and five, the lame with the half blind the sick at faces beside the reddest a strange mingling of all kinds of patients, But all learning with a hearty joy."—*Knight's Report.*

and regulated will, then, the Christian will in the highest, the steadiest and the calmest If the jarrings and harshnesses of a mind diseased are to be soothed, there is nothing so soothing as the trust and peace of a Christian heart And if it be true that insanity opens and reveals the spiritual chasms of the soul, those void and gloomy depths, which are in every man till Christ has filled them then what is there so proper to the insane as the nearness of a spiritual life, with its inner sympathies and power of apprehending spiritual trouble? Yet chaplains are not tolerated in some of our asylums and the notion of a Christian nurse would encounter as much ridicule as hailed Macaulay's witless joke about "essentially Christian cookery There may be ill assorted chaplains, and there are Christian women without the gifts of a nurse But surely we shall soon feel ashamed to use that old argument against the truth of a principle which rests solely on the faultiness of its exposition Besides these principal departments there are many lesser—kitchen, laundry, garden, and so on in all seventeen—over each of which a nurse presides and is supreme in her own domain and by learning in each of which a practical experience is gained which may be turned to fruitful account in almost any circumstances

The private nurses go to private families often to a great distance often to people of distinction and their private visits have not seldom resulted in much public good The parochial nurses are perhaps the most important if their freer and wider relation to the community is considered and the almost unlimited room for them They are to conduct all the womanly activities of the parish, to represent mother love to it to care for its forsaken and help lessones, to tend the poor and the sick and the children and the fallen, to exercise their mother's office as humble servants of the Lord and servants of all, to organize helpers from among the willing wives or daughters —to be in fact the general unobtrusive principle of parochial and congregational life The parishes in many parts of Germany had sunk very low during the last forty years It was not so much that any definite rationalism had entered into them, as that the prevailing spirit of the time bred a carelessness in the clergy, which kept them from any effort for the welfare of their people Rationalism, with all its boasted service to humanity and its claim to be the purest interpretation of the life of Christ, neither originates nor sustains Christian activities And when, after long sleep the Church awoke, these activities had died out one by one, and left only a very visible spiritual death During the same period the material prosperity of the country had been advancing, and had come to occupy the place of religious culture and the spiritual life And the struggle is now between a pious and earnest ministry and the gross carelessness and materialism of the people One example, though it is extreme, will suffice "A man, in consumption, died during Lent He had been formerly a drunken brawler, and during his sickness he charged his companions in sin that if he died in Lent they were to put a mask upon his corpse, give it a flask of brandy, and sing *Freut euch des Lebens* round the grave This was literally attempted, but when the people came to the churchyard they were so drunk that they could not carry out the ceremony"* While such things were possible in the parish, there was no effective church organization Private effort was hurriedly used, but neither boldly nor with such freedom as we are accustomed to at home and the parochial deaconess became invaluable She was not to supersede any other worker or to put a stop to the Dorcas Society, or Visiting Society or any other agency in operation She was not to intrude upon any work that could be more naturally and effectively done by men But she was to bind the Societies together in a common activity, to stimulate individual effort, and at the same time arrange that it should not be conducting but united and to take the lead in such work as befits a woman among women "A deacon, for example says Dr Fliedner, "can never teach the housewife how to keep her house clean and orderly, how to wash the wild and dirty children that are scampering round the floor, to mend clothes or darn stockings or earn an honest penny by knitting or sewing or spinning or such other housewifely work And so the deaconess visits the sick poor in their rooms cooks for them, makes their bed, gives them medicine, and washes the children if need be She holds what answers to a mothers' meeting where the women and elder girls of the honest poor meet to sew at their clothing and hear the Word of God, and sing a hymn She goes to the children that they attend the school and by her example, she encourages others to be as helpful as herself Nor, in fact, is there any very definite limit to her exertions, for where ever a woman can be of use she may be present This is regarded as the crowning work But as it demands so much faith, wisdom, love, and energy, it is not given to all to attain to it, and the early reports express much thankfulness that few such women were sought for, because few such could then be given

The Seminary introduces us to another department of work, and a new class of deaconesses In fant schools had either proved a failure, or did not exist in Prussia, when Fliedner began, and it quickly struck him that teachers might be trained for this especial calling A demand soon rose for a higher class of teachers The Normal Schools of Prussia had not enlarged in proportion to the increase of population, and while, in some instances, the new population was double the old, the relative number of teachers remained the same Hence schools of from 100 to 130 children were often placed under charge of a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, and there were places where it was worse A great mass of ignorance was silently growing up At Kaiserswerth it came to light on every side Prison statistics, workhouse statistics, and hospital statistics combined in showing that the famous Prussian educational system was breaking down, that it wanted energy, development, life For the Prussian state had been becoming more and more a purely civil and not religious state The Church had lapsed into indifferentism, and the educational machinery, which the Christian vitality of the state had set in motion, was allowed to rust It

* Armen und Kranken Freund, 1860, p 73

is at least a poignant lesson. It is the Christian element in a country, which is the essentially educational element. Unchristian men seize hold of a system which the Christian men have, though perhaps not directly, called into existence. And so long as Christian life is active and wakeful in the country, they may administer the system with success. It may be de-christianized, and yet as a secular education it may be vigorous and sufficient. But if the country is de-christianized, and that in the long run must be the end of a purely secular system, then the education, even as secular, will fail, it will be carelessly controlled, it will not overtake its duty, ignorance will rise up beside it unchecked, its Boards will fall asleep. It is the Christian life of a kingdom alone which insures a thorough, progressive, and watchful secular education.

However, this state of matters in the Prussian schools appealed for a swift remedy. Besides supplying teachers, Kaiserswerth might supply Christian teachers, there is a womanly power of education that might reach far beyond infant schools, even very advanced girls might pass into the industrial schools. And hence Kaiserswerth became a normal seminary for teachers of this class, as well as private governesses. The course of training lasts two years, and includes something of garden work and housekeeping. The Government gives every aid, and those who pass the board are soon appointed to a situation. The number sent out is now very large, over 900, including governesses, and the number of children who thus receive a directly Christian, and not outwardly but vitally Christian education is proportionably great. The teachers maintain a connexion with the institution they carry out its principles. They make school pleasant, one writes that the children asked an hour additional, and when she complied as an experiment it did not fail. They visit the children at home, gain an influence over their parents, promote the sanctification of the Lord's day, battle against the drunkenness of Eastern Prussia, and establish knitting unions, Sunday schools, children's missions societies, and the like. Some of them choose to become Deaconesses, and learn the nursing as well as the teaching, submitting of course to the common rules of the other deaconesses. But the greater part have no nearer connexion than that of occasional correspondence, and such other bonds as may serve to prevent their early associations and influences from being weakened.

Nor is the operation of this system confined to Germany. The Seminary at Bucharest has already thirty pupils, that at Florence has begun with five. An orphanage and school have been opened at Beirut, whither Mr Dusshoff has betaken himself with some deaconesses. The number of orphans there is now appalling, and the Romanists are not slow to take advantage of the situation. They have purchased ground for 300,000 francs, and purpose expending 600,000 more upon the building. However, nearly one hundred children have been already received into the Protestant Orphanage, and the number is being swelled with every day. In Smyrna, too, the latest accounts represent the scholars as 150, in Jerusalem there are forty.

These are large and tangible results, and show that in Germany Christian women may be organized and educated for Christian work, with vast advantage to society at large. They by no means express the total result of Kaiserswerth. It attracts visitors from every part of the world—crowned heads, and those, like Mrs Fry, whom charity has crowned, Ministers of Education, and men and women who are interested in social progress. Names that are brilliant and notable in the world turns up at every page of its visitors' book. Besides it opens its training to those who seek to be skilled labourers for the sick and poor, but do not wish to join its band. It has its guests. Miss Nightingale may be mentioned as one best known in this country and remembered with affectionate honour there; there are others well known abroad, and not a few ladies of high rank who seek some work in their own neighbourhoods, and not merely to control it as lady patronesses, but to do it in a practical and helpful way. And the interest which is thus widely spread, has long since borne fruit, and will doubtless continue to bear even more from year to year.

But there is an important question which many perhaps have been silently asking, and on which much of our English estimate of these results depends. How are these deaconesses organized, held together? What principle have they? Is there no danger in it?

Full of interest is this question as the answer to it must now be very brief.

These Deaconesses are a free Christian Society, independent of both Church and State. Their theology may have been partly gathered already. It is embodied in a few, rough, metrical lines, which may be thus as roughly rendered —

> "The only ground wherein we stand
> Is Christ and His most precious Blood,
> The only aim of all our hand,
> Is Christ our highest, only good,
> The only rule we understand,
> Is His own living, mighty word.

Through the days when simple trust in Jesus Christ was scorned, when the atonement was laughed at as the blood theology, Fliedner held to the atonement of Jesus. Some critics passed a glowing eulogium on the work and its aim, but they took exception to the "blood theology." "We comfort ourselves," he writes, "with this that the spirit of the blood theology is the spirit of the apostles, and of all Christian men of faith, in all ages, and the spirit of a Luther, a Spener, a Francke, who have served God in labours of love." Another critic found everything to praise but that they prayed. "The institution is admirable, only, what a pity they pray so much!" The last objection turns us, naturally, to their rules. Are they addicted to laborious hours and minute forms of prayer, such as have brought suspicion and contempt on some so called "sisterhoods" in England? They have none. The liturgical element is feeble in their society. True prayer is their rule, and it is their life rule. Like some other men of this generation, whose names are slowly rising to their proper high place in the world, Dr. Fliedner walks by faith—a daily, constant faith in the personal leading of the

living God, which does not fetter itself by rule, but rather tends to independence of rule And the life of faith may also be said to be the life of the institution Organization is introduced as far as it seems necessary to the proper conduct of a manifold and widely scattered work The mode of organization especially avoids the ascetic character of the cloister in the taking of vows, it shrinks as if instinctively, from the 'Pharisyte heresy, as it is called at Kaiserswerth Those who join must prove their willingness and aptitude, and their Christian principles The probation may last six months, or nine or a year and it is such a testing time that fully half retire If the result is satisfactory, and they are received, it is understood they will continue for five years, but at any period during that time they may withdraw on giving six months notice They have a very free constitution and while strict order is maintained in each department as essential to proper nursing they have a voice in the election of their matrons and the reception of a new deaconess They take their meals together have family worship twice a day, hold a fortnightly conference, and a monthly meeting Their birthdays are kept, and the days of their confirmation to the Diaconate, as in every German household They use a common psalm book, tabulated for daily reading of Bible similarly and excellently arranged a common hymn book, and have one of Scherer's parables read at dinner These are sufficient bonds to link the absent with those in the House and to bring before them the reality of their being both a recognized and united body The teachers keep a monthly meeting with any Christian friends they may have near their school, and at the annual meetings they hold an annual conference They wear a common dress It is simple and appropriate—a plain blue dress with white collar and snowy cap Some time since, the teachers asked permission to wear the same they said it would be simple and economical, and make them easily recognizable Mrs Fliedner is the matron she has a deputy matron, and those who are on trial have a station for themselves

These are their simple rules, and whatever objection may be made to their constitution, it can scarcely be on the score of their keeping too many

But these are minor questions compared with two which lie at the bottom of the Kaiserswerth Union whether it is desirable to have Christian women trained to perform acts of Christian service, and whether it is desirable to unite these women in a society? In Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, and Sweden, the answer has been given already, by Reformed Protestants as heartily as by Lutherans There are now at least twenty three homes in these countries for the education and employment of such women, connected with them there are at least 600 deaconesses Rapidly as the organization has extended, the demand upon it has increased to a much greater extent It is impossible to supply half the recognised need, and the unrecognised is yet greater Our own Bible women are already a self constituted training school in London But beyond this movement, —which is one of the healthiest signs of a revived church, there is — ventured on in the same direction, and justly claiming the same popular sympathy and recognition Not but that there is much depressing, even piteous want and material ready for use There are many rushing into service with gifts that are invaluable in themselves but made useless and perhaps mischievous through mistakes and want of practical skill to turn them to account 'It is wonderfully and often pathetically absurd,' says Mrs Jameson 'to see with what a large stock of goodness and conscientious anxiety, and what a small stock of experience knowledge, and sympathy with them (!) are some excellent women set off on their tasks as Lady visitors of the poor' For a woman is not born a deaconess or even a nurse "I believe, on the contrary, Miss Nightingale has recently declared, 'that the very elements of nursing are all but unknown and it has a definition of nursing be accepted the statement is not so very odd, and 'it ought to signify the proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet and the proper selection and administration of diet—all at the least expense of vital power to the patient' There are many burning to work, but mistaken and sad, because there is no one to direct them —no proper and known school where their energies might be made available Where there is an excess of women over men, that is so steadily as to assume the character of a law, it is impossible that all can have domestic ties and definite home work Many from perfectly natural causes, will remain without a life calling unsatisfied with the trivialities of society, eager for something better and nobler, that will worthily represent life and not simply pass the time And it is not to be lost sight of, that just as our more complex social life has greater needs, and as it were creates new distresses, so that very complexity has been proved to involve a large excess of women unemployed Is it not possible that the plan at Kaiserswerth is not exclusively German, that that blue flag, with the fair white dove upon it, is not a symbol for the Rhine alone? May not some workers take heart, and try it here, not transplant it but work out the principles in whatever form is suited to our English habits and necessities? There may be prejudices to overcome, and misrepresentation and prophecies of failure, and Dr Fliedner had to encounter all these There are jargons uttered on the one side and on the other "Keep clear of both the jargons, now current everywhere, of the jargon, namely, which urges women to do all that men do, and of the jargon which urges women to do nothing that men do . . Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart"* There are examples enough to warn from any clumsy imitation of a religious order But it has not yet been shown that it is impracticable—and our social statistics are sufficiently startling to make the experiment worth risk and trial—to educate Christian women for more efficient and varied service to the poor, and even to associate their efforts and abilities in a healthy Christian spirit with a view to more combined and systematic help

W F STEVENSON

* Nightingale, *Notes on Nursing*, p 76

THE MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR

CHAPTER VII

THE first solemn silent work is over, the blinds of the plate glass windows are drawn up again The house looks much as it did a year ago The quiet funeral has not long left the door, followed by only one mourning coach, and a long train of poor decent working men, in their Sunday coats old blue cloaked women, some infirm and lame, but all able to keep up with the creeping hearse, as far as the parish church in the valley, rosy cheeked children, with something of sorrow as well as awe, stirring in their little hearts something of pleasant excitement too, as if taking part in a show, and the strangest surmises as to where the waving plumes came from, and what the horses looks like inside Several of the neighbouring gentry asked leave to pay the last tribute of respect to the once universally esteemed physician, but their presence was gratefully declined Dr Davenport had expressly stated his wishes on this subject The poor asked no leave, and would have taken no refusal 'God bless them!' thinks Nanny, looking through an upper window all blurred with her tears, "anyhow they love him but them as a shabby set, Missus should have let the gentry follow him, as was fit It's all the same to him in glory and it would have done me a power of good to have seen the quality show him respect But poor, poor Missus, however will she get through the day!' And Nanny, who for the sake of one or other of the family, had been "keeping up' ever since her master's death, believing herself safe and alone, in this upstairs, out of the way room, threw her apron over her head and sobbed vehemently "Dear Nanny said a gentle voice, 'I want you to look Carlo, that I may take him out with me into the garden, mamma told me, mamma said the air would do me good, and she begged me to leave her alone for an hour in poor papa's room"

Alone! Yes, the poor heart craves at length to be alone, with its immense sorrow At first Alice was excited, hysterical, terror stricken by the awful presence of the dead in the darkened house, her mother has had to nurse her, to hush her to sleep, as when she was a child, to try and keep away from her mind all ghastly imaginings She has had, too to uphold her poor boy under his sharp spasms of remorseful regret She has even had urgent matters of business forced upon her attention There has been no one to stand between her and those necessary arrangements it is torture to touch upon Only now, let "the children" stroll out into the sunshine under the trees, let them take pleasure in the sweet air, the gay flowers of early autumn, the gambols of the faithful dog, it is right and fit they should do so But for her, for pity's sake let her be one hour alone in the empty room where her husband died!

Oh, this anguish, which we all know by experience, or intuition almost as keen! It was [illegible] her intolerable longing for one other word one other smile it was her agony of tenderness for him Her own, —so strong so beautiful once, to her so beautiful even as they closed that inexorable lid upon him The thick, waving hair the poor waxen hands, and now, under all this flood of sunshine, they are carrying him to the darkness of that narrow grave she sees so vividly look where she will—narrow, black, with the piled up earth around it, that would fall heavy upon his coffin His! And his soul! Oh safe she knew, safe in God's mercy, forgiven purified but *where* and *how*? Might he not even now be lonely without her? Could he read her heart still, had he still any portion in her unextinguishable love? At times there would come a moment's respite in her anguish, sacred words of comfort would recur to her mind as special answers to her soul's strong crying and then patience, hope, faith itself would once more be submerged beneath the overpowering fact—'She should see his face no more'

When we remember that scarce any house we know, but has had some room or other in it solemnly consecrated by death, and the sorrow it brings, and that every man and woman we meet has passed through some intimate agony of bereavement—I think indeed we should call nothing and no one common or uninteresting I think we should have a very exalted sense of the dignity and grandeur of the human nature which can contain and surmount such suffering, a deepened tenderness for each individual of a race to whom such suffering is appointed

A month later, a smaller crowd watched and followed another procession from the stuccoed house, a crowd, in this case, exclusively of children, the procession consisting of two carts laden with furniture of a very plain kind The best articles had all been left for sale and in the plate glass windows were large bills announcing that this sale was to take place on the morrow As the carts were being packed, the chintz covers looked very faded in the sunlight, the chairs and tables very rickety and obsolete But, indeed, better and more substantial articles than the widow took with her to her new abode have but a melancholy aspect when exposed to the full searching out door light, dusty, topsy turvy, isolated There is nothing drearier than these poor household gods in process of removal from their old shrine, to some new and unfamiliar one, unless indeed it be the fate of those left behind, as *lots* prepared for sale, over valued by their former owners, either for the money they once cost or the associations with which they are invested, but doomed now to the disparaging scrutiny of the would be purchaser, and the still greater humiliation of the auctioneer's puff Nanny and Alice both suffered a good deal in connexion with this necessary measure of a sale by auction, the one from the pride, the other from the poetry of her nature, but the [illegible] the sanctuary of her [illegible] sorrow, was safe from all secondary vexations To clear her husband's memory from

the stigma of debt was the sole present anxiety she was capable of, and thus there seemed every prospect of succeeding in A purchaser presented himself for the house, which was indeed heavily mortgaged, but the £300 surplus would go far in meeting all claims, except indeed, Nanny's, but she would not hear of receiving her arrears at present, and Mrs Davenport had a scheme of her own by which to secure them, by which, too, to add a little to Alice's comforts and pleasures Her original fortune was dwindled to £3000 in the Three per Cents, but the funds were high, and Mr Gibson, who took the kindest interest in her affairs, had advised her to sell out, as he knew of an excellent mortgage at four per cent Thus for the maintenance of her family, there remained £120 Enough oh, enough!—to doubt it were to blame her husband, but still, Nanny must be no loser, her daughter must not suffer from any privation, Tom would require occasional help Mrs Davenport would take pupils

Not boarders! Against that Alice passionately pleads Indeed, she has opposed the whole scheme might and main, and so has Nanny Alice knows nothing of the value of money, why should they not live very well upon £120? And Nanny has vague visions of increased household economy, which, in point of fact, resolve themselves into little more than an oatmeal diet and unpaid services for herself She thinks the taking of pupils a most derogatory measure and having fully made up her mind never to receive "them trumpery wages, drat 'em!" and believing as fully that some noble of the land would eventually fall in love with such a "born beauty as Miss Alice" and in the natural course of things set up Mrs Davenport once more in her rightful sphere,—she sees no reason for such an unbecoming step "You a schoolmistress, mamma!" sighed poor Alice, one day soon after their move to their new house "Oh, I can't bear the thought of it! It seems so unnatural that you should be spoken of by that name At least, you must promise never to have pupils in the house all the day long Let me have you to myself in the evenings, and forget all about them if I can It is very dreadful! And then that you should be teaching such vulgar children as those of the Brynford trades' people! That makes it still worse" "My dear," replied her mother, tenderly stroking her cheek, "I have no accomplishments that would enable me to undertake pupils of a different grade Besides, Alice, *they* would come from a distance, they would necessarily be our inmates, and thus you as well as I deprecate Let us be thankful that twenty of the good, kind people of Brynford will send me their little girls I hope I am not presumptuous in believing that I can teach them all they need at present to learn And then I love children I think, at least, with me they will not be unhappy over their lessons" "Mamma," said Alice, with something of a struggle, "I ought to help you" "You shall if you like it, my sweet one But though you are so much brighter than I am, I am not sure you could go over and over the same thing as often It would be irksome to you, I shall not find it so"

"I think you are an angel," said Alice, throwing her arms around her mother's neck "But, mamma, how Tom will hate to hear of this plan!"

The widow's sweet, sad face took a deeper sad ness 'My poor boy! I kept back my purpose till he had left I know young people view these subjects differently Tom thinks that he shall soon be quite independent I do not know whether I have told you, Alice, how nobly Mr Gibson has behaved. When our poor Tom announced his fixed intention of giving up the law, and applying his godfather's legacy to the purchase of a commission, Mr Gibson not only offered to advance the money, for it will not be Tom's till he is of age"—("He will be nineteen in a week," suggested Alice) "Yes, dear, he will—Mr Gibson then, not only proposed to advance the money, whenever a commission offered, but he insisted upon returning to me half of the sum that your father —a pause, a struggle, the only thing that broke Mrs Davenport's calm was the mention of her husband's name—"that your dear father had paid him, when his boy was articled Thus will enable Tom to spend a year with Mr Johnson, a fellow pupil of your father's in early days, who, for his sake, takes Tom upon very liberal terms All loved your father Alice" And the poor widow hides her face on her daughter's shoulder 'Is not that a very good thing, mamma?' returns Alice, after a few moments, "when Tom is in the army, will he not be independent of help from you' He always told us, you know that he could perfectly live upon his pay, and that this was one of the reasons he was so anxious to go into the army Do you not think Tom fully means to do so?" "Yes, Alice, he fully means it" said poor Mrs Davenport, "but it is very difficult to do this It requires a very peculiar character Our dear boy is so social and open handed, and then with his handsome face and figure, it is no doubt natural that he should be a little fond of dress" (a little' and it is but the other day the mother paid Davies the tailor's bill, and she can talk of him as only a *little* fond of dress!) "I own to you, Alice, that *I* should have been very thankful if he had abided by the profession *he* chose for him, and not risked the temptation of the army At all events, if I succeed I may help him' Alice sighed deeply Perhaps at that moment she thought a little bitterly of Tom. All the painfulness of the changed circumstances seemed to fall upon her This little mean looking cottage—no—*house*—if it had been a cottage, thatched, white washed overgrown with roses, spite of earwigs and defective ventilation, Alice would not have disliked it half so much But it was—oh, how prosaic and odiously comfortable! the bricks so new and glaring, the rooms—airy and compact, Mrs Davenport called them—square, hopelessly ugly, to Alice's eyes, no light and shade from bending branches—nothing opposite but the hot and dusty road True, the mountains rose softly blue at some little distance, but Alice cared for them no longer, now she did not see them through her cherished trees And here she was to live, and this house was to be a school, and Tom had the desire of his heart granted him! —would be a soldier, would see the world, have excitement, adventure! "How happy some o'er other some may be," thought Alice, with a sigh.

At that moment a knock at the front door. It was Mr Moore come to inquire for Mrs and Miss Davenport. From the time of the Doctor's first visit he had attended during the whole of his illness, and now that death, he has been in the habit of frequently calling, but only to inquire. Except in a few hurried answers to Alice for weeks. "Ask Mr Moore to walk in," says Mrs Davenport to Jenny who brings his card and message.

As for herself, Alice blushed, a little with pleasure to see him again, a little with vexation—the room looked so bare and ugly. If at least she had gathered some evergreens, or even mignonette out of the kitchen garden, or had put on the table some of her prettiest books! Foolish Alice! If there had been every show of roses within the room of the most inspired works of the day had loaded the table in costliest bindings, Mr Moore would have noticed nothing but the bloom in your own cheek, the rich coils of your dark glossy hair. Mr Moore was a man of singularly concentrated, enthusiastic temperament, a little short-sighted, indifferent to external and for the first time in his studious life, Mr Moore was ever head and ears in love.

Beautiful he had always known Alice to be, but never had he seen her so beautiful as this afternoon. Her sorrow, the change in her circumstance threw a pensiveness about her predisposed his generous nature to a deeper worship. And then her mourning dress was singularly becoming to her. Her exquisite complexion fairer than ever, her frame more graceful. Every now and then, while speaking to Mrs Davenport he could not help throwing a glance at her dark, glossy braided head, down at the curls, and delicately tinted cheek, palm, into the snowy throat and when, in answer to some question addressed to her the young girl looked up at him with her large dark eyes, so clear and soft, yet with a startled look in them, Mr Moore's heart beat chokingly fast and his head positively swam. Before he rose to leave, he had asked and obtained permission to bring her some books that had of late a good deal interested his few hours of leisure. One of these was a German book. Alice feared her scanty knowledge of the language would hardly enable her fully to appreciate it, he would be—how happy to read it with her, to endeavour to explain it in its abstruse passages. Alice received the proposition with another blush of pleasure. Do what she would it rose in the smooth cheek, deepened in the dimples, then died out, leaving the paleness more than before. Mr Moore could willingly have lingered on in hopes of watching the rising and setting of such another blush as that, had not the clock in the kitchen, which sounded all through the small house, chanced to strike the hour of five. When he left, the room no longer looked so gloomy to Alice's eyes. The homage of his manner was pleasantly soothing to her this evening. The prospect of frequent visits from him took away from the dreariness of her present position. So good and clever a man! Strange, how Tom could presume to speak of him as he did, as a *sneak*, a *slow coach* she knew not what odious, disparaging terms. To-morrow, perhaps, he would come again. Or more probably, the day after to-morrow. At all events, she would gather as pretty a nosegay as she could find, in the dewy coolness of the evening and make the little room as ornate and comfortable as possible. And she moved in and out with a lighter step than she had yet done.

Meanwhile Mr Moore returned to his lodgings by the most circuitous and solitary way he could find that he might feed his soul undisturbed with the sweet memory of her blush her smile and the few words she had uttered. Commonplace words enough, but to him deeply significant, of quite inexhaustible interest. More matter of fact people might indeed have opined that he could know but little of the young girl's character, having never seen or spoken to her at all alone, and not very frequently in her mother's or Tom's presence. But Mr Moore for his part, believed that he, and he alone, intuitively knew the wealth and the beauty of her heart and mind. There was nothing noble and heroic, nothing holy, nothing lovely and of good report with which he did not accredit her. She was his ideal of perfect womanhood. Her beauty he said to himself, was her least charm. And this pure and perfect being might, perhaps— No it was too much, he dared not think of it. What was he poor, mortal man, with his temptations his frailness, that this angel should ever deign to look down upon him! And, yet who so well as he could prize and honour her? And visions rose before him of the most complete life with which God can bless his creatures here below—a life of blended love and duty, of hard work and sweet repose, in his parish, wandering souls reclaimed through his agency, and Alice to bless his home. Very late that night did Mr Moore pace up and down his solitary lodging room watching the moon as, rising behind the gentle line of blue and misty mountains, it flooded the whole valley, and brought out the white parish church into strong relief. To that church, perhaps some day— Oh, never was moonlight so radiant with hope and happiness before!

Mrs Davenport, too, is watching this moonlight cold and cruel, that lays full on those white washed walls beneath whose shadow *he* is lying. The agony returns. But she must not yield to it. Alice must not be saddened just when her spirits are beginning to revive, and to-morrow some of the little pupils will come for their first lesson.

When it became known in Brynford that Mrs Davenport actually intended, not only to take pupils, but to receive as such the children of the trades' people, the excitement was extreme. The small professional circle was scandalised at this. Not, indeed, that any of them happened to have children of an early age, but if they had had, of course they could not have sent them to her under these circumstances, and they consequently felt a little aggrieved. But the trades' people, when they had recovered from their bewilderment, looked upon Mrs Davenport's scheme in the light of a blessing to their families. Brynford had only a National and a British and Foreign School. To neither of these did the well to do shopkeepers like to send their girls, and it was a heavy pull upon their purse, as well as a trial to their affec-

tions, to part with them to second rate schools at Chester—an expedient which some mothers had resorted to in their proud desire to see their daughters "better scholars nor they were themselves" But now to think that their girls might not only be scholars, but come to be Ladies, for surely Mrs Davenport who was such a real born lady herself, would make them so! 'Ay, and God fearing girls which is better, added old Mr Price, the Methodist preacher "Often and often I've heard Mrs Morgan (Nanny was Mrs Morgan in Dissenting circles) tell how she read the Bible night and day to the poor Doctor, and spoke a sound gospel to him as well here at chapel"

If Mrs Davenport had heard these sanguine expectations of different kinds, they would but have considerably increased her native self depreciation She was perfectly unconscious of her own quiet dignity and refinement of manner, never guessed that, under any disguise of shabby or old fashioned attire, not a movement, not a gesture, but revealed "a lady of the land," and as to efficient religious teaching, the poor stricken soul looked on each little, fresh faced child as nearer to God than her own repining self She would do what she could, but this would be but little

The first day that the children gathered round her, they were all disposed to be exceedingly shy But the little ones soon began to feel at ease For them she had smiles, of which they only felt the sweetness, not the sadness On the whole the lessons got on pretty well The dullest girls did especially well to day No one had ever given them such an encouraging hearing before Alice came in, and for a short time tried to take a part But her mother's watchful eye and ear soon detected a flush upon her cheek and a little fretfulness in her tone She did not think it good for her Alice easily allowed herself to be persuaded that she was unequal to the exertion

The intelligent reader, who is not, like Mr Moore, in love with Alice and cares but little for the description of her gazelle like eyes, and skin of sunset tinted snow, will by this time have plainly discerned that she was very far indeed removed from an angel,—was but a helpless and self indulgent girl Debarred from her childhood, over sensitive, fastidious, imaginative, her mother had invariably treated her as a hot house plant to be shielded from every keen visiting of the winds of heaven, never exposed to their bracing influence All Alice's dreamy, unpractical habits she had viewed as but a proof of a higher and more poetical nature than her own, never combated in any way Perhaps the inherent tendency of the young girl's character was too strong to have been overcome by a wiser and more systematic bringing up, but, at all events, it had been actually fostered. A mother without any shade of selfishness herself is not quick to discern or correct it in her child. Looking round on life, one comes to be very slow in pronouncing any set of educational circumstances absolutely good or absolutely evil Sometimes the parent's faults are the children's beacons, scare them from imitation, encourage a healthy reaction, sometimes the very virtues of the parents give freer scope to the defects of the child It is incontrovertably better and happier to win the young by the beauty of our example than to warn them by its deformity, but we may take some comfort in hours of despondency, by reflecting that God holds the balance of good and evil truly in His own unerring hand, that His great law of compensation underlies all our activity; and that if some have cause to regret that they failed in moulding their children's seeming plastic natures according to their theory, many have cause for thankfulness in that they are mercifully held back from distorting it to the likeness of their practice

Days and months passed very quietly away in the little cottage by the road side There were no external events to lengthen time by marking it The neighbourhood had done its duty in calling to inquire, which was a merit to Nanny's heart, but Mrs Davenport had excused herself from returning the calls, and was soon left to the unconventional career she had chosen Alice was not a popular girl—shy, silent, singular, but many would have shown her kindness had she not positively declined all invitations She felt her position more painfully in contact with more acquaintance Roaming with Carlo on the heavy common, reading Dante, Schiller with Mr Moore, she was a princess in a world of poetry And now that Tom was away, all her mother's and all Nanny's worship was concentrated on her, Alice was by no means unhappy

Into the widow's wounded heart, too, time began to pour in, drop by drop its wine and oil Not that her love for her lost one could ever grow less—it was her life still, but the hope of meeting again in heaven grew brighter day by day Perhaps this was part of the blessing attendant on her healthy, regular occupation The children certainly got on—their parents were all gratitude, an instalment had been paid in to Nanny's account at the bank and Tom had had a New Year's gift from his mother which he affectionately acknowledged Mr Johnson, too, had written a most satisfactory account of his pupil, who applied himself, heart and soul, to all the requisite studies Mr Johnson had no doubt of his passing his examination with credit, and hoped he would be gazetted before Midsummer 'I think, Nanny, our boy will do well," said Mrs Davenport, "if only he can live upon his pay, Mr Gibson fears he will find some difficulty in doing this" Nanny snapped her fingers at Mr Gibson "*T'ad ansoyl*" she knew well enough Mr Tom would get on, and, as to living on his pay! what was the use of that money in her name at the bank? But, then, she would not say a word about it, would let poor missus think she was to have her own way.

CHAPTER VIII.

"This life is insufferably slow!" yawned out Tom Davenport one May evening to his favourite chum, Harry Fitzgerald, as the two sat over their wine after the mess dinner "There's not even any fishing to be had I hate Ireland!"

"Hate Ireland! Hate C——, if you will! There is not much to be said for it, I grant you, but some of the pleasantest quarters on the face of the

earth are in old Ireland There's Limerick, for instance, where we were when I first joined The best looking and the prettiest girls I ever saw were at Limerick Those were the eyes and ankles to turn a fellow's head, Tom, my boy"

The handsome speaker was an Irishman, and spoke with patriotic fervour, and a dash of the brogue Tom yawned again "You are such a fellow for looking after the girls, Fitz I'd rather dance attendance upon one of those forty pound salmon in the Shannon that you tell me cranes about, than upon any of your Limerick belles, all chatter and crinoline Mind you're not caught by one of them Harry, they're up to sharp practice, in all senses that's said about them As for beauty, I'd back my shy sister Alice against any of them'

'Is she like you, Tom? You're a fine looking fellow, you know" said young Fitzgerald in a merry voice, in striking contrast to Tom's querulous drawl

'Like me? No indeed' She has great brown eyes that would make two pair of mine and a skin like a snow drift, though her hair is quite dark It's a year and a half now since I've seen her but my mother writes me word she is looking much better than she did then There is a regular slow coach of a parson uncommonly spoony about her, I hear I hope such a fine girl as she is won't throw herself away upon him What shall we do this evening Fitzgerald eh' And Tom stretched himself wearily out parsimoniously balancing the chair he sat on and resting his legs on another "It's such a bore The evenings are so long now'

"Why there's not much to be done as you say, returned young Fitzgerald 'I vote we have in the game at billiards You made a better break than usual this morning, you should follow up your luck'

"It's precious little I have of it said Tom, re-instating his chair into safety "I am deep in your debt, Fitz already'

"Never mind, old fellow, I'm pretty flush of cash just now And I daresay you'll soon turn the tables upon me You are getting a good player, it only you'd work at it a little harder You are such a lazy fellow, Tom There you are going to smoke another pipe I do believe

'I must have my pipe after dinner you know,' said Tom "I'm not up to anything till I've had it It's an odd thing, Fitz, how little you care for your pipe It's a fellow's chief comfort, I say, with a whole squad of your blue eyed Limerick beauties

'I'm your Mephistopheles' laughed young Fitzgerald lighting his pipe too, and then they sauntered out into the May evening, and into the main street of C——

Certainly C—— was a dreary place enough, and certainly the country round was flat and uninteresting But over the wide spread expanse of moor there arched a sky, so glorious in its deep blue and its snowy masses of cloud, piling themselves up in the west to do honour to the sinking sun and above their heads so many larks poised vibrating in delicious ecstasy of song, that even there one would have said human life need not have been utterly dependent for enjoyment on tobacco and billiards

Perhaps, indeed, young Fitzgerald did feel the influence of the brilliant evening, for he began to troll out "Love's young dream' in a fine bary tone voice, letting his pipe die out the while, but Tom wore a look of determined ennui, and puffed away in unbroken silence all the way to the billiard room

Tom is a good deal changed in appearance since we saw him last, helping his father upstairs to his dying bed He has grown somewhat, and broadened considerably, and thanks to more concentrated attention than he has ever paid to anything else the down on the youth's lip has developed into a military looking moustache, which he strokes at all odd moments, though without evincing much positive satisfaction even in that The blue eyes never met the glance steadily at any time, but they have a more markedly furtive expression now than heretofore, and all the freshness of complexion is gone Tom is sallow, and there is something about the full cheek and heavy eye which suggests the idea not only that his constant habit of smoking is deleterious, but that it is associated with other habits also of a hurtful kind His companion, young Fitzgerald, looks far healthier and happier than he

Indeed Tom is far from happy Not a year since he entered the army, having passed his examination well, bought his commission under favourable circumstances, full of sanguine expectations that it would be the easiest thing in the world to live upon his pay He had heard of other fellows who did so and why should not he' Alas! he undertook to play a heroic part without the hero's soul Perhaps, in this modern life of ours, there is not one situation demanding more genuine grandeur of character than that of a young ensign poor, while his fellow officers are rich, self denying while they are self indulgent, refusing as luxuries what they treat as essentials, speaking without mock, where the meed of valour is a shrug and a sneer A man of the heroic type, indeed, who has courage to persevere in this course, will find it get easier and easier, as all right courses do, —"the crooked made straight, and the rough places made plain,' but men of the heroic type are scarce in all ages As for Tom, he slid into debt in the course of the first three months, at the end of which time he was opportunely relieved by a present from his mother, who sent him thirty of her hard earned pounds, that he might get himself warm winter clothing, might have a little money in hand for unforeseen expenses, might do anything he liked with it, in short Little did she dream that more than half of it would go at billiards' At Christmas came a marvel of bad spelling from Nanny, who begged and prayed Master Tom would not "tell on her, but Missus would go putting money into the bank in her name, as was only trouble to her, and she made so bold as send £10 to Master Tom with her duty' Tom's first impulse was to thank the good old soul, and return the bank note, but immediately there came a second and stronger impulse to keep it He owed Fitzgerald £5, and it would be as well to give Daly the Dublin tailor a £5, just to keep him quiet. Tom was sure there was not a fellow in the regiment who dressed more quietly than he, he never

could make out how his money melted away Poor Tom! He was fast falling into a condition in which all life seems a series of unaccountable accidents, in which there is no recognition whatever of law That he should get into debt he attributed partly to the general rascality of tradesmen, and to his own confounded ill luck at billiards, ill luck with his fishing rods which broke his clothes which did not wear well That he should get out of debt he expected from some piece of good luck his mother might send him another remittance, Nanny—but something like a sense of shame did follow upon that thought Anyhow, somebody might die His aunt Louisa for instance and where else should her money go but to Alice and himself, he might get to beat Fitz and the other fellows at billiards, old Gibson might send him a present—not very likely indeed—but everything seemed more likely than that he should be ruined, everything possible but that he should avert ruin by the supreme bore of systematic economy

Coming out of the billiard room that evening, the cloud on Tom's face was heavier than when he entered it Evidently, that favourable turn in the tide of his fortunes for which he waited had not set in 'I'll tell you what it is, Tom my boy," said Harry Fitzgerald, good humouredly, 'you're getting moped here, and so am I Let's ask the colonel for a month's leave of absence and go over to Wales and have some fishing there I told you I was pretty flush of cash and we'll go halves I'd like to see that fair sister of yours, Tom, and to try how your Welsh fish would take some of my Irish flies"

Tom pondered It *would* be a pleasant change He was by no means without natural affection and to see his mother and sister again promised something amounting to positive enjoyment Only—he had never told young Fitzgerald of that school they were keeping and he felt very reluctant to do so We have said Tom was not of the heroic type

"Suppose we try for leave a fortnight later," suggested Tom, remembering the holidays would by that time have begun, a fortnight or three weeks The Welsh rivers would be full enough still this is a late spring we've hardly had a fine day before this Godfrey will be back then, and I think we should have a better chance of being let off" So said Tom, disguising *the* reason under a reason without a scruple "So be it," returned Fitzgerald, and the two parted.

A fortnight later, Mr Moore was on his way as usual to the little brick cottage by the roadside, but with a heart lighter, and more exulting than was usual to him We are all familiar with these moods of increased power, because of increased confidence, when life's best gifts seem our rightful birthright, and we dare to stretch forth our hand and take them for our own In moods like these, how unfounded our former despondences appear, how little we can realize the possibility of their return The cheerful view is evidently the true view, why should it not be permanent? Alas! how soon we may relapse into marvelling at our hopeful illusions, and nothing seem real on earth but our despair

Mr Moore had, during the past year and a half, seen Alice very constantly, and his love for her had increased, he believed, with every interview But, generally speaking, this love had not been of a very hopeful character, at all events he had never yet found courage to utter it Alice was so young, so "shut in crystalline by her beauty, her fanciful, unworldly character, that he sometimes felt as though it would be profanation to shock her into life's realities by an avowal of his own devoted, passionate attachment Sometimes it was a reason of a more practical kind that held him back This present life of hope was blissful—how, if reaching beyond it, he lost even this! It was much to be permitted to look upon her, to read with her, to hear her sweet wild imaginings freely poured forth, to know that she welcomed his visits, if he were to speak prematurely, he might forfeit all the ground he had gained A secret instinct kept him silent, but he had other and plausible reasons to give to himself for his obedience to it Mr Moore was only a curate. His private fortune was small, he had no right to ask the priceless treasure of Alice's little hand till his prospects improved But this very June day, he had had an interview with his bishop, and there was no mistaking the episcopal intentions The first living that fell vacant would be assuredly his, and old Mr Jackson of Aberdinant had been declining for the last six months And then the last time he saw her, Alice had certainly been even more than usually kind She had said, "What should I do without my German master!" And oh, the smile with which she said it! Mr Moore walked as though the dusty road "were all to winged feet, his heart all love to man and gratitude to God

Arriving at the cottage, he was kept waiting longer than usual "I beg your pardon, sir," said Nanny, making her appearance with a very red face, and well floured arms, "I beg your pardon, but, mamie dear, I feared to leave the cakes in the oven, and them done to a turn" The cakes! Yes, there was a very unusual aroma pervading the house this evening, warm, rich, delicious, suggesting that brown crispness which has but narrowly escaped the charge of over baking

Mr Moore was ushered into the room as usual, but no Alice was there, no Mrs Davenport There were no books lying open and ready on the table, only the tea things set out four cups, a piece of cold beef, why, who could they be expecting? this was not their usual tea hour There was a general air of decoration too, about the room Mr Moore was aware of that, though he had not the remotest idea what gave it, namely, new white curtains, and a green velvet pile cloth upon the old fashioned, spindle legged table

Presently Alice comes in, her dress held up, and full of flowers "Oh, Mr Moore, only think—we're so happy! Tom is coming this very evening Yes, you may well be surprised We only heard of it yesterday morning, Tom did not like to mention it till he was quite sure of getting leave Isn't it nice? He brings a friend with him, a Mr Fitzgerald Tom says he sings beautifully He's four years older than Tom, a lieutenant, one of the oldest families in Ireland, Tom says I want to make our room as pretty as I can Tom has never seen this little abode, you know"

And as she spoke she prepared to arrange the

flowers she had just brought in. They were but common ones—scarlet ranunculus and double narcissus. Then tassels of laburnum bunches of fragrant lilac, pink hawthorn, snowy balls of guelder-rose. But Alice got up from them with consummate skill in the old chintz bowls, fitting luther a flutter in the airy grace of her light hearted movements, white fingers playing with the flowers, round, adrop in blossom, bending a rebellious leaf to her will. It was pretty to watch her falling back to look at the effect they made with her head bent wistfully on one side. Mr Moore thought he could have watched her thus for ever. Oh why, why were these men coming?

Painfully struck by a sudden thought, she stood clasping her small hands and looking up with her large eyes, into his face. "Oh! *could* you get me some more blossoms? They hang so high—quite out of my reach—but I do think, with your stick you might contrive to reach them. What was there that Mr Moore would not try to do when Alice asked it? They put out together the graceful white clusters hung down very temptingly, over the wall that divides them from their neighbour's little plot of garden before the house. Yes, he can get them he is sure. No they are higher than he thought. His stick alone will not avail. Mr Moore is not a tall man. He springs, he beats down a few of the blossoms, Alice claps her hands still but she shakes her little head. If there be any virtue in strength of will, Mr Moore must have those blossoms she is beginning to set spun of. He springs again he has all but lent the branch sufficiently low. Suddenly a handkerchief is waved—"Well Alice here we are!" and with an exclamation of pleasure her arms are round her brother's neck. "Dear Tom, how happy mamma will be!" Tom disengages himself a little abruptly from her clasp. "How do you do Mr Moore?" Alice let me introduce my friend, Fitzgerald." The tall handsome Irishman bows low, bows and, in token of homage proffers a large branch of the coveted snow blossoms. Alice blushes deeply. There was a singular grace a chivalrous deference in the bow to which she was unaccustomed, and the glance of the stranger eye revealed to her her own beauty more than ever her looking glass had done.

A few words are exchanged and then Mr Moore prepares to leave. "Will he not stay to tea? She is sure mamma will wish it." If *she* had wished it! As it is—no! Mr Moore has other engagement will not remain this evening. Alice does not press him hardly seems aware that he is going. Tom has rushed in to look for his mother, Alice stands at the door, conversing with the stranger.

"What a single hour can do!" Was it indeed the same man who walked back across the same fields that evening. The larks that were rising from the ground in the transport of their evening hymn, as he passed, had hardly had time to end their strain, and the whole world had been transformed around him. Mr Moore was constitutionally subject to revulsions of feeling but all former ones had been but mere foreshadowings of this. He was a shy man and a sensitive, keenly alive to ridicule, and with an uneasy sense of liability to mirth. Those empty headed fellows had been looking on, they had seen all his fruitless efforts made them absurd by their staring. That tall Irishman—and something of an equivalent to a quite unclerical epithet rose within Mr Moore's heart in connexion with him. That tall Irishman, with his History, had seen how matters stood at once with his long arm and his fishing rod, he had stepped in to reap the reward of Alice's smile. Mr Moore had seen her smile and blush a thousand times, but *that* smile was new. *That* smile had never shone for him! Who could say what sort of man this might be that Tom, always thoughtless and inconsiderate, was introducing at that quiet home!

To the pangs of jealousy, on her own account, there was added a vague anxiety on that of Alice, which tortured this true heart a hundred times more. There was very little sleep indeed for Mr Moore that night.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs Davenport was not, as we have seen, down stairs to welcome her son. In any case it was only alone that she could have borne the shock of so great a joy, but Tom came rather than was expected, and she was at the moment of his arrival busily engaged in giving the last touches to the arrangement of the room she destined for him. It was the second best room in the house (the best was Alice's), but the widow had not chosen to take it for herself, preferring to reserve it in case of a sudden flying visit from her boy. Very bare, indeed, she had made her own this evening, but this room had really a comfortable aspect. It is one of the many compensations of a narrow fortune that the preparation for a loved one's arrival, the measures for insuring his comfort, come within our own peculiar province, are not delegated to hired hands, are not mere dull matters of course, part and parcel of household routine, but interesting questions, requiring our own activity and ingenuity, and sometimes allowing us the pleasure of a little self sacrifice. As Mrs Davenport, hammer in hand, looked at the effect of the white dimity curtains she had taken down from her bed to adapt to Tom's window, which looked to the back of the house, a smile of satisfaction overspreading her sweet, kind face, she was startled by a quick step on the stair, and the next moment her boy was in her arms. Tom had shown a little gruff shyness to Alice, but he was alone now, and his surface susceptibility was excited by the fondness his mother showed. He kissed her, he hung about her as he used to do in his boyhood, her own beautiful, stalwart, manly son. How she doated on the strong, straight, well proportioned figure, the wave of the hair. "Oh! you are like your father, like him, my darling, darling boy," was all she could at first say, as she clasped him to her heart, then held him at arm's length, with something of the same thrill of rapturous pride with which, nearly twenty-one years ago, she had forgotten her anguish "for joy that a man was born into the world." "You have a nice little room, mother, I declare," said Tom, who, like many a better man, could not bear long sustained emotion. "It is yours, dear, I have made it ready for you."

"Mine," cried Tom in dismay, "why mother, Fitzgerald and I have taken rooms at the 'Bull', you see, we shall be off early fishing and in late and we must have our pipes and—and in short, we should only put you out and it would be slow for Fitz The widow's face fell 'I shall be very often running down to see you, of course Tom went on, and now I want you to go and welcome Fitz while I look up Nanny,' and he rattled down stairs again Rooms at the "Bull" What an expense! What was it she saw in her boy's face that held her back from at once remonstrating. If indeed so like his father it was not in his father's earlier days—not in his best days Mrs Davenport went down stairs with a heavy heart

Meanwhile young Fitzgerald and Alice were still standing before the house door her soft eyes bent down on the acacia blossoms she held, his fixed upon her A passionate admirer of beauty he had never seen, he thought beauty so remarkable and rare as this The exceeding purity of her complexion gave to her face an ethereal aspect and her clear eyes had strange, innocent looks, half startled half trusting, which were peculiar to themselves Harry Fitzgerald was not often at a loss for something to say to a young lady, but none of his usual topics seemed apposite now, Alice was the first to speak "Are your Irish mountains much higher than ours" she said, pointing to the blue range that bounded the vale

I have never seen a country that so enchanted me as this," was his reply,—a commonplace speech enough but it brought the colour into Alice's cheek and raising her dark eyes, with a sudden flash of pleasure they met the worship of the young man's gaze and fell again She found it very hard indeed to think of anything else to say Fitzgerald felt his turn to speak was come "You do not know how often I have longed to see you," he said, 'Tom used to try and describe his sister to me' 'Indeed," said she, "I am glad Tom thinks of me when he's away,' then, after a pause, "Do you think I am like Tom" "Like" ejaculated Fitzgerald, "you are like no creature on this earth of ours" She looked at him in amazement "Lady, forgive me, but I know now how the angels look in heaven" If this too were but a stupid and extravagant compliment, at all events there was something striking in the intensity of the manner and the melody of the voice Alice was an unsophisticated girl, quite unused to any compliments at all She blushed more deeply than before, and felt her mother's appearance half a relief The evening passed away very pleasantly Whatever the secret terror in Mrs Davenport's heart, she would not betray it Her boy must not have a gloomy reception Fitzgerald was in the highest possible spirits, told the incidents of their journey in a lively, rattling way, raved about the richness and beauty of this fertile vale, praised Nanny's cakes to the good woman's heart's content, spoke low to Alice of music and poetry, and finally sat down to the little cottage piano, and sang Italian song after song, in his grand, deep voice, with a passion and power quite new to two of his listeners, new it seemed even to Tom, for he exclaimed: "Why, Fitz, I'd no notion you were up to this sort of thing Why, you've no end of a voice Why, you might go on the stage just as well as that foreign fellow, what's his name that we heard in Dublin" Fitzgerald jumped up, laughing and shaking his curly head, and then turning to Alice asked her some question or other about the songs she liked best She could not answer him Her large eyes were brimful with tears her breast heaved with strong emotion. It was the first time she had come under the spell of music Mrs Davenport was otherwise engrossed Tom having abruptly struck into one of his round about narratives, and did not notice this, but Fitzgerald did 'Are my songs too sad, Miss Davenport' he said in a voice tenderer than his singing, I never knew their meaning before to night shall I sing you Harry O More or a comic song, anything to win a smile" "Oh, no, no" she said, impetuously, not for the world go on, only go on' "Let me look over your music," he said, taking up her portfolio, and seating himself on a low chair beside her "You tell me you play very little, you tell me you do not sing at all, how do you account for having in your possession not only music but two songs' and he looked up into her face with a bright, searching glance 'I do play very little," she said, "I do not sing at all but I like the music of those songs" "You can play Kathleen Mavourneen I beseech you to accompany me' Alice rose, very diffidently, and stood for a moment undecided, the colour coming and going in her cheeks As soon as she sat down and struck the first chord, Tom yawned a little "Well, music is a good thing in its way, but I should like to stretch my legs a little this fine evening mother will you take a turn up and down the grass plot while I smoke a pipe I know you never minded the smell of tobacco yourself in old days, come along," and he put his arm round her waist, with a smile like his father's "We'll join you after this one song" added Fitzgerald, and then his exquisite voice broke into the wild tenderness of the appeal to Kathleen Alice did not play well at any time, this evening less well than ever But with such a voice as that accompaniments were scarcely wanted It seemed that Harry Fitzgerald, however did not know the words very perfectly, for he had to bend his head down to look at them to bend it down very close to that of Alice How sweet and low and passionately sad the strains rung in her ears What strange magic in music like that! She could have almost dreamed that the singer's curls had brushed against her cheek The last note ended, she sprung up and pressed her hands to her eyes, "I don't know whether I like it or not," she said "Like what" "Like music" she replied "I had heard so little before, but I know, now, what the immortal old man meant, when he said that "it spoke to him of what on earth he had found not, nor should find'" "The song I have just sung spoke of love," said Fitzgerald, very low. "It spoke of sorrow—the same thing perhaps," returned Alice, "but come, come out into the garden, and let us inhale the incense of Tom's cigar, I suppose you like smoking too. Oh, how I hate it, for my part!" "I shall never smoke again," was the reply.

That night Alice went up earlier than usual to her own room, but not to sleep. She wanted to think over the whole evening, not to talk it over even with her mother. Her mother she knew, was taken up with Tom, she feared, indeed, that Tom had said something that made her mother low, and she was very sorry for it. But, oh, *Tom!* Was it not wonderful my one, even her mother should be thinking of *him* to night? This stranger! What was it he first said to her, in what words did that voice first break upon her ear? She tried to live it all over again from the very beginning, and to recall the first look. In connexion with that came up the recollection of Mr Moore. Alice shuddered. How awkward he seemed! how commonplace! The very thought of her German studies of all the past year's frequent intercourse had grown suddenly distasteful. She summoned up a brighter image to banish that of the curate. So tall no noble, so graceful looking! He might be a prince! Alice thought with pleasure of his long descent. So strong, so brave, so gentle. How kindly he had borne with her bad playing, and that he preferred it to any other accompaniment he had ever sung to, he, with that glorious voice of his. Had he spoken she wondered? If so, how proud and happy they must be to be loved by him. What a different brother he must be to Tom! Poor dear Tom! She was a little perplexed how Mr Fitzgerald could make a friend of him. He seemed to her so different in all his tastes and ways. She was glad he did not think her like him, Nanny always said she was. Tom was very handsome but she should not like to have the same sort of face. *He* had said she was like no one whom he had ever before seen and the warm blood rushed to her cheeks, remembering what he had added. Was she indeed—what—what he thought her? She moved to her little glass, and set her candle down before it. Her lips part with a happy smile. She unfastens one thick coil of her dark hair twists it round her finger, smoothes it into yet more burnished lustre smiling still. As she proceeds to undress, her eye falls upon her white, rounded arms. She raises one, she looks at its curves, she passes her lips along the delicate, blue veined wrist. The young girl has wakened to the consciousness and the love of her own beauty.

Meanwhile, Mrs Davenport is sitting sorrowfully in her small denuded room. Her boy is not sleeping beneath her roof, as she last night rejoiced to believe he would. This great joy of expecting him, what a sadness it has subsided into, what a terror! A knock at her door. It is Nanny, to see, she says, by way of excuse, whether her missus might not be wanting something, but, in point of fact, herself wanting some one to share her disappointment, for Nanny had set her heart upon having Tom for a guest, though when she saw Mrs Davenport's pale face it changed the current of her remark. "You see, ma'am," suggested Nanny, 'it's all along of the strange gentleman, Master Tom did not like, maybe, that he should go by himself to that Bull, a poor place it is, but it stands to reason Master Tom would a deal rather have been here, but I suppose, ma'am, there was no help for it. He said he was very sorry." "Did he, Nanny? I am glad of that thought he seemed to prefer it,' said the mother sadly. "How do you think he is looking?" "Oh *Tad!* did any one ever see the like of him, how fine and broad he has grown, how he favours poor master?" "I am afraid he is a little pale Nanny paler than he used to be." "Well, he was a little pale beside Mr Fitzgerald," but Nanny thought it only made him look more genteel like, though the other gentleman was a real gentleman too, she could see that. After a pause, Nanny resumed. "Please, ma'am, do you think the other young gentleman will be a rich gentleman?" "I believe he is a young man of good expectations. Why?" asked Mrs Davenport, with the utmost simplicity but Nanny chose to be suddenly absorbed in the contemplation of a spot upon her missus's crape, and retraced leaving the question unanswered to weave pleasant dreams and do a stroke of ironing the while. Did she not always say some great gentleman or other would come across Miss Alice? Mr Moore indeed! fiddlesticks! He might go about his business—a poor weakly creature, who could not see beyond his nose and had to get on a stool in the pulpit, Nanny heard tell or he did not show above it. And when he was upon the stool, it was poor trash he preached, Nanny had this from her own minister. Up to the present hour indeed, she had been tolerant for anyhow the books pleased Miss Alice and there was no one else coming, their way. But now, Nanny felt she could afford it and both as an admirer of manly beauty and a sound Dissenter it was a satisfaction to her utterly to discard and repudiate the curate. Mr Moore indeed! *Dyn Lyn!* She should think not! and cheerily the good woman moved far into the night.

Tom and his friend's leave of absence only extended to a month, and of that more than three weeks had now passed away. If young Fitzgerald's inducement to visit Wales had been fishing, we must infer that he found the sport much inferior to his expectations, for he devoted but very little time to it, generally if he did set out with Tom he would devise an excuse for returning. Often he would persuade Tom to give up some angling expedition in favour of a long walk or a drive, in which he could prevail upon Mrs Davenport or Alice to accompany them. Little heart had the widow for such excursions, but she could not refuse Alice the pleasure. In all these parties it was natural that she should be her boy's companion. Tom had never, indeed, much to say to Alice, whom he looked upon as a fantastic and flighty kind of girl, but his mother he found an excellent listener, never impatient of the only subject Tom cared for much now,—himself—his own doings—his past ill luck—his expectations of better things. Whenever Mrs Davenport remonstrated, or, in her gentle way, showed a disposition to trace the origin of some present difficulty, or to question the soundness of some hope for the future, Tom had but to tell her that women did not understand such matters, and to overwhelm her with parallel passages in the lives of other fellows. Mrs Davenport was always ready to believe herself wrong. But one thing was clear to her. A great effort must be made to clear Tom entirely from debt.—(Fitzgerald

He had only confided to her a very small amount of his habilities)—so that on his return to Ireland he might again start clear, and then perhaps all would be well, nay, certainly, for did he not assure her it would be the easiest thing in the world hence forth, demonstrating most clearly the reasons of the heretofore failure, henceforth the very easiest and most inevitable thing that he should live upon his pay But how clear him! The poor dear boy only wanted £30 How raise it? One method only presented itself to her mind The beautiful pearl necklace she had been reserving for Alice All other ornaments had gone at the time of the final settlement of her husband's affairs, but this, it had been her mother's, this she had kept for Alice's white throat on her wedding day She told Tom so For a few moments there was a struggle within him He did not like robbing Alice And yet—second thoughts are always fatal to men of Tom's type—how little difference it would make to her What were a few white beads to a girl compared to the comfort of £30 to a man in his position! Tom decided upon mature consideration that a mere necklace was not worth making a fuss about and, besides, 'You see mother,' he began "Alice will have plenty of necklaces if she marries Fitzgerald" Mrs Davenport exclaimed in utter amazement Singular as it may seem, the idea had never entered her head Her own youth, as we have before said, had been peculiarly devoid of all excitement or admiration and, engrossed with anxiety about her boy she had laid no particular stress on Fitzgerald's manner, nor on the response to it in that of her daughter 'Well, I don't know," said Tom, 'Fitz is such a fellow for raving about pretty girls but he tells me he's never seen such a beauty as Alice, and I do believe he's in for it this time He's as stupid as an owl ever since we came, he won't smoke a pipe, or try a good day's fishing, or speak to a fellow hardly I should say it was likely to come off, I really should" "But, Tom, Alice might not love him" "Oh, trust her for that' cried Tom, with all a brother's irreverence "Fitz is not a fellow to be sneered at, with his prospects Why, his father's a *very* rich man, and has a fine place somewhere in the county of Cork I'm to go and stay with him there before long I can tell you, mother, Fitz is a catch, and as good hearted a fellow as you'd wish to see He's a brick only he's got such a soft about Alice But mother, about that £30 It would be the making of me just now Those confounded bills are so on my mind they take away all my comfort in life You ask Alice about it, mother She never was a girl who wanted things for herself You just ask her to night, and see what she says"

The long walk, the evening's music over, Mrs Davenport followed her child to her own room, and laid before her Tom's case "Give it him, darling mamma, let him take and sell it, let it be his Oh! I do not want pearls," said the lovely girl "And now, good night, go to bed, for you look tired I want nothing Good night, darling mamma" Mrs Davenport looked at her with unspeakable tenderness, and longed, but could not venture, to ask the confidence Alice did not seem inclined to give A young girl's heart is such a holy shrine we tremble to lift the veil, tremble prematurely to force her to question the solemn oracle within, whose voice when once heard may change the current of all her life But, oh, how gladly Alice gave that pearl necklace away! What was there she would not have given? In the bountifulness of her great joy she would have pledged herself to any privation to make any single human heart the happier, to any privation except indeed, that of one look, one word of his And what words he had spoken this day! Oh, the whole world was hers and the fulness thereof, let poor Tom have all he would have, he was poor, *all* were poor compared to her She prized the whole human race And then she sat down to tell over the sum of her priceless heart wealth, what pared nothings sweet flatteries, fond epithets, vague hints, burning looks, the pressure of a hand Had earth, indeed, better things than these? Alice, at least did not guess it —wanted nothing more

Two days before they have expired Mrs Davenport had to depart on a secret mission, if that could be called secret which each member of the family knew though they did not speak of it to each other Tom would have felt it irksome to thank Alice for her consent, he preferred to persuade himself that after all, she had had no particular value for the necklace, and that in point of fact as it was not actually hers she had nothing to do with the matter Alice, in whose dreamy nature there was nothing at least paltry or vain, never even wished that Tom should thank her It was arranged by young Fitzgerald that he should drive the whole party to the nearest railway station, and that while Mrs Davenport proceeded to Chester they should occupy the hours of her necessary absence in going to see certain interesting fossil caves in the neighbourhood, not in deed, that any of the party cared much for geology, but the caves were situated in a beautiful rocky valley, through which ran one of the best stocked rivers in the county

The day was a sultry midsummer day Not a breath of air stirring Tom was terribly afraid the fish would not bite Alice feared her mother would find Chester unbearably hot Both were glad, as they reached the station, to observe a few clouds gathering about the sun By the time the three had reached the valley, other clouds, massive, lurid, copper coloured, were beginning to pile themselves up on the horizon Tom was all impatience to hurry down to the river, but his companions were equally anxious to explore the rocks and the bone caves A compromise was come to If Tom might rush down to the river just to try his luck, now that the clouds had so conveniently gathered, and they would just walk up and down, he would join them in an hour's time, and they could all see the caves together

Alice and Fitzgerald were, accordingly, left to enjoy the beauty of the valley alone They looked at the soft green of the birch wood opposite, at the winding of the river through emerald fields, at the blue hills in the distance They looked at the little wild flowers at their feet, at the small glittering insects on the bushes they brushed in passing Very little either of them

knew of the commonplaceness or their nature, for Alice, though a country bred girl was not naturally observant, and Fitzgerald observant of quite other matters than these, but it was sweet to look and wonder at all these small things together, the very small things that both faces had to bend over so closely, both hands to touch. To neither of them had any hour ever passed so rapidly before, but of all the talk they interchanged scarce one word would command itself as reasonable were we to try to reproduce it. Mutual exclamations of wonder—nothing seemed familiar seen in that 'purple light,' scraps of poetry, more or less relevant, playful disputes, pretended misunderstandings, pretended doubts, met by earnest protestations and laborious explanations, remembrances of infinitesimal details, the greatest stress had it seemed upon the most trivial things, strange bursts of confidence, looks that eked out the meaning of the broken words, sweet silences—all that constitutes the charm of that delicious dawn we sometimes look back to, sighing, in the very noontide of our lives, as though, indeed, on this earth of ours the bud must still be fairer than the flower, the promise richer than the possession. An hour passed, two hours, not that they knew it, but the face of the sky had had time to change. A heavy drop fell on the flower Alice was pointing out, and beat its little head. Another on her hand. "By Jove!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, 'we are in for a thunder shower. Take my arm, Alice—Miss Davenport—take my arm, and let us make all the haste we can to the cave. As they quickened their steps the first peal of thunder rolled majestically along in the distance. The next is louder. By the time they have reached the cave the lightning flashes are so vivid Alice is glad to press her hands to her eyes. She is always frightened in a storm. "Let us come farther in,' said Harry, "we shall be more out of the way of the glare." The floor of the cave is uneven, his strong arm is thrown around her just she fall. They reach an angle where the daylight comes in, dim and blue, and there they stand, so young, so beautiful, so full of fresh, quick pulsing life, with the crumbling bones around them of the monsters of another period, and, at intervals, the forked flashes light up the picture into unearthly, ghastly distinctness. And through the roar of the thunder, and the storm wind that has risen, and the splashing rain, Alice hears only the sound of the voice that speaks so near. "Do not be frightened, Alice, my darling beautiful Alice. We are safe, or if the light ning strike us we die together. Alice, I should think it bliss to die with you in my arms. Lean on me, sweet one, hide your face here. Alice, I love you, loved you the moment I saw you. I think you love me. I think you will not forget me, I shall return, Alice, when I am a richer man. Will you wait for me? We won't speak of this, your mother might object, but you and I, darling *mes yeux sont*, you and I know each other's hearts, Alice, my own Alice, we love each other." Perhaps Fitzgerald wanted no reply but the slender form so passive in his clasp, the fragrant face not withdrawn from his kisses, but, at all events, there was no time for reply.

"Hillo! hillo!" shouted a loud voice (Oh, the rude contrasts of life!) "Here is a pretty go! I thought I should find you were sheltering here. I am wet to the skin, I can tell you, and the fish would not bite at all. The sky is clearing up fast. Come out of that gloomy hole to the front of the cave, and we'll watch the clouds roll off. I'll stand to leeward of Alice, as she's so squeamish about it, and smoke a pipe, and then it will be high time to set off again to meet my mother."

THE PARADISE OF FOOLS.

"So you are tired of the stale, well beaten tourist track, are you?" said my friend Dr Mox S——, as we were lounging one summer evening in the balcony of the Lion d'Or at Turnhout, in Belgium, "tired of the sights everybody has seen, the roads everybody has travelled? You want to see something strange and out of the way? So you shall. I'll take you to Gheel, one of the most remarkable towns in the world, though perhaps you never heard its name before."

The next morning finds us in the diligence, with our backs to Turnhout, trundling along the road to Gheel. We soon leave the bustling streets and busy manufactories behind us, and begin to traverse the vast barren plain, known as the Campine. Here and there, at rare intervals, we catch sight of a few miserable farms built of mud and thatch, but for the most part there is a dreary monotony of heath and sand, broken only by occasional clumps of hardy, dark green pines. The landscape becomes more genial and fertile as we draw near Gheel. The houses are more numerous and better built, the patches of cultivated ground larger and more productive, and Gheel itself, in contrast to the general infertility of the Campine, blooms like an oasis in the desert. Not that it really does bloom, except comparatively. The soil is arid and illiberal, exacts much labour, and yields a miserable return in grain and vegetables. Gheel, however, works hard, and tries to put the best face on the matter, imitating Mark Tapley in being "jolly under creditable circumstances."

As we drive along, I have been wondering what there could be so very remarkable about Gheel. My friend, Dr Mox, will answer no questions, and tells me to find out for myself when I get there. And there I am, at last, strolling up the principal thoroughfare—a clean, well paved street, with trim white houses on each side. I look round for the promised wonders of the place, yet "see I never ane." Gheel looks just like any other secluded little country town. The shopkeepers lounge at their doors, or doze behind their counters—clearly Gheel is not remarkable for its commerce. A group of children are romping up a lane very quietly, as if the rest of the population were asleep,

and they were afraid of waking them Altogether it is a dull, drowsy, demure little town—a place "wherein it seemeth always afternoon" I can't for the life of me see anything remarkable about it or understand why Max brought me here I tell him so

'Don't give it up yet try again'

The only thing at all noticeable is that some of the families, out of thought I suppose have laid in a large stock of the same sort of cloth, for I have observed several men as by all clad alike They take a good stare at us too, but all Belgians do that, and some of them are vastly polite Did you see one, as we got out of the diligence, take off his hat with a superb flourish, and bow till his nose almost touched the pavement' Here comes one absorbed in contemplation of the heavens, and there another with his eyes fixed on the tips of his shoes Perhaps Gheel is remarkable for its philosophers

'You are pretty near the mark there" said Max laughing 'I see you are growing impatient, so I'll let you into the secret of the place It is a colony of mad folk

"Ah' now I understand the strange demeanour of some of the people'

'Once upon a time a princess suffered martyrdom here at the hands of her father A madman beheld the murder, and the shock restored his reason The fame of the miracle spread far and wide A church and a shrine were erected on the spot to the memory of the Princess St Dymphna and became the resort of all who had lost and wished to recover their senses The superstitious old rule is that each pilgrim shall crawl under the tomb on hands and knees nine times a day for nine days, but the rule is now almost obsolete Pilgrims who were not cured at once or who feared a relapse, took up residence here, and from a few squalid hovels, Gheel grew to be a town Many of the poor pilgrims had no money to pay for their maintenance, and the pious, good hearted villagers, loth to drive them away, supported them In their intervals of reason the lunatics worked for their hosts, and thus by degrees the system grew For 1200 years there has been a colony of mad folk here, living side by side with the sane folk, sharing their lodgings, meals, and labours, and enjoying almost all the freedom and consideration of people in their full senses Well, is not that worth coming out to see?'

"Truly, yes Which element predominates, the sane or insane?"

"One out of every ten is mad There are some 800 lunatics to some 8000 sane people"

We afterwards visited several of the houses, and found the two classes on the best of terms with each other The general working of the colony I found to be after this fashion

Gheel stands with open doors for all classes of lunatics, excepting only those of a suicidal or bloodthirsty disposition, and such as would require unceasing attendance The more violent, as well as poorer maniacs, are distributed among the cottages along the country side, the quieter sort, and those who can pay more for their support, are domesticated in the town In their respective habitations the sufferers are placed under the care of the host or *pere nourricier*, as he is called More than two patients are never permitted in one house, and generally there is only one in each

The lunatic is treated just like one of the family He eats with them at the same board works along with them in the house or fields shares all their occupations and all their enjoyments If not strong enough for field labour, he remains at home, and makes himself useful in various small ways, looking after the children attending to the garden, chaining the vegetables for dinner watching the pot on the fire or the cakes on the griddle If a woman the patient busies herself in the various household offices like the mother or daughter of the family No lunatic is compelled to labour, but they are generally delighted to help their hosts in any way and proud of the confidence reposed in them About two thirds of the whole number are employed in various ways a few as tailors, shoemakers mechanics, but the most of them as agricultural labourers The more violent lunatics are most in favour, because they are strong and vigorous, and when the fit is off them famous workmen The milder class on the contrary are apt to be languid and indolent, give more constant trouble, and render less frequent and valuable assistance The lunatic labourers cannot claim pay as a right, but they generally receive a trifle by way of encouragement

Of course, in the management of lunatics, force cannot be altogether dispensed with, but it is charily applied, and never without the knowledge of the doctor The usual mode of restraint is a strait waistcoat or a long leathern thong attached below the leg to prevent the lunatic from running away The lunatics and their hosts are placed under a system of strict official supervision The regulated charge for the board and lodging of each healthy pauper lunatic is less than £10, and for an infirm one £11 For lodging alone, the charge in our county asylums is £10

The houses where the lunatics are lodged are always open to visitors, and are clean, well ordered dwellings The people of Gheel belong to the Flemish stock, and are a fine, robust race, but of a somewhat dull and sluggish temperament They are very kind and warm hearted, and seem very proud of their charges Brought up, from infancy, alongside of persons of disordered intellect, they learn to regard them as objects of compassion and regard, and not of disdain or fear A sincere attachment usually springs up between the host and his guest When a lunatic is taken away, on his recovery, or for other reasons, it is a great grief to both parties, and the patient and his adopted family part with tears and embraces Not unfrequently the patient cannot bear to be parted from them, even when restored to reason

The management of the lunatics falls almost entirely to the women of Gheel—the men rarely interfere, except when a patient becomes quite outrageous Ignorant and simple minded as they are, it is wonderful with what tact and delicacy the women manage their charges, following only the dictates of their kindly hearts and sympathetic natures The influence of the children is very beneficial to the patients Their helplessness and need of care and protection when very young ex-

cite the interest of the lunatics, and the effort to guard the little ones seems partially to recall their lost faculties. The children usually bring them home at evening from the fields, and a violent madman who would fall to the ground any one who tried to control him, has been known to obey, without a murmur, the command of an urchin no taller than his knee. A story is told of a woman in Gheel, who on one occasion found herself alone in the house, with a patient when he was seized with a paroxysm of fury. There was no help, she knew, within call, but her presence of mind stood her in good stead. She took the infant from her breast and placing it in the arms of the madman, quickly left the room. In an agony of suspense she watched his movements, through the half opened door. The maniac was himself again in an instant, the fury had passed away. He caressed the child, fondled it in his arms till it crowed with pleasure, placed it softly on the ground, and sat down to play with it.

There are few cases of desertion from the colony—not more than eight or nine in the year, and the fugitives generally return or are brought back. Gheel has too many attractions for the lunatic to run away from it. Beyond the town and its suburbs he is the subject of jeers and cruel tricks, but within the colony he moves with his fellowmen on an equal footing. There the sane and insane fraternize. All the places of public resort are open to them alike, and the madman takes his part in the conversation of the café, the performances of the singing class, the sports of the festival days, just as freely as the man of sound intellect, and often with much more wit and talent.

In this way the lunatic is made to think and act for himself, and to feel personal dignity and responsibility as a human being, with the happiest effects. There is generally a marked change for the better as soon as the lunatic reaches Gheel and is relieved from restraint. Furious in bonds, he becomes docile and tractable as soon as free. In spite of the large number of advanced and chronic cases admitted, the cures at Gheel are stated at from 20 to 30 per cent. At Hanwell and Colney Hatch, the cures are never over 15 per cent.

The colony of Gheel is the gradual growth of many centuries, and could hardly be reproduced elsewhere, but the grand system on which it is established, and which was well developed at the time when, in civilized countries, madmen and wild beasts were put upon a par, is well worthy of our study and admiration. It is cheering to find that the principles of that system are being more and more recognised and adopted in our own country. The experiment of domestication and assisted freedom has already been tried in connexion with some of the county asylums and has been found to work admirably. We may yet hope for a nearer approach to the colony of Gheel. Long may Gheel flourish, the Paradise of Fools!

J. H.

'OH! IT'S HARD TO DIE FRAE HAME.'

The evening sun is shining now
On bonnie Lochinvale
And to the byre we're creeping down
The kye, my mither's milk,
The weans are sporting on the green
I see things just the same
As if amang them I myself—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

I see the house—the loch—the burn—
The boat lying on the shore
My father working in the yard
My mither round the door,
The cradle rocking by the fire,
That burns a blooming flame,
And Jeanie singing to the bairn—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

To keep my father in his croft
I left to win a fee,
And many a time it cost us baith,
For I was young and wee,
I'm fear'd he'll break his tender heart,
And think he was to blame
Gin I could only grip his hand—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

My ain dear mither little kens
Her Mary is sae ill,
For 'tween us there's a weary gate,
O' stormy sea and hill,
And will I never see her face
Or hear her speak my name,
Or clasp my arms about her neck—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

I thank ye a' beside me here
For the love ye've shown to me,
Ye've given me meat, ye've given me claes,
And given a gentle fee,
To think o't makes my heart grow grit
And maks me feel like shame,
But yet—forgive me if I say't—
Oh, it's hard to die frae hame!

And when ye write to tell our folk
How Mary gae'd awa,
Be sure ye tell them how I thocht
And spoke aboot them a',
And tell them, too, I gae'd in peace,
Because I kent the Name
O' a Father and a Brother dear—
Farewee! I'm noo gaun hame!

NORMAN MACLEOD

OH, IT'S HARD TO DIE FRAE HAME"

AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT—AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER.

THERE are words of power that live long, and not only do they live, but they live in their power to produce great results after the lapse of many ages, nor is this all that may be affirmed concerning such words, for the power that is in them is of a kind that tends to expand itself more and more and that, in comparison with its pristine energy, is seen to be gathering strength as it goes even as if, at length, it would embrace and hold in its grasp all things—moulding all things after its own fashion. In this way the laws of the spiritual world take effect in a manner that is the contrary of certain physical laws, for we learn that forces—such as gravitation, light, heat—are less and less in intensity in proportion as the distance from their centres is greater. Not so with the powers that rule in the world of spirits—the world of real life, which is life eternal. Why should there be this contrast?—the ground of it is obvious: the forces of the material universe are only powers of the finite, but the forces of the spiritual universe are powers of the Infinite.

The fragmentary citation which stands at the head of this paper, every bible reader will know where to find, and as we are not intending at this time to preach a sermon, or to indite one—the preaching of sermons not being our office or our usage—we show that we are regular functionaries by omitting the formalities of chapter and verse. And besides this, our intention at this time is of a kind that is—let us say it without being misunderstood—it is *historical*, or, if you please, it is dry, yet we are not intending to make good, in behalf of the book in which these words occur, a claim as to the antiquity which may and which ought to be claimed for it; nor to defend a claim for the illustrious prophet of the exiled people which rightfully belongs to him—even the reverential regard which is his due as the prophet of God. We take our stand, just now, upon the common levels of the open world, and we are taking up the words we quote as suggestive rudiments of a meditation which shall carry us back to times so remote as are those of the Hebrew prophets, and forward again towards the hour that is now passing, and forward still towards "an hour" that is yet in the future.

We go back then to a time about as distant from the Apostolic era as we now are from the times of the earliest waking up of the European mind—the age of Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, Roger Bacon. We may think of a man of princely demeanour, whose aspect and carriage shows that he is conversant with the things and the persons of the great world, that he is apt to rule in the affairs of a vast empire, is used to the exercise of power, after the peremptory modes of the ancient oriental despotisms, is familiar with the pomps that cluster around such despotisms. He comes forth, as he is wont to do, from the blaze and the noise of riotous palaces, he quits willingly the shinings of those splendours wherewith men hide from themselves their own worthlessness, and he greets, with a deep gladness of heart, the splendours of the mighty firmament—the underlying pomps of the 'starry heavens.'

The seer's roof is that boundless vault, with its steady lustres, his place of meditation is a spot close upon the brink of the swift volume of the waters of the 'great river Hiddekel' (the Tigris). Above him, this firmament of which he speaks, and these shining constellations which afford him his comparisons, nourish in his soul those thoughts of the CREATOR—those thoughts of endless unchanging brightness and purity which have almost lost their place in his spirit during the long day which he has spent, surrounded by the beggarly elements of earthly empire. At his feet, the eddies of the noiseless and yet tumultuous river symbolize in his view the onward flow of ages, and the issue of all in the distant shoreless deep. These, and under conditions such as these, eminently such, the princely man and prophet received and recorded those words of power of which we have cited some fragments. Take the passage as it stands in the English version (upon a view of which we have to some correction) it is this—"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Several separate thoughts are brought into one in this passage, and each, by itself, is, as we have said, a word of power—a word so related not merely to the depths of the moral and spiritual human system, but to the onward flow of this world's affairs, as to secure for it a vital influence, renewed, and ever renewable from age to age, to the world's end, and, beyond that end, far into a shining future which shall have no end.

The separable elements in this passage might be thus specified, and each of them stands out in bold relief upon that background which is formed by the *all-things-else* of the world's condition in that age—east and west, north and south. There is here, in the first place, put forward as if it were more to be desired than any earthly good—a richer treasure than the world's entire wealth in a heap—that "wisdom," the quality of which is this, that the source and centre and reason of it is the knowledge and the fear of God. And thus does this wisdom, which is from above, stand as a contradiction to all those wisdoms of oriental mages—Chaldean, Persian, Buddhist, Brahminical—the characteristic of which (of all of them in different modes) was an earnest endeavour to put at the greatest distance, or quite to nullify the idea of God—Creator—Ruler—Father. The wisdom of *this* seer was the so being wise towards God, as should bring with it the best to be named of these commingled elements, namely, "Righteousness," and what sort of righteousness it was which the seer had in his view is made evident by his own course of life, which was such that, in the daily converse of a man high in royal favour at a luxurious Court, and in the administration of an extensive govern-

ment, his malignant colleagues could find no ground of accusation against him, except that of his religious constancy. This "righteousness" is that toward which an impulsive and expansive benevolence directs its aim. The gaining a multitude of converts to Mormonism—to justice, truth, probity, fairness in conduct, is the *end*, in respect of which a promise is held out—of a bright and interminable future—an inheritance (as in a later age it came to be described) which should be incorruptible, undefiled, and not fading away—"an inheritance in light."

Next comes the scope or compass of that unrestrictive philanthropy upon which, as we may say, the entire passage hinges. This turning of the many to righteousness, this bringing of the many to accept the true wisdom as the leading reason, or final cause of the whole, and it is in respect of this chief of the "works of mercy" that the brightness of immortality is here propounded—is proffered, shall we say, to the ambition of those whose ambition intends good and never evil, to others.

One other element is here to be noted, which, although it stands out of sight in the immediate context is not far to find in the book of which this context is the winding up. There is here recorded a large promise, how large? immortality shall declare it! How large they shall say whose it shall be to enter upon it! But the promise, although conveyed in terms that are symbolical—and although its definite meaning or absolute value shall never be found and fixed on earth and which, therefore, in a sense is vague—stands where it stands, or it meets the eye of the man of each following generation like an inscription cut in upon a tablet which tablet was at the first jointed in with a building, adjusted and cemented at the time when the workman had reached this level of the polished stones that constitute this ancient structure. In other words, the promise of a bright immortality, brighter than that of others, and the peculiar recompense of evangelizing labours, is set, or made fast upon *the predicated issues of this world's affairs*. There is much meaning in this collocation of a promise, which *itself* is manifestly unworldly and spiritual.

What this meaning is may deserve some careful thought at another time. May it not well claim the amplest measure of the most careful meditation? Just now we keep it in reserve, and take up an easier line of meditation.

Manifestly it is congruous with a promise of immortality that *itself* should outlive or outlast those things that were at the first its contemporaries and which, at that time, seemed much more likely to live than itself. How was it, then, as to *this* promise, received, uttered, and recorded by this exile,—a captive, in fact, at a foreign court, and far away from the home of his ancestors, musing by night upon the river's side, and himself, perhaps, in doubt whether these words, although they were a message from God, would find their way into the sacred collection along with the institutions of the law and the voices of the prophets?

What things, then, were the contemporaries of this vaticination? What were the things that, in those times, held dominion among the nations, and ruled the minds and souls of the millions of the human family in all quarters within and around the great Mesopotamian levels? What were the spiritual despotisms that then rested a heavy foot upon the soul of the nations? A word or two in reply to these questions may serve perhaps to enhance and to invigorate that feeling of calm, hopeful confidence with which we have been wont to read the words as they stand in our Bibles. How has it fared *in practice* with *this* promise, now more than three thousand years old, when we inquire concerning the fate of those other promises which at that same time, were issued in the hearing of the nations—not as this, in the modesty of a Jewish captive's whisper is but with the clangour and the pomps of the imperial band, with the choicest music of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music."

Where *now* is that image of gold whose height was threescore cubits, and its breadth twenty cubits? A god—fit to be worshipped was it not? by the prostrate nations of more than a hundred provinces, worthy object of the pious devotions of "the princes, the governors and captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellers, the sheriffs, and all others the subaltern rulers of the subjected eastern world"?

Where is this worship? It is where the worshippers themselves have gone, and if you would know more about it—its principles, its dogmas, its rites, its usages—more than the industrious learning of these last times may have been able to decipher from its broken monuments—if you would learn more than this scanty measure which erudition can furnish, you must even go down into the depths of the earth, you must question the congregation of Sheol! Death! death has long ago engulfed all, not only the worshippers, but the worship, the doctrine, the belief, the philosophy of that age—all has long ago ceased from off the surface of human affairs. But if now you would assure yourself that these things, or the like to them, once were, and once flourished, visit the British Museum! There we shall find the credentials of those perished despotisms, and of those forgotten superstitions which were triumphant in that age when the Jewish seer and the incorrupt courtier uttered the promise of immortality, and propounded the recompense of eminent service, saying of God's servants, that "they shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Thus far, then, these words of power have proved their own inherent indestructible quality.

A polity and a superstition of a more remote antiquity than that of Babylonia—more complicate, less barbaric, but not of any better quality in a religious or a moral sense—graced, or shamed, the banks of the Nile in the ages that are now in view. Here too Death, long, long ago, has signalized his triumphs! Such materials as were too hard for the tooth of time—the sculptured granite columns, and the porphyry obelisks have stood in their places, or have encumbered the soil, or have conserved themselves in the sands, to give a testimony which industrious erudition partially interprets, and which, so far as it has been read off in these times, shows that there was an intention in the men of those ages to build a house wherein a doctrine should securely find its home "for ever

and ever? But where *now* is that house? where is now the doctrine which should have dwelt there as long as the sun holds his place in the heavens? The temples and the remains of Egyptian art, in front of which the modern mind is subdued by its admiration of what modern art could not rival, all these things which survive only by virtue of their material hardness and by indulgence of the climate, all are wrecks strewed over the field where Death encamped himself ages and ages ago.

Among the systems of belief and worship which were the contemporaries of the Jewish prophet *two* have actually survived the shocks of the world's affairs: *two* have lived through all these centuries not merely in stony fragments, and in prostrate columns, and in subterranean temples, but in the minds and tongues of the surviving races. Both remain still lives, and Buddhism still lives: and they may yet for time to come count their followers by millions of the human family. Well one might ask, as to these two vast superstitions—Is it a life that they live, or is it not rather a sullen and a prostrate death? More like a death than a life is the survivance of the two Oriental superstitions, the one, as to its moral influence a pestilent curse, the other an *exact* within range of which souls do not breathe.

Many are the points of comparison which might be brought forward if it were our purpose to form an estimate of the relative merit of the *three religions* which Asia has given to the world: namely, the Jewish, the Buddhist, and the Brahminical—supposing that we were looking back to the remote times that are now in view. At that time of them about Brahminism was in its apogee and a very potent scheme of mere earthly pith of popular worship and of hierarchal pride and tyranny. At *that* time, or thereabouts, Buddhism at some of its centres, was armed by an intense and self-denying missionary zeal. Its doctrine was carried from nation to nation by devout adherents until it had possessed itself almost of the entire Eastern world, beyond the Indus.

From these several grounds of comparison we must now abstain, or from all of them but one: and this one, deeply significant as it is often difficult to our notice, or we may say it is naturally suggested by the words which stand at the head of this paper. They are missionary words: and for a long while after they were uttered they seemed almost to have fallen out of the place they should have held in the minds of men. But the time of their revival came, and such a time—such a season of renovated vitality has occurred, in the lapse of centuries, again and yet again, and now, at this moment, these words of power *are powers* indeed, in the hearts of thousands of those whose hearts are Bible-trained.

What was the direction of the eye—what was the angle of elevation, when, in the days of the vitality of the *three religions*—the Buddhist missionary, the Brahmin and the Jewish prophet—looked into the unseen future in search of the destined immortality of the human spirit? The Buddhist, with a volume of wordy sublimities and profound metaphysics on his tongue, and an objectless glare into void space, looks out, he knows not why, or whither, toward a God less universe, and in this prospect the gospel he proclaims to his fellows is that of an absorption—unconscious, into the Infinite Impersonal Mind,—even as the rain-drop mingles itself, and is lost in the ocean. A more definite gospel than this is the gospel of Brahminism, the instructed teacher of which finds immortality for man, not by lifting the eye skywards but by a downward, vilifying look, among the brute orders around him. To the dying disciple he says, Make your choice now, among the things that crawl, or that tread the earth, what is it that will best please you to serve as the next home of your soul? As is the earthy, so also are they that are earthy, as is this doctrine—sensual, brutish, cruel, false—such are its teachers and such its victims.

Not of this quality is the Jewish prophet's doctrine. His eye is upward bent, and in search of symbol fitting for the conveyance of the gospel which he has to proclaim, he looks to the skies—he peruses the deep cloudless azure of the firmament—he seeks and finds his metaphoric terms in the steady effulgence of the stars. As is to us on earth this firmament, as are to us these evershining fires, such he says shall be the immortality of them that are wise toward God and who are zealous and living toward their fellow-men. This then is that gospel of life eternal which has lived through so many centuries which yet lives and which even now is showing its power to bring home to God many from the nations that are afar off—from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

Of the three systems or call them the three gospels to which we have here referred, it may be said that among them they exhaust the resources of the human mind, when it puts itself in quest of religion. No scheme of belief or worship which might not properly take its place as a species or a variety, under one or other of the three, has hitherto been propounded or taught and accepted among the nations. But now, in thus regarding the three as the principal classes or orders of religious doctrine it is highly important to note what is the inner reason, or the reasons, that are characteristic of each: and in duly considering which we come to see the cause of the vast disparity of the *two* as compared with the *third*.

The inner reason—or, as we might better say, the twofold reason—of this disparity is this. The very essence of the religion which Daniel professed, and which prophets and apostles have taught and which now Christian missionaries are carrying abroad—or its essence, as compared with the other two—is the emphatically professed, and the firmly held doctrine of God—Personal—the Almighty and the Father, with whom individually we have to do. This was, and is, its distinction as compared with the horrific Polytheism of the one religion, and with the vague, unintelligible Pantheism of the other religion.

But now the doctrine of God—as taught from the first page to the last of Holy Scripture—brings with it, invariably, another and a counterpart doctrine, namely, that of the individual importance of the human being—or, say, the inestimable value of every human being, body and soul, so that neither body nor soul may ever be contemned or left un-

cared for, or be proudly scorned or selfishly put out of sight In regard to its individual wellbeing all human souls, and bodies too, are on a level, in the view of that religion which teaches the personality and paternal character of God, and which affirms that, in his sight, there is no such respect of persons as the pride and selfishness of men so fondly insist upon

It is on *this ground* that the religion of the Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian stands distinguished from *every other religion*, ancient or modern, and that it holds a position that is antagonistic to all of them and is widely distanced as is the remotest border of the celestial universe from its opposite border

Let us look into this distinction You may say if you please that insensibility to human suffering and apathy in the sight of it and patience in the endurance of it and a consequent indifference to life and the reckless abandonment of the sick and infirm are physical characteristics of the races of South ern Asia, and, therefore that this apathy should not be regarded as the result of the religions of those races Be it so but then the two Asiatic religions have on different paths fallen into concert with these national moods and instead of exerting a remedial influence counteractive of this cruel and unnatural apathy they have each in its way, administered to it a poison of doctrine which converts what you please to call 'a physical tendency," into a horrible fanaticism Witness those floatings upon the Ganges around which the greedy vulture sweeps his flight' Witness the infanticides which attest the presence of the Buddhist teaching in every town among the millions of China' Asiatic tendency—or no such tendency, let only that religion come into action for which Daniel in his day was a witness, and then we shall see woman recovering woman s loving instincts—the mother showing herself to be *the mother* indeed then shall we see, alike under dark skins and white skins the actings of filial piety the aged and the sick cared for and lovingly served, and human life, in each instance irrespective of individual merits, or social importance, highly prized, and religiously regarded

We should note here, before we pass on, the abiding characteristic of the doctrine of which the ancient Buddhism was a coherent embodiment—namely, its contempt for man whenever the individual falls into helplessness ignorance destitution, or *worthlessness* in the utilitarian sense It would be easy to fill pages with citations from recent writers of high repute in England and America, of which this is the drift ' the many ' of the human race—the million, and especially the ignorant and the unhelpful—the dregs and the scum of the social mass—these, instead of diverting our energies, and consuming our material, should be thrown overboard, or in any other manner put out of the way The mass of humanity is only "guano,' so these writers tell us'

We stay not either to quote passages of this order, or to criticise them, it is enough to know, concerning the philosophy of this school, that its property has now, and ever has been, to go on uttering itself in paradoxes more and more odious and virulent, until the outraged instincts of human nature are provoked to put it to silence as an insufferable nuisance There are brighter objects just now in our prospect

Well may we turn aside from, and forget those delusions ancient and modern, to which we have made this incidental reference Sensuous are they, and sensual impure gloomy—deathlike are they all in their several moods We turn to a better and a brighter prospect even to "the promise that is left us, given us in the testimony of prophets and apostles Note now the purity the permanence, the *sublimity* of those conceptions of the future life which these symbols are employed to convey or to indicate Yet withal notice *the extreme brevity* of this conveyance or as we might say, the *reticence* of this mysterious heaven There are but a few single instances anywhere to be found, and these must be gathered from the bible itself, in which so few as *twelve words* stand representative of so much as these do while remarkable—a life endless—a life undecaying, in its enjoyments in its services, in its distinctions, in its advancements The same number of words in the handwriting of one whom you know to be able to substantiate whatever he may say or write, shall convey to you ' a princely fortune Lay your hand rather upon *these words* choose them as what you think "better than thousands of gold and silver so shall they be in the end when you are to stand in your lot in the latter day

The message if it had been sent in greater amplitude of language or had more of descriptive expansion would not, we may be sure have been serviceable to us In what terms could my such description of the Endless Future be given us' No other terms could have been employed than such as are supplied by the material objects around us The language of heaven by necessity, must to us be the language of earth, and it must bring, with it, therefore in every phrase, commingled ideas of decay, corruption, insecurity and so the message, *if thus expanded*, would only defeat its own intention, for it would lead us back to earth more than it would lift us aloft toward heaven

We should however be ready to gather from the symbols the whole of the meaning which under *the safe guidance of Scripture itself* they may be held to convey We need not be afraid of the outgoings of meditative thought so long as we are willing at every moment—at every adventurous step forward to check our excursive venturings by the sure word of the inspired Scriptures

Daniel looks upward to the resplendent vault, seen as it is seen in that climate, and fixing his eye upon a dazzling constellation, he says of those who shall ' turn many to righteousness," that they "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever" Be it so, and while he thus borrows his symbols from the skies, *he* could think only of the unchanging and the unsullied effulgence of these gems of the firmament, but now we, of this time, instructed as we have been by God's own revelation of his universe granted to us in these last times, see more in the stars than the best skilled of the Chaldean astronomers saw in them It is true that, in our midnight meditations abroad, what we *see*, even with all the aids of the telescope, is only a stellar glory, and we see the unfailing faithfulness of each star as it comes round to the meridian, night after

might [illegible] The pomp of the visible universe is [illegible] impalement and little [illegible] we may think it. Yes, so *it seems*: but is it so indeed? Is it so that these chosen emblems of the immortal life of the soul Christ's faithful and fruitful servants are now in their spheres, lifeless, silent, fruitless? Indeed we think otherwise of God's universe. We otherwise imagine what we do not see of those suns. Otherwise than *thus* do we think of those binary stars, and of those clusters of stars, and of those nebulæ infinitely remote. Otherwise than thus are we wont to speculate concerning those millions of worlds every one of which has, as we are surely told, its proper name in the inventory of creation. The Creator "calleth them all by their names," for the properties and the history of each and of all are written in his book."

shall then the righteous shine hereafter *as the stars*? Yes; but this is not all. Indulge us now for a moment while we give wing to adventurous thought: no indulgence do we ask for *presumptuous* thought. Who then will listen to our challenge, and tread with us a pathway to the stars? Thought travels the billions of miles without fatigue. Arrived at the heart of that cluster of suns, what we gaze upon is a host of dazzling globes, each with incomputable force throwing the splendours of its burning atmosphere out through all space, and each revolving on its axis, and each moving in its orbit, and each carrying with it, in that inconceivable circuit, a company of planets, illumed and warmed by itself, and thus not in vain. Life is there, life in ten thousand forms is on board of each of those barks! Upon those spheres life, animal and sensuous, is teeming, upon those spheres life intellectual and life spiritual is developing its energies, and is passing through its destinies, upon those spheres the awful purposes of the moral universe are in course of fulfilment, upon those spheres high purposes are pondered, large ambitions are devising their schemes, generous enterprises, baffling evil devices, are in progress, upon those spheres histories are on record that reach back to the primeval morning, when there was a chorus of the sons of God in His presence. In those spheres, silent as we may think them in that lone field of the skies, there is the fulness of life, there is soul, and there is labour, and there is service, and there is duty, and there is obedience, and there is patience and there is endurance, and there is sacrifice of self for the good of others, and there is worship of God: and in a word, nothing is wanting there of all those things for taking a part in which—readily, knowingly, with practised ability, and cheerfully, and courageously, and religiously—the severe disciplines of this now passing seventy years of toil, care, sorrow, trial, are the fit and the needful preparation.

A word then, and we have done, we have now trod our path back to earth, to our proper place—to the low ground which we have learned to call "the vale of tears," the valley of the shadow of death. But it is not a place of slumber, any more than of spiritual ease. Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims, and on hearing it, let us follow the meaning of every word to the utmost extent of warrantable meditation. "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever,—this assuredly knowing, that *service*, service for others, in obedience to God is the law of the universe, and the condition of blessedness in all worlds."

Isaac Taylor.

THE RAM CAUGHT IN THE THICKET.

(*A Bible Illustration.*)

Abraham is called in Scripture the "Father of the Faithful," and of all the acts of faith recorded in holy writ, his was assuredly the most signal. Against all human hope he had believed that he was to become the father of many nations by a son as yet unborn. In the birth of Isaac he saw the initial fulfilment of a gracious promise, and in the continuance of that precious life he believed in its completion.—"In Isaac shall thy seed be called." Ishmael, the son of the bond woman, had been cast away, and now dwelt an outcast in the wilderness of Paran, and although of him too God was eventually to make "a great nation," yet, to Abraham and Sarah Isaac was a well beloved and only child, the son of their old age. If the casting out into the wilderness of Hagar and her offspring was "very grievous in Abraham's sight," how much more appalling must have been that bloody and unthought of sacrifice! He, no doubt, knew of the divine declaration to Noah—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," and so must have felt that human life was in itself a very sacred thing. Even the natural death of Isaac, whose descendants were to be as "the stars of heaven," and in whom "all the nations of the earth" were to be blessed, would have been to the holy patriarch the extinction of his most hallowed hopes, and almost, as it were, the end of all things; but the sacrifice of such a son by his father's own hand might have been regarded, indeed, as a consummation beyond the submissive endurance of humankind. In the words of a great and good divine—"He seemed to be pressed unavoidably with one or other of the greatest evils in the world, either of them eternally ruinous unto him: he must disobey the command of God, or he must let go his faith in the promise, either of them being filled with eternal ruin." But he felt that the command as well as the promise was from the ever living and unchangeable God, and "knowing in whom he had believed," his perplexity led to no presumption. He obeyed the voice of the Lord.

In relation to the less sacred portion of our subject, it is interesting to find that sheep, now the most numerous and valuable of all domesticated creatures, are the earliest named in holy writ. We need scarcely remind our readers of the most ancient subservience of those animals to the human race. They are the first recorded as under the dominion of man:—"And Abel was a keeper (or feeder) of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground." Their domestication thus appears to

"And Abraham said My Son God will provide himself a Lamb for a burnt offering."

have been almost coeval with the creation of our own species Abel was the earliest shepherd, and to him we may possibly owe the taming of others of our subjugated kinds Although it was his faithfulness which rendered him more acceptable to God than his rebellious brother, it is pleasant to suppose that, along with that gracious gift, were naturally combined greater mildness of temper, and a more tender and affectionate disposition, which would lead to a love of the lowlier creatures, and a knowledge of their attributes. In the progress of domestication the goat appears to have been the next in succession, then oxen, asses, camels, and lastly horses Dogs, until much more recent times, seem to have been held of little or of no account The first mention of the mule precedes that of the horse, but it is of so casual a kind as to lead to no conclusion regarding its being actually a beast of burden at that early period

From age to age in the history of each successive generation of mankind, the importance of sheep has increased, and is now so well known as to require no comment. We never met with any one, however inconsiderate, who could not appreciate the value of warm clothing, and the excellence of mutton At the same time there are many curious questions connected with the source from which we have derived this most familiarly known of all animals, and the varieties which have resulted from the skill and care of man, combined with the climatic changes to which it has been necessarily subjected in its forced migrations, exhibit good examples of the influence of long continued domestication It is obvious that the more lengthened the period during which any species has been reduced to slavery, and the more complete its subservience to the human race, the greater and more remarkable will be the alteration which it undergoes We need not, therefore, be surprised that the very ancient dependence of the sheep on man as its lord and master should have been productive of many signal variations from the character of the original type and that many anomalous features should have been assumed in consequence of repeated changes of food and climate, and the continuous action of an altered and artificial mode of management We accordingly find in the greater number of our subdued varieties that the lengthened limbs and comparatively slender though strong, active, and graceful form of a wild animal have disappeared, and been replaced by heavy proportions, and a consequently indolent disposition The coarse dry, brittle coating of hair, too, has been succeeded by that woolly substance of which human industry and ingenuity now form such abundant and manifold materials for the various uses of domestic economy and the personal comforts of our race This prodigious development of the wool, with the almost entire disappearance of the hair, would of itself have sufficed to effect an apparent metamorphosis in the general aspect and physiognomy of the species, and the signal change now alluded to has been produced in part by physical causes, and in part by the agency of man, who, aiding or counteracting, as he best could the observed tendencies of nature has contrived to convert a general law of climate to his own individual advantage

Sheep, in their untrammelled condition, are not less active and energetic than goats their dimensions are fully greater, and their muscular strength is at least equal both in power and duration They are Alpine in their habits, fearless of crag and cliff, and dwell, indeed, by preference among the steepest and most inaccessible summits of lofty mountains. Even the domestic races, the males more especially, frequently exhibit a very striking aspect, and have not seldom attracted the notice of the observers of nature and the admirers of the picturesque

We may conclude by observing that however indispensable to the practice of the rural tribes of Europe may be the use of the shepherd's dog, it is certain that, in the earlier periods of pastoral life, the sheep *followed the shepherd* and *knew his voice* and to this we need not say how frequent and full of beauty are the practical references of our Lord, "the chief shepherd," in the New Testament It is by no means certain that canine animals were used at all by the earliest shepherd families of the human race The most ancient, we believe indeed the only scriptural indication of their being of actual service to mankind occurs in a passage in which Job bewails his being held in derision by those "whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock (chap xxx 1).

A SONG IN THE NIGHT

God's almighty arms are round me,
Peace, peace is mine!
Judgment scenes need not confound me,
Peace, peace is mine!
Jesus came Himself and sought me,
Sold to death He found, and bought me,
Then my blessed freedom taught me
Peace, peace is mine!

While I hear life's surgy billows,
Peace, peace is mine!
Why suspend my harp on willows?
Peace, peace is mine!
I may sing with Christ beside me,
Though a thousand ills betide me,
Safely He hath sworn to guide me,
Peace, peace is mine!

Every trial draws Him nearer,
Peace, peace is mine!
All His strokes but make Him dearer,
Peace, peace is mine!
Bless I then the Hand that smiteth
Gently, and to heal delighteth,
'Tis against my sins He fighteth,
Peace, peace is mine!

Welcome every rising sunlight
Peace, peace is mine!
Nearer home each rolling midnight,
Peace, peace is mine!
Death and hell can not appal me,
Safe in Christ, whate'er befal me,
Calmly wait I till He call me
Peace, peace is mine!—H. M. Z.

THE DOCTOR:

HIS DUTIES TO YOU.

A LAY SERMON FOR WORKING FOLKS, BY THE AUTHOR OF "JAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

You remember our last sermon (p. 30) was mostly about your duties to the Doctor. I am now going to speak about his duties to you; for you know it is a law of our life, that there are no one-sided duties—they are all double. It is like shaking hands, there must be two at it, and both of you ought to give a hearty grip and a hearty shake. You owe much to many, and many owe much to you. The Apostle says, "Owe no man anything but to love one another," but if you owe that, you must be for ever paying it; it is always due is always running on; and the meanest and most helpless, the most forlorn, can always pay and be paid in that coin, and in paying can buy more than he thought of. Just as a farthing candle, twinkling out of a cotter's window, and, it may be, guiding the gudeman home to his wife and children, sends its rays out into the infinite expanse of heaven, and thus returns, as it were, the light of the stars, which are many of them suns. You cannot pass any one on the street to whom you are not bound by this law. If he falls down you help to raise him. You do your best to relieve him and get him home; and let me tell you, to your great gain and honour, the poor are far more ready and better at this sort of work than the gentlemen and ladies. You do far more for each other than they do. You will share your last loaf; you will sit up night after night with a neighbour you know nothing about, just because he is your neighbour, and *you* know what it is to be neighbour like. You are more natural and less selfish than the fine folks. I don't say you are better, neither do I say you are worse; that would be a foolish and often mischievous way of speaking. We have all virtues and vices and advantages peculiar to our condition. You know the queer old couplet,—

> "Them what is rich, them rides in chaises;
> Them what is poor, them walks like blazes."

If you were well, and not in a hurry, and it were cold, would you not much rather "walk like blazes," than ride listless in your chaise? But this I know, for I have seen it, that according to their means, the poor bear one another's burdens far more than the rich.

There are many reasons for this, outside of your selves, and there is no need of your being proud of it, or indeed of anything else; but it is something to be thankful for, in the midst of all your hardships, that you in this have more of the power and of the luxury of doing immediate, visible good. You pay this debt in ready-money, as you do your meal and your milk, at least you have very short credit, and the shorter the better. Now, the Doctor has his duties to you, and it is well that he should know them, and that you know them too, for it will be long before you and he can do without each other. You keep each other alive. Disease, accidents, pain, and death, reign everywhere, and we call one another mortals, as if our chief peculiarity was that we must die, and you all know how death came into this world. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned;" and disease, disorder, and distress are the fruits of sin, as truly as that apple grew on that forbidden tree. You have now a days all sorts of schemes for making bad men good, and good men better. The world is full of such schemes, some of them wise and some foolish, but to be wise they must all go on the principle of lessening misery by lessening *sin*; so that the old weaver at Kilmarnock, who, at a meeting for abolishing slavery, the corn laws, and a few more things, said, "Mr. Preses, I move that we abolish Original Sin," was at least beginning at the right end. Only fancy what a world it would be, what a family any of ours would be, when everybody did everything that was right, and nothing that was wrong, say for a week! The world would not know itself. It would be inclined to say with the wee bit wifickie, though reversing the cause, "This is no me." I am not going to say more on this point. It is not my parish; but you need none of you be long ignorant of Who it is who has abolished death, and therefore vanquished sin.

Well, then, it is the duty of the Doctor in the first place, to *cure us*; in the second, to be *kind to us*; in the third, to be *true to us*; in the fourth, to keep *our secrets*; and in the fifth, to *warn us*, and, best of all, *forewarn us*; and in the sixth, to *be grateful to us*; and, lastly, to *keep his time and his temper with us*.

And, *first*, it is the duty of the Doctor to *cure* you—if he can. That is what we call him in for; and a doctor, be he never so clever and delightful, who doesn't cure, is like a mole-catcher who can't catch moles, or a watchmaker who can do everything but make your watch go. Old Dr. Pringle of Perth, when preaching in the country, found his shoes needed mending, and he asked the brother whom he was assisting to tell him of a good cobbler, or, as he called him, a *snab*. His friend

mentioned a "Iammas Rattray, a godly man, and an elder,' but Dr Pringle said in his shrill way —"Can he mend my shoon? that's what I want. I want a shoemaker, I'm not wanting an elder." It turned out that Tammas was a better elder than a shoemaker. A doctor was once attending a poor woman in labour. It was a desperate case, requiring a cool head and a firm will. The good man—for he *was* good—had neither of these, and losing his presence of mind, gave up the poor woman as lost and retired into the next room to pray for her. Another doctor who perhaps wanted what the first one had and certainly had what he wanted, brains and courage, in passing entered and called out—"Where is Dr ——?" "Oh he has gone into the next room to pray!" "Pray! tell him to come here this moment and help me. He can work and pray too" and by his assistance the skilful doctor saved that woman's life. This then is the Doctor's first duty to you, to cure you, and for this he must first be up to his business, he must know what to do and secondly, he must be able to do it. He must not merely do as a pointer dog does, stand and say "there it is" and no more, he must point and shoot too and let me tell you that unless a man likes what he is at, and is in earnest and stick to it, he will no more make a good doctor than a good anything else. Doctoring is not only a way for a man to do good by curing disease and to get money to himself for doing, that; but it is also a study which interests in itself like geology or any other science, and moreover it is a way to fame and the glory of the world, all these four things act upon the mind of the Doctor, but unless the first one is uppermost his patient will come off second best with him he is not the man for your lives or for your money.

They tell a story, which may not be word for word true, but it has truth and a great principle in it, as all good stories have. It is told of one of our clever friends, the French, who are so knowing in everything. A great French Doctor was taking an English one round the wards of his hospital, all sorts of miseries going on before them, some dying others longing for death, all ill, the Frenchman was wonderfully eloquent about all their diseases, you would have thought he saw through them, and knew all their secret wheels like looking into a watch, or into a glass beehive. He told his English friend what would be seen in such a case, *when the body was opened!* He spent some time in this sort of work, and was coming out, full of *glee*, when the other Doctor said "But, Dr ——, you haven't *prescribed* for these cases." "Oh, neither I have!" said he, with a grumph and a shrug, "I quite forgot *that*," that being the one thing why these poor people were there, and why he was there too. Another story of a Frenchman, though I daresay we could tell it of ourselves. He was a great professor, and gave a powerful poison as a medicine for an ugly disease of the skin. He carried it very far, so as to weaken the poor fellow, who died, just as the last vestige of the skin disease died too. On looking at the dead body quite smooth and white and, also quite dead he said "Ah, never mind, he was *all cured!*"

So let me advise you, indeed, your good sense will advise you also to test a Doctor by this.—Is he in earnest, does he speak little and do much, does he mind your case his first care? He may after that mind the weather, or the money market, he may, nay, and even *has* to be, he must do it quickly and shortly, some good words—the fewer the better, something that causes you to think and feel and may make you be one of the Publicans than of the Pharisee, in that story you know of when they two went up to the temple to pray, but morally speaking the Doctor should like the rest of us stick to his trade and mind his business.

Secondly, It is the Doctor's duty to be *kind* to you. I mean by this, not only to speak kindly but *to be* kind which includes this and a great deal more though a kind word, as well as a merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Cheerfulness, or rather cheerfulness is a great thing in a Doctor, his very foot should have music in it, when he comes up the stair. The Doctor should never lose his power of pitying pain, and letting his patient see this and feel it. Some men and they are often the best at their proper work, can let their hearts come out only through their eyes, but it is not the less sure and to the point you can make your mouth say what is not true, you can't do quite so much with your eyes. A Doctor's eye should command, it will also comfort and cheer his patient, he should never let him think disobedience or despair possible. Perhaps you think Doctors get hardened by seeing so much suffering, this is not true. Pity is a motive, as well as a feeling ending in itself, is stronger in an old Doctor than in a young, so he be made of the right stuff. He comes to know himself, what pain and sorrow mean, what their weight is and how grateful he was or is for relief and sympathy.

Thirdly, It is his duty to be *true* to you. True in word and in deed. He ought to speak nothing but the truth, as to the nature, and extent, and issues of the disease he is treating, but he is not bound, as I said you were, to tell *the whole truth*—that is for his own wisdom and discretion to judge of, only, never let him tell an untruth, and let him be honest enough when he can't say anything definite, to say nothing. It requires some courage to con

fess our ignorance but it is worth it As to the question often put by him of—telling a man he is dying—the Doctor must, in the first place, be sure the patient is dying, and secondly, that it is for his good bodily and mental, to tell him so he should almost always warn the friends, but, even here, cautiously

Fourthly, It is his duty to *keep your secrets* There are things a doctor comes to know and is told which no one but he and the Judge of all should know, and he is a base man, and unworthy to be in such a noble profession as that of healing, who can betray what he knows must injure, and in some cases may ruin

Fifthly, It is his duty to *warn* you against what is injuring your health If he finds his patient has brought disease upon himself by sin, by drink, by over work, by over eating, by over anything, it is his duty to say so plainly and firmly, and the same with regard to the treatment of children by their parents, the family doctor should forewarn them he should explain, as far as he is able and they can comprehend them, the Laws of Health, and so tell them how to *prevent* disease, as well as do his best to *cure* it What a great and rich field there is here for our profession, if they and the public could only work well together! In this, these queer, half daft, half wise beings, the Chinese, take a wiser way, they pay their Doctor for keeping them well, and they stop his pay as long as they are ill!

Sixthly, It is his duty to be *grateful* to you for employing him, whether you pay him in money *or not*, for a Doctor, worth being one, makes capital, makes knowledge, and therefore power out of every case he has, *Seventhly*, for obeying him and getting better. I am always very much obliged to my patients for being so kind as to be better, and for saying so, for many are ready enough to say they are worse, not so many to say they are better, even when they are, and you know our Scotch way of saying, "I'm no that ill," when "I" is in high health, or "I'm no ony waur," when "I" is much better Don't be niggards in this, it cheers the Doctor's heart and it will lighten yours.

Seventhly and lastly, It is the Doctor's duty *to keep his time and his temper* with you Any man or woman who knows how longed for a doctor's visit is, and counts on it to a minute, knows how wrong, how painful, how angering it is for the Doctor not to keep his time Many things may occur, for his urgent cases are often sudden, to put him out of his reckoning, but it is wonderful what method, and real consideration, and a strong will can do in this way I never found Dr Abercrombie a minute after or *before* his time (both are bad, though one is the worse), and yet if I wanted him in a hurry, and stopped his carriage in the street, he could always go with me at once, he had the knack and the principle of being true in his times, for it is often a matter of *truth* And the Doctor must keep his *temper* this is often worse to manage than even his time, there is so much unreason, and ingratitude, and peevishness, and impertinence, and impatience, that it is very hard to keep one's tongue and eye from being angry, and sometimes the Doctor does not only well, but the best when he is downrightly angry, and astonishes some fool, or some insolent, or some untruth doing or saying patient, but the Doctor should be patient with his patients, he should bear with them, knowing how much they are at the moment suffering Let us remember Him who is full of compassion, whose compassion never fails, whose tender mercies are new to us every morning, as his faithfulness is every night, who healed all manner of diseases, and was kind to the unthankful and the evil, what would become of us, if He were as impatient with us as we often are with each other? If you want to be impressed with the Almighty's infinite loving kindness and tender mercy, His forbearance, His long suffering patience, His slowness to anger, His Divine ingenuousness in trying to find it possible to spare and save, think of the Israelites in the desert, and read the chapter where Abraham intercedes with God for Sodom, and those wonderful "peradventures"

But I am getting tedious, and keeping you and myself too long, so good night. Let the Doctor and you be honest and grateful, and kind and cordial, in one word, dutiful to each other, and you will each be the better of the other.

I may by and bye say a word or two to you on your *Health*, which is your wealth, that by which you are and do well, and on your *Children*, and how to guide it, and them J. BROWN.

LONDON MODEL LODGING-HOUSES.

Long as I have known the black holes of London, and the poor, degraded beings they contain, I have been recently astonished at their numbers and condition Since I wrote last month, upon the huddling together of the poor I have made a personal survey in most parts of the metropolis, and I have been pained to find that my estimate of London civilisation was not too low * I started with a full belief that one third, if not one half, of our metropolitan population are living in a fearful state of filth and wretchedness, and I found

* See Special Letters on "London Horrors," in the *Morning Post*. London, January 1861.

them as degraded as the Irish in their worst days On every side I saw the same yellow pictures of dirt and misery, the same sewers like courts and alleys, the same close, sickening, overcrowded rooms I took my samples from every quarter examined them patiently and drew the same melancholy conclusion from them all As my examination was not formal and official, but necessarily superficial, I guarded myself from drawing inferences that might be too broad and unjust I availed myself of the statistics and experiences of the hard working clergy in each particular neighbourhood, and I believe that I wrote nothing which was not endorsed by those gentlemen The task of digging out so much social degradation became so monotonous, and the daily stories I had to tell seemed to be so painfully like each other, that I closed my note book in less than a fortnight worn out and depressed By this time I had arrived at the same conclusion as a recent correspondent of the *Time* who said, "In one of the largest parishes in London two thirds of the whole population are believed to be lodged, with their families, in single rooms, and, from limited personal observation, I am inclined to think that at least one million in London alone are in this degrading position Would not this form a fitting subject of inquiry for the census of 1861?"

After dwelling so long upon the "horrors of London," I naturally turned to the other side of the account, and looked at what had been done or was doing to improve the homes of the poor I knew that the "Board of Health" had come and gone, and was now represented by the Government Local Management Act Office—a shadow of a shade I knew that a Common Lodging Houses Act to prevent the huddling together of different families in one room had been in operation for some years and that its provisions were enforced, or not enforced according to the energy and consciousness of the local Inspectors of Nuisances I knew that many cellar rooms called "kitchens," had been condemned in certain neighbourhoods, many ceilings had been compulsively whitewashed, many drains had been constructed and many rotten dust heaps had been removed I knew that there had been much talk and much writing about the social condition of the labouring classes, and that if I only held up my finger I might be deluged with pamphlets on this deathless subject Although a writer by profession, I have a constitutional horror of English composition about any real work that requires to be done Receiving certain reports, tracts and prospectuses more as a guide to places than to results I went once more into the holes and corners of London to see what model lodging houses we have really got

The first place I arrived at was a block of buildings in St Pancras, lying between Agar Town and Chapel Street, Somers Town, the worst parts of the parish. They belong to a London society, started to some extent upon commercial principles, called the "Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the Industrious Classes" This society I believe was founded in 1842, and the St Pancras buildings were the first large block of model houses, or rooms in "flats," erected in London They are laid out to accommodate about one hundred and ten families with about four hundred and twenty rooms, at a rental varying from three shillings and sixpence to seven shillings a week for each set of rooms The highest prices give the command of three fair sized rooms and a scullery, with every convenience The plan of these rooms is very much like that of the flat dwellings in Edinburgh The outer door secures the family from intrusion and locks in the household at night The sitting room is equal in size to the two bed rooms, and the latter are reached by two doors one at each side of the sitting room in place The scullery is a narrow strip about the length of the sitting room The forecourt is an enclosed play ground for the children

The height of the building is its chief structural defect, although if the calculations have been carefully made, this ought to enable the Association to lower their rents The tenure is leasehold, the building is apparently said to last for ages, and the nett dividend of the Society from all their model houses is only about two per cent The inference is, that too much money has been expended in building for posterity The rents are grumbled at by many of the tenants, although they are under the market price of the neighbourhood, and too low to meet the expenses of the building and make a fair return upon the capital sunk, according to the average yield of London house property The winding well staircases, running up perhaps about sixty feet, with no protection at the sides or landings but an iron railing, reaching no higher than the waist of a man are sad mistakes of the architect and builder These staircases, at any hour of the day, are like Jacob's ladders, swarming with children, and many accidents and deaths have occurred, so I was told, in the house in consequence of these deep pits not being closed in The necessary rail guards should be fixed at once, such traps for careless, unwatched children in a philanthropic building are a disgrace that ought to be got rid of without an appeal to law

The occupants are chiefly the higher class of labourers and artisans and the regular payment of the different rents would show this even if the friends of the Association had not stated it in their reports This may seem a cheering fact to many people, but to me it bears a different aspect I will state why I regard it unfavourably a little further on

The other London buildings of the Association are in different parts of the town In Nelson Square Isermondsey there is accommodation in "flats" for one hundred and eight families, at Queen's Place, Dockhead, ten dwellings have been taken and rearranged for ten families, and in Albion Buildings, Bartholomew Close, some old houses have been taken, and fitted up so as to lodge decently about twenty four families In the east of London, in Albert Street, a block of family dwellings on the "flat" system, has been built for sixty families, in Pelham Street, twelve houses have been built for twelve different families, and similar accommodation has been provided for nine families in cottages in Pleasant Row In Albert Street, the Society has also built a set of

chambers for single men with accommodation for 234 tenants and they have long held an old house in Compton Street Soho, in the West, which will lodge 126 single men on the same plan In St James Westminster—not far from this latter place—the Association has also built another block of family buildings capable of housing sixty families Altogether we may reckon the population in the Society's model houses at the present time as being nearly 2000

I have not visited all the houses belonging to this Society because they are not always open to inspection The tenants, as before stated belong to the best class of labourers and artisans and they very properly object to be watched counted and inspected Their wages are not lower than those of Hugh Miller, when he worked as a quarryman, and they show a certain degree of independence The charity they receive through a sentimental standard of rent is given to them in such a silent underground way that they are not aware when they receive it As long as they are allowed to remain in their rooms and pay their rent punctually, they believe that they are under no obligation to a charitable body of ladies and gentlemen It would be difficult to persuade them that a nett dividend of only two per cent upon the capital of their landlords must prove that something is really given to them that they do not pay for

At the chamber for single men in Albert Street Mile End I found a large coffee room well lighted well warmed and fitted up with due regard to cleanliness and comfort There was also a kitchen where a number of the lodgers were cooking and eating their dinners and a rather dull heavy library where one man was writing a letter About 174 lodgers were on the books (the place will house 234), principally clerks labourers and mechanics, with a few men living on small superannuations The beds up stairs were in separate cupboards, very much like the baths at the public wash houses each lodger having a locker to himself, and a private key The weekly rent for all this accommodation which is substantially as good as what is generally given at a west end club, is only two shillings and sixpence a week This sum pays for gas the newspapers water, soap, towels, and books, as well as the rest of the lodging

Looking at the building, and its low charges, I was not surprised to find that its lodgers came from all parts and that while its nett profits had only been a little over one per cent upon the outlay it had not benefited the neighbourhood in any perceptible degree The Bethnal Green population—the low and really poor—are housed even more badly now than they were before the Society started in philanthropic business They have been pushed on one side compelled to crowd closer together, because their huts have been pulled down for 'improvements' and new buildings, and are looked upon by the managers of model houses with ill concealed contempt Even in the family houses at the side of these club chambers, no weaver or street hawker is to be found, the rents, although unremunerative, are pitched too high for such people, and there are standing rules to keep them out The Association is for improving the dwellings of the 'industrious classes'—a very loose and windy phrase—and, with one exception hereafter to be noticed, these model buildings may be looked upon as intruders At St Pancras they have done nothing for the worst class in Somers Town and Agar Town and they have wasted their means on a class who are well able to help themselves I can find hundreds of tenants who are attracted to these houses from all sides by the low artificial rents, who have no more right to be pensioners of a half benevolent society than I have The costermonger—the street hawker—the industrious poor are still rotting up their filthy ill drained ill ventilated courts while well paid mechanics clerks and porters willing, to sacrifice a certain portion of their self respect are the constant tenants of all these model dwellings

The club chambers for single men, I cannot help looking upon as a benevolent mistake The Soho Chambers never presented any hopeful feature from their commencement and they have long been a financial failure The Albert Street Chambers as I have just shown are the next worst property on the Society's books and these are the only two establishments devoted to single men Why charity—for charity it is to a large extent—should lay itself out to help those who are best able to help themselves I cannot possibly imagine The tenants of the Soho Chambers have always largely consisted of the idle not the industrious classes, and there is nearly as much dissipation in wasting whole days reading periodicals over a coffee room fire as in playing at skittles or drinking in a tap room Idleness is idleness, whatever form it takes and it may always be met with, in large quantities at these club chambers Of all associations the Society for improving the Dwellings of the *Industrious Classes* is the least bound to help it in certain localities, at a considerable annual loss

The family dwellings in Albert Street are carefully arranged the staircase has no well, and the wash house is in the playing ground The rents vary from four shillings a week, for two rooms and a scullery to five shillings a week the rooms in the area being the lowest in price, and the middle rooms the highest The rooms at the top of the houses are the most difficult to let, and have been for the last ten years A great demand exists for model cottages containing two sets of rooms of three each, for two families, and those near the club chambers, belonging to the Society, are never unoccupied

In another corner of Bethnal Green—in the worst and poorest part of this large and miserable district—Miss Burdett Coutts has partly built, and is now completing, a block of model lodging houses They are light, cheerful, and somewhat ecclesiastical in appearance, and form at present, three sides of a large quadrangle They stand upon ground formerly occupied by a notorious place called Nova Scotia Gardens, where the Italian boy was murdered, or "burked," as it was called, some years ago, by Bishop and Williams

The east and west wings of these model houses are now filled with tenants The rents in the east

wing are four shillings a week for three rooms, three shillings and sixpence a week for two rooms, and two shillings a week for one room The rooms are small, but well ventilated, and there is every convenience throughout the house, even to baths The laundry is at the top of the wing well supplied with water and the playing ground for the children is in the quadrangle below The staircases have two defects There is a deep narrow well between the steps, which may lead to some serious accident unless it be railed over, and the ventilation is too boisterous Long, arched openings in the walls running up nearly the whole length of the stairs, make the place too cold in the winter although they are covered with thick blinds Two hundred men women and children are in the east wing and one hundred and fifty in the west wing—making a population of three hundred and fifty When the place is finished this will be more than doubled and the workmen are now busily employed in building the back row of rooms The rooms in the east wing number about one hundred and eighteen and in the west wing one hundred and five The rents in the west wing are a little higher than those in the east wing being five shillings a week for three rooms four shillings a week for two rooms and two shillings and sixpence a week for one room

I feel a delicacy in criticising the charitable designs of an estimable lady who has a perfect right to do what she likes with her own Miss Coutts may have no intention of calling these buildings model lodging houses in the popular acceptation of the term but the public will doubtless so name them for her and look upon them as improved dwellings for the local poor This they are not and never will be and the sooner the truth is told about them the better The industrious poor of Bethnal Green are very sparingly represented in them, and then only on the east side A mechanic who can only earn about seven or ten shillings a week in the present condition of his trade would not be able to pay the rents of such rooms even if they were long enough for his shuttle which they are not and even if the manager thought proper to admit him Street hawkers and the old inhabitants of Nova Scotia Gardens are never found in such places, and the court and alley population are left exactly where they were The clearance like all clearances, must have raised their rents, and caused them to huddle more closely together An analysis of the population in the west wing of these new buildings would show something like the following —A clerk, employed in the city, who came here from Hoxton, a warehouseman, employed in the city, who came here from Chelsea, a workman, employed at Woolwich who runs up and down by the Eastern Counties' Railway, a compositor, employed in the neighbourhood, who came here from the city, a railway guard employed at the railway, the family belonging to the mate of a ship who is in the East Indies, a working cooper, who came here from St Luke's parish, two or three more warehousemen and clerks, who came here from the city, a printer who came here from the country, a labourer who works some distance out of London, with a few working mechanics, perhaps not more than half-a-dozen out of fifty tenants who really sprung from the district Whatever good such buildings may do, they can never improve the neighbourhood they stand in They fly over the heads of those who are most in want of improvement, instead of burrowing under their feet They attract a crowd of sharp sighted tenants from outside districts who are a little more advanced in cleanliness and civilisation, and are quick to see where ten shillings worth of comfort is selling at less than half price

The other building belonging to the Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, which I have spoken of as an exception to the general rule of misappropriation, is the model lodging house in St James's, Westminster Here the sixty families are chiefly working tailors—the staple poor of the district, and although the site is not very cheerful every room is occupied Three rooms on the "flat plan, let here for seven shillings and sixpence a week and a second class of rooms let in blocks of three, at six shillings and twopence a week

The "Healthy Houses, a small private speculation near here, in Husband Street, are very dark and badly constructed the bedrooms having no chimneys or fireplaces Eight families are housed in this block, paying five shillings and sixpence a week for three rooms on the ground floor, and six shillings and sixpence a week for similar rooms at the top The best feature about them is the glazed bricks in the passages and staircases, which present a surface that rejects the dirt, and is easily kept clean

Passing by the parochial model lodging houses which exist in St James's, Westminster Marylebone and other parishes I come to the buildings belonging to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes There are nine establishments one in George Street, Bloomsbury, for one hundred and four single men another in Hatton Garden for fifty four single men a renovated lodging house in Charles Street Drury Lane for eighty two single men, and a similar house in King Street Drury Lane for twenty two single men There are also the renovated dwellings for families in Wild Court Drury Lane, with one hundred and six rooms, a similar building in Clark's Buildings Broad Street St Giles's, containing eighty two rooms the Thanksgiving Model Buildings in Portpool Lane, Gray's Inn Lane, for twenty families, and one hundred and twenty eight single women with a public wash house, the renovated dwellings for families and single men in Tyndall's Buildings, Gray's Inn Lane, containing eighty seven family rooms, and forty beds for men, and the building in Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, for fifty four families

The Society is supported by donations, subscriptions, and loans borrowed at interest, and it has now been in existence for nearly twenty years It has doubtless done much good in improving the habits of many of the dirty poor, but it has also met with the same bitter experiences as the other leading Association The people it has gathered under its wing are not often the class it ought to have started to benefit In the Streatham Street houses, I saw indications of comfort in those dwellings I could look into which told me that certain

well paid workmen were accepting a lodging partly paid for by charity. One of the warm friends of the Association has recently said that "they find no reluctance on the part of the working classes to accept this kind of benevolence." I can only say, I am sorry for it. The standard of morals must be very low when men with health, strength, and skilled hands are content to accept anything that they do not fully pay for.

The building in Streatham Street is rather gloomy, built in a very heavy style to last for centuries, and disfigured by galleries with broad flat back columns, when iron would have been much better. These columns make the entrance dark, and throw a gloom into the bed rooms in front. The rents are about six or seven shillings a week for three rooms, and five shillings a week for two rooms. The rent book shows the superior class of tenants who have been sucked into the houses. In the week ending July 2, hard as the times are supposed to be, there were only two gaps of a few shillings each in a total of fourteen pounds sterling. One of these gaps was caused by death, the other by a want of work. Can any house agent, dealing with working people in London, show an equally clear rent book at the present moment?

The single men's lodging houses are very similar to many established by private individuals in different parts of London, particularly those opened by Mr Bantoms in Commercial Street, Whitechapel. I went to the one in Clark Street, Drury Lane, where beds are made up for eighty two men at fourpence a night each, or two shillings a week for each lodger. The beds are clean, and not too close together, and the house has seldom many vacant. In the kitchen, about a dozen men were standing about the room, some cooking at the fire, others talking and idling. One old man was writing in one of the boxes, which are like the compartments in common coffee rooms, and another was asleep, with his head and arms lying amongst some broken potatoes on one of the tables. They looked to me all greasy, faded men—men difficult to keep clean, who smelt of onions, and were mostly out of employment. The old lady, who regarded herself as the mother of them all, told me that many were lawyers' clerks, linendrapers' assistants, and mechanics. One lodger, a compositor not then in the house, she had had for years. Some stopped a night only, some a month, some came from the country, and occasionally a few thieves crept in as lodgers, and stole a few of the other lodgers' clothes. She had never had but one costermonger—a most superior man of his kind, who lived there for two years, until he got married, when he left, most probably to live up a court.

Nearly all the kitchens of these places reminded me very much of a low ward in a debtor's prison, particularly the kitchen in Charles Street.

The society claims to be instituted for improving the condition of the labouring classes. Here, I am sorry to say, we have another loose phrase adopted as the watchword, or key note of an Association, which is well intentioned, and royally supported in its operations. It would be rather difficult to define who the "labouring classes" really are, and I am afraid that many lodgers sheltered by this Society would hardly bear a strict examination into their claims as labourers. Without any wordy flourishes, the Society is a clean, wholesome lodging house company, providing decent accommodation for any one who knocks at their doors, if he is not a costermonger, or a confirmed dweller in courts. No one seems to touch the lowest of the low, or their putrid hiding places, and the depths in education reached by ragged schools, are not yet reached by philanthropists in providing model dwellings. Our benevolent societies are ill either too large minded, or tied to the leg of a rambling title. We have heard a good deal lately about muscular Christianity, and if it is anything more than a meteor name, a splendid field of action is open before it. In no part of the world,—not even in the remotest dens of savage wilderness—is there such a field for labour as in our London courts and alleys. Peel off the stucco at any point, and there is the mass of dirt, vice, and social degradation festering beneath. I have lived in it and amongst it ever since I could walk and talk, and I speak with some authority when I say that I know what it is. No one has ever properly grappled with it, has ever thoroughly understood it, or perhaps tried to understand it. The attempts at reform have been mere pickings at the surface—feeble, half supported efforts to do good. We all know what home influence is for good or evil, and here are one hundred and fifty thousand families living in dens that are worse than sewers. The most awful thing in connexion with these people, is to find them utterly blind to their dirt and misery. Their senses are blunted by long familiarity, they cannot see the overcrowding, the mass of rotten filth that surrounds them, they cannot smell the stench, they are choked with dirt, and yet feel clean, and they slink up the foul back streets, and are satisfied with their condition. The six thousand dwellers in London model lodging houses* look down upon them with contempt, the very porters spurn them from the model doors, and they sink back a million of hopeless lepers that no man will touch.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

* *Population in Model Houses in London, Estimated*

	Persons
Metropolitan Association's Buildings, . .	2200
Society for improving the condition of the Labouring Classes, in all buildings,	1900
The Strand Building Company, Eagle Court, Strand, . . .	125
Mr Hillyard's Houses at Shadwell,	560
Parochial and Private Houses on the Model Plan,	1000
	5785
Miss Coutts' Houses, Bethnal Green,	400
	6185

EASTERN PRISONS

It is surprising what a catalogue might be made of interesting imprisonments how frequently character has been developed and important work achieved, in the solitary cell, or even in the more public prison Every reader will at once recall a long list of distinguished men, who, in confinement, have produced works, literary and scientific, philosophical and religious, which have rendered that which was an evil to their authors a great good to their contemporaries and successors But apart from this, there is something in the history of imprisonment itself, as indicating peculiar phases in personal character and national progress, that is necessarily of interest to a mind not specially fond of exciting horrors, but just normally endowed with that element, be it what it may, which leads us naturally to derive a kind of pleasurable sensation from the contemplation of tragedy It is our purpose in this paper to sketch a few of the most noted imprisonments in the East, and in the course of it we shall have occasion to indicate —for we shall not harrow the feelings of our readers by minutely describing—scenes of heartless cruelty and appalling barbarity At the same time, we shall have to notice instances of noble endurance and faithfulness, that will tax to the uttermost our powers of admiration It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection that, in the circumstances in which the real disposition of man towards man is connected with the least of control or modification, that disposition is seen in its most unfavourable light Men will, of course, account for this fact variously for ourselves, we do not shrink from the declaration of the opinion that it indicates a degree of native depravity deeper and more pervading than men generally are willing to admit the existence of, and that, as this disposition is manifested the more in proportion as it is less restrained by modifying circumstances, so the great amount of good, that is confessedly in the world, is far more due to God's providential arrangements than to the good feelings of man's natural heart

Our readers are all acquainted with the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta, in which 146 prisoners were shut up on the evening of midsummer's day in 1756, and out of which only twenty three were taken alive on the following morning We must also assume that our readers are not ignorant of the cruelties perpetrated by Hyder Ali, and his son, Tippu Sahib, who from time to time held multitudes of our countrymen in bondage, and subjected them to sufferings almost inconceivable.

PRISONERS IN BURMAH.

In the year 1823, a war broke out betwixt the English and the Burmese. We have nothing to do now with the causes which led to it, but we may be permitted to say that it appears to have been unavoidable on the part of the English. At this time there were at Ava, the capital of Burmah, three Englishmen and three Americans, one of the latter being a lady. The Burmese authorities, suspecting, or affecting to suspect them, of being spies, committed the males to prison The story of their imprisonment has long been familiar to the public, especially to those interested in the work of missions, through the narrative of Mrs Judson, published long ago in her Life This narrative, we think, no one can read without having his ideas raised, however lofty they may have been before, of the power of doing and of enduring with which Christian principle and devoted love can endow a Christian woman and a faithful wife Substantially the same account is given in a more condensed form, in the Life of Dr Judson published seven or eight years ago The books especially the latter, have necessarily had a comparatively limited circulation A much more detailed account of the imprisonment, and of the almost unparalleled sufferings undergone by the captives has just been published by Mr Gouger,* in three of their number This account establishes the absolute accuracy of the statements of the Judsons and shews that, instead of exaggerating they but told half of what the prisoners endured nor of what Mrs Judson did for the alleviation of their sufferings

The Englishmen at Ava were Mr Hodgers, Mr Gouger, and Captain Laird Rodgers was a fair specimen of a class of men that used to be found in considerable numbers at all the native courts, and in all the native armies, in India and the neighbouring nations The race is probably well nigh extinct now, because native courts and native armies are extinct within India The class to which we refer consisted mainly of fugitives from justice, and deserters from the army They found their way into the native states, and took service under the native princes, sometimes managing to sell at a high price the *prestige* of their European birth and European skill They generally led a wretched life, obliged perpetually to stand on the defensive against enmity and intrigue, and dependent for their safety on their power to outdo the natives in the peculiarly "native" qualities of duplicity and unscrupulousness A most graphic picture of the class is sketched in the late Sir Henry Lawrence's *Adventures in the Punjab* Whether the opportunities of this class were smaller in Burmah than in India, or whether Rodgers was deficient in the qualities essential to success in such a career, he certainly did not succeed He had indeed held the office of harbour master, or collector of customs, at Rangoon, but had lost the appointment, and had not got another He had been originally an officer in an East Indiaman, had quarrelled with his superior officer, and demanded "satisfaction." When that was refused, he had assaulted him furiously, and left him, as he supposed, dead He was concealed for some time by the cadets who had come out passengers in the ship, was supplied by them with money, and escaped to Chittagong, and thence into Burmah. There he adopted the habits, and gradually acquired the feelings, of a native He was in fair repute with the king, and

* *Personal Narratives of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah* By Henry Gouger. London, John Murray.

of the rumour Be this as it may he dropped in, in an easy way, a little after midnight and was more surprised than pleased to find that the gentleman was not at home ' Parties were sent out in all directions to search for him He was soon found, and conducted into the presence of the minister, who interrogated him till day break and then ordered him to be kept night and day with his feet in the stocks while his faithless guards were doomed to some penance for their culpable laxity

His new guards were morose and sullen at the first, but like their predecessors they had a weak point If a British statesman s experience led him to deduce that every man has his price should it be matter of surprise that Burmese soldiers were unable to resist the seductions of English beer and French brandy ' After a few days a compact was entered into that in consideration of certain gifts of these beverages the prisoner should be permitted to sit with his feet not in but in front of, the stocks he engaging to thrust them in when ever the visit of an official should be announced After a few days of this weary and monotonous but not painful confinement were passed he was removed to the *Let mat yoon* or death prison his guards having first fought for his clothes assuring him that he could have no possible interest in retaining them as he was going where people have no use for clothes '

The *Let mat yoon* was under the charge of a body of executioners recruited from the ranks of the worst criminals So infamous is the calling that it is said to be by no means unusual for criminals to refuse life, when it is offered them on condition of their being enrolled in this corps and that although the office holds out many of the advantages which are most highly prized by the lower classes of the Burmese almost unlimited and irresponsible power to oppress, a good deal of plunder and a life of comparative ease The interior of this horrid prison it would serve no good purpose to describe nor the various means of torture and torment that were employed in it from day to day In the description that one reads of the Bastille there is a certain sublimity of horror and we can fancy that the sense of awe and mystery attached to the place must have contributed somewhat to sustain the self respect of its inmates But in the *Let mat yoon* everything was calculated to make a man feel that in the estimation of those with whom he had mainly to do the difference betwixt him and the most loathed and detested brute was all in favour of the latter

Mr Laird was there before Mr Gouger, and shortly after Mr Judson was brought in In night Mr Judson and Dr Price were added to the number of prisoners We have seen that one of the charges against Gouger was his having supplied the missionaries with money, and the main charge against them was that they had been so supplied by him The treatment of the prisoners in this horrid place was as bad as it is possible to conceive Each of them had three pairs of fetters on his limbs (afterwards increased to five) united by a short chain so that the heel of one foot could not be advanced beyond the toes of the other The number of prisoners varied from time to time from 40 or 50 to 150 or more, and each had a small piece of the floor assigned to him, about six feet by three beyond which he was not allowed to transgress even if the adjacent spaces were unoccupied At night they were ranged in gangs, and a long bamboo was thrust through the rings of the fetters and then it was raised by pulleys until the whole of their bodies, from the shoulders downward, were suspended ' A ferocious jailer was with them by night and day, with strict charge to brain any one summarily who should violate any of the rules, one of which, made for the benefit of the foreigners, was that they should not speak in any language but Burmese On one occasion the number of prisoners was so great that there was not a sufficiency of fetters and they were chained in pairs It was Mr Gouger s lot to be chained to a leper ! One prisoner was brought in covered with small pox But we cannot tell a tithe of the horrors of the place Of course their property had been all seized, and they were entirely dependent upon charity for their support This was procured for them mainly through the unparalleled exertions of Mrs Judson and by the most laudable faithfulness of a Mohammedan baker who had been employed by Mr Gouger in his days of prosperity and who never forsook him during his long and weary months of adversity Seldom have we read a record of more devoted faithfulness than was exhibited by this poor man He required no small exertion to ' make the two ends meet ' for himself, and yet for long months without hope of recompense, he laboured so as to minister to the necessities of his old master Very welcome was his daily visit to the prisoners both on account of the food which he brought and the cheerful, indomitable spirit with which he made their captivity less intolerable

It was due to the indefatigable exertions of Mrs Judson that the horrors of the imprisonment in the *Let mat yoon* were somewhat mitigated after a time The prisoners were permitted to occupy certain small sheds or cells in the prison yard, where they were free from the bamboo and could sleep with only their fetters upon their limbs There too they could taste the fresh air of heaven, which must have been like paradise after being cooped up in the public prison which had contained perhaps an average of 100 human beings for many years, *and had never once been swept or cleaned* in any way whatever The only drawback to the enjoyment of these sheds was that they were open to the prison court where the magistrates sat daily for the trial of criminals, and freely administered the torture It is a fearful thing for a man of refinement, in any circumstances, to witness the application of torture to a fellow man But for men whose nerves were shattered by long confinement and who knew that what they witnessed to day it might be their fate to feel to morrow, it must have been the cause of unspeakable suffering But something as dreadful and trying had to be endured while they were in the inner prison Every day at three o clock the usual sounds were hushed All waited in the silence of expectation Sometimes the hour passed without any incident, but more frequently one or two of the jailers entered and each going up to his man removed him

without a word, for execution. When the sentence of death was passed, it was executed at that hour. The mode of execution was left to the "sweet will" of the executioners themselves, who, according to their tastes, or to the mood or temper they happened to be in, beheaded, or strangled, or broke the backs of their victims!

It is pleasing to find that, during all this awful time, the party of the missionaries, and especially of Mr. Judson, kept both themselves and Mr. Gouger from despair. The religion of the latter was rather reflex than direct, rather a feeling that Christianity *ought* to give a man courage, than any directly sustaining and comforting influence exerted upon himself. We are sure that our readers will be glad to peruse the following paragraph respecting Judson:—

"The missionary was worthy of such a wife. Though sometimes giving way to despondency, he would generally comfort himself, in a true missionary spirit, by thinking of the advantages the war must bring to the cause of the Mission. Often has he expressed to me such sentiments as these:—'I think what the consequences of this invasion must be. Here have I been for years preaching the gospel to timid listeners, who wish to embrace the truth but dare not, beseeching the emperor to grant liberty of conscience to his people, but without success; and now when all human means seem at an end, God opens the way, by bringing a Christian nation to subdue the country. It is possible that my life may be spared after with what ardour and gratitude shall I pursue my work; and if not, His will be done! He doubtless has chosen for others who will do the work better.'

What is this but the faith which removes mountains? What but the true spirit of self-sacrifice, self-renunciation? What but the mind that was in Christ Jesus? It is generally known that there was a notion becoming very prevalent among the natives of India, that Christianity was destined to triumph in their land. When we have heard such a sentiment expressed by various classes of persons, we have generally, on inquiry, found that it resolved itself, not into any truth as a proposition which is said to exist in one of their sacred books, nor into any persuasion of the truth or excellence of the gospel, nor into any idea that its being the religion of the governing body, will ultimately lead to its adoption by the people, but rather into a vague feeling that the missionaries are so thoroughly in earnest that they will never give over until they succeed. How much this feeling would be deepened if they saw in all of us such absolute self-consecration as is indicated in the paragraph just quoted, and such as was exhibited by Judson throughout his long and laborious life!

After about a year's tenancy of *Let me soon*, the prisoners were removed to country quarters, at a place called Ungula. Here their treatment was far more tolerable, and by comparison might be considered good. The reason of this change appears to have been that after several Burmese generals had been defeated by the British forces, one was appointed to the sole command, whose native place was Ungula. He seems to be little doubt that he intended to signalize his assumption of the command by a grand display of his magnificence at his native place, and that the death of the prisoners, as emblematic of the destruction of their race, which was to be effected through his instrumentality, was intended to form part of the august ceremonial. After the prisoners had been there for some time, they were astonished by the arrival of a fine horness, sent, in a cage, from the capital, and consigned to their jailer, without any instructions being given him as to the treatment to which she was to be subjected. No orders were given as to any food being supplied to her, and so none was supplied, and after a fortnight the poor beast died of hunger. Mr. Gouger seems to be convinced that this horness was intended to have been the executioner of the prisoners. We venture to think it more likely that she was intended to have been their fellow-victim. The heraldic plate of the *British Lion* could not have been unknown to the Burmese. What then more appropriate to celebrate the accession of the new general to the command of the army which was to exterminate the British nation, than the sacrifice of the animal to which they were wont, boastingly, to liken themselves. Be this as it may, the ceremonial of the general's installation was not among "the things that were to be." He looked so ample powers were to be conferred upon him, and so high and almost regal honour to be paid to him, as, in the estimate of the jealous king, amounted to virtual treason. Just the eve of the day fixed for the ceremonial, in which our friends were intended to play so conspicuous a part, the king broke out upon him in a transport of fury. Although no formal sentence was passed upon him, he was immediately bastinadoed by the attendants, dragged through the town to the place of execution, and there trodden to death by elephants.

Meantime the British army under Sir Archibald Campbell, was slowly but steadily advancing upon Ava. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were taken from prison, and sent as ambassadors to the victorious General. After many delays, a peace was concluded, and on the 10th February 1826, the prisoners were free. It were vain to tell even if we could tell worthily, how, with bounding hearts, and eyes not tearless, they saw the British bunting waving over their heads on board the steamer, and in Sir Archibald Campbell's camp, and read in that glorious old flag a heaven-written pledge of justice to the injured, and protection to the helpless.

FIRE ON BOARD IN CHINA.

During the war with China in 1841, the Hon. Company's war-steamer "Madagascar" was discovered to be on fire in the China Seas, from spontaneous ignition of the coal in her hold. It was found impossible to master the fire, and Captain Ducy came to the determination of abandoning the ship, which blew up shortly after he and his crew had left her. Of ninety-nine persons who took to the boats, fifty-seven were drowned, and forty-two reached the Chinese shore after great hardships. One of those was the surgeon of the ship, an intimate acquaintance of the present writer. His brief official report of the treatment of the survivors by the Chinese is now before us, and as it has never been made public, the reader will be glad to peruse an extract from it. It is contained in a

Memorial to the Lords of the Admiralty, from whom he sought compensation for his pecuniary losses

"*5th*—At 10 P M reached Breaker Point During the night had several narrow escapes from being stranded on the reefs, against which every high sea was dashing and foaming All were entirely exhausted from the waves and spray washing over them, and were without food or drink from Sunday, 19th September, till the 21st (Tuesday) 1841

"*6th* On the morning of the 21st September, the boat was cast ashore about seven miles east of Breaker Point The main land thus reached was those in the first canter the others steered southerly, and all hands perished being fifty seven souls

"*6th* Poor, soon sure until by crowds of Chinese, the survivors were roughly seized upon, knocked down and stripped nearly naked, the Mandarin chiefs all the while encouraging and joining in the brutal and cowardly attack made on them by the rabble It was now whether they should be merely deprived of the clothes they had left, should not at once deprive them of life The dispute, however, ended in their closely confining all together in a filthy prison like house After a short time they brought a little rice and water all being exposed to the rude insults of successive multitudes, who pressed upon them almost to suffocation

"*6th* On the 23d September 1841, your memorialist and his companions were marched about twenty miles to a large city called Quin, having had to cross over mountains of granite, without either shoes or stockings and their feet rendered perfectly raw, being exposed also to a burning sun without hats or any other covering In this deplorable condition they were next made to proceed about 200 miles amid the inclemencies of the weather, which had now reached its utmost winter severity Having arrived at another large city named Wuchow, on the 30th November 1841, they were put into the verandah of a joss house, covered over with a mat roof, and admitting some air and light only from a small aperture in the top Here they were kept for eighty days and nights, with at once breathing the fresh air sleeping on the extremely damp brick floor, and without a single change of clothing During this period their food consisted daily of three cups full of red rice, and the heads and tails of putrid fish They were not the only inmates of this wretched hole, which was exactly twenty four feet square There were eighty four guards or soldiers placed over them inside, who were constantly relieved by others without Those had with them all manner of instruments of torture Two Chinese carpenters who had belonged to the "Madagascar" were put in chains, and tortured to the highest degree, in order to discover whether the vessel was English or American

"*7th*—Having now been for one hundred and ten days without shaving, and seventy eight days without any change of apparel whatsoever, your memorialist and his companions were naturally reduced, both bodily and mentally, to a most depressed and wretched state, although not suffering from positive acts of violence As the natural consequence of close confinement, tainted air, and accumulating filth, they were soon attacked by diarrhœa, fever, and other complaints But the pains of body were as nothing compared with their anguish of mind, they were the daily subjects of mimicking indignities, obloquy, and scorn, the helpless captives of a cruel, capricious, and implacable foe, with no apparent or rational hope of relief, indeed with no prospect at all before them, save that of lingering torment and an ignominious death! The mind even now recoils with horror at the very remembrance of the agonies of such a condition!—agonies which may be felt, but never adequately described!

"*8th*—At length, after being in the hands of the Chinese for one hundred and eight days, they were liberated from their wretched captivity through the unexpected intervention of the American Consul With grateful feelings for so signal a deliverance, your memorialist, with his old commander, Captain Dicey, and Mr Oliver, chief officer, left Macao on the 5th February, and arrived at Calcutta on the 17th March 1842

We intended at the outset to give here an account of the recent captivity in China, which, within the few weeks, has been the subject of lamentation all over Britain, and indeed over Europe The same brutal treatment to which the survivors of the Madagascar were exposed, was brought to bear upon the prisoners of last year and ended in the cruel murder of Anderson, De Norman, and Bowlby Mr Lecke's narrative is an exceedingly interesting document and shows how cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked

PRISONERS IN AFGHANISTAN AND BOKHARA

Up till 1877 there probably never was a period of such intense anxiety amongst the Anglo Indian community as in 1842, when it was known that our troops had retreated from Cabul and had left a large number of women and children in the hands of the enemy The Affghans were known to be a cruel and blood thirsty race They were exasperated by an unjust war which we had waged against them, and they were flushed and rendered resolute by success achieved against an enemy hitherto deemed invincible But when Sir George Pollock retrieved our disasters in Affghanistan and made the best that could be made of an exceedingly bad affair, and when narratives of the captivity were published, it appeared that the prisoners had been upon the whole not badly treated Of course, they had annoyances, and discomforts, and apprehensions to endure, perhaps somewhat more numerous and more trying than fell to the lot of the French prisoners, whom some of our readers may remember as keeping holiday at Greenlaw, or the Russian prisoners that were sent to England from the Crimea, but not half so great as the English prisoners endured at Brest and elsewhere at the hands of *la grande nation* Even Akbar Khan learned of what is expected by civilized nations of a *gentleman*, that he treat all his prisoners in a way consistent rather with our ideas, than with the ideas of his own nation and of his own faith

Very differently it fared with Colonel Stoddart and Captain Arthur Conolly, who, about the same period, were captives in the hands of the Khan of Bokhara Their fate was for a long time uncertain Rumours were constantly carried through Persia and Turkey that they were still alive. An association was formed in England for the purpose of ascertaining their fate, and procuring their release, if it were not too late The eccentric but heroic Joseph Wolff, who had been in Bokhara before, volunteered to travel thither, and very nobly he accomplished his task, in the midst of difficulties which probably no other man could have surmounted The accounts that he received were irreconcilable with each other, but the result of his expedition was the establishment, beyond reasonable doubt, that the two officers had been put to death after undergoing a fearful captivity and inhuman torture Dr Wolff's own opinion is condensed into the following passage, which we extract from the preface to his narrative If the subject were not at once so sad and so serious, we

might be summed up in the words of quaint old Fuller, "Worth quirkle of soul in the friends of the murdered officers Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly I have to observe that they were both of them cruelly slaughtered at Bokhara, after enduring agonies, from confinement in prison, of the most fearful character masses of their flesh having been gnawn off their bones by vermin in 1843

It appears that Stoddart had been induced by threats to say that he would consent to become a Mussulman or that his torturers *said* that he had consented When he indignantly refused to abjure his faith he was held guilty of apostasy, and put to death as a Mussulman who had embraced Christianity Conolly appears to have withstood to the last the temptation throughout Both of them by the confession of their bitter enemies died the death of martyrs for their faith

PRISONERS IN THE INDIAN MUTINY

We began these sketches in India and have far to the gone east and west of it and now we return to it Amongst the horrid scenes of the Mutiny in 1857 58, imprisonment did not occupy a prominent place Events were too rapid and the passions of the mutineers were too excited for that And yet there was a good amount of imprisonment at various places especially in Oudh We have before us a pamphlet written by Captain Adolph Orr and published by our friend Mr M Laird Wylie of Calcutta,* giving an account of the captivity of a party of ladies and gentlemen in a remote fortress and latterly in the Kaiser Bagh near Lucknow It is a most interesting narrative But we refer to it now only to quote from it a single anecdote, which seems to be a fitting conclusion for the whole of this collection of sketches Mrs Orr (the wife of the author of the pamphlet who was executed by the rebels), while confined in the Kaiser Bagh required some medicine for herself or her child She prevailed upon some one to procure it for her and it was sent from the native apothecary's shop in the bazaar wrapped in part of a leaf of an English Bible on which she read the following words —"Thy shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away I, even I, am he that comforteth you who art thou that thou should'st be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man who shall be made as grass, and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth, and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor as if he were ready to destroy? And where is the fury of the oppressor? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be bound, and that he should not die in the pit nor that"

It would be difficult to persuade us that there was not a special providence in this that God did not appoint this means of sustaining the faith of the broken hearted captives that the sympathising hearts whose blessed office it is to give liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison door to those who are bound did not send this portion of His Word as a special gift and token of His love to those who were ready to faint under their sore calamities

THOMAS SMITH

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY AND CHRISTIAN MANNERS IN THE SECOND CENTURY

One of the most remarkable effects of Christianity from the beginning must have been upon the family and social relations The heathenism of the Greco Roman world, effete as it was, intimately affected these relations at every point Births marriages, deaths, amusements, and occupations—every grave and every gay aspect of human life—had a more or less direct connexion with its beliefs and rites Notwithstanding the new and strange religions that had spread to Rome from many conquered provinces, this connexion had not hitherto been seriously interfered with These new religions took their place beside the old classic faith undisturbed They waged no conflict with it They did not any of them seek to drive it out before them, and in turn it extended to them its toleration, and even its ample countenance It made room for them, and adopted from their rites and festive exhibitions what suited its temper and fell in with the popular taste Nothing could be more latitudinarian than the Greco Roman Paganism

It was characteristic of Christianity from the first, that it formed an element of disturbance in this latitudinarian mixture of Pagan religions It would not take its place beside them Wherever it gained a footing, it entered into vigorous and unceasing conflict with all other forms of faith, and was only satisfied by their subjugation or expulsion Its spirit was necessarily intolerant of idolatry in every shape The classic gods were devils to be cast out the old religious rites were abominations to be shunned and resisted It is easy to see what singular consequences must have arisen in families from the spread of such a religion How frequently it would prove true, according to the prediction of our Lord, that children would be set against parents, and brothers against sisters, and husbands against wives, and the reverse In numerous cases His saying would verify itself, "I come not to send peace on earth, but a sword" The very message of love and peace as it ran through the Roman world, and penetrated in gladness many hearts, would at the same time prove a watchword of dis

* *The Persian Captives in Oudh in Episode in the History of the Mutinies of 1857 58 Edited by M Wylie, Esq., Calcutta*, 1858

word as it stirred up their hearts to witness a "good confession," and so to refuse assent to accustomed observances, and old family and religious usages.

Suppose the case of a believing wife and an unbelieving husband, which seems to have occurred very frequently. The family ties must have been affected at every point in such a case. The believing wife wishes to attend a prayer meeting, the unbelieving husband proposes a bath. She is for a fast, he for a dinner party. She would spend her time in works of charity, he will not allow her. She would rise from her bed to take part in the night watches, or to celebrate the Easter festival. He has dark suspicions of such nocturnal meetings, and forbids her to resort to them. He will not consent to her approaching the martyrs in prison or washing the feet of the saints or providing food for a sick brother. Perhaps she attempts to conceal the fact of her being a Christian. It is in vain. What can she mean thinks he by signing her couch, her person with the cross, by puffing away the fumes of incense or offering. Is it to practise magic that she rises in the night. Is it simply bread that she tastes before partaking of any other food? * Suppose the case reversed, as in that of Herma. We have seen how unbelief in the wife would pervert the happiness and interfere with the rights of the husband.

Effects of a different kind would not be less noticeable where the family was united in Christian profession. Such a family would stand aloof from its neighbours. Whilst the populace cry was 'Give us bread and the games, it is enough,' such a family would be noticed as withdrawing from the theatre, the stadium, and the arena.† To all that went on in the great world around them they would seem to maintain an attitude quite different from that of other families. Their meals, their dresses would be different, birth would acquire a new meaning to them, marriage would be connected by new sanctions, death would be irradiated by a new light. Both the life that now is and that which is to come, would be wholly transfigured, and home manners, business and pleasures would all take a new colour—a distinguishing shape. It is not easy in all respects to catch and represent the change—to penetrate within the interior of a Christian household in the early ages, and picture the latter manners, purer laws,' that must have followed the reception of Christianity, but we shall endeavour to sketch certain main features of the change as they are indicated in the writings of the period.

1 Relation to the World

From what we have seen of the circumstances attending baptism in the early Church, this solemn rite must have marked off very definitely the Christian, and all the members of the Christian family, from the Pagan world surrounding them. Every catechumen, as he assumed the baptismal robe, and passed within the portal of the Church, became bound to renounce the "pomps of the devil," by which were particularly meant the public spectacles, the gladiatorial shows, the theatre, races, and amusements of the circus. Every one of these public exhibitions was more or less connected with the prevailing idolatrous worship. The heathen multitude were passionately attached to them. They found their chief delight in them. So general was this delight, so universally did it pervade all classes, that it became one of the most notorious distinctions of the Christians that they alone stood aloof. A family was noted as Christian whose members had ceased to attend the public entertainments and the sanguinary excitements of the arena. The Christian teachers were emphatic in their denunciation of all such indulgences. They denounced their immorality and cruelty. 'If your eyes are chaste,' says Cyprian,* 'on the cities you behold an assembly of men less pure; more melancholy sights than any solitude. A combat of gladiators is in preparation that blood may spatter the lust of cruel eyes. A man is killed for the amusement of his fellow men, murder is turned into an art, and crime not only perpetrated but taught as a profession.' The same tone pervades all the writers of the second and the beginning of the third century. Tertullian, who has left an express treatise *De Spectaculis*,† dwells at length upon the necessity of abstinence from all idolatrous shows. How can the Christian spirit, he asks, consist with the spirit engendered by such shows? 'For no appetite passes off without virtually gratifying the passions. When one goes to the play, one thinks of nothing else than to see and be seen. Can one, while listening to the declamation of an actor, think on the sentence of a prophet or in the midst of the song of an effeminate stage player, recall to a psalm? If every species of immodesty is abominable to us, how should we allow ourselves to hear what we cannot feel at liberty to speak.' Some of the arguments of Tertullian have the trace of an extreme ascetic spirit, but allowing for an element of exaggeration in him, owing to his well known character, there can be no doubt that his general train of argument and exhortation represented the prevailing feeling of the Church on the subject.

It is clear how this feeling must have operated to separate the Christian from their Pagan neighbours. While the latter thronged the temples, thronged the amphitheatres, kept the various festivals disputed before the heathen judges, engaged in all the ordinary professions and recreations of their age, the latter remained apart, a "peculiar people." The temples and altars were an abomination to them, the amphitheatre was a scene of murder, in which too frequently their fellow worshippers were the victims. The festivals were polluted assemblies, of which the impurity only rivalled the impurity. The heathen judges were to them the 'Unjust,' going to law before whom the great Apostle had so strongly denounced (1 Cor. vi. 1). Many of the ordinary professions and trades in

* Tertullian, *Ad Uxor.* ii. § 4. Blunt's *Church in the First Three Centuries.*

† *Ibid.*

* *Ep. ad Donat.*

† In this treatise he remarks exactly as above that "Maxime ethnici intelligunt factum Christianum, de repudio Spectaculorum."

which there [illegible] joined freely here to them the stamp of idolatry which they were bound to abjure. Every point they were met by obstacles. Intercourse to [illegible] social intercourse. The Christian soldiers could not wear the same [illegible] of honour as their fellow citizens because they were the insignia of a false worship. "If they carried them in their hands as some of them [illegible] instead of twining them about their brows, they [illegible] at once their scruples and their creed." In very small [illegible] of the legions were looked upon as idols, and to us [illegible] the conflict of feeling here arising between what was due to the symbol of military glory and what was demanded by the fear in [illegible] of his faith, must have been frequently very painful.

[illegible]tion must have been in its [illegible] a great practical difficulty with the early Christians. The [illegible] schools were, and continued to be during [illegible] centuries, pagan in the literature which they taught, and in the exemplars which they set before the children. All the "lying and loathsome" adventures of the heathen gods were set forth in them, the objects of faith and of reverence were such as they utterly repudiated, and to assist in it a duty to hate. While they themselves therefore would be marked as absent from the public places, their children would be marked as absent from the public schools. In every respect, and in every relation of life, their character would show itself; and it had been a complaint of the Jews in the first century, as it must have been of the heathen generally, against the Christians that they violated the customs

2 Mirth

[illegible] of custom would be marked within the Christian household in a special manner. It was characteristic of the gospel to transform and purify every element and every expression of human nature. The Christian was upheld, not merely to separate himself from the heathen world, but to regulate all his habits and manner of living, from higher motives than others. Excessive eating, or drinking, sumptuous and vain banquetings which appear to have been a common feature of the upper social life of the period were felt to be inconsistent with a Christian profession, and the duties of self-denial and charity everywhere so urgently enjoined in the gospel. The Christian writers of the time dwell much upon such matters.

Of Christian Clemens Alexandrinus says,* "like the unreasoning animals, we have been taught to eat that we may live. For the nourishment of the body is not the work we have to do, nor is sensual pleasure the object of our pursuit, but rather the entrance into those mansions of incorruption, whither the Divine Wisdom (ὁ Λόγος) is guiding us. We shall, therefore eat simple food as becomes children, and merely study to preserve life, not to obtain luxury. Great varieties of cookery are to be avoided. Antiphanes, the Delian physician considers variety and research in cookery to be a main cause of disease. [illegible] many have no taste for simplicity, and in the vain glory of a fine table, make it their chief anxiety to have choice fishes from beyond seas. They have much sought murænas, from the Sicilian straits. Maandrian eels [illegible] kids from Melos, mullets from Scathos, Pelorian scallops, oysters from Alvedna, anchovies from Iapra, Mantinean turnips or the best grown by the Asæreans, they seek out the shell-fish of the Methymnæans, and the Athenian soles and the Daphnian flounders, they bring birds from Phasis and Egyptian snipes and Median peacocks." All this excess is strongly denounced by Clemens, as at variance with the character of Christian feasts, which should be truly *agapæ*.

They might "use a little wine for the stomach's sake, as the apostle exhorted Timothy, "for it is good to bring the help of an astringent to a lax and constitution, but in small quantity, lest, instead of benefiting it should be found to produce a fulness which would render other remedies needful, since the natural drink of a thirsty man is water and this simple beverage alone was supplied from the cleft rock, by the Lord, for the use of the Hebrews of old. Water is the medicine of a wise temperance. Young men and maidens should for the most part, forego wine altogether, for to drink wine during the boiling season of youth is adding fire to fire. Those who require a small daily meal may eat bread altogether without wine, and if thirsty, let them satisfy themselves with water only. In the evening at supper, when our studies are over, and the air is cooler wine may be used without harm perhaps for it will but restore the lost warmth but even then it should be taken very sparingly until the chills of age have made it a useful medicine and it is for the most part best to mix it with water, in which state it conduces most to health."*

Corresponding with this simplicity in meats and drinks, the Christians were to be distinguished by a like simplicity in the use of vases and ornaments for the table, and other articles of furniture. Precious vases, rare to be acquired, and difficult to be kept are to be put away from among us," says the same writer that we have been quoting. "Silver sofas, silver basins, and saucers, plates, and dishes, beds of choice woods, decorated with tortoise shell and gold, with coverlets of purple and costly stuffs, are to be relinquished in like manner. The Lord ate from a humble dish, and reclined, with his disciples on the grass, and washed their feet, girded with a towel. Our food, our utensils and whatever else belong to our domestic economy should be conformable to the Christian institutions."

Further the accompaniments of Christian feasts were not to be such as the heathen delighted in. "Far be from our rational social meetings the mirth called gaiety and *facetiæ* of the heathen, who are wont to excite the passions by lascivious songs and dancing. Mimes and buffoons should find no place in our polity. Our drinking together for friendship should be of a twofold nature, if thou lovest the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself, let thy first social feast be with God, through the Eucharist, accompanied with psalmody, the second, with thy neighbour for the keeping up of

Paedagogus, II c 1

Ibid. II c 2.

friendship through an innocent and chaste familiarity" But while Christian conversation was to be chaste, it might be seasoned with salt 'Let our speech be elegant, and graced with art, but without buffoonery,—and our manners refined, not licentious"

3 Dress

There was no precision of dress required nor commended among the early Christians As their feasts were to be simple, from the impulse of a simple and uncorrupted mind and not by any formal regulations as to food enjoined upon them, so, in the same manner, their dress was, without any affectation of singularity, to show by its decent proprieties this inward comeliness The Christian matron and maiden are especially kept in view in all that is said on this subject by the writers of the second and third centuries, just as by the Apostles in their time Their adorning was not to be the outward 'adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but the hidden man of the heart, and that which is not corruptible — even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price" (1 Pet iii 3 4) "It is proper that both the woman and the man should come into the church decently dressed, with no studied steps, in silence, and with a mind trained to real benevolence, chaste in body, chaste in heart, fitted to pray to God Furthermore, it is right that the woman should be veiled, save when she is at home, for this is respectable, and avoids offence"* "It is enough to have the disposition which becomes Christian women, says Tertullian † God looks on the heart The outward appearance is nothing Why make a display of the change that has been wrought in us? Rather are we bound to furnish the heathen no occasion of blaspheming the Christian name and accusing Christianity of being incompatible with national customs Yet he adds, 'What reasons can you have for going about in gay apparel, when you are removed from all with whom this is required? You do not go the round of the temples, you ask for no public shows, you have nothing to do with Pagan festivals You have no other than serious reasons for appearing abroad It is to visit a sick brother, to be present at the Communion or a sermon, and if offices of courtesy or friendship call you among the Pagans, why not appear in your own peculiar armour, that so the difference may be seen between the servants of God and of Satan"

4 Marriage

The influence of the gospel penetrating every relation of individual and family life must have soon begun to affect so interesting and important an act as marriage One of the first consequences arising from it was the interdiction of marriages between Christians and heathens The Apostle clearly gives his opinion against such marriages (1 Cor vi 15), and the same opinion is everywhere expressed by succeeding writers Second marriages were not prohibited, but they were discountenanced. It would be difficult to say when it became customary to invite the sanction of the Church to the marriage ceremony, but this no doubt arose very early It sprang up as a natural expression of the Christian spirit Where bride and bridegroom were both Christian, animated by the same faith and love of Christ, they could not but desire that their union should be hallowed by the services of the Church, and the benediction of its ministers The idea of Divine approval would necessarily enter into the formation of so important a relation It became customary for them, therefore, to present a common offering to the Church, and in return to receive its blessing This was generally connected with the Communion, of which both partook on the occasion It is of such a marriage that Tertullian speaks in his lofty style "In what language can we express the happiness of that marriage which is concluded by the Church, sealed by the Communion, and consecrated by the benediction—which the angels announce, and God the Father ratifies"*

The wearing of garlands and veils by brides, and the use of the marriage ring, were not primarily Christian practices, but transferred from the forms of the ancient social life, into which Christianity entered as a purifying influence In the earliest age these ceremonies were consequently repudiated by many Christians, but they had acquired too strong a hold to be displaced, their native propriety commended them, and they soon became invested with new and higher sanctions, and more beautiful and sacred meanings, than they had borne in the old heathen marriages They remained as memorials of a past social existence, but they became, at the same time, symbols of a holier bond than it recognised, in which two individuals entered into spiritual as well as social union, "having, in common, one hope, one desire, one order of life, one service of the Lord" "Both" says Tertullian, "undivided in spirit or body, twain in one flesh, kneel, pray, and fast together, mutually teach, exhort, and bear with each other, unseparated in the Church of God and in its services, sharers of each other's troubles, persecutions, joys"

5 Death and Burial

The blessed hope of a better life which changed everything to the Christian, transfigured more than anything the closing scene, and the last rites, by which the dead passed from sight and memory. To the Pagan, Death was a mere dread, or a wished for annihilation It was the pursuing shadow of a joyous life, or the last and apathetic gloom of a miserable one To the Christian, it was a sleep destined to a glorious awakening, a lying down to the end of a rising up again to a new, purified, and celestial existence This idea robbed Death of its terrors It led to a more tender and reverent disposal of the dead body. Instead of being consumed by fire, as commonly by the Romans, it was universally interred by the Christians. The places of burial were called cemeteries—sleeping places With prayer and thanks and commemorative service for the departed, their bodies were laid in the dust, "in the hope of a blessed resurrection." Without superstition or

* *Ibid* II c 11.
† *De Cultu Fœminarum*, II c 11.

* *Ad Uxor* II c 8

any touch of bitterness, ... for the dear'—"that the merciful God who has taken the soul of this our Brother, would forgive him all his sin and receive him into the region of the Just"—seem to have been in early use. The world beyond' was ever clear vision to the Christian as he covered his dear ones from his sight, and from the grave of his earthly hopes, he saw starting into life the flower of hope that would never die, and the joys of an "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled and unfading."

In these slight jottings of the change of customs that followed the spread of Christianity in the Roman Empire, we realize but feebly the extent and character of the change. It is not easy to do this, even after long and careful study. The case has been sometimes put in this manner—Could a Greek, nurtured in the palmy days of Athens, have risen from his grave and visited Rome in the age of the first Cæsars, he would amidst many external differences in the social and national life around him have been able to understand the forms of civilisation as kindred with those he had known in life. He would have found the edifices of the imperial city an imitation, though an awkward one of the Greek architecture, the houses the theatres, the feasts, the philosophy would have all a familiar air. The political institutions although new would not be unintelligible, while the religion would have appeared virtually the same in its pomp its sacrifice its pollutions. But descending three hundred years from the latter date, what a change meets the eye! Suppose a Roman of the age of Tiberius to awaken in the Court of Constantin, and although he might see around him many of the old shapes of things, he would see, at the same time, a wholly new spirit moving the most vigorous forms of social life everywhere. New interests would be found swaying the court, and new figures crowding it. He would see humble men made bold by a new faith, women preserved pure by a new hope. Slaves with their outward condition unchanged, yet recognised no longer as slaves, but as 'brethren beloved," forms of government and worship entirely new, he would hear doctrines and precepts, on all sides, strange to him as an unintelligible celestial language. 'A voice had gone forth at whose bidding, though gentle and quiet as the still air, that wisely stirs the leaf before the storm begins, the whole world was changed.' It is a marvellous transformation from death to life, from corruption to the dawning face of a higher and purer civilisation than the world had yet seen. Can we doubt whose voice had thus called light out of darkness and from the dissolving chaos of an old world summoned into form and beauty a new world destined to higher and better issues?'

JOHN TULLOCH.

* *Sacrifice*, Vol. XIV. p. 3, from which the argument in the text is adapted.

THE LAY OF THE THREE MIGHTY MEN.

On the hill by Bethlehem David stood
  He and his warriors bold,
And their dark eyes flashed as they looked below
  For the Philistines held the

But the hero laid aside the spear
  And sat him on the hill,
And, looking on his native town
  His eyes began to fill

He thought of the happy days of old,
  When he fed his father's flocks,
And slowly followed the ewes with young,
  Under those terraced rocks

He thought of the happy evening hours
  When, ere the sun went down,
The maidens, to the gushing well
  Passed through the ancient town

And he sighed, "Oh, would that I now could drink
  As in that happy state,
A draught from the well of Bethlehem
  That is beside the gate!"

Then the three mighty men arose,
  Adino the Tachmonite,
Eleazar the son of Dodo,
  And Shammah the Hararite,

They spake not a word, but each seized his spear,
  And buckled his helmet on,
And the whole host watched their steps, till they
  Adown the hill were gone

But soon the smiting of swords was heard,
  And the clash of spears arose,
And the three in the open gate appeared,
  Begirt with Philistine foes

They slew to the right and slew to the left,
  And ever they slew before,
And backward through the bloody street
  The struggling crowd they bore,

Until they came to the deep, deep well,
  And there they turned and stayed,
And wiping his sword on the bearded grass
  Adino the Tachmonite said,

"Now stand ye two before the well
And fight the foe amain
And I will let the bucket down
And draw it up again

And so did he and so did they
And when the work was sped
He took the spear in his good right hand
And the pitcher on his head

And then when the three looked down and saw
The iron girt array
Of Likonites and Ashdodites
That filled the gleaming way

They prayed to the God of Israel,
To gird their loins with might,
To clothe their swords with thunder
And teach their hands to fight

There was many a noble warrior there
From many an ancient town,
But of all the host could none hold his place
When the three came rushing down

They slew to the right, and they slew to the left,
And still they slew before,
And ever their shout "Immanu El!"
Was heard through the battle's roar

The shield and helm they split in twain,
And broke the breast of mail
And every blow of their ruthless ran,
Far over the Grants Vale,

And many a lord of the Philistines
Was slain upon that day,
And Rephaim and Anakim
Lay trodden in the way,

Until through the unreaped wood
A bloody way they drave,
And heard the shout of victory
Their glad companions gave,

Until they brought to the preaching oak,
Where the son of Jesse said
The draught from the well of Bethlehem
That is beside the gate!

King David took the goblet
From brave Adino's hand
But he saw on his helm the deep dint made
By many a hostile brand

And he saw on the arm of Shammah
Big gouts of blood appear
And he saw on Eleazer's breast
The dint of a brazen spear

He took the water from his lips
And poured it where he stood—
Nay, God forbid that I should drink
Of water that is bought with blood!

These men have bought it with their life,
Have won it with their sword!
I will not drink it—it shall be
An offering to the Lord!

DOLL

VISIT TO A SLAVE MARKET IN WASHINGTON

(A PAGE FROM AN OLD NOTE BOOK)

"It is right down there, sir You see that long avenue?—that is Maryland Avenue, and you see the white house to the left?—that's it, sir Ask for Mr Williams Any one will tell you He is a very civil gentleman, sir, I can assure you he is" All this was said to me upon the roof of the Capitol of Washington The house so pointed out was a slave market I had read an account of a similar mart alleged to exist at Baltimore, but which, I had been assured by a Yankee, was "all a lie—no such thing in Baltimore—had lived all his life there—an invention of anti slavery humbugs," etc. In vain had I inquired at Baltimore for the said market My informant said there was none. "Was there one in Washington, then?" "No such thing. A slave mart!—must go south for that. None here. What queer idea Britishers have of America! So ignorant—old prejudices—envy—jealousy at our free institutions"

I had spent a little time in seeing the sights of Washington—such as the beautiful museum, post office, the splendid collection of models of American patents, etc Among other things I had seen the original Declaration of Independence, Washington's sword, and the printing press at which Franklin had worked as a journeyman printer An inscription upon the press records that when Franklin was agent in London for Massachusetts, in 1768, he visited the printing office of Mr Watts, in Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and going up to this press, he said, addressing the printers, "Come, my lads, we will drink together! It is now forty years since I worked like you at this press as a journeyman printer." He then sent for some

porter, and drank 'success to planting!' There are also a series of excellent portraits hung round the large room in the museum of famous Indian chiefs, who from time to time have come to Washington to form treaties on the part of their tribes with the American Government. These represent the last of the genuine red skin warriors, and differ more from the various oratorical pretenders to the rank of chieftainship in the far west, who occasionally visit this country and appear in fancy dresses upon platforms, than an old Lord of the Isles differs in his rank and ideas from an Edinburgh Highland porter.

We also visited the President. Having had letters to the Secretary of the Government for the —— department, I first called upon the secretary, and found him alone, reading in a small room attached to his office, with his legs up upon the table. It was my first introduction to a Republican high official. The ease and "simplicity of the attitude struck me. Mr —— accompanied us to the presidential mansion, or "White House," as it is called, being built like all the public buildings in Washington, of white marble. A boy opened the door. We followed the secretary up stairs. "No ceremony here, gentlemen." He tapped at the door, and we were invited by a voice within to "Come in." We did so, and found ourselves in the presence of the President, Mr Polk. He was a plain man of short stature rather, dark complexion, large forehead, and lean erect. A table covered with papers was before him, and an immense spit box (pardon the mention of it) beside him—an article of furniture one gets very familiar with in the States, seldom having to lament its presence, but sometimes its absence. It was the first of a series, remarkable for their size, which had been ranged at fitting intervals from the entrance hall to the presence of the first magistrate. Nothing could exceed the President's kindness. He entered frankly into conversation regarding —— But we must presume that, like conversation with royalty, those of the President must not be repeated, especially as I must return to Mr Williams' Maryland Avenue.

But I cannot ascend to the summit of the dome of the Capitol without passing through the building. So let us enter. It is indeed a noble marble building, and worthy of the Republic. It cost upwards of half a million sterling. Its length is 350 feet. The entrance hall is very imposing. It is circular, and reaches 120 feet to the dome above. Its walls are adorned with some very striking frescoes, the subjects being the Treaty of Penn with the Indians—the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—resignation of Washington—taking of Burgoyne, Cornwallis—and the baptism of Pocahontas. Congress was not sitting at the time. We visited, however, the Representative Hall and Senate Chamber. Both are of a semicircular shape, and very beautiful. The former is supported by pillars of variegated marble. The only memorial of the past existence, and sign of the expected revival of Congress, was a board with the standing order of the House painted upon it, "No smoking allowed here." From its position, I thought it possible that it might have special reference to the stove, and anxious to be accurate, I remarked to my conductor that surely such an intimation was unnecessary for members, especially in the House. But he threw out a few hints and facts about 'men from Kentucky and the far West" which made me suspect that the stove alone obeyed the order, and that to some of the members it was not always imperative, but merely suggestive.

The view from the summit of the Capitol is interesting. The city, which lay at our feet, had a lonely and deserted look. It contains ten large streets or "avenues,' five diverging from the Capitol, and five from the President's mansion. These are not yet, however, lined with buildings—great spaces intervening between the clusters of houses. But in the humour in which I then was neither the city, nor the winding Potomac, nor Virginia beyond it (the birthplace of tobacco), so engrossed me as Mr Williams' house in Maryland Avenue. I was afraid to press my civil guide with the subject of slavery, so near the centre of Republican freedom. To put questions or offer remarks upon the grand controversy on the very summit of the Capitol appeared dangerous. I might find fiery antagonists and be mistaken, perhaps, for Garrison or George Thompson, and all this suggested the unpleasant idea of too rapid a descent to the base without the help of the stair. But the replies to my queries were most gentle, clear, and precise. Mere matter of course statistics. No blush or words of explanation accompanied them. It was pure ignorance, indeed, in me to expect any such demonstration. "You will be sure and ask for Mr Williams, a *very* civil gentleman you will find him, I expect." That was all, but it was sufficient. "There is, then, a slave market here?" I said carelessly. "Oh! no, sir! Not a *market*, but only a place where business is transacted, and where, *of course*, Mr Williams will either buy or sell for you." "I quite understand," said I, "a private market where any one may buy or sell slaves, but not a public market where *every* one may do it?" Whether he appreciated or not the meaning of my distinction, I know not. He nodded assent—smiled—and in a few minutes I was whirling in a cab down Maryland Avenue. "With my own eyes," thought I, "shall I now see this strange sight—a brother man for sale!" I soon reached the house, and asked for Mr Williams. I was

shown into a parlour, and I found Mr Williams to be possessed of all the good civil qualities for which he was recommended I felt at first a little awkward in asking to see the slaves I might have known that to do so was as much a matter of business there as it is here to ask a cattle dealer to show his stock But I could not throw off the idea that he must be ashamed of himself, or cowered, at least, in the eyes of a stranger It seemed like asking to see contraband or stolen goods from a man who passed himself off as a gentleman Mr Williams had, of course, no such idea, and he at once told an assistant to show me the slaves We passed round the house and soon were at a large gate, grated with massive iron bars, through which a black woman and one or two men were conversing, as at the door of one of our prisons, with their friends, who were in a court within The heavy door was opened by my guide and turned lazily upon its hinges as we entered the opened area. One side of this court was formed by Mr Williams' dwelling house, whose upper windows looked into it The lower storey was below the level of the ground and was entered by a few descending steps This was the abode of the men A small barrack, which formed the other side, was for the women The first object which met my eye was a pleasing looking female slave, carrying a child in her arms She immediately came up to me, and said with a peculiarly sad look, "Oh! sir, if you buy me, buy my child! My heart sickened "500 dollars sir" remarked my guide, puffing his cigar "Where is her husband?' I asked "He is a free man," was the reply And this wife and mother was separated from him perhaps for ever, and for a few dollars I could have cut the last remaining cord, and have separated the mother from the child! "I wish Massa you take pity upon the two young gals in the house there," said an old negress, they are come to live here a fortnight ago, and it not agree with them, poor things, not well, Massa" I turned away, and told them I was not come to buy them There were, in all, only five or six female slaves The old slave was cheerful, and said, "I wish get a good master—old now—not much work" Descending to the lower storey, I found four men in it. Two were stretched on ragged pallets, sound asleep, a third was playing the banjo, and singing *Dan Tucker* "Quite contented, you see," said my conductor "That," thought I, "is the last stage of man's degradation" I hurried away As I came to the iron gate, which had been locked again on our entering the court, the black negress without was weeping bitterly, and saying through the grated door to the mother with the child, "Keep up your heart, keep up your heart" My conductor said a few merry (!) things, by way, I presume, of helping her to do so Acknowledging Mr Williams bow from the upper window, from which he was leaning looking into the yard, and smoking his cigar as he contemplated his property, I passed through the group at the iron gate, and was again in my cab "And this," thought I, 'beneath the shadow of the Capitol of the great Republic which would witness to the world for the freedom and equality of man? This, in a land of Christian churches'—thus '—but I cannot describe my feelings I had like every one, heard over and over again of slavery with all its horrors, and its facts were commonplace things But here were none of its worst horrors here it was in its most mitigated form and yet the impression made upon me by *seeing* instead of hearing was overwhelmingly bitter Men and women my brothers and sisters, bought and sold, without crime—without their consent—slaves for life—slaves from childhood,—it was enough It needed no whip—no slave ship—to make it horrible and disgusting Before I reached the hotel the choking feeling of sorrow had given way to the joyous and thankful thought that there was not a slave in all the wide dominions of old England, and whether I sang aloud or not, I forget but "God save the Queen" ascended in full voiced chorus from my heart and it seemed more than ever a national anthem of praise

Next day I was sweeping along the waters of the Chesapeake in one of those immense steamers which are in keeping with the vast scale of everything in the States The voyage, for instance, down one of their mighty rivers equals in miles the distance between Liverpool and New York Some of their steamers are 1000 horse power, and sail twenty miles an hour in still water Fifteen of those immense arks, formed in line, occupy a mile in length Each carries 1000 passengers The traveller, when he lands at New York, enters an omnibus containing twenty people, is driven to a hotel which accommodates 600, and dines at a *table d'hôte* with three or four hundred fellow travellers In his journey, he may find himself in the crowded streets of a city with sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, and be told by his guide that he remembers when the first tree was cut in the square

But I am digressing from the point which led me to speak of the steamers After pacing the deck, or rather the decks, and quietly looking around me for some person who carried about with him those mysterious marks of a man who has something in him which a traveller might like to hear, I fixed upon one who was seated by himself, in a musing attitude, as he chewed the product of Virginia He was an elderly man, with an intelligent countenance, and that quick, anxious looking

eye, which seemed to sweep every now and then all round the person as if to guard against being surrounded by an enemy. He was dressed in a long great coat of light coloured cloth, and wore a broad brimmed hat. He seemed to be a farmer. It is not difficult to get into conversation in the States. The people are always most civil and kind to strangers. The only difficulty is at times to reject civilly their desire to know your whole history. I found the Scotch method of answering one question by another to be a very efficient kind of conversational manœuvre. My acquaintance had come the day before from Richmond, Virginia. We were soon in the cross fire of mutual examination. I had fortunately taken the lead in the queries, and meant to keep it as long as possible. 'Have you many clergymen in Richmond?' 'Too many, I calculate,' was the reply. 'How is that?' I should have thought that being obliged to pay them yourselves, that your small supplies of money would have lessened your supplies of clergy.' 'As to that, sir, we do not pay them very high, nor should they be paid at all, for a man should labour for love, sir—for love, sir, and not for dollars. But I meant to say we had not clergy enough.' 'I don't understand you.' 'I dare say not,' he said with a half chuckle, half groan. 'I guess them is new ideas to a Britisher. But my opinion is, sir, that every man should be a clergyman, so that we have too many regular ones because we have not enough of right ones. Dye see?' 'I do,' I said, 'and should have no objections to see the regular clergy everywhere have more assistance. But may I ask, friend sir, are you a clergyman of this sort yourself?' 'I am, sir.' 'Do you preach?' 'I do, sir,' and he eyed me all the while with a serio comic look as if he said, "What think you of that? that is something new." 'I'm a Campbellite,' he added.

'Pray, what sect may that be?' I inquired. 'Sect, sir! we have many sects in this part of the world, but I guess John Campbell is the man who will swamp them all.' 'And who is John Campbell?' I asked. 'What! did you never hear of John Campbell?' he exclaimed, with looks of astonishment. I was reminded of Hallyburton's characteristic trait of the Americans, when he represents his Colonel Slick as asking the Duke of Wellington if he had never heard of Dr Ivory Hovey, or Deacon Snodgrass? and amazed at his Grace's ignorance, exclaimed, 'Well, then, I am sure they have heard of *you*, but, to be sure, we are an intelligent people!' But I knew something more of John Campbell of America from his published dispute with Owen than his Grace knew of the Doctor or Deacon, but wishing to get my friend out upon slavery, I was about to ask him some questions on the subject, when he seized the thread of conversation which I had imprudently dropped, as I was meditating how to open the campaign. He therefore took advantage of his position to put the well known query, 'What do you think of our country?' I expressed my admiration for much I had seen, but wound up my panegyric by saying, 'Yet there are some things which puzzle me in it.' 'As how, sir?' 'Why, yesterday, for instance, I saw your declaration of independence, and in an hour after was offered a slave for sale.' 'I dare say, sir, I dare say, but what of that? What of that?' I exclaimed.

'Why your declaration begins by asserting the equality of all men, and ——' A glorious doctrine, sir, he said energetically, a doctrine which you Britishers would need to learn, and which General Jackson tried to teach you at *New Orleans*. 'Yes, all men are equal, and the day will come when our Republic ——' 'Be it so,' I said mildly interrupting him. 'I am not going to dispute that point at present, all I meant to say was, that it seemed to me a great inconsistency to assert that all men were equal, and then to buy and sell slaves.' 'Buy and sell slaves! pooh! pooh!' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'have you slaves?' 'I have, sir.' 'Do you whip them?'

'I do, when they need it.' 'Do you teach them to read?' 'I guess not; they'd soon learn to conspire and cut our throats. Read! No.' 'Or do you sit beside them at the communion or in church?' 'I guess, stranger, you never sat beside a nigger, or you would not ask *that*.' 'And yet,' said I getting indignant, 'you assert all men are equal.' With perfect coolness he replied, 'I see what you are after; all *men are* equal, but you don't suppose a nigger is a man.' Astounded at the syllogism and not a little amused at my clerical friend, I said nothing, while he went on soliloquising. 'A nigger a man! nonsense! Look at his head! look specially at his heel! No, no. He's right off from human natur. He was created, sir, to serve the white—fit for nothing else. If he was not created for that purpose, it is odd, I guess, that he has served him for six thousand years, and will serve him, he said, rising to look for his luggage, 'till the end of time!' We were nearing the wharf, and having also to attend to my own luggage, the conversation ended, and so ends a jotting from my journal about Washington and the slave market.

NORMAN MACLEOD

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN MARCH

First Sunday

GOD'S REGARD FOR MAN

'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?' Ps viii 4

THE author of this exquisite ode had been a shepherd, and had often, doubtless, watched his flocks by night His eye had often rested on the splendours of the starry heavens, amid the silence and solitude of "the night watches" He had felt the solemnity which the sight of the mysterious depths of these heavens, studded with innumerable gems of light, are fitted to inspire Perhaps, with simple ignorance, he had often wondered what these glorious orbs moving in their solitary grandeur, could be, perhaps, with profounder science than we suppose, he knew what they were, and as he gazed on them pondered the thrilling question of a plurality of worlds Be this as it may, he felt the mighty awe which the scene inspired, and with that piety which belonged to him, he rose from the contemplation of the sublime creation to worship Him by whose fingers these heavens with all their starry host had been framed Lofty as these heavens were, he knew that God had set his glory above them Splendid as was the scene which this part of creation presented, he felt that it could be but as a feeble reflection of the unutterable splendour of Him by whom the whole had been designed and made And then came thoughts of his own insignificance, and that of his race In the presence of One so powerful and so wise how poor a creature is man'—how limited in his resources'—how feeble in his faculties'—how transient in his being' As endowed with intelligence, man may surpass in worth and dignity the material heavens with all their garniture, but in the presence of Him who made these heavens, of Him by whom the place, and form, and motions of every orb have been ordained, and by whose wisdom and power the entire framework of creation is upheld, of what small account is man even at his best estate' On the Psalmist's mind such thoughts crowded with resistless force, and they found vent in the exclamation—"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him'"

There are few reflective men, we may say, but have felt similar thoughts awakened within them by similar contemplations Nor does the progress of science tend to repress such reflections, on the contrary, the more that the telescope and the calculus reveal to us of the mysteries of the sidereal heavens, the profounder becomes our sense of the greatness of the Creator, and the more are we disposed to wonder that One so great should regard with any feelings of interest a being so insignificant as man Still more wonderful does it appear that He should display *such* interest in man as we have every reason to believe He does What is there in man to draw to him such regard? Who can refrain from repeating with mingled astonishment and gratitude— Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him'" For, insignificant as man is, God *does* visit him, God is mindful of him In proof of this, we might appeal to such tokens of the divine regard as the Psalmist indicates in this psalm,—the high position assigned to man among the intelligent creatures of God, and the manifold natural endowments God has conferred upon him, making him only 'a little lower than the angels, and crowning him with glory and honour" We might refer also to the wonderful providential care which God exercises over man, preserving him from innumerable sources of danger and calamity, surrounding the defenceless years of his infancy with a mysterious guard of sympathy, so that all are drawn as by an irresistible influence to seek his safety, and even the very "beasts of the field are at peace with him," saving him from the effects of his own folly and passion, repairing the ruins which disease, or war, or crime may have effected, and ever so guiding the machinery of events that all things are made to co operate to the furtherance of the best interests of the race But striking and convincing as these reflections are, they yield in importance to those which the revelations of Christianity supply as to God's care for man, and interest in his welfare There we learn how God, of his own free grace and love, has planned for man's redemption from sin and evil, how He has, out of the riches of his goodness, paid an immeasurable price for the satisfaction of that justice by which man was held under sentence because of sin, how, having provided at a great cost the means of man's salvation, He has, by a no less marvellous and costly provision, taken care that man shall not, through his own folly and perversity, come short of the grace which has been thus prepared for him, and how, having not withheld his own Son, and his blessed Spirit from us, He continually supplies to those who accept his offered mercy, all that is needful for their ultimate restoration to the perfect image and blessedness of God What a wondrous revelation is here of God's regard for man' O that its power were more felt by all who call themselves his children' Would that, as none can escape the notice of the All Seeing, all to whom the message of the gospel is brought would so embrace it as to come under the regard of his beneficence, and to find in all his dealings with them the yearnings of a Father's love'

Second Sunday.

HEREDITARY PIETY.

"O Lord, truly I am thy servant, I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid" Ps. cxvi. 16.

This is not the only instance in which David, in pleading with God, lays stress on the fact that he is his mother's son. In Ps. lxxxvi. 16, we find the same plea: "Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid." What is the inference to be drawn from this? What is the intention of such a reference? What the force of such a plea? Some think that it is merely a form of more emphatically expressing David's own subjection to God as his servant; as if he had said, "I am not only thy servant, but thy born servant; the son of one who was herself thine handmaid." And to this there can be no objection, provided we regard David's mother as God's servant, in the same sense in which David himself was, and this the coherence of the whole passage, in both instances, requires. We must regard her, therefore, as a pious woman, who set her son the example of godliness and devotedness to the service of Jehovah; and, if she was so, doubtless David owed much to her early instruction, and felt himself laid under additional obligations by that and the remembrance of her piety to serve and obey God. His design here, then, is to represent his piety as hereditary; and he mentions his mother because to her especially, in all probability, his religious convictions and impressions were instrumentally due. It may be that it was to her instruction *exclusively* that he owed under God his early piety. There is little about what is said concerning his father to lead us to think very much of him in a religious point of view. He seems to have been a sort of dull country squire, with not many thoughts beyond his sheep, and not many aspirations beyond the advancement of himself and his family. He manifestly thought very little of his youngest son; perhaps because he was a quiet, thoughtful, pious lad, who liked better to make hymns and sing them, than to pursue those arts by which his older brothers were seeking to push their way in the world. Whilst they, then, were sent to the camp, David was doomed to the toils of a shepherd's life, or was relieved from these only to be the bearer of the old man's bounty to his more favoured sons. But his mother!—ah! one can fancy it was not so with her; one can fancy she had ever the kind word, and the fond caress, and the cheering encouragement for her beautiful and gentle boy. No doubt, she was ready to welcome him when he came home toiled and dispirited from his rude occupation; no doubt her loving smile smoothed for him the rough path his father's sternness had marked out for him; and one can even fancy how, at times, she would go out to him to the fields, and talk to her listening child of the glory and the grace of Israel's God; and how his heart would open to her in the outpourings of a spirit that had been touched with the solemnities of the invisible world, and that felt that next to the Omniscient there was no ear so fit as that of a mother into which to pour its confessions and its hopes; or how, at other times, they would sit down together under some shady tree, and the young poet would sing one of the songs he had made to cheer his solitude, and the mother's heart would grow big with a prophetic gladness, and, kissing the ruddy cheek of her gifted boy, she would exclaim, "Take heart, my child; surely thou too shalt yet be named amongst the singers in Israel." Ah! if aught of this were the case, how much does the Church owe under God to the kindly wisdom of that godly mother!—for it is the mother after all that has most to do with the making or the marring of the man! How much David owed to her we cannot doubt. The memory of it abode with him through all the trials and all the splendours of his subsequent career; and hence, whilst nowhere does he mention his father, he seems, in the passages we have cited, to appeal to the memory of his mother's godliness as at once a special token of the Divine favour to himself, and an additional reason why he should hold himself the servant of God.

And so no doubt it was. To be the child of godly parents, or of a godly parent, especially of a godly mother, is an unspeakable privilege—a privilege, the full preciousness of which only the revealing light of eternity will manifest. But let me remind the reader that, like all privileges, it brings its obligation and responsibility along with it. Do you not feel it so, you who are in this favoured position? Would it not be a shame for you to forsake the path in which these loved instructors of your infancy and youth have trod? Could you hope to be happy if you renounced a course which you know, by such impressive and touching remembrances, to be the right and the true and the blessed course? Would you be so untrue to all the sacred influences of home as to put from you the teachings and warnings and exhortations which every manly and every genial feeling tell you ought to be reverenced and cherished as long as you live? Let David's example, then, be a stimulus to you. If you have not yet chosen the God of your fathers to be your God, oh, do it now, do it now! and, if you have, let the memory of your godly parentage dwell with you as an additional argument for devotedness and obedience; let your language ever be, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid." Let parents too be exhorted to the faithful and loving discharge of their duty, as those to whom the religious training of their own offspring is especially committed by God. Let them be instant, in season and out of season, always abounding in this good work, assured that their work and labour of love shall not be in vain in the Lord. Thus shall the church of the future be sustained by those who have been nursed within the gates of the church that is. Thus shall the bulwarks of Zion be defended in coming days, by those whose youthful hands have been laid in solemn pledge upon her altars. Thus shall the succession of the godly be preserved in the earth. Thus one generation shall praise God's works unto another, and shall declare his mighty acts.

Third Sunday.

WAITING UPON GOD

"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." Ps. cxxx. 6.

THIS is the language of the godly man, and it is language which comes from the *heart*. Heart language is naturally very simple language, it seems to be only such as a very simple mind, that of a child, might use, and to mean very little. But there are usually great depths in it, and a meaning which is often exhaustless. A little child throws its arms round its parent's neck and says "My own mamma, my own papa!" Simple words, which the thoughtless call childish, infantile! But what a *power* is in them—what revelations of the deep mysterious bond that links parent and child, what a depth of concentrated loving trustfulness they unfold, and how much have such simple, artless innocent words of the heart to do with that mighty though invisible, power that forms society into not a congeries of separate atoms, but a vast living *organism*, the individual elements of which are so incorporated that no one can say to another "I have no need of thee!" Heart language is like the stream that runs still and smooth, but in which there may be unsunned depths, and whose volume of water has in it a force which needs only to be quickened into energy to carry all before it, or like one of those fissures in an Alpine glacier, which is so narrow that one can easily stride across them, but which go down to fathomless depths and widen as they descend, so as to give scope for the passage of a raging torrent that is hastening to pour its waters on distant fields, and carry its refreshment to far away homes.

The heart language of piety like all true heart language is simple, but deep. There is ever more in it than it seems to express. It is the language of the child to the heavenly Father, and it has in it the vastness and the power of that unutterable relation. How much is there suggested in the few words before us! "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning." What visions of conflicts, and trial, and change, and patient endurance do they conjure up—earth's experienced emptiness, heaven's realized fulness—the soul turning sated from all that is seen and temporal, to seek rest and satisfaction in what is unseen and eternal—severe trials of faith and patience—hope deferred that has often made the heart sick—clouds and darkness around the Throne that had almost at times hid it from the view, and made all around seem dark as night,—and then the true heart rising above all this uncertainty and turmoil, fixing itself on God, the living God, feeling that all was safe with Him, "the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness nor the shadow of turning," and taking into its joyful embrace, for its own comfort and establishment, the full glory of a revealed and condescending God, even as they that waited for the morning took in with rejoicing eyes the glory of the sun, as his orient beams flashed on the crests of the mountains that "were round about Jerusalem."

The Bible says much of waiting on God. The Psalms is full of references to this. Perhaps there is more about this in proportion, in the Old Testament than the New. And though this may seem strange at first sight, a little reflection will show that it is only what might naturally be expected. The former dispensation was one of expectancy, its whole spirit was one of waiting. The Old Testament saints had not received the promise. The chief part of their religion consisted in looking for the good thing that was to come. The habit of waiting on God that is with us now, which, as it were, came naturally to them, it was the proper expression of their religious life, then piety found scope in this especially. The duty, however, is one not confined to the times of the proclamation of the gospel, it is for all time, and the cultivation of the habit has much to do with the growth of the Christian life, and the happiness and welfare of the Christian man.

What is the true idea of the phrase "waiting upon God"? "Waiting expresses a state or habit which is the result of a combination of desire or expectation, and patient submission. We cannot be said to wait for anything we do not desire, at least, when the word is used strictly and properly, for when we wait, 'waiting' implies volition, choice, and that, of course, involves desire. Nor do we ever wait for what we do not, on some ground supposed by us to be good, expect. Nor do we wait when the object desired comes to us without in any way taxing our patience. "If we hope for that we see not then do we with patience *wait* for it," says the Apostle. A reasonable expectation, and a patient endurance of unavoidable delay in the fulfilment of it, are the essential elements of all wise waiting. Horace laughs at the rustic who sits waiting on the bank of a river till the stream should flow past. The Apostle commends the husbandman who waits with patience for the fruits of the earth. Why the difference? Because, though both exemplify patient expectation, the expectation of the latter has reason in it, while that of the former has not.

"Waiting on God" is thus the patient expectation of results which God has promised to secure, results which are in themselves desirable, and which God has given us reason to believe will be realized. It implies the exercise of self control, a meek acquiescence in the divine arrangements, a confident assurance that God will do what He has promised, and show himself in full accordance with all that He has revealed himself to be. It is opposed to impatience and self will, impatience that kicks against providential restraints, that would hastily and immediately snatch at results, that is fretted and angered by delay, and self-will that refuses to bend to the will of God, and seeks rather what is its own than what comes from Him. From all such manifestations and tempers, the spirit of the man is far removed who can look up unto God, and truly say, "My soul waiteth for the

Lord more than they that watch for the morning I say more than they that watch for the morning"

And is not this the proper attitude for the child of God who has learned experimentally that the Lord is gracious and faithful? Ought he not, in respect alike of the business and the discipline of life to wait upon God who alone can give success to creature effort and who has promised to make all things conspire to his people's benefit? Should we not find our spiritual interests promoted rather than hindered by the events of our daily life, if we met all these in a spirit of simple dependence upon God? And should we not in respect of the higher experiences of the divine life, be richer and more blessed if we constantly waited on God, that out of his fulness we might receive and grace for grace? "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up on wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint"

Fourth Sunday

THE EVER ENDURING NAME

His name shall endure for ever his name shall be continued as long as the sun Ps lxxii 17

WERE a person not much acquainted with literature to take a survey of a large and well stored historical library, he would possibly be very much struck with the vast multitude of books in the department of *Biography*, which he would find in such a collection Or, let him turn over the pages of a biographical dictionary, and he would certainly be struck with the immense number of persons of whom something could be told and whose standing in the world has been such that it is found worth while to perpetuate their memory in biographical narrative But whatever might be the feeling which would be excited in his mind by such a survey, it would probably occur to him to reflect and that with an emotion of pensiveness on the enormously larger number of persons who have lived and died on this earth of whom nothing not even their names remains to be told and who have apparently passed away without leaving any permanent impression of their existence on the world He would be led to think, that numerous as are the persons of whom one can read in books they form but a hardly expressible fraction of the *whole* number of intelligent and accountable beings who have inhabited this earth nay but a mere fraction of the men of their own age, nay but a very small portion even of their own countrymen, and that, whilst much remains, incalculably more has been lost that appertains to the history of man upon earth He would be led also naturally to ponder the exceedingly limited number out of those whose names *have* been preserved of whom the mass of mankind knows anything at all and in prosecuting his researches, either in the library or in the dictionary, nothing would surprise him more than the multitude of persons whose life and character have been put on record, but of whom he had never so much as heard And then this idea would probably also occur to him, that of those whose names are best known in the world, and of those whose biographies are most fully written, how little after all is known, compared with what is irrecoverably lost concerning them You take up, perhaps, a thick octavo volume, and you say, "Dear me, what a huge book to be all about one man!" And yet what a mere driblet does all that this volume contains form of the whole amount of that man's actual life—his thoughts—his feelings—his experience—his actions—all in short, that makes the man Alas! the greater part is lost for ever, except as traces of it may be written upon the individual's memory to be deciphered by him in the revealing light of eternity, or as a record of it is preserved in the mind of the Omniscient! And then of that which is preserved in human history, how much is there that is anything but to the honour of the individual, how much of folly vanity, or vainglorious do even the most friendly biographers let drop as having marked the life of the party who is the subject of their book! So that the conclusion to which such a person as we have supposed would naturally come, would be, How vain after all is earthly reputation! What an empty thing is posthumous fame! How few men are remembered after they are gone! How many of those who are remembered are so for their crimes or their cruelties! And of those who are held in reputation how many are there who are best known by acts or attributes which, were they now to return to the earth they would be the first to renounce and deplore! Truly in this respect all is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit (Comp Eccles ii 16)

Amidst such reflections how delightful to turn to such an announcement as that in the verse placed at the head of this paper Here is One whose memory shall be held in universal respect, "for all men shall call him blessed Here is One from whose excellence no detraction can be made and whose fame the finger of calumny shall never sully for men shall be blessed in him Here is One who shall never be forgotten, for 'his name shall endure for ever, his name shall be continued as long as the sun

He of whom this is said is the Messiah He whose name is Immanuel, God with us, Jesus the Saviour Jehovah our Righteousness, the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last In these names there is a preciousness and a power which secure their immortality In them is proclaimed that which is for the healing of the nations and unto Him who bears them shall the gathering of the nations be They that know these names rejoice to publish them, voice catches up the sound after voice, they that dwell afar off, and in lonely places, hear and prolong the joyful notes, ere long His fame shall encircle the globe, and be uttered in all tongues, and amidst the jubilee of the nations one shout shall be heard above all others, "Blessed be his glorious name for ever And, Let the whole earth be filled with his glory Amen and Amen!" W LINDSAY ALEXANDER

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY NORMAN MACLEOD D D

CHAP III —TEMPTATION ITS SOURCE AND CONSEQUENCES

ONE of the highest flights of Milton's poetry is his story of the encounter between Satan and the porters of the gate of hell

> But at the gates there sat
> On either side a formidable shape
> The one seemd woman to the waist and fair
> But ended foul in many scaly fold
> Voluminous and vast a serpent arm'd
> With mortal sting —the other shape
> If shape it might be called that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member joint or limb
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemd
> For each seemd either Black it stood as night
> Fierce as ten furies terrible as hell
> And shook a dreadful dart what seemd his head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on

The monster, thus graphically described, advances with horrid strides to bar Satan's passage Incensed at its presumption and fuming more at such a thing, he prepares, with aims to force his way Like two dark clouds charged with thunders, they approach each other—Satan resolved to be out, this grizzly terror resolved to keep him in —

> 'And in a moment thou shalt know
> Had not the snaky sorceress held me back
> Fast by hell gate and kept the fatal key
> Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between
> O father, what intends thy hand, she cried
> Against thy only son? What fury O son
> Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
> Against thy father's head?

Having thrown herself between the combatants and stayed their fury, in a tale which the poet's fancy has woven out of a passage in the Epistle of James, this creature, half fair woman, half scaly serpent, proceeds to explain herself Addressing her words to Satan, she tells him how her name is Sin—and how, at the time of the great revolt in heaven, she sprung, a goddess armed, from his pain split head—and how, pregnant by him when cast out of the celestial spheres, and sent to keep watch at the gates of hell, amid parturient pangs, she gave birth to a son, who

> "Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
> Made to destroy I fled, and cried out, Death!
> Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
> From all her caves, and back resounded, Death!"

In this grand fashion John Milton illustrates these weighty sayings, "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then, when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death

Now leaving the poet to soar away, singing on wings sublime, let us descend and take a practical view of the temptations with which every good man has to contend

What is the importance of the subject —An example of much in little the Ten Commandments embrace the whole duty of man An example also of much in little the Lord's Prayer, in a few words sums up all that we should pray for It contains but seven petitions and how large the subject of temptation bulked in our Lord's eye and how important therefore it should seem in ours is to be gathered from the circumstance, that it forms the subject of one of those seven You may guess the rank and consequence of a man by the society that he moves in, and here the subject of temptation appears in the highest company It is classed with subjects that engage the intellects of angels, that concern God's glory, and that are identified both with our present, and with our eternal welfare If it occupied the same proportion of man's life, a seventh part of all our thoughts, our cares, and our time, would be given to it—to resisting temptation, avoiding it, fighting it, guarding against the sins it may lead to, as well as mourning and seeking the forgiveness of those it has led to

If the temptations that beset and assail us do not occupy such a place in our thoughts and lives —for they give some men no trouble—that admits of an obvious but melancholy explanation It is not, that the man who is without regrets, anxieties, daily and hourly struggles, is a better man than he who has "fightings without and fears within." It is not that he is holy, never tempted, or that he never yields to temptation On the contrary, it is because he, unresisting, yields to it What more pleasant and easy than the motion of a vessel that, gliding down the stream, is borne onwards to the cataract that shall hurl it to destruction? But bring the boat's head round, and a struggle begins, peace is gone now, she trembles from stem to stern, and by her violent plunges, the waves that break over her bows, and, shaking every timber, threaten to engulf her, you know the power and presence of a current that had been quietly wafting her on to ruin

Thus it is with man and temptation, so soon as

he is converted No sooner is peace with God, through Christ settled than war is proclaimed, and the man now lives in its arduous and life long struggle I have seen one that had grown grey in the army, and yet had never been under fire, or seen the serried bayonets glance, but on parade The Captain of our salvation has no such soldiers, but have given and suffered many wounds, and have all a sore fight of it This conflict begins with conversion and if I might borrow an illustration from heathen fables the infant Hercules has to strangle serpents in his cradle So soon as a man is new born, and turns his face heavenward he has hell to confront and fight with And besides the devil and his angels, besides the world and its seductive influences, in passions that he has lodged in his breast, and fed by long indulgence into strength, it may be said that 'his enemies are the men of his own house" And such in number and in power are the temptations with which a good man has to contend, that no Christian will think the language of David extravagant 'They compassed me about they compassed me about like bees My soul is among lions, and I lie even among them that are set on fire' Nay there are times, and terrible temptations, when, in the language of a psalm, part and some suppose all, of which our Lord repeated on His cross, he may be ready to cry, 'Many bulls have compassed me strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint my heart is like wax My strength is dried up like a potsherd thou hast brought me into the dust of death, for dogs have compassed me O Lord, my strength, haste thee to help me Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog Save me from the lion's mouth, hear me from the horns of the unicorns"

If these figures are appropriate, how formidable are our temptations! It might seem impossible that victory could crown our arms in a war waged against enemies that swarm thick as bees, that are strong as bulls and fierce as ravening lions. Yet, hear what God says: Thou shalt tread on the lion and adder the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot; and hear Paul, as, calmly descending into the vale of death, he goes, singing, like a brave old warrior—"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith Hereafter, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day" Nor is that all—proclaiming equal triumphs through the same grace to others, he adds, "and not to me only, but to all who love his appearing." Let the good man be assured that his victory over temptation is certain, if he goes about it aright It turns much on prayer Thrown into the scale, that decides the battle, drawing on Divine strength, that makes little Davids more than a match for giant sins What devil is there but may be cast out by prayer and fasting?

Yet, prayer is not enough Like our fathers when they conquered the English at Bannockburn, or the English when they conquered the French at Cressy we are to rise from our knees, to stand up and fight, to quit us like men, "having done all, to stand We are to put on the whole armour of God, and, since we know neither when, nor where the adversary may assault us, we are never to put it off Live and die in harness—using such precautions, as some say Cromwell did against the assassin's dagger—his dress concealed a shirt of mail and in the council chamber, at the banquet, in courts as in camps he wore that always To his workshop, the counting room, the social circle, the market, the place of business, the scenes of his most innocent enjoyments let a good man go, as the peasant of the east goes to his plough With larks singing in blue skies above his head, and dews bathed in dew, springing at his feet, and feathered flocks from sounding shore and noisy woods wheeling round, and feeding in the furrows behind him, our ploughman, void of care, and fearless of danger, whistles at his work, but yonder, where fiery Bedouins scour the land, and bullets whistling from the bush may suddenly call the peasant to drop the ox goad and fly to arms, the sun glances on other iron than the ploughshare—a sword hangs at his thigh, and a gun is slung at his back

To pray, to fight, are important, but not less important if we would have no man take our crown, and resisting, overcome temptation, is a right understanding of its springs and sources The physician is most likely to cure disease who has discovered its seat and nature, while the patient dies in the hands of him who prescribes for the head, when it is the heart that is diseased To save a ship from sinking, we must find the leak Temptations, like noxious weeds, are best killed by putting the knife to their root, nor will the stream of our thoughts, and wishes, and desires ever be sanctified till the salt, as at Jericho, is cast in at the spring Let us see, therefore, where the springs and sources of sin lie

The source of temptation is not in God The Apostle James is clear on this point He says, "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man."

In the mountains of the Black Forest an extraordinary appearance is occasionally seen. With the sun just rising at your back, you look across the valley on the curtain of mist that, hung from

the skies, falls in rolling folds on the opposite hill; and there, wearing a faint halo round his head, stands the giant spectre of the mountains—a colossal form of vast proportions, looking as if, at one bound, he could leap from hill to hill, and tearing up oaks and rocks, hurl them at the head of his enemies. The terror of superstitious peasants, the origin of many a wild, unearthly legend, thus is a mere vision—a shadow without substance. It has no reality. Observed to bend or stand erect, to move a limb or arm after him, to repeat every motion of the spectator, it is nothing more than his own form, immensely magnified, and projected on the cloud, like the pictures of a magic lantern on its screen. Such pictures on the mind's fancy were the Pagan deities, the object of the heathen's worship, who their Baal, or Jupiter, or Venus, or Mars, or Bacchus, being but a projection of the man himself on the field of fancy, with the faculties and passions of humanity all immensely magnified. A strange mixture, like himself, of vices and of virtues, they illustrate the words of God, Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thou art, and thus formed, these gods were tempted with evil, and with evil tempted men.

Importing this idea of heathenism, or perhaps misunderstanding the Scriptures, where God, according to an eastern idiom, is said to do what in fact He but permits to be done—as when it is said that He "hardened Pharaoh's heart," it appears that in the days of the Apostle James, some accused God of sin, alleging, in excuse of their sins, that they were tempted of Him. We shrink with horror from such an idea. "Their rock is not as our Rock" Time casts its stains on the purest snow, and the sun shines not unobscured by spots, but we bow in the dust before God, as a being of infinite purity and infinite holiness. More shocked than if we heard some foul crime imputed to parents we venerate and love, we recoil from the thought that He before whom angels stand veiled, and in whose eyes even the heavens are not clean, could either be himself tempted to commit sin, or could tempt any to commit it.

Yet what many would not directly, they in directly lay at God's door—in the attempt to excuse themselves, accusing Him. Look, for example, at Adam's answer to the question, Hast thou eaten of the tree? Summoned from his hiding-place, standing beside the blushing partner of his guilt, overwhelmed by strange terrors, trembling in every limb, the prey of anguish and remorse, had his tongue, cleaving to the roof of his mouth, refused to do its office, we should not have been astonished. But he replies; and his answer betrays cunning rather than confusion. How mean and dastardly, how base and selfish and hateful, has sin made this once noble creature! How are the mighty fallen! See him trying to turn over on his poor wife the whole vengeance of an angry God! He attempts to save himself, and leave her to bear the brunt of it; hers is the guilt; she is the temptress Hear him· "The woman, she gave me and I did eat." Nor is that all; nor "the front of his offending" More, and worse still, he divides the blame between her and God. It is not simply, "the woman gave me and I did eat," but "the woman *that thou gavest me*, she gave me, and I did eat," a serpent in my bosom, I got her from thee, the circumstances in which thou didst place me, more than my own fault, are answerable for my sin. "The woman that *thou* gavest me!" What was this but a covert way of accusing God, a bold insinuation that God, not he, was to blame for the Fall, an excuse, that, like all our apologies for sin, adds insult to injury, and but aggravates the offence?

I do not fancy any are so bold and bad as of deliberate intent to lay the guilt of their crimes on God. Yet what else, in fact, do they, who make a scape goat of their circumstances—attributing their sins to constitutional temperament, or to the headlong power of their passions, or to the difficulties of their position, or to the suddenness or the strength of their trials? These apologies, whether offered to men, or used to allay guilty fears, and quiet an uneasy conscience, throw the blame of sin on Providence, and to throw the blame of it on Providence, is to throw it upon God. Excuses such as these but add to our guilt. They may now satisfy, or rather stupify our conscience, but they shall stand us in no stead at the bar of Him who neither tempts, nor is tempted. He has left us without excuse. Assured that God will not suffer any, that seek Him, to be tempted above that they are able to bear, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, we are without excuse, but not without a remedy Blessed be God! the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

The source of temptation is in ourselves.—"Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed."

If you apply a magnet to the end of a needle that courses freely on its pivot, the needle, affected by a strange attraction, approaches as if it loved it. Reverse the order, apply the magnet now to the opposite end—to the other pole, and the needle shrinks away, trembling, as if it did not love, but hated it. So it is with temptation. One man rushes into the arms of vice; another recoils from them with horror. Joseph starts back, saying, How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? What is loved by one, is loathsome in another's eyes; and according as the nature it addresses is holy or unholy, temptation attracts or repels; gives pain or pleasure; is loved or hated. It

is our corrupt and evil nature that gives it power to temptation. Place the combustibles at rest, the spark and the powder, that a spark which a dewdrop had quenched flashes into an explosion.

In their visits to our world the angels were exposed to temptation; but what harm did they suffer? Nor. Amidst wild spread contagion, they never were infected; nor, as people import the plague from other countries, did they take sin away with them on their return to heaven, and spread the deadly pestilence in that sinless land. Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? True, yet angels suffered nothing from coming in contact with sinners; but passing among them as unstained as the sunbeam of their heavens through the murky air of our smoky cities. Like a flower that, brought from heaven's hill, opens in noon, fades away amid the pent up and poisoned atmosphere of our town, Lot's guest were blighted by his residence in Sodom; it corrupted him, but not his heavenly visitors. Once more it may be said, that since our unhappy fall the steps of angels in our world have been few, and their sin had no time to affect them; or rather—that the heaven had no time to work. But time is of no account in this case; nor would it be so even if the Fall had not furnished occasion to try. How is the gold become dim, how the most fine gold changed? Pure gold may remain in the fire a thousand years without loss of substance, without contracting a single stain or losing an atom of its weight. The fire that turns the oak into ashes, marble into dust, iron into rust, has no power to destroy, or even injure a metal that shines but the brighter for the glowing flames. Gold is therefore called, in the language of metallurgy, a *perfect* metal, and were we perfect—perfect in holiness—the only effect of life's fiery trials would be not to burn up, but to brighten the features of God's image. Thus I believe no angel ever descended on our world, but he returned to his native heavens to abhor sin more, to hate it with a more perfect hatred, and with deeper, holier feelings to sing, as he resumed his place in the shining ranks, and joined his fellows in their song—Holy, holy, holy, art thou, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and art to come!

Look at our Lord's case! How clearly it shows that temptation however much to be dreaded by us, is harmless, unless where it finds corruption—that the seed dies, unless it falls on a congenial soil! He lived among temptations for more than thirty successive years. For more than thirty years his holy manhood was in the fire, and he came out of it without stain or sin. The Lamb of God, without spot or blemish, holy, harmless, undefiled, he was among, and yet separate from sinners. A remarkable phenomenon this! one unless among the sinful, pure amid pollution, a faultless man, in whose breast and plead bosom temptation never kindled a wish or a thought or fancy that might not be exposed to the eyes both of God and man. He himself explains the wonder—"The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

Who, therefore, would keep out of sin should give his chief attention to the state of his heart, ever praying with David—Create in me, O God, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me! Not that a good man will overlook the influence of external circumstances, the temptations of his position, or the character of his companions, nor that we are ever to rush into temptation—naked into the battle, or enter it without fear and trembling till we are perfect in holiness. Stand in awe and sin not. We cannot be too careful to keep out of the reach of sin, not to stand in the way of sinners, not to breathe pestilential air. Bath not in the brightest waters where sharks are playing. By prayer, by self-denial, by, as Paul did, keeping the body under, give sin no hold of you. Imitate your ancient wrestler, who laying aside his robes and ornaments and all the bravery of his attire, steps with limb into the arena—limb and body shining with slippery oil, closing with an antagonist, whose hands, slipping on the unctuous limbs, catch no firm hold, he heaves him up to hurl him in the dust, and bear off the palm—honour won, less by his power than by his wise precaution. If prevention is better than cure, precaution is better than power, therefore ought a good man ever to watch and pray that he enter not into temptation. His prayer that which our Lord has taught us, Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.

Our corrupt nature, acted on by temptation, is the source of sin.—"Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin."

The woman died because she ate of the tree, and she ate of the tree because she lusted after its fruit. In doing so, in the first instance, she toyed with temptation—a thing more dangerous than to play with fire arms. With an overweening confidence in herself, she thought, perhaps, as many do, that she might venture a certain way, and, stopping at her own pleasure, draw up—though in circumstances where poor reason is like the driver pulling at the reins, when the coach, at the head of maddened and masterless horses, is whirling to an upset half way down hill. Confidence in one's self, giving presence of mind, is sometimes of advantage, but never in those spiritual conflicts where strength is weakness, and, as leading us to fly from danger to the arms of God, weakness is found to be strength.

The fatal mistake, which our mother committed by not taking alarm at the first sign of evil, and in the first bad, wrong thought, the nascent

desire for a forbidden pleasure crushing sin in the egg—putting her foot on the spark like Job, who made a covenant with his eyes, shutting hers to the tempting colour of the fruit stopping her ears to the talk of the cunning devil flying as if she had seen the serpent in its own proper shape with erect crest and burning eyes, and form coiled to spring—flying, with feet from the scene, calling her husband Adam called God himself from heaven to her help

Do we trace our evil to its first causes of course? When we allow ourselves to indulge in evil imaginations or thoughts are preparing themselves to commit the crimes they fancy. Desires are the seeds of deeds. Working in the dark and all the more dangerous that their progress like a mouse's is silent and unseen they sap the walls of virtue and then the man of God is overthrown by temptation that the wise had broken or him as a tide takes the mountain billow on a front of rock. May not the bad thoughts and fancies that darken within the recesses of the heart account for those sudden falls and sins on the part of such good men as David that neither they nor others would have ever dreamt of. Here Christ is direct less to the temptation than to what provoked it—and prepared for it. You are walking, or even ride through a forest. Across your path and on the ground lies the felled cut in death, a mighty tree, tall and stately—fit mast to carry a cloud of canvas and bear defiant the strain of tempests. You put your foot lightly on it, and how great your surprise when he sinks through the bark, it sinks deep into the body of the tree—a result much less owing to the pressure of your foot than to the poisonous fungi and foul crawling insects that had attacked its core. They have left the outer rind unscarred—but hollowed out its heart. Take care your heart is not hollowed out and nothing left you, but the crust and shell of an empty profession.

Keep thy heart therefore, with all diligence. Give it your chief and most anxious attention. Guard most sedulously, and cultivate most prayerfully that part of you where the true man lives, and which, unseen by any but God, neither merits the blame, nor wins the applauses of men. It is in its inner chamber—remote from the public eye, that sins, and also noble deeds, are born there, the play of life is rehearsed, and that performed in fancy which is afterwards acted before a thousand eyes; there, God or Satan sits enthroned, there, he the deep, hidden fountains of good or evil, there, visited by angels, or haunted by demons, is a little heaven or a little hell. Be sure you keep it for God. Be thy body his temple, and thy heart the secret shrine, where the light of the Shechinah burns, and the holy law is preserved, and good angels spread their wings over the blood-besprinkled seat of mercy, and the spirit of man, all alone like the solitary High Priest within the veil holds closest intercourse with God. Holiest of temples! see that nothing enter or find lodgment there that can hurt or defile.

Who is he that desireth life.—What man is he that desireth life? will many days? The Psalmist answers his own question, and in the ordinary course of Providence what rule so good as his to stumble safely and ill timed as autumn like a book of secret counsels upon. There is more truth in his answer than all the summed up in a single sentence than in whole volumes on medicine and the art of preserving and restoring health. What man desiring life and loving many days, would, were they mantle play with heavy lock see his children and his children's children? Let him, says David, depart from evil and do good. In the ruddy cheek and obstinate and elastic step, and bound in health, and in time and the long, light hearted laughing, singing happy years—the green old age which the early and continued practice of Christian virtues often insures—we have still some links some lingering vestiges of the old marriage tie between sinless and an endless life.

Death has passed on all men, because all have sinned. And looking only at temporal death, see how it carries multitudes into the grave—shortening their days and rudely shaking out the sands of life. Some score of years, on an average, darkly closes the life of such as seduced become educers and prowl on streets, like night wolves yearning for their prey. So perishes many a sweet flower that a villain's hand did pluck, and, when it had lost its blooming attractions, flung on the street to be trodden under foot as the veriest, vilest weed. Inject the cup where the wine conceal a serpent and the vile drugs are shame, and sorrow and disease, offered to the drunkard's lips by a greedy hand. Immorality wrecks more fortunes than adversity, as bad habits make more bankrupts than bad trade. Vice supplies the greedy grave with more victims than war—more of our countrymen, directly or indirectly, year by year perish by the bottle than fell in Britain's greatest and bloodiest battle. More cruel than old Time, she plucks the scythe from his hands, and with rapid step and long sweep mowing down the fairest flowers of the grass, she cuts short the life of thousands he had spared for years. Time "slays his thousands," but Vice her "tens of thousands." Many do not live out half their days. Even when the sun does not go down at noon, and life's lamp, not blown, is left to burn out, how true of many are the words of the Naamathite—"His bones are full of the sin of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust." While gods

ness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come in the horrid diseases, and in the many grim shapes of death which follow the steps of vice and form the train both of Bacchus and of the Paphian queen, God brands sin with the stamp of His high displeasure.

But here death does not carry our thoughts only to the grave, but beyond the grave—into eternity—down into the pit. It is a sad and awful thing to see one struggling in the arms of death, to watch the light of life sinking in its socket, till, sometimes with a dying flash, it expires, to gaze on the pale silent, solemn, lifeless corpse, to hear the mould, from sexton's shovel, rattle hollow on the coffin and when his spade has smoothed the grassy turf and uncovered mourners have paid farewell honours to the dead, to leave a loved one to moulder away into the dust of death. Yet faith in Jesus can stand these trials. Soaring to the heavens when the spirit has fled, anticipating the hour when graves shall heave, and rending tombs shall open for mortal to spring into immortality, faith can go through the last parting as friends, standing on the shore, wave hands and handkerchiefs to the emigrants they are to follow in the next ship, and rejoice ere long in a better land. But where there is no true faith in Christ and peace has never been made with God through the blood of His cross sins are finished in a more dreadful death—the second death—eternal death—in those doleful regions where the dying never die. "Rest for the weary," "There is no sorrow there," these revival hymns are sung of another land. Here is no rest for the weary, the eye never closes, no sleep brings sweet forgetfulness, no hope ever whispers, It will soon be over, but despair, with stony horror in her face, shakes her snaky locks, and gnashing her teeth, mutters, It will never be over—never!

Looking at death under this aspect, on the brink of the "horrible pit," I almost cease to wonder that God gave up his Son to save us—there is something so dreadful in that doom. The reasonableness, as well as love of the Cross is nowhere seen so well as by the light of these lurid gleams, and where are seen so well the unreasonableness, the folly, the mad insanity of all who put away God's mercy and day by day neglect this great salvation? Strong in the goodness of his cause, with his back to the throne of God and his foot planted on the rock of truth, a man can stand against the world, who is supported by an Almighty hand, can stand erect beneath any load of sorrow, who has made his calling and election sure, can stand unmoved by the approach of death, and even urge him to hasten his tardy steps—with the eagerness and outstretched arms of a lover, crying Come Lord Jesus, come quickly! But who shall be able to stand and hear this doom pronounced on him or on his head. Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. From that fire Jesus died and is now willing,—now wants to save you. Haste to the refuge! Flee to His arms from the wrath to come!

PEACOCKISM

We are always ready to preach to the lower orders, to lecture them upon the vices of dirt and rags, and the folly of intemperance. We too often shut our eyes to our own faults while pointing out those of our poorer neighbours. Cleanliness may be so stretched as to become a vice, dress may exhibit as much personal recklessness on the part of the wearer as rags, and there may be as much intemperance in indulging in certain bonnets and shawls as in beer bibbing and gin drinking.

Peacockism in dress has increased to an alarming extent of late years, fostered by the bold fulness of a recent fashion, and I am sorry to say that the ladies are the chief offenders. There is no such creature in England as the human male peacock. The bird who mates with the female peacock appears to belong to a totally different species. He boasts of no plumage—especially of late years, of no covering that can be considered very costly or attractive. His hue is chiefly confined to black, or brown, or drab, and economy seems to be studied quite as much as elegance. His trousers or leggings, are only about sixteen shillings a pair, his coats about two or three guineas each, and everything he wears is in the same proportion. His evening dress is so contrived that he might appear in it for years and no one be aware of his slender wardrobe. His "walking suit" at two pounds, four shillings, is a leveller of all class distinctions. No man have certainly but Fortunatus so hard as the new race of cheap tailors.

How different is it, however, with the human peacock proper—the female mate of this somewhat dingy bird! She lives, apparently, only for her plumage. Take that away from her, and life seems no longer to have any attraction. This plumage may be gaudy, or not, according to her taste, but it must always be costly and luxurious, and made with little regard to her position in the world. In proportion as her means to pay for these feathers diminish, her desire to obtain them seems to increase. The same may also be said of her power to obtain them, for credit is seldom given more freely than when it is recklessly demanded. Here

is a part, and a very small part, of an account, amounting to nearly £3000, recently proved against a lady by a West End milliner in the London Court of Bankruptcy —

Court dress of gold and white lace, and trimming of brocaded gold silk lining embroidered glace skirt, additional glace, and flounces of gold,	£85	10	0
Lace tucker,	0	18	0
Pink roses and leaves,	1	5	0
White and silver wreath and Brussels lappet	4	14	6
Dressing four dolls,	12	12	0
Brussels lace cap, pink roses and brown leaves,	4	14	6
Point lace cap, lilac and pearls,	11	11	0
Making train into dress, silk linings, stiff net blonde, and pearls,	11	9	0
Pair Venice point sleeves,	4	4	0
Pair of lappets,	8	5	0
Point lace	10	10	0
Green brocaded moire antique dress, pink ribbon, fringe, and tassels,	19	19	0
White blonde bonnet, with pink roses,	4	4	0
Renovating bonnet,	0	18	0
Black lace bonnet, velvet leaves, roses, and white flowers,	3	18	0
Black lace tucker, lilac ribbon,	1	15	0
Re trimming evening tulle dress, stiff net and black velvet,	5	18	6
Carmelite mourning dress,	7	13	6
Scarf, with lace,	5	15	6
Black moire antique morning dress,	11	15	9
Glace mantle, with lace,	12	12	0
Point lace parasol,	18	18	0
Venice point flounce,	84	0	0
Rose point bonnet,	14	14	0
Point lace trimming for velvet dress,	30	15	0
Nine yards Brussels lace flounting,	28	14	0
A Brussels lace square,	31	10	0
A black lace ditto,	31	10	0
Three ditto flounces,	31	10	0
Pair Brussels lace sleeves and lace for body,	4	4	0
Pair Lisle lace sleeves, with white satin,	4	4	0
Pair Medlin sleeves and lace for body,	5	5	0
Venice point lace,	13	2	6
Covering parasol handle with lace and silk,	12	12	0
White glace parasol, with French lace,	10	10	0
Brussels lace handkerchief,	6	6	0
A steel spring hoop	2	2	0
Brown velvet mantle, Maltese lace and trimmings,	16	16	0
Black velvet gouté silk mantle,	73	10	0
Mantle of brown velvet and trimmings,	16	16	0
Drab and blue cloth coat, steel buttons,	8	8	0
White blonde mantilla,	15	15	0

The human peacock, as we see by this melancholy record of folly and waste, will sometimes be decently happy in a plumage valued at four or five pounds sterling, at others she will be fretful under a plumage of thirty pounds, and only supremely contented when it represents nearly a hundred pounds Much will depend upon the "society" she is keeping, and the rivals she meets, for peacockism has its leaders and its followers, its struggles and its contests, its hungry ambition and its gnawing envy, the same as any other field of emulation. When it takes the form of a race for notoriety between two fashionable peacocks of equal daring, it is difficult to say what combinations of grace and extravagance may not be effected Jewels may be the weapons selected if the peacocks are middle aged, or some new material from Lyons adorned with precious yellow, dusty lace, if they are a little younger. Lace is a favourite adornment of the fashionable peacock She collects it, as people collect old china, or rare engravings, and when she orders a collar at thirty pounds, or a handkerchief at fifteen pounds, upon three years' credit, she calls that "making a good investment of her capital" Whatever suit of plumage a fashionable peacock may array herself in, it is her unalterable rule never to appear in society with it more than once Society is only composed of a certain number of birds, who each, in their turn, become the centres round which the others revolve It never seems to have struck these fashionable peacocks that they are parts in a living, moving, breathing kaleidoscope, and that an infinite variety of effects may be created by the same colours, and the same pieces They change their plumage at every movement of the glass, in ignorance of this principle, and often annoy each other by producing the monotony they are laboriously seeking to avoid

If nature provided the feathers of these birds, there would be nothing more to say, but nature, in this case, has left this duty to the milliner

The fashionable milliner is able to carry on her business without cash payments The sole nexus between man and man (according to Mr Thomas Carlyle) is not required between woman and woman The fashionable milliner lives by giving and taking credit She dresses up her peacock dolls, and seems only to ask that their names shall appear upon her books, and their appearance shall do her justice in the world of fashion She thinks nothing of trusting a distinguished peacock with feathers to the extent of four, six, or eight hundred pounds sterling, and for any period within the statute of limitations If the peacock is very bold, or very distinguished, indeed, this mark of trading confidence (as we have just seen) may be extended to some thousands sterling When one capital is exhausted, the fashionable milliner "calls up" another, and her call is seldom uttered in vain in the ear of her "wholesale houses" Brilliant as the plumage of the West may seem in the height of the peacock season, the feathers are nearly all the property of dingy streets in the city.

The fashionable milliner sometimes provides her peacocks with jewels, and assumes the character of a buyer as well as a seller The way in which the peacock borrows money is a lesson to all students in finance Her first step is to select bracelets, necklaces, and brooches to the amount of a hundred, or a hundred and fifty pounds, and to wear them, on a few occasions, when she goes into society Her second step is to tell her milliner that "she positively hates the sight" of these jewels, after a few weeks, which causes the milli-

ner to offer to repurchase them at half their nominal value. Her third step is to accept this offer, which brings her fifty or seventy pounds while the jewel still stands against her at the usual term of credit. Her old friends—the dresses she has worn two or three times—she often deals with in the same manner, and either converts them into ready money or a payment off her account. This is a cheaper way of raising a loan, and concealing its ruinous character under the cover of a trade; but sometimes the fashionable peacock is mulcted in a straight out loss on her dealings. She has lent 100*l.* on her bills of exchange at the fashionable milliner is willing to discount them, and the spectre of 'sixty per cent.' appears in the London, perhaps quite as often as it does in the smoking-room. She sometimes speaks of her marriage settlement "which she intends upon these occasions to touch," and laments that her dividends do stay away so long in coming round. It may happen that this marriage settlement and dividend day have only an imaginary existence, though they serve for a time to keep off the demand which the male peacock must eventually pay. Sometimes a more special attention is offered to expected and not being freely sold to the female peacock is paid freely by the male peacock (if it is ever paid for) under the disguise of 'velvet trimmings' or 'Honiton lace extra.'

Though money is thus often extracted by the fashionable peacock from the fashionable milliner, it is very rare indeed that the process is allowed to be reversed. The fashionable milliner is so schooled into a fear of losing her connexion that she is afraid to refuse credit to any member, hanger-on, or dependant of the great families, and afraid to ask for even partial payment years after the credit has been given. She is taught to behave in secret cliques of united peacocks who combine to resent any insult that is offered to their species. A demand for money is such an insult, and dunning is looked upon as a mortal offence. What are creditors for (as the hero remarks in the 'Game of Speculation') but to give credit? The vulgar tradespeople must wait. If they decline to do this, they must take the consequences, and those consequences are sometimes threats to pay. When the fashionable peacock produces the money under these circumstances to "close the account," the fashionable milliner is taught to believe that from that hour her business will begin to decay.

The fashionable peacock, however, has seldom this power to play the tyrant which she affects to possess, and she is more often bound hand and foot in the fetters of the milliner. Her feathers are generally procured without the sanction of that dingy male bird whom she calls her husband, and all her ingenuity, and that of her confidential servant—nor lady's maid—are exerted to keep from him, as long as possible, the knowledge of the liability hanging over his head. Perhaps his eyes ought to be opened by the sensation his wife is making in the peacock world, and by the appearance of his infant son, aged ten months, attired like Richard the Third, and his eldest son, aged seven, arrayed in silk velvet and jet bugles, like Hamlet the Dane. If his eyes are opened by these things, and his will is strong, the growing peacockism of his household is speedily and effectually checked. The feather money of his peacock mate is not only granted, but its outlay is carefully watched, and its produce is periodically surveyed. Fewer thousand-pound bank-notes have the intelligence, industry, and courage, however, to see and do this, and the milliner is left undisturbed to adorn the peacock in any plumage her taste and extravagance may select.

When the fashionable milliner receives instructions to make the ball whose delivery can no longer be delayed, to turn the account of one costly ornament into two that are not so costly, to put that to the children's charge which ought to go to the mother's, and to keep back one half of the amount to be rendered at a future period, she begins to feel that this peacock customer is in some degree in her power. A gentle hint that money must be had, and an affected reluctance to apply to the dingy male bird are generally found to bring a little of that precious metal to the surface, whose appearance is so extremely rare. In some cases even this promising process is known to fail, and upon inquiry, it is then often found that the dingy male bird, behind the screen, was careless of his peacock mate's accumulating plumage, because he felt in that state of chronic insolvency which no law is able to cure.

The principle that high profits must be made to cover high risks applies to all businesses, and to that of a fashionable milliner amongst the rest. It is under the practical operation of this principle that good debtors are compelled to make up the losses sustained by the bad ones. The ultra peacockism of the present hour is remarkable for being built upon credit—a blind, unwavering credit—that asks only to hear the rumble of a carriage, and to catch a glimpse of a footman's plush. The gaudy bubble can never burst while credit remains as it is, because no pressure is ever likely to be applied. The loss, if any, is not felt so much by the fashionable milliner, who seems to suffer as she feeds her peacocks, for the peacocks really feed upon one another, the bad upon the good. The dowdyism that does pay, and the moderate peacockism that can pay, together are the great supporters of that ultra peacockism, which never did pay, and never will.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD

FITZROY ESQ

[In one I stands for Dundreary who was an Irish honourable, and cousin to old Mr Fitzroy the other T stands for Temple who was Mrs Fitzroy's uncle and who left her son a great part of his fortune

What first induced me to study the life of young Fitzroy, was a starling a convict and a locomotive engine It happened thus —

The starling belonged to Tom Parsons the shoemaker its cage hung over Tom as he sat at work close to the window It sang songs not in the rude style of uneducated natur which has not been generous to starlings in several gifts Its melodies were the works of art and the result of patient training and it was wonderful to hear the correct tune how it could trill and modulate out of that hard bill There's a good time coming Cheer boys cheer and A man's a man for a that The starling was also rich in a number of moral and political nonsense which were echoes of the views and convictions of the shoemaker so that when Tom was disposed to backslide into slothful despondency or Toryism the starling brought him back to duty and to hope, by exhorting him to work and win, by reminding him that work then fun often ridding Hurrah for reform and independence interjecting on all occasions his favourite song A man's a man for a that When Tom was asked how he, a poor man could afford to keep a starling he would launch forth upon his wise sentiments the good which he did to him and his family by his contentment genial disposition, and cheering influence at all times and in all circumstances and as to expense the shoemaker said he really cost him nothing except clean water a few seeds or crumbs of bread that he could take a share without a grumble of anything that was going, was a staunch teetotaller and never smoked snuffed, or chewed yet was in good health contented, and merry in fact he could not get on without the Chartist as he called the starling

As I contemplated the economy of the starling how much he gave how little he received and of what use he was to even one poor man I could not help thinking how very unlike he was to T T Fitzroy, Esq

The convict Jim M'Sweeney had been for a long time a gentleman at large His education whether designedly or not had been quite in keeping with his own personal likings, if it did not in fact materially mould them and his destiny in society Old Pat M'Sweeney did not see very clearly what his son Jim could do in life, or how he could be useful to his fellow men, or what necessity there was for teaching him a trade, as he was persuaded of his ability to pick up what he required without it, nor could he be "bothered," as he expressed it, to "bother the boy or himself again his inclinations" So young Jim assumed that the chief end of man was to enjoy himself in the easiest and cheapest way he could, that is, by following his own inclinations whatever these were, and as far as his means or the police would permit Hence he early patronized penny dramas and penny balls, and was ambitious to stand well with the free and independent society into which he had been born Naturally he naturally took to other forms of amusement such as gambling for twopence a game, taking bets on the favourite horses at the neighbouring races sporting on the properties of wealthy landlords with the enjoyment of convivial parties after the fatigues of the past day or of the previous night and to talk over their events while recruiting his wasted energies for future labours It too frequently happened, however in Jim's history that he was obliged to retire from public notice and to take up his abode in Bridewell He lost a lot of money and trouble that day and the public for all the good he had done

Why did the police annoy Jim M'Sweeney's history cause T T Fitzroy Esq to start up before the mind's eye

Another object as I have already hinted to me the same unsteady gentleman That was a huge locomotive which I saw one day lumbering in the street upon a truck drawn by a number of noble looking horses and accompanied by a crowd of men as its attendants The great machine with its smoke & chimney looked most majestic upon the sky line, yet most helpless and singularly useless It was a display of promise rather than of performance an embodied capacity of the power of doing rather than an affording evidence of anything having been done It was hope deferred though not in this case making the heart sick It was a vision of what might could or should be but in the meantime a work of art apparently thrown away, an immense expense and nothing for it a mere dream of fifty miles an hour lying asleep upon a truck Yet the engine had obviously a noble destiny But what I thought as I gazed upon it if this destiny was never realized? What if the locomotive had a will and resolved to live for itself alone and never to work or leave the station? or if it moved it all would run along the lines for amusement only, sounding its whistle to indicate its perfect ease, call itself aristocratic and puff its smoke in the face of Parliamentary trains as plebeian, and snort indignantly past all engines cutting them dead, that made vulgar alliances with goods trains, or did any work? and as this picture passed before my mind, I thought of T T Fitzroy, Esq

Why? Why did objects so utterly dissimilar find their unity in Mr T T Fitzroy? I shall tell you about him, and you may judge for yourselves

His father was a man of wealth, which he had amassed in the palmy days of Government contracts when accounts were passed by the House of Commons, with that ample generosity and gentlemanly spirit which became a great nation that did not mind the halfpenny But an additional fortune was settled, as I have already hinted, upon his only son, by his uncle, Mr Temple The one T, or 'Taddy," as he was called, had estates in Connemara, of which nothing remained except a

few family traditions with a hunting whip a coat of arms and a few other rags of owld decency' But the other I was more fortunate, or more saving I know not which for he left a large sum, after he himself had gone away from this world, somewhere or other While John Templ lived he possessed a vast number of things, without which h and existence even was an impossibility But he was obliged to leave these behind him, one midnight, when he suddenly departed, and how he has managed to live without them since no one here knows Thaddeus Templ Fitzroy inherited what was left, and his father felt so thankful that his possessions were "secured' to his son He like l the emphatic word His mother wept at the thought of her brother s generosity in leaving such a fortune behind him "It was *so* good in John, she said, "and *so* like himself She never could account for John s death It seemed an unwarrantable liberty on the part of the destroyer A slower death, in which the proprieties could have been gone through, had more respectability connected with it than the hurry, and want of ceremony, connected with John s sudden departure But she blamed the doctors and, above all the commercial spirit of the age which she alleged always weakened the brain Young Fitzroy, or Fitz, as he was called by every one except the servants, who of course prefixed the Litz by "Master," had a bringing up in every way worthy of his 'expectations' It was quite wonderful what was put to the debit of that boy, while the credit side of the ledger was singularly small Two nurses protected him dressed and undressed him, fed him, walked with him coaxed him, coddled him sung to him, played with him, and they had enough to do in the due discharge of their important duties! Who could enumerate the frocks and frills the lace and ribbons, with which he was adorned in his babyhood As years advanced, how carefully selected and prepared was the diet for his fine organization, what suits were cut, and sewed, and fitted to his precious body what toys and pictures were bought to meet the demands of his taste, what attention was paid to the likings, fancies, requirements of Master The very winds of heaven, and rains of earth, were expected to consider his convenience Governesses and tutors taught him, and seldom gave any satisfaction for the work of bringing up such a boy was immense, the solemnity appalling! This teacher was vulgar, that other too severe, and Fitz himself, the best judge of course, did not like either them or their lessons The manner in which his birth days were kept the distinguished reception he received at table, the presents which were spread at his feet, the multitude of agreeable sensations which were concentrated upon his mind and body, all proclaimed that the event of his birth was of singular importance

Now, we may, without presumption, look at this first decade from a commercial point of view and accordingly ask any practical man to consider as a mere matter of business, what in his opinion young Fitzroy would cost' or for what he himself, if "in that line would board this young gentleman, and bring him up suitably to his high calling in society? And when he has made up his account, let him consider further how many ordinary families could be decently supported for the same sum? Now in my humble opinion, the starling in the meantime was unquestionably a better investment, for the Chartist was far more cheery, sang with a much sweeter voice, repeated with greater gusto and greater constancy such wise, moral apothegms as I itz could not undertake to deliver correctly in a whole year The starling, moreover, cost less in food and raiment, required less attendance, less medicine while he never screamed to get out of his cage, nor ever disliked the hand that fed him, never summoned the family around him to soothe his nerves with sweetmeats, or to dry his tears, poor bird! with cambric handkerchiefs, or to bathe his feet with hot water, or to cool his temples with Eau de Cologne, or to promise him a new hobby-horse if he did not cry But then Fitz was but preparing for something great He was a locomotive on *transitu* for the rails and roar of life He must be educated in a way worthy, let it never be forgotten of his *expectations*' An immense work obviously lay before him If this little germ was so carefully preserved the temperature so regulated in which it was reared, the soil so rich in which it was rooted —all this was no doubt in order that a splendid plant with corresponding fruit might be produced in the end Look at his childhood in the light only of this bright hope, and it looks proper, pleasing, and amiable

'Don t you think that I itz should be sent to some school asked old Fitzroy one evening ad dressing his wife, as they sat alone, at the drawing room fire 'To school exclaimed Mrs Fitzroy with astonishment "For what purpose? He does not, you know, with his expectations, require education, as if he had to go to the bar, the church, or do something to gain his bread' 'Very true," said Mr Fitzroy, "but you know it is rather the right *thing* to do—to send a boy to one of our public schools, and afterwards to a university" But Mrs Fitzroy could not bear the idea of sending her boy where strong boys might hurt his fine body or rude boys hurt his fine feelings, or diligent boys put his indolence to shame Fitz was not made for that sort of life, besides, it was wholly unnecessary, considering his "expectations

Mr Fitzroy, who was beginning to feel his son rather troublesome and in the way, at last suggested a genteel' private school, where he would 'pay a handsome, a very handsome board, and where the master would act in accordance with Mrs Fitzroy s views of education" Fitz passed a great portion of his second decade at some such school, with an accommodating teacher, and when he left it, the deepest conviction which the school had made on his mind was that its lessons were a dreadful "bore" He carried home the nicknames of the master, a vivid impression of the fun he had enjoyed, the tricks he had played, the lots of money he had spent, and the 'wild fellows," among the boarders, with whom he had become acquainted

This decade of Fitz's life at last culminated in the production of "a young fellow" What an epoch that was for his family, for the world, and above

all for himself! His demands upon creation were amazingly increased, and required a number of acres to furnish the harvest which could fill his barns The clothes for that body—now increased to nearly six feet—were necessarily varied, select, and in all respects fitting It required also much time and trouble on the part of various classes of artizans to produce that grand result which walked along the fashionable promenade at the fashionable hour During the year, the sum total expended from that toe to that crown for morning dresses walking dresses, and evening dresses, for riding, driving hunting, for the hands for the head, for the feet, in varied texture and shape was incalculable And then the body demanded and received a horse to carry it, a barouche to wheel it, a servant to dress it, and go messages for it, and other attendants to minister indirectly to it And it required too, within itself —being what in Scotland is termed "a self contained house"—the choicest viands to support it and to cheer it, at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, and a little before going to bed, and dancing was arranged to exercise it in an easy way, and agreeable society, to please it and admire it, and music, to solace its large ears and whatever was gay and brilliant to delight its large eyes The only great law was, that nothing was to presume to "home" it the universe was ordained to pour its treasures at its feet, and minister to all its craving appetites Other young fellows were, of course, summoned around it to gratify its humours and its vanities by their smiles, conversation, ready sympathy and congenial tastes In slang language, T T Fitzroy was 'a fast young man' He cultivated ignorance of everything but what a whipper in could comprehend, a horse jockey sympathize with, or a groom descant upon He trained himself to wonder at nothing, to be apparently uninterested in everything that did not enter into the remarkably narrow world of "a young fellow By and by, his mother became, of course, "the Matriarch," his father 'the Governor,' every clergyman "a parson, books, "novels and stuff As for religion it was a sort of mysterious institution, whose existence was recognised like that of a poor relation but not admitted into familiar intercourse, though a distant nod might be given it, on rare occasions when it could not be cut dead But beyond this it was, "of course, a sort of thing which a young fellow had nothing to do with,' while the inward conviction was strong enough to convey the faint impression that besides having some connexion, he knew not how, with catechisms and long sermons, it contained in its articles vulgar rules of life, which, "of course, a young fellow could not comply with"

Mr Fitzroy had, even at this stage, cost a great deal more than poor Jim the convict, and he tossed no oakum as Jim did, to bear even a small portion of his expense I am not sure but the convict was unfairly treated, supposing T T Fitzroy and he lived under the same laws Poor M'Sweeney's early habits were much the same as Mr Fitzroy's, but were indulged at far less expense M'Sweeney's clothes were indeed chiefly for summer wear, if one might judge from the free access which the breeze had to every part of them, and their consequent coolness Nor did his boots fit so well, not being Parisian, but home made, and second or third hand His operas were not so well got up, nor were his balls so select, while his sport was, from the injustice of keepers, more by night than by day, his cards, too, were blacker, and his gambling debts less heavy But it was not poor M'Sweeney's fault that his tastes were not gratified to a larger extent It is true that he became a criminal, having appropriated, without the consent of the owner, a pocket handkerchief from a respectable grocer, who had several, and, on a raw and gusty day, when very hungry, he very rashly rushed off with three herrings and a few potatoes from a shop door, in breach of all the rules of fair dealing which are never transgressed by gentlemen, except for aristocratic sums that destroy banks and railways or ruin shareholders Thus was, no doubt, very wicked in him, and one would be horrified by such a breach of the most ordinary ideas of good manners, to associate that polished, good looking well got up young fellow, Mr Fitzroy, with that snub nosed, large mouthed and underbred, ragged, ignorant and utterly neglected M'Sweeney But were there no black marks against Mr Fitzroy? Nothing criminal in him before a higher tribunal? No blasphemies ascending to heaven from his lips? No pouring into the ear of vile temptations and of viler successes? No robberies and murders of human souls dear to God? No corruption in thought, in language, or in purpose? No sewers of iniquity moving, still and fetid beneath that flowery outside, as beneath a bed of gay flowers, that feed and grow strong on corruption? The police knew nothing about him, but the angels and One higher knew something about him!

Yet, what said his companions regarding him? They maintained that "a thoroughly good fellow was Paddy Fitzroy" "A little wild, of course, but they liked him extremely' "He was so good hearted, was "lucky too from having lots of money,' and "much to be envied as he had nothing to do on earth but to amuse himself" So thought the select few who had the honour of basking in the sunshine of young Fitzroy, and who were always ready to return his rays with corresponding beams of greater or less intensity

'Who is that young man?' asked Miss Dallas, as she and Jane peered from their glasses from the corner of a ball room "Oh that is young Fitzroy, who has bought Broomley,' replied Jane, and Mr. Fitzroy was introduced to the *élite* of the *haut ton* in the provincial town, and not a few were pleased at making his acquaintance, and various coteries discussed his "expectations," and descanted on his "possessions," and various hopes were expressed that they might have the pleasure of meeting him very soon again, and of paying their respects to him All this was natural and kind, and a homage which was most pleasing to Mr Fitzroy So he waltzed and galloped and wheeled about the room with his chin up, a star of the first magnitude, while planets, more or less brilliant, accompanied him in his orbit It is too bad to associate such a constellation as this with that dull, vulgar wick lamp—poor M'Sweeney, at his penny ball. Yet, Mis-

roy [illegible] chap

Thirsk [illegible] mother began by [illegible] remember [illegible] at [illegible] only the day when Mr Fitzroy attained his majority What a gathering of tenants on horseback and on foot with white favours and flags, while the town band was [illegible] roundly playing See the Conquering Hero [illegible] and beer was poured forth ad libitum, [illegible] there was dancing in the evening and a procession of children in the afternoon, and [illegible] by Mr Fitzroy as he stepped out from [illegible] of brilliant colours of blue coats and splendid dresses of ladies from the Hills Castles Houses and Lodges in the neighbourhood with old Fitzroy looking majestic and Mrs Fitzroy smiling and the old nurse prominent and the servants with plush and white stockings inside and [illegible] servant Young Fitzroy did his part to the best of his ability, and then there was [illegible] allowed after the great dinner to enquire [illegible] was 'the toast of the evening and [illegible] more so it was the health of Mr and Mrs Fitzroy with "one cheer more and then after rushes of firing there were a few sleeping shots for the tenantry and other hangers-on of the family and all were social and happy and [illegible] very delightful evening and everything was pronounced suitable to a young man's expectations Never were dukes entered upon with more promise He [illegible] was frequently remarked the hall at Thirsk [illegible] was truly established as a county man One likes to contemplate such harmonious proceedings Well we say, here is a fresh start Let us hope that these twenty years have laid up store of some good or other to be spent [illegible] during future years We are disposed if we could venture on such a liberty to take the young Fitzroy by the hand and whisper such a very sober advice even as, "Be a man and a useful one and to express the wish that he might act worthily of his position in society, with youth, health money time influence, and gifts innumerable

Mr Fitzroy has now entered on his third and fourth decades These two years in his life we must consider as one They were characterised by the same features, and do not demand a separate analysis I may mention that it was during this period that his father and mother departed this life for another one The wife survived her husband several years Neither old Mr Fitzroy's illness nor death was marked by anything very peculiar It had been noticed for some months that he was falling away—then he became ill, but not seriously—then kept his bed—did not rally as was expected—new symptoms—an eminent physician summoned for consultation—better—not so well—worse—the party at the castle put off—expected visits delayed—alarmingly ill—expresses galloping to and fro—Fitzroy sent for and comes from the shooting, too late to find his father conscious No hope Old Mr Fitzroy is dead

Then followed the days of mourning the enormous expenditure of black cloth on church pews and walls, on chairs, on coaches on servants There were escutcheons and symbols of deep grief requiring a very genius of an undertaker to contrive and execute But who has so little feeling as to examine closely tradesmen's bills at marriages or funerals It would look as if in either case the things of this life could occupy the thoughts, which would be an insult to the living or to the dead object of affection Some tradesmen assume the fact and act accordingly

Mr Fitzroy passed the usual period of sorrow in the usual way when conventionalism has been a habit of the soul She mourned properly and received the full measure of sympathy due to a person in her position She spoke as she had never condescended to do before with reference to 'religion' She acknowledged the necessity of submission In fact he said it could not be helped and she expressed her comfort in knowing that he at last that now was happy and that she would be days or with him again to share the joys of heaven as she had shared the joys of earth, and that as for this world it was one only of sorrow and suffering Poor old lady! This was always her religious speech after reluctance to her friends who made their last formal call of condolence Then followed a few years when she went down the valley of years with becoming dignity She became composed and gradually mingled with society and compared the old and the new dresses, and managed wonderfully much to make black glitter Then she had two or three cottages near the gate the very models of beauty and cleanliness which all ladies visited and the old clergyman and good curates between breakfast and lunch on were expected to examine where the keepers wife curtseyed in the one and the coachman's wife in the other and the children of both bowed and everything was so shining, and pure, and polite and reverential that as she remarked, "it reminded one of Sir Roger de Coverley" And the old nurse had a house also, and expected a visit and declined except when pressed, to accept of half a crown And she was the family chronicle and seemed the guests what dear people the family were How she was ready with her tears (for I really think she did weep) for old Mr Fitzroy was a mystery to Jemima the keeper who had frequently heard her declare that she considered him an old sneak Then, finally, there was at the village Mrs Fitzroy's "Dame's school understood to be a standing memorial of charity, for it was rent free, and the old dame called Mrs Fitzroy My Lady' These spectacles were part and parcel of Mrs Fitzroy's establishment like her flower garden and her boudoir But at last she died I know not how, but I believe suddenly But she passed away into the unseen, and the place that had known her knew her no more

What a tragedy is life! Yet from its incongruities how many are its serio comic aspects! It often looks in such a mingled light that it is doubtful whether we weep or laugh Our laughter has its irresistible tears, and our tears have smiles mingled with them Did any person mourn for poor old Mr Fitzroy or his wife' who were sleepless for them' who woke with a hollow sense in the heart of something having been lost' who had a cloud the size of a man's hand in their sunny sky for them' Some felt disappointed that their

deaths marred their party, the inhabitants of the cottages conducted how it would affect their interests. Walters, the coachman got drunk the night of the death, with Tomkins the keeper on the ground that they had had so much to do during the day and the nurse speculated about her mourning, Mrs Fitzroy's maid Trotter had a quarrel with the housekeeper about the arrangement of my lady's wardrobe.

When poor Tom Inett by the preacher was ill, it was wonderful what good he received from Mr Jenkins the methodist who tried to bring him to a sense of his sins. Tom became a very different man in him but not until his soul was riddled and dissected with close and truthful examinations.

Now Tom Mr Jenkins would say 'speak the truth,' Answered me Tom,' I will just ask you Tom whether I see Tom down on his knees in that way come to the point. Honest and kind personal dealing produced a remarkable and permanent change in Tom's character. The old rector Mr Markham had also done a world of good to poor Susan Larkfield in the village. He had visited her often, was moved at her ignorance though she was living in a Christian land and attending Christian ordinances. But he was determined, he said that she should know her ignorance by being instructed in the truth, and most thankful she was for all his faithful ministrations. A good neighbour even was not rejected who with roughest yet kindly hands endeavoured to save Tom or Susan from the deep waters in which they were sinking. But with poor old Mr Fitzroy and his wife at Broomley, it was different. It was difficult it was alleged to take such liberty with them. It was hard to question *their* ignorance, or examine their consciences or call them to repentance or hint at the possibility of their lives having been vain, selfish and ungodly. Would it not have been so vulgar, fanatic methodistical, so odd and unfeeling to say anything to disturb the serene quiet of that sick chamber or to suggest any possible danger to be escaped any good to be earnestly sought for, or insist on anything so out of the way for them as conversion repentance, or a new heart? To soothe comfort and give 'peace at any price" was what was expected. Were there no friends, no true brothers, no one that really loved them in the deepest sense, who would hazard all to do their souls good? Oh, friends! oh, brothers! Poor, miserable, selfish men are we all apt to be! and so in hours of darkness and moral weakness we have been afraid to act out what we say we believe, and we seek rather to save our own little reputation for an hour, than our brother's good for ever!

So Mr and Mrs Fitzroy died, were buried, and were marvellously soon forgotten. No doubt young Fitzroy sometimes prefaced stories after dinner, or when walking in the grounds, by saying, "My poor father, or my poor mother intended to do so and so," or "they used to make it a rule to do this or that." But yet both passed away, except in their portraits, and there they remain in the dining room, dressed in the top of fashion, and smiling, the one with a telescope in his hand, as a sporting man on a breezy autumnal day, and the other with a fan in her hand in full dress. But as for themselves, where are they?

And now I must give my undivided attention to Mr Fitzroy. That a man such as he had now arrived who we could naturally expect after this long, waiting to see these expectations realised in a becoming manner, the hope of which was assumed as justifying the huge expenditure and present habits of so many years. That expenditure, during the last twenty years of his life remained a very respectable fact. My brain grows dizzy as I attempt to enumerate by means of any measure at my command what that gentleman cost the universe during that long period. Yet all was quite consistent with the lesson which he seemed to teach himself with unswerving diligence — Soul, take thine ease thou hast much goods laid up for many years eat drink and make merry.' What an incredible number of black faced waddlers were brought down from their hilly fells and from the margin of the spring to feed on rich pasture before being presented by a gloved servant as roast mutton to Mr Fitzroy! What hundreds ceased to sport on the green uplands to furnish him with chops seasoned with mint sauce! What bullocks were killed to produce juicy steaks or noble roasts garnished with horse radish! What flocks of poultry ceased to cackle in the farm yard to be laid in silence before him! Grateful deer surrendered their haunches for him and pigs their hams. Residents of every kind were contributed by bountiful mother earth aided by kindly and expensive treatment. Abroad the choicest grapes were gathered transferred to vats and from vats to bottles and the bottles with sundry passages at custom houses and bonded warehouses reached at last Mr Fitzroy's cellars and were duly opened to cool his thirst and refresh his languid energies. Butchers grocers saddlers, coal miners, tailors hat makers, bootmakers grooms, gardeners, coach builders servants and tradesmen of every name worked day and night for him. The boundaries of the fields from which he reaped included the most distant regions —tea and coffee plantations in the east and sugar plantations in the west. The universe was taxed to feed and clothe him and to minister to every taste and impulse.

Now, the question must surely press itself upon us more than ever, what was the gain to the universe from his existence? What return did Mr Fitzroy make for his expenditure of forty years? A thousand rivulets flowed into this sea of his. Was it a dead sea, so far below the level of things as they ought to be, that not one stream issued out of it of its own sweet will' to turn a mill, refresh a cottage home, give drink to a weary pilgrim, or even to wash an orphan's face? What, I ask with anxiety, was the grand result of all that has been done for and given to this one man? You very naturally reply, "He had his tenantry to look after, or his own household to govern well, or his duties as a country gentleman to discharge. He had to do a thousand things in which to make himself useful, and to contribute his quota to the good and happiness of society, for society obviously requires the aid of such men as have influence and time at their disposal, and who can do what others without these gifts cannot do so well, or indeed do at all." But let me assure you that Mr Fitzroy

would do now of these things, because one of his first principles in middle life, as well as in youth, was never to be 'bored.' In order to be consistent this involved a daily protest against transacting any business whatever, which made the slightest demands upon his time or trouble, or which he could get any other person to do for him. Such was his life upon its negative side. Its positive side was manifested in devotion to one grand aim and object, and that—let us out with the grand secret—it was—*sport!* What a care and anxiety this cost him! What calculation—what foresight—what money—what skill! His annual calendar was arranged by sport. His day was divided by sport. All his plans for life were regulated by the pre-eminent demands of sport. All his expectations in life culminated in sport. There was one period of the year consecrated for shooting ducks in one part of Europe, and for killing salmon in another. One season for deer-stalking grouse, or for deer-stalking in the Highlands; another for shooting pheasants or partridges in more cultivated regions, while fox-hunting or horse-racing filled up the intervals. 'And pray what was wrong in this?' may possibly be asked. "Can any man be blamed for taking a recreation?" Certainly not, if his recreation means a relaxing anew of his energies for something worth living for. Let it be granted that it is a pleasant and an invigorating thing for soul and body to wander and ramble, "by the burnside and no think long," or pace across the grassy heath gun in hand, or tramp through the turnip-field or beat the leafy cover in a fresh autumnal day in search of game. Most busy and toiled men, with minds exhausted or nerves shattered from too severe labour, would envy those who could enjoy such pleasant recreation. Let it be granted, even, if you will that a burst across the country, for a light weight and with a good horse, is a joyous thing, and that a fox, if he were a conscious being might reasonably make it a natural object of his ambition, and a boast among his more grovelling and thievish companions, that he attracted country gentlemen and members of both houses of Parliament, Her Majesty's ministers, and diplomatists regulating the affairs of Europe, with renowned officers of both services, to follow his tail and risk their lives to obtain it. Yet is this all the return which is expected from any man for what is given to him? Is this a means only whereby to attain some end of existence worthy of man, or is this, or amusement in any shape or form, man's chief end? Is it for this that he is born, fed, clothed, tended, and educated? Is it to enable a man to live to himself, even in a form free from vice or crime, that creation groans to keep him alive? "And yet," you perhaps exclaim, "it might have been worse." True, but, alas! that it was not better! How sad when the prevalence of crime makes us thankful for mere folly! Is the young man who wraps his talent in a napkin to be commended because he is not a burglar? Is he not "a wicked and slothful servant" who does no good even though he is free from vice and crime?

Now, Fitzroy was evidently fit for something more than mere amusement. His information on dogs and horses indicated a good memory and an inquiring mind. No man without some grasp could comprehend the intricacies of *Tattersalls* as he did. Yet he continued to profess ignorance on every other branch of human knowledge. Everything serious was pronounced to be 'humbug,' or a 'bore.' The progress of the human race was nothing to him in comparison with the way in which his dog Rollo worked among the turnips, or the retriever in the cover. The consideration of how Jemmy Scott lost or won the race kindled his energies in a way which the state of the four quarters of the globe would never have done. Now is he not like the locomotive I spoke of? Look at him after dinner cracking his walnuts with Colonel Travers! Does he not simmer in his shed with as much steam up as makes a quiet under song? His brass plates too are so beautifully polished. His coals and water have been given at the right time and in the right quantity, and he feels so comfortable—especially as he has run along the line in the forenoon and exercised his wheels to digest the coals. Yet after all, of what actual use is he? Very true in spite of himself, and by the very law of selfishness he is compelled to spend his money and hundreds reap the benefit of his expenditure. He cannot help this. It is beyond his will, and from no self-seeking choice, but solely from self-gaining intentions. The locomotive, if it never moved from off the truck, or remained inside its shed or rushed off the rails over a bank would still indirectly have been the means of giving food by its very structure, to many artisans. But its personal merits would not have increased had it been built and supported by a fortune left it by a late broken-down engine, once the glory of the express, but latterly, when it became asthmatic, attached to the heavy goods train.

And now we enter upon Mr Fitzroy's last term of existence which was rather a long one, and differed considerably in several circumstances from his previous decades.

One morning, in a snug room, within the old posting-house of the Red Lion, three of the Broomley Hunt were breakfasting. Without, the day was clear and sunny, the ground crisp with a slight frost, the atmosphere bracing, with a soft breeze, and the sky cloudless. Within, the fire blazed, the urn hummed, and the pure white table was covered with an ample breakfast, and the white-headed waiter, John Collins, attended, as he had done in the same room for nearly half a century. Tom Jenkinson stood near the fire, opening up the *Times*, which had just been laid upon the table. Colonel Travers was beginning breakfast, and young Clinton was pouring out the tea, when both were arrested by Jenkinson exclaiming, "Hillo! Fitzroy dead!" "Dead!" said Clinton, pausing and turning round, while the Colonel laid down his knife and fork. "You don't say so?" "Died at Hamburgh on the 19th, of a sudden illness caused by exposure, T. T. Fitzroy, Esq., of Broomley Hall, ——shire." "I see how it was," remarked the Colonel, "he went, I know, to shoot ducks on the Elbe. That accounts for it. Poor fellow!" "Upon my honour," said Clinton, "I am very sorry; I am really." "I could hardly

believe my eyes," said Jenkinson, "but there is no doubt of the fact, here it is Had we only known sooner, we should not have had our meet to day so near the house, but we cannot help it now" "Luckily, there is no one there to mourn for him," said the Colonel 'Who succeeds?" asked Clinton "I have not an idea— I believe it will go to the Temples," said Colonel Travers "You envied him his grey mare the other day, Clinton You can have her now,' remarked Jenkinson "Well, it is a horrid idea, after all, replied Clinton, 'to think of dividing his things already, and he so lately amongst us' "Such is life,' said the Colonel "It is like marriations after battle He to day, you and I to morrow Such is life, and so on it goes' Collins, some more toast, and a *little* thinner, please' Yes such is life, and so on it goes'

'I have very sad news for you," said Charlotte to her husband, the young rector of the parish, as she entered his study that same morning with a newspaper in her hand "It is very shocking indeed Poor Mr Fitzroy is dead," and she read the announcement Then followed a few minutes of silence, and Mr Garrett said, "I am much shocked and much grieved by the intelligence Poor fellow! So sudden! Among strangers too I hope, from my soul, he was prepared Do you know Charlotte, that it is at such times that one feels how natural prayers for the dead are, but I know they are vain" "I hope, dearest, replied his wife, "our prayers for him, when living, were heard and answered, and that, perhaps, when dying if not before, he thought more seriously The rector was what is called a High Churchman, but within an outside circle made up of decorations, and rubrics, and "principles," there was a very loving, earnest Christian heart, which represented the real man He was not a temple of mere outer courts, altars, and priests, but had within all a holy of holies, in which the Divine light shone Soon after coming to the parish the young rector had taken an opportunity of helping Fitzroy to become a more thoughtful and different man What gave occasion to this was an application to the rector for advice by a woman from a neighbouring town who demanded more generous aid for her children The claim for obvious reasons was a just one But the conversation which ensued, though conducted by the rector with all the unobtrusive propriety of a gentleman, yet with the truth and righteousness of a Christian minister, had been anything but satisfactory, and the spirit which Fitzroy had manifested, the cold, calculating language which he used, had produced the most painful impression on Mr. Garrett. "It is a mystery of evil," he said, "to think of such cases! Men, educated men, regular on the whole at service, making the responses, assenting with their lips to this petition, with 'Good Lord deliver us,' and to that commandment, with 'Lord enable us to keep this law,' and yet, though it seems dreadful to say it, and looks uncharitable even to think it, the conviction was forced upon me, in Fitzroy's case, of his never having received the simplest verities of the Christian religion, or having possessed an idea almost of its essentials in faith or practice." "I must try and hope," replied his wife, "though it is very solemn, the thought of a hushed life going up to God for judgment" "And the words of Christ true!" added Mr Garrett thoughtfully "How one feels,' he continued, "at such times what it is to carry, as it were, the burden of another's sin as well as our own Yet, we are too selfish and too unloving to carry but a very small part of it, and that very feebly Alas, poor Fitzroy! He is in the hands of perfect righteousness and love May God deliver us from evil!' "What relations has he left?' inquired his wife 'I know of none," was the reply, "except those two worse than orphan children with that woman whom you saw here" "I remember her, dressed as a widow— the remains of good looks—lady like, but somewhat looking!' 'The same The story is a deeply sad one, and was under the seal of secrecy until now I could not tell it I feel it an oppressive burden to connect it with Fitzroy I wonder if they are provided for?' "I should think not Fitzroy told me that if she was civil, and did not bore him, he might possibly settle an annuity upon her and them, but his sudden death, no doubt has prevented his doing so But I shall go to Broomley, and see if I can be of any use there'

When Mr Garrett went to the Hall he found that Mr Weatherby, the man of business, had just arrived Weatherby was a little dark man with a quick eye, and a most honourable spirit, a lawyer of high standing and of large practice He was glad to meet Mr Garrett, and to have the benefit of his advice "Who succeeds?" asked the Rector "His cousin, Mr Temple, beyond doubt,' replied Mr Weatherby, "a thorough gentleman, who will be a blessing to the parish and to the district" 'Did Fitzroy leave a will?' 'No," replied Mr Weatherby, with a sharp and disappointed voice "I often urged him to do so, but he disliked being troubled, and so he procrastinated from day to day, always intending to do it, but it has never been done And so all is now over' For several reasons I wish he had carried out his intentions" "And I, too," added the Rector "I think I know what you mean," replied the agent, catching Mr Garrett's expression. "I feel assured, however, that Mr Temple will attend to that painful business, and act justly and generously" "But," he continued, "the servants are a set of selfish creatures They think only of themselves It is human nature, perhaps, and cannot be severely criticised. But I have been pestered with their demands The nurse asked how she was left, and the housekeeper how *she* was left, while she is quarrelling with the housemaids, and puffing through the house as if this death was intended to be a personal insult, and to put her to inconvenience. The male servants want wages and board wages, and to be off immediately And the only one who seems to have any heart is little Sam, the groom. There he is, and he seems to wish to speak to us." "What *can* I to do with Master's mare?" asked Sam, as he came up with his cap in hand, and touching his forehead. "He ordered her to be sent to Mr Nash, at Stamford, and gave me ten pounds for to pay expenses. Now here is the ten pounds, because I have paid nothing yet. In fact, I don't

know what to d It is a terrible business this gentleman fell to sure you A sort of thing as how I can't stand And so Sam turned round his right l with its row of buttons, and turned his face still farther away in the same direction that hung at something in his pocket till he found a little handkerchief which he seemed to require for his eyes

There was no other symptom of grief within the limits of that property by and by every thing in the house was asleep The servants were made comfortable, and retired to rest The night came with its quiet stars, and the house looked what and ghostlike in the moonlight The trees in the ground on the terraces The leaves of the laurels glittered with specks of gold Masses of shadow were cast from the great trees in the park Not a sound was heard but the ripple of the fountain that went round the basin and the wandering owl, with indistinct noises from afar And so deep sleep, with the shadow of night, fell over Broomley, while poor Fitzroy slept the deeper sleep in a *Gottesacker*, near Hamburg

'Take heed, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth

'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee then whose shall those things be that thou hast provided' So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God

'Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches but in the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy, that they do good that they be rich in good works ready to distribute willing to communicate laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come that they may lay hold on eternal life

NORMAN MACLEOD

AN ARTISAN'S STORY

BY WILLIAM BROWNE

You ask my story I have it
A dull and even life
Little to hope for less to fear
Save little ones and wife
But those sweet chimes strung in the bells
Like them merry singing,
They minded me of the Christmas morn
My marriage bells were ringing,
When thinking not of things above
I found that hope of heaven love

At that imperfect time when youth
Turns back on early years
And hurrying down to manhood off
Takes childhood back in tears—
—working hand and throbbing heart—
Mourning the years passed over me
Turned from the early heaven behind
And saw a heaven before me
Plain words, I married—saw the sky
Unclouded in a bride's blue eyes

We twain were poor, folk called our match
A hasty match and mad,—
But when two earnest hearts combine
To make each other glad
With work to do and hands to work
There's little fear of fooling—
(Besides our training was not much
And we had little schooling)
We joined our hands and made a plight
To help each other as we might

There's something in a woman's face
Invincible in trust,
It wears a kind of second soul
Through men of meanest dust
To hearts like mine, slow blunting down,
To selfish aims and uses,
A woman often vindicates
The folly she produces
And she I married came to bless
A heart grown hard with loneliness

A slender girl with soft brown hair
A stately girl and tall
In fact a woman plump and fair
And not a girl at all
A bustling buxom busy lass
Complete in love and duty
Which making all things else its care
Caught half the given beauty
A little woman wifely wise
With laughing babes in arms

II

God interposes purer things
Between our hearts and toil
Sweet flowers that take the sun and rain
But bloom on shifting soil
But at the best the heart ground down
In narrow creeds and feelings
Becomes a sunless heart and blind
To most divine revealings—
A hearth flame growing scant and thin
And often going out in sin

The ambler down the road of life
Upon an easy pad,
May bid us eat in joy because
The world he sees is glad,
But Beauty dwells in time and place,
Parch'd throats are sorry preachers
And I have thought that toil and want
Are gross and evil teachers—
They choke the undeveloped trust
The seed of godhead, down to dust

For faith in God and beauty grows
From faith in man and woman
From that freemasonry of hope
Embracing all things human,
And those who deem their brother man
Cold, loveless, false to duty,
Subtract this want of loveliness
From God the Father's beauty
The man who hes with smiling eye
Deems every smiling face a lie

Religion shapes itself to life
  And grows from thoughts and deeds,
And he who questions his own Soul
  Must question all the creeds;
Oh, often, when my lot seem'd hard,
  And bitter thoughts would win me,
I've asked if God could be, because
  I found no God within me—
I knew not then, as now I know,
Doubt is the shade God casts below.

When times were bitter, hard, and cold,
  And want was bringing pains,
When wages fell, and starving men
  Were gnawing at their chains,
My heart grew hard and seemed stone-dead,
  My tongue was oft unruly—
I curst myself for bringing want
  On her who loved so truly.
(Two years had passed since we were wed—
A child was coming, to be fed.)

But profits must touched my heart,
My blood felt fresh and free,

When Wife brought forth the little
And set him on my knee.

Well, times grew harder every day,
  My life grew hard, lives will,
But when I knew the child was near
  My life grew harder still;
I cursed my marriage in my heart,
  My fire and folly rueing—
For babes must eat, and bread was dear,
  And there was nothing doing—
I thought hard thoughts and frowned to see
The patient face that smiled on me.

I knew the man who crushed us down,
  Who sat in pomp and peace,
Denied the right the wretched have
  To marry and increase;
I thought of this with bitter heart,
  Half owning and half scorning,
And while the woman lay apart
  I cursed my marriage morning;
Methought I saw a birth accurst,
With body starving, soul a-thirst.

And when our ailing marriage tree
Put forth its baby bud,
I blew daily the fire and felt
A demon in my blood,
I cursed the men that kept us down,
I cursed the coming morrow,
I cast my bitterness at God
With more of hate than sorrow,—
But I confessed His just control
By owning Satan in my soul!

But gentler music touched my heart,
My blood felt fresh and free,
When Wife brought forth the little one
And laid him on my knee,
Like Ilus dreamy querulous face,
And eyes that laughed so drolly,
I mingled with the innocence
That made him seem so holy—
The Future seemed a fairer place,
And took the sweetness of his face

And so when times were black and hard,
When men were grim with strife
Our dove came with its olive branch
To bless our ark of life,
Over our little helpless one
Wife leant in tearful blisses,
And I could see her marriage ring
Blush back between her kisses—
A patient sign that, born from death
Christ then was in our Nazareth

Christ came in stainless infant robes
To heal the wounds of earth
And Christ, I do believe, returns
In every baby birth,
A laughing wisdom lights his face,
And calm as in his carriage
He routs the Pharisees within
The Temple men call Marriage,
And oft, while sense and eyes grow dim,
We leave our hearths and follow Him!

I thought, "This trouble is too weak
To drag a strong man down,
God gives a property in Love
Alike to king and clown,
This is an earnest, I believe,
Between our hearts and heaven,
That when we help each other on
The gift of strength is given"
How'er it be, I left the door
With thrice the strength I had before.

And being young and hale and stout,
I drove the clouds away,
And when times brightened, blessed the wife
Who taught me tears that day,
I had been hot with those I served,
Unused to smooth professions,
And somehow that new face compelled
My mind to make concessions,
Joy came upon me in a flood—
A second boyhood in my blood

To thank those little pleading hands,
That little wife and true,
Should draw so many clouds apart
And show a sky so blue!
Oh, mine became a willing heart
That ruled a willing hand—
Wife, with my baby at her breast,
Was Lady of the land
Our hearts were prayers, our hopes were high,
And joy was with my wife and I

III.

Mine is an uneventful tale,
But take it at its worth—
It tells how simply lowly hearts
Grow out of lowly earth
For every sorrow, every sin,
That proved me bravely human,
I gained a broader faith in God,
Though broader faith in woman
A saving shame touched my years,
Tried with the mystery of tears

Hot angry blood was always mine,
Impatient of control,
But Love, unconscious veil I'm toil,
Kissed down my stormy soul
Those pleading hands, that patient hair,
Complete in hope and duty,
Wove in the gloomy web of work
A rainbow thread of beauty
I saw at last, and seeing there
The golden link 'twixt use and love

Love is another name for Use,
A bond of hand and heart,
Use is another name for Love—
They cannot dwell apart
Love is the poetry of toil,
And toil is faith supernal,
Framed as a human law to hint
The law of things eternal
Christ was of woman born to prove
Use, through the mystery of Love.

Oh ere I bravely swam to shore
From that unhappy wreck,
How wise was I to stay and tie
My jewels round my neck!
While the salt tears yet dimm'd mine eye,
Warm prayers my lips were saying,
With benediction of white hands
I stooped to kiss them, praying;
Caught, far away from petty things,
Within a mimic made by wings.

I vindicate the task of all
Who mean true love to life,
The help of heaven was with me when
I blessed my babe and wife
Measure not human love and use,
In flesh of man or woman
The mountains and the valleys share
The sun and stars in common—
The sun completes the mountain shower,
And both complete the valley flower.

THE OLD SEA COUNTRY

Has the reader ever stretched himself along the bottom of a boat in some sheltered sea bay, and, with his head leaning over the stern, peered down into the clear green depths below? If he has not let me assure him that one of the most luxurious of summer enjoyments is still in store for him, which he will do well to secure upon the first opportunity To lie with a wide brimmed hat in the warm noon tide and mark how the sunlight gleams on white sand and broad leaved tangle, some fathoms down, with here a spiny sea urchin, there a colony of shells, while fishes, of every size and form, dart to and fro through the brine, and crystal in hues float over the rippling surface, is like a voyage to a new world The pleasure, too will be increased tenfold if you provide yourself with a dredge, and, instead of being content with a distant view of this sea country, endeavour to bring up to the air some of its inhabitants You may thus explore the submarine depths with almost as much certainty (and assuredly with much more personal comfort) as if you went down with a diving apparatus, and made a personal inspection of the sea bottom I shall have more to say in a future paper about this sea country It is at present enough to point out that there are the remains of many sea bottoms on the land and that they are of different ages and contain the relics of different animals, that in short, we may say, there is no part of the land that has not at some time or other probably at many different times been under the sea and that the evidences of this submarine condition of things are usually sufficiently obvious

Just as you may sit in your boat and with a dredge bring up the creatures that live on the bed of the sea to day, so may you sit in a woody dell and with a hammer, break out of the stone the creatures that lived on the sea bed many ages ago And if you choose to look and think, you can have no more doubt that the organisms in the stone once lived, than that those which your dredge removes from the sea bottom were actually living there In the previous paper, we saw how one kind of fossils could prove the former existence of rivers, lakes, or estuaries over what is now a richly cultivated tract of country In the present chapter, I wish to show how fossils of another kind demonstrate the former presence of the ocean The process of reasoning is exactly similar in both cases. But the change in the form of the evidence may perhaps fix the conclusions more firmly in the reader's recollection, and thus enable him to conceive more thoroughly the grounds on which the deductions of geology are based. He has already made the acquaintance of the youthful band who explored so zealously the fossil contents of the lime quarry, and he will, I trust, bear with me for one chapter more, while I try to show him how the same band found out another lime quarry, with a totally different series of fossils, and how they guessed and blundered at the lessons which the new set of fossils had to teach them

About two miles from the spot where we began our geological labours, lay another quarry, from which lime had been extracted When we first heard of it from our one legged friend at the engine house, we set it down as a continuation of his lime work, the caverns of which seemed to run on underground to an indefinite length There seemed nothing unlikely in the identification of two limestones, only two miles distant from each other, as part of one seam So we spent a Saturday afternoon in the investigation of this second quarry

Like the first, it had been opened along the slope of a gentle hill and the excavations presented to our view a long line of caverns similar to those we had seen before But the quarry was disused and appeared to have been so for many years The roof had fallen down in many places the mouths of the caves had become well nigh choked up with rubbish and tangled gorse, and the heaps of debris, so fresh and clean in our own quarry, were here overgrown with grey lichens and green moss, damp and old The kilns had not been fired for many a day The cracks and rents that had fissured their walls from the fierce heat that once blazed within, were yawning ludicrously, as if a strong gale would hurl them with a crash, into the half buried cavern below Only one human habitation was near, a little cottage, moss grown and old where lived a little old woman, her skin brown and shrivelled as parchment, who was busy hanging out some linen on a neighbouring hedge Altogether, therefore, this second quarry had a very grave like, antique look, and we entered it with a kind of boyish wonder whether so different a scene would yield us the same treasures as we had found so abundantly only two miles off

It required but a cursory glance to show us that the two limestones were not the same In place of the yellowish brown or cream colour and compact dull texture of the first rock we had now a bluish grey, crystalline limestone, which yielded to the action of the weather more than in the other quarry, and mouldered with a white, crumbly surface The shale too, which covered this second limestone instead of being sometimes black and lustrous, or brown and charged with little cyprides, had a dull, bluish grey hue, and showed no sandstones, and no marked variations in their composition, although well enough banded with definite layers or strata

But, besides this outward disagreement, there was a still more striking difference in the fossil contents of the rocks. We searched long for traces of some of the plants so abundant at the scene of our first exploits, but found not a trace of one The cyprides, too, were entirely absent Not a single fragment of scale, bone, or tooth of fish could we discover, so that both lithologically and palæontologically, that is to say, both in mineral characters and in organic remains, the two limestones stood out as wholly distinct

This new limestone, however, had a suite of

fossils of its own, all of them new to us, and, of course, for some time, a source of great perplexity. The most frequent were little round broken stems, which looked not unlike fragments of tobacco pipes. They were formed of thin round plates, fixed closely to each other, as if so many small buttons had been firmly strung together in the form of short beaded stems. When broken across they showed a minute perforation in the centre, which increased the resemblance to pipe-stalks. These fragmentary stems occurred so abundantly in some parts of the limestone that it seemed to us to be almost entirely made up of them, just as in the first limestone certain portions appeared mainly to consist of the shells of the *Cypridæ*. There occurred also some long cylindrical stems, not like the last, nearly solid, but hollow, and divided into short chambers by transverse walls. If you suppose a stalk of oat straw to be partitioned off inside, by thin divisional laminæ, into innumerable little chambers, you will form some idea of the second kind of stem which turned up in this quarry.

There were also curved, tapering, wrinkled fossils, somewhat like rudimentary horns, and these, we could not hesitate, formed the ram's horns, which, according to the single-limbed philosopher at the other quarry, had been found here. But the idea that these organisms ever adorned the craniums of pre-Adamite rams was summarily and derisively rejected, though it was considerably easier to decide what they were not, than to conjecture what they were. Lastly, both in the limestone and in the shale above, but especially in the latter, shells of two or three species proved to be not uncommon. They were bivalves, that is, the shell consisted of two halves, as in the cockle of the present shores, but they differed widely, as we could see, from any cockle, and we hesitated to decide whether they were fresh-water or marine. Add to this, that with the exception of the first kind of stems none of the fossils were abundant, and few in a good state of preservation. Those in the limestone could not be got out without a woful amount of hammering, and looked very poor when at last they were extracted. Those in the shales, again, frequently crumbled to pieces in the act of lifting them. Hence we returned comparatively empty-handed, but with an amount of perplexity that fully compensated for the want of fossils.

After all kinds of blundering, we, at last, ascertained, partly from books and partly from the information of our seniors, that the stems like tobacco-pipes belonged to animals called stone-lilies or encrinites; that the stems with the chambered interior were the skeletons of a kind of coral; that the "ram's horns" formed part of another sort of coral; and that the various shells, like the other fossils, belonged to families that must have lived in the sea. We were urged, however, to visit a quarry about twelve or fourteen miles along the coast, where all the fossils we had found, along with many we had never seen, occurred abundantly, and in a good state of preservation. Another Saturday was accordingly devoted to the exploration of this new scene of wonders. The trip was by steamer, and formed doubtless the first independent voyage that most of our party had ever made, so everything was novel and full of interest. The morning proved fine, and after a pleasant sail of about an hour, we were landed in front of the quarries.

They proved to be of great extent. Unlike those we had previously seen, they were not excavated in deep underground caverns, but lay open to the sky, so that we could see the quarry-men hammering and blasting in the broad noonday, wheeling away the limestone in wagons, and emptying it into the line of enormous kilns that stood along the shore. And truly the magnitude of the excavations filled us with astonishment, for not only was there a long, deep hollow, in which hundreds of workmen were busy with hammer and rod, but all round us the ground had been quarried, and subsequently planted over with trees, some of which must have been thirty or forty years old. The first feelings of wonder having subsided, we set about the search for fossils, and ere long found them in profuse abundance. The stems that had attracted us in the quarry last mentioned occurred here in myriads; with them were hundreds of "ram's horns," corals, shells, and other organisms wholly new. Altogether we amassed a very respectable collection, and took home with us material enough to set our wits at work for many weeks after. Many of the specimens we found illustrated points of structure in those ancient animals which we had read of in books, but had never seen figured, and could never fully realize. The character of the whole group of organisms became gradually clearer, and we could restore in fancy the aspect of the old sea-bottom, whereon they lived, and moved, and died.

Since these youthful explorations, I have often visited the quarry, and have found fresh interest in it at every visit. There are quiet, tree-shaded nooks, where the din of the workmen is hushed by the distance, and where you may sit alone and undisturbed for hours, gathering up from the grass-grown mounds delicate corals and shells, with the stems of stone lilies; or trace the organisms as they lie crowded on the rock, from top to bottom of the steep cliff which hems in the northern side of the quarry. In this cliff a sea-bottom is laid bare, old beyond the power of man to conjecture. And here, in the gentle summer time, while the leaves wave green above you, as the breeze comes over the sea, and the blackbird and the thrush keep concert in the neighbouring coppice, you may walk among coral bowers and groves of the ocean, as real as any ever sung by poet.

But perhaps you ask, What is the evidence for this? If you were suddenly taken to an unknown region, and shown a lonely expanse of mud and rock, covered with tangle and barnacles, with here a bank of oysters, there a foundered wreck, while over the whole surface were scattered urchins, and corallines, and shells, what would you infer? Would you not say at once, even though the keenest eye could not descry the sea, that, nevertheless, the sea must have been over this tract of country? And if the whole were covered over with sand and mud, and then elevated into high and dry land, and you found the remains of the barnacles, and oysters

and the rest, only upon digging to some depth below the surface, you would still maintain that the district was once a sea bottom And why this inference? Simply because you know that all plants and animals have certain habitats which they cannot alter. If they are land plants, land plants they must remain If they are sea shells, they must continue sea shells so long as they endure And if you are safe in reasoning, that because one portion of the earth's surface is covered by the sea it can only nourish sea creatures, you are equally at liberty to argue that another portion, now land, but abounding with the remains of sea creatures (evidently not transported), must once have been covered by the sea Thus the organic and inorganic worlds are mutually significant, and from the known conditions of the one, we can, in a broad way, reason to the unknown conditions of the other

Thus then being the law in the existing creation, we cannot philosophically apply any other law to the creations that have passed away We see in the rocks the same patterns of mechanical skill, varied in arrangement, but identical in kind, the same types of structure differing in details, but pointing to identity of function with those which we can see and handle and dissect in the organic world of to day Such identity of structure can only be regarded as pointing to a similar identity of physical conditions For example, all stony corals at the present day live in the sea, and cannot live elsewhere They die if exposed for any length of time to the air, and inroads of fresh water check their growth, or even destroy them They are essentially marine animals If therefore we detect in the rocks of our solid lands the remains of organisms closely allied to, sometimes identical with, the corals that now live in the sea, we infer without hesitation that they too once lived in the sea, and consequently that their present site once formed a part of the floor of the ocean It is true that this line of argument may be stretched too far But when not brought too much into the region of details it remains as a safe guide through the dim vistas of the geological past

Following the clue thus obtained, we infer, with confidence, that the corals, encrinites, echini, and shells of the limestone in this picturesque quarry must have been marine, and therefore, as it is the land that changes level, not the sea, the scene of the quarry must once have stood many fathoms lower, beneath the ooze of an ancient ocean

It would be a pleasant task to describe some of these organisms, their interlacing net work and arms and branches, their little cells and chalices, their delicate sculpturing, and their graceful forms,—all wonderfully fresh in the heart of the stone But this will probably form the subject of a future paper. What I wish chiefly to insist upon at present, is the fact that these organic relics are worthy of our study, that they have a story to tell about a world which, though it passed away long ages agone, yet stands in intimate relationship to that in which we ourselves live and move, that, in fine, geology takes up the tale of these, and countless other organisms, imbedded in rocks of many different periods, and, by dove tailing them into each other, strives to frame a connected history of the changes of land and sea, and of the progressive march of life upon the surface of our planet Viewed in this light, the tiniest fossil is worthy of our regard It is invested with the halo of antiquity, and hands down to us memorials of lands and seas far earlier than the birth of man

I close this paper with the memory of the wooded quarry bright before me, as it lay some years ago, bathed in the light of an autumn sunset One mass of rock from which the rest has been quarried away, stands in a secluded coppice, overlooking the sea as if to show how thick the seam was before the quarry man began to remove it This mass has been exposed to the weather for many a long year Its steep sides are crowded with stone lilies and corals and shells, which stand out in relief like an arabesque fretwork The marks of the quarry man's tools have passed away, and a grey hue of antiquity has spread over the rock, aided by patches of lichen and moss, or by tufts of fern, that here and there have found a nestling place For here, as everywhere, where man has wasted and wounded the surface of the globe on which he dwells,

> Nature, softening and concealing,
> Is busy with a hand of healing

From this point, between the overhanging branches, you may watch the lights and shadows flitting athwart the distant hills, the breeze as it sweeps over the neighbouring sea in fitful sheets of darker blue and the sails for ever passing to and fro And then, turning round, there rises behind you this strange wall of rock—the bottom of an older sea, once doubtless rippled by the breeze, but never shadowed by a sail Surely there is enough in this contrast to fill a long evening with musings Keats has said that 'the poetry of earth is never dead,' and, like many an utterance of the true poet, the line has a breadth and depth of meaning beyond even his own ken The poetry of that old sea country, though buried for countless ages, has yet come forth from its sleep, fresh and living as ever Nay, it has even grown to be of a nobler kind, age has hallowed it, it is intensified too by its contrast with the poetry of the existing world, and both are dignified and consecrated by their relation to him who is the 1st born of creation—the goal to which all the past has pointed, and the centre in which past and present find their fitting consummation

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE

THE MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE.

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

CHAPTER X.

We must now return to Mr. Moore, of whom we have heard nothing during the stay of Tom Davenport and Harry Fitzgerald in the town of Brynford. Indeed, so far as the personages of our history were concerned, they had heard next to nothing of him either. He *did* call once, soon after the momentous evening of the young men's arrival, and once only, and little comfort the call afforded him. He had found Mrs. Davenport sitting working in the window, with a face paler and sadder than of late, but kind as ever in her greeting; and Tom was out fishing—so far well, between Mr. Moore and Tom there was a decided antagonism, but Tom's friend was there, *had* been there evidently some time, turning over a pile of new music, talking about it to Alice, singing to her accompaniment. It was plain to see that Mr. Moore's entrance disturbed both. Alice's greeting was a little embarrassed, and certainly cold. A reference that he made to the German studies so plainly increased the embarrassment, that there was no need to ask if she were inclined to resume them just now. The conversation between the two young men was laboriously unsuccessful. Neither seemed able to make a single remark that the other could follow up. Mrs. Davenport, with the tact of benevolence, came to the rescue, but Alice sat silent and bewildered, with a startled wild deer look in her beautiful brown eyes; or else by a sudden effort made some almost incoherent remark that by no means helped on matters. The young girl was visibly shocked at her own ingratitude, frightened by it, for she felt that morning that she almost hated Mr. Moore. And he had been so kind to her for a year past and more, and she had looked upon his visits as the greatest charm of her life. And now, as he sat there before her, his long throat and low shoulders, his straight light hair, his short-sightedness, his rather hesitating voice, all inspired her with an unconquerable repugnance, a shrinking, an antipathy. The colour rushed into her cheeks, remembering how differently she had felt a week before. There is nothing so obdurate, so cruel as a young girl's heart to the man she has once smiled on through flattered vanity merely; in the presence of one who has really awakened her love. Poor Mr. Moore, fortunately for him, could not read her thoughts quite accurately, else that worst drop, "wroth with one we love," might have been added to his bitter cup. But he saw enough. Some instinct told him that nothing could be so damaging to his hopes of an interest in Alice's heart as the power given her of contrasting him with young Fitzgerald, "splendidly handsome," as he was; yes, that Mr. Moore admitted to himself; but yet what manner of man must he be to have Tom Davenport, younger than himself, and as empty-headed a youth as you could find, for intimate friend? There could be no high intellect within that white forehead, he felt sure, and how as to the moral nature? A nameless something in the glance, the voice, tortured the curate's honest, jealous heart with the conviction that any love Harry Fitzgerald had to bestow was not a love timid and reverential as his own. *He* would have sat, *had* sat day by day beside her beauty, and never dared to bend his head so closely down by hers, as young Fitzgerald was doing at this very moment, under pretext of those detestable songs! To Mr. Moore the hem of Alice's gown was sacred as the down upon an angel's wing, but was it so to this audacious young Lusitanian? And Mrs. Davenport thinking no evil, in her quiet sorrowful heart, would never detect the peril to her daughter's peace which he detected, and he could not warn. He could but commit her, his pure innocent dove, his pretty, delicate, white moth, to the pity of her great Father; could but pray that she might be held back from the scorching of the flame round which she fluttered. For his own part, since he could do nothing to avert danger, he would not stay to look on at it; he could not, *he*, who had souls in charge, and God's work to give himself wholly to! His brain was too much distracted already. Mr. Moore's conscience smote him for having allowed his calling and its holy claims to occupy so secondary a place in his affections. He determined to ask for a holiday, his rector could conveniently grant one, he knew; and to take a rapid pedestrian tour through Wales, that he might commune with his own heart alone, and conquer this weakness, this sin. Accordingly, for the whole remainder of the young men's visit, and for a week beyond, he had been, day by day, walking himself down, till he sometimes mistook exhaustion for resignation; craving solace and sympathy from "Nature, all sufficient to herself," striving to exorcise Alice's haunting presence by the magic of scenes whose every beauty only reminded him of hers; praying fervently, resolving manfully, struggling, suffering, doing everything but forgetting her. Poor Mr. Moore's nature was an intense and a concentrated one, and this fair, fanciful Alice, as we have said before, the only woman he had ever loved.

When he returned from his tour, he rejoiced to hear that the two young officers had left Brynford. On the following Sunday, he saw again the sweet, pale face that he had been flying from; could not choose but see it. He had always been accustomed to watch its expressions from time to time during the service, especially during the sermon; occasionally, and with a beating heart, he ventured to watch it that day. Alas! there was no longer the response of the kindled glance, the deepened colour, the suffused eye, to his words of appeal and exhortation; plainly the sermon is not even heard! Alice's "eyes are with her heart, and that is far away." The expression on her face perplexes him. Is she happy? O God! is she, ought she to be happy? The man's jealousy is all forgotten in the minister's anxiety; his own

hopes are nothing to him in comparison with her eternal good

A few days later, Mr Moore called at the road side cottage, where he had spent so many happy hours He would, at least, offer to resume the German studies It would be good for her, always desultory and dreamy, to be forced back to them, even if they were unwelcome at first Alice resolutely declined She was so stupid, she said, she had forgotten all she knew She could not work hard in the summer weather, when the winter came, indeed, perhaps, if he were still so good— 'Had she been playing much lately?' Could she play for him?' A blush, and the tears start at once to the lustrous eyes She cannot, she begs he will not ask her Mr Moore goes away convinced that she is not happy

And yet there were hours in every day when Alice believed herself the happiest girl that ever watched the moonlight, and dreamed the hours away Not only in that darksome cave, amidst the roar and terror of the storm, but beneath the calm light of the last full moon Harry Fitzgerald had repeated those marvellous words, that he loved her He! Such a poor country girl as she was! She wondered, indeed why he did not like her to acquaint her mother with the blissful fact, why, even when she told him that never in her life before had she kept anything back from that gentle, loving parent but some of her own wild fancies, who had never chidden, who less than ever would chide her now, he had still persisted in requesting, as proof of her love and trust that she should be silent till he wrote to her from his father's house But Alice only wondered why this was never for a moment blamed or suspected him It would be six weeks he had said before he should be able to visit his father, and ask his sanction to their attachment Meanwhile, he would not write lest the letter be discovered, he would prefer to wait till he could do so openly Young Fitzgerald had no great faculty for writing There was no particular self denial in his resolve Six weeks! Alice had sweet memories to live upon Six weeks did not dismay her in prospect But, long before they were over, each evening found her excited with a vague hope, each morning depressed by positive disappointment!

The little pupils had gathered again round Mrs Davenport, and Alice was necessarily a good deal alone She would sit out for hours in quiet fields, under trees, where she had been with *him*,—Carlo her only companion now, but she had few words for Carlo The poor dog would poke his honest, broad nose between her hands as they lay loosely clasped on her lap, would tear away at her dress, make fruitless efforts to reach her face with that affectionate tongue of his, would do all that in him lay to make himself companionable, he only obtained faint smiles and languid caresses Could Carlo have expressed his views on the subject, he would have pronounced his young mistress wofully deteriorated As the six weeks drew to a close, the hope and the disappointment became more and more intense. But she would hardly allow them to herself. It did, indeed, seem natural that he should write a little before the time, but if he did not he was perfectly right. It was only her folly. On the day that the six weeks expired, she should certainly hear from him

Oh, this watching and waiting for the post, this torment that befalls us all at one time or other of our lives! However different our characters and our circumstances, which of us is there to whom every symptom of this wretchedness is not painfully familiar? The rising invigorated by sleep to entertain anew the joyous hope that comes with morning the dressing a little hurriedly perhaps, yet all the more carefully because *that* letter is to reach our hands and to make a festival of a common day, the sweet surmises respecting its very appearance how it will begin, how long it will be what tidings it will bring, the utter impossibility of giving ourselves to any occupation before it comes, for come it will to day, the cloud before the eyes when at length the letters are brought in, and then the sudden revulsion that follows the discovery that *the* letter is not there! Something of anger will rise, all creatures are angry at torture, but soon it is banished by a fear which has even greater torment, the fear lest illness, lest death should have prevented the writing of the promised letter, for love, in many natures, is "too like despair," and the darkest solution in the first excitement of disappointment seems the most probable And then the appalling length of the remainder of the day, how drag through its hateful hours! Every expedient is welcome for killing the time we cannot employ By and by more tolerable hypotheses present themselves to the mind, we can bear to be reminded of letters gone astray, of contingencies short of *fatal*, which might yet have marred our hopes till, worn out with very wretchedness, we grow calm as evening comes, and expectation begins to revive The night must be slept through that it may pass the quicker To morrow we shall certainly hear And to morrow comes, and there is no letter, and all that dreary round, from the darkness of utter despair to the glimmering light of a sick hope, has to be gone through again!

Six weeks had passed—seven—eight—no letter for Alice had come One thing sustained her, and one alone The certainty that nothing disastrous could have happened to her lover, else surely Tom, who *had* written a short note to his mother, would have mentioned it Tom's communication was not in itself a cheerful one He dwelt relatively, at some length, on the horrid bore of not being able to keep a horse, as most of the other fellows did, and wound up by vaguely hinting that if he went to the dogs after all, it would be very hard upon him The night Mrs Davenport got that letter of his she lay long awake, revolving all possible and impossible schemes for helping Tom afresh, but nothing tangible occurred to her. She must put by monthly a contribution to the sum due to Nanny (little did she dream that as fast as she did so Nanny drafted it off to her beloved Master Tom); she must pay her way (not even to indulge Tom would Mrs Davenport have contracted a debt), she must at least provide her Alice with the common comforts of life Poor Alice! she hardly ate any thing, would that she could tempt her by more dainty fare! Poor, sweet Alice! Alas, the mother remembered Tom's words all too well! That hand-

some, pleasant good natured Irishman had indeed made, she feared a serious impression on Alice's heart while he had been but slightly stirred by her beauty And she her own mother, whose very soul yearned over her child, dared not touch upon this sorrow lest she strengthened its hold For Mrs Davenport had no idea of what had passed between Fitzgerald and Alice, hoped nay, believed that a preference never fed by an open avowal, nor sustained by any definite hope, would inevitably die out, and all the sooner because it would die out unspoken even to her

Weeks wore on, summer was over, autumn getting wintry There were sad hearts within that little, pressed red brick dwelling, a terrible domestic tragedy was beginning there No letter—no letter still Had Fitzgerald seen Alice now he would hardly have known her again Anxiety had done the work of years, or rather a work that happy years fail to do The exquisitely fair complexion had grown sallow, the face and figure thin the eyes looked unnaturally large and prominent and had black circles round them the lips were colourless the hands always cold as death Mrs Davenport grew very uneasy about her daughter's health, but every inquiry was repulsed with an almost fierce energy Alice declared that she was quite well, and never was better in her life A singular irritability had come over her it was difficult to find any subject upon which she could speak She shut herself up for great part of the day in her own room hated, she said the sound of the children's voices Sometimes in the evening her spirits would suddenly rise but her laughter wrung her mother's heart even more than her gloom and it was generally succeeded by long fits of silent weeping Put not the gentlest and most persevering endeavours could induce her to confide her secret to her mother Many a miserable consultation would Mrs Davenport and Nanny hold upon the case and as to whether it were right to call in medical advice or no "'Tis not her health mistress *ails*," Nanny would say, 'and where's the use of that Roberts and them drugs of his' Dear Master had never no opinion of Roberts, and he to be coming here and poking his nose into everything O *Tad!* if that handsome gentleman would but come back! It stood to nature as he and Miss Alice should get to think a deal about each other and she felt it dull without him and if only he'd come again, and so he will, ma'am for sure he loved the very ground she trod That would be a power better nor Roberts' whole stock as he half poisons folk with I'd scorn to let him get to know anything about Miss Alice, I would And what could he do ma'am half so well as you even' Just ask Mr Tom and him down again, and he'll not go away again without speaking out as a real gentleman should' Mrs Davenport sighed very deeply, what indeed could Mr Roberts do? They must trust to time and to Alice's youth But poor Nanny's expedient was utterly hopeless However, in her very next letter to Tom, she determined that she would inquire about young Fitzgerald

This letter was doomed to remain unanswered for three whole weeks, during which Alice seemed to get thinner and paler, and stranger every day Here was a character strong only in feeling, and with a morbid tendency to concentration Her love crushed, her imagination baffled, there was nothing else in her nature to come to her rescue Alice had less than any one the power to escape from her own private sorrows, by "rallying on her relation to the universe" She had always been self indulgent and self absorbed Much as she loved her mother it was as ministrant to her own tastes, securer of her own peaceful enjoyment of books and nature She herself was not used to make any effort to help or minister to that indulgent parent These children whose merry laughter was such discord to her ear it had not occurred to her after the first impatient essay to devote any portion of her time to them She had no fixed intellectual pursuit to turn to now Poetry! What were any sorrows poets ever sung compared to this silent despair within her heart! Music! That was turned to torture that was memory without hope! Nature! It had no charm all was dull and dark and dreary! The world! she had had no other than a personal world and now that! was false it had crumbled into dust and ashes beneath her feet Good had it been for her if she had never been born!

At length there came—not indeed the letter Alice had so long expected—but a letter from Tom to his mother Thank God! said Mrs Davenport as she first recognised the sprawling unsteady characters The next thought was a flash of fear

He must have written in unusual haste God grant there be nothing amiss! She opens the letter with trembling hands

'My dear Mother —I know I have been too long in writing to you but when you get this letter you'll wish I had not written at all Everything has gone wrong with me I've half a mind to blow my brains out Poor dear mother you've had trouble enough already! I did not mean to make things worse for you as I have You see Fitzgerald had lent me money, and there were some other men I owed a little to I did not think it was so much I had to borrow from them to keep some brutal tailors quiet Fitzgerald and I have quarrelled which came to blows, but he did the worst of it and serve him right There is to be a court martial about it they say, and it will be a lucky thing if I am not cashiered Fitzgerald is going —

Mrs Davenport groans aloud in her anguish, and leans back in her chair A rude touch on her shoulder Alice who has entered unheard snatches the letter from her hand She is pale as death, and there is a singular wildness in her eye "Give me back the letter my child! give it me back,' her mother implores No! with a terrible strength Alice repulses her holds the letter at arm's length takes in the remainder at a glance—"To be married she shrieks out as she tears the letter across A yell of frantic laughter—another—another—and then she falls unconscious on the floor

That day the little pupils trooping cheerily across the fields, their happy faces ruddy with the cold, were sent back, scared by the sudden tidings, and still more by the horror in Nanny's face "Go away, my little dears God bless you! go away at once, Miss Davenport's very bad Lord love you! Go away" That day the passers by that small brick house were startled by long, wild screams, howls of anguish, laughter more appalling

still. That day Mr Roberts, long distrusted and disliked, took the only revenge his kind heart had ever desired, entered the house for the first time to lend his pitying help in this darkest hour of need. The once beautiful girl is a sight of horror now. The slender form convulsed, the fine features distorted, the gentle voice changed to the hoarse inarticulate mutter, or the shrill and frantic yell. Ay, and there is worse than this; the innocent nature is gone. Is it some demon that pours out from the dry and blackened lips a flood of evil speaking Alice surely had never even heard? Oh, fearful mystery of the mind overthrown! To have seen her calm and holy—hands folded over her pure breast—eyes closed in the last sleep—and to have shut down the coffin lid upon her marble beauty, had been a milder trial than this.

Those two women, the one in the strength of her mother's love, the other in that of a life's fidelity, resolutely resisted all kind assistance. Medical aid for *her* sake they dared not refuse, but for her sake also they would have no other, Mr. Roberts tells them the violence will pass. No eye but their own, and the trust worthy, scientific eye of a professional man, must witness it. Their poor stricken child, they only can hold fast those white arms with a grasp sufficiently tender; they only can hear and shudder, yet distinguish unerringly between the character and the disease, they only can bear the pain those little hands inflict, and kiss them in return. So it goes on all through the long winter's night. "Mistress, *anyon*, pray to God!" "I do, Nanny, I do!" Words of fruitless endearment, low cries for mercy; a few holy words, with which they seek to uphold each other, blend with the terrible ravings. "Love watches madness with unalterible mien."

Meanwhile, how was it with Harry Fitzgerald, the immediate worker of all this woe? He little dreams of the ruin he has caused, but he too, by fits and starts, according to the measure of his light hearted nature, is unhappy enough. Fitzgerald did not perhaps deserve to be called a systematic trifler, that is to say, he never actually premeditated and pre arranged the securing of a young girl's affections, and the cold blooded forsaking of her so soon as they were secured, but he was a passionate and unscrupulous admirer of beauty, and without positively planning to win a prize he did not purpose to wear, he never resisted the temptation to do so when it came in his way. Nay, he could hardly be said to have any fixed purpose, one way or other, as to the wearing of the prize. At the time the particular bright eyes —whether blue, black, or brown—shone lovingly on him, he was the slave of those eyes, ready to die or live for them, and had no preliminaries been necessary, had a priest and an altar started out of the ground, that day in the cave for instance, he would willingly have stood before that altar, Alice's hand in his, and plighted his troth till death. When he left her, he fully believed that he should write to her. Her beauty, and her innocent simple ways charmed him inexpressibly, and as to her being poor, he did not care for that. The governor might perhaps, but he would talk him over. *Certainly* he would. Alas! by the time he had returned to C—, almost incredible as such levity may appear, he already stated the case differently to his own mind. *Probably* he might talk the governor over. It would never do to run counter to him, of course, for he might stop the supplies, but most probably he should succeed in getting his consent, and on the whole he sincerely hoped so. Yes, he did. That was a pretty young blonde who crossed with them in the boat from Holyhead—a merry little puss; he wondered how they two should have got on if they had seen much more of each other. She was a bit of a flirt, he fancied, but on the whole he had never seen a girl who came up to Alice, and by the time the six weeks were over and gone perhaps—yes, probably, etc.

By the time, however, that the six weeks really were over, the probability lay in quite an opposite direction. Fitzgerald had been a good deal disgusted with Tom's inability to meet a sudden demand for the payment of certain billiard debts, which an unforeseen exigency of his own had induced him to make. That army tailors—a degraded race, both credulous and crafty, and deserving on both counts to be "*done*"—should have to wait indefinitely, was a small matter, but it was a disgusting thing that a fellow should not pay his debts of honour. More than one officer, indeed, began to look askance at Tom, who grew increasingly sulky and ill conditioned. Not a pleasant prospect to have much to say to him. Alice's image grew obscured behind that of her brother's. Fitzgerald was glad he had kept his own counsel, had only raved about her beauty, had never committed himself to Tom as to ultimate intentions. Perhaps former passages in his life had taught him caution in this particular, while a certain refinement of character prevented his ever boasting of an impression he had himself made. When the time came, Tom was not asked to accompany him to his father's house. Arrived there, he felt a decided reluctance to make his case confidently projected attempt to talk the governor over. In point of fact, old Fitzgerald had had some rather uncomfortable financial statements to impart to his son, and to have met those with an avowed determination to marry the penniless daughter of a reduced lady who kept a school would have been singularly inappropriate. That was not the way to keep up the old family place and name. On the whole, it was a far more natural sequence to seek to make himself agreeable to a Manchester heiress who was on a visit to the house of their nearest country neighbour. Miss Molesworth had not Alice's beauty indeed, but she was—seen through the medium of her £40,000—a remarkably fine creature, and had already refused, report averred, offers by the dozen. There would be a certain credit in carrying off such a prize. Young Fitzgerald entered the lists in a random amateur way. But he had no longer an artless girl to deal with, ready to stake her life against a few fond words. Miss Molesworth knew the world. This handsome Irishman pleased her. She was ready to barter wealth for name, but she did not mean to give affection for mere flattery. She would find out what his intentions really were. How exactly it happened young Fitzgerald never knew, but old Fitzgerald very nearly had an apoplectic fit of delight when, on their return from a long ride, the

two walk d tog ther into his room, and the heiress announc d th t she was to be his daughter in law If only Ah s mings as he saw it last, had not risen just th n so vividly before him Fitzgerald assure l himself over and over again that it had been a mere flirtation—that she could hardly have believe l in his having serious intentions—that she would get over it soon—young girls did. In spite of himself, he was occasionally unhappy As for writing to her—no, no, that would only make matters worse, things must take their chance now He believed that of the two he felt it most!

On his return to C—— to see his Colonel, to sell out and settle certain habilities, he found—do hard of the ar indeed carry matters?—he found that his engagement was no secret there The entanglement between Tom and himself went on increasing till at length there came an evening when both were somewhat more than usually heated by wine and play, and bitter taunts were exchanged, till at length the insult of a blow was offered, and the once friends closed in brutal strife If Fitzgerald went back to his lady love with the ugly red mark across his handsome forehead, Tom remained behind on the very verge of irretrievable disgrace So ended that companionship, a house built on shifting sands, no better foun lation than mutual love of unworthy excitement It fell before the first blast of conflicting interest, and its fall was final

We turn with a sense of relief even to that sick room at Brynford, where true and loving hearts watch and pray It is the evening of the sixth day of maniacal violence For some hours past, Alice has fallen into a heavy sleep Mr Roberts has left expressing his great hope that she may wake from it with mind restored Nanny lies outstretched on a mattress on the floor, asleep too, her strong frame at length utterly exhausted Mrs Davenport with a mother's superhuman endurance, watches still For should her child wake to clear consciousness once more it is the love in *her* eyes that must be the first thing she meets, it is *her* voice that she must first hear Tom, poor, poor Tom! even *his* critical position must not intrude upon her mind now, must not disturb the perfect calm Alice's shattered nerves will need Through all this anguish, Mrs. Davenport believes strength will be given her to bear on Of her own she has none, but *He* who sustained her when her husband died, will sustain her while his children need her And there is a Presence with her in this silent room, and unspeakably tender and strong, even as of *One* himself "acquainted with grief" The hours wear on and on, even the mother's eyes close with a partial slumber the slightest sound would disturb As she opens them, she sees a streak of dull morning light steal between the curtains. Nanny sits up on her mattress, her faithful face haggard and worn, and shakes her head lovingly at her mistress, but Alice sleeps on Another hour, and the light is clearer, and none heavily they open the curtains that they may see her better for a sickening doubt has fallen on their hearts but this sleep last too long No, her face is calmer, more natural in its hue Surely there is hope They scarcely breathe, sitting there and watching for the waking.

At length she stirs She raises her hand to her head, she opens her eyes Alas! alas! "Do you know me, Alice, my precious child? Do you know your own mother?" "Mother is dead I don't know you I don't like you. I must get up I must go to the post office, his letter is sure to come to day I must plait my hair as he liked it' 'Oh Missy, Missy, *back*, oh, *carnal*, oh, *Tad Ae fadl*' cried Nanny in her utter despair "Look at her, your own poor mammy" "Don't talk of dead people Mammy died two years ago I remember the day quite well I don't like either of you I want the glass, and my hat and cloak, for it's time to go to the post office, the letter is sure to come to day"

There was no hope then! The stage of violence was over, but the mind had not returned. Alice was incurably insane.

CHAPTER XI

The winter had set in very severely Mr Roberts had never been so busy since he settled in Brynford, the new curate's voice was so even powered by the coughing of the congregation, that the most experienced judges were hardly able to decide positively whether in the matter of reading he was an improvement upon Mr Moore or not For, amongst the numerous old people blown away by the bitter frost winds of this particular January, Mr Jenkins had been gathered to his fathers, and the living of Aberdinant bestowed upon Mr Moore Alas! eight months before, speculating upon this probable event, how different an aspect it had worn! Now he should enter upon this new sphere without any hope of personal happiness There would be no home for him, no sweet wife to welcome him back from his laborious round All that was over, but perhaps it was well God claimed all the energies of his nature for the poor, the ignorant, the afflicted These should have it all They *had* it all To this day, Mr Moore lives and labours with undivided mind And for many a poor wandering soul reclaimed by the influence of his will to reclaim, and for many a broken heart, comforted by the tenderness of his sympathy, "it is good that this man should have been afflicted"

What with the promotion of Mr. Moore, so young a man, and more than suspected of Broad Church tendencies, the appalling affliction that had befallen kind Mrs Davenport, the discussion of the new curate's peculiarities, and the singular severity of the weather, Brynford was particularly well provided with subjects of conversation, when another and as fruitful one was added to the stock in hand, not only by the announcement of Miss Hilton's immediate return, but by certain rumours connected with her. First of all, it was a strange thing that a person who went away on the plea of ill health should choose the dead of the winter to come back to a place like Angoria, well known to be damp, and shut up for the last year and a half, and where was she to find servants, public common sense wondered, coming in this sudden way? But there were stranger things than these. That letter received by Mrs. Gibson from her cousin in Rome, who had met Miss Hilton

there! That attachment to a foreign artist considerably younger than herself! Had Mrs. So and-so heard it? Miss So-and-so had seen some one who had seen another who had actually seen the letter! News heard in this authentic manner, only third-hand, must infallibly be true. How very preposterous! Who could have thought it of that staff, stately woman? And how frightfully mercenary foreigners are! Very probably he would have poisoned her for her money! Well, well! There was no fool like an old fool! At Miss Hilton's age! A fine looking woman certainly, but she must be on at least *that*— and then Brynford began to calculate, and ended, according to the invariable law that regulates such calculations (I can't explain it, but who ever saw in the obituary a person as old as they believed them to be), ended by adding at least ten to the tale of the lady's lonely years. Mr Gibson entering one day, and finding his wife and a circle of friends in the very thick of the discussion, actually was almost rude, and declared that for his part he firmly believed there was not a word of truth in it from beginning to end, though even if there had been, it did not in his opinion deserve such a storm of reprobation, and he begged to know, since the ladies pronounced it so marvellous, so incredible, why they so readily credited it! Very disagreeable Mr. Gibson made himself by his absurd remarks, and that was all. The rumour was universally accepted.

And if indeed it had been true! It is not easy to lay down the exact age at which a heart that has long pined in dreariness and loneliness, ought of necessity to be insensible to every *mirage* of love, of sympathy, of companionship. In our own case we are sensible that this boundary recedes as we advance; that each decade has a separate standard; that "nothing is, but all things seem," according to our own stand-point, on life's up or down hill way. Say that this woman, beautiful once, beautiful now no longer, had been credulous enough to believe, despite those subtle touches of time, the deepened line here, the flattened curve there, the faded colour, the coarser texture (oh, be sure *she* has seen, has noted them all), *say* that she has been persuaded by skilful flattery, aided by her own heart's self deceit, if you will, to believe that these might be overlooked for the sake of the devoted affection she has got to give, what woman, anticipating her future, remembering her past, should have ventured to throw a stone at her? At all events, Miss Hilton was returning alone, to her former life, and, as far as external evidence went, Mr. Gibson seems justified in believing that there is not a word of truth in the report, was at all events right in blaming the fierceness of the comments made upon it.

It was but seldom that Nanny went out now into the town of Brynford. The faithful creature felt too painfully the nature of the afflictions that had fallen upon the family with whose life hers was so intimately bound. The very pity expressed for the "poor lamb" at home was distasteful to her. Still more perhaps the comments made upon Master Tom's career. By what evil agency it had come about, that a court-martial impending over him in an out-of-the way place like C—— (Nanny had not the remotest notion where it was), should be matter of gossip in Brynford, passed her comprehension. If a plausible, efficient counter-statement would have been made with any chance of success, Nanny was the woman to make it, but *Dyn hyn*. It was no use. People were past misleading Accordingly, Nanny kept as much at home as she could, and when she must needs go out went out late, and was as uncommunicative as possible. But on the occasion of one of her necessary cruises for the weekly provisions, the marvellous rumours about Miss Hilton reached her, and acted as an agreeable diversion from the pressing home anxieties. Her respect for her mistress held her in check, else she would have expressed the satisfaction she invariably felt at "some trouble" having occurred to "take down Miss Hilton a bit." Mrs. Davenport received the intelligence of her sister's approaching return with mixed feelings. When Miss Hilton had left, Dr. Davenport still lived. Laura had always treated him with marked disrespect, which his devoted wife could not overlook, which of necessity had raised an impassable barrier between her sister and herself. But now that she was alone in the world, would her sister seek her out? Mrs. Davenport had no resentment for injustice and neglect towards herself, but any one who had disparaged *him!* Could she forgive *that?* She remembered her early love for her elder sister, it was distressing to her moral sense to have any semblance of enmity existing between such near relations, but *could* she forgive contumely shown to her husband? She could not tell. Perhaps her sister would still remain aloof. Mrs. Davenport knew not what to wish.

And, oh! her heart was so full of its other sorrows. There was no hopeful change in Alice's case. In the bodily health there seemed some slight degree of amendment, but the mind was gone. She was, indeed, violent no longer, with one single exception. Every morning she struggled to go to the post-office, declaring that she should find her letter there. Nanny had to hold her fast in her arms, till, exhausted with her fruitless efforts, the poor sufferer grew quiescent, and apparently forgot all about the anxiety she had expressed. She spoke very little during the remainder of the day, muttered words they could not catch, and sometimes sang wild snatches of the songs Fitzgerald used to sing. But she never named him; nor did she ever name her mother or Nanny. She grew reconciled to their presence, and endured their caresses, but they could not tell whether she recognised them or not. Every day she took a few turns in the garden on her mother's arm, but she never noticed anything, not even Carlo, who on his part shrank from her with a dog's singular instinct. When her mother spoke to her, she seldom answered, and never coherently. And every morning came the wild impulse to go and ask for her letter. They told her truly, the postman had come, that there were no letters for her; but that made no impression. She wailed, she struggled, till, worn out, she grew calm, and the day's one paroxysm was over. Mrs. Davenport and Nanny had never breathed to Mr. Roberts their suspicions as to the cause of the fearful shock to Alice's reason, nor did they tell him of this daily expectation of a letter. They little guessed how much Fitz-

gerald had sought to win their darling's affections. They could not brook that she should be supposed to have bestowed them unsought. It was a case, it seemed in which nothing could be done. Dr Allen had come over, had spoken of "induration," had suggested removal from home, rather, he said, for Mrs Davenport's sake than the patient's. Mr Roberts, on his part, feared softening of the brain, but both agreed that they had but little hope of a cure. As for parting with her child, Mrs Davenport positively refused to entertain the idea. And yet, while she was at home, she felt it would be impossible to gather her little pupils round her, while, without that aid to income, it would be impossible to assist her poor prodigal. God would make her way clear in His own time. The next letter from town had a ray of hope in it. His colonel was a kind hearted man, and when it became known that Fitzgerald's heartless conduct to young Davenport's only sister had been the occasion of her loss of reason, the general feeling of the officers turned. Tom was young, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. His colonel, who had always evinced an indulgent feeling for the handsome, simple hearted, young fellow, was touched with his distress on hearing of the awful doom that had fallen on his only playmate, and determined to deal with him as leniently as he might. Tom could not remain in that regiment indeed, but he could exchange into one under orders for India. Once there, it was more possible that he should live upon his pay. None of his brother officers had any wish to come forward and rush the poor youth into final ruin. If the exchange were effected and Tom thought it would be, and a little ready money could be raised, he might yet have a chance in life. The regiment which he was to join was under immediate orders, was to sail from Cork, would his mother come all the way to Ireland to wish him good bye? He did not deserve it, but he thought he should have a better chance if he could see her kind face once more, and hear her bless him in spite of all.

It was very hard to leave Alice, but Mrs Davenport knew she was leaving her with a love as faithful as her own, and her heart yearned unexpressibly over her boy. She thanked God for this chance afforded him of redeeming the past, but he must not leave for India, with all its dangers, with the certainty, at least, of a ten years' absence, he must not go away, oh, he must not, without reading in her face how entirely she forgave him.

At any sacrifice of income, part of her small capital must be advanced, and she must enable Tom to leave the country clear from debt. Mr Gibson, always kind, showed himself especially so at this juncture. The delicate woman sets out bravely, help in hand one January night. The third class, the hardships of the steerage passage, this stormy weather (she has no right to spend upon her own comfort and, oh, 'tis only when "the mind is free the body's delicate"), these she does not for a moment regard, but she must see her boy, dearer than ever in this hour of need, her poor unfortunate boy, who has his father's smile, and then God will give her strength to part from him after a few hours, and to return and work for her stricken child.

Two or three evenings after she went away, Nanny was knitting in the parlour, the little parlour, so dark and dismal, which Alice had decked with flowers that June day, in which she sat now listless, mindless, and seemingly unconscious of how her sorrowful attendant watched her, when a knock was heard at the front door. Who could it be? No one came and knocked there now. Nanny had not presence of mind to rise and open it. Little Jane Hopkins, the daughter of the old coachman, her assistant during Mrs Davenport's absence, is gone out "on arrands," and Nanny does not like to leave Missy for one moment, though, of course, she must if the knock is repeated. It is not, but she hears the house door opened, as she rises in indignation rather than terror, at any one "making so bould," a lady enters, very tall, very stately, very handsomely dressed, gently, but authoritatively pushes her aside and kneels down by Alice's chair.

The young girl looks at her without any astonishment, looks at her long. Into the vacant, listless eyes something of intelligence seems to return. She strokes the fur on the lady's cloak, first timidly, then with pleasure. Her lips part with a pretty silly smile. The great tears are running down Miss Hilton's face, for it is she. Nanny who has no idea they have ever met before, and knows nothing of the association of ideas within the shattered mind of Alice, looks on awe-struck, as at a miracle which is being performed in her presence. 'Alice, I am your Aunt Laura. Do you remember me, your own Aunt Laura?'

Aunt Laura, repeated Alice, as though she liked the sound, 'Aunt, Aunt Laura'—and she went on stroking the soft fur. After a little while she spoke again. "I love you. You are the queen. You will make them give me my letter." And then, raising her thin hand, she began to stroke Miss Hilton's face. "*Do* you love me, my poor, pretty Alice?" said Miss Hilton, fairly overcome, clasping her niece to her heart. "Yes, I love you, you must not go away, you must take me to get my letter. Not now. Letters don't come in the dark. When it is morning I love you very much."

What was it that was passing in that once cold woman's nature, as she kneels there, and clasps this insane girl in her arms, her stately figure shaken with her sobs, too utterly subdued by her feelings to regard Nanny, who is sobbing too, or to hear one of her Welsh ejaculations of awe and amazement? What experience of her own is it that enables her to enter with such keen sympathy into the trial that has overturned the reason of this fair, fragile creature? Not even her mother guesses half so truly at the mournful story, at the brightness of the hopes raised, at the utter blackness of darkness when those hopes set. Oh, *she* knows, *she* knows how it has been—the joy too sudden, the revulsion too utter, the deception too humiliating! And while she is sobbing there, the same mysterious sympathy is working dimly in Alice's darkened mind, and she, so long self absorbed, is saying "Do not cry. You are the Queen. You should not cry. My letter will come to morrow."

That night Alice lay in her aunt's bosom. She had said "Do not leave me, I love you." Miss

Hilton had asked, almost humbly asked, Nanny's permission to remain It had cost the good creature no small anguish to be thus superseded She was jealous not only for herself, but for her beloved mistress All their devotion had failed to win from the poor insane girl one word of recognition or love Either she did not notice them at all, or she pushed them away, saying that she did not like them And her aunt comes, and she will not even part with her for the night! But Nanny rebukes her own jealous feeling "Sure it is God's own doing, and a miracle no less than them in the Bible, and what am I that I should be wanting to fight against God? It's for Him to choose who He'll work with, and not for me And if it's His will that Missy should come round by reason of her aunt's way with her being better than Missus's and mine, though how it should be I don't know, so cold and hard as Miss Hilton always was, the Lord's will be done" But the mystery of it, the mystery of it Nanny had firm faith in miracles, but had not expected to see one wrought And then, what would Mrs Davenport say when she returned? Nanny's only comfort was in repeating the words "The Lord's will be done," till she too fell asleep

CHAPTER XII

The following morning came the customary struggle on Alice's part to go to the post office to ask for her letter, while poor Nanny was preparing to resist as usual, when, to her unspeakable dismay, Miss Hilton, at whose feet Alice had flung herself in frantic appeal, on hearing how persistently the poor sufferer clung to this purpose, announced her intention of accompanying her niece thither "I will be responsible to my sister for the consequences" she had said, with a decision of manner which left Nanny powerless to act in defiance to her will She could only protest ejaculate, and express in Welsh the views which for her own part she had always entertained of Miss Hilton's character The moment Alice was told that she was to go to the post office, she grew calm and obedient, quietly allowed herself to be dressed, and clung timidly to her aunt's arm "At this early hour, Nanny, and in that quiet lane, we shall meet no one, and I am convinced that compliance in this particular is better than contradiction," said Miss Hilton, in condescension to the utter woe and perplexity on the faithful servant's face "Your mistress shall be made fully aware that I take this step in opposition to your wishes," and then, her voice and manner softening as she turned to Alice, she took her arm firmly in hers and proceeded to lead her downstairs, out of the little gate, up the road, till they turned into Post Office Lane, and Nanny, a prey to the most fearful misgivings, lost sight of them. Oh, this haughty, cold hearted woman! Is she then to come into this house, and to rule over them, as she did at Angorfa, and turn poor mistress round her finger again? And yet, remembering her tears, her gentleness last night, Nanny thinks there's something different about her, too, from what there was as a young woman. And here they are, back again, yes, and Missy is walking quite steady and quiet like, on her aunt's arm It appeared that upon Miss Hilton making the inquiry for Miss Davenport's letter, the postmaster was nearly startled out of his wits, but the poor girl herself was perfectly quiet, and when told that there was nothing that morning, suffered herself at once to be led away, quietly murmuring that the letter would come on the morrow Her delusion respecting her aunt's regal character continued, and she seemed ready in all things to obey her When she was told to call her Aunt Laura she did so, but quite mechanically, and without attaching apparently any meaning to the words She never reverted to their former meeting, but it was evident that Miss Hilton's voice and presence exercised a soothing influence over her, and during the hours of the latter's absence, for she had to go over to Angorfa, Alice was more restless than was usual to her during the day time, which was usually one of apathy On her aunt's return again, late that evening, Alice evinced something like positive pleasure, sat on a little foot stool at her feet, smilingly muttering some cadenced words—quite meaningless they seemed—and gently swaying to and fro to their rise and fall, stroking her aunt's dress the while Some dim echo perhaps of the poetry and music she once loved was flitting through the poor clouded brain, and waking a pleased sensation there Miss Hilton bent over her, smoothing her hair with inexpressible tenderness, till she judged it desirable Alice should retire Again there was instant submission to her will, and the poor girl fell asleep, her aunt's hand locked in hers

That night Miss Davenport was to return home Nanny has taken a carriage to the station, at Miss Hilton's request, to meet her, to prepare her for the guest she will find on her arrival Miss Hilton's heart beats fast at the prospect of meeting this gentle sister again Oh, what right had she to oppose her marriage so violently, to keep aloof from her all these years! What a mistake her whole career has been! Always she has preferred the shadow to the substance, judged that the life was inferior to the meat, the body to the raiment, the jewel to the setting, the character to the circumstances She knows now—taught we will not ask by what form of suffering, she knows now the full extent of her error, knows that her sister, spite of her trials (and Miss Hilton does not underrate one of these), has been a happier, and a better woman than she, who had dared to censure, despise her How will Alicia receive her? She was always very gentle, but Miss Hilton trembles before her now

By and by, she hears the wheels roll quietly along, and stop at a little distance from the house door Then, there is the click of the little gate, the careful steps on the gravel, all crisp with frost, the quiet entrance, one look, one long look of love at her sleeping child, and then, without a word, the long severed sisters are locked in each other's arms

In anticipation to the hearts of both, this meeting had seemed a painful and perplexing thing What explanations would accompany it, what painful reminiscences would it revive, what old wounds would it cause to smart anew? Must there be allusions to past misunderstandings, justification

or excuse, a preach or forgiveness would it seem unnatural to renew the old relation? All this had trouble them beforehand, but now it is the sum of best thing in the world. At first, each sister sees with something of a shock, the changes of time, but very soon the old familiar face looks out through the veil that years have cast over it, the marvel is the identity not the difference. The unnatural state was that of estrangement, by the time they have sat some hours, hand in hand, they can hardly realize that it ever existed.

It is of Alice they speak first. Miss Hilton has to tell of that summer evening when she met her in the beauty and fulness of her girlish beauty. This slight meed it may, she thinks, explain in part the favourable impression she makes now on the poor shattered mind. When this explanation reaches Nanny, it is distasteful to her as removing the occurrence out of her favourite phase, the supernatural, but it is sweet to the mother to think that her sister knew something of her child's innocent loveliness in those brighter days. "I thought her very like you, Alice. My heart warmed strangely to her then. It warms still more now. I have no one else to love on earth but you and your child. No one cares for me. I have been too much alone. Let me live with you, and tend Alice. Do not be afraid. I shall not be tired of it. Let me feel for the first time since our father died, that I am of use to somebody upon this earth."

Something there was in the tone of the voice—something in the utter desolation in the speaker's eyes that appealed at once to the exceeding pitifulness of Mrs Davenport's nature. She is a widow, her only son is on the sea each hour parting him more widely from her, she has many ties connected with his future career, but only daughter, sleeping there above her, will wake to-morrow insane, she is very poor. She must work for her children's daily bread, but she *has* known "all on earth that is dearest and best," not one of its pure raptures that she has not tasted. She has loved, she has been beloved, she has known what it is to rock her babies to sleep upon the breast that fed them, she has precious lives still depending on her own, and her husband to meet her in heaven. She forgets her own trials, thinking of that lonely, empty life of all these years, and with a yearning love and compassion she pillows her elder sister's faded cheek upon her breast.

They are to live together, then. So much is settled, but where is this to be? Not at Angoria, as Miss Hilton first proposed. No, Mrs Davenport is resolute on this point. "I must have means of my own, in order to be of some use to my boy. Dear Laura, yes, you shall help us. You shall give our Alice many a comfort that I cannot provide, do not fear but that there shall be enough for you to do for us, but I must work for Tom. And, indeed, I must work for my own sake. I should have no strength to bear up, but for this pleasant task. The innocent little children round me do me more good than I can tell you. Their parents thank me, but I can never render them the service they render me. When I lost Ann, Laura'—tears interrupt her voice—but were it not for tears she could bear now to speak of him to her sister. Miss Hilton presses both her hands in her own. "Tell me of Tom." Yes, that she could do, though that was a sorrowful subject enough. Tom was clear of debt, and taught by much suffering, his mother fully believed that his future career would be more prudent than his past. "But I do not think, Laura, that my poor boy will ever be a good manager. He has his dear father's lavish spirit. I do not anticipate that he will, even in India, find it easy to live upon his pay. And this is reason enough for my resolve, while life and health endure, to go on with my little school." "I would help him, Alice, oh, gladly help him." Give up teaching the children, I implore you, children of an inferior class who never—" Mrs Davenport laid her hand on her sister's. "Dear, you were always much cleverer than I in every respect, but I must not yield to you here. I cannot let my poor boy be dependent on any help but his mother's. I want him to learn a little more self-denial, a little more economy. I think that his kind dread of distressing me will be a saving check to him. And, as for my dear little children, perhaps it is some defect of nature in me, but I am hardly aware of difference of class. Our old Nanny, you know is the most intimate friend I have." A pause, and then Mrs Davenport added, "Would it, indeed, be for your happiness, sister, to link your lot so closely with mine? Could you give up your pretty home and live in this small town, with the poor widow who keeps a school for the tradespeople's children?" "Thankfully, thankfully!" said Miss Hilton.

That night, when the sisters parted Mrs Davenport thanked God from her inmost heart for the restoration of her sister's love. Not being at all given to analyse character, she had never been in the habit of consciously condemning Miss Hilton as proud, overbearing, unloving, but she felt that some marvellous change had taken place in her, that, henceforth, there would be far more sympathy between them than in their early days. This Laura would not have resented her marriage bitterly and contemptuously, as the Laura of more than twenty years ago had done. What it was that had wrought this transformation, Mrs Davenport knew not, nor sought to know. No disparaging rumours connected with her sister had ever reached her ears. It was the Lord's doing, she said to herself, and that was explanation enough.

Yes, but the heavenly discipline is wrought out by natural means. "Thine own iniquities shall correct thee," says the prophet. Our own Shakspere tells us men are "moulded by their faults." The world around us little knows perhaps to what falls of our own, or feet just kept from falling, we owe such humility, and sympathy, and pity as we may have, cannot guess how often we were caught by the glitter before we could recognise the ring of the true gold, or how deep the scars still are of those burns that at length taught us to dread the fire.

When Nanny heard the decision to which the two sisters had come, we are bound in our character of faithful chronicler to own that she did not behave quite well. She entreated, she urged Mrs.

Davenport to give up the plan, and finding all her arguments were vain, she left the room in a tantrum, declaring that she should have to leave now that another mistress was to be set over the head of hers But before the good woman had got to the kitchen the angry fit was over, and she went upstairs again, not indeed, to say in so many words that she repented, that was unnecessary (how could Nanny, except in a figure of speech, have lived apart from her idolised mistress), but to ask some questions relative to their future establishment, which plainly showed she had made up her mind to the worst

It is some years now since Mrs Davenport and her sister moved to the larger and more convenient house at the entrance of Bamford, where they still live Neither has ever regretted the decision to which they so abruptly came Alice is the great object of her aunt's life The poor girl's mind has never cleared but her insanity has assumed a very mild form Perhaps, indeed, it now rather deserves the name of imbecility The one strong impulse to go daily to the Post office, and inquire for her letter, still continues, though she no longer evinces any anxious suspense, and the customary answer once given, 'No Miss — no letter to day' she smilingly murmurs "To morrow,' and returns, docile as a child, leaning upon her aunt's arm Only once during all these years has that daily walk been missed, and throughout the day Alice evinced restlessness and fretfulness which made Miss Hilton resolve that it should be no slight indisposition of her own which again interfered with the confirmed habit Indeed Miss Hilton's health seems to have improved although her stately figure has begun to bend a little to bend, at all events Mr Roberts is no longer called in on her behalf She has an absorbing interest out of self, and lays but slight stress now on her own symptoms Alice says little to any one, but she is not tranquil if her aunt is out of the room If Mrs Davenport, in her secret heart, is in any degree jealous that her sister's influence in soothing her stricken darling exceeds her own, no one discerns it, not even Nanny She seems to have pleasure in noting every instance of the preference Alice bestows upon the aunt that only lives for her, and she is constantly approving her judicious management To neither of the sisters are the days long, Mrs Davenport has her little pupils still, younger sisters of the girls who went to her first, who are now her attached friends Her sympathising nature has room for their least pleasures, tenderness for their most provoking defects It is still Miss Hilton's private conviction that "poor dear Alicia" is dreadfully imposed upon by some of those over dressed girls, but she does not say so She herself has her own precious charge to watch over minister to, and she is glad to have her as [illegible] nively as possible under her own eye

Alice is no longer a girl now, no longer beautiful in any eyes but in those of the mother, the aunt, and the faithful servant. But she is still unexpressibly lovely to them. Each slight change in her moods is an object of interest, and affords matter [illegible] Miss Hilton has always [illegible] to tell to Mrs. Davenport [illegible]s are over · Alice has smiled with more intelligence than usual, has been pleased with some flower, has murmured some coherent words of poetry, and those fond hearts rejoice, not indeed with any definite hope of a cure, but because of the sweetness still left in the poor "jangled bells,' to Miss Hilton the sweetest things earth has ever given

Very imperfectly, indeed, can we appraise another's lot Many, as they see the aunt and niece on their daily way to seek for the letter that never comes that never will come, feel a shuddering pity for the former, which her desolate Angorfa days, with their poor show of comfort, never inspired But Alice is her aunt's good angel She gives her something to live for She is the centre of love in the home She does not darken it as some suppose We who see the tarnish often fail to see the compensation, but let us be sure that God is everywhere bringing good out of evil and evolving happiness out of the most unpromising circumstances

There are shadows cast indeed over this household by minor causes, but the great affection bestowed by all its members on Alice soon disperses them The wisest medicine could not play the part of peace maker so successfully as this poor imbecile It is Nanny's frequent impression that Miss Hilton and her maid take too much upon them, and "put upon' her dear mistress, to whom Miss Hilton never was, and never will be fit to hold a candle It is Miss Hilton's deliberate regret that Mrs Davenport should so outrageously spoil Nanny There is one other subject, too, upon which the sisters are secretly a little at variance Mrs Davenport is more sanguine about Tom's thorough reformation than her sister can sincerely profess herself to be Mrs Davenport attaches great value to his protestations of a sincere desire to live within his pay, and overlooks the fact that he is constantly exceeding it, and still dependent upon her remittances Miss Hilton, on the other hand, has a tendency to overlook the protestations altogether, and to attach herself with provoking pertinacity to matter of fact "*Tut! away!*" exclaims Nanny, with an ungenerous contempt for her own sisterhood, "what should an old maid know of young gentlemen and their ways!' Nanny has not the slightest doubt, for her own part, Master Tom will do very well Bless him! They are looking forward now to his return In three years, less than three years When Nanny and her mistress are alone, they are always talking and planning with reference to this Will Tom, indeed, be a comfort to them? We dare not anticipate too confidently that he will. We remember too distinctly the narrow forehead, and the unsteady glance But the mother has other memories, of fond words at parting, fervent promises, and the sweet smile she last saw on his face, struggling through his tears We will try to believe these afford as fair ground for augury as our own recollections

And so the "Unknown Life" is wearing on in the little Welsh town. Full of trials as it has been, if it makes on our readers the impression of having been an unhappy life, we have not pictured it truly. It has been too fraught with the strength, the energy, and the sweetness of love. It has been too

self-forgetting, too useful to others to have been unhappy. It has been made up, indeed, of very simple elements, of every day sorrows, every-day joys, but who can ever estimate the intensity, the dignity, the importance of these? "God's best gifts still are commonest," and all that the wisest and the best amongst us most prize in their own experience, they share, they know it well, and rejoice to know it, with many and many an obscure and unknown life

THE COMING OF THE SPRING

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN"

The coming of the Spring—
Oh, the coming of the Spring!
Now the Winter wears away,
And we thirst, and yearn, and pray,
As a sick man prays for day,
For the coming of the Spring.

How we dream 't will surely bring
Some new delightsome thing,
Some wondrous bliss that nears
Comet like, from unknown spheres,
Crowning this year of all years
With the promise of the Spring.

But it comes not, or does wear
A strange horror in its hair,
Or goes on its meteor way
Till it fades in ether grey,
And its glories all decay,
Like the glories of the Spring.

Then, our May-buds drop o'er head,
And our primroses be dead,
And our violets on the moor
Bloom unplucked, in nooks obscure,
And the dull heart shuts its door
On the beauty of the Spring.

Oh, vain and selfish grief!
Oh, sullen unbelief!
When each bird on each hedge side,
While snow lay all winter-tide,
Sings aloud, "God will provide,
He has sent us back the Spring!"

When each flower the children hold
Smiles—"This life-germ I enfold,
See how safely I can keep!
How I die not—only sleep;
But, through all the Winter deep,
Wait the coming of the Spring."

THE PHARISEES REBUKED

BY THE LATE REV EDWARD IRVING.

AN UNPUBLISHED PAPER FROM HIS EARLY WRITINGS

JOHN came from the desert in which he had dwelt in solitary communion with that Spirit which wrapped his soul from his mother's womb, into the fellowship of divine undertakings, and uttered his voice in terrible majesty and cleaving strength, like the lightning and thunder which sanctified the top of Sinai before the coming of Jehovah, for I reckon that as Christ was the great and merciful incarnation of that law which then was given, so was John, as it were, an incarnation of those sublime and piercing terrors which overawed the familiar feelings of the people, and summoned up their awe and reverence, and fear and humility for the due reception of their God, and as Moses was commanded to sanctify the people, and cause them to be washed with pure water to their very raiment for the view of the glory of their Eternal King, so was John appointed to wash the people and baptize their souls with a baptism of repentance, in order that they might be prepared to receive the King of Righteousness who then appeared in the midst of them When John thus was shown of the Holy Ghost unto Israel, we are told that an immense concourse, drawn together by every motive of wonder and curiosity, assembled to hear him, and having heard him, were convinced in their minds, and desired to be baptized in Jordan, confessing their sins And the people came, and the publicans came, and the very soldiers came, and, being penitent, asked him what fruit they should bring forth meet for repentance. He straightway exhorted one class to charity and brotherly kindness another to justice and righteousness, a third to mercy, faithful witness, and contentment, which counsels and rebukes, most pertinent to their several cases, and most offensive to the former idols of their heart, they meekly and thankfully received, in consideration of the divine sanctity which was around the man, and the piercing power of conviction with which his words were armed Thus the very basest and most hardened classes of the people did justify God, and acknowledge his righteousness in condemning them by the mouth of His holy prophet, and did lend an ear to his voice, and repent, and submit themselves to the holy ordinances whereby it pleased Him that they should express the sense of their wickedness, and whereby He [illegible] to show unto them that their sins be washed away in the blood of Hi[illegible] come And thus a people was prepared for the Lord To which end the Lord looking back might well say, "[illegible] people that heard, and the publicans, justif[illegible] God, being baptized with the baptism of [illegible]

Now mark [illegible] to this of the conduct of the Pharisees, [illegible] Scribes, and that other portion [illegible] people who were righteous in their own eyes, and prided themselves in keeping the law, and thanked God that they were not sinners as other men, or as those poor publicans. Mark this contrast, for it openeth one of the deepest and most cunning mysteries of human depravity, and furnished a lesson which cannot fail to be most important to many. When the Baptist began to draw the attention of the people, those pretending classes, whose pride of religion lived in the word and admiration of the superstitious multitude, to whose vulgar eye they prayed in the corner of the streets that they might be seen of them, to whose pomp loving eye they did homage by sounding a trumpet before them when they went to do their alms, to whose ignorance and stock like wonder they paid high respect in the phylacteries which they wore about their persons, inscribed with mystic characters and sentences of pretended holiness, when these Pharisees, who worshipped the image of their own sanctity, reflected from the foul and pestilent sink of the ignorant and superstitious people, saw these people carried away by one who belonged not to their craft, nor worshipped at their shrine, nor came amongst their confidences, they took the alarm, and sent forth a stately deputation of their number to put him to the question, and dive into his schemes, and sift his pretensions, and expose him if they could, who came in all the pomp of pride and office to where the Baptist was, and put him to the question in the hearing of all the people "Who art thou? And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ What then? Art thou Elias? I am not Art thou that prophet? And he answered, No Who then art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us what sayest thou of thyself? He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias." And the Pharisees "asked him and said unto him, Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not the Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?" John answered them, saying, I baptize with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not: he it is, who coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." And so terminated this instructive dialogue. They did their proud errand, and went away as proud as they came, and somewhat more hardened than they came They had no ways to be repented of, no sins to be forgiven The plunderers of widows' houses, the spoilers of the orphan, the adulterers, the hypocrites, the proud revilers of love and mercy, had no sins to be repented of, because they fasted thrice in the week, and gave tithes of mint and cummin, and did no work on the Sabbath day And they who were the generation of true vipers, who had a sting so

deadly and venomous as to kill the Prince of Life, had no wrath to come from which to flee, because they had Abraham for their father, and they who were like whited sepulchres, full of uncleanness and dead men's bones, had truly no need of any baptism or preparation in order to come to the Lord, upon whom in their pride they were to gnash with their teeth, and cast spite and woe from their tongue, and for their own hardened wickedness, their diabolical pride, and most opprobrious revilings against God, were to be cast into utter darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. They truly reject the counsel of God unto themselves, being not baptized of John. And they continued to behave towards the Baptist proudly and contumaciously as they began. For when our Lord put to them the question, "The baptism of John, was it of God, or not?" they had nothing to reply, because if they should say of God, the question followed, why did ye not receive him then? If they should say, no, they feared lest the people should take up stone to stone them. And the poor, false-hearted formalist men were fain to hold their peace. Nay, upon another occasion they came to the Baptist with the wondrous purpose, if they could of kindling a spark of envy in his breast against the Lord, styling in the true style of him who beguiled Eve, Lord, he that was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou bearest witness behold, the same baptizeth and all men come unto him. The glozing hypocrites! Rabbi, forsooth, as if they had any reverence of his learning or dignity! "He to whom thou bearest witness, the same baptizeth: baketh thy trade on hand, as if the Baptist were a craftsman in such gear, like themselves." And all men come unto him, as if the Baptist lived in the popularity and favourableness of the mob as they did. But they made as little by that stroke of subtlety as by their former petulant inquiry, but heard that witness of Christ reiterated unfeignedly more strongly, and they were fain to hear the sting of his majesty and divinity lifted up, by the voice which never flattered, to the very throne of God. Thus did the Pharisees entreat the message of John. And why? what reason could they assign? The old taunt of their order: "He hath a devil." And why? because he neither eateth nor drinketh like another man.

That is another feature of the self-sufficient Pharisee, who, being accustomed to place his soul's salvation in a formality and a ritual to which his heart and soul hath no conformity, doth so magnify the forms of things into unnatural importance, as to leave no room whatever in his judgment for the spirit or inward essence of things: and therefore puts all care of conscience or of conduct, of men or of things, upon probation by their outward exterior and formal circumstance. Christ did the work upon the Sabbath, therefore the work must be a work of Satan, and he who did it must die the death. He was abstemious, therefore he hath a devil. He is a melancholy, miserable hypochondriac, in whose words there is no truth, in whose actions there is no prudence, but wild extravagance and moon-struck folly. And yet these Pharisees placed their own righteousness in their fastings and abstemiousness: but then John did not fast by rule, or deny his appetite by the measure of time. Oh, what a thing formality is, for destroying all love of truth and all admiration of spirit! It unsouls man, and makes his body his all. It takes the fruitful and nutritious kernel out of his words, and makes them hollow sounds and husky forms of that food which they contain not. It destroys all love of simple nature substitutes affectation for affection, ceremony for religion, conformity for worship, works for faith, and profession for love. And what an obdurate thing it is in its own conceit, you shall as soon by prophesying to the milestone, make it leave its rooted place, and travel with you along the high road, as by your prophesyings make these formalists take life and spirit into their hollow hearted worship, and walk with you in the love of God's commandments. And how biting cruel are the scornfully malicious against the true servants of faith, who, from a convinced conscience and full heart, express unto God in the way that seemeth best unto Him, the reverence, and homage and obedience, which He requireth. Much rather may a religious man expect justice from a scoffer, or a worldling, than from these Pharisaical formalists, who will condemn him for anything or for nothing, if he should dress his person, or wear his habit or eat his meat in a way different from that which they have called holy. These false-hearted ceremonious knaves have called the stones of the temple the glory of Him that inhabiteth the temple and whosoever guesseth them worthy to do for sacrilege, and they have called the letter of the law the spirit of the law, and whosoever saith otherwise is a blasphemer, and the forms of worship they have called the spirit of worship: and if you are not satisfied you are an enemy of Moses and the law of God and of Christ, no friend to the church, and but an ambiguous and doubtful friend to Cæsar. And if, when they blame a spiritual one for nonconformity to their traditions and fashions of religion, he gives in to them as to matters of indifference, he is no better, because the quarrel which they have with him is at bottom his spirituality, which is a constant eyesore and rebuke to their formality, and will not let them rest in the pride of their place, or the guilt of their self-contentment. For when Christ, taking them at their word, came eating and drinking like another man, what said they? "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!" He did not wash his hands before meat, he did not seem to fast, when he was starving on the Sabbath, he would rub the ears of corn, he would not refuse to eat with publicans, nor even to be present at their feasts, and he allowed himself to be touched by sinners, and to receive their grateful ministry of love. Therefore he was not a prophet, said the whited sepulchres, but a friend of publicans and sinners. Blessed Saviour, who was full of mercy to the chief of sinners! Blessed Saviour, who did not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax! How my soul rejoiceth that Thou didst bear this reproach; for Thou wouldst not otherwise have been a Saviour to my most sinful soul; nor such a Saviour as I could offer to the sinners who are around me. Religion with me,

fellow sinners, and be glad that this, which was made his reproach by those opprobrious Pharisees is the true character of your Lord, that he is a friend of publicans and sinners, our friend and the friend of all the wretched and of those who have no help, if they will turn unto him in the day of their distress

But, for their other reproach, that he was a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, let it descend upon their own heads who loved the chief places in feasts, but for Him who, though He refused not to be present at a feast, and even to minister, when need was, to its innocent festivity did yet rebuke all excess and ostentation, and instruct the master to invite the lame the halt, the blind, and all such miserable people, that having no return on earth, he might have a great reward in heaven —it was an utter reproach indicating more the whimsical malice of children than the staid judgment of men for men generally hold themselves bound to abide by one line of discipline either the abstemious or the indulgent but these Pharisees blamed the abstemious in John and when they saw the absence of any formal restraint or marked abstemiousness in Christ they blamed that also so that our Lord applies to them the parable Ye are like children in the market place amusing themselves with the sports of men some taking the part of pipers at marriages and at funerals, others of those who danced or who wailed aloud to their piping But, as often happeneth with wayward children in their games the one so discontented with the part which they had to perform would neither dance when the others affected to pipe as at a marriage nor would they wail aloud when they affected to pipe as at a funeral To which wayward and unsatisfied children our Lord likened that Pharisaical generation Ye are like children sitting in the market place and calling one unto another and saying We have piped unto you and ye have not danced we have mourned unto you and ye have not wept For John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking but rigidly abstained, and ye say he hath a devil The Son of man is come eating and drinking observing no rule nor ritual of exterior life and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners But wisdom is justified of all her children, and ye are not her children and therefore we need make no appeal unto such as you

Such was the discourse of our Lord delivered to that generation of men, which I would now, by the grace of God, improve to the education of our own generation And first, I would show you the three forms of the Pharisee which prevail amongst us, and the treatment which the children of the kingdom are to expect, and patiently to bear at their hand *First*, there is the Pharisee of the intellect, who either disbelieves or makes no account of faith, but walks by the light of nature, and prides himself chiefly in his unprejudiced and enlightened and liberal mind, and if, haply, he have any charity, benevolence, or virtue, addeth that to his boast, and with great contempt looketh down upon the children of the kingdom as poor misguided enthusiasts, to be looked after lest they do themselves or others an injury, or at the best to be pitied as the blind slaves of a faith which is credulous and obstinate These were the Sadducees of our Lord's time, but to such a height had the intellectual apostasy of this age arisen, that the Sadducee, heretofore half ashamed of himself had gotten the pride and self sufficiency of the Pharisee and erects his creed against the children of the kingdom I include in this class the supercilious Free thinker, who boasteth that he holdeth the continent of truth within his little brain, and boareth upon his tongue the whole armory of persuasion and conviction I include, also, the vain and boastful rationalists who abide by a profession of Faith, but have set Reason arbitress over her, and maintain a constant warfare of derision against those who hold another opinion as if they were irrational and not to be reasoned with at all Then after these there comes the Pharisee of the old school the religious formalist of whom we say nothing, except that it prevails in these times as much as ever it did and will prevail to the end of time It wrests from using religion as a pruning hook, to trim the natural man to a shape as like to the spiritual man as he will can, instead of using it as a plough share to plough him up with all his idle weeds and insalubrious fruits and sow him with the seed of the divine Word which liveth and abideth for ever For as the earth, in virtue of the curse pronounced upon it causeth not to bring forth thorns and thistles and briars, which can by no pruning be converted into fig trees, and vine trees and olive trees, so doth the soul bring forth a set of wild and bastard virtues at the best which will not prune into heavenly virtues, but must be grafted into the life nourishing vine of Christ and waited upon by the husbandry of God, to which high honour man in his pride of heart, not being willing to submit himself, but desiring to do it by his own masterly wisdom, doth set about it, and converts himself into a Pharisee, instead of submitting himself to be converted into a child of the Spirit of God And truly I have seen this form of the Pharisee so noble and excellent in itself and in its aims that it would deceive the very elect but let the elect not be deceived Whosoever accounteth of himself, or beholdeth any beauty or excellence to be admired, in comparison with that which is in Christ Jesus the Lord is not of the children of God Whosoever beholdeth not the highest imaginations of the heart of man and the most noble of his desires to be as the meanest, altogether vanity and wickedness, hath need to be taught what be the first principles of the doctrine of Christ The gospel is not any reformation of life nor propagation of knowledge, nor purification of the naked heart, nor ennobling of the native spirit of man, but it is the creation of a new heart, and the renewing in us of a right spirit, and the shedding light in upon darkness, and the quickening of a new life The old must be done away All things must become new Every high look must be humbled, and every lofty look must be abased, and we must submit ourselves, like new born babes, to receive the sincere milk of the Word, that we may grow thereby

There is a third form of the Pharisee, which I would denominate the spiritual Pharisee, generated in those who believe from adopting the opinion of

truly spiritual and faithful people, and walking after their rules of life, and assuming their methods of doctrine and being ruled by their judgment of men and things—of books, sermons, and other spiritual matters—all before they have had the power of their consciences, or the conviction of the Holy Spirit, or a true abiding faith of those truths which they have taken upon them. In as far as they value their conviction, they do affect or assume the character they are of, and are Pharisees by how much they are not true spiritual converts. And believe me, that whatever is not of the Spirit and of faith, is of nature, and therefore of sin, and if it have been assumed from as holy, it will generate pride, and not the least that the school from which it is taken is built upon humility. It may be humility in them and if it be of true faith, it will be humility, but if it be not also of the same spirit in you, it will generate pride and uncharitableness, and injustice, and hardness of heart and every other feature of the Pharisee. Now, let me say that this is the form of the Pharisee for which we have to be most on our guard when we are turned to a spiritual life, and if we resolve to pursue the intuitions of the Spirit and to be made free by the redemption which is in Christ, and to walk by the faith of God, not the custom of men, however good this is the school of Pharisees from which we shall be most apt to suffer wrongfully.

The root of the Pharisee in all its forms, is the pride which one has in himself, which being cut down, all the fruits fall to the earth, which dying, will burst out of a thousand different forms. Therefore should we be on our guard most of all from our own selves and for the various shapes which self love is wont to assume. It is this continual separation of ourselves from God that is the ruin of us, for being separate from God, we are joined to Satan by some of the various attachments by which he hath an easy prey of mortals. For it is a part of his deep game, when he cannot take them with outward show, or with sensual pleasures, to take them with the inward show of their own spirit, its gifts, its graces, its talents, its purposes, or some other of its natural appearances. Nay, and if by force of will we achieve the victory over our sensual appetites and vain affections, denying the flesh, and despising the world, then in the will he takes his position, and exalts our purity, our wisdom, our magnanimity to the very skies. Oh, his arts are minute, and his success proportioned to his infinite arts! And until you see the beauty and majesty which is in the person of the Lord Jesus, and yearn after His love and communion, and feel solitary, and insecure, and forlorn in the highest natural estate, and desirous to be joined to the Father from whom you have strayed, and to have your will sunk in His will, your desires submitted to the purposes of His glory your mind enlightened by His Word your life regulated by His holy laws, your whole soul, and strength, and mind occupied in immediate contact with the divine mind, it is a vain and hopeless thing to expect that you should be delivered out of the snares of the devil in one form or another. Therefore do I entreat all to seek to be delivered from that which is peculiar to themselves, to their family, to their class to their calling into what is common to Christ and all His members, for that is truth, universal truth, which sees all peculiarity or disagreement from Him as faithood in some one or other of its thousand forms. There is no spiritual life but in communion with Christ. As the branches are in communion with the vine there is no true blessedness which is not derived from Him who is the fountain of all life and joy, there is no obedience which is not produced in us by the effectual operation of His Spirit. This is the true wisdom, and these are the true children of whom wisdom is justified in all her ways.

MORTALLY WOUNDED

BY CAPTAIN —

The facts narrated in the following pages are cited as an episode of war in the midst of the thrilling incidents of an Indian Campaign.

The narrative simple as it is, may teach those who depreciate the character of soldiers (and there are many who are apt to think they are but *fighting machines*), to regard them in a new light, and from a nobler point of view.

The harsh music of war had died away, the noise and smoke of battle had subsided, and the British standard was fluttering over the gorgeous palaces of Lucknow.

The thundering boom of heavy guns and the crashing blow of mortar shells no longer reverberated amid the crumbling ruins of massive edifices. Rattling of light artillery, clanking of horsemen, pattering volleys of musketry the wild cheer of battalions rushing on the foe, and the glad shout of victory—all were hushed.

The gunner was at rest, his portfire was extinguished, and in dreams he wandered amidst the ruins he had made, the charger's saddle girth was loosed, and the horse kept watch over his wearied rider. The strongholds of the enemy were now the resting places of our men. But, alas! the heart rending groans of the wounded were heard, and the last trembling whispers of a dying man fell on my ear.

I was sitting by the bed of one who had but a short time to live, and taking down, at his request, the few words that he could with great difficulty utter at irregular intervals.

His name was John Black, a sergeant in Her Majesty's ——— Regiment of Foot—as splendid a man as I ever saw, whose death scene presented to my mind a picture which I shall never forget I had seen a good deal of death I had often beheld hundreds of wounded lying on the field" I had "got used, as the saying is 'to these sort of things' Yet the death scene of Sergeant Black could never be looked on or thought of, unconcernedly A single day before he was strong and well, perhaps the strongest and the finest man in his regiment and *that* rather is saying a good deal when you have a British regiment to deal with (as every man in the world will confess—French Russians, Turks Persians Hindoos Mahommedans Afghans Ghoorkas Chinamen and Maories) John Black was not only a brave, a fine looking man but with all his soldier like bearing he was gentle and courteous and a great favourite in his company The officers of the regiment used to talk of him very often together and always with evident pride for there was no doubt about it he was a splendid specimen of a man Black! said I one day indeed! Even the morning before he was in his very prime—lusty strong and happy That day the regiment were taken into action, and as they were storming one of the last of the enemy's positions, a bullet struck poor Black And the strong man fell shot through the side—*mortally wounded*

Heart rending words, that convey the idea of an irrevocable doom over which millions of the world's inhabitants have shed burning tears of grief! Thrilling verdict! that separates for ever comrades in arms Mortally wounded! An end to earthly ambition, earthly glory earthly fame, earthly existence, and yet the prelude to the greatest of human victories

It was night as *I* sat by Black's cot in the hospital where all our wounded were lying The place which had been selected for them by the surgeon of the regiment was a long room in one of the largest buildings of Lucknow When first secured (which it was only two hours before) it was quite empty and dusty It had been cleared up a little, as many cots as could be had put into it, and some dim oil burners placed at intervals in the long apartment There lay some of our sick, and about thirty others who had been wounded a few hours before Their wounds had been looked to and dressed, but many of the poor fellows were moaning in great pain

I could see the doctor slowly passing from one bed to another, kindly attending to the sufferers, and anxiously ministering to their wants, cheering the men with hopeful words, and, as he left each patient, gently patting him on the shoulder, and looking at him with a smile of comfort, which several of the men afterwards told me beguiled the pain of their wounds, and filled their hearts with love not only for the conscientious surgeon, but for all around them Happy, glorious power of sympathy!

In the midst of that impressive scene, then, I was sitting by poor Black's bed, and talking with him for the last time He knew quite well that he was dying, for the torturing pain of his wound told him it was mortal He felt, too, as he expressed it the blood "frothing" from his side, and his strength failing gradually at first, but now more quickly

His hair was matted and haggard and there was a cold sweat over his brow which damped the fair hair about his forehead and temples His beautiful dark blue eyes had a restless look about them, his lips were livid and dry and he complained of intense thirst He had been to sup, about a great deal but now he was too weak to do so Occasionally his body turned to writhe in agony, raising the clothes for a few second, and then letting them sink again on the bed

Such was his condition poor fellow and yet—much to my delight he retained—he was still brave collected, and self possessed I had written down several of his wishes which all displayed the affectionate and intellectual nature of the man I then asked him if there was anything else he would like to express

'Oh yes sir," he said with faltering voice, 'but I am giving you a great deal of trouble, sir'

'It is no trouble, Black,' I replied, "it will be a great pleasure to me if I can attend to your wants in any way"

'Yes, sir, was his reply, "you've always been a kind captain and friend to me"

The poor fellow's unselfishness and gratitude were very affecting After a pause, he said, in a feeble tone —

'Could I see Johnson, sir' I'd like to see him once more There's not much more time for me, sir, there's very little more time"

He stopped, and groaning with pain (attacks of which recurred suddenly), he again repeated his friend's name

Robert Johnson was a corporal in the same company with Black, and he, too, had been wounded that day in the arm, severely, but not dangerously It was only a short time before that he had left Black's bedside, to go and lie down for a little, as he himself was faint and weak I walked along the room, and told Johnson that Black would like to see him again

"Ah' sir, is he worse?" said the corporal, in a most touching manner, as he rose to follow me

"He is very much, Johnson," said I, "you had better come at once," and I returned, softly As

I went I could see some of the poor men in the other beds with difficulty raising themselves, and trying to learn how it was going with their favourite servant and I overheard one man, as I passed his bed trying to make me hear something he was whispering I stepped towards him, and he said—

'I beg your pardon captain, but will you kindly remember me to Black, before he goes? I'd take it very kindly your doing so, sir.'

And I could see a tear start to his eye as he spoke, and I turned and left that bedside overwhelmed with emotion

'Ah!' I thought to myself, "there are many a noble heart around me, men that can suffer quietly and bear their own griefs uncomplainingly and yet feel heartily for another

I was soon back again with poor Black and in a minute or two Johnson came up softly his right arm all bandaged, and supported in a sling

The expression on those men's faces, as they looked at each other, I shall never forget The glazed eye of the dying man seemed for an instant to brighten, as Johnson approached softly as a woman, and putting his left hand upon his friend's shoulder, tremblingly exclaimed—

"Black! do you know me Speak to me Black What is it

And there was a pause and Black said—

'Yes, I know you well Johnson, I've known you long You'll not know me much longer I'm going fast, Johnson I'm happy, I'm very happy I thank God for this"

By this time some of the other men had gone and told the doctor that they were afraid he was wanted He came at once—softly, reverently, sympathizingly, He had been very attentive to Black, and had sat by his side for an hour after he was wounded, keeping up his strength with stimulants, and lessening his pain by administering opiates Now he came to him for the last time, knowing there was nothing more to be gained by medicine or human skill, he came to add one more death scene to the many he had witnessed, but as he afterwards told me, he had seen none more impressive than this

We were standing round the bed intently looking at the sad picture before us, when I recollected the touching request of the private who had called me to him I softly laid my hand on Black's forehead so as to attract his attention, and said—

'Black! Private Malony has been asking for you He wishes to be remembered to you"

'Ay, ay!" said Black with difficulty, "it's like the man He's a good man, Captain Thank him sir, and tell him and all the men from me that I prayed for them with my last breath You'll not forget this, sir, will you"

'No, Black,' I replied. "You may depend upon it the regiment shall know that you died happily, like a good man, and that you had time enough and heart enough to think of others in a Christian spirit, even at the last"

"Oh, yes, sir!" he said 'Oh, yes' But tell them, oh, tell them that it was only religion that made me happy"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a change seemed to pass over his features, and each of us by the bedside instinctively stooped forward, in great anxiety to discover what it was It almost seemed to take us by surprise, and yet, in point of fact we had for some time been waiting for and expecting the change

Johnson put his hand upon his patient's pulse, hastily looked at him for a moment, felt his feet, and put his hand over his heart then, looking towards me he said in a tone of unfeigned sorrow,

'Poor fellow the scene is closing'

I felt a dreadful numbness and tingling pass over my body and an indescribable feeling of awe overshadowed my thoughts My breath was suspended until relieved by a deep sigh and my eyes fell upon Corporal Johnson Such a picture of manly grief I never beheld!

A few minutes passed and strange to me it seemed that poor Black partially recovered from the fearful faintness which had come on so suddenly He only rallied enough to express a few more words I wet his lips with water, and gently passed my handkerchief across his forehead His eyes opened slightly, and, with the utmost exertion and in broken syllables, he said—

'My Bible—my Bi—ble—is below my pillow Oh give it to my—to my—to my—(I listened anxiously as I was afraid he might be unable to conclude his wish)—to my mother!" he sighed 'God bless her—God bless—'

He drew a deep, deep breath, then lay motionless Again a *slight* breathing occurred I heard a dreadful rattling sound, observed a sort of quiver, and the body before me was lifeless We stood motionless around until the doctor stooped down, placed his ear over the heart, and gave sign that it was all over

With a heavy heart I turned and went away Some time after (how long I could scarcely say) I woke as from a reverie, and found myself sitting on a form at the farther end of the room I then remembered his wish about the Bible, and went back as noiselessly as I could On approaching the bed, I found Corporal Johnson still there He slightly turned away his head, but I could see that he was overcome with grief, and in his hand I observed a lock of hair, his last memento of poor Black!

What sincerity of love, what nobleness of feeling, what an earnestness of grief was that wounded

man capable of' I gently removed the sheet which covered the face of the corpse A soft smile (as is usual, I believe, in cases of death from gun shot wound) seemed to play over his calm features and whether it was that my imagination pictured it or not, I cannot tell but a look of heavenly happiness seemed pencilled there I passed my hand below the pillow, and removed the Bible, whose words had afforded comfort in life and in death to that brave soul Many of the pages were turned down, as I afterwards found at the most beautiful passages of inspired writing As I was in the act of turning to the first page a piece of paper flew out from between the leaves and fluttered to the ground I carefully recovered it took a last look of the face I knew so well and left Johnson still by the bed I then left the hospital to walk to my tent which was not far distant The night was calm and lovely, the stars were twinkling in the heavens and as my mind was dwelling on the grand death scene (grand, because triumphant over fear and death) I could hear the videttes calling aloud— All's well' On reaching my tent I anxiously looked to the loose page which Black had thought worthy to be kept in his Bible It was an extract which he had cut out of Shakspere and which had no doubt been a guiding rule and incentive to him in his career It was that glorious passage from Henry the Fifth which every soldier should know by heart and act up to —

> 'Every subject's duty is the king's but
> Every subject's soul is his own Therefore
> Should every soldier in the wars do as
> Every sick man in his bed wash every
> Mote out of his conscience and dying,
> So that his quarrel in the arms of God,

> The time was likewise lost, wherein such
> Preparation was gained and in him that
> Escapes, it were not sin to think, that
> Making, God so free an offer He let him
> Outlive that day to see his greatness, and
> To teach others how they should prepare

Now I understood the secret of Sergeant Black's good conduct, good feeling, and good character, the secret of his love to his Queen, his country, and his comrades, his scorn of danger, and his happiness in death The secret lay in his just and sincere appreciation of what a soldier's duty is.

On the following evening at sunset, the whole regiment followed the body to the grave, and the funeral ceremony was conducted with great solemnity I remained behind and stood by the covered grave and thought to myself, 'Would that every soldier could die as this man did' I used often afterwards to revisit the spot A cypress was planted at each end of the grave and a marble slab was placed there upon which the following words were inscribed —

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY

OF

SERGEANT JOHN BLACK

(—TH M—— REGIMENT),

WHO FELL IN ACTION, BEFORE LUCKNOW,

MARCH 30 1858

DEARLY BELOVED BY ALL THE OFFICERS AND MEN

OF HIS REGIMENT,

AGED 33

I am a soldier and fight not for me but only Thee O God

SCENES FROM THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF OUR LORD

No I BETHLEHEM AND THE NATIVITY

The ride from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is among the most interesting in Palestine It affords a fair sample of Judæan scenery But it is not the scenery which constitutes its main attraction It is the sacred memories it calls up, every one of which is more or less intimately connected with the birth place of our Lord I shall adopt this mode, therefore, of taking my reader with me to Bethlehem

On leaving the Holy City we cross the "Valley of Hinnom," which runs down among the rocky hills on the left deep and dark as the crimes once perpetrated in it Then topping its southern bank, the "Valley of the Giants" is before us, where David smote the Philistines The summit of an other ridge is soon gained, crowned by the convent of St Elias, and commanding a wide view of the "hill country" of Judah The scenery is peculiar, and altogether different from anything we ever see in the West. The eye roams over bare grey slopes, which look in places as if they had been flagged with blocks of limestone, and rounded hills encircled by concentric rings of white terraced rocks, and terminating in bald crowns Stunted aromatic shrubs and tufts of sickly grass shoot up from the chinks in the strata, and the thirsty, stony soil In spring, the dreary landscape assumes a gay aspect for then the whole is spangled with myriads of brilliant wild flowers of every hue Here and there is an olive or a mulberry grove, the trees ranged in rows along the old terraces, a few scattered vineyards also remind one of the land's former glory Villages, mostly in ruins, are seen perched on the hill tops, or clinging, like swallows' nests, to the hill sides around The prophetic doom of Palestine is fulfilled "I will make your cities waste, saith the Lord, I will bring the land into desolation, and your enemies which dwell therein shall be astonished at it"

About three miles from Jerusalem we turn to

the left, and leave the Hebron road, it seems almost a slander upon roads to call this by their name, for it is a mere mule track, zig-zagging among the flat rocks and round stones. The terraced roofs of Bethlehem are visible over a rising ground in front, and not more than half a mile distant. Another object, however, attracts attention. It stands in the fork of the roads, is a small square building surmounted by a dome, and gaily white washed. It is modern looking, and modern in time, and yet there is magic in its name. It is "*Kubbet Rahil*," and at this spot was fixed thirty-seven centuries ago the first link of connexion between the ancestors of the Israelites and the town of Hebrew. The story of Rachel's death is simple, graphic, and affecting. Jacob's journeyed from Bethel until there was but a little way to come to Ephrath, and Rachel travailed. And the midwife said unto her, 'Fear not, thou shalt have this son also.' And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing, that she called his name *Ben-oni* (son of my sorrow), but his father called him *Benjamin* (son of my right hand). And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. The pillar Jacob "set up" over the grave of Rachel was still there in Moses' time. It has long since been swept away, but long centuries of suffering and sorrow have not been able to sweep away the memory of its site from the hearts of Rachel's posterity.

The position of this tomb and the topography of the neighbourhood serve to illustrate one of the most touching incidents in gospel history. Herod in his vain attempt to murder the new-born King, 'sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and *in all the coasts* thereof, from two years old and under.' The border of Benjamin extended to Rachel's tomb, and a portion of the possessions of that tribe thus fell within the "*coasts*" of Bethlehem. The infants there were included in the massacre. The terrible wail of heart-broken mothers swept over hill and dale, until it resounded through the streets, and its echoes were given back by the heights of Ramah. With singular pathos and power the evangelist adapts the words of Jeremiah to this terrible calamity—"In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." The spirit of the departed Rachel is represented as rising from the tomb, and rending the air with cry of woe for her murdered children.

On surmounting a rocky eminence, Bethlehem stands before us. It is still "little among the thousands of Judah," but the little town has an imposing aspect and a commanding site. It stands on the summit of a narrow ridge, which projects eastward from the central mountain chain of Judah, and breaks down abruptly into deep valleys on the north, east, and south. The steep slopes beneath the village are carefully terraced, and the terraces —clothed with olives, vines, and fig trees—sweep in graceful curves round the ridge, regular as stairs. On the eastern brow, separated from the clustered houses by an open esplanade, is the great convent, grim, and grey, and massive as an old baronial castle. Externally, there is nothing to call attention to the building save its size and strength. The situation of the convent is thus a commanding one, and there is, perhaps, no landscape in the world like that which it overlooks. Below the terraced slopes, in the bottom of the valleys, are some fields, whose fertility, doubtless, gave the place its name, *Bethlehem*, 'House of Bread,' while the dense foliage of the olives ranged along the terraces and the wide spreading branches and broad glistening leaves of the vines that hang in festoons over the terrace banks serve to remind us, amid the desolations and barrenness of the land it dothing is still emphatically *Ephrath* "The Fruitful." Beyond the terraces and fields, all is bare and hopelessly barren. White limestone hills throw abruptly together with rugged glens or a dull grey colour running in and out among them, unrelieved by the manufactures of the Wilderness of Judea. Not a solitary tree is there to relieve the painful monotony, not even a stunted bramble-bush, or even grass appears on that vast stretch of white.

Away far beneath us, through a break in the wall-like hill of Engedi, we catch a single glimpse of the Dead Sea, lying like molten lead in the bottom of a deep deep valley, with the dusky haze quivering over it. Beyond the valley, a mountain barrier rises abruptly. Its sides are a pale grey colour but streaked with purple shadows where deep ravines narrow them. The summit is perfectly flat, and the chain runs like a huge wall along the whole eastern horizon. These are the "mountains of Moab, and they call up the memory of another ancestor of "the Son of Man, whose story forms one of the most interesting episodes in the history of Bethlehem. From those distant mountains came Naomi and Ruth. There was a long and toilsome journey—down those steep slopes across that burning plain up the parched defiles of that wilderness. Naomi was drawn by yearnings for home and fatherland, and Ruth was drawn after her by devoted, ardent affection. They reached Bethlehem at length, and Ruth goes out to glean in those very fields below the village part of which then belonged to the kinsman of her dead husband. The rest of the story is known to all.

Such scenes as that enacted in the fields of Boaz are of everyday occurrence in Palestine yet. Manners and customs are stereotyped in the East. It would almost seem as if God, in His infinite mercy, had kept them so to serve as perennial illustrations of Scripture, and standing testimonies of its integrity and truth. Once, when travelling in Lebanon, I pitched my tent beside a company of reapers, and close to the threshing floor, on which great heaps of corn were already piled up. I almost fancied, as I wandered through the harvest fields on that sunny afternoon, that the history of Ruth and Boaz was being enacted over again. There were the reapers, men and maidens, with their flowing garments "girt up," and their primitive reaping-hooks. There were the gleaners close behind them; young girls with bright, black eyes, and delicate features, and graceful forms. There, too, was the master, conspicuous in his voluminous turban and bright scarlet cloak, moving about from group to group, receiving and answering with an easy familiarity the salutations of all. All

there was the water skin, from which master, reapers, and gleaners drank with equal freedom The very forms of salutation were identical with those spoken by Boaz and his servants "The Lord be with you," was the uniform salutation of the master as he approached each group and 'The Lord bless thee,' was the uniform response Evening came The various groups gathered round the threshing floor I joined them and watched every act, and listened to every word with intense interest The evening meal—the principal one in Syria—was spread on the ground It was simple enough There were piles of thin cakes, not unlike small skins of bad leather, and there were little dishes of olives and various kinds of vegetables steeped in a sour sauce like vinegar All were pressed by the hospitable master to "honour him" by eating The choice morsels were again and again forced into my hand, and even into my mouth and the poor gleaners, encouraged by the oft repeated word of invitation *i fuddhel*, ventured to crowd and dipped their pieces of bread into the dish Oh, how I wished for the magic pencil of a Holman Hunt to transfer to canvas with all the truthfulness of nature, that harvest scene in Lebanon!

As we rode along the narrow path to the gate of Bethlehem, other events, awakened by the influence of the place, crowd upon our memories It was along this very path Samuel came down from Ramah to anoint David, another of the progenitors of Jesus It was down among those bleak, rugged hills that David was then keeping his father's sheep Instinctively we turn our eyes to them and there we still see the shepherds of Bethlehem leading their flocks through the glens and along the hill sides Active brawny stalwart men they are armed to the teeth, and ready, like their predecessors to defend their flocks against every assailant—man or beast Such a country, and such an occupation was a fitting nursery for wild and reckless warriors I felt this somewhat unpleasantly when making my way, on one occasion, to David's old retreat, "the Cave of Adullam" We had got entangled in a difficult defile White, jagged cliffs towered far overhead, a shelving slippery goat track, along a ledge of rock, was our only path, and yawning ravines, in terrible proximity, opened up beneath us Suddenly there was a shout overhead, abrupt and sharp as the bark of a dog, and in another moment a dozen or two of Samaritan shepherds were around us Their chief was a noble looking savage He was more than six feet high, and of colossal build His neck, chest, arms, and legs were bare, in fact, his habiliments, and those of his followers, were entirely suitable to the state of the temperature, which was about 100° Fahrenheit The chief and I soon became excellent friends, notwithstanding an unceremonious introduction A respectful salutation on my part—quite easy, as if everything were perfectly right and natural, a request to show us the best route to el Khureitun, and an incidental mention of the magic word *bukhkhah* made us "brothers" in a moment His real name was Mohammad, he told me, but he was more generally known by the sobriquet of *el Khatib*, because he was the only man in his tribe who could read and write He had been guide to Robinson, and several other distinguished travellers.

To return, however, to the point I was speaking of the country as a nursery for warriors, none could be better Bethlehem stands on the crest of the mountain range Its inhabitants were thorough mountaineers accustomed from childhood to vigorous exercise inured to fatigue, and to all the changes of heat and cold by night and by day. Wild ravines descend eastward to the Dead Sea, and westward to the Philistine plain Up these robber bands were and still are, wont to come at all seasons and in them lions and bears lurked of yore as do still hyænas and panthers do now Thus were the perpetual enemies of the shepherds of Bethlehem, who were thus trained to constant watchfulness and prepared at a moment's notice to meet danger and to fight with every kind of antagonist In that wild keeping under that training David learned to use his sling, and his 'mighty men' the chief of whom were Bethlehemites learned to wield sword and spear with skill and valour

Not far from our road and about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the modern village is the *traditional* well for whose water David longed The Philistines held the town David and his men were in the 'hold or "cave of Adullam," some miles down in a defile of the wilderness Oh said he, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate' The words were no sooner uttered than his three mighty men arose —

> 'They put not a sword, but each seized his spear,
> And girded his helmet on
> And through the host watched their steps, till they
> Came to the well at noon

Having passed unseen along the ravines until within a short distance of the well, they burst suddenly through the surprised host hastily filled a water skin, bore down all opposition, and carried it in triumph to their master The "well" or 'cistern' (*Bor* in Hebrew) is hewn in the limestone rock, and is evidently ancient. It may be the very one referred to in Scripture There is no fountain of living water in or near the village

The *Convent of the Nativity* crowns the eastern brow of the ridge on which the village stands, and overlooks the "wilderness" As the sun declines the shadow of its massive walls falls in clearly defined outline across a little plain far below This plain is the *traditional* spot where the shepherds of Bethlehem were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," when "the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them" It may have been the real spot There is no improbability in the tradition, which is more than can be said of many others connected with the same locality. Nay more, it is just such a place as Eastern shepherds would naturally gather their flocks to for safety, alike from prowling wolf and lurking robber It was probably a bright, warm, summer night, with all the stars sparkling like gems in the cloudless heavens. It could scarcely have been in the depths of winter. But place and time are matters of mere curiosity. The shepherds never thought of them while the heavenly vision flashed before their eyes, and the

heavenly voice fell like sweetest melody upon their ears It must have been some of those fields that were lighted up on that night by "the glory of the Lord, and it must have been somewhere within sight perhaps within hearing, of these convent walls, that the words of the glorious gospel message were first proclaimed on earth 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord'

Be it remembered to whom this message was first proclaimed Not to the learned Scribe or haughty Pharisee, not to Jewish lawyers who perverted while they studied the promises of Scripture, but to simple shepherds in the wilderness men who longed and prayed for the promised Deliverer We are not expressly told that they did so, but we are justified by what follows in presupposing it as the ground for such a communication being specially made to them 'We may well suppose that these men, instructed, not in the traditions of the elders, but by direct communion with God, amid the freedom of nature in a solitude congenial to meditation and prayer, had formed a purer idea of the Messiah from the necessities of their own hearts than prevailed at that time among the Jews It has been said by Schleiermacher that "there is something remarkable something truly divine in the merciful response often given in extraordinary times to individual longings Such was the case in this instance We may reasonably suppose that at the very time when the conversation of the shepherds was of the Messiah or when their earnest prayers were ascending to the Throne above for the fulfilment of the Divine promise that then the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and the heavenly messenger announced that the Saviour had come And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear

We can well imagine the anxious looks of the shepherds as they said one to another, Let us go even to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass' We can imagine, too with what eagerness they climbed the hill side, and hurried to the stable, and then with what intense feelings of mingled joy and reverence they saw the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger just as the angel had told them

The story of the Saviour's birth and how it happened that he was born in Bethlehem is related by the evangelist, in simple and brief The gospel narrative is in entire accordance too with authentic Roman history Augustus had ordered a general census of the empire Palestine was a Roman province and Herod was required to obey the general order In performing this duty he adopted the Jewish custom of reckoning the people according to their tribes Joseph and Mary belonging to the tribe of Judah and family of David, had to go to Bethlehem, David's city The family of David was now a large one When its scattered members had all assembled, 'little' Bethlehem was crowded with them Every village and town in Palestine had then as it has yet its caravanseras, where all travellers got, free of expense, the protection of walls, and the shelter of a roof Joseph naturally expected to lodge there, but when he arrived it was full—"there was no room for them in the *inn*" He was poor, and he was weary, his wife's situation demanded immediate rest He could find no shelter but a stable, and the new born Infant was laid in a manger Here, humble and helpless, the shepherds found that "Saviour which is Christ the Lord —whose advent angelic hosts had celebrated with triumphant song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men

It is a remarkable fact that the scenes of the most wondrous events in gospel history were never honoured, never even incidentally alluded to, by the sacred writers after the events themselves had transpired Not a single passing reference is made in apostolic history to the localities of the annunciation the crucifixion, the sepulchre, or the ascension The scene of the *nativity* appears to have been forgotten, or at least altogether overlooked like the others The reason is obvious, and its lesson most instructive Men's minds were wholly engrossed by gospel truths, and these truths set forth a pure spiritual worship, as contrasted with one regulated by form, and locality, and sense It was not until the first deep and holy impressions of heavenly doctrines began to be obliterated from the human soul—until *sense* began again to usurp its former degrading ascendency over *spirit* that *holy places* were diligently sought out and fitted up as shrines for mistaken devotion That was a sad day for the Church of Christ, when the first holy place was discovered or *invented* for then the great principle which Christ Himself had enunciated to the woman of Samaria was virtually abrogated Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father *God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth*'

What a woful change has this effected in Christian sentiment and Christian practice, not at Bethlehem merely, but throughout the Christian world' At present, however, we are only concerned with Bethlehem In the second century, the *place* of our Lord's birth was first referred to, and that reference bears upon it the all but certain mark of an *invention* Justin Martyr tells us "it was a certain *cave* very close to the village' which cave he goes on to say the prophet Isaiah had pointed out (chap xxxiii 16) The cave was accordingly taken possession of, it was portioned off into sections corresponding to the various acts in the sacred drama it was gorgeously decorated with gold and silver and precious stones, one of the noblest churches in the world was built over it by the Empress Helena, thousands of pilgrims flocked to it from the ends of the earth, to do what He whom they profess to honour expressly and solemnly commanded them to avoid

Let us see what this *stable cave* now looks like, that we may be able to estimate to its full extent the results of a false principle being ever admitted to influence or regulate Christian worship. On entering the convent we are impressed with the grandeur of Helena's Basilica, which still stands, and which is the most ancient and venerable church in the world Passing up between its stately Corin-

than colonnades, we reach the chancel, and descend by a narrow winding staircase into a low vault, about thirty feet long by eleven wide. The walls and floor are covered with marble, thirty-two lamps of gold and silver are kept constantly burning, a silver star at one end marks the precise spot of the nativity, a manger of white marble occupies the place where the original manger stood richly decorated altar shows where the Magi and the shepherds knelt in adoration and costly paintings in silver frames represent the various events of which this cave was the scene. Now, independent of all historical doubts and topographical difficulties would it not be difficult for any rational, thoughtful man to believe that this gorgeous grotto, adorned with gold and silver, silk and marble, sparkling with gems, and filled with incense fumes, *could* represent the *stable* in which the Saviour was born? It would be, perhaps, still more difficult to reconcile the senseless and heartless mummeries that are there daily performed before altars and images, with that pure spiritual worship which the Saviour came to establish on earth.

The Divine Saviour had a nature purely and entirely human. "In all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren." So, like His brethren, the requirements of the law were performed with regard to Him. He was circumcised the eighth day. Forty days passed during which, in all probability, the home of Joseph and Mary was still "the stable." A solemn duty now devolved upon them. They had to present Mary's first-born to the Lord, and redeem Him with an offering. To accomplish this they set out for Jerusalem. Their way lay along that very path by which I have brought my reader to Bethlehem. Oh! does it not make every footstep of it holy that Jesus was borne along it in the arms of His mother? It was His first journey in the flesh. They passed along unnoticed, they entered Jerusalem unknown, Mary, with her babe folded to her bosom, and Joseph, with his humble offering, 'a pair of turtle doves." They entered the temple court and approached the sacred fire. *Prophecy was fulfilled!* The long promised and long expected Saviour had now at length "suddenly come to His temple." There was no earthly pomp attending Him, there were no heralds, with voice of triumph and clang of trumpet to proclaim the advent of Zion's King. In the person of a feeble babe, carried in its mother's arms, His only attendant a carpenter from Nazareth, His only redemption price a pair of turtle doves, the Lord of glory appears in His temple! True! He did come unheralded by man, but no sooner did the feet of Mary touch the steps of Moriah than a heavenly Herald—GOD HIMSELF—conveyed to one of His expectant people the joyous announcement, "He is come! He is come!" His heart bursting with love and gratitude, his soul inspired with prophetic ardour, the aged Simeon hastens forth to meet his Saviour. He may have expected "a crowned head and a sceptered hand," but his faith was not shaken at the sight of an infant. Clasping Him in his arms, he pronounced those noble words, which set forth in brief compass Christ's character and office, the nature of His kingdom and its ultimate and universal triumph—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy Salvation which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

The parents with their child returned again to Bethlehem, along the same path. They appear now to have made that village their permanent abode. Another remarkable event soon occurred. Its precise date cannot be fixed, but it forms one of the most interesting episodes in our Lord's history.

About the period of the nativity, the expectation of a heavenly prince was not confined to the Jewish nation. In Rome and Greece, but especially in the East, it existed. Perhaps Jewish exiles had carried it with them. Probably Daniel may have left behind him in Assyria a school of prophecy. But this as it may, we know that *magi* came from the East to Jerusalem saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." They were directed by a troubled council, and jealous monarch, to Bethlehem. While passing along the road, so often mentioned already, the "star" appears again, it goes before them, and finally rests over the spot where the child was. Directed by this unerring guide, they enter *the house*, it is no longer *the stable*. There the strange visitors offered their gifts and adorations to the incarnate God. An angel informed them of the evil designs of Herod, and, consequently, they avoided Jerusalem, returning "to their own country by another way."

Herod soon discovered that the magi had failed to do his bidding. He therefore resolved upon a terrible expedient to accomplish his purposes. But before his brutal executioners had reached the doomed village—before the wail of bereaved mothers had yet awakened the echoes of the hill of Bethlehem—Joseph and Mary and the infant Saviour had set out under angels' guidance, for Egypt had had a final adieu to Jesus' birthplace.

J. L. PORTER.

A NATIONAL SONG

BY DORA GREENWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE PATIENCE OF HOPE"

Of flowers that bloom in gardens fair that bloom in meadows free
I had my choice of all that blow and I chose me only three,
But I must have them all or none—The first one that I chose
Was the Queen of all the flowers that be the red, the royal Rose!

The Rose that blooms upon the rock and lets the salt sea spray
Drift over her cheek nor asks if this be anger or be play,
She bows not down her stately head for any breeze that blows,
She smiles in kindness on her friends in pride upon her foes,

A lion watches by her foot and all her gallant stem
Is set with thorns, ah! woe betide the hand that touches them!
But deep within the Rose's heart in many a silken fold
Wrapped round and round, a treasure lies of fragrance and of gold!

Then lone and free by hill and lea, ungarded yet unharmed,
All green I saw the Thistle grow that grows thickly armed,
She flings her arrowy seeds afar to thrive where'er they fall,
Oh, grasp the hardy Thistle close, or grasp it not at all!

Oh, love the Thistle well for she will love thee to the end
For scorching sun she will not droop for storm she will not bend,
How fair upon the Thistle's head her purple tasselled crown,
And, oh, within the Thistle's heart how soft and kind the down!

But I must seek a milk white flower a flower that loves the West
I only found a little leaf with mystic signs impreset
"Hast thou no flower?" I sadly said, "and hast thou nought to show
But this thy high and heavenward hope, but this thy patient woe?"

Yet Saints have loved thee, Fairies danced across thee at thy birth,
And thine are gifts that suit with grief, and gifts that suit with mirth,
Smile on green leaf, to kindly trust to Wit, to Valour dear,
We would not miss thy smile, although thou smilest through a tear!

Of flowers that bloom in gardens fair that bloom in meadows free
Now I have had my choice of all and I have chosen three,
I would not live, I would not die, I would not sing for one,
I love them all so well that I must have them all or none!

LIGHT AND SCENERY AS AFFECTING HEALTH

It was known to the ancients that light was capable of influencing us, but it is not much more than a century since the first observation was made which showed it to have power over dead matter. In 1722, it was proved that nitrate of potash, or saltpetre and muriate of ammonia, or sal ammoniac crystallized better in light than in darkness. It was found then that the salts of silver became readily darkened in the light, and in 1803, Wollaston used this property for making portraits by the use of light. This great discovery was not made useful till nearly forty years afterwards. Since that time various salts have been found affected readily by light, and it has accordingly been put amongst the most active agencies. There is a mode of proving the power of light which is very striking. The two gases, chlorine and hydrogen, when mixed together in the dark, are quite inactive, they simply do nothing, but allow a ray of light to touch them only for a moment, and the explosion with which they unite is very violent. This is a remarkable illustration of the power which light has over inert matter, but a more familiar one is now in the hands of every person who has had a portrait taken by the sun. On it we see a wondrous number of lines beautifully traced in less than a second of time.

The colours of vegetables are well known to be destroyed by light. Ribbons and dresses show this very readily. And if we take these colours as they come from the plant, and place them in a bottle exposed to the light, we shall find the same result, the colours are decomposed.

If such substances are affected by light, it is no wonder that animals should be. Animals are made of those same substances of which vegetables are

formed, and vegetables and man are composed of those substances of which the mineral world is composed All therefore are more or less affected by light

Some animals are unable to keep awake except in a very full light others are so readily hurt by it that they rush from it into darkness There are few to whom it is not essential although fishes have been found in caverns so removed from light that they required no eyes and the organ has disappeared Animal life, therefore can exist without light, but it is a life of a very inferior kind Nearly all that class called vermin leave the light, and also those that do not obtain their food in a bold and open way, or that live on any corrupting matter that may be found It is marvellous in how many cases such animals are of that kind which cause us to shrink back The serpent comes out from its dark hole, and skulks about the apartments in hot climates, rats and mice toads and beetles come in our climates and injure or annoy us whilst an endless host of smaller creatures live in mud and filth in dark and dirty places How rapidly a ray of light sends them away to seek darkness more suited to them! and then again how rapidly the same ray will awaken those animals that have least reason to be afraid to show themselves When the sun rises the most sensitive animals birds begin at once to be glad, and they move quietly to rest when it begins to go down We do not know why they are so very obedient to the commands of the sun Some persons follow a very similar rule —they wake extremely early and are quite unable to sit up late Persons of this description are sometimes weak, but by no means necessarily so they may be powerful men who have a sensitive system which is affected by the slightest changes It is well that man has some command over his faculties in this respect and is more independent than animals are of day and night, or particular occasions, but it is quite certain that he cannot be entirely so

Very good instances of the effect of light on animals are not easily obtained One remarkable fact in relation to it is that when tadpoles were deprived of light they increased in size, but did not grow up to be frogs we might infer from this that darkness would keep us in perpetual childhood When animals exposed to light are taken from it to be put into darkness, they are deprived of their liberty and their happiness, and if they do not thrive they may be affected by circumstances different from the want of light The land animals of the tropics are larger on land but the sea animals of the northern climates are the largest The amount of heat and of vegetation affects them in their growth perhaps more even than light Their beauty, however, or their appearance generally, is strongly affected by the sun's rays, as it is only under a brilliant sun that we see the gorgeous plumage of birds produced, and it is only in the sun that the colours of our flowers can be formed

The same difficulty comes before us when we view the light as affecting men It is true that in lighter regions men are better made than in the very northern polar countries, but it is true also that in very brilliant regions man is often deteriorated, various influences coming in to render the conditions different and quite independent of light

But whenever we come to view man as a thinking being, we see at once the enormous influence of light upon him If he be deep asleep, and entirely inert in his mind, the light will wake him up to the greatest activity If the day be dull, he will go in a dull manner to his work, if the day be light he will be cheerful He will do more work when he is cheerful than when he is dull, and if he does more work he will love more, and be more what he is intended to be

The effect of light upon us is very strongly observable in the morning We get up more readily if we are well lighted A good light is to us like the rising sun to the birds I would advise those who have to get up in the dark mornings to try the effect if it is possible for them and to have a good gas light if only for a few minutes, or a bright lamp to give them cheerful activity When the sun shines we can get up at any time

But light streams from bodies around us as well as from the sun although the sun may be the source of it Indeed we do not see very frequently in this climate, and especially in large cities see the sun Light streams from the clouds and it is from the clouds that after all we receive the most that comes to us, we receive all that they can spare or allow to pass them It is not at all wonderful then that we should pay so much attention to the clouds It is interesting to us to know if the sky is covered by them or not if it is entirely covered we shall probably feel less elated if even a very small piece is left blue we shall probably be more cheerful The light streams upon us and awakens life within us If the light is very abundant and comes after a considerable darkness, we may be so elated as to be unable to continue steadily our work of the day and it is not at all improbable that it is to this circumstance the disinclination of southern nations to work is to be attributed although heat of course and other conditions are not to be forgotten Indeed when there is a great glory of light in the world, it seems almost too beautiful to be made into a workshop and we sometimes forget our labour, and, when we can leave the city and go to the hills or to the sea that we may admire a greater portion of creation I do not think it is heat that sends us to seek the country so much as light, it is not even the beauty of vegetation so much as light If it were merely vegetation, we should wander into richly cultivated lands, but we prefer to go upon desolate hills, and to wander on barren sandy coasts, and this mainly because of the glory shed upon them by light

Besides the clouds, objects much lower down and all around us give us light, the ground itself streams out light upon us, having first received it from above, and, in fact, everything we can see, with, perhaps, the exception of the deepest black, is giving out light, or we should not see it When people live in cold climates, where snow lasts a great part of or all the year, the constant glare of the snow hurts the eyes exceedingly, the light streams up from the snow To some extent, also, the eyes suffer by living in a district where the ground is chalky, and white light is constantly rising to the eyes The health is affected through the eye, the spirits are affected by the pain and the inconvenience arising from indistinct and dis

turbed system and the character is affected by the limit Nature gives to the sight It is for such reasons perhaps better to come to land more early in the morning by the beautiful green of vegetation which is the most refreshing of all, or by that dim cold air produced, in a great measure, by exude of trees and vegetation, which gives a subdued tone to our land, and softens the rocks—preventing the glaring cold from being white and glaring like that of snow, and the rocks from being difficult to distinguish from the snow that caps them

The amount of light reflected from the ground is capable of strongly affecting our spirits, and through the, perhaps, our health In some districts we have black roads instead of the purely white ones Black roads are seldom found in nature they are made by us from cinders, they arise from our coal mines A district with black roads is not a pleasant one, it causes you gloom without knowing why, the greatest fields, covering every place but the road, are scarcely sufficient to make the place cheerful I have lived in such districts a great portion of my life and have never become accustomed to them although not knowing till comparatively lately that the cause lay partly in the colour of the road We have coal enough around us and coal smoke enough in our towns, without covering our road with it without making it a feature in our landscape Thus unquestionably, one cause of the dinginess and cheerlessness of our manufacturing districts

But the ground and the sky are not the only things that reflect light upon us The houses around us all the houses that form our streets—are constantly throwing out light, one side throws it to another and all of them throw it everywhere It matters, therefore, greatly to us of what colour they are I am sorry to say we cannot obtain in Manchester a stone that is not black The bricks were once red, but a few years removes that colour, and a dingy blackish hue remains The same may to a less extent, be said of Glasgow A very little black destroys the freshness of the red brick or the grey stone and when the freshness is gone, all the pleasure of looking at it vanishes, it comes to send to us a pleasant light, we look at a dull and blackish object which absorbs light, instead of a bright object which reflects it But, if we cannot obtain a street which has clean walls of houses and bricks undimmed by coal smoke, at least it is well to seek those which have as much light as possible Do not, if possible, live in a narrow street, the light cannot come to you. Do not live in a court where there must be darkness nearly all the day. Do not live in rooms which have not sufficient windows in them, and into which the light cannot come. I mentioned that the light caused many decompositions of chemical substances, of plants, and of minerals, so when the exhalations of the body are exposed to light, it is not to be doubted that they are more readily decomposed. I would beware, therefore, of all dark rooms Rooms, into which the "holy light" has not entered, cannot be wholesome, the impurity that may be there has not received that influence by which the sun sweetens its atmosphere.

Another reason why we should desire it is, that unless artificial heat is used, the absence of light is the absence of heat Darkness being caused also by the too close approach of solid objects, indicates frequently a great want of ventilation, we have them both damp and impure air, as well as cheerless habitations Besides these effects, the want of light prevents us from seeing a want of cleanliness, and dark rooms are allowed to exist in a state of dirtiness which the inmates would be ashamed to look at in the light of day

Even this is not all the mind is, as a rule, more active in the light, as a rule, the mental vision is sounder, common sense rules then most forcibly and new ideas may grow in the dark, and many have done so, but very many whimsical, unsound, unwholesome, and depraved ones owe their existence to the want of light A man will plot at night a crime which the daylight will make him view with abhorrence, and criminals, like vermin, seem to shun the day Many a wild and foolish scheme grows it might which the light of day dispels, as if reason, or the light of the mind, were formed out of the light of the sun. I would advise all to live nowhere where the sun cannot visit them, and I would advise all to think nothing from which the noon day sun will make them shrink

The sun is a lamp to the feet of all the world, a light in all our paths If we leave it, we shall lose our way, our houses will be unwholesome, our bodies will be weakened your minds will sink into gloom, and into consequent want of power We have much of the choice of suitable houses in our power we can take only those which have the best doors, windows, and chimneys, and the freest space The others will be left empty But windows may be large and well made, and still covered with dirt so as to darken the vision In this case, less light is admitted, and we may as well have them smaller, in this case, too, there is less cheerfulness in that portion which is admitted, because it is half blackened and degraded, and that oppression of the spirit comes again to bring its consequences sooner or later.

This brings me to the appearance of objects All objects give off light, some of the light is of a pure colour, some of it is not so. When we enter a country town removed from manufactures, we, who come from the smoky districts, receive an impression of great comfort and elegance from houses by no means supplied with either of these. We have the same delight in looking at them as we have in looking at the trees of mountain regions, they glitter with a varnish of cleanness caused by frequent washing,—the same effect that is produced by the appearance of vegetation after a shower, whether it be in the kitchen or the flower garden A great deal of this effect is simply caused by cleanness, the light comes to us from a clear surface, not dulled by smoke and dust, which even in the slightest quantity prevent the cheering effect of light. We see it in the wearing of linen. A pure piece of linen or cotton worn for a few hours in Manchester may still appear so clean that no one can say it is not so, but there is a want of brilliancy which shows it was not just washed. To prevent the fabric taking up particles of dust, starch is used, this not only gives a less

porous surface which resists dirt, but it gives also a slight varnishing, which increases the brilliancy of the light reflected from it

Country towns owe much of their beauty to the absence of the smoke covering There are large cities which have little or none of it at all These look very bright Even London cheers the Manchester man, because the dark streets are less dark than his, and one of the great features of continental towns is their whiteness Great cities such as Paris, Venice, Berlin, as well as all the villages are whitened When we enter them we are cheered, we imagine the most parts beautiful for a while, until we learn that, even behind the best whitewash, the most unhappy homes may exist I would scarcely advocate the system of whitewash for our towns, although it is admirable occasionally, but I prefer the variations of colour perceived in our own country towns Then it is almost impossible to preserve the whitening clean in a great city, and when it begins to fade the effect is very melancholy This state of things is abundantly seen in Paris and all other white towns We learn also very soon to see through the whitewash

At one time when I was refreshed by the extreme beauty of Swiss scenery, and had the eye accustomed to the purest forms of nature, and the clearest condition of vegetation, I took a stroll through Paris on my way home Instead of thinking it clean and cheerful, I was oppressed with its melancholy barrenness and its want of freshness, and was delighted to be able to leave it Its white stone was not able to vie with the grey rocks of Switzerland, which reflected light around them from a purer if not a whiter surface and I learnt by this means that there was something better to be sought for than mere whiteness that was purity

Still it would be well if we were to use whitewash in many cases where great cleanness of surface cannot be obtained We remove in this way, by an easy method, much of the dullness, and still more of the unwholesomeness of dirt

But towns or other scenes that are everywhere white are fatiguing to the sight Whiteness is not enough for brilliancy Nature has not given us the sun only with its pure light, but has modified its influence by an atmosphere which sometimes sends that light in the most brilliant shades of red and purple, and green, or gives us arches of every colour The surface of the earth is very varied in colour, and changes, we may say, every hour The light that is reflected from its surface is strikingly changed every season If we go to the sea coast, and stand on an eminence, when the sun is bright, we sometimes observe the whole surface lighted up so brilliantly, that we scarcely can tell whether the sea or the sun is giving the most powerful light The sea becomes almost too glorious for the sight, streams of light flow in upon us in every direction, it is like a great bath of light, which, however, we cannot endure very long The fact that we cannot endure it very long is a proof that it affects us strongly We sometimes imagine that it is done by causing pain in the eye This alone will not explain the effect. We assuredly absorb light, it is now well known that bodies do absorb it we absorb it, and we no doubt also give it out again, and would be found, to eyes more sensitive than our own, to be really more brilliant beings after this bath of light Besides the brilliancy, there is the actinism of light, seated in rays not visible to the eye, and existing in some of the rays of the spectrum as well as somewhat beyond them These rays have powerful chemical influences, and when we absorb light we are no doubt influenced by them, the chemical action of the system may go on more pleasantly, and when all chemical decompositions are more healthily active, then our minds are clearer, and we are better beings I do not doubt that when we look on the sea, empty as it may be of all sights other than this glorious light, we are nourishing the body, strengthening the mind, elevating the soul This effect is striking at sea, but a similar condition is found when the blaze of summer light is reflected from the cultivated or uncultivated plains No philosopher has yet been able to tell us what are the different effects, nor whether light rising from miles of rich ripe corn differs in its influence on the constitution from light rising from the plain of the ocean It is less powerful, and so far the senses feel a difference, it comes to us in rays less directly driven into our eyes But it is different because modified by colour, if not in other respects also Our eyes were made to admire colour, our brains were made to feel its influence, our minds were made to have the warmest sympathy with it, and some day probably, after thousands of men have failed, it will be understood what is its real effect upon us We know that it delights us Painters have studied it and they use it in a simple way with marvellous effect A little dot of red will sometimes brighten up a whole picture, otherwise most dull, a little clear and beautiful green will sometimes produce the greatest calmness on our minds sometimes great cheerfulness, but no one would use green chiefly to make a violent and stirring scene

The effect of these colours is not known but physical they are to a large extent and in the first instance The red colours, including yellow, crimson, pink etc, are much more exciting, the blue and green are much less so No mad bull is irritated by green, it is the fiery red which irritates his nerves, whilst the soldier instinct has sought red, and in all cases red has been connected with exciting scenes Nature uses red sparingly. There is the pure light itself given from heaven, the dun brown upon the earth which quiets us and prevents us from too much excitement, the beautiful green which cheers, and, at the same time calms us and the occasional red in the evening and morning sky, with dots of it over our fields in the beautiful forms of flowers, to give some of the point and sparkle of our lives.

Unquestionably much of the influence of colour is purely physical, although it acts through the eye and the brain, and therefore runs at once into the mental, so that it is difficult to trace The total influence may therefore be considered as mixed In a gloomy room, where there are only dull walls and cheerless, colourless carpets, try the effect of bringing in a beautiful colour; it must be clear and pure and bright, either the whole

room will be lighted up, and the gloomy colours made to fit harmoniously with the bright ones, or if they are beyond remedy, they will be thrown into the shade, and the bright spots in the room will concentrate all the interest. It may even act so powerfully as to compel everything else to be removed but that which allows itself to be put into harmony. One bright and clear piece of colour is itself cheering. Even a piece of glass in the window, if properly set, produces cheerfulness. I can imagine a tune played on our emotions merely by the variations of colour, and the whole character of a people affected by the play of light emitted through pieces of glass. Every nation, family and individual would seek out its most befitting colour. We in this country, would require the cheering and the calming at the same time, because we have power and violence enough but are not so richly provided with quiet cheerfulness.

The effect which large masses of colour have upon us, especially when these are sent forth from objects in themselves highly interesting is wonderfully complicated. If we live on a plain we see only a short distance before us, the eye is not filled with the sight of the earth, it longs for distance and for quantity. When among hills it is as if the earth were before us and on every side streamed down its influences upon us, and undoubtedly it does so. There are men who are little influenced by these sights to all appearance, they are not excited to think or feel in the presence of fine scenery, but in very few persons does fine scenery produce fine thoughts whilst in almost all individuals it produces a flood of emotions. Emotions are comparatively common, it is genius that frames them into thoughts. Emotions are the poetry of the soul and perhaps of the body also, before the intellect has given them language. A poet of intense emotion shed tears of vehement excitement when he saw the mountains of Switzerland, and there is still room for a poet to translate these tears into words. Such emotions rushing through our whole being—the body not excluded—must of course influence our health. They are a healing medicine from the hand of nature, thrilling though our whole system. Do not be too anxious to inquire if the cure can be wrought without our knowledge, if the medicine could be taken with the eyes shut, if we might be rolled through beautiful scenery, and without seeing it or thinking of it, still feel its benefit. I certainly think not. It is a medicine which the heart must take, which the soul must feel, it may never even reach the intellect, it must not be despised because it must be taken in faith, nay, it produces its own faith if there be a little strength left.

I have sometimes thought that it was from the aspect of the earth we received all our emotions, that we looked on its kindly countenance and became kind, that we looked on its storms and learnt to rage. Certain it is, that there are numerous states of feeling that can only be produced by the sight of nature and these states of feeling begin in us a series of thoughts affecting us both in character and in health. I remember coming on a scene so dreary, that I was struck with fear, and turned back afraid to look much at the sight. I was then very young, but remember well that it oppressed me for a long time. Gloomy, depressed conditions are well known to affect the health. I believe that fine scenery, wide views, huge mountains, great seas, especially if the distance is made more apparent by islands or interspersed land, by expanding the mind, expand also the chest, and give to the body as to the soul a larger life. This is especially felt by those who see these only occasionally, because the emotions are more actively stirred up in them. I need not attempt to prove that the state of the mind acts on the body. Besides the light, colour, and form, that appear to us in scenery, there is the history of man, and his many wants, his joys and his sorrows. A wide scene opens up to us the history of his anxious struggles, whether he be struggling to move over the stormy sea for some great idea of wealth or of glory, or struggling to make some little desert of his inheritance into a rich garden, in which he may live and be at rest. A scene where human nature has struggled becomes extremely interesting to all men, and the contemplation of it must affect the character. But without, in the fields around us, we see where man is now struggling and where nature is now aiding him, and we shall find that all these emotions, more easily obtainable in a country very new to us, may be obtained also by a little observation and thought close at hand. Still, the sight of great variety of scenery furthers our progress, and I certainly would advise all who have a desire to keep sound minds in sound bodies not to neglect this contemplation of nature when never an opportunity occurs of seeing it in its various aspects. It may begin its action in the mind, but we feel its influence instantaneously extended to the body.

If we do not view Nature, how shall we be made acquainted with her thoughts? If we do not listen, how shall we hear her speak, and if we do not see the countenance, how shall we understand her feelings? To see nature in its various moods is to see before us the thoughts of Him that created it. Every aspect of the earth is a new emotion, a thought produced by a thought of God who first gave the earth that aspect, and gave us eyes to see it. The effect of light is partly physical, and we suffer from its want whether we perceive it or not, but the effect of scenery can only be produced through the mind. It is a mode which Nature adopts of impressing her thoughts upon us. Every scene is a thought, and if it stir up an emotion within us we are roused to act, and every such impulse is a command which we may or may not fully understand. By the mind, then, we are stirred up and cheered as soon as that mind learns to read nature, and it is through the mind that our health obtains new vigour from scenery. We leave the town, and we say that it is absence from business which has invigorated us, but we are slowly inclined to say that it is the promptings of Nature that have cheered us, filled our minds with higher thoughts, and driven out from us the more ignoble anxieties of our daily life. We must all work, but lest we be oppressed and worn down, let us frequently seek the advice and consolation derived from the wonderful sayings of Nature when she speaks to us in the language of Light and Scenery.

ANGUS SMITH.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST BORN

(See Plate to face)

It is time for the hand of God to interpose to terminate the struggle. Another interval has passed, and the blast of death has been on the cities and corn-fields of the Nile. All the elements have with baleful influence combined to do their deadly work. Water, earth, and air have been filled with the forms of loathsome and venomous reptiles, and the whole land of Egypt has become a vast charnel-house. Pestilence has smitten the cattle in the fields, and a murrain has fallen on the flocks and herds of the wicked king, who has sent out a message of submission and repentance, and bowed his head, as one prepared to stoop to the foot of a cutting blast, only to rise erect as the storm has passed over, in haughty and fallen defiance.

An ancient Roman myth tells us that an aged priestess, a stranger, offered to the mystic books to one of the Tarquins for a certain sum of money. The offer was declined. She went away and burned one, and returned demanding a greater price for the rest. This was several times repeated, the sum demanded always increasing, till but one of the books of fate remained, which the king was glad to purchase from the Sibyl for a sum to fulfil the amount of what had been asked at first for all. A lesson not unlike this was to be impressed on the Egyptian tyrant—the shame, the misery, and the ruin that must follow when man strives with his Maker. A heavier penalty has been exacted at each solemn pause in the drama of doom till hardened blunder and demented to his own destruction, he has driven from his presence the mediating prophet of the God of Israel, "Get thee from me, take heed to thyself, see my face no more, for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die." And Moses said, Thou hast spoken well. I will see thy face again no more."

And now one plague more, and that will, iron like of mould as it seemed, must be shivered like a potsherd against the stronger will of Heaven. Not now a faltering concession, but abject entreaty wrung from his craven soul by a crushing blow—a frantic appeal of terror to the men he had despised and threatened with his vengeance. The last plague of Egypt was the sealing up, the swift, emphatic reduplication of all the woes that had gone before it. Avenging justice, a Nemesis at length unmasked, glared forth on that last terrible night in one quick and fiery spasm of destruction.

The first born in all the dwellings of Egypt were to die. Hitherto, the plagues that had smitten the people and the land had been based on natural agencies. Miraculous power had been exerted through visible channels, or *media* supernaturally influenced. The sacred river had been turned into blood. The dust under their feet had generated loathsome or malignant life. The air had been vivid with lightnings, or charged with arrowy sleet of hail. The sky had been veiled in a horror of great darkness, lasting out three days. Now the stroke was to fall directly and instantaneously from the hand of God.

It was at midnight, when deep sleep falleth upon men—all and peasant, soldier and craftsman, priest and serf, the oppressor and the oppressed, all wrapped in peaceful slumber—that a hand of mystery, through the stillness. Without sound or sign, invisible as wind and fire as flame, the Destroyer has come and gone, and in that moment His work is done. And then from all the cities and villages of the Nile went up a loud and unrestrained wail to heaven. From the palace of Pharaoh to the meanest shed of serf, from the temples of Osiris and Amidas to the innermost cell of the prison house, the dark shadow has passed, and wherever He has been a change has come, a livid pallor, a heart has ceased to beat for ever. We may suppose that in many a princely mansion there was feasting and revelry at that midnight hour, lamps lighted, wine cups sparkling, guests crowned with roses, and mirth and pleasure at their height, when the gloom of that unseen Presence fell on the crowd, and silently He has singled out his victims. "A great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it again." It was as if the heart of a nation had been pierced by a mortal pang, a people writhing in one sharp convulsion of anguish. "There was not a house in Egypt where there was not one dead."

An awful completeness marks this act of Almighty retribution. The same completeness had stamped each manifestation of the Divine forbearance and goodness in the prompt removal of the successive plagues on the first sign of Pharaoh's repentance. When, at the appeal of Moses, the locusts were swept away, "there remained not one." In a moment the hail storm had spent its fury, and the clouds, piled with thunder, had vanished from the clear and shining heavens. Now this completeness is seen on its darker side, threatening as sternly executed, as promise had been faithfully fulfilled. The Infinite justice does not return upon its steps —

> "That two handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

By the destruction of the first-born, the flower of Egypt's hope and strength, all that was fairest and dearest in the land,—the God of Israel showed, as in a tragic symbol, that He claimed the whole devoted nation as His sacrifice. That which He had done to one in each home, He could as easily have done to all. By the sign of penal justice, visible in the blood mark left in every dwelling, He had brought home to every heart the reality of His omnipotence and His wrath. To the people overwhelmed by the sweeping calamity, it must have seemed but the prelude of a more frightful

doom impending—one that at any moment might burst. Such must have been the impression when "Pharaoh rose up in the night, and all his servants, to quaff in the departure of the race of destiny. And the Egyptians were urgent upon the people that they might send them out of the land in haste; for they said, We be all dead men."

In the point in connexion with this great catastrophe deserves to be specially noticed. It was ordered to the animals of Egypt: "I will smite all the first born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast, *and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment, I, Jehovah.*" In the destruction of the first born of cattle there was generally a sign of the forfeiture of all life in the land. But besides this there was an exhibition of power that must have been peculiarly humbling to the national pride. The religion of Egypt was, to a large extent, a system of animal worship; and as Jehovah announced that the gods of Egypt were to be smitten along with their votaries, it is clear that in the unsparing havoc amongst all the first born of cattle, the ominous threat received its fulfilment.

On this subject we may quote the remarks of a learned German critic, Kurtz, in his *History of the Old Covenant*: "A large number of animals were regarded by the Egyptians as sacred, probably because they looked upon them as incarnations of the Deity. If any of these animals were found dead, there was lamentation on every hand. It was a capital offence to slay or injure them. A few specimens of them were kept in the temples, and were objects of public worship. Such was the importance generally attached to primogeniture in the ancient world, that it is very probable that the first born were generally, if not invariably, selected for that purpose. Fancy then what an effect must have been produced, what alarm it must have caused, what unbounded lamentation there must have been, if all the sacred animals in the temples, and thousands of them outside the temples, were struck dead in a single night. Such an occurrence would be truly a judgment on the gods of Egypt, and for Egyptians, at least, a judgment of a more fearful character, and one more calculated to produce despair, could not possibly have occurred."

Pharaoh himself was one of the gods of Egypt, and certainly, under this aspect, a worthier object of veneration than the cat or the crocodile. The regal name designates the king as the incarnation of the sun, called by the Egyptians 'Phre.' We find the word in the name of Joseph's father-in-law, the priest of On or Heliopolis, "the City of the Sun."—Potipharah, "one consecrated to the sun." There is sufficient evidence from the monuments that the Pharaohs who called themselves 'Kings of the whole world,' 'Kings on the throne for ever,' claimed divine honours for themselves. Thus may explain the impious arrogance of Pharaoh on first receiving the message of Moses, and throughout all their subsequent interviews. "Who is Jehovah, that I should hear his voice to let Israel go? I know not Jehovah, and I will not let Israel go." On this night of doom the pride of the god-king was humbled when he could no more save his first born than the slave woman who crouched behind the mill, just as the sacred Apis that was housed in the temple was smitten equally with the vilest and most unclean of animals.

> The bruised gods of Nile lay first,
> Dread Osiris and the bull Anubis last.
> Not in Osiris' reach
> In Memphian grove or green
> Trampling their long grass with lowing herd,
> Nor in Anubis' priest
> Within his sacred chest
> Nor bull in all his pride
> In sun with loud bell answering lowing bull
> The ghastly sacrificial work could stay.

Nor can we leave these remarks without noticing how singular it is that upon this act of judgment rests the most impressive symbol of Atonement, that passed the eyes and hearts of sinful men in the days before His appearing to the Cross of Christ as one of the most precious lessons of this plague it was said: "Ye shall know how that the Lord doth put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel." Already this significant demarcation had been made between Goshen and the region round—no hail nor lightnings there, and during the three days' darkness light in all its dwellings. But this distinction was now to be stamped as if by a visible sign on the foreheads of the chosen people. There was to be the sprinkling of innocent blood on the doorposts and lintels of every Hebrew dwelling. The crimson mark guarded the house from the entrance of the Destroyer, there the first born could slumber quietly on his mother's breast. The angel lowered his sword before the Altar. Most blessed symbol of the security of those whose consciences are cleansed by the sprinkled blood of the true Paschal Lamb, who receive the atonement, and have peace with God through Jesus Christ. All that Purity and Faithfulness and Power are pledged for their eternal safety—those divine attributes which, to all who meet the Holy One and the Just without that mediating and sacrificial blood between, must be terrible as a consuming fire.

That night of mourning and doom to Egypt was the night the first Passover victim was slain,—the night when the chosen tribes, strengthened by the mystic repast went forth their first pilgrim stage out of the house of bondage. And, thereafter, every year, as the 14th eve of the "month of Green Ears" came round, "that night of Jehovah," which commemorated the wailing dirge of Misraim, there was heard in all the dwellings of Jacob the joyful noise of the great "Hallel," the five Passover psalms—some faint prefiguration of that future rejoicing, when all the pilgrims of the election of grace have ended their wearisome journey and they meet with Christ at the Festival in the Eternal House of the Father.

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN APRIL

First Sunday

THE STRONG MAN ARMED

"When a strong man armed keepeth [or 'guardeth'] his palace his goods are in peace But when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted and divideth his spoils When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through dry places, seeking rest and findeth none he saith I will return into my house whence I came out And when he cometh he findeth it swept and garnished Then goeth he and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself and they enter in, and dwell there and the last state of that man is worse than the first" Luke xi 21–26

A COMPARISON of this parable with the one that follows it throws a striking light upon both of them The subject of both is the same *the soul of man* changing from the worse to the better whether it be viewed in nations in churches or in individuals In both the soul before this change is pictured to us as the dwelling place of the Evil One his house in the one parable in the other, his palace' * In the one parable, the *uncleanness* of this mysterious enemy is the prominent idea, in the other, his *strength* † And in both parables the soul is delivered from its mighty and filthy enemy But these parables differ far more widely than they agree The unclean spirit goes out only to come in again The strong man is grappled with and mastered, and the palace is occupied by the victor The one is a temporary, if not a voluntary, departure, the other is a total defeat, and an absolute, resistless expulsion In the one case, the last state of the soul is worse than the first, in the other, the last is its best and noblest state In a word, both are cases of conversion but in the one case it is partial and abortive, in the other, it is thorough and enduring Let the first parable engage our present meditations

Behold, then, this *palace*—the soul of man It is a prize, you see, of eager desire both by heaven and by hell Hell has possession of it in the first instance But the parable shows it stormed, captured, and the glorious red banner of the slain Lamb waving triumphantly on its battlements

I have not space to expatiate on the practical character of the soul of man—its amplitude and splendour and riches, its multitudinous attendants, and, above all, its original occupant, the King, eternal, immortal, and invisible, and the greatness of even its usurped possessor, the 'Prince of this world" But I must call attention to

The *watch* which the strong man keeps over his palace he 'keepeth or guardeth' it He is loath to lose it yet is far from thinking himself secure in it Usurpers always fear The sleep of the murderer is never sound, and our strong man is a murderer from the beginning So the parable shows him walking warily, all ready to strike at the soul, keeping sleepless watch over it in case of attack Poor soul! Then fearest haply, thou wilt never escape that tyrant grasp But so thou not, *he fears them well*, and to prevent it, needs to hold sleepless watch over thee

But how does he guard this palace of his' And what is that "armour" of his—'his *panoply*" or 'complete armour" as the word is—"wherein he trusteth'" A wide field this, on which I can hardly enter But the kind of thing intended is plain enough Some men are held captive by deadly lusts, and they are an easy prey Whatever debases and brutifies the soul, effectually keeps it in the enemy's hands Others find scope enough for all their activities and all their activities in the assiduous cultivation of their minds in youth, and in the application of them in mature life to the intellectual, political, or commercial walks of earnest business, their whole interests bounded by time, their whole ambitions and aspirations shut up within the fleeting accidents of this terrestrial life, the cravings of an immortal spirit after peace and fellowship with God, and after meetness for a holy heaven, systematically quenched, or possibly never so cherished as to be consciously, or, at least painfully felt Such, I fear, is the case with many an ingenuous and estimable person, and to 'keep' such in this state of self satisfaction, it is only necessary that they be carefully 'guarded against all disturbing causes, that their affairs, for example, be not so blasted or their health not so shattered, or divine truth be not so borne in upon them, as to force up vividly before them eternal realities, and drive them to the Hiding place from the wrath to come, the Rest of the weary and heavy laden, the Way to the Father, the Truth of all truth, the Life of man's dying spirit Thus, of all things, the enemy of man dreads, for light from heaven is what, "strong" though he be, he cannot abide When, therefore, it comes to this, that secular business will not absorb the attention, and correct morals will not lull the conscience, but religion makes its voice to be heard, and utters its demands in tones which thrill the heart, false principles are made to play about the soul, if possible

* Αὐλή (says *Alford*) "stands for 'palace' — a great pile, surrounded with fore courts and halls '— *Meyer* repudiates this sense contending, for the primary meaning of the word an open 'court" But though this does not materially affect the statement itself, the secondary meaning is most suitable here, as interpreters generally agree See here a small note on the word

[illegible] days [illegible] it is plain that even those who ascribed our Lord's miracles to "an unclean spirit" (Mark iii 30), identified this practically with the operation of Satan himself, as our Lord certainly did See Mark iii 22–30

to bewitch it out of its cravings for the gospel of Christ. "The God of this world," says an apostle, "*hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ* who is the image of God *should shine unto them*. Remarkable words expressing the direful which the Ruler of the darkness of this world has of the light of the gospel, his ready to keep it away from men and the success with which he hides it from the minds of multitudes, tooking them over hushing their alarms, whispering 'peace when there is no peace.'

Such is the armour in which he trusteth in a thousand shapes does the strong man continue "to keep his palace, and so long, when he has to do this

His goods are in peace. But what peace? Not you may be sure the peace of God. How little a stranger to that, he has learnt to give us will be if he could. His peace is the peace of spiritual insensibility, the peace of fancied safety, treacherous peace, the peace of death.

Dear reader, am I on the confines of thy case? Art thou an immortal being and yet hast thou never to this hour grappled with this truth never welcomed up to the blissful unblighted security which hangs suspended on the course thou takest with that spirit of thine? It was never made to be at ease in sin, *and it is not now its own master*. It is a captive and a thrall, but a sovereign is Lord of it, and I warn it in. If not wrested out of the strong man's possession it is his even now, for saith the Saviour, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And His beloved disciple but echoes the teaching of his Master when he says, "He that committeth sin is of the devil."

But there is another side of the picture blessed beyond what I reserve for our next meditation.

Second Sunday

THE STRONGER THAN THE STRONG MAN

The Victor

Great is the name of Jesus this day among us are sighing for emancipation from their sins, and not less but more to these who have tasted the sweetness of spiritual liberty to those whom the Son hath made free indeed. Do you ask how you may know that Christ is stronger than the strong man? Go direct to this gospel history. There you will find not a set of mere propositions affirming it but one continuous living exhibition of it. In that matchless history you will see the woman's seed bruising the serpent's head. You will see One in your flesh and blood, hungering and thirsting, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, weeping and sighing, as one of ourselves, yet all the while walking amid the elements of nature the diseases of men and death itself, the secrets of the human heart, and "the rulers of the darkness of this world"—in all their number, subtlety, and malignity—not only with absolute ease, as their conscious Lord, but as we might say, with full consciousness on their part that they were in presence of One whose word of command was law to them. Not only did He "cast out the spirits with a word,"* but the sight of Him from a distance made them run to Him to receive sentence of expulsion from the possessed, crying out for fear in His presence, own Him their rightful Lord and destined tormentor, and entreat Him not to antiquate their final end, nor wholly to put a stop to their present malignant occupation upon earth.†

But the secret of Christ's strength to expel this enemy from the soul of man lies not so much in His personal superiority as in the victory which He achieved over him in His cross. So says He himself and He must be supposed to know the finding of His power. "Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out, and I, *if I be lifted up from the earth*, will draw all men unto me." To the same effect His beloved disciple: "Ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins, and in Him is no sin. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil. And it was in that soul's unto the enemy's hands on which He put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. He opened the prison doors and set us free. On that accursed tree He spoiled principalities and powers, making a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it. Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive. Thou hast received gifts from men, yea for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!" He hath gone up to receive, as his fitting reward, the Holy Ghost, that gift of gifts in the hand of Christ, by whose operation in the souls of men He grapples with the enemy, and casts him out, that He may get Him a temple for God, a palace for Himself to dwell in.

"When a stronger than he shall *come upon him*." Sublime expression this of Christ's approach to the stronghold of the strong man for a deadly encounter. But let not the reader think merely of some sudden encounter and summary change of masters. It may be such, but it may not, and usually is not. Sudden transformations of character have, indeed, by their permanence, often proved their own solidity. Such was the change in Colonel Gardiner. And even where space for this has not been granted, as in the case of the thief on the cross, or where the result of the change is unrecorded, as in the case of Zacchæus, there is nothing in the known laws of the human mind to warrant a disbelief in the reality of conversion on the sole ground of its suddenness. Nay, daily life teems with analogous cases, where some unexpected occurrence, altering one's whole prospects, and so changing his whole point of view, has given an entirely new direction to his thoughts, feelings, plans, pursuits, and thus made him, for this present life, quite another man, to the end of his days, from what he would otherwise certainly have been. Still, even in sudden conversions, there is probably, in most cases, a much longer and far more elaborate process than appears.

* Λόγῳ, Matt. viii. 16. † Mark v. 6, etc.

People talk of a man being converted by such a sermon, or savingly awakened by some alarming illness. And the thing intended is not incorrect. But the sermon or the illness were probably the mere turning points in the case, and might have had no such effect but for unknown influences preparing the way for many a day before. See those hostile armies met together for deadly encounter. The signal for attack once given, how sudden the shock of arms, and how soon is the day decided! What have a few brief hours done? men exclaim. Magenta and Solferino—how much of the relative positions of the contending parties was wrapt up in the rapid deeds which have written those two words in the page of Italian history! Yet who knows not what numberless antecedent circumstances go to determine the issue in all such cases, and how truly the victory on the one side, and the defeat on the other, might be ascribed to these also. That fortress is mined, and when once the combustible materials arranged beneath it shall be ignited it will be blown into the air. But the train of powder laid in the covered trench, a mile long, and reaching to the barrels beneath the fort, may be said, with equal truth, to do the business the moment the first spark is kindled at the further extremity, however distant, and at whatever interval of time from the final catastrophe.

John Bunyan finely illustrates this in his *Holy War*. Four captains are sent to besiege Mansoul (the 'palace' of our parable), each of whom has ten thousand men under his command, if I remember rightly. The first one's name is *Conviction*, by which I understand that stage in a man's "translation out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son" which consists in such a thorough sense of his guilt, and danger, and wretched bondage as a sinner, that he instinctively seeks relief, and becomes prepared to welcome it in Christ. And Bunyan, I think, would teach us that it requires *ten thousand influences to play upon the soul* ere it will ordinarily give way to such Conviction. And this is but his first great step. Four or three more captains of ten thousand are made to follow the first one, until, under the play of all these varied influences, the end is at length gained.

Does the enemy "trust" to the debauching influence of pleasure? Even its own high priest was forced to say—

> "There is no sterner moralist than pleasure."

And one who understood the subject quite as well expresses the same idea in a higher style. "The way of transgressors is hard" (Prov. xiii. 15). Self-loathing, the fruit of wild excesses, may be many times experienced without appreciable effect, nay, with partial aggravation of the evil. But from time to time, as the strong man whispers, "That's right, thou playest the man," "Live while you live, and snatch the roseate moments as they fly," "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,"—there comes athwart the soul a sound of another kind—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

It is light coming to chase away the darkness, it is Christ coming to encounter Belial. The soul, however, recovers the shock, and the enemy refuses to yield. But another cry is heard—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And again another, "The end of all things is at hand," and another, 'The wages of sin is death,' and yet another, "He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." Truths like these, heard scores of times but to with no effect, now come like so many claps of thunder, or like the bolts of heaven charged with truth. For they are wielded now by the stronger than the strong man, who has come to take the prey from the mighty and deliver the lawful captive. The strong man now reels under this succession of blows, and already some of his "armour wherein he trusted" has been wrenched from him. But the rest stands him in good stead for some time. 'The soul indeed needs to be minded, much, when it is wicked: but to change one's whole course of thought and life is not the work of a moment. It is a serious business, it needs deliberation, and there is no hurry. God is merciful, and there will be time enough.' For a time this lie of procrastination has its effect. But at length the cheat is seen through, for a stronger than the strong man is now coming close upon him. The urgency of the case, the danger of delay where all is at stake, stares the soul full in the face, and it must, it shall be saved. What, then? By paths to heaven are next suggested, easier and less humbling to human pride than the narrow way, other ways to the Father than *the* Way, the Truth, the Life. Thus lull for a while into a deceitful peace, but it does not last. The guilty and imprisoned soul, ill at ease, cries out for peace of God and liberty to be holy, and at length descries it in the Bleeding Lamb, the risen Lord of life from the dead. The enemy, you would think, would now quit the field. But he does hard, and like the spirits whom Jesus ordered to quit the possessed in the days of His flesh, holds his victim as long as he can. So one more thrust he gives. "Thine is a gone case, it is too late, too late for thee." What you will say, is this he who so lately whispered 'peace,' and flattered the soul that mercy was easy to be had, and at any time? And does he now turn round and cut in his own lie, and tell the soul its day is past and its case clean gone? It is even so. Nor is there the shadow of inconsistency in his procedure. "As a roaring lion he walketh about seeking whom he may devour." This is the one object of all his policy, from this he never deviates. To keep his palace and never quit it, is what he means, and what matters it to him how it is done? When one stratagem fails, he just takes to another, when one weapon is blunted or wrenched from him, he just matches up another—anything to gain his object. But his last piece of "armour wherein he trusteth" is at length "taken from him," the soul falls into the arms of its mighty Friend, the battle is ended, the victory is won, the strong man quits his palace, and the Stronger than he, now its real, as before its rightful owner, divides the spoil.

Like, indeed, as an enemy, routed and fleeing

sometimes turns and would fain inflict some damage in his retreat as would the bruised serpent hiss after the woman's Seed,— 'What hast thou gained by the pardon and restoration of this rebel?' Will that give him a taste for thy spirituality, and make him fit company for thee? Sin is his element he is of his father the devil, and the lusts of his father he will do.' But the Stronger than he cries after him as he turns away, "I have put my fear in his heart that he may not depart from me, get thee behind me.'"

Glorious issue! Have I traced now the outline of my reader's case? Happy thou! But rejoice with trembling And to such of my readers as may be only awakening to the thrilling truths which have engaged our attention, let me say, Shake not off these convictions till thou hast tasted the joy of emancipation from the usurped dominion of the strong man, "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," and the palace of thy soul is in the possession of the Lord that bought it

Third Sunday

THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT GOING OUT

LUKE xi 24-26 (Matthew, MARK xvi 43-45)

Had you witnessed the ministry of John the Baptist, and seen the multitudes of all sorts and from every quarter that flocked to his baptism and marked the anxious suspense, the eager expectancy, and the spiritual anxiety that seemed to sit upon every countenance as he preached to them the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins,—you would have supposed that the dry bones of the Jewish Church were shaking and the Spirit of life was about to enter into the that Judea was turning into a nation of penitents, and the whole land going to welcome its Deliverer with tears of cordiality and joy But had you followed that same people during the three years' ministry of Him to whom John bare witness and whom in baptism they pledged themselves to embrace, had you marked how their early suspicions and dislike grew into settled and virulent hatred until having sold themselves to evil, they killed the Prince of Life, and crucified the Lord of glory,—you would hardly have been able to believe your own eyes and when it was too evident that the same people who owned the herald and slew the King, you would begin to think that some infernal influence had been at work upon them, and that the enemy of souls alarmed at the success of the Baptist's ministry, and not knowing where to all this might grow and whether it might not issue in the overthrow of his kingdom had determined to revenge himself for his temporary loss of power over that people by a more thorough and secure possession of them than ever In these musings you would not be far from the truth What is it, indeed but the fearful picture of our parable? a picture drawn by the hand of a Master, painted in terrific colours, yet true to the life, by Him who needed not that any should testify of man, for 'He knew what was in man"

Three successive changes of character are here described First a change for the better "The unclean spirit goes out of the man" I am not sure that forcible expulsion is here meant I rather think something short of this is intended The reformation which has taken place in the soul makes it an uncongenial element for the unclean spirit As an unwelcome guest, and out of his element he takes his leave, he "goes" rather than is "cast out" The sequel at least, as contrasted with the glorious issue in the former parable would seem to point to this as the true key to this case Next, we have a change for the worse This is rather implied than expressed in the parable but all the more forcibly for this Whither goes the unclean spirit, when forced to leave his once secure and congenial habitation? He walketh through dry or desert 'places — places where he finds not habitations of men, and so no congenial occupation Weary of this, what next Then saith he I will return into my house from whence I came out 'It may be I shall find it better disposed towards its old possessor, perhaps this man is tiring of his new ways, cooling in his zeal feeling the difficulty of keeping his resolutions and resisting temptation, wearying of the whole thing looking back wistfully on his old life and not indisposed to entertain overtures of peace with his old master So he returns And when he come he findeth it —What?— 'Swept No rival there to dispute with him the possession of the soul But more than this, he findeth it 'swept as it were expressly for him, and even "GARNISHED, to invite and allure him back Such then is the second stage of this soul's history a change sadly for the worse, including all those steps in declension from the time when its unclean possessor found it too hot for him, till on his return, after a considerable absence, he finds it to his heart's content But now comes the third and last stage in this man's history He changes now to change no more He goes back now, not to his old, but to a much worse, because more hopeless condition The case supposed was that of our Lord's own generation But plainly it was a general case and He only applies it to them as one example of a general case

And when it may be asked, are such cases to be looked for? Seldom will they be seen in a period of general religious indifference Then the strong man hardly needs to guard his palace, and his goods are in undisturbed peace But where a ministry like the Baptist's is attended with great success, and men are stirred to their depths, and many are fleeing from the wrath to come, then may we expect to see, amongst real conversions, not a few that are but partial, temporary, abortive

How far reformation may go without being radical, permanent, saving, it is hard to say We read in Hebrews of some "who were once enlightened, and had tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and had tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come," who afterwards fall away into irre-

coverable apostasy We read also in Peter of some who 'had known the way of righteousness and escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and had been clean escaped from them that lived in error, who yet were again entangled therein and overcome to their ruin These and such as these are just the characters pointed at in our parable who though not thoroughly converted look so very like it that only the searcher makes it quite evident what they always were How are men brought so far? Many ways I shall name but two

You're such and to all appearance nigh unto death Now such like objects appear dim as hidden and vain as bubbles while eternal things start up before you for the first time as awful realities The dread tribunal seems already erected, and you stand before it with neither the garment necessary for heaven your talents all buried and your soul neglected and abused crying out for its wrongs What is to be done? The sentence of condemnation sounds in your ears, and in the agony of a guilty conscience you have a real foretaste of coming wrath Oh, were I to come to Christ but a little longer to live what a different man would I henceforth be! Well it is granted You're brought back from the gate of death to your own surprise and joy Immediately you set yourself to pay your vows which your lips uttered, and your mouth spake when you were in trouble And you do it with the warmth of a grateful heart and with the interest and freshness of a new employment The company which of fools is shunned, the society of Christians is sought *The unclean spirit has gone out of the man* I die another case

Some unexpected losses have stripped you of all your substance, or some object of tender affection has been suddenly torn from you, or some other of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to has crushed your heart It is lacerated, and you can find no balm Everything around you seems desolate and dull There is a void within which the universe cannot fill Now, religion for the first time is an inexpressibly inviting You now see your folly in lessons of vanity and vexation of spirit and when the world would send you for change of scene to the gaieties of the world or foreign travel they seem but to exasperate your sufferings Such a new scene you only refuge You seek to drink in its solace and feel its hallowing influence *The unclean spirit has gone out of the man* Once a man

You have resolved to join the fellowship of the Church He now lives and almanty of the step are for at unusual seriousness of mind, and all that has ever been upon it either in your private reading or in the public services, arrests your attention in a way quite new At length the time arrives and you are drawn within the circle of those who do 'go forth the Lord's death till He come' It is indeed fitful It seems the heavenliest part of your life It is good to be there, and almost a pity to have to soil your new washen hearts with the affairs of this dusty and dreary world *The unclean spirit has gone out of the man*

Oh if all such were thorough how many of your 'stony ground" hearers of the word would, at this day, be bringing forth fruit who are as to outward dead'

But now you will ask, Where lies the radical defect of all these? You will find it in our parable But I must reserve it for one more meditation

Fourth Sunday

THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT ENTERING IN AGAIN

Luke xi 24 26 but fuller Matt xii 43 45

Is it asked how the unclean spirit, once out is allowed to enter again? the parable itself supplies the answer On returning to his house from whence he came out, he findeth it 'empty No rival master to dispute his claims The devil was out, but Christ was not in No real change of motive, of services, of affections, of Christ for Belial, spiritual principles for those which were carnal, heavenly affections for earthly The old man seemed to have been put off, but the new man was not put on, old things, one would think, had passed away, but all things had not become new A bundle of negatives make up the change The man has never been "born again"

With this view of the case agrees all that is said of the apostates, to whom we have alluded, in Hebrews and Peter. What, for example, is said of those who had "escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" "It is happened unto them," says the Apostle, "according to the true proverb, The dog is returned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" Now, why is it that a dog, after vomiting up anything nauseous to it, will by and by return and lick it up with relish? Why, because it is a dog, and has vomited up not its nature, but only its food, to which its nature only sends it back again And why does the sow, when you have washed it clean, still return to its wallowing in the mire Why, just because it is a sow still You have not washed the sow out of it, and this being stronger in it than all that is done *to* it, it plays the sow again by an unerring instinct Well, says the Apostle it has happened unto them precisely as to these animals their *nature* s have never been changed, and therefore, after all, merely external changes—however great they seem to be, and however long their operation may last—they return at length by an equally unerring law in the spiritual kingdom to the motives again The same principle will be found to explain that difficult passage in the Hebrews "Of those who were once enlightened, and had tasted of the heavenly gift," etc, it is added, "But, beloved, we hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation" (literally "holding of salvation"*) "though we thus speak," implying, as I think, that none of the attainments

* Καὶ ἐχόμενα σωτηρίας, Heb vi 9

and experiences of those referred to were of that character. 'They went out from us (it may be said of such), but they were not *of us*, for if they had been of us they would have continued with us: but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us' (1 John ii. 19).

But the relapse of such is usually gradual. At first there is lively interest in religion, and considerable relish for divine things. By little and little this cools. For a while they hardly own that to themselves. But when they can no longer shut their eyes to it, they flatter themselves it is but the loss of their "first love," which no Christian can expect to preserve always at the same temperature: their hearts are still all right. But this by and by giving way, they think they are only now discovering how much evil there is in the best. "We aimed at a higher standard than can be maintained, and if we cannot be as good as we would let us at least be as good as we may." And this letting down, by little and little, of the standard originally set up, is acquiesced in with a growing and fatal coolness. Next comes a growing return of carnal affections. The world re-assumes its faded charms, and sin its enticing forms. Still they stand aloof, and cling, though with ever feebler grasp, to what is right, like one hanging on the brink of a precipice by one slender twig. Now comes a growing neglect of secret prayer. For a while as a duty it is punctually discharged. But it is irksome, and so curtailed, dwindling into wretched and hurried generalities. Then it is occasionally omitted, first for want of time, then for want of the proper frame, and by and by for no reason at all—though, perhaps not quite given up. At length, there is a temporary, with positive sin. The world at each look seems more engaging as Eve looked at the forbidden fruit till she *saw* that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be *desired* to make one wise, after which it was not long before she *took* of the fruit and did *eat*. Thus our backsliders in heart, not remembering Lot's wife, "look back," casting wistful looks back to Sodom which they have left, their hearts still in it. This is the critical period in their religious history. Now they are entering the net, now they are swallowing the bait. They remember some sin they mastered with difficulty. Long the desire after it seemed gone: now they begin to wonder if they could crave it, relish it again. *If* they were to go back—but they have no intention of that—only *if they were*, they wonder whether they would now feel as they did before. So they try. They pass the rubicon, and now they find to their cost they can with dreadful facility and fatal rest be themselves again, like dogs which, once they have tasted blood, can never again live without it.

The unclean spirit, perceiving how changed the soul is—serious thought dissipated, duty neglected, fear cast off, and sin tampered with—has understood the hint which this gives, how welcome his return will be, and he fails not to take it. But he is in no haste to seize his prey. So far from this, he deliberately 'goeth away, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself"—which we may understand of a sevenfold mightier and more internal force than before—"and they enter in (they do not fight their way in, but, as I may say, they walk the course, they enter in), and *dwell* there,' it is now their secure, undisturbed abode.

And so, "the last state of that man is worse than the first." But why "worse"? you will say. As bad, I could understand it to be, but why should it be worse? I answer, by several laws of the moral system. There is such a thing as God giving men over to a reprobate mind. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." "Make the heart of this people fat, and their ears heavy, and shut their eyes, lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and turn and be healed." Nor is the rage of the Wicked One to be overlooked in these mysterious escapes from him for a time and subsequent welcomings back. If he seeketh whom he may devour, we may well suppose that those whom he had nearly lost will, when regained, never be allowed, if he can help it, to disturb their dark possessor any more. But over and above all this, there is a well known and terrific law, by which habits and practices, abandoned with difficulty, and afterwards taking fresh possession, become more inveterate than ever before. All admit the truth of this in the victims, for example, of *intemperance and licentiousness*. But it is equally applicable to every other form of sin and to irreligion in general. When men have struggled out of sin and afterwards relapsed, their confidence in the power of their own will, courage, and perseverance for all future time is destroyed, so that if they try it again, and succeed for a time, and even abide long in their better course, there creeps over them irresistibly the paralysing belief, that some day or other they will certainly give way, and this prophecy at length fulfils itself. Terrible illustrations of this are supplied by history, but indeed the truth of it will hardly be questioned by any thoughtful reader.

Do we mean, then, to say, that every relapse in religion is fatal? God forbid. But what we mean to say is, that if a man is not *thoroughly* renewed, he will sooner or later show it, and that just in proportion to the extent of his *apparent* conversion will be eventually his worse than former estrangement from God. What, then, is the conclusion of this whole matter? It is, that there is no medium between the unclean spirit going out of the man, only to come in again, never more to go out, and the effectual expulsion of the strong man by the Stronger than he. And accordingly, though the reader may never have observed it, between those two parables in Luke there comes in this striking verse. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth" (Luke xi. 23), by which I understand that *the absence of positive attachment to Christ is virtual hostility to Him*, and that neutrality with reference to him there is none. There is no safety for the heart of man but in cordial subjection to Christ. The palace is freed from the usurped dominion of the strong man, only to become the willing recipient of the Stronger than he. Freedom from both is impossible. But subjection to Christ is the law of liberty. "If the Son," then dear readers, "shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

DAVID BROWN.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP IV —"PURE AND UNDEFILED BEFORE GOD AND THE FATHER

THE sky which, whether studded with stars or hung in gold and purple, or one azure held over which the sun wheels his glowing course, presents always a glorious, occasionally presents a very extraordinary appearance Not one but two suns are there, and in the Arctic regions, as if to compensate the long periods when then skies are left to perpetual night, there are sometimes three—blazing away in brilliant rivalry, and shedding increase of light on sparkling icebergs and the dreary wastes of snow Yet, though there were not three but three hundred suns, only one of them could be a true sun The others, which are produced by a peculiar state of the atmosphere, being, though bright, yet mere images, are analogous, to borrow a familiar illustration, to the multiplied candles that shine on the silvered facets of a reflector As with these suns, so is it with the various religious systems of the world They are many, numbered not by units, but hundreds Almost every new country that voyagers have discovered has, with new trees and new flowers and new animals, presented a new form of faith The world has no building big enough to hold all the gods that men do worship Yet, though greater in number, and much greater in essential differences, than the races of mankind—for, differing in colour and contour as the negro and the white man do, they meet in Adam, God having made of one blood all the families of the earth—among these many religions there is but one true, the rest are false—false as the mock suns of an arctic sky For as God is one, truth is one, and though the true may be separated from the false by a line as sharp as the edge of a razor, still they stand as irreconcilable as if they were parted by the whole distance of the poles There are "lords many, and gods many," yet but one true God, even so there are many faiths and forms of religion, and yet but one "pure and undefiled before God"

It has been said that there are many ways of going out of the world, and but one of coming into it, and it may be said there are many roads to hell, and but one to heaven. No doubt, in John's vision, where the final state and place of the blessed was represented as a glorious city, with streets of pure gold, and walls built of precious gems, all shining in light, that fell neither from sun nor moon, but streamed out in dazzling effulgence from the throne of God, he saw not one gate, but twelve These gates, each a pearl and opening on streets of gold, had a meaning standing open, and never shut by day or night, they betoken the security enjoyed by the blessed inhabitants, and also how open heaven has been made to every sinner who seeks it through the blood of Christ Approach it in the right way, and whatever may have been your character, and is your age, country or condition, you are free to enter unchallenged—without let or hindrance No armed sentinels, as at earthly palaces, guard the gates that invite alike the foot of prince and beggar—Whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall not perish, but have everlasting life. But by these twelve gates John never meant that there are as many different ways of getting into heaven This portion of sacred Scripture is a figure It is to be understood within limits, and is no more to be pushed too far than many of our Lord's parables There is but one way to the kingdom of God—to a state of grace in this world, and a state of glory in the next I, says Jesus, am the way, the truth, the life, not one of many ways, but the one way Come unto *me*, he also says, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest, and in perfect harmony with these declarations is that of an apostle, "There is no name given under heaven whereby man can be saved but the name of Jesus" There is but one true religion, "pure and undefiled before God"

We have this religion in our Bible There it flows unadulterated and undefiled, fresh and pure as it came from the upper spring Let us draw it at this well—not taking our faith from man or minister, but directly from the word of God, lest it should be like water that acquires a poisonous quality from the leaden pipes it flows through Yet though we have the true religion here, how many mistake what religion is, its real character, and in what its true life consists! They fancy themselves to be religious, and that all is right when all is wrong with them There is a sense in which he that doubteth is damned, but are not many damned just because they never doubt? They go on, satisfied with themselves, not doubting but that they are on the right course, when every step they take leads them farther and farther astray. Sincere they may be, but it is not enough to be sincere. Sincerity and zeal, as well as ease of mind, and peace of conscience, may but more surely seal their fatal, utter ruin For it stands to reason that the

faster and farther a man goes, if he take the wrong direction at starting, he goes but the faster wrong, the more sail she carries, the more steam she puts on, the greater the impetus with which she takes the reef, the ship is sooner and more surely wrecked! What need, therefore, since there is but one safe course to heaven, that we should often take soundings! Why was that noble steamer which was wrecked some months ago on the coast of England lost? not simply because she was caught in the sea mist, nor because she was often thrown out of her course by porting her helm to avoid collisions, but from false security—for want of soundings! They had no doubt they were right, till the dreadful cry of breakers and a sudden crash too late revealed their danger. And if we would not make shipwreck of the faith, nor run the risk of never discovering our mistake till we find ourselves at the door of hell, or stand at the bar of judgment, to hear with black amazement the unexpected sentence, 'Depart from me, for I have never known you, ye workers of iniquity,' we will try our religion—put it to the test—see whether it is true religion, that which to use the words of James, is "pure and undefiled before God and the Father."

What, then, is the character of this religion? There are two ways of describing a thing—first, showing what it is not; and second, what it is. Now, to follow, meanwhile, the first of these methods, I purpose showing that—*True religion does not lie in talking about it.*

In our church and country the pulpit has all the speaking. In Jewish synagogues, as appears from our Lord's history, it was not so. Any person in the assembly who had got anything good to say, might say it. It appears from the Epistles that this custom was engrafted on the Christian church, and flourished in its early days, and some who abused this privilege, and, being talkative and conceited, were, perhaps, ever thrusting themselves on the public notice, may have been in his eye, when James, laying down a rule valuable at all ages, and at all times, said, Be swift to hear, and slow to speak. Though the customs of the church have changed with time, and speaking in public is now commonly confined to the pulpit, there is still danger—and especially in these times of religious excitement—of fancying, because we can and do talk about religion, that we are religious.

There are individual as well as national peculiarities, and, in this country, the common error certainly is not to talk too much, but too little, about religion, or, at least, too little religiously. In Scotland, at least, we are taciturn, and carry our proverbial canniness to a fault. How little do those of us who are undoubtedly on the way to heaven resemble a body of emigrants on ship board—on their way across the ocean to America! Listen to that group of men, women, and children that have seen their native hills sink below the wave, and, now leaning over the bows, are looking ahead! Compared with these, how little does our conversation turn on the land in prospect, its employments, its enjoyments, the friends that wait our coming! Throwing off false shame, let us be more faithful to the souls of men, and to a world that lieth in wickedness, and much more free in converse with each other about the Prince and the things of the heavenly kingdom—after the manner of the men of old, of whom it is said 'they that feared the Lord spake often one to another.'

Still it should not be forgotten, lest any deceive themselves, that to talk about religion, ministers and sermons, missions and missionaries, religious schemes and books, revivalists and revivals, is not religion. Some have been the most fluent talkers about these things who felt them least. Shallow rivers are commonly noisy rivers, and the drum is loud because it is hollow. Fluency and feeling don't always go together. On the contrary, some men are most sparing of speech when their feelings are most deeply engaged. I have been told that there is an awful silence in the ranks before the first gun is fired, and little talking heard during the dreadful progress of the battle, or sound, save the roar of cannon, the cries of wounded, the shouts of attack, the burst of musketry, and bugles sounding the charge. And I have also heard men say, that when the ship is labouring for her life, and every moment may decide her fate, and whether she shall clear reef or headland hangs in anxious suspense, there is no talking, no thing heard amid the roaring of the storm but the voice of officers, as they shout forth their orders—to cut away the mast—let go the sails—or put the helm hard a port. Deep passions, like deep waters, often run silent, and men in earnest are more given to act than to talk. True, Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, still, the fuller the heart is, the less fluent sometimes is the speech. There are things too deep for utterance. Strong gratitude, deep love, are not fluent, nor is intense anxiety. The sight of her child wrapped in flames, or tottering on the edge of a precipice, has paralysed its mother, rooted to the ground—she has gazed in speechless horror, unable to raise a shriek, or move a foot to save it.

Besides, owing, perhaps, to constitutional peculiarities, the religion of some has its most perfect emblem in Christ's own words, Ye are the light of the world. It is a thing seen, not heard, it shines, but it makes no sound, not often found on their lips, but always in their lives. Who,

that ever heard, has forgotten a story told by Dr Chalmers when he pleaded for the right of Christian congregations to reject a minister against whom they felt, but could not state, objections? A woman sought admission to the Lord's table At her examination she broke down, unable to give her pastor any satisfactory answers, she was dumb, or her replies were such as made her appear stupid and ignorant He did not feel that he could admit her to the table of the Lord, and told her so Out to the heart she rose, she reached the door, but ere she left, with the tear shining in her eye and in tones that went to the good man's heart, she said, referring to our Lord, "Sir though I cannot speak for Him, I could die for Him!" Blessed speech! and blessed woman! the gate of heaven was opening to her advancing steps!

Such love to Jesus Christ is the soul of true religion And without their becoming loud talkers, or making a parade of piety it will lead those that feel its power to "exhort one another daily," to try to bring sinners to the Saviour, and—as many who have overcome a false modesty are now doing—to seize all opportunities of dealing faithfully with other men about their souls Why should not we tell others the way to heaven, if we ourselves have found it? Why should not we warn a man who, unconscious of his danger, is approaching the brink of ruin? Why should not we snatch the poisoned chalice from a brother's lips? Why should not we reach a hand down to the drowning, and pluck him from the jaws of death, and seat him beside us on the rock where there is room for both? If people are loud in the praises of the physician who has cured them of some deadly malady—recommending others to trust and seek his skill, why should not Christ's people crown Him with equal honours, commend Him to a dying world, and proclaim what He has done for them? Let them say with David, Come, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell what He hath done for my soul, and tread in the steps of the Samaritan who threw away her pitcher, and, running to the city, brought them all out—crying, Come see a man who hath told me all things that I have ever done

It is a bad thing ostentatiously to parade religion, but it is a base thing for a Christian man to be ashamed of it, not to stand by his colours, by his silence, if not his speech, to deny his Master, to sneak away, like a coward, out of the fight Stand up for Christ everywhere, speak for Him, suffer the scorn of the world for Him, and, among the ungodliest crew, quit you like men, saying,

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His cross,
And honour all His laws

"Jesus, my Lord! I know His name,
His name is all my boast
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost

Religion does not lie in cherishing bitter feelings or using harsh language towards those who differ from us 'Be slow to wrath,' says James, "for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God If any man among you seem to be religious and bridle not his tongue but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain" From a small town that lay in the bosom of gently swelling hills, rose, some with spires and some without them, three or four churches, belonging to the chief denominations of our country—the sign at once of our religious liberties and religious earnestness On a sweet summer evening a traveller looked along the valley on this peaceful scene, when a shower of rain was falling Suddenly the sun broke out, and flung a bright bow on the cloud, that like that of mercy, discharged its showers on all The rainbow encircled within its arms suburb and city, lofty church and humble meeting house And was it not a true and happy fancy that saw in this heavenly bow an emblem of that covenant which, irrespective of minor differences, embraces all believers within the same arms of mercy?

How different from this genial spirit that of gloomy Bigotry! Scowling on charity, it would probably pronounce that thought about the rainbow to have more poetry than piety in it I would not be uncharitable even to uncharitableness, but it is very unlovely It holds the truth, but it is in unrighteousness It contends for the truth, but it is with unholy passions—often persuading itself that it is religious when it is but rancorous Some appear to think that to be narrow minded, is to be heavenly minded A great mistake! The black, bitter sloe of the hedges appears in the garden with the fair hues and sweet juices of the plum, and it is certainly no proof that a man's temper is sanctified that it is sour Christians never should forget the meaning hidden in the very form which the Holy Spirit assumed when he dropped from the skies on our Saviour's head The rapacious eagle, grasping thunderbolts in his talons, and sacred to Jove among the heathens, or rushing down from the rock on his quarry, has been the favourite ensign of bloody conquerors, and ambitious kings, now, not it, but that gentle bird which, they say, has no gall, and is sacred to love, and whose snowy plumage was never dyed with a victim's blood, descends yonder by the quiet banks of Jordan on the head of Jesus. I do not say that religious men have never cherished an exclusive and narrow spirit I admit that some excellent men have done so.

Still, it is not religion to speak bitterly of those who differ from us, it is not religion to minister at the altar with "strange fire," it is not religion to serve the cause of a loving God with unlovely passions, it is not religion to defend Christ's crown with other weapons than his own sword, it is not religion to be serious on light, and great on little things, it is not religion to exalt points to the place of principles, it is not religion to contend as earnestly for forms of worship as for the faith of the gospel, it is anything but religion to dip our pens in gall, to give the tongue unbridled license, and so to speak of others as to recall those words of Scripture—Their teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword. There is no religion in the narrow, sectarian exclusive prejudices which say, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

In this imperfect state, it is perhaps as impossible for two parties, as it is for flint and steel, to come into collision without eliciting some sparks of fire. It were foolish to expect that there should be nothing said or done in a time of religious controversy, which good men will see no reason afterwards to regret and to recall, for that were to expect lesser men to be greater than apostles—holier than Paul and Barnabas, between whom, as we are told, there rose a 'sharp contention.' Nor even after the controversies have ceased, need we wonder that their unhappy influences do not always, and all at once, cease with them. That were such a miracle as was only seen in Galilee, when at Christ's voice the winds and waves went down at once, and together. It is with human passion as with the sea, when violently agitated, stirred by some storm to its briny depths, it continues, hours after the wind has ceased, to swell, and heave, and roll its foaming breakers on the beach. We are not to wonder that wounds received in controversy, like those received in battle, take some time to heal. It is reasonable to expect that, though, as it were a bad sign of a man's constitution if his wounds, however deep, turned into running sores, there is something wrong, unhallowed, and unchristian in our spirit, if grace does not soften the asperities, and tame close the wounds of controversy.

There is a time of peace, says Solomon, as well as a time of war, and when fields, white for the harvest, call Christians to sheath their swords and put on their sickles, he must be a stranger to the spirit of the Gospel whose cry is, My voice is still for war. War? They are for war, I am for peace," said David. And they who have imbibed most of the spirit of their Master, even when contending for the faith, will engage in quarrels with reluctance, and end them with pleasure. The Christian graces, like spice bearing trees, grow best under serene and sunny skies. Nor should Christian men ever enter keenly into any controversy that is not vital, unless it involve matters of paramount importance. The theology of our life should be the theology of the death bed, amid whose solemn, deepening shadows small points and matters of form dwindle out of sight, or rather are lost in the blaze of coming glory. The loftiest piety ever attaches the lowest importance to party badges and ecclesiastical distinctions, and the holier the Christian grows, he will more and more resemble the holly tree, which as it rises, and gets away from the ground, and shoots its top up to heaven, loses the thorny prickles from its leaves. Be assured that tenderness of heart, and gentleness of spirit, mark the highest form of Christianity, and that the true fire of the Spirit, the celestial flame—like that which fell at Pentecost blazes but never burns. Let the same mind be in you therefore, that was in Jesus Christ, otherwise, whatever be our creed, we are none of His.

A bigot does not lie on Knowledge, or the observance of religious forms. A man who rose on the wings of genius from obscurity to the highest fame was, on an occasion of a visit to Edinburgh, walking with one who plumed himself on his wealth and rank, and ancient family. As they strolled along the street, Burns—for of him I speak—encountered a country acquaintance, attired in rustic dress. He seized him by the hand, and leaving his companion offended and astonished, he linked his arm in the rustic's. With a manner that bespoke esteem and admiration of his humble friend, the poet made his way through the brilliant crowd that worshipped his genius, and ruined his morals. On returning, he was met with expressions of surprise that he could so demean himself, and stoop to walk the streets among his fashionable admirers with one in such a vulgar garb. "Fool," said Burns, his dark eye flashing, and his soul rising above the base pleasures and pursuits he had sunk to in high society, and returning to its own native region of noble sentiments, "Fool," he said, "it was not the dress, the peasant's bonnet and the hodden grey, I spoke to, but to the man within, the man who beneath that bonnet has a head, and under that hodden grey a heart better than yours, or a thousand such as yours." Nobly said! A true distinction—too often forgotten, between the man and his externals! Nor is this distinction anywhere more true, important, vital, than in the church of God. Be it gorgeous like that of Rome in her stately temples, or simple like that of our fathers, with the blue heavens for a canopy, a lone glen for their church, the grey stones of the moor for communion tables, and, for music to the wild strain of their psalms, the dash of a waterfall or the roar of breakers—the ritual of a church is but her dress. And what

more than his dress is a man's profession of piety, his religious forms and observances—those peculiar to the Sabbath, or common to every day? They may be worn by the dead as well as the living. While Paul exhorts us to "hold fast the form of sound words," he speaks of some as "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," as "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," and there may be much of that in those days when, in contrast to the profane swearing, and deep drinking, and loose morals, and open neglect of worship both in the family and in the church, of the last century, religion is rather fashionable than otherwise. She now walks, to use John Bunyan's figure, in golden slippers on the sunny side of the street.

Let us beware! Form, dress, and paint are not life. In the studio of the artist, and, in the shape of man or woman, there stands a figure, the first sudden sight of which strikes most with surprise, and makes some start with fear. Is it dead or alive? Supplied with joints that admit of motion, attired in the common garb of men or women, seated in a chair, or standing in easy attitude on the floor, it might pass for life, but for that still and changeless posture, those speechless lips, and fixed staring eyes. It is a man of wood. Cold paint, not warm blood, gives the colour to its cheek, no busy brain thinks within that skull, no kind heart loves, or fervid passions burn within that breast. The *lay figure* that the artist dresses up to help him to represent the folds, the lights and shadows of the drapery, it is but death attired in the clothes of life, and, like a hypocrite or formalist in the sight of God, is offensive rather than otherwise. And as the dress there, however rich and costly, true and skilfully arranged, does not make a living man, no more do the observance of religion, attendance at church, going to the communion, closet prayer, family worship, the daily reading of God's word, make a religious man—a living Christian.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves, says James, and, to take that example, though some may think they are religious because they read the Scriptures daily, religion does not consist in reading God's word, nor in going to church to hear it preached, Sabbath by Sabbath. I say nothing against hearing; God forbid. We are not to neglect the assembling of ourselves together. It is well to hear; to pitch our tent where manna falls, to sit by the pool where an angel stirs the waters, and descends to heal; to go up to the mountain of the Lord, that, surmounted by the cross, and trodden by the feet of saints, has conducted many to the skies; and on which, like mountain ranges that attract the clouds, and are watered by many showers that never fall in the valleys, the blessing most frequently and fully descends—God loveth the gates of Sion more than all the tabernacles of Jacob. But will hearing a discourse on fire warm a man? or meat, feed him? or medicine, cure him? If not, no more will it save us to know all about the Saviour. It will no more take a man to heaven than it will take him to France, or Rome, or Jerusalem, that he knows the way. We must go, as well as know—travel, as well as be able to trace out the route. We get Christ presented to our acceptance every day; but what of that? What will that avail us, unless we accept of him? Have we done that? It is not an offered but an accepted Saviour, nor is it the word heard, but the word done—diligently, habitually, prayerfully done, that will bring us to the kingdom of heaven.

Otherwise, hearing, according to James, is like merely looking into a glass, which never yet arranged woman's hair, or washed man's dirty face. We see the faces of others, not our own,—not our own otherwise than by reflection. The wild beauty of the forest bends over some placid pool to feed her vanity, and admire charms that unadorned are adorned the most; and before an artificial mirror her refined and polished sisters, with ornaments borrowed from birds, and beasts, and worms, the mines of earth and depths of ocean, may stand bedecked, and armed for conquests over fools. To such a looking glass, but cast for another purpose, the apostle James compares God's word. It is given of God that we may see ourselves spotted and stained with sin; and seeing that, may go to wash away the foul pollution in the blood of Christ. And the mere hearers of the word, before whom I would hold up this heavenly glass to show the dark stains that lie not on their faces, but on their souls, what are they? They are like one that having seen his foul face reflected in a faithful mirror, goes away, not to wash it, but to forget all about it. Their religion lies all in hearing—not at all in doing. It is therefore vain.

To know the way to heaven, sometimes to cast a longing eye in that direction, and by fit and start to make a feeble effort heavenwards, can end in nothing. Man must get the Spirit of God. Thus only can we be freed of the shackles that bind the soul to earth, the flesh and sin. I have seen a captive eagle, caged far from its distant home, as he sat mournful-like on his perch, turn his eye sometimes heavenwards; there he would sit in silence, like one rapt in thought, gazing through the bars of his cage up into the blue sky; and, after a while, as if noble but sleeping instincts had suddenly awoke, he would start and spread out his broad sails, and leap upward, revealing an iron chain that, usually covered by his plumage, drew him back again to

his place. But though this bird of heaven knew the way to soar aloft, and sometimes, under the influence of old instincts, decayed but not altogether dead, felt the thirst for freedom, freedom was not for him, till a power greater than his own provided liberty to the captive, and shattered the shackle that bound him to his perch. Nor is there freedom for us till the Holy Spirit set us free, and, by the lightning force of truth, breaks the chains that bind us to sin,—till, with the way laid open by the blood of his covenant, Jesus says to the Spirit,—Loose him, and let him go, let him fly, let him spurn the earth, and, on the wings of faith and prayer, soar away upward to the gates of glory. For that end, come Lord Jesus, come quickly!

Belonging to a church, or sect, said Baron Bunsen on his deathbed, is nothing. The direction which the mind of that great and good man took on some theological subjects is much to be regretted—very much to be deplored. We have no sympathy with it. Yet, in those solemn hours when the shadow of death falls on the bed, and the depths of the soul rise to the surface, few have borne themselves more Christianly than Bunsen, or in their dying utterances, with failing, faltering breath, brought out more clearly, more beautifully, more attractively, the spirit of pure, undefiled, living, loving, true religion. I have spoken of it, he speaks it. Let us, for an example of the religion that has not dead in forms, but lives in faith and love, turn our steps to the chamber where Bunsen is dying, amid the glories of a brilliant sunset,—emblem of his own,—the tears of his family, and the regrets of the world. "My best experience," he said, "is that of having known Jesus Christ. I leave this world without hating any one. No, no hatred: hatred is an accursed thing. Oh! how good it is to look upon life from this elevation. One then perceives what an obscure existence we have led upon earth. Upward! upward! It becomes not darker, but always brighter, brighter. I am now in the kingdom. O my God, how beautiful are thy tabernacles! Let us part in Jesus Christ. God is life, love,—love that wills well that loves. I see Christ, and I see God through Christ. I am dying, and I wish to die, I offer my blessing, the blessing of an old man, to all who desire it, I die in peace with all the world. Those who live in Christ, in loving Him, those are his. Those who do not live by His life do not belong to Him, by whatever name they may call themselves, and whatever confession of faith they may sign. Belonging to a church or sect is nothing. I see clearly that we are all sinners, we have only Christ in God, all else is nothing. Christ is the Son of God, and we are his children only when the spirit of love which was in Christ, is in us."

This is a voice from the grave, or rather from those heavens to which, notwithstanding their mistakes and errors, true believers in Christ go to join their Lord. How grand these last utterances of a long, honoured, brilliant, and useful life! One among the greatest of his age in learning, and science, and humanity, and statesmanship, Bunsen left the world with this sentence ringing in its ears,—To love God in Christ is all: to belong to a church or sect is nothing—all else is nothing.

SUPPOSED HARMLESS ERRORS.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

It is maintained by some sensible persons, that those of a naturally good disposition, who may have embraced some religious system of a mixed character,—containing, along with much valuable truth, a good deal of superstitious error, such as might be in itself noxious,—will adhere to and profit by the good, and the bad will be inoperative and harmless to them. They will be, it is thought, like Mithridates, who had so fortified his constitution by antidotes, that he could swallow poisons with impunity. But to trust to this universally would be unsafe. For the most expert poisoners usually mix a few grains of strychnine or arsenic with several ounces of wholesome food. Falsehood, and all evil, are received chiefly through a mixture with truth and goodness. But there are some cases in which the process described does, and some in which it does not, take place.

(1.) When any one is converted *from Paganism* to some (more or less) corrupted form of Christianity, he has made an *advance*, and is somewhat a gainer, even if he advance no farther. And in such a case the result is not unlikely to be what was described above. He probably embraced the error *for the sake of the truth* mixed with it, and does not know how to separate them. And if the good portion be that which is congenial to his mind, and the bad not, the poison may remain dormant and innocuous. He may resemble those whose constitution is not susceptible of some infectious diseases, such as small pox or scarlatina. And his embracing (suppose) the Roman Catholic system, or one that naturally would seem to lead, and often does lead, to Antinomianism, may produce little or no ill effects upon him.

(2.) The same may be the case (in a minor degree) with one who has been *brought up* in some such mixed system of truth and error. All his earliest associations have combined in his thoughts and feelings, the one with the other; and yet,

though unable or unwilling to undertake the task of winnowing the chaff from the wheat, he may practically embrace the one, and let the other lie dormant Both of these persons may shrink from the work which Martin (in the "Tale of a Tub") found so difficult, of picking out, thread by thread, the embroidery with which the coat had been deformed, in fear and trembling lest he should damage the coat itself And so they leave the coat in the condition in which they had received it

(3) But far different is the case of one who had once had the coat clear, and then consented to have it overlaid with this embroidery, viz, the man who, having been brought up in a purer faith, afterwards *adopts* one corrupted with an admixture of human devices He, unlike the others, has evidently not adopted the errors for the sake of the truths mixed with them,—truths which had been already laid before him unadulterated,—but *for the sake of the very errors* themselves And one may accordingly expect to find him much *more* zealous for them, and more practically under their influence, than those who had been *brought up* in the system In such a one you may expect to find the evils of the system in their most exaggerated and most active form

The inquiry which a clown is apt to make, when you ask your way—"where did *you come from*, Sir?"—is not an important one in this case Those who have just embraced, or have always held, some truth that is mixed with falsehood, are in a far different case from those who have just rejected a part of the truth they had before held, or have just introduced into it some error With a view to the future, those are in the least hopeless condition who have never fully *heard both sides*, and have been brought up in some erroneous notions, the next, are those who *have* heard both sides, and have *embraced* the wrong, the most hopeless are those who have heard both sides, and embraced the right, and then *deserted* it for the wrong (ἔσχατ φρενοβλάβειας)

It is worth observing, also, that the *children* of those who have embraced some dangerous system, without any detriment to *their own* character, will often make a most hurtful application of the principles they have learned Hence (as is observed in one of Mr Woodward's Essays) people are amazed to see how ill some turn out, whose parents were excellent.

There is a half way house in the passage over the Andes, where two sets of travellers, in opposite directions, often meet Those who have just descended from the regions of perpetual snow, find themselves oppressed with heat, in the same spot where the others, just ascended from the scorching plains below, are complaining of cold And the like takes place with those who are converted—this way or that—from their former religion "Where did you come from?" is an inquiry which has much to do with the question whether they have, thus far, been *ascending* or *descending*, and whether they are likely to go on to something better, or to something worse

Sometimes a recent convert to the Romish Church, or to some other Party, causes surprise and even alarm, in those who have always belonged to it by the excess of his zeal for some things they had thought but little of, and the boldness with which he follows up their principles to their consequences But they would find it difficult to undo what they have done

> "She opened but to shut
> Surpassed her power"

Suppose, e g, the case of one who has been brought up in some Party, and has been always taught that it is right and necessary to belong to a Party, but who is superior in intelligence to most of the members of it, and very superior in knowledge, and in liberality and freedom from bigotry, and has less of real party spirit than some who disavow being partisans at all, he (or she) will probably regard some of the dogmas of the party as of no great practical importance, but will have received them as part of the *lot* some he may perhaps not admit at all, some, which are capable of a very pernicious application, he will perceive no danger in, having never made such an application and being, like a skilful artisan, trained from childhood in the dexterous use of various edge tools, which, in unskilful hands, may do dreadful mischief He induces, perhaps, another person to *join* this party, and then is astonished and grieved to see his convert adopt *all* the doctrines of the party, and in the most exaggerated form, and condemn or despise all who do not, and follow up the principles to dangerous conclusions, and manifest a most thorough going party spirit And while the original partisan is perhaps softening down, the convert will be proceeding like those English settlers in Ireland, of whom we are told that they became "*more Irish than the Irish themselves*" * In short, the plants taken from their original soil, and transplanted into new and rich ground, astonish him by the fearful luxuriance of their growth

A person who independently adopts a certain doctrine which is held by certain others, or joins them in some definite measure, is responsible *only so far* for what he does or induces others to do He is like a partner with *limited liability*, who stakes only the fixed sum he contributes. But one who joins or induces others to join, a party, is a partner who has made himself responsible for *all* the acts and all the debts of the firm, and has staked his *whole* property.

* See *Cautions for the Times*, No 28, p 466

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON

CHAPTER I

ABOUT OLD OLD AND HIS HOUSEHOLD

I HAVE an instinctive admiration for old officers of both services They are, generally speaking *gentlemen*, and that expresses a sum total of many items in their manners and general bearing, which to say the least, is most pleasing There are, no doubt, "old salts" and "old roughs" among them as there are in all professions individuals who by their lives, contradict the spirit of their professions But the old officer is generally a considerate man, courteous, and thoughtful about the feelings of others, with a quiet, dignified self respect He looks as if he was consciously a representative of a great body which had done noble deeds and had gained renown by sacrifices for the good of his country and of the world He combines the bearing of a man long trained to obey as well as to command I have observed too that old officers have a great sense of justice, not in its broad and palpable applications only but when these require the nice discernment of cultivated minds There is also something more or less attractive to the fancy in those who have survived the "great wars" Dreams of the past hover around them Is he 'a Navy man who has seen service?" How much he has seen from the time he joined his ship at Plymouth or Portsmouth, long before the parents of most of us were married, until he left on half pay' what seas he has sailed over—what days and nights of heat and cold, of gale and hurricane, he has experienced—what watchings, anxieties, expeditions, and adventures he has shared in—what strange characters he has met with—what odd, out of the way scenes and places he has visited,—and what a halo of romance invests his engagements, "affairs," chases, cuttings out, and great sea fights, along with men and ships that have been like the watchful genii of our grand old nation and whose names are historical! Who can look at his weather beaten face, large hands, steady eye, and strong, active build, so hale and hearty, with blue coat and brass buttons, and his face shining with good nature, without feeling irresistibly drawn towards him? Brave old fellow! with thy few shillings a day, how I honour thee above a score of mere money makers with a thousand pounds for every button in thy blue dress coat, now getting tight for thee!

Equally so do I respect—though my likings, from association, lean rather to him of the "salt sea faeme"—the old soldier, clean, erect, tidy, a delightful Captain Shandy, or Corporal Trim promoted, full of rousing memories of marches, bivouacs skirmishes, and 'hard pounding' in Spain and Portugal, culminating in the memorable Waterloo

Alas! "the old guard" by sea and land are passing away, but sure am I that the nation will never forget what they owe to them, and to their comrades who have been long asleep on many a lonely battle field, or lie buried "full many a fathom deep" in the hidden caves of the old ocean

While thus expressing my feelings of admiration for old officers I am reminded of the fact not a little remarkable, that every officer of the Roman army alluded to in the New Testament, is spoken of with respect There was the centurion, "the devout man whose servant was sick, and who had "a devout soldier who waited on him continually the centurion who stood by the cross, and who made the noble confession of Christ's Divinity 'Cornelius the centurion a just man, who feared God,' and who was the first fruits of the Gentiles the two centurions who conducted Paul to Cæsarea, and Julius the centurion who "courteously entreated Paul"

And surely there are few finer specimens of manly, devoted Christians to be found than among those officers who have become "good soldiers of Jesus Christ" The discipline which, as men, they have been subjected to, the temptations which they are compelled to resist and to overcome, the confession which they must bear in trying circumstances, all combine to make them strong in faith, and able to "quit themselves like men" We know few pictures more beautiful and simply heroic than that of Parry instructing his men in the love of Christ, amidst the constant dangers and utter desolation of the "howling North," or of Franklin in his last letter ever received commending Parry to the love of his God and Saviour, or Havelock at his peaceful devotions, never once omitted during that terrible march to Cawnpore, when every morning which heard his voice of prayer heard also the roar of battle

I do not associate the old Lieutenant with such men, either as regards his fame or his piety The former did not exist I question if it survives in any page on earth, except in the one contained in the volume of my own memory What was the kind and degree of his piety must be determined by every reader for himself from such evidence as my reminiscences of him afford

But may my pen fail to write at all about him or his, if aught which it in truth records of

lives so unknown to the great world should ever to a Christian eye make their graves, in the old kirkyard among the hills, appear less sunny than they did to me on that summer's day when alone, I stood beside them thirty years ago!

Edward Fleming was but a half pay lieutenant of the Navy, though he was commonly called "the Captain" by the inhabitants of the small seaport town in Scotland where he resided

He had seen a great deal of hard service, and by sheer bravery had worked his way from before the mast to the quarter deck, and ended by settling down in the very town from whence he had been pressed into the navy His wife was the widow of an officer of Marines, who on his dying bed, had commissioned old Ned to convey to her his last words which he did on the first opportunity granted him—that being five years after she was a widow The interview ended, some months afterwards, in a marriage, and a happier one never took place How well I see at this moment the neat clean white cottage where they lived, the shaggy crag covered with heath, and crowned by birch trees that rose behind it, the green before the door, stretching to the sea shore, with its pebbly beach and deep clear water, the flag staff ending the Captain's walk in the garden, or his quarter deck, as he called it, where he daily promenaded, the sitting room with its engravings of sea fights, the crossed swords in the recess, and the hat of the Santissima Trinidada's bulwark, which he had pocketed as a memento of his having boarded her at Trafalgar!

Young Ned, or Neddy, was an only child, and at the time I speak of was about thirteen years of age His mother said he was the image of his father, and his father returned the compliment by declaring he was the image of his mother He was something of both, and that is saying much

The only other inhabitant of the Captain's dwelling, besides his wife and boy, was Barbara, *alias* Babby, the servant She was short and dumpy, with a roll in her gait, as the Captain remarked, "like a Dutch dogger in a sea way" She had a large face, the life of which was concentrated in two large full moons of eyes, that seemed to be always receiving rather than giving, for Babby's giving was her working life of domestic duty and family devotedness, from morning till night She had been in the family since its existence, and had originally come from the house of Mrs Fleming's mother The family belonged to Babby (she felt so at least) more than she to the family She governed through obedience Babby never rebelled, and yet it was questionable whether she ever yielded Like a clew of worsted on the floor, she parted with her thread to the hand of master or mistress as they wound her up, to make her leave her position, but even when thus apparently "giving in," she always kept her position and rolled about on the floor Every event in Ned's life was associated with Babby Her eyes gazing on him in his cot when a child were among his earliest impressions She had been always his nurse in sickness, his considerate almoner at "pocket time" his mediator in little troubles, his adviser in difficulties, and the patient mender of his clothes and minor morals

I had almost forgot to mention the cat and dog, beloved inmates too important to be forgot, and whose presence was almost as real as Babby's in the establishment The dog was a Highland terrier called Skye, with the usual characteristics of that famous and esteemed breed as to quantity of hair, a most notable tail, which, when on important business, acted as a curled mainspring to his back, and with such sagacious eyes, twinkling, brown and deep, through his shaggy eyebrows, like those of an old judge! Kitty the cat belonged more to Babby's department, but was received into the Captain's bosom as an expression of the softer domestic emotions

The only shadow of doubtful truthfulness, or rather benevolent delusion, I ever could discover in the Captain was with reference to his dog, and I am obliged to confess that he could not be depended upon for strict accuracy of statement regarding that animal He told stories of his sagacity, which were more than doubtful, to those at least not fully initiated into the mysteries of dog life and intelligence He even interpreted the dog's thoughts In the midst of some conversation about him, the Captain would suddenly stop and say—"Look at *him* He is following every word, sir, every word! He knows we intend to wash him I'll tell you a curious story about him The other day," etc, and so he would proceed with his mythical narrative "Yes, Skye, you know what I'm saying, though you pretend not!" The dog hearing himself addressed by name would wag his tail without moving from his comfortable position before the fire "Ha! ha! friend, look at that," his delighted master would exclaim "I told you that he understood me" He was fond of remarking that Lord Nelson was wonderfully attached to dogs and dogs to him

I remember well the incident which first powerfully attracted my affections to young Ned, though we had been school companions from childhood Did you ever, readers, in your youth, make a boat and rig it? If so, you have one memorable fact to look back to, one sunny hill top in your life journey, which will always shine even amidst loftier and brighter summits The whole process is delightful, from the hour when the square, shapeless

mass of wood lies before the outer eye, as the inner eye shapes it into a comely form, and the hull is moulded into a good model with "a fine run and artistic bow," and the interior scooped out and the deck fitted on until the pure white sails with appropriate tackle, flap on the tapering masts, tipped with flag or pennant. But never was such a perfect lugger as Ned Fleming's! Dirk Hatteraick's was nothing to her. The imagination magnified her into a daring smuggler or bloody pirate! The day in which the races of our new boats were to come off across the small inlet of the bay was looked forward to with intense anxiety. At early dawn most of the boys were examining their boats, with the conviction, however that Ned Fleming's "Nelson" was sure to win. She was at least two feet long, and such a shape, and painted too! The Captain was understood also to have thrown a spell over her, and so doomed her to win, but strange to say on the famous morning there was no 'Nelson' there! Why, no one could discover. Ned gave no explanation beyond saying that she was not fit to appear. But he was himself as cheerful as ever, eager to oblige and to make every one happy and to see fair play done. It was some time before I accidentally heard the cause from Bobby, who let it out in a private conversation. 'You see, master his mother was ill, and so was I, she was taken as ill as—a sort of Celtic Forbes or what ever we call it—but she needed hot water, and the kin kin' coal on the fire had burnt down, for it was well on to morning, and there was nae hot water, nor sticks to make up the fire, as accident wad have it. Wha can hinder thae accidents? I'm sure accidents and misfortunes has been the plague o' my life! I'm never in difficulty but an accident is sure to happen, as if to kill me. Weel as I was saying, what does our Noddy do but bring doon his braw new boat, the daft laddie—for I micht hae got sticks if I only had time—and before I could cry Jack Robison, he had her in the fire, masts an' a', and the kettle singing like a tap in five minutes! But the laddie is extraordinar fond o' his mither, nae wunner. And she'll no blame him neither, although the Captain was awfu' proud about that boat. Ye ken he's no himsel wi'oot saut water and ships. He's no like me. I canna thole them."

When the Captain heard this story, he said nothing to Ned himself, but he was observed to pace longer than usual up and down the room. After Bobby had narrated the circumstances as a matter almost of complaint, he took extra pinches of snuff, laughing quietly to himself, and kissing Noddy before going to bed (which seldom happened since he was a child), he said, "God keep you, my boy, your poor mother is better—much better. That hot water saved her life, I do believe."

When I alluded to the circumstance, Noddy cut me short by saying, "Old Bobby is an ass," and then ran off to throw stones at a crow. He never himself referred to the circumstance, but I never forgot it, as it gave me my first vivid idea of self sacrifice.

Ned was one of the most "plucky" boys I ever knew—calm, quiet, "undemonstrative, yet incapable of fear. He became thus a defender of the weak in the school, but seldom had recourse at any time to the rude display of fists, and never, no never, on the side of injustice or selfishness. These weapons were called forth only on the side of the weak, more especially when some of the 'shore boys,' strong sons of fishermen, with codlike faces, and huge hands like flat fish, with red hair and broad chests, made raids on the playground to rob us of our "marbles, tops, or balls." They had one notorious leader called, I know not why, Noddles. He was recognised as invincible, and never appeared except to perpetrate some great act of robbery. On one occasion—a sort of Waterloo in the school—this Napoleon of sea sharks, followed by several less powerful sea dogs de camp, suddenly rushed into the playground to fall on our only earthly treasures. Young Ned, who was not half the size of Noddles, flew at him like a tiger cat, and, amidst the wonder and breathless silence of all at last inflicted upon him meet punishment. With bleeding mouth and nose Noddles ran off, pursued by Ned. This secured to us a long period of peace, and to Ned fame, while the memory of the great deed survived in the school. Ned was described to new comers as "the chap who smashed Noddles." But, as Bobby said, "He's as quiet as a lamb, and maks nae mair cheep in the house than a moose in the meal girnal."

I must return, however, to old Ned himself. If old Ned had a weakness, it was his endless story telling about the Navy, when any one happened to touch the right spring, and was willing to listen patiently, but to interrupt him, or to be inattentive, was dangerous, not from a particle of vanity on his part—for I believe he never for a moment thought of himself—but from the more than love he had for the navy and its heroic deeds. The country seemed to him to belong to the navy, and to be protected by it alone, as a parent protects a child. I am not sure that he considered the dry land as possessing any higher function than to supply victualling for the ships. The sea was, of course, the inalienable property of His Majesty's navy, and all vessels making use of that element did so by permission only of this lawful sovereign. There was, therefore, a certain

reverential air with which he spoke of the fleet and of its admirals

Some person one evening happened, I remember, to compare the relative merits of "God Save the King," and "Rule Britannia,'—giving preference, of course, to the latter, for who, in the Captain's presence, would have dared a less favourable criticism? "Yes,' said the Captain, rising and pacing slowly back and forward, as was his wont, "it is, no doubt, my dear sir' —he spoke fondly to such a man—"the finest tune ever composed But I have heard it sir, in circumstances which never can be forgotten—never—never!' 'What were these, Captain?" "It was in the year '95,' began the Captain but though the story, like all those I heard from my old friend—and which, by the by, nearly sent me to the navy, and made me a comfortable Greenwich pensioner—seems to be vividly impressed on my mind fresh as when I first heard it, it is more than likely other thoughts, during the last thirty years have altered some of the facts *I* may be wrong, but not the Captain, who was as correct as the despatches—perhaps more so

'It was in the year 95,' he continued, "that I heard Rule Britannia played as I never expect to hear it again I was then on board the old Captain, 74, commanded by Sam Reeve We were attached to Hotham's squadron and in pursuit of the French fleet, fifteen sail of the line, which were beating up to get back to Toulon, having been scared away by us from Corsica It was a blowy morning, with heavy squalls, and we were trying, as hard as we could, in full chase, to make up to the Frenchmen, who were some miles to the windward of us A French 80 gun ship, the *Ça ira*, fell foul of a companion of the same size, and carried away her fore and maintop masts But the *Ça ira* was gallantly taken in tow, first by the *Vestale*, and afterwards by the *Censure* Well, these two ships, the *Censure* with the *Ça ira* in tow, fell a good way to leeward of the French line The breeze next day died away Both fleets lay like logs rolling on the water But while looking to windward, I saw a squall—one of those catspaws so common in the Mediterranean—strike a Neapolitan vessel, half a mile from us By and by the squall reached us, and, without touching the rest of the fleet, it carried the old Captain, sir, right up to the Frenchmen, and left her there! There we were, sir, right between the *Ça ira* and *Censure*, each an 80 gun line of battle ship To it we went, with hearty goodwill, the two fleets looking on! For fifteen minutes, however, we had to sustain both their broadsides before we could, from our position, return a single shot That's what tries a man. And after we opened fire, we fought for upwards of an hour alone, without any assistance. It was hot work, I assure you. Every sail was at last torn to tatters,—stays shot away—topmasts knocked over—a large shot in the mainmast—boats broken—guns overthrown—and our friends looking on, their sails flapping to their masts, and not a breath of air to fill them! Old Goodall, the admiral of our division, was, I heard afterwards, in a state of great excitement, flying about the deck with his drawn sword, ordering every stitch to be set, but in vain 'My poor Captain,' he cried, 'will be knocked in pieces before I can assist her!' We were at last compelled to send up a signal upon the stump of the foremast—'in want of immediate assistance,' but no assistance came! Being signal officer at the time, I was watching the old Princess Charlotte, Admiral Goodall's ship Minutes were precious We would sooner sink than give in, but sink we must, if not soon relieved But every glimpse I caught of our fleet through the smoke, showed the sails hanging to the masts, without a breath of wind Suddenly, to my joy, I thought I saw the royals of the Princess Charlotte beginning to fill—then the fore topsails to belly out a little—then a white line of foam like a ring to gather round her bows! It was all right! On she came with a morning breeze that had sprung up We gave three cheers! What a sight it was to see her bearing down on us, when we were fighting in despair against such odds! Down she came, sir, and as she ran between us and the enemy, her band struck up, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!' That was the time when' — But the lips of old Ned began to tremble at the recollection, and then to laugh, as he wiped his eyes and blew his nose

The Captain had a custom which his wife once—but only once—attempted to make him give up The experiment almost proved fatal to their domestic happiness, for a forenoon at least—I do not believe any longer period of contention between them could have been imagined—for not even *one* such dark *day* was recorded in the family log book. The custom which I allude to was that of old Ned's keeping the anniversaries of all his battles. And the way he did it was this He dressed himself in what remained of his old uniform—in nankeen trousers, ruffled shirt, and shoes with buckles A bottle of port few of which were in his cellars—was always drawn for the occasion of a *great* battle, while he made any sherry that happened to be in existence serve for less important actions. Mrs. Fleming was also obliged to appear with some festal sign She generally dressed in her Sunday clothes Mr Freeman, an old boatswain's mate, then a custom house officer, was always invited to be present on such occasions. Young Ned was there, of course, and I had once the privilege, as his companion, to be present also. It was a law that, from the time the enemy hove in

night until victory was proclaimed (unless some delay took place in the progress of the action, of which we were duly informed) no one was to leave the room The port being drawn and glasses filled the Captain placed his large gold watch, with its ponderous chain and seals, on the table, and after pacing up and down with his hands behind his back over and anon casting his look at the watch, he would at last make the important announcement, which fairly began the day "The enemy have hove in sight, and are bearing down signal made by the admiral for close action We shall drink success!" —which was done with due decorum by all As the action proceeded the Captain became more and more animated yet calm Every ship that struck was announced at the right minute, and some port accompanied the cheers which still echoed in his memory "Freeman he would say, "we shall never see the like again" "Never, Captain, never—them days are past—the men are gone" "And the officers I mean" "Nobody cares about them old times Captain" "You and I, Freeman as long as we live will remember them and *how!*" That memory was never omitted—"The bravest the best the truest man that ever trod the quarter deck of a man of war—the immortal Nelson" Towards the same Captain" The Captain found it convenient at such a crisis to go and pat Skye, and direct his attention to some event outside the house He did not like that Freeman should see his weakness There were other events in the engagement which were always interpreted by the Captain with a grave and solemn look such as "My poor old friend Scott was struck down at this period of the day and then the circumstances attending his fall were biographically touched upon—until finally the victory was won when the Captain summed up the gain and spoke the praises of the mighty dead What remained in the decanter was kept for bringing the enemy next day into harbour, and securing the prizes But all was ended for the present by his wife playing Rule Britannia upon the old spinnet, the Captain joining to the best of his ability Neddy, as I said, was always present on these occasions "You see my boy," he would add, "we always did our duty and what was right for king and country,' and then, as he wiped his moist eyes with the back of his rough hand, he would express his hearty thanks, to a higher power than man's, for having preserved him Don't suppose, reader, the good old fellow exceeded by a single glass These days were his only holidays, and happy ones they were, and good ones too They were the sunniest days also in poor old Freeman's life "You will always notice,' Mrs Fleming used to say to her son, "how heartily your father reads the thanksgiving at prayers on the evenings of our battle days" as these were termed in the family

CHAPTER II —THE OLD SEAPORT

The old seaport and burgh of B—, in which the Captain was anchored for life seemed cut off from the whole world It had no communication with any town on earth by the land side nearer than by sixty miles of such roads as never received the impression of a more aristocratic vehicle than the mail gig There was no steam traffic in the days I speak of A weekly packet kept up the only intercourse whether friendly or commercial which subsisted between this secluded haven and the rest of the busy world But its inhabitants never seemed to weary of each other Its society was not large it prided itself on being, what was called 'select" It was made up of *the* colonel long in India *the* major, though only of the militia yet intensely military, *the* captain who had been twenty years expecting his company in 'the regulars and had fought during the American War with other "half pays more or less distinguished There was also the excellent old sheriff with his top boots and queue and Mr White the chamberlain of 'th Marquis with his fine sons and daughters and Mr Thomson writer and banker, and the doctor and Miss Matty and Peggy Cochrane, with their bachelor brother William who somehow were linked to the aristocracy, with several other families known as "the Hendersons,' "the Wrights" "the Macindoes' etc, with several ex provosts and bailies, and, though last, not least, the clergy To these were sometimes added, to the great delight of the young ladies, the officers of the brigs of war, the Driver, Gannet, or Trincolo which often frequented the harbour

There were some memorable features in the society of that dear old burgh, the chief of which were its thorough friendliness and hearty kindness The clergy led the van These consisted of Dr Yule the minister of the parish, Mr Purdie, minister of the "Relief" congregation, and Mr Cruickshanks the Episcopal clergyman Dr Yule in his early life had been tutor to a young Scotch nobleman, and had travelled with him on the Continent This had given him a knowledge of men with a refinement of manners, which made him reserved yet courteous, "popular" yet honest "He became all things to all men," but, like the Apostle, always with the unselfish wish and hope of "gaining some" He was naturally truthful and benevolent, but, better still, he was, by the grace of God, "a good man," in the Christian sense of the word His learning was respectable and varied, his studies regular and earnest

His disposition, independence of character, truthfulness, along with his secluded geographical position, prevented his belonging to any "school" in the Church He had a great fear of the tyranny and injustice of party, and carefully guarded the liberty of Christ which enabled him to sympathize with true goodness wherever he found it, and sought to keep pure the single eye which enabled him to perceive the goodness wherever it was to be found No man was more looked up to, beloved, and respected by old and young than 'the auld doctor'

Mr Purdie was more the type of the old Puritans His congregation was made up chiefly of the descendants of families who had fled to this more secluded district during "the persecutions" But when I speak of his Puritanism I don't mean what is often, contrary to all fair history, associated with the real representatives of that form of church and theological thought He had no doubt a most compact and very decided creed, in which he and Dr Yule were one, and was very jealous of 'non essentials' He was not one of those who seem to think that the Gospels and Epistles are mere mysteries, that an honest man cannot discover what Christ and his apostles meant to teach, nor did they suppose church history to be so dark that no one could discover what the Church as a whole had believed in for eighteen centuries But he so far differed from Dr Yule, that his very presence was a protest against, and a "Relief" from the bondage of that endless worry of the Scotch Church, lay patronage But there was not a grain of the Pharisaical moroseness of untruthfulness, or the selfish bigotry of church idolatry, in that little round face, warm and sunny in spite of the snow drifts on the polished crown The whole of Paul's glorious chapter on Christian love seemed to twinkle in his grey eye, and was ever dawning like sunrise on his smiling lip. He would have died to defend true principles, but he would have died also to deliver men from false ones His "principles" were not dead things, like inscriptions on granite tablets, far less expressions of himself only, but they were embodied in living persons who were in his opinion right or wrong in relation to God, and therefore on the road of truth or falsehood, peace or misery.

The Episcopalian clergyman belonged to the old "Jacobite" Episcopal Church of Scotland outwardly. He was a tall man, with a stoop in his gait, a large gold headed cane, white hair, and a hat which, I believe, symbolized a Dean. Mr. Cruickshanks held all the traditions of his "body" with quiet conviction. He had a heart affection for all the peculiarities of his church, — for its reverential forms, its holy days, and, above all, its liturgy. He admired his Scotch Church for her firm adherence to the principle of legitimacy in the succession to the monarchy, and this principle was the more sacred to him from the annoyances and petty persecutions which its confession had entailed He loved the past with conservative affection He felt a dignity and happiness in being the representative however humble, of a church which he believed could trace itself, link by link, through its ordained clergy, government, and ritual, up to the apostolic times But he was a cultivated, well bred gentleman, and, better still, a Christian who loved his Saviour more than his sect He had, therefore, an instinctive respect for any true man who, from a sense of personal responsibility, differed from him He was contented to minister to his own small flock in peace, desired only to let and to be let alone, hated, as they all did, proselytism, and wished to maintain kindly intercourse with his brother clergyman His good heart saved him from the painful conclusions of good logic The fact is, these three old worthies, most fortunately for themselves and the community, were, in many of their "Church principles," delightfully inconsistent Their good hearts saved their heads from unmanly intolerance, and their strong heads saved their hearts from childish weakness They were often wrong in the argument, but always right in the thing itself

The result was, that no one ever heard a dispute among them unbecoming Christian gentlemen. They even took charge of their respective flocks without ostentation or vain boasting They met often in private society, and many an hour was spent together at Dr Yule's library fire, talking over their differences and their agreements, when much was said "on both sides" to deepen their mutual respect

As each looked at the great mountain of truth from his neighbour's valley, he could understand why it appeared somewhat different, while yet the same, as when beheld from his own

I never heard of any other "bodies" attempting to gain a footing in that town but on one occasion. It was an itinerant preacher To Dr Yule's astonishment, as he left his church one Sabbath afternoon when service was over, he saw the great majority of his congregation gathered round a person who had planted himself at the head of the small street near the church, and with bare head, extended arms, and loud voice, was addressing the people from some passage of Scripture Dr Yule drew near, and listened with signs of the greatest respect till the preacher had finished, and when he said, "Let us pray," the Doctor uncovered, and seemed to, and no doubt did, join with the petitioner No sooner was the prayer ended than the Doctor, addressing himself to the people, said "I do not know who this person is

who has so unexpectedly appeared among us, nor who has sent him here, but he has spoken most excellent truth, which I thank him for and I am sure so do you, and I hope God will enable us all to live and act in the spirit which he has so faithfully described and I will not say, Forbid him though he follow with not with us" Then turning to the preacher who seemed amazed by this co operation, he said lifting at the same time, his hat to him with respect "God bless you sir, in your labours throughout the country, and may you be kept from evil, and with a single eye endeavour to gain souls to thy Master, and not to thyself or to others I will be glad to see you at my house if you find it convenient to call for me" The preacher bowed, but made no reply, and next day he had departed no one knew whither

As regards the social intercourse and amusements of the worthy burgh, these were simple and on the whole harmless

Dinner parties were rare, but tea and supper ones occurred weekly during winter I need not say that the company did not vary much, nor was the entertainment very sumptuous When these houses were built no one could tell, but the small windows, low roofs, screw passages and stairs, spoke of a primitive age Some of the most respectable were up wide *closes*, and within courts, and up flights of wooden stairs, with large balustrades, not unlike the houses now seen in Germany, so that I suspect Dutch smugglers had something to do with their construction They were possessed by the same families as far back as the records of the burgh extended Persons like the colonel or captain, who had been long absent from home, returned, as soon as possible, to the old nest in which they had been hatched and reared, there to fledge and rear a progeny of their own The large black knocker at Miss Peggy Henderson's door had an oval brass plate over it, which once bore the name of her father, but nothing could be deciphered now but the beginning of a capital H, whose larger half vanished in polished brass These houses seemed temples to the worthy people who possessed them, and the handsomest mansion, I am sure, would have failed to attract them out of those little rooms made dear and sacred by the memories of a past life, and of ancestors who had lived there, and of friends who gave to life half its charms But I am forgetting the tea and supper Well these dining rooms and drawing rooms could not hold a London rout, but they held, nevertheless, a goodly number, and matters were so contrived that the young folks were able to have a dance in one room, while, in a small suite room, some of the "old people" had a hand at whist The gambling was not deep! It was far below the value of the "beef and greens" which many of the clergy now curl for on the ice, and no pain was inflicted equal to that which others with rod and line give the silvery trout or noble salmon I believe, indeed, they only played for an exchange of counters, and nothing was lost on either side but—yes, I must confess it—occasionally Miss Peggy Henderson's temper, yet oh! call it not bad temper when compared with what thou hast seen often among clergy and people—twas a mere feeling of righteous anger against the sheriff's want of judgment—

> "Like the snow flake on the river,
> A moment white, then gone for ever!"

Old Ned Fleming was one of the most steady players and best partner at whist

The propriety of in any way countenancing whist or pure dancing were points on which Dr Wade and Mr Purdie differed "Well, dear brother" the doctor once said to Mr Purdie, perhaps you are right and I am wrong For myself, the society of more than one or two friends is at all times tiresome I prefer the quiet *crack* at the fireside nor do I, with my books, my family and my employments, depend in any degree upon such things to keep me cheerful But it is not so with others There are in daily life a number of little facts, crossings, and annoyances, that do not wound or cut, but only scratch, and there are weightier things that are apt to be too heavy on the mind Now, it seems to me as if God, in His great bounty, and in addition to loftier and nobler resources, had provided what I may call set offs, balances to these—which help to divert the mind from its little pains, and to make us walk with a smoother brow over the roughnesses in our path Among these are the so called trifles that amuse men, and give them gentle excitement,—such as the innocent joke, the tale, the song, the play of fancy, harmless games, and the like, within doors,—with fine manly games for those who can join them, out of doors These are not, and cannot indeed be, the pillars, not even the lightest pillars which support the house of our life, but only its ornaments, its fancy decorations, that give pleasure without evil, like those many coloured small flowers with which God covers the fields, or the many notes from small birds with which he fills the air, all of which add so much happiness to our sober walks of duty"

"But, my dear doctor," replied Mr Purdie, "think how liable these are to abuse, and how they have often been abused!" "True, my friend, true, a very serious consideration," replied the doctor, "and one which a wise man dare not overlook. But this is over a difficulty connected with the enjoying any of God's gifts, and a constant test of our faith and obedience." "Are

not these amusements too frequent, doctor?" "Possibly they may be so, but all are home by ten o'clock, and if we don't let amusements for the young flow out in small rivulets, they are apt to become great floods of most disrupting excitement I think the frequent meeting of young men and young ladies much more wholesome and purifying to their affections and morals than such meetings as those horrid things, large public balls, which seldom, I am glad to say, are required in our town' "But I fear young men may contract bad habits, Doctor?' 'It is just to hinder them from contracting those social habits so big with evil when they meet by themselves in clubs and taverns that I advocate our present system of social intercourse I have considered this question long ago indeed, and I think I am right I am glad to see our young people meet frequently in the presence of their friends, and, if you notice, my dear Mr Purdie, you will observe that it has never hindered their attendance at our religious meetings on week days or on Sabbath days, nor have I ever had cause to doubt the good tone of morality among them" And then, after a pause, he added, with a sigh, 'Oh, sirs! Satan is a robber of much treasure that *belongs* to us, and I am not willing to part with any that I can keep from him, and use in the name of Him who alone gives us all things richly to enjoy'

The inhabitants of the burgh had also a peculiar stamp of character There were in it no manufactories, properly so called Most families had a small garden, at a cheap rate, near the town, and often a pasture for a cow The wheel hummed at every fireside The habits of the people were temperate, and such a thing as a drunken woman was utterly unknown There was an ample supply of peat in the moorlands not far off, and of fish at their door, besides the herring, which was the principal source of trade in the place Some larger craft, belonging to several wealthy small shopkeepers, traded with America in timber, and with other foreign ports Of beggars there were not a few, and of "fools," or half witted characters, there was a sufficiently large number How many who bore names in addition to their Christian one, it would be hard to say But these were the very pets and choice companions of the place —"Daft Jock" and "Peter Humphy," with "Kate the Queen" and "Waterloo Jean," and a host of others, were the *Punch* and *Illustrated News* of the burgh All these were public beggars, and were made welcome to "the bite and the sup" each Saturday The inhabitants thus voluntarily taxed themselves for their support, but each paid his own share in a handful of meal, a few potatoes, or a bowl of hot broth, with words of kindness or fun, and in return, got the news of the country, or a display of the peculiar drolleries or character of the well known familiar beggar So it was that none ever wanted, and all seemed cheerful and contented But these beggars were great protectionists and never permitted any free trader from afar to share their privileges

Well reader try and pardon this dreaming upon paper of what I like to remember, even if it suits not thee Its an old story The burgh is all changed now The doctor and Mr Cruickshanks, and Mr Purdie sleep among almost all who then lived as their flock, and few know their graves Tall brick chimneys send wreaths of smoke over the town Rows of marine cottages, like railway station houses, line the shores of the loch A daily steamer roars at the quay Politicians like mosquitoes buzz and bite in the town hall Beggars and fools are incarcerated in workhouses Several more churches have been built A newspaper has been started, which periodically devotes a column to letters demanding or giving explanations between the leaders of opposing ecclesiastical and political factions, which letters begin, "My dear sir," and end with "sir," and give each other the lie But with all this religion itself does not seem to flourish Neighbours are not more loving, nor business men more honest, nor the people more pure, sober, or happy

CHAPTER III —YOUNG NED'S EDUCATION

Ned's education was, in "secular" things, excellent No less so was his religious training, though, perhaps, that was by no means cut and squared in the exact pattern of what passes now a days under that name The captain's theological knowledge was not, as may be supposed, profound But there were, nevertheless, a thousand truths moving to and fro in that bald head, without order or method, which by no power could he deliver over to the tongue How one of our scientific infants would have puzzled him! And there was a light too, and peace in that heart, which shone in his face, and was felt in his mind, and spread an atmosphere of gentle goodness and genuine truth about him, that stayed the harsh judgments of those who were disposed to condemn him because he could not express himself in their fashion, and who forgot that there are in advanced years those who, by reason of untoward circumstances which attended their early upbringing, must yet speak and think as children in knowledge, never having reached that Christian manhood when childish things are put away.

But I believe the Captain, after all, had more of this manhood than any one suspected, though his growth was rather stunted by the storms he had encountered.

Never was a man who had a more refined sense

of honour and truth Nor do I believe young Ned ever told a lie, or prevaricated Both would not have survived such a disaster, old or young Ned must have perished!

The grand principle of the Captain's home education was "*Fear God and do what is right*," often adding with great emphasis, "*and then defy the devil*"

"Pray, don't say *that*, my dear sir, before your son," said a prim excellent old lady one evening to the Captain "Don't say what, ma'am?" he asked with a voice which had never been heard so loud since he led his men to board the enemy, 'I say so and will say so, till I die 'do *what is right*—and he added, rising from the old arm chair, and striding across the room with his arm extended and defy the devil and all his hosts!' "Rather say Captain Fleming, if it is quite the same to you in the words of Scripture 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you'" "I take it madam we are agreed," said the Captain and that it comes much to the same thing in the end for the only way to resist him that I know of is, I say again, to *do what is right* that makes him sheer off depend upon it 'With help from above!' "Amen, said the Captain resuming his seat in peace

"Yes Ned my boy,' he would sometimes say "do you what is right, never mind what people say or think, or do, nor what you suffer—obey your great commander you know what I mean—and he would pause, and look at his boy in silence, pointing upwards, and nodding his head slowly—'that's it!'—through storm and calm, fair and foul, steer right on by the compass" "That's God's will," he would often say, "Neddy, for He likes a man to do what is right in every thing," and so the Captain never prescribed, as far as I ever heard, another reason for his son doing, or not doing, anything than that one—"you know it is *right*, and pleases *Him*, my boy"

There were many things, as I have already stated, peculiar in old Ned's method of home education This did not arise from any theory upon the subject which he had imbibed and made a hobby of No doubt he had rules of his own to guide him, though, for his life, I believe, he could not have defined them, nor, perhaps, did he even suspect the existence of any such But his love to his boy made him really wish to make him happy, and the love of what was right made him wish, above all things, that his boy should be and do what was right, while the underlying common sense of the Captain aided him wonderfully as to the best way of attaining these ends

One peculiarity of the Captain's was his singular knack in distinguishing between a boy's failings, and what was positively bad in his conduct There was thus a remarkable combination in his government of extreme patience and forgiveness—a large toleration in some things, with a stern and uncompromising strictness in others Many boyish *scrapes* and follies were gently chid, but not a *shade* of deceit, or cruelty, or disobedience, or selfishness! These were instantly seized with the iron grasp of an old man of war's man! "What! sleeping on watch my lad!—rouse up!" was often the only admonition when a *small* fault was suspected

I remember once—it is as yesterday!—an adventure into which we were led by Ned Fleming which might have been a serious one That book of witchery, *Robinson Crusoe* had fallen into Ned's hands I believe it was given him by his father, and was the first book of fiction—yet to him all truth—which he had ever read It seized hold of his brain—kept him sleepless—filled his imagination with the love of wild adventures and day dreams all of which were transferred into three companions each of whom perused Neddy's fascinating volume Now, five or six miles off the mainland on which we lived and out of sight of our small seaport was an island I have never been there since but it is now before my eyes, and hardly is it possible to conceive a more beautiful spot The space of ground which forms its surface is not more than four or five acres in extent but that space is green as an emerald, with an undulating surface, broken here and there by grey lichen covered rocks, overhanging shady nooks in one of which is a clear spring that throbs like an infant breathing in its mossy bed The margin of the island is pure white sand, which sweeps rapidly beneath the clear sea, and is every where scooped into miniature bays, with sheltering rocks of slate But the gem of the island are the remains—yet hardly remains, so perfect is the building—of an old chapel, still roofed in, with two Iona crosses, which stand erect among the remains of old flat tombstones around Macormic's cell A few sheep were the only inhabitants of the island, which was rarely visited but by a casual fisherman Beyond the island, and outside of it, were some scattered islets, then one or two larger ones farther out, while the line of the horizon, farther still, was formed by the great Atlantic The proposal made by Neddy—long concocted, at first breathed as a bare possibility, then entertained until it appeared probable, and at last adopted as something very serious, but yet having a touch of *Robinson Crusoe* in it—was, that four of us should get possession of the Captain's fishing boat, save what money we could, purchase a store—(expense worth, probably!)—of provisions, and with four fishing rods, matches to kindle a fire, our Skye terrier, a blanket each, a cat, and, I think, some potatoes to plant for future use,—to go off and

take possession of the island, and live there a wild life as long as we could! The adventure so far succeeded, that we really reached the island, for we were often in the habit of fishing and sailing. I well remember what a terrible business was the parting the night before in silence with our parents, whom we did not expect to see for a long time! But what an evening on the island that was! How bitter was our disappointment,—first, at finding no goats to hunt, and then, worst of all, no wood to make a fire, then our search in vain for a lonely picturesque cave to live in, which, of course, we expected to be all ready for us, our terror for the inside of the chapel where the saints' bones were so silent, so solitary, our first unsatisfactory meal after a long fast, and pain at finding all our provisions finished by it, without any visible means of supply, our uncomfortable rehearsal of a sleep, long before bed time, in our blankets among the rocks, our attempts at fishing miserably failing,—having forgot to bring bait, our conviction, hourly becoming stronger, that we had made asses of ourselves, and yet feeling ashamed to confess it, our longing to go home, and yet no one liking to be the first to propose it, until, as night was drawing on, we thought of going to the boat, when, lo! she was left by the tide high up on the beach, from which we could not budge her! Then came horror at the thought of spending even one night, and a hungry one, with the saints' bones, where we had resolved to spend weeks! The first chapter in our romance of life, unless some "man Friday" appeared, was about to end in a tragedy. Oh, young fancy! how beautiful art thou! what realities to thee are dreams! what dreams are realities! But the man Friday did appear without our having first seen his footsteps. I shall never forget the delight with which we descried the well known boat of old Dugald Wilkie the fisherman, that, unperceived by us until close to the island, was, with four oars, pulling homewards from her day's fishing. We hailed her! Dugald was more amazed than we were by the meeting. "What the sorrow put a wheen callants a' this gate frae hame"—and what *might* have come over you if I hadna come!—and what would the Captain say!" etc. The old man and his son Peter, with the two Nicols, seemed angels from heaven sent to deliver us! Our boat was soon launched, the island left, but, alas! the cat, to our great grief, was left behind. In sh[illegible] playfulness, the creature evaded every attempt to seize her.

It was very late at night when we reached home. Now, I will not say how *our* parents dealt with us; but I overheard a part of the interview between old and young Ned. The prompt question as to where he had been? the transparent answer, the why and the wherefore? and the extreme difficulty of a reply, something about "Robinson Crusoe,"—"expecting to kill goats,"—and "live on hunting,"—and "become manly,"—and "come back, in some weeks, and tell stories about the island, and all they had seen," etc. Now, the Captain neither raged, nor scolded, nor thrashed Neddy, but sent him, without supper, to bed, promising to inquire into the matter, and next day walked with his boy, and told him how natural it was to think as he did, but how wrong it was to conceal anything from his father and mother, and what anxiety it had cost them; what a wretched day they had spent, and what if he had never come back? and how he liked a brave manly boy, but not one who would act unkindly, or who would wish to be independent of command, and be his own master, and go off without leave, etc, until poor Neddy was heartily ashamed of himself, and burst into tears, and begged his father to trust him once more, and he would never forget to tell him all he *meant* to do before he did it.

"*I* would have given him, Captain Fleming, had he been *my* son," quoth old Pearson the elder, "such a good sound drubbing as he never would have forgotten—never!"

"Pooh! pooh! my good sir. Don't tell me. Never saw flogging in the navy do good. Kept down brutes, never made a man yet. Neddy could stand flogging with any boy, and never wince a muscle, but can't stand *me*, Pearson, can't stand *me*, for he knows I love him."

"But such a thing, Captain Fleming, as setting off to"——

"Pish! Not so bad, Pearson, not a lie, nor cruelty, nor disobedience. No orders given. It was brave, sir! Some stuff in him. Sailor blood, Pearson. Tempted by Robinson Crusoe. The best book ever written. I forgive the boy. But I'll wager you he does not forgive himself."

The Captain was right. Where boys are open, truthful, sincere, affectionate, how seldom is any other control needed than authority guided by love, and the reasonableness of the authority shown to the heart and conscience! Flogging is too often but a coarse short cut to gain the ends which ought to have been sought by patient, loving, well-principled education, and is a revenging on defenceless weakness the fruits of our own neglect. Let it never be resorted to until true love—that is, wise and righteous love—has been fairly tried, and tried in vain.

The severest scold Neddy got was from old Babby. He had lost her cat!

Horrible to relate, Babby herself was missing next day, and the Captain thought his household had gone mad; until an old fisherman, in fits of laughter, let out the secret that Babby had gone off with Wilkie to the island for the cat!

And sure enough she appeared before evening, her eyes gleaming abusing the sea and boats, and "bad boys" for having decoyed Ned. But the cat, as she curled her back, with erect tail, and purred round the leg of the Captain's chair, restored happiness to all. "Puir creatur!" said Babby, "if ye had only seen her sitting on the auld Stuart's coffin like a warlock, and hoo she cam doon louping and whinging to meet me! She wad hae come to nane but me or the Captain—my bonnie lass!"

There was another feature in the Captain's mode of training Ned, which I never knew fully till in after years, though it was (to my great good) explained in some particulars by Neddy himself. What I allude to was his custom of giving his boy a very vivid picture of the peculiar sins, temptations, and difficulties he should meet with when he entered the world as a young man, freed from all parental restraint. The Captain did this when alone with his boy, and always with a very solemn manner. "Suppose now, my boy," he would perhaps begin, "you met a young fellow like yourself, who had been brought up among a bad set—poor fellow!—and had no great notion of what was right, and that he asked you to go and sup with him. Well, suppose you go, you meet there so and so—and then the Captain would dramatise the whole scene of this supper of reckless living lads, with its temptations, from first to last. These pictures from real life were varied as Neddy grew older, until immediately before his departure from home, when fourteen years old or so, the boy had as thorough an idea of the world he was entering on, as he well could have gained, even from his own personal observation.

"I am not sure, my dear," his wife would say, "how far this plan of yours is judicious. You see he will find all this out time enough for himself, let his young innocent heart be kept free from all such knowledge at present." "Until he gets the devil, or some servant of his, to teach him!" exclaimed the Captain, rising up as usual, and pacing back and forward, when excited, "listen to me, Mrs Fleming, I know the world, you don't. I have seen its villanies, and all its sins, you have not. Now, I tell you, he must sail through it, he must sail among all its shoals, its breakers, its reefs, and encounter its gales,—why should I not give him a chart? Why not clap a buoy in a channel he might enter, but where there is no water to pass? Why not tell him the tides and currents? Why not tell him where there is safe anchorage? Why not tell him how to escape land sharks and water sharks, and give him signs to discover pirates, with all their false colours? Why not, my dear?—I have suffered shipwreck, and I'll save my boy from it if I can!" "Will he not be taught soon enough?" quietly and meekly asked Mrs Fleming. "By whom?" rejoined the Captain loudly. "By scoundrels, I again say, who will laugh at all that is good in him, by old debauchees who will pollute his young heart, taught'—yes!—taught!—I should think so, he won't want teaching, no! but," he added, in a more subdued voice, "what know you, dear, of the teachers which the young meet with in the great city? Now, I tell you, I shall not, Mrs Fleming, I shall not," firmly said the Captain, "let the devil teach him first, and he to him, and murder him. I'll unmask the batteries of that enemy, I'll show Neddy what sort of teacher he is, I'll give the first description of the hell that is on earth, and, I take it, our boy will have a truer description of it from me than from its master. Yes, my dear, I shall!" "God alone can deliver him!" ejaculated Mrs Fleming. "Granted," my love, but I'll teach him to know the enemy, that he may sheer off in time, and make signals for assistance—I shall!"

And I believe the Captain was also right in this. The Bible was the great book for educating God's people of yore—and *the young*, as well as the old, were to hear and be taught *the whole law*, and to be made familiar with every precept in it. This was not the principle of concealment of evil from but of its revelation to the young. The fact that parents have to deal with is, that evil, as it exists must be known and discovered by their children on entering life, and the question is, *how* this discovery is to be made?—and whether it is not better wisdom to communicate it at fitting times and seasons, with the awe, the reverence, the holiness becoming one who paints out the terrible snares and depths of Satan to a person who must encounter them, so that the young shall see them in their true light, *as God reveals them*, and fear them and fly from them, or whether the risk will be run of having vice revealed to the ear or the eye, by a companion, or some agent of Satan, and presented in such a false light as to make it possess the imagination, and win the heart, and rule the will, and finally master the soul by the power of blinding hardening and tyrannising lust? "Be not ignorant of his devices," is a precept for the young, as well as the old. Only let the parent or teacher see well to it, as *what spirit* Satan's devices are revealed, lest the very teaching may be a device to gain the young as his pupil.

The education given by the mother was somewhat different, and more strictly what is termed "religious," but yet had its own peculiar method about it. She used the Catechism sparingly but wisely, nor did she *impose* many tasks in prose or verse. But she had an easy, quiet, natural, loving way of speaking to Ned, not on formal occasions, but when he was sitting, perhaps, at

the fireside making sails to his boat, or engaged in any work which did not prevent him from listening, or when working beside her in the garden. Her grand theme was Jesus Christ. She spoke of Him somehow as she would of a real, living, and present friend of the family, told of what He had done for man, what He was doing, and yet to do,—how He so loved all men as to die for them in order to save their souls—how He lives for them—how He always comforted, directed, strengthened all who knew Him—how good and loving and sympathizing He was—how grieved if any one did wrong, and how pleased when they did well—how He it was who gave boys their play and their happiness—and how shameful and disgraceful it was not to know Him, and like Him, and obey Him. Often she would say "You know, dear, *He* would not like you to do so and so," or, "Are you not thankful to *Him* for giving you this or that?" and higher teaching mingled with her words, and mighty doctrines, too, were given,—not in a dry abstract way, but more as what was said and done by Him, their Friend and Brother, as well as Lord, until the name and presence of Jesus was to Ned a real thing, and he *could* not separate Him in his thoughts from the most common things of this life, any more than he could from all that he must be to fit him for the life to come—though, indeed, he was made to feel that these two lives were one, in so far as they were both spent according to the will of God. Then she used to tell him stories, in such an easy, yet solemn, earnest way, too, from the Old Testament, that Ned would sit often, when a child, with his ears, mouth, and eyes open, drinking in every word, and when she told the histories of Job, or Abram, or Joseph, or Moses, or Daniel, and described their temptations and sufferings, and how God made a way of escape for them, she was sure to clinch the Captain's saying and establish his authority, by often adding "And so, my boy, you see how they all, by God's help, did what was right—as your father often tells you—and God helped them, and gave them peace in their hearts, in spite of every trial." "That's the thing!" I remember the Captain chiming in one Sabbath evening. "Just like a good ship in a gale of wind, outside storm and rain and waves, but within all peace and safety, Ned—all peace and safety, my boy." "Because *He* is in the ship," quietly remarked his wife. "No doubt, no doubt, my dear," replied the Captain, "without Him we would all founder."

"She's a wonderful woman, a blessed woman," the Captain would say half aloud, partly as if in a fit of absence, and partly as if he wished Ned to join in her praise. "She is, indeed, that mother of yours. Attend to what she says, my boy—to *all* she says. She knows the whole chart, and all the stars—all the stars!—things above as well as below, Ned. Attend to her."

There were few brighter days in the Captain's humble cottage than Sunday. Their pew in church was never empty, nor had Dr. Yule more serious and reverential hearers. The Captain was no critic. His conscience, and inward approval of the truth, fortunately harmonized with his sense of duty to hear, receive, and obey, rather than teach or command his pastor. Every evening, when the weather was good, he and his wife and boy took a quiet walk by the sea shore, or along the sheep walk which crept upward to the moorlands. Though little was spoken, they felt perfectly happy, sunshine was within and without, and God's teaching in His sanctuary, and in His mighty temple of earth and sky, became as one voice of truth and love. In the evening there was pleasant reading of profitable books, and genial fireside conversation, with some cheerful instruction for Ned, which no after years could ever obliterate, and then Babby, after having provided a dinner with little fine cooking, but if possible with more than usual care, joined the family, while the Captain put on his gold spectacles, and read a chapter aloud from the Book of Books, and always finished by reading, as they all knelt, a portion of the Evening Service of the Church of England, to which he had become accustomed when in the navy. A tumbler of negus was brewed with nutmeg, and then "God bless you, my boy," and to bed!

And thus Ned grew up as happy a boy as I ever knew. Without being merely *commanded* to read his Bible, he was so trained that he was *induced* to do so. It was no task to him. He felt it was given him by his Father in heaven to make him good, and therefore happy.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

(To be continued.)

EARLY DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.

In every point of view in which we contemplate Christianity in the early ages, we see it put on its defence. It was a voice of peace, and yet it was an element of war in the world. With every form of evil it came in contact; with every power of darkness it waged conflict. It attacked, and was attacked, from every quarter. Judaism, instead of seeing in the gospel its own fulfilment, saw in it only its enemy and destroyer, and with every weapon of dark insinuation, and of open hostility, assailed it. Gentilism, instead of hailing in it the realization of its higher impulses and aspirations,

beheld it encroaching everywhere upon its belief, casting down its idols and overturning its altars, reprobating its practices and disowning its fellowship, and it struck at it not only with the rude hand of the persecutor, but with the mocking gibe of the satirist, the subtlety of the philosopher, and the craft of the calumniator In the nature of the case, therefore, Christianity was thrown upon the *defensive*, and the age which marks its rise and establishment in the face of such numerous enemies has been appropriately called the *Apologetic* age of its history

A peculiar class of writers sprang up as a consequence of this position of Christianity They are known as the Christian Apologists of the second and third centuries, and their general aim is to defend the Christian doctrines and worship from the zealous attacks made upon them from all sides Of these writers in the second century, Justin Martyr—who has already formed one of our sketches—is the most distinguished Of his surviving writings, two of the most important are "Apologies, addressed to Antoninus Pius and his successor, Marcus Aurelius 'on behalf of those of all nations who are unjustly hated and persecuted" Around Justin Martyr group a number of less important names (not to speak of the great apologists of the third century) such as Justin's disciple Tatian who vindicated the "Philosophy of the Barbarians against the contempt of the Greeks and Athenagoras who addressed an apology to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and his son, Commodus and Theophilus Bishop of Antioch, who composed an apologetical treatise in three letters addressed to Autolycus a heathen with the view of removing his prejudices against Christianity Two further names may be added to complete the list Quadratus, of Athens, and Aristides who both composed Apologies which, however, have perished

There is little or nothing known of the personal history of these Christian teachers Their names survive, and their writings in part, but they themselves are dim and unknown figures, whose features can no longer be traced, and whose lives have left no impress upon their time They are seen holding up the banner of the truth in the face of an opposing world, but their clear outline and likeness cannot be traced in the distance and the darkness

The writings of these Christian apologists of the second century contain an elaborate defence of Christianity peculiarly applicable to their own time, but in many parts, also no less applicable to all times For it is curious how the same objections as at the first reappear against Christianity, and how powerful, therefore, the old weapons of defence are in its favour, when sharpened and edged anew to meet the necessities of new attacks It may be particularly useful at present to notice some of the arguments of these writers. They will enable us to understand the historical position of Christianity as represented by them, the assaults to which it was exposed as a new and aggressive religion, and, at the same time, the views which its early defenders took of its evidences so soon after it appeared in the world, the marks of divine authority which it bore to them, and which constrained them to espouse and defend it in the midst of a reviling and persecuting world At a time when Christianity, in the estimation of many, is being subjected to a new trial—when its evidence from miracles and prophecy is attacked with renewed force—it must be interesting to contemplate the manner in which it met and overcame the first attempts made to impugn its divine character and authority

One of the main difficulties of the early Christians was to get their heathen and Jewish enemies to look the Christian religion fairly in the face They complain that they were condemned as criminals, without examination into their lives and doctrines, and merely because they bore the Christian name It is strange to think that this name now so honoured, was in itself then a term of reproach so strong as to place those who bore it almost beyond the pale of justice Against such oppression, Justin Martyr loudly proclaims He argues that a name in itself is nothing, and implies neither praise nor blame, although, if Christians were to be judged by the meaning of theirs, they ought to be regarded as the 'best of men"—(χρηστότατοι—playing upon the term χριστὸς) He courts an investigation into the life and character of those who have the name, as the only real test by which they ought to be tried yet the very opposite of this was the practice of the heathen If any accused denies it assert ing that he is not a Christian, ye acquit him as if ye had no charge against him, but if he confess, ye punish him for the confession, whereas ye ought to examine both the life of him who confessed and him who denied, that it might be made manifest what kind each was"*

The Christians were far from claiming exemption from punishment, if any real charges could be proved against them "Now if any one," says Athenagoras "can convict us of greater or lesser crimes, we do not deprecate punishment but think it right that we should endure the most severe and cruel But if the accusation be only nominal, it is your duty, as great, humane, and wise rulers, to ward off by law any injury We demand the common right of all, not to be hated and punished because we are Christians (for what wrong doth the name cause us to commit?) but to be judged on the merits of the accusation brought against us, and to be acquitted if we refute them, or punished if we are convicted"† In this manner constantly they courted the most free inspection of all their sayings and doings, all their doctrines and practices, and appealed to the general principles of justice for protection from lawless and wanton cruelty "Now ye have continually ascribed to yourselves," Justin Martyr says to Antoninus Pius and his son, "the epithets Pious, Philosophers, Guardians of justice, and Lovers of learning, but whether ye really are such the events will show For we have come before you not to flatter you in this address, nor to obtain favour by words of adulation, but to demand that judgment may be passed according to

* Πρεσβεία περὶ Χριστιανῶν

* Apol i § 5 † Πρεσβ π Χριστ § 2

strict and well weighed reason, that ye be not influenced by prejudice or the desire of pleasing superstitious men, nor, through inconsiderate passion and the long prevalence of an evil report, pass a sentence which would turn against yourselves For we are fully persuaded that we *can suffer no injury from any one unless we are found guilty of some wickedness, or proved to be bad men, and kill us ye may, but hurt us ye cannot*"* Elsewhere the same writer has this noble sentence, than which none more befits alike the philosopher and the Christian "There is truth, and nothing is stronger than Truth"†

There is surely something wonderfully impressive and convincing in this frank, dignified, and simple attitude of the early Christians Could men who were the advocates of a falsehood have maintained such an attitude? Does it not betoken that they themselves at least believed that they were the possessors of an eternal truth? They have nothing to conceal, nothing to explain away—nothing of which they are ashamed They demand only the most open, the most thorough trial, and that they shall not be made the victims of blind hatred—of indiscriminating oppression This strong, simple conviction, which sought only justice, but which was not moved by the wildest injustice,—there is something, surely, sublime in this! There is something here which we do not meet with in any other religion—a fearless resting on the divine reality of their cause The more it is inquired into, the more it is tested, the more they feel it will stand "We entreat," Justin says, in behalf of himself and his fellow Christians, "that the charges against Christians may be examined, and if they are proved to be well founded we are willing that they should be punished as they deserve But if no one has any proof to bring against them, right reason requires that ye should not, in consequence of an evil report, injure innocent men"‡

It is the same sublime confidence that makes them give a calm answer to these charges in detail They were accused of Atheism, of infanticide, of horrible licentiousness in their private meetings To such charges they made explicit reply

To the accusation of Atheism, Justin responds "We confess, indeed, that we are unbelievers of such pretended gods, but not of the most true God, the Father of righteousness and temperance, and of all other virtues, in whom is no mixture of evil We worship and adore Him, and His Son, who came out from Him § . . . We have learned that He who taught us these things, and for this end was born, even Jesus Christ, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, the Procurator of Judæa, in the time of Tiberius Cæsar, was the Son of Him who is truly God, and we esteem Him in the second place, and that we with reason honour the prophetic Spirit, in the third place, we shall hereafter show."‖ To the same charge, Athenagoras replies by asserting the Christians' belief in one invisible and incomprehensible God, who created the world by the Divine Word, and of whom all the highest guesses of Philosophy testified.

To the infamous acts reputed against the Christians, "such as the putting out of the lights, and promiscuous intercourse, and feeding on human flesh," Justin says, "We are so far from committing any such injustice or impiety, that we have learned that none but wicked men expose infants when they are born . . . What ye openly practise and hold in honour, as if all divine light were overthrown and extinguished in you, ye falsely attribute to us, but this brings no blame upon us, who are free from all such abominations, but rather upon those who do them and bear false witness" In the face of such abominable charges, he draws a true picture of the Christian's conduct and life "We follow only the unbegotten God, through his Son We who formerly delighted in fornication, now embrace chastity alone, we who used magical arts, have dedicated ourselves to the good and unbegotten God, we who loved more than anything the gains of money and possessions, now bring all that we have into a common fund, and give to him that needeth, we who hated and killed one another, and would not live together with the people of other nations because of their customs, now, since the appearance of Christ, live at the same table, and pray for our enemies, and endeavour to persuade those who hate us unjustly that, living according to the admirable precepts of Christ, they may have good hope of obtaining the same blessings as ourselves from the Lord of all"*

And Tatian says on the same subject,† "We eat not the flesh of men Ye who have been so taught are false witnesses Among you Pelops, beloved though he was of Neptune, furnishes a meal for the gods, and Saturn devours his son, and Jupiter, Metis"

Athenagoras replies to the same allegations of "infamous banquets and intercourses," by an appeal to the faith of the Christian, that whatever he "thinks or does, both night and day, God is near at hand, and He, being Light, sees all things, even the things hidden in the heart," and that it is not likely that those cherishing such a faith should be guilty of such things He says, moreover, that the actions of Christians are open and undisguised before their servants and before others, and that none of these were ever produced to give evidence against them, while the very fact of their refusal to countenance the gladiatorial shows, was a sufficient vindication of their character, and answer to the accusations made against them

What is the impression left by these simple statements? Is it not that of clear honesty? Horrible and unwarranted as were the charges made, they did not pass them by as beneath their notice, and take refuge in self asserted dignity and sacred assumptions They met them quietly, plainly, directly, by showing that they were at variance with everything they professed, and taught, and practised, by representing that no evidence had been brought to establish them, and by scornfully casting back upon their accusers the impious immoralities with which they had been charged All this betokens an unmistakable feeling on the part of the early Christians that they themselves stood upon a foundation of truth, which could not be moved.

* Apol i § 2. † Fragm x Ap Otto
‡ Apol i § 3. § § 6. ‖ § 16

¶. * Apol i. § 14. † Cont. Gyme § 25

When we turn to the direct proofs which they give of the divinity of the Christian religion, we find the same unshaken spirit They appealed to the miracles of Christ, but especially, perhaps, to the prophecies fulfilled in Him Of the lost Apology of Quadratus, one significant passage has been preserved by Eusebius, to the following effect — "The works of our Saviour were always to be seen, for they were real,—those that were healed and those that were raised from the dead were seen not only when they were healed or raised, but they were always there, not only whilst He dwelt on earth, but also after His departure, which they long survived, so that some of them have lived even to our own times."

The miracles of Christ do not seem to have been then called in question, modern objections as to the uniformity of nature and the immutability of its laws were unknown, and would have been unintelligible But while admitting the wonder working power of Christ, many of the heathen appear to have ascribed this power to magic 'What should hinder us from believing —Justin supposes a heathen to be putting the objection to a Christian—"that He who is called Christ was a man of merely human origin, who performed the wonders that we speak of by magical art, and on that account was considered to be the Son of God?" And in order to answer this objection, he says he will not rely upon testimony but upon prophecies "since we see with our own eyes that events have taken place, and are now taking place, according to the predictions And this proof," he adds, "will, we imagine, appear to you also the most perfect and most true" He then appeals to the fact that there were among the Jews "certain men who were prophets of God, by whom the prophetic spirit proclaimed future events" These prophecies not only subsisted in the Hebrew language, but had been translated into Greek long before the appearance of Christ "Now," he argues, "in these prophecies we find it predicted that Jesus, our Christ, should come, should be born of a virgin, and be made man, that he should heal every disease, and all manner of sickness, and raise the dead, that he should be enviously treated, and not be known, that he should be crucified, and die, and rise again, and ascend into heaven, that he should be the Son of God, and so be called, that some should be sent by him to preach these things to every nation of mankind, and that men of the Gentiles should more especially believe in Him Some of these prophecies also respecting Him, were delivered five thousand years before his appearing, some three thousand, some two thousand, and some again one thousand, and others eight hundred years. For in the course of successive generations different prophets succeeded one another"*

Justin then enumerates various special prophecies, to whose clear fulfilment in Christ he triumphantly points Among others, to the words of Jacob, that "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come," Gen xlix. 10, to the prophecy of Balaam, "There shall come a star out of Jacob," Numb xxiv. 17, and that of Isaiah xi 1, "There shall come a rod out of the stem of Jesse" And he unites the two latter prophecies, and thus argues from them—"Now a shining star did rise, and a flower did spring from the root of Jesse, even this Christ For through the power of God, he was born of a virgin, of the seed of Jacob, the father of Judah, who hath been shown to be the father of the Jews Moreover, Jesse was his progenitor according to the prophecy, and he was the son of Jacob and Judah by natural descent'

Further, he dwells at length upon the well known prophecy in Isaiah vii 14, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," placing it in juxtaposition to the statement in Luke i 31, 35, "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb by the Holy Ghost and shalt bear a son, and he shall be called the Son of the Highest," etc. He dwells upon the fact of Micah (v 2), having predicted the place of our Lord's birth, he enlarges upon the Messianic psalms, and urges with the greatest confidence the undeniable fulfilment of the predictions regarding the devastation of the Holy Land, and the destruction of Jerusalem "Hear what was spoken by the prophetic spirit declaring that the whole land of Judea should be laid waste—'Thy holy cities are a wilderness. Sion is a wilderness Jerusalem a desolation Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up in the fire' Now that Jerusalem is laid waste, as it was predicted it should be, ye have good proof Ye will know that ye have forbidden any man to dwell there, and that the punishment of death is denounced against any Jew who shall be found within the place"

"Hear also," he adds, "in what manner it was predicted that our Christ should heal all manner of diseases and raise the dead Thus it is said, 'At his coming the lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongues of the dumb be eloquent, the blind shall receive their sight, and the lepers shall be cleansed, and the dead shall arise and walk.' And that Christ did these things ye may learn from the records of what was done under Pontius Pilate"* What a clear faith does he show in the open verity of the divine life and works of our Lord! There was nothing done in a corner. Ye yourselves, he urges his contemporaries, have been officially informed of what took place in Judea under Pontius Pilate.

The evidences from prophecy and miracle were closely conjoined by the early Church. They were merely different forms of the same supernatural attestation of Christianity. It was only men directly inspired by God who could foretell such events as they did. "We have," says Athenagoras, "as witnesses of what we believe and think, prophets who spake by the Divine Spirit

* Apol. i. §§ 30 According to the chronology of Justin Martyr, somewhat more than 5000 years elapsed between the Creation and the commencement of the Christian era Theophilus of Antioch still further extends the chronology, making it 5872. It is interesting to notice these facts, but neither of our apologists can be taken as authorities on the subject As appears from other passages, Justin's notions of chronology were not very precise

* Apol. i. §§ 42-45, 51, 60, 62, 63.

both about God and the things of God" Christ Himself was at once the greatest of these prophets and the fulfiller of them He took up all the previous traces of the supernatural, and exhibited them in the miraculous picture of the gospels In Him they found their end and consummation, and, at the same time, a new and more radiant power of supernatural insight, and of far reaching, prophetic glory goes forth from Him as an ever continuing witness of His truth and kingdom

The identity, the continuity, of the Divine teaching of Scripture is a very frequent argument with these early apologists They hold forth the consistent doctrine of the prophets and evangelists in contrast to the contradictory statements of heathen philosophers and poets Theophilus presses Autolycus with this argument "Some of the Sages say there is no God at all or, if there is, that He cares for none but himself Epicurus and Chrysippus have set forth the folly of this opinion at large Others again say, that all is made by chance, that the world is uncreated and matter eternal, and have dared boldly to affirm that there is no Providence of God at all These say that God is each man's conscience Others, again, affirm, that the spirit pervading all things is God Plato and those of his school admit, it is true, that God is uncreated, and the Father and Maker of all, but then they suppose that matter and God are alike uncreated, and that the former is coeval with God"*

Justin Martyr urges the same argument as to the contradictions of the ancient philosophers, and the comparative unity of the prophetic and apostolic teaching The consistent theism of Scripture stands out in clear and broad difference from the waving Pantheism and Atheism of the Schools The doctrine of one Almighty God creating all things out of nothing, by the word of His power, pervades alike the Old Testament and the New The manifestation of the Father in the Son and by the Spirit, sheds a light on the difficulties of Providence, and the course of history and of life, that is in itself a witnessing power of the divine truth of Christianity.

In these old writers there are many things put in a way that may no longer seem the most obvious and convincing, and there are, as we have already said some things that are no longer applicable as evidence, in the same degree, at least. But as a whole, it will be seen that they rested the divine origin and authority of Christianity where it must be ever rested, on its *supernatural character and claims* To these early Defenders of the faith, Christ was certainly no mere prophet, or mere teacher among other teachers; but in a true sense, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, whom prophecy anticipated, in whom prophecy was fulfilled, who spoke as never man spake, and wrought work such as no man ever wrought To the miracles recorded in the gospels they confidently appealed as to *indisputable facts* That the miracles were in any case merely spiritual or mythical, was what no one understood Few or none seem to have contested that they happened literally in the light of day The only question seems to have been whether they necessarily showed a Divine power—whether as Justin Martyr phrases it they might not have been performed by some wonderful magic art This was all in quite in keeping with a time in which many pretended to perform prodigies and sought to draw the attention of the world to their marvellous pretensions

In refutation of such idea of the character of Christ the early apologist appealed to the fulfilment of the Divine prophecies in Him, along with the miracles wrought by Him He was not, and could not be any mere wonder worker, for the Jewish prophets had spoken of Him beforehand, had foretold the very things He would do, the life He would live, the sufferings He would endure, the death He would die His supernatural character, therefore, was a promised *reality* It was the supernatural issue of a series of supernatural revelations in which the Divine purposes found their fulfilment, and through which, at the same time these purposes were destined to a yet more complete and glorious accomplishment

JOHN CAIRD.

* Theophilus to Autolycus, 1-4.

A ROMAN LETTER

Aurelius Serranus to Philo of Syracuse, Greeting —I have seen strange things since you left us, my friend You know how often you have laughed at me for my propensity to think of the land of the shades, and all things beyond the grave, and how often (for ours was a friendship that could afford such differences) I have cursed your careless enjoyment of pleasures here that shut out a Philosophy of the Darkness. I have recently passed through strange experiences on this matter, but it will be best to give you the facts as they occurred.

Five days ago our *Feralia* came round, and I, who had passed the night in deep debauch with Gallus and his beautiful Ionians, rose late, and in bitter mood walked out of the city. At the porch, my slave Titus, who has studied my ways, met me with an ode written for the day. I made him read it as we walked under the Capitoline Hill. The words of the subtle Greek stole sadly into my mind, and I must send you them, though my Latin version is tame —

The eyes are closed, the face is pale,
The lips are blue, the forehead white,
The soul has left the stiffened clay,
And gone into the world of night.

Each creeping hour is smoothing down
The features of that well known face,
The lines of mind, the curves of thought,
Expression's play, and passion's trace

Death's finger stops his ear; he hears
No speech, nor step, nor sound, nor song;
Unheeded through the stillness break
The voices he has loved so long

Go, place him on the flower strewn bed,
His feet turn'd towards the open door;
For he must journey hence to-night,
But hither shall return no more.

It does not become a Roman to express emotion before a slave, so I sent Titus about his business before we came to the Appian Way His words had affected me more than such common ideas commonly do But perhaps it was partly due to the thousands around us, dressed in mournful dark blue, who passed on to the great road. That Appian Way is always to me appalling! To see for miles on miles on each side, long streets of sepulchres, marble masonry and iron railings without end, and the survivors who on this remembrance day carry their useless tribute of a little food to those who have passed away! When I came back I went straight to Titus Minucius He is a man to whom you can always talk about these things He was at the time reading and translating Bion's lament over Moschus, but threw it away when I began to talk, after my fashion, of Hades, and read me a wish of his uttered on such a day five years ago, after the death of the yellow haired Quinctius —

O that within the iron gates,
Where death receives the trembling ghost,
Some spot were found, some quiet nook,
Where we might converse with the lost!

Where far from life and light and pain,
In that still shadow of the tomb,
Our souls might meet with theirs, and they
Fill in our hearts the vacant room

O that beyond the deadly stream,
Where buried life revives again,
Some sacred grove with arching bowers,
Might greet the blest immortal train!

So would I leave the bounteous sun,
The balmy air, the golden skies,
And to the shadowy realm of death
Descend, nor wish again to rise

You will see before I am done why I send you these poems, but indeed they had a strong effect upon my mind in the strange state in which it was Next day I spent at the amphitheatre, but on returning to our great house in the Capitoline, the first person I met was my dear Aurea, dressed all in white She still mourns her cousin, and though I often speak a word for you, my Philo on this occasion I said nothing of the sort, but read to her for comfort, the poem of Minucius All she said in reply was, "How I hate these philosophers!" Then going to her chamber, she came back with stylus and tablet, and first making me promise not to tell any one ("For I would not," she said, "that an honest Roman girl should be known to possess the accomplishments of a slave"), she read me these lines, her eyes slowly filling with sorrow —

A dull, deep pain is at my heart,
My eyes are wet with bitter tears
That gush from that still, secret fount,
The memory of bygone years

I know my tears can never bring
My Caius from his home below,
They cannot change the sad decree,—
They flow in vain, yet still they flow

O kingdom, rash in conquered spoils!
O land, whence none can ever return!
The soul is shut and barred in thee,
Even as the dust within the urn.

The soul is shut and barred in thee,
It cannot come to earth again,
As soon the dust might break the urn,
And move and walk with living men

With the last words, my sister, the strongest heart of our race, burst into a passion of tears, and I went out, disturbed That night I scarcely slept, and my dreams were strange I seemed to see the whole city turned into funeral pyres, and I flitted, like a bat, round innumerable urns in their silent niches At the fourth hour after midnight I sprang up, unrefreshed, but resolved not to sleep longer, and strode on, I knew not why, to the Esquiline The wretched inhabitants of the *fornices* were thick around me, for the sun had not yet risen Will you laugh at me, Philo, if I believe that some divinity guided my steps to the Catacombs of the Vicus Fabricius? I swear to you, that of all things conceivable, I expected least to meet that which I there saw and heard As I turned a corner I saw four men, who set down a couch with a body upon it There was no pile, but a hollow or chamber, such as might hold a man lying at rest, and while I gazed, they placed the body there, and the women and men (for there were women there and even a boy) began to sing You never saw such a company There were two slaves, but one of the men was of the emperor's household, and one of the women was a patrician, though she spoke with the accent of Asia The boy wept long as he looked on the body of his father, and then they all chanted together—

We will not bid the flames consume
The bones that must with Christ arise,
Nor scatter to the empty winds
The dust so precious in His eyes

His body pressed no funeral pyre,
The Lord was borne to Joseph's cave
And we will place this Christian clay
In hope within a Christian grave

And then they poured the earth into the niche, and covered the dead, and turned to leave The women neither beat their breasts nor had their hair dishevelled, but were clothed in white, according to our manner I hid myself by the wall, for the words they spoke smote on my soul, and they passed out, singing again—

The grave is but the wardrobe, where
The robes that clothe the saints are stored,
The worm may revel in the folds,
But Christ shall watch the secret hoard

Then, in the dawn of that bright day,
Each spirit shall resume its own,
And these shall be the spotless robes
In which they stand around the throne

I followed them in profoundest wonder, as you may suppose, but with a strange gladness at my heart The sun was just rising I thought I had never seen it shine before. I confess to you that I have sought out these people, and heard from them their manner of faith. Come, my friend, and search into it with me. If this is life, we have been living in death—but now the night is surely past, and the day is at hand. Come, my friend! You will find Aurea and the little Vipsinia with me at the farm. Vale!

DOMINA.

CROWNED HEADS.

BELOW

A little room with a rugless floor,
And the Winter blast,
As it whistles past,
Piercing in at the slender door
In the window sill a plant or two,
Thriving as plants are apt to do
In a cottage frame,
Where the light of day
Hath its wildest play,
And no curtains send it out again.
A table bare, and one old book,
In which their eyes grow bright to look;
A smouldering fire, and two big chairs,
A bed for the feeble, brought down stairs.
And there, in the last faint flicker of life,
A grey old man and his helpless wife.

ABOVE

A new turned grave of still decay—
And a home of spirits away—away—
A blissful home, so passing fair
As none may tell who have not been there;—
A human form with scars too deep
For a tearless gaze, if spirits weep—
His riven brow with triumph crown'd—
And a countless host of subjects round,
Bowed in the hush of love profound!
A voiceless choir, a waiting throng,
Ready to burst in instant song,
Soon as the word, "Come forth," is given,
And their bodies rise to their souls in heaven!
Princely among the princely race,
And near the King, in bright array,
Sunn'd with the glory of his face,
Who are they?
Who but the helpless, aged poor,
Whose coffins pass'd from a cottage door!

WHAT IS A POUND?

A CURRENCY ALLEGORY

It was a very dry job, indeed, and they were very dry people who were doing it. It always has been a dry job, within the *memory of man*, and there is every prospect that it will always continue so. It was not a discussion upon the Bank Charter, it was not a debate upon gold *versus* paper; it was not an attempt to answer the late Sir Robert Peel's enigma, "What is a pound?"—it was emptying a dust bin.

The two men engaged in it were ordinary dust men. They had had no advantages of education, for ragged schools and like institutions were unknown when they were children, and the world had not been charmed by their work or their recreation. The first was in his thirties, the second was beer. They were both about the same age—neither fifty than four—and they presented nearly the same appearance, which they were not precisely helping to mend at the time.

No two companions ever worked well together, or played well together, who were upon an exact equality in this respect. One man is born to command, and another to obey; command and obedience must be learned, and while the dependent individual seeks his leader, as in his turn, is impelled to seek his follower.

This was the case with the two dustmen. The shortest was named Dusty, the tallest old Crabshells, and what Dusty elected to be right was so considered without any appeal, old Crabshells being only too happy to obey his commands.

Notwithstanding the inhumanness which was very hopeless, the men had a certain amount of philosophy about them connected with their trade. They had attained a thorough belief that everything is dust, and they had been suspected of allowing this belief to colour their work to such an extent, that walking sticks, umbrellas, and even great coats, it was thought had been sometimes tossed into their vehicle, amongst the other rubbish, while these practical philosophers were labouring under this very interesting and curious mistake.

The task they had been engaged upon, on the present occasion, did not seem to promise much. They had been let in at a back garden door, and let out again, they had seen nothing of a street door, passage, or hall; they had neither been shown to refractory children in order to tame and frighten them, nor had they had any opportunity of recommending themselves to the master of the house by taking care of his valuable wall-paper. The master of the house was unamiable and inaccessible. When they sent in their humble request for the customary beer money, they were coolly and temperately referred to a neighbouring drinking fountain.

"Crabby," said Dusty, addressing old Crabshells in his usual familiar style, as they went slowly and discontentedly from the place, "when I works down Cregan, I spots that party's dust bin, like a hot."*

"Old 'ud,' returned old Crabshells mysteriously.

"Hold 'ooman?" said Dusty inquiringly.

"I've nobbled that," returned old Crabshells proudly, exhibiting a dirty yellow dumpling which he had found in, which he placed to his companion's nose.

"What's that?" said Dusty, taking the article in his hand, and examining it curiously in the interests of science.

"Ah," said his companion, "what is it? I picked it out of the party's dust bin, that's all I know."

The two men turned the article over in their hands, without seeming to know exactly what it was they had gained. A little rubbing against their jackets' sleeves made it clearer, and more like a thing had seemed when it was before, but it was still a mystery to them. Old Crabshells deferentially left the solution of the problem to the superior mind of Dusty, and Dusty looked as if he would that nature had not been quite so [illegible] of mental endowments in his particular case.

"Blessed if I don't think it's a pound," said Dusty undecidedly.

"What?" asked old Crabshells.

"A pound," returned Dusty, with more decision, "you leave it to me."

Old Crabshells was only too happy to be led, even when so large a sum of money as a sovereign depended upon his vote of confidence; and Dusty began at once to merit the distinction which he had sought for and had gained. The cart was got rid of at the contractor's yard a little earlier in the afternoon than usual, and they proceeded, early on a long summer's evening, to gather the information of which they were in need. Their inquiries were not made amongst persons of their own class, as Dusty prided himself upon being too keen for that, and they went boldly into a large fancy stationer's shop in one of the leading thoroughfares.

* I have preserved the everyday characteristic dialect of the speakers.

Daisy had a peculiar method of gaining knowledge without exposing his ignorance, which might have been profitably imitated by much more important men. He was quite unable to "tell a clock," but yet no one knew this when he asked the time.

"Who'd 'a thought it 'ud run all that 'ere?" he was in the habit of saying as he pointed to the taproom timepiece, when other persons were present, and, without having the slightest notion as to what he was pointing at, he never failed to obtain the reply he wanted.

This plan he had so often found successful, that he decided to try it on the fancy stationers shopman.

"Who'd 'a thought it 'ud run all that 'ere?" he said, as he laid the unknown coin on the counter.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired the shopman, looking at both his strange visitors with curiosity and suspicion.

"All that 'ere," repeated Daisy.

"What, a pound?" said the shopman, taking up the coin to examine it, and beginning to look further somewhat when he found that it was a genuine sovereign.

"That's about the size of it," returned Daisy, now learning for the first time, what the small piece really was. Knowledge is power; but the knowledge that you possess a pound is a greater power still. They knew that a certain amount of gold fortune had befallen them, but they had not the faintest idea what a change in their position this coin had already worked. Without it they were nothing but two dirty, miserable dustmen, while, with it, they were able to command the attention of nearly all the world.

Everybody (in business) was sending in tenders for this pound. Every blank wall in London, Dublin, and Glasgow was covered with glaring placards appealing to this pound. Why had it been buried in the rubbish of a dust bin so long, and hidden from so many devoted admirers and friends? Had it bruised its onts yet? was a constant and not altogether disinterested cry. Did it double up its perambulator? and if not, why not? Did it wish to get rid of grey hair, or preserve its complexion from the ravages of a burning sun? Did it suffer from toothache, or from nervous pains in the head? Had it tried a particularly fine full flavoured congou—the only genuine article of its kind in the world—at three shillings and twopence the pound? Would it like to go to Scarborough and back (being allowed three days at the sea side), or would it secure a baby jumper, and immediately enjoy a happy home? Had it insured its life against all accidents, by rail, by flood, or by field? Had it used a particular kind of sauce, a particular kind of pickle, a particular kind of starch? and had it been careful, in all cases, to see that the labels, if nothing else, were genuine? Had it dressed itself in the only trouser that was considered elegant? had it eaten the only dinner that was considered perfect and digestible?

Columns of newspaper type were drawn up in closely printed files to ask the pound these questions; illuminated indicators, like fiery pagodas, were also asking them in the middle of the Queen's highway; so were wooden contest men in the gutter, and huge, rude letters, coarsely painted upon brick walls. Hoardings round railway stations, as well as cool river bridges, covered the pound with a broad span seemingly with no other purpose than to shout these questions from all sides, and even from the roof small hollow sheds that stood at the side of railways seemed to roar out these questions to every pound as it hurried past in its turn, like wild beasts suddenly deprived of their prey. Flock of handbills fluttered like pigeons amongst the houses, omnibuses run from point to point; pantomime scenery was pushed on to theatrical stages; even some covers standard upon literature, the very pavement under our feet became eloquent in words, and all for the same purpose—to ask us this pound. What is a pound, indeed? What is it not?

The two dustmen, as I have said before, were only very dimly aware of the importance they had suddenly acquired as the masters of this wonderful coin, for neither old Crabshells nor Daisy was able to read. Just as they were, however, they were not wholly blind to their power, and Daisy especially, began to grow authoritatively genteel.

"Ow far now would that go in your line?" he asked of the fancy stationer's shopman.

"How much can we give you for a pound, you mean?" inquired that individual.

"Ah!" replied Daisy, "now you've it it."

"Well," returned the shopman, taking a pencil and some paper and unconsciously assuming the ordinary tone of huckstering, "there's our elegant album at three shillings, our graceful fan at half-a-crown, our cheap and durable inkstand at the same money, and our marvellous writing case at two shillings, containing two dozen sheets of paper, two dozen adhesive envelopes, pencil, metal pen-case, with pens and blotting book."

"Good," observed Daisy, looking at old Crabshells as the shopman paused.

"Three and five is eight, and two is ten," continued the shopman, "or one half, which you can give, if you like, to your good lady, while, for the other ten shillings, we can sell you a dressing-pouch, fitted up with every necessary for the toilet, or you can have a reliable letter-scale at two and six, a Russia or Morocco pocket book at

this same money, a scent bottle at the same money again, a paper knife at one and sixpence, and a *porte monnaie* at a shilling,—that will make the pound."

"Eh?" replied Daisy, addressing old Crabshells, "what d'ye think?"

"Well," returned the inferior dustman vaguely, "you know me."

"'Ad ought to, Crabby," was the confidential reply.

"Ah!" was responded again.

"We'll think it over, mate," said Daisy, this time addressing the shopman, "an' work round again."

Once out of the fancy stationer's shop, they consulted as to what they should do with their pound, and they decided, at last, to make further inquiry respecting its purchasing capability. Their work and their experience had never brought them into communication with any coin of the realm that was higher in value than half a crown, and they were naturally suspicious, and fearful of being imposed upon.

"That party may be all right," said Daisy, alluding to the fancy stationer's shopman, "an' he may not. Eh, Crabby?"

"Right," replied the inferior dustman.

They went into a shop which was at once and the same time an heraldic office, a genealogical studio, and a copperplate and seal engraver's.

"'Ow far, now, might that go in your line?" again asked Daisy, placing the coin much more carefully on the counter than he did in the fancy stationer's shop.

"In which line?" asked the shopman, willing to humour his odd looking customers.

"All on 'em," said Daisy, "if there's a whole kit."

"Well," continued the shopman, smiling, while an old gentleman, in spectacles, was looking at them from an inner room, over a green blind, "there's tracing family arms and making a sketch of them, that's two and sixpence, tracing pedigrees and family histories is extra, engraving crest plate is five shillings, a linen marking initial plate is one shilling, a name plate and a set of moveable numbers, for the same purpose, are two and sixpence each, and you can have another steel crest die, for stamping note paper, or a plate with about one hundred and seventy superfine wedding or visiting cards, which will make up the pound."

The two bewildered dustmen got out of this shop very quickly.

"I couldn't make it out," said old Crabshells.

"No," returned Daisy, "it even got over me."

They pursued their investigations, and the next shop they went into was a silversmith, cutler, and ironmonger's, where they asked the same question, in the same manner, and were treated with almost chilling neglect.

"We can give you plenty of things for a pound," said a stout shopman, standing guard over a large group of plated tea pots, coffee pots, jugs, and sugar basins, that looked like a brood of Cochin China fowls, "but you don't want to buy."

"Is that 'ere a pound," said Daisy, pointing to the coin upon the counter, "or ain't it not?"

'It is,' replied the stout shopman, rather sulkily.

'Werry well, then," returned Daisy, "don't I mean the thing that's right?'

"I don't know,' was the reply, "I can't waste much time about it. Is it kitchen?"

'Kitchen?'

'Kitchen—kitchen' articles for the kitchen?'

'Anything yer like,' said Daisy.

"Look here, then," said the stout shopman, rapidly turning over a list of prices. "Can you read?"

'Not as I'm aware on," replied Daisy.

'I thought not,' was the remark, "and I must do it for you. You can have a strong, useful tea kettle for three shillings, a tea pot for another three, a candlestick for a shilling, three spoons for ninepence, a frying pan for a shilling, two iron sauce pans for three and ninepence, a coal shovel for half a crown, six knives and forks for four shillings, and a pepper box and a dust pan for a shilling more, which makes the pound."

Having ascertained that more than forty such lots, either longer or shorter, according to the articles, could be made up at a pound each, if required, the two dustmen found no difficulty in leaving the shop without making a purchase, the stout shopman being only too glad to get rid of them.

They were not satisfied yet, and in a few minutes more they were standing at the counter of a furnishing glass shop. It was a storehouse that ought to have been opened as an exhibition. If they had paid a shilling for admission, they could scarcely have grumbled, although so many similar halls of enchantment were open throughout London, perfectly free. Every shelf was filled with crystal bottles and goblets, or plates that looked like pictures, the roof was rich with sparkling, jewelled fruit, and the gleams of sunset, which came in at the back, were reflected in a hundred glistening mirrors.

The master, who was walking up and down the shop, was an affable man, who believed in the progress of the lower orders, and the great improvement which had taken place in their taste under the beneficial influence of art-exhibitions and schools of design.

"Ah!" he said, upon being made acquainted with their business, "a pound's worth! very

good; very good indeed. What shall we say, gentlemen, quantity or quality?"

"A little o' both," replied Daisy.

"Good again," returned the china and glass dealer, "good again! I think our No. 8 blue-edged china breakfast service of twenty three pieces — six bowls and saucers, six plates, two bread and butter plates, one milk jug, one slop-basin, and one sugar basin — which we sell at thirteen shillings and sixpence, with a claret jug at four shillings (which will do very well for beer, and create quite a sensation when you take it to your public house), and a glass dessert dish at half a crown, which will do for cheese, will make a very good pound's worth, according to my idea.

The two dustmen, however, were not caught, even by the display of "our No. 8," and its adjuncts They were very difficult to please, and very suspicious. The affability of the glass dealer filled them with even more distrust than the taciturnity of the ironmonger's shopman, while the more articles and shops they saw, the more they seemed inclined to see

They found their way, after this, into a large haberdasher's shop, that was chiefly devoted to the sale of ladies' apparel Their usual request to know what they could have for a pound was received with considerable mirth by, at least, half a dozen shopmen. Two young men were making faces behind a pile of rolled alpacas, while two more were pretending to be busy in arranging ribbon boxes upon shelves. The two who had the courage to face the dustmen, seemed totally unable to use their tongues or their hands

"Now then!" said Daisy, who became impatient under this staring and tittering

"So I think," followed old Crabshells, who, on this occasion, gave a sign of his existence

The first remark produced a burst of laughter from behind the alpacas, which was quickly followed by a hearty response from the two young men at the ribbon boxes, and when the second remark was heard, the two prim gentlemen behind the counter could restrain themselves no longer, and, finally, the whole six joined in one general shout.

"What is this?" said a tall, severe man, in a tall, severe cravat—the shop-walker of the house —who came suddenly upon the group from another department. "Are gentlemen to be treated in this way when they visit our establishment? Do we take down our shutters every morning on purpose to play?"

The allusion to "gentlemen" produced an undertoned repetition of the word from one of the young men.

"I said gentlemen. Mr. Topham," repeated the shop walker, as he caught the sound and the speaker, "and I say it again. Every person is a gentleman who comes to this establishment with ready money."

This assertion and reproof had the effect of restoring, to some extent, the proper attention to business, and the two dustmen were made acquainted with the cost and mystery of a lady's dress There was a printed muslin frock at nine and ninepence (warranted our best washing fast colour), sufficient lining for the same for eightpence halfpenny, a delicate waistband for ninepence, a smart little bonnet shape for two shillings and elevenpence, the ribbon for the same for half-a crown, a sprig or two of artificial flowers for ninepence, a gauzy veil for eightpence three farthings, a bewitching cap at twopence three farthings, and a pair of neat little lavender gloves for one and sixpence That was a pound's worth, and a very good pound's worth, too

"Sir," said Daisy, advancing to the stiff shop-walker, "I respect yer, an' yer shall 'ear from me agen"

"Mr Topham," said the stiff shop walker, severely, addressing one of the young men, as Daisy and old Crabshells left the place, "you've hurt the feelings of a ready money customer, and the house shall certainly hear of it to morrow morning"

The wandering dustmen went from the haberdasher's direct to a large tea merchant's, where they learnt that their pound was not a whit less respected as a powerful instrument of exchange They found that they had a choice, in black tea alone, of Lapsing Souchong, Assam Pekoe Souchong, rare Ankoi Souchong, Flowery Pekoe, Howqua's mixture, Melville mixture, Scented Caper, Padrae tea, and Oolong Souchong The green teas, the coffees, the cocoas, the chocolates, the spices, fruits, and sugars, were almost endless in their variety, and it seemed as if the whole world had been ransacked to find a worthy pound's worth for these two common dustmen. There was half a pound of strong black useful Congou for one shilling and sixpence, half a pound of green Twankey for one shilling and fourpence; one pound of Ceylon coffee for one shilling, one pound of old English mustard for sixpence; one pound of arrowroot for eightpence; another pound of Tapioca for sevenpence, a pound of maccaroni for sixpence, one pound of Carolina rice for fivepence, one pound of Cephalonia currants for fourpence, one pound of Valencia raisins for fivepence, one pound of Eleme figs for sevenpence, one pound of imperial French plums for eightpence, one pound of Tafilat dates for a shilling, one pound of Normandy pippins for fivepence, one pound of Jordan almonds for one shilling and sixpence, one pound

of citron for one shilling, one pound of cinnamon for three shillings, one pound of sago for threepence, one pound of pepper for one shilling and twopence, one pound of caraway seeds for sixpence, one pound of roll cocoa at one shilling and fourpence, and one pound of Sir H Sloane's chocolate for the same money,—making twenty one pounds of fragrant produce in exchange for a pound in money

From the tea merchant's these two inquiring dustmen wandered into the shop of a cheap tailor, to see if their pound would procure a suit of clothes of a gay and gentlemanly character.

"Put you into a suit for a pound?" said a smart, off hand shopman, "I should think we could! Make you an ornament to your country!"

The two dustmen exchanged signs of approval

"There," continued the shopman, exhibiting a light Holland morning coat at three shillings and sixpence, a pair of tweed trousers at eight and sixpence, a quilting waistcoat at six and sixpence, and a fancy neck tie at eightpence "There, look at that! Take her to St George's, Hanover Square, and they wouldn't know you!"

"How d'ye mean?" asked Daisy

"Oh, you know fast enough" returned the shopman, jocularly, "gone to get spliced, quite right Now I tell you what I'll do with you"—

He broke off at this point observing that Daisy and his companion were examining the strength of the trousers

"Ah, you may pull 'em!" he continued, "you may pull 'em. You don't know the Marquis of Waterford!"

"Me and my mate 'ull talk it hover," said Daisy, leaving the shop with his companion

"Now, look here!" said the shopman vaulting over the counter, and running after them to the door, "I tell you what I'll do with you I want to deal. I'll throw in a shirt, though I don't get a penny by you"

Observing that this liberal offer was not accepted, he asked them, in a loud tone, "if eighteen shillings would break their backs," but they still continued on their way.

They went into a bedding upholsterer's warehouse next, most probably because they began to feel tired, and they found that their pound was still respected, although much more limited in its powers of purchase. They were waited on by a mild eyed, small, thin, middle aged man, with a pen behind his ear, who rubbed his hands, and did not seem astonished at the peculiar appearance of his customers.

"There's our reeded swing cedar toilet-glass," he said, "at five shillings, which with five of our white beech caned bottomed chairs at three shillings each, will make one pound's worth. There is our folding Derby birch chair (cane back and seat) at thirteen shillings, which with a toilet service at four and six, and a hanging looking glass at half a crown, will make another pound's worth. There is our three feet by six portable folding iron bedstead, which comes to exactly one pound, or there is our deal toilet table, a very useful article for general common wear, at seven shillings, our deal washstand with drawers, at seven and sixpence, our deal towel horse at three shillings, which, with the half crown looking glass before mentioned, will make another excellent pound's worth We can give you a good serviceable mattress for nine shillings, and one pair of nine quarter blankets for eleven shillings, which will make another pound's worth We really ought to say eleven and sixpence for these last articles, but I suppose we must only charge eleven to you"

Judging from the tone and manner with which the last two words of this sentence were given, any hearer would have supposed that "the house," through its representative, had suddenly taken a particular fancy to the two dustmen

"Ain't you got nothink cheaper than them 'ere?" asked Daisy, "anythink in the heasy chair line?"

"No," replied the little man, very mildly, "we keep nothing but the best,—the very best"

As they were leaving this place in search of another shop, a sudden idea seemed to have come into the mind of old Crabshells

"Daisy," he said, "ain't we 'ad enough o' this?"

"Well," returned Daisy, cautiously, "I don't know"

"'Ow about supper an' a drink?" asked old Crabshells

"You knows a thing or two, Cocky, don't you?" was the reply The two dustmen looked admiringly at each other, and went into the first tavern they found upon the road.

After two quarts of beer, which came to eight pence, two basins of soup at tenpence each, a rumpsteak at a shilling, a couple of pork chops at ninepence each, and six small loaves which came to sixpence, they began to grow dainty

"Crabby," said Daisy, "'ow d'ye feel?"

"Dry," replied old Crabshells

"Crabby," said Daisy, picking his teeth with a fork, "we'll go it"

"Daisy," replied old Crabshells, leaning across the table of the box in which they were sitting, "you know me"

"Hi, mate!" said Daisy, calling the waiter, "what's that stuff the gents drink when they're hout on the loose?"

The waiter was attentive, though familiar, he had got the pound in hand, and knew exactly how far it would go.

"Well," he replied, "there s port and sherry, but champagne is considered the correct thing"

"Oh, 'ang the c'rect thing," returned Daisy, 'bring us a pot o' port'

"We don't draw it in mugs," said the waiter, timidly, "we sell it in bottles"

The bottle of port was ordered and brought, and turned into the mug which had held the beer

"Eh!" said Daisy, taking a drink, and passing the mug to his friend, with an expression of disgust and disappointment on his face

"I don t think much on that" replied old Crabshell, with a similar expression of face, after following his companion s example

"Hi mate—you," shouted Daisy to the waiter, who came at once, 'what s that ere other stuff you spoke on?'

'Champagne'

"Bring us some o' that, then, we ll 'ave some 'arf an hif'

The bottle of champagne—a nine shilling bottle—was brought and mixed with the remainder of the port wine

"That s more like beer," said Daisy, when he had tasted the mixture, "but I think it want's a little o the right sort to gi' it another lift"

The waiter was again called, and it being found that another half gallon of beer at eightpence would complete the pound s worth of refreshment, that quantity of liquor was brought, and mixed with the tankard of wine

The last dregs of the mixed punch were drained; the tavern lights were extinguished, the two sleepy stupid, drunken men were guided out of the tavern door, and left to themselves and the friendly support of a neighbouring lamp post The spell was broken The golden key—so easily found—that had opened the gates of knowledge, variety, and plenty, had as easily melted away. The pound was gone and its late possessors were once more nothing but two dirty, miserable dustmen.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THE WONDER OF INDIFFERENCE.

In this universe, so full of wonders, there are few things more wonderful than the indifference of some men to their state after death I can understand anxiety, perplexity, fear, despair, horror, hate, rage, or hope, peace, joy, ecstasy—all or any of those emotions possessing a man when contemplating the future but indifference! *That* is the wonder!

For if we only consider the future possible condition of the soul, and all that may be in it it is difficult to reconcile any belief whatever with indifference

Let me address personally a reader who may be in this state, for, alas! it is not one rarely but often found

Do you, for example, believe that you are to live *for ever*? If so, only consider quietly for a moment what the words mean by which you express this faith "*I am to live for ever!*" For ever, that is, *as long as God lives!* Thus, after millions of years are over—and these are inappreciable moments, which, added to millions more, do not in the least degree diminish the duration of *endless* ages, that without a pause shall run on and on ceaselessly, everlastingly—while you shall live, move, and have your being! Do you really believe this possible? and if so, apart from every other consideration, is not the mere fact a very awful one, of your now possessing an existence which cannot be extinguished by any power, save His who created it, no more than a child can extinguish the sun in the mid day sky?

Moreover, can you help asking yourselves such questions as these—Where shall I be? In what world shall I live? What shall I be thinking about, or doing? Among what order of beings shall I dwell? Whom shall I know, and with whom associate? What changes shall I witness, what things experience, during my endless, indestructible life? How is it possible for any one to *think* of all this, and be indifferent?

"It is no use thinking about it!" perhaps my reader exclaims, "for we do not know what is to become of us" But even if you did not know this,—if no authentic information upon that point had ever reached you, or any means were ever afforded you of making even plausible conjectures about it, yet how is it that such darkness and uncertainty can be entertained with *indifference*? How is it that they do not pain you, puzzle you, torture you? If you were obliged to launch upon a great ocean—to sail, you knew not for how long a period, it might be for months or for years—to sail you knew not whither, it might be to a land of beauty or to one most dreary and desolate—to sail you knew not with what fellow passengers, they might be saints or pirates—you *could* not be indifferent! Your very *ignorance* of the voyage, and of all that *might* be, would agonize you Yet, strange, you are indifferent, though ignorant of the voyage over the sea of the eternal future.

But if you may thus exist for ever, consider further, whether you are to be for ever happy or unhappy? "I do not know!" Is this again your reply? Be it so, but how is it that you *do not care* to know? If you are to live at all, you must

remain essentially the same person, and neither become angel nor brute, but remain a human being in all that belongs to you as such, and therefore capable of good or evil, happiness or misery To be essentially changed, would be practically the same for *you* as to cease to exist, and another being totally different in kind to be created in your stead.

But if you are to exist, I again ask *how?* Happy or unhappy? You must admit that it is *possible* you may be unhappy, yea, miserable I do not at present assert that it shall be so, or must be so, but only that it may be so This you dare not deny It is, however, a fact, that many people are very wretched here, so wretched, indeed, that they have tried by suicide to extinguish the existence which was so horrible to them Our souls have, therefore, an awful capacity for being miserable, and dare you assert that you never can share this misery before you die? Dare you boldly maintain that there exists no power which can smite you as it has done others with horror of conscience and agony of woe? And if before death why not after? *What security has you against either?* Only think of what misery of the soul is for a single day or hour here, and then admit the bare possibility of your enduring anything like this hereafter, and tell me apart from all that God in the Bible tells us upon man's fate, whether the *may be* of suffering ought not to banish *indifference* at least, whatever other feeling should be produced by it?

"But," you suggest, "I may be happy Yes you may, but only when in a very different state of mind than your present It would, however, help you to realize this better state, if you patiently considered, with a more earnest mind, this very possibility of being happy For can you really, my reader, be indifferent, yet think it even *possible* for you to be made like such a person as Jesus Christ, in character, so as to have all sin, and all inclination to sin, emptied out of you? And to have love to God filling your whole soul, and you yourself possessing all that is glorious in Him, as far as a creature can share the glory of the Creator? Can you, indeed, believe it as even possible, that after death you may begin an existence of happiness, great and deep as the Almighty can impart, and that this shall continue without a moment's interruption, in the society of all the best in God's universe for eternity? Do you think of this as *possible* for such an one as you?—and can you think of it with indifference?

In either case, then, whether you may be miserable or happy, the feeling of indifference is utterly unworthy of a rational being! I can understand how the expectation of coming misery might excite present fear, or earnest struggles to escape, if escape were possible, or horror and wrath, if escape were impossible, but indifference to it I cannot comprehend! Equally incomprehensible is its existence when contemplating the possibility of coming joy Hope, thankfulness, peace, delight are natural—but indifference!

There is only one other supposition which can be made regarding the future, and that is of our *annihilation*, body and soul Whether any man can believe this, far less wish it, I shall not pause to inquire It is enough for my present purpose if any reader entertains the idea with unconcern Yet, if I read your thoughts aright, you more than suspect that there is a heaven and a hell, but conscious of your unfitness for the one, and unwardly fearing the other, you try to escape from the pain which faith in both occasions, by flying for shelter to the utter darkness of annihilation! Still the light of God's truth, whether you will or not finds you out, for that light is in your soul and cannot wholly be extinguished, and it reveals to you *that* which cannot be annihilated by death But suppose it possible for you to receive the notion that it shall be otherwise—that in a moment you may pass from this world of light and beauty, from the happy circle of friends and acquaintances with all the affectionate realities of social life, and from all your present thought speculations, labours, hopes joys into utter nothingness, and become senseless as the clod on which we tread, while the lark continues to sing overhead, and flowers to spring up in beauty, and the sun to shine in his strength, and all material things to continue as at creation's prime, so that you are forced to conclude, that the Creator has made you either incapable of living for ever more or has not provided any means available by you wherewith to secure a happy life for ever, that He had made you with all your marvellous power of soul merely to labour or enjoy for a moment and then to die! Oh, I can conceive how a man believing this might burn with rage at his destiny, and exclaim loudly, beneath the sky, against the tragedy of such an existence, and feel as if a fiend had made him only to mock him! All this I can understand, but a belief in annihilation, entertained with indifference, that is indeed a wonder incomprehensible!

But in all this argument I have said nothing of Scripture, of what God has told us there regarding the future, of what the whole Christian Church believes, and upon which the best and wisest of the human race have pinned their souls for ever! *We* know, reader, that you *must* live for ever No unbelief can alter the fact, that you shall continue to live, any more than it can reverse the fact, that you have begun to live You must, moreover, live for ever in fellowship with God—knowing Him,

loving Him, obeying Him, and, in this right state, finding eternal joy with all like minded or you must live separated from Him in mind and spirit—living to self, and therefore to sin, and in this wrong state finding misery with all like minded! This God has said, and thus you cannot alter, no more than you can alter the movements of the starry heavens But God has also said that there is life and joy for you and every man, because a provision is made by which you may now possess life and joy in the knowledge and the love of God Our Father has made us for joy! It is we who have marred His work and chosen sin, which has brought to us guilt and misery But our Father has not left us, nor cast aside the work of His hands He has appointed Jesus Christ to be our Saviour Jesus came to earth, and was born of the Virgin Mary He lived amongst us Because he was one with God in His divinity, He showed us how God loved us, and pitied us, and wished to save us, and because He was also one with us in His humanity, He showed how lovingly, rightteously purely, holily God wished every man to live Jesus, moreover, died upon the Cross for us, as our atoning Saviour and ascended to heaven, where He lives for us And now God offers to pardon the sins of every man who will trust that love manifested in the gift of Christ, and to give every man who asks it from Him the blessed gift of His Holy Spirit, to live in us, and daily to make us more like God, and meet for enjoying the heavenly life My brother! "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou* shalt be saved!" Believe, and instead of indifference, thou shalt have peace, hope yea 'joy unspeakable and full of glory!" But dare to live without faith in Christ and love to God, and 'thou shalt never see life, for the wrath of God *abideth* on thee'" It *must* be so! "How can we escape, if we neglect so great salvation' But so long as you remain *undecided*, and refuse to believe God's Word, or to *receive* and enjoy the blessing now of eternal life, then my most earnest wish for your welfare is, that you may have no peace, but be wretched and agonized —anything which may tend to drive you to God for help, and to believe and be saved—anything rather than the coldness, the ice, the death, the hopelessness of indifference!

NORMAN MACLEOD

STREET SCENES IN CANTON

BY AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL NAVY

THE market place at Canton, which consists of a street about twelve feet broad situated just outside the European factories is a scene of much interest to a stranger, but it is necessary on entering it to look out for your pockets or they will probably be picked Here will be observed the different trades located to each both in the market place and the streets, one street being occupied by carpenters another by blacksmiths etc, but the most disagreeable part of the market street is that appropriated by the butcher shops, the smell from which in hot weather is very often naseous Meats of all kinds are hung up for sale, excepting veal, which is seldom seen, as the Chinese, not making use of milk, rear all their calves In the market may be observed, hung up for sale, numbers of ducks, which have been split open and dried in the sun, also rats preserved in the same manner, some being very large

Once a Chinese passed me with a cage in his hand, which appeared to contain two small black sucking pigs, but, on closer inspection, I found them to be rats weighing between 8 and 9 lbs each These had been fed up for sale, and were being hawked about It is not an uncommon thing to see a leg of a horse hanging up for sale, thus was clearly indicated to me by the hoof, when inspecting the meat which was being sliced up for some poor people One day, when taking my walk, I came across a dog that had just been killed and scraped ready for the pot and a short time afterwards meeting a friend of mine and telling him of it, he, to convince himself of the fact, lifted up the pot's lid, when the dog's clenched teeth were at once seen proving his nature near were some poor Chinese waiting to buy a portion when cooked

Passing out of the market place, and walking through the narrow streets adjoining, one may see a number of soothsayers sitting at little tables ranged by the side of the street, and around them may be observed an eager group of men having their fortunes told, and from the expression of their countenances one would think that they had implicit belief in the statements made Amongst the group was one man having his fortune told, who appeared to be a great ragamuffin, and the soothsayer, perhaps judging from appearances, was evidently giving him very bad news whilst pointing to lines on his hands and bumps on his forehead as proofs of his statement, during which time the greatest anxiety prevailed

The next characters met with, seated in the same manner at little tables in the streets, may be dentists or doctors The latter has his table covered with pots containing different ointments, also in baskets by the table may be seen roots of plants and fresh herbs to be boiled down for use. When a Chinese gets a bad wound or fracture of bone, the part is bandaged up with a large plaster, and the patient is kept quiet In most cases the wounds heal very quickly, on account of their simple diet The Chinese never use the knife, nor have they any idea of surgery or of anatomy On one occasion a Chinese cook we had on board our ship complained of being ill, and although he was

attended by the surgeon of the ship, yet he had not sufficient confidence in his treatment, and therefore requested leave of absence for a few days, to enable him to see a Chinese doctor. He accordingly went, and returned well after three days, but he was considerably marked about the body with small red spots, which he stated was the effect of the pinching he had undergone to promote the circulation of the blood, which is one of their cures for headache.

The dentist, whom we come to next, is as great an impostor as the physician, although he displays a number of teeth on his table, which he states to have extracted without pain, and exhibits two small bottles containing some white and grey powders with which he accomplished the wonderful operation.

I had heard a great deal of their power in this art, but was wonderfully surprised at being told by an English doctor that he had himself seen the operation performed, and had implicit belief in it, for he stated that many years back, when he was surgeon of a large Indian ship trading to Canton, and when lying at Whampoa (the anchorage for these ships), he had to perform an operation on one of the young officers of the ship for a hare lip; but in consequence of a tooth protruding just where the incision was made the wound would not heal,—he therefore recommended the officer to have the tooth out. It so happened, whilst this conversation was taking place between the doctor and his patient that the Chinese compradore, who attended upon the ship to provide different necessaries, and who always understands a little English, overheard the conversation, and said he would bring a Chinese dentist on board who would extract it without pain, whereupon it was agreed he should be brought, and on his arrival he proceeded first to rub the gum of the tooth with a little white powder, and then after using another sort of that material, he placed his finger at the back of the tooth, giving it a flip, and out it came without any suffering to the patient, further than making the gum swell a little. This story appeared to me so improbable, unless the tooth had been previously loose, that I made several inquiries from different Chinese on the subject, and all stated that it could be effected—one of the number saying he had undergone the operation himself without pain. Not being able to credit all these statements, as they appeared so contrary to reason, I was determined to find out, from personal experience, whether there was any truth in the matter. An opportunity was soon offered me, as a tooth was giving me some inconvenience, so I ordered a dentist on board, and mentioned it to some of my brother officers, who particularly asked to be allowed to see the fun, as they called it. When the latter made his appearance, the first thing was to conclude a bargain as to his charge. He accordingly inspected the tooth, which was a double one, and, shaking his head, he pointed up to my cheek bones, saying the fangs ran up so high, he could not extract it under nine dollars. He was immediately called an old scoundrel by the owner of the tooth and offered one dollar; that, he said, was too small a sum, but agreed, at last, to extract it without pain for two. Accordingly he commenced the operation by inserting some white powder under the gum, at the same time forcing the gum back. After using another powder he began to tap the tooth to see if it was loose, and then got me to sit down on the deck, and placed my head between his knees. This made me expect some foul play, but then it struck me he would not dare to impose upon an officer on board a man of war, where he would probably get a thrashing. I therefore complied with his wish. He then introduced something into my mouth wrapped up in soft paper, and, in another moment, I felt as if the whole jaw was being wrenched off, and snap went something, this was the whole crown of the tooth which was broken off, causing excruciating pain. The scoundrel relieved my head, looking much ashamed of himself, fortunately for him he was an old man, or else, in all probability, he would have been obliged to undergo the same operation at the hands of his patient to see what effect the powder might produce on him. On inspecting the instrument of torture, I found it was a common pair of nippers that are used for pulling out nails, so ended my experience in Chinese tooth drawing. Mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a respectable Chinese, he stated that the man I had employed was not a number one man, and said, if I wished to have another out, he could supply me with a person he could trust.

The next person of consequence seated likewise in the streets waiting for customers, is the barber, who generally has plenty of employment, as the lower class of Chinese, whenever they want to appear smart, have their heads shaved, excepting a small round at the back of the head, where a tail is allowed to grow. When a Chinese dies, the relatives always shave the head and dress the tail which they tell you is making him "die proper." The tail was formally imposed upon them by the Tartars, who conquered the country, and made the people wear this distinguishing mark as a sign of subjection, but, in course of years, it became fashionable, and was worn by all classes, and now it is considered a disgrace for a native to be without one.

The only people who pretend to have done away with the usual custom of tails, are the long haired rebels, but the greater part of them also wear it, otherwise, should they fall into the hands of the mandarins, they would at once be known. The Chinese are very proud of their tails, and extend them considerably below the waist, by adding, with the braids, silk to make them longer. I once asked my tailor, who was a great dandy, and evidently very proud of his tail, what he would do supposing he was deprived of that ornament? He immediately put his hand across his neck and said he would cut his throat. I have seen men's tails cut off for punishment, and the head shaved afterwards to prevent a new one being attached, which otherwise is very skilfully done if any hair at all is left. A friend of mine having a hard run after a Chinaman, just managed to reach the tail that was flying out behind, when he thought he had him safe, but off it came, and the owner escaped.

In all Chinese streets may be seen an immense number of beggars, the greater part being children,

and I learned, on good authority that such is the infamy of their parents, that often they destroy the eyesight of their children for the sake of obtaining a livelihood by them begging as the laws of China provide for the support of the blind, by permitting them to enter any shop, and there remain till sunset Should the proprietor refuse to give alms, they make so much noise as to drown all conversation between the shopman and his customers, for which purpose they sometimes use gongs, and beat together pieces of bamboo, as an accompaniment to their squalling voices These beggars generally go in a string of three or four together

On entering a shop to make purchases—if one is supposed to be a good customer, the doors are immediately shut to prevent the blind from entering different prices are always asked according as one is an old customer or not a stranger can never do wrong by offering exactly one half the price first demanded In many cases I have succeeded when not wanting, in much less but merely making the offer for experiment But the best plan of dealing with them is when they lower their price to use yours a little at the same time shaking the dollars in your pocket so that the Chinaman may hear them, this will give him encouragement to go on as they never like losing a dollar go out of their house till the last cash they can obtain it

It is no unusual sight to see a child making a pagoda with human skulls and it generally begins by the purchaser saying How much? the price—the answer may be four dollars—the purchaser then says two dollars can do The Chinaman will then make a face of indignation say 'No' and the purchaser then rattles the dollars in his pocket and says 'Come,' and after several chains of 'Come' and 'no' the bargain is struck and the customer by the shopkeeper's eyes knows he has made a loser pleased too much more

On one occasion taking a walk with a brother officer through the streets we were determined to try the patience of a shopkeeper, so we went in, and asked the price of a great number of things without concluding any purchase, at which the shopman seemed much displeased, and said, 'You talke, talke, talke so long, long, long, and you no make the pigeon,' at which we were convulsed with laughter, and the shopman, understanding at once what our object had been, began to laugh too, and said, 'You make play pigeon'

The silk embroidery shops will repay one for a morning's visit to them, the work being exquisitely fine, and the colours of the floss silks remarkably brilliant The preparation of this article, in its different stages, affords occupation to a large section of the lower orders, and from the greatness of the population, and consequent competition, labour is so cheap that the poor people earn no more than the value of about threepence a day, upon which they can subsist, and manage to support a wife and family

Most to be admired are the carvings on wood and ivory, not that the representations are exact, but the detail so elaborate It is particularly in figures of men and women, temples, houses, boats, and flowers that they most excel, but animals they have no idea of representing either in carving or painting The sandal wood boxes afford very pretty specimens of their handicraft, and vary from a dollar to twenty each About the time of New Year, which happens in February, when rents become due and yearly settlements take place, various articles are hawked about the streets for half the price asked at other times A walk into the pictureshops is very interesting The first representations generally placed before a stranger are the various modes of punishment, some of which are very dreadful

The subjects of painting they mostly excel in, represent the same as in their carvings on sandal wood but they have no idea of perspective, as it will be observed in most of their paintings on rice paper there is no foreground They are very clever at copying photographs

Wishing to buy one picture and demanding the price the artist on examining it, said 'Four pieces' man twenty dollars" two small children and one woman were ordered all the same as men Having agreed to the bargain the Chinaman produced a copy in about a fortnight admirably done A man and Yungae on the Queen's Island at Bonghkong is superior to any of the Canton people and will copy a miniature, however delicately painted It was from him that I purchased a book containing about a hundred figures who had composed a marriage procession of a great mandarin The price was only twelve dollars and far surpassed anything I had ever seen of their paintings

Some of the shops containing Chinese lanterns afford a little interest to passers by as there are many different sorts ranging from fourpence to twelve pounds But very pretty ones may be bought for about two pounds, having painted glass sides supported on a framework of fretted brass work, ornamented with black fringes silk round the lower part of the lamp and has gold crimson silk tassels arranged about it very gracefully Another sort of lamps are those in the shape of a bell and made of a transparent substance, called hanjin (a preparation of rice) These are used at night by all classes of Chinese and many on a larger scale decorated with a little painting, are always to be seen at night placed over the doors of the shops

The curiosity shops afford a little interest, there are however, but few things particularly good in execution The quaintness of the different articles is their only recommendation The same may be said of the china shops, where is seen an immense quantity of china, so much admired for the purity of clay, and the brightness of the colours in the various paintings, which consist principally of bad representations of human figures, and flowers of somewhat better execution A great price is asked for old china, and very little of a superior quality is procurable in the city of Canton

In walking through the streets one often meets with various processions, such as a marriage, which may generally be known by being accompanied with music. The marriage procession of a great mandarin is very interesting to observe, as he

sends all his servants to attend the bride to his house, where he awaits to receive her. Heading the procession are men with gongs, who call the attention of the people to clear the way, and immediately following them are bearers of flags that bear the effice of the mandarin. Then follow men beating tom-toms, and blowing upon peculiar pipes, also men carrying large boards with gilt letters on them. Being anxious to know the meaning of this I asked a Chinese shopkeeper who understood a little Canton English, "What is this fashion?" He replied, "That tell him father that tell him mother grandfather, grandmother." I said, "You mean his pedigree?" to which he answered, "Yes, so fashion."

In this procession are generally seen a few sedan chairs preceding the bride, in which are placed the presents of silks, etc. These are attended by gentlemen, who have the charge of presenting them. Sometimes the bride's friends may send something for her, when a young girl sitting astride of a pony, will be the person in charge she being held on each side by servants. But the most extraordinary part of the procession is that which just precedes the bride, consisting of executioners bearing banners, together with female attendants. Following the above procession comes the bride seated in a handsome gilt sedan chair and completely shut in from the public gaze. She is carried by four bearers and attended by a guard of soldiers.

There is another procession sometimes to be met with, of quite a different character, which consists of a number of unfortunate creatures being carried to the execution ground which is situated outside the city walls and about two miles from the factories. Here is a plain, enclosed by the backs of houses appropriated for that purpose, and having a door at each end to keep the mob out.

I happened once to be taking a sketch of this ground from the top of a carpenter's shop, situated at one end of it, when in a street below me a great noise suddenly proceeded from a party of Chinese, who were carrying in people for execution. These unfortunate prisoners had their arms tied behind their backs, and their tails twisted up in a knot on the top of the head. They were each sitting in a bamboo cage, hung from a bamboo, carried by two men, who, as they brought in their victims, pitched them out, utterly regardless as to how they fell. The executioners with their assistants, placed them in four rows, making them kneel down, many of them were so weak, that they kept tumbling on their sides when they were lifted up and placed again into position.

On the roof of the carpenter's shop were some respectable Chinese witnessing the execution, and next on the foreground below were the junior mandarins waiting for the arrival of their chief, who was to superintend. Around the walls were placed coffins ready to take the bodies away. At the far thither end of the line stood the executioners, ready to commence, and on the left, half way up, was a trough in which the heads are thrown after execution, and standing close to it were some men, dressed in black with spare swords under their arms, for the use of the executioners when their own became blunt.

After the lapse of a few minutes, during which time a dead silence prevailed, an startled a mandarin, upon which the doors of the lane were shut, and the executioners commenced the work of death, by decapitating those nearest them, and then working down the rows, so that the poor creatures in the rear saw the death of those that knelt before them.

I turned away from the scene, till a friend of mine, who was with me, said he wanted to point out something strange, and on looking round he showed me a body kneeling upright without its head, and whilst looking at this, one of the assistant executioners came and pushed the body over. He then went on to the next victim, and lifting the arm (which were secured behind the back) the head bent forward, it was then severed with one stroke of the sword, and fell a yard from the body.

The executioners changed their swords after every fourth stroke, and generally used both hands, the handles of the swords were about nine inches long, and the blade about two feet in length by two inches in breadth.

On this occasion sixty eight criminals were executed in four minutes, by four executioners, and during the time of execution, not a murmur was heard throughout the ranks, and the only sound that broke the general stillness that prevailed, was the chuck of the sword as it severed the heads, and the falling of the lifeless bodies. No doubt these poor prisoners had welcomed death, to save them from further misery in the dungeons in which they had been confined, and where they had been occasionally beaten with bamboos, and nearly starved to death. Directly the execution was over, the mandarin and suite retired. The heads of the culprits were lifted up and thrown into the trough, where they are left as a warning to passers by.

The bodies are put into rude holls of coffins, and carried out for interment by the bearers who brought them there, but should any of the deceased's friends wish to take a body, they are allowed to do so, but not permitted to have the head.

The perquisite of the executioners are the clothes of the prisoners. They are also allowed the value of about one shilling and sixpence to provide each prisoner a coffin, but instead of procuring them at that price, they buy rude shells for about half the sum allowed, and by breaking the bones of their victims pack two in one coffin, so that in the burial of two culprits they pocket about three fourths of the money allowed.

Observing a wooden cross placed against the wall, and asking the use of it, the Vice consul at Canton, from whom I received a great deal of information connected with Chinese punishments, told me that the cross was used for lashing those who were condemned to be cut into ten thousand pieces, which is the punishment for parricide, and that once he happened to be passing, when he saw a poor woman undergoing this excessive cruelty, but he heard the executioner had been bribed to insure death the first stroke of the knife. He then proceeded to carry out the sentence, by making about fifty cuts, the term ten thousand pieces being intended to produce fear. The number of people generally executed at Canton yearly is between two and three thousand, sometimes as many as one hundred and fifty are executed at one time.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF OUR LORD.

NAZARETH AND CHRIST'S EARLY LIFE

THE great plain of Esdraelon, reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, completely intersects Palestine. Along its southern side runs the picturesque ridge of Carmel, sinking abruptly into the sea on the west and joining on the east the hills of Ephraim, which encircle the ancient capital of Israel, and the home and shrine of the Samaritans. On the northern side of the plain are the hills of Galilee. They have bolder features than those of Ephraim, and are covered in parts with forests of oak and terebinth. One among them arrests immediate attention. It stands at the eastern extremity of the range, almost isolated, and overlooking the plain and the Jordan valley. In shape it is a perfect section of a sphere. It is Mount Tabor.

Galilee was the home of the Saviour. The whole of His private life was spent among its hills, and most of His public acts were performed there too. He wandered through Galilee from the 'coasts of Tyre and Sidon' on the west down to the shores of the "Sea of Tiberias" on the east, teaching the multitudes, healing the sick, raising the dead, dispensing with liberal hand the bounties of nature, and strewing His path everywhere with Heaven's choicest blessings. The character of His teaching was remarkably influenced by the features and products of the country, and the occupations of the people. His most pointed illustrations and His most beautiful parables were drawn from nature and from nature as exhibited in the scenes around Him. The gay wild flowers that carpet the hill sides (Matt. vi. 28), the green corn fields in the rich upland plains (Matt. xiii. 24), the rank thorns and bare rocks here and there shooting up in the midst of the good ground' (Matt. xiii. 1, *seq*), the multitudes of birds, doves, pigeons, and partridges that hover over the fields (Matt. xiii. 4), the merchantmen that thronged the great cities (Matt. xiii. 45), the fishermen that loitered along the shores, and in them boats dotted the surface of the lake (Matt. xiii. 47)—all these were drawn into the service of the Great Model Teacher. It is interesting to note how the first three Gospels turn almost entirely on the labours and teachings of our Lord in Galilee, while the Gospel of John details generally what occurred in Judea. In the latter the principal illustrations are drawn from the shepherds that led their flocks through the wilderness, and the vines that clothed the hill sides. These facts give the narratives, and parables, and illustrations of the Gospels a peculiar local interest, and they show how they can be rendered far more striking and graphic when we have the country fully delineated before the mind's eye.

The village of Nazareth is situated in a little upland vale among the hills of Galilee, two miles from Esdraelon, and six west of Tabor. The vale is about a mile long, by a quarter broad, with irregular branches shooting out from it into wild glens. It is completely filled with fruitful fields; and there is a patch of gardens, enclosed with hedges of cactus, in the centre. There are also two or three olive groves, and some single trees sprinkled through it. A girdle of rounded hill tops encircles the vale, shutting out all view of the country beyond. Their sides and summits are covered with a grey, stony soil, and white limestone rocks, while the scattered fig trees and stunted shrubs are not sufficient to hide their rugged features, or relieve the aspect of general and painful barrenness. There is one and only one redeeming quality the air is ever fragrant with the perfume of wild thyme. The hill on the north side overtops all the others, and is crowned with a white domed tomb. It has a steep declivity, and its lower slopes are seamed with three or four ravines divided by projecting ridges of naked rock. In the ravines and on the shelving banks which run down from them into the vale, stand the houses of Nazareth. Behind them is the "hill on which the city was built" (Luke iv. 29), and there is more than one cliff along its side which would have suited the purposes of the infuriated population when they attempted to take the Saviour's life.

Nazareth contains a population of some four thousand souls, and it is probably as large now as it ever was. The sacredness of its shrines and the security of its position, have attracted Christians to it from the more exposed parts of the surrounding country. The principal building is the Latin Convent, clustered round the Grotto of the Annunciation, over which once stood (so, at least, says Romish tradition) the celebrated *Santa Casa* of Loretto. It is almost a relief to discover that the silly fables which have found a local habitation here are comparatively modern. There was not a single Christian inhabitant in Nazareth before the time of Constantine, nor was there a single Christian pilgrimage made to it before the sixth century. The wondrous story of the Virgin's House, and its miraculous flight from Nazareth to Loretto was never heard of until about four hundred years ago. All traces of every spot within the village, in any way connected with the Virgin and her Divine Son, have been obliterated for ages, and experience has abundantly proved that it is not for edification to attempt to recall or invent them. The natural features however, are the same now as when the Saviour's eyes rested upon them, the quiet vale, the bleak hill tops, the fruitful fields in front, and the brow of the hill behind.

There is one spot which demands special notice. It too has remained unchanged. It is the "*Fountain of the Virgin*." Its supply of water is scanty, and yet it is the only living spring in or around Nazareth. No spot in all Palestine interested me more than this. Being a few hundred yards from the village, and in the midst of open meadows, I was able to sit in my tent door and watch, for hours together, the picturesque groups that constantly cluster round it, and squabble or gossip as occasion

may require The scene cannot be far different from those which Jesus must have often witnessed, when He came thither at His mother's side, or passed it by in His rambles It makes a pleasant picture the rude pointed arch, the cracked and crumbling walls the dusky olives behind, the feathery palm, the grey rocky hill in the back ground, with the narrow path winding away over it to "Cana of Galilee," and the village maidens in front, with their gay Oriental costume and long white veils, waiting to have their pitchers filled or carrying them homewards gracefully poised on their heads One of the earliest local traditions of the country, recorded in the *Protevangelion*, states that the Angel's voice first greeted the Virgin as she was filling her pitcher at this fountain Accordingly the Greeks built a church beside it and still show there, in opposition to the Latins, the *real* scene of the Annunciation

Such, then, is the place where Jesus spent his boyhood, and where he grew up to manhood The locality seems in every way appropriate The site of Bethlehem is bold, and its situation exposed *It* was a fit school in which to train a warlike monarch, and a race of hardy soldiers On the contrary, the secure position of Nazareth, the seclusion of its little vale, and its entire separation from the busy world rendered it a fitting home for the 'Prince of Peace The excitement of border life, and the alarms of border warfare would not here break rudely in upon the Saviour's contemplations Neither would the false refinement of a great capital nor the intellectual pride and scepticism which a misguided learning usually induces here disturb

the even and natural tenor of ordinary society And while there was nothing to create undue excitement, there was nothing, on the other hand, either to relax the physical energies or weaken the moral principles of those among whom He dwelt The bracing mountain air would tend to keep both mind and body active The stony soil and bleak scenery would prevent the pampering of the appetite and check luxurious indulgence The Saviour, during His residence at Nazareth, thus witnessed and took part in life in its normal state, while He enjoyed ample opportunity for contemplation and communion with His Heavenly Father

To most it affords great delight to roam in fancy among those sacred scenes, round which so many hallowed memories cling It gives an impressive reality to every incident in the Saviour's history, when one is able to localize it and contemplate it in connexion with the scenery and circumstances of the place where it occurred To every thoughtful Christian Nazareth—the home of the Saviour's boyhood the scene of His mental and physical development of His domestic relations, of His private life, of His long preparation for the glorious work He undertook and accomplished—possesses greater charms, a more absorbing interest, than any spot on earth In this respect it far surpasses Bethlehem, and even Jerusalem How often must He in childhood have run up and down those streets! How often must He have followed His mother to that fountain! How often must He have sat with His parents in the quiet evenings on the house top, looking out over that green vale! How often must He have wandered among those rocky hills, and down into those deep glens, meditating on His Divine mission, and breathing forth

prayers to His God and Father! How often must He have climbed that steep hill on which the city was built," to enjoy a view unsurpassed in extent or beauty by any in Palestine, and to reflect on the wondrous destinies of that land and of the people to whom He had given it by covenant promise!

I have already sketched the history of the infant Saviour up to the time of the massacre of Bethlehem and the flight into Egypt. Before accompanying Him to His Galilean home there are a few difficult points in the chronology which it may be well to explain. Every observant reader will see on comparing the narratives of Matthew and Luke that they do not seem entirely to agree, and on comparing the common dates of our era with the ascertained facts of contemporary history, we cannot fail to discover still more startling discrepancies. I shall first endeavour to fix the date of Christ's birth. It is now, perhaps, impossible to determine the precise year, but there are sufficient data to enable us very closely to approximate to the truth. Our common chronology gives it as the year A.U.C. 754, which corresponds to the year of Rome (A.U.C.) 754. But we know that Jesus was born during the lifetime of Herod. Now it so happens that the time of Herod's death has been ascertained by astronomical calculation. Josephus tells us that

THE SUPPOSED HOUSE IN WHICH JESUS DWELT AT NAZARETH

it occurred just before the Jewish Passover and immediately after an eclipse of the moon. That eclipse took place in the night of March 12, A.U.C. 750, therefore Christ must have been born before that date. If we make allowance for the several events which occurred between the Nativity and the death of Herod, the former cannot be fixed *later* than the summer of A.U.C. 749 (or B.C. 5).

The next point to be determined is the date of the flight into Egypt relatively to that of the Nativity. If this can be correctly ascertained, we can at once arrange the order of events. Matthew is here our only authority. He tells us that when the wise men came to Jerusalem asking for the new-born king Herod first learned from the Jewish Rabbins the *place* of His birth, and then tried to discover from the Magi the *time*. "Having called the wise men, he inquired accurately *the time of the star* which was appearing (Matt. ii. 7). And afterwards, on discovering that the Magi had not done his bidding, he sent and slew all the children in Bethlehem, "from two years old and under, *according to the time he had accurately inquired of the wise men*." This period of "two years" must not be taken as precisely indicating the age of Jesus. The jealous monarch would doubtless allow a considerable range before the date indicated, so as to make sure of his victim; but we are warranted in concluding from it that *several months* must have elapsed between the birth of Jesus and the massacre of the infants. The latter event probably occurred toward the close of A.U.C. 749.

In turning to the narrative of Luke, we find that he omits the account of the Magi, the massacre, and the flight into Egypt, while he relates other incidents not recorded by Matthew. There is no contradiction in this. The two historians had different purposes to serve, different nationalities to instruct and convince, and they were guided by the Holy Spirit in the selection of such events as should best advance their objects. The order of the events given by each evangelist is the only point of difficulty. There can be no doubt as to the time when the shepherds saw the vision and proceeded to Bethlehem, it was immediately after the nativity (Luke ii. 11, 12). The circumcision of Jesus is also definitely fixed at eight days after the birth (Luke ii. 21). The date of the presenta-

tion in the temple is likewise determined. A comparison of Luke ii. 22 with Levit. xii. 1-8, proves that it occurred when the babe was forty days old. After the account of the presentation in the temple, Luke says, "And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth" (Luke ii. 39). From this one would at first infer that Joseph and Mary returned from Jerusalem to Nazareth direct. It would be, however, only an inference. The evangelist does not say so. In a condensed narrative like his, where, as we know, only some of the leading events are given, a considerable interval may have occurred between the presentation in the temple and the journey to Nazareth. A comparison of this gospel with that of Matthew, proves that such an interval *did* occur, and that during it the visit of the Magi and the flight to Egypt took place. Some writers have placed these events before the presentation in the temple. This I hold to be impossible for three reasons:—1. It does not leave sufficient time for the long journey to Egypt—the greater part of which could not have been reached under the circumstances, in less than eight days—for the residence there (Matt. ii. 15, 19), and for the return to Jerusalem. 2. It is opposed to the statements, that Herod inquired regarding the time of the star's appearing, and afterwards murdered all the children in Bethlehem "from two years old and under, *according to the time* which he had accurately ascertained of the wise men." 3. It is at variance with the narrative in Matthew xix. 22. Joseph, having been informed in a dream of the death of Herod, leaves Egypt, "But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea *he was afraid to go thither*, . . . *and he turned aside* into the parts of Galilee, and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." How could these statements be reconciled with the hypothesis of Jesus' return from Egypt to Jerusalem, his public presentation in the temple, and the public adoration of Simeon and Anna?

From the foregoing remarks, and from other calculations, to which I need not here refer, I think the chronology of the events related by Matthew and Luke may be settled as follows:—

The Annunciation, and the first Incarnate of the "Star in the East,"	*autumn*, A.U.	749
The birth of Jesus,	*spring*	751
Visit of the "Wise Men," flight to Egypt, and massacre of the infants,	*autumn*,	749
Death of Herod,	*March*,	750
Return from Egypt to Nazareth,	*spring*,	750

There was no settled or valid tradition in the early Church regarding the date or *season* of Christ's birth. About the beginning of the fourth century, the 6th of January was celebrated in the East as the festival of the Nativity. In the middle of the same century the Western Church *began* to observe the 25th of December. The present Christian era was fixed in the sixth century, and the first historian who used it was the venerable Bede. We thus see that there is nothing either in history or tradition to militate against the preceding dates.

It is singular to note the use which God has made of Egypt at various periods. On three occasions it has served as an asylum for His elect. Abraham retired there during a famine, his whole descendants found a home and support there for three centuries, and the Messiah—the hope and glory of Israel—found a refuge there from the murderous designs of Herod. The Jewish nation, in its wondrous history, was a type of Christ. The application of Hosea's words to His return from Egypt was thus beautifully appropriate—"Out of Egypt have I called my son" (Matt. ii. 15). Israel as a nation was God's "son—His first-born" (Exod. iv. 22, Jer. xxxi. 9), Jesus, in a far higher sense was also "the Son of God." The application of this, and many other similar passages to the Saviour, proves the direct universal reference of the prophetic writings of the Old Testament to the expected and promised Messiah. It would seem as if the glory of His person and the nature of His offices had been as fully before the minds of the prophets as they were before the evangelists. And it would seem that God, in his infinite mercy, so ordered it, that His saints in ancient times could, by faith, see clearly the Saviour promised, as we can now see the Saviour given and crucified. It is now established by New Testament writers as an axiom of interpretation that Christ in His person or His office was the grand subject of all those dark allusions and the real substance of all those types and figures which fill the books of the Old Testament. A full Christology is therefore, the best, and indeed the only key to Old Testament mysteries. There is not perhaps, a single event in the whole course of Christ's life on which the eye of prophecy had not been fixed ages before.

The infant Saviour was brought to Nazareth, and for well-nigh thirty years that little mountain village was His home. There had been nothing hitherto to distinguish Nazareth. History had altogether ignored it. Its inhabitants were poor, its situation was remote, its territory was bleak and barren. There was neither historic association nor natural beauty to entice a stranger to it or to make a lingering visitor linger among its grey hills. It appears, too, that it was even despised. Probably its poverty and insignificance had become proverbial. "Can there any good come out of Nazareth?" was the exclamation of Nathanael, when told of Jesus as the Messiah (John i. 46). Even this was in accordance with the Divine arrangement and was a direct fulfilment of prophetic allusions. It all occurred "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene" (Matt. ii. 23). The prophets in their more direct predictions, always depicted the Messiah as poor and despised, entirely destitute of the outward attractions of pomp and splendour (Isa. liii. 2, 7, Ps. xxii. 6, *seq.*). He was to be "*as a root out of a dry ground*." The name *Nazarene*, applied to Him by the Jews, exactly expressed what the prophets had foretold. During His whole public life, the "Nazarene" was a constant mark for the scorn and contempt of learned scribes and haughty Pharisees. His humble origin, and provincial home were the themes of unceasing ridicule. His disciples inherited the name and its accompanying reproach, and to this day Christians are called "Nazarenes" in Syria,

and no epithet is considered more degrading by the proud Moslem, except that of "Jew."

With the exception of one solitary incident we have no record of these thirty years of Jesus' life. There are some most instructive lessons to be learned from the "silence of Scripture." We learn from it firstly and chiefly that *the Bible is not man's book!* The very facts and details which man would consider it necessary first to relate we never found there. There is no pandering there to a morbid curiosity. There is no attempt to gratify the natural craving for gossip or admiration. Such events alone are detailed as tend to illustrate Divine truth, or to demonstrate direct Divine agency. The historic fact of the Gospel are only given as the nails on which its glorious doctrines hang. No mere human author would have written in such a way. According to the bent of his mind, he would have given to the world either a popular or a profound memoir. To produce the former he would have diligently collected the little anecdotes of Jesus' childhood, and detailed them in attractive language. He would have sketched out or emphasized the separations of opening manhood and the manifestations of Divine power, and displays of Divine mercy and love, which characterized His mature years. All these a poet's skill and fancy would have woven together into an enchanting narrative. The philosophic historian would have found a different but not less exciting field for the display of his talents. He would have attempted to show the development of human nature, body and mind under circumstances never before exemplified. He would have tried to delineate Divinity first manifesting itself in infant humanity. He would have laboured to explain how He who is the source of all power, and the fountain of all wisdom yet 'increased in wisdom and stature,' and how He who from eternity was the beloved of the Father yet 'increased in favour with God and man.' Here would have been a fit subject for human genius to apprehend, and for human eloquence to portray. But the heavenly biographer passes it all by. His object is not to gratify human curiosity, to exhibit poetic genius, or to display philosophic truth. It is far higher and nobler. It is to set forth plainly and powerfully God's plan of salvation through a fallen Redeemer to perishing sinners. To accomplish this the details of Christ's private life were unnecessary. An account of them might even have tended to withdraw the mind from the facts and results of the closing tragedy. Therefore they are omitted. The Scriptures are silent.

There is only one incident recorded of this period, but it is in the highest degree instructive. Joseph and Mary were accustomed to go up to Jerusalem year after year to the Passover. When Jesus attained the age of twelve years, He went up with them, because then, according to Jewish traditional law, He first began to incur legal obligation. This may be regarded as the commencement of the second great period in our Lord's earthly career. The first began at the Incarnation, and it was characterized by direct exercises of Divine wisdom and power, in announcing the Advent, and watching over the welfare of the new born King. The second period is also introduced by a manifestation of Divine power and wisdom, but in a different form. The Divinity before displayed *in act*, is now developed in the person of Jesus. He leaves the side and tutelage of His earthly parent and in part joins His Heavenly Father (Luke ii 49). He boldly enters the temple, consecrates that it is His own home. He joins the circle of the learned conscious that He is Himself the Great Teacher. His sage remarks and pointed, penetrating questions soon make Him the observed of all observers. Never before had such wisdom been displayed by a boy. There was something higher than mere human intellect. There was the wisdom of God manifesting itself in man's nature to show that in that nature the holy law of the Lord could now be fully understood, and in the self possessed dignity of that boy's bearing, the power of God was also manifesting it self, to show that as man had broken the law, man could now again perfectly fulfil it.

It is worthy of notice at this stage how Jesus ignores the idea of an earthly father, and acknowledges only His Father in Heaven. "Son" said Mary, when she found Him, "why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, *thy father* and I have sought thee sorrowing." And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about *my father's* business?" (Luke ii 48, 49). From this time the name of Joseph altogether disappears from the Gospel. Here was the acknowledgment of an obligation more sacred than any which earthly relationship could create, to which all other duties must yield, and for the discharge of which all human ties must be severed. His "Father's business" must be done, though at the sacrifice of all beside. Thus Jesus while He showed Himself to be a "faithful High priest," set before the world a perfect example of Christian devotedness. He showed that God's service must take precedence of everything. Pleasure must not entice us from it, the world must not wean us from it, mockery must not shame us from it, danger must not drive us from it, death must not appal us from it. Rather, a thousand times rather, let us climb the fiery cliff and put on the martyr's crown, in God's service than a throne and a throne and assume the jewelled diadem, and reign over mighty nations, in the absence of it.

Jesus and His parents had come up to the feast in a pilgrim caravan. The time came round for the return journey. Joseph and Mary set out with it, but Jesus lingered behind, unobserved in His parents' absence. They did not miss Him during the first day's march, for they supposed Him to have been in the company. But when evening came and each family there found its own tent or house, then His parents looked for Him in vain. "They sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance, and when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him" (Luke ii 45).

How natural and intelligible does all this appear to one acquainted with the country and people of Palestine! On this very day (April 8) four years ago, I set out from Nazareth with a pilgrim caravan, on its way to Jerusalem to the feast. I saw there just such a scene as Jesus witnessed. The aspect of the pilgrims, their costume, their mode

of travel, the road, the scenery, were all the same A few cavaliers led the way, looking gay and picturesque in their flowing robes and glittering arms and trappings, then followed the long train of pack horses, mules, and donkeys, bearing old men, and matrons, and maidens, and tents and huge piles of baggage, and cooking vessels of primitive mould, and boxes and bags of provender By their side marched troops of stalwart peasants, while numbers of *active boys* ran hither and thither from group to group, making the rocks ring with their merry laughter and cheering shouts As the caravan defiled through the rocky glens that lead down into Esdraelon, it was nearly half a mile in length, and many a parent was there, who, though his son was not in sight, took for granted he was 'in the company" We encamped the first night on the green plain, at the entrance of Jezreel, beside the ancient En Ganim When the caravan halted it was amusing to observe the utter confusion as horses and mules, men and women, tents and baggage were all huddled together And when the tents were pitched, or the places for the lay were and the evening meal prepared it was interesting to listen to *the eager inquiries of parents after children*, and their loud calls to attract and turn back the wanderers It was then only the merriness of each family was ascertained If one was then wanting search was immediately made Thus are the facts of sacred history strikingly and fully illustrated by the ordinary incidents of Eastern life

I shall ever look back on that four days journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem as among the brightest spots of my whole life I was following, in the very footsteps of the Saviour, under similar external circumstances, at the same season of the year The bright wild flowers sprang in the fields as they did when His eyes looked on them the vines trailing trees in the pleasant valley of Ephraim and the rocky hills of Judah, were putting forth their first green buds, and the voice of the turtle sounded pleasantly through every dusky cleft as I passed in succession Shunem and Ibzeel Samaria and Shechem, Shiloh and Bethel Last I saw Jacob's well, where Jesus sat on another occasion and I looked up to the ruins of the sanctuary on the brow of Gerizim, overhead, where the 'woman's' had her fathers worshipped, and then I read Christ's prophetic words "Woman, believe me the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth (John iv 21-24) And he God that time is come, and though [illegible] Jerusalem, and the hallowed shrines of Palestine, we can [illegible] solemnly worship, in a present God.

Jesus announced to His mother, when she gently reproved Him in the temple, His consciousness of His Divine mission, and His determination to fulfil it 'I must be about my Father's business." Yet He did not then, and He did not afterwards, plead this—all important and engrossing as it was—as a reason for release from filial duty "He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them [illegible] noble example The most devoted submission to God's will, and the strictest fulfilment of God's law never does, and never can interfere with the right discharge of the duties of private and social life

How mysterious seem the closing words of this narrative "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (Luke ii 52) There is complete humanity here "In all things" he appears "made like unto his brethren," growing in wisdom, increasing in stature and advancing in grace, and gradually diffusing the odour of sanctity all round Him "During those eighteen mysterious years of His seclusion at Nazareth, we may by the light of what is here revealed, view the holy child advancing onward to that fulness of wisdom and Divine approval which was indicated at His baptism' when the Spirit descended upon Him like a dove, and the voice from heaven proclaimed 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" 'We are apt to forget, says Alford "that it was during this time that much of the great work of the second Adam was done In growing up through humanity, childhood, youth and manhood, in every one of its holiness to holiness in every form of temptation, without one spot of sin" It was which, constituted by the covenant of redemption, by the power and by the [illegible] constituted 'the obedience of many' (Rom v 19) 'by which many were made righteous' Fully to understand the will of God in the plan of redemption, we must fully understand every incident in the history of the Saviour By studying the minutest of His actions and deepest and most secret emotions in which the nature of His private life is clothed we see how the Divine personality was manifested in Him from the first, and how it moved round it [illegible] the ordinary occupations and experiences of the sons of men We see how infinite wisdom and power were enshrined in Him, while He suffered and was tempted in all points like His brethren It is the consciousness of the obedience of sin which forms the afflicted believer's greatest source of joy When the soul is wrung with anguish—when the moral principle is almost shattered by the terrible shocks of temptation—when hope becomes dimmed by the gathering cloud of sin—when the usurping spirit of the old man attains such ascendancy within that the cry is forced from the lips "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death!"—then let him lift the eye of faith to his enthroned Saviour, and, while cheered by a rapid glance at the events of His life let him breathe a prayer for help It will never fail, for

"Our [illegible] suffer yet retains
'A fellow-feeling for our pains,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries

'In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suffer sends relief

J. [illegible] PORTER.

PHARAOH AND HIS HOST

(*Illustration, no. 1*)

The long winding Nile valley, that belt of richest emerald,—once studded with fair towns like silver bosses—wedged in so closely between the tawny desert and the brimming river, the region over which so many dynasties of Pharaohs ruled, and from the top of whose immemorial pyramids so many centuries have looked down on the troubled course of events, must always be traversed with peculiar emotion as the seat of the oldest of the world's civilisations, and of the first of its great empires. But its chief interest to us is that we wander there as in the dim and solemn vestibule of sacred history. We gaze on the same colossal monuments we stand spell bound before the same occult imagery which met the eyes of the patriarchs the world's grey fathers as they came down by the wilderness road from the hills of Canaan to the sunny savannahs and gorgeous cities of the Nile. We walk in a land of mystery feeling that, after all we know but little of the wondrous civilisation which has left such an indelible impress on the soil. The names of successive dynasties have been deciphered, Pharaoh following Pharaoh like a procession of crowned phantasms through the mist. But one of the most accomplished explorers of its annals Baron Bunsen, has recently pronounced "Egypt has, properly speaking, no history. History was born on the night when Moses led forth his people from Goshen.

Some points, however, seem to have been clearly dated with tolerable clearness and may serve as landmarks in the wide desert of that hoar antiquity. There is reason to believe that some time before the first visit of Abraham to Egypt a tribe of Semitic or Canaanitish origin had invaded the country, and established an alien rule, compelling the native princes to retire to Upper Egypt or Ethiopia. These were the Hyksos or 'Shepherd Kings" and their natural sympathies with a pastoral race would account for the favourable reception which a thriving and substantial emir like Abraham met at the court of Egypt. The new dynasty on mounting the throne of the Pharaohs had also assumed the royal name to give prestige to their usurpation. In the course of two centuries they had gradually become assimilated in religious and social usages to the native population, and hence we find in Joseph's time the old antipathy, grounded on a religious motive, to a nomad life coming out so strongly as to determine the choice of a settlement for his kinsfolk in a border province of the kingdom, where their pastoral habits might not offend the prejudices of their people. The frontier district assigned to them was one of the richest in Egypt, embracing the garden ground [illegible] Nile, and the pasture land that reached up [illegible] the sands of the desert.

Here, then, amid the green corn lands and meadows of Goshen, in "the best of the land," the land of Rameses, the shepherd colonists, fostered by royal favour, grew into a great nation, till the [illegible] who had maintained their independence in Upper Egypt by a bold stroke recovered their supremacy and expelled the "Hyksos from their borders. There can be little doubt that it is the establishment of a new race of rulers that is indicated by the words, "There arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." To these Egyptians of pure blood, the Hebrew people, from their connexion and affinities with the fallen and alien stock would be especially obnoxious. A very different state of things now prevailed from that in which the lord of Egypt invested with the symbols of his mystic dignity could bow with reverence to the benediction of the grey haired Hebrew patriarch in which the brilliant cavalcade of princes and nobles and warriors with the royal chariots of Pharaoh could issue from the capital on their funeral march through the desert in honour of a shepherd chief. To this alien people, rooted so firmly in the soil the change of dynasty must be made a change of fortune. They were too numerous to be exterminated, and too valuable if they could only be kept in subjection. So the new Pharaoh, wise in his generation, conceived and carried out with relentless energy, the policy of converting them into a race of Helots, guarding against the chance of their successful revolt from oppression, by keeping down their numbers. His atrocious edict for the destruction of the male children of the Hebrews was devised in the true spirit of oriental despotism, to which ruthless cruelty is only wholesome rigour.

The Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, those immediately following the shepherd kings, were great builders. Under their auspices some of the most colossal monuments of old Egypt were erected. They seemed to vie with each other in the splendour and magnificence of their temples and sepulchres. For the quarrying out of their stupendous obelisks and columns, the erection of palaces and public works they required armies of slaves, as in modern times, in excavating the Mahmoudieh Canal, to open up the navigation of the Nile, Mohammed Pasha pressed gangs of fellahs all over the land into his service, and urged on the work with such unflagging zeal that the poor labourers sunk by hundreds from sheer exhaustion during progress and perished like flies. The Hebrew fellahs of Pharaoh Miamun and his successors, dragging like beasts of burden in [illegible] quarries, or tasked beneath the burning sun at their brick fields, making treasure cities or fortresses for their [illegible]ts, and hypæthral shrines and tombs for the [illegible]s or brutes they worshipped. On many of the largest structures of Egypt appears the inscription, "No native has been employed in the erection." A singular coincidence occurs in the annals of this wonderful race, when, after so many centuries, the stateliest monument of imperial Rome, the Flavian Amphitheatre or Colosseum, which still looks down on the Triumphal Arch of Titus and the Forum, was reared by the labour of thousands of captive Jews after the fall of Jerusalem.

Such was the state of things that filled the soul of Moses as he grew to manhood, with burning indignation, and led him, after brooding long in secret over the wrongs of his kinsmen, to stand forth as their champion and avenger. Forty years of grinding servitude were to elapse, and the ill-fated Hebrews to be steeped in misery to their lips. At length the hour of emancipation struck, and the race of hereditary serfs were to leave the house of bondage as the freemen of Jehovah, to be trained by Him, in the recesses of the Arabian wilderness, as an elect and separated people, the leading shoot and consecrated priesthood of the world.

The great body of the Hebrews must always have been concentrated in or around Rameses the chief town of Goshen—a place that had through labour been converted into a fortress or arsenal of the Egyptian government—and upon the north-eastern or desert frontier, which was most exposed to hostile incursions. The effects of terrible judgments, that in swift succession carried terror and dismay through the land, must have been to have drawn the scattered members of the Hebrew family to Rameses as the place of rendezvous. It was as if Heaven were 'tolling the great bell of the universe,' loud enough for all men to hear. The hope of deliverance must have been from week to week confirmed, as tidings of the wondrous exemption of Goshen from the plagues that had devastated the other provinces swelled their numbers by accessions in all parts of the land. The last and most appalling visitation—the mark of the Destroying Angel's presence in every Egyptian dwelling,—has sifted out the chosen race from their heathen neighbours, and urged on by their prostrate oppressors, they begin the first stage of their long and chequered march to freedom. From its vicinity to Memphis the capital of the Pharaohs, On or Heliopolis not far from the modern Cairo, has been supposed to be the Rameses of the Exodus, and in this case the route of the Israelites must have lain nearly due east through the desert ravines that stretch between Cairo and the sea. But the circumstance that On was a priestly city, makes it in the highest degree improbable that the bulk of the Hebrews were settled there. The site of Rameses is probably to be found much further north in Heroopolis, or the neighbourhood of the Salt Lakes, the locality assigned to it by the Jews who settled in Egypt at a later day, and which, as it lay on the direct route from Beersheba, was probably the scene of Joseph's meeting with his father. From this place the line of march was nearly due south to reach the desert of Sinai, skirting round the nearer horn of the Red Sea.

Once beyond the sea they were safe, but great was their amazement, when after leaving Succoth, their first encampment, and reaching the point, Etham on the edge of the wilderness, where they should have struck across the head of the gulf, they were commanded to turn,—to stake deeper into the heart of the Egyptian territory on the nearer side of the sea. A strange movement must this have seemed to them,—a feeble and fatal movement in the judgment of their enemies, who saw them thus plunging blindly into a *cul de sac* between the mountains and the sea. Some courier, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," might have brought the tidings from Etham to Pharaoh, who, now that the first impression of the recent catastrophe was dulled, was repenting his mistake in permitting the whole helotry of his kingdom to escape from his hand. No time was to be lost, and mustering all his war chariots, his own body guard, and the flower of his cavalry, for a rapid march, he moved down on the track of the devoted Hebrews and blocked up the only outlet in the rear. Destruction was inevitable. Had they been led into this situation by any earthly guide, but just as they are commanded to turn at Etham the Pillar of Cloud and Fire for the first time appeared gliding slowly before the column to mark its onward line of way.

From the fact that there exist at present no material on the spot for identifying the Scripture localities mentioned in connexion with this critical movement—Pi-hahiroth, Migdol, and Baal-zephon—there is no hope of determining the scene of the pass with absolute certainty. The most that can be looked for is a strong probability in favour of the view which best satisfies the conditions of the miracle. Two extreme views have been supported by names of weight. One fixes the passage at the narrow channel that runs up above the town of Suez, and the other at a point forty miles to the south where the gulf is thirteen miles across. The first of these tries to reduce the miraculous element in the transit to a minimum, by supposing that Moses waited for such of the shoals that were dry at low water during the night, and by the east wind that blew all night with continuous strength so as to make the ford passable. It seems a sufficient objection to this theory, that it cannot be reconciled with the plain statement of Scripture, that 'the waters were a wall on the right hand and on the left.' A much broader extent of sea would have been required for the movement of such masses of men all the hours of the night. Besides, so near the head of the gulf, the Egyptian war chariots might easily have made a circuit and interrupted the landing of the Hebrews on the other shore.

The other theory must be rejected on the ground that it is impossible to explain how the Israelites journeying from Goshen, could have struck upon the Red Sea at a point so low without pursuing a route which must have seemed hopeless from the very first. Standing on the terraced roofs of Suez and looking southward over the clear blue expanse of waters, the eye is arrested by the towering form of a mountain cape steeply impending over the western shore—the termination of a long rocky ridge which forms a barrier all along the coast. Moving downwards on this promontory, with the sea on the left hand, and the mountain wall on the right, we can understand how Pharaoh could say, with a gleam of triumph in his eye, 'They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in.' Like a herd of startled deer they had rushed into the mass, and every frantic effort would only tighten the meshes of the net. He had but to plant his army in the rear, and the fatal environment was complete.

At this point, then, Jebel Attaka, the Cape of

Deliverance," as it has been called from time immemorial, the onward march of Israel was suddenly arrested It was to all appearance a situation of despair Their trusted leader had brought them into an inextricable dilemma, and in their rage and terror they turn upon him like men betrayed The last bright gleam of the April sunset was flashed back from a forest of spears and the brazen armour of tramping squadrons They could hear the low hoarse rattle of the heavy war chariots thundering on their track perhaps the exulting shouts of the pursuers ready to swoop down upon their prey With spirits crushed and broken by oppression, they would rather have perished in bondage, beneath the scourge of their taskmasters, than be trodden down in their wild, distracted dash at freedom, under the hoofs of a ruthless foe The terrible suspense was brief slowly the guiding Pillar rose, and trailed its solemn shadow over the awe struck masses till it settled in dense sable folds and hung like a screen behind them And then, as the darkness deepened a pale unearthly radiance streamed from it over all their upturned faces lighting up the calm features of Moses as he stood on some rocky ledge with his rod out stretched over the waters The waters part as if cloven by some mighty tremendous force and stand like glistening walls of marble wide asunder the portentous glare casting its broad clear illumination over the sloping pathway below— the depths congealed in the heart of the sea Forward! is the cry that rings through the host and forward they move in long files tribe after tribe with their precious relic the coffin ark or sarcophagus of Joseph borne high in the centre of their files drawing after them, as they wound into the unseen depths the Egyptians till their prince frantic at the thought of being baffled once more Hour after hour of the wondrous night march went by in the one hand the mystic bright ness on the other pitchy gloom Stillness now in the ranks of Mizraim deep as death charioteer and horseman blindly plunging forwards sounding on their dim and perilous way till, in the morning watch, a direful presentiment crept over the Pagan host, and chilled the hearts of the bravest A lurid and angry fire darted in fitful flashes through the cloudy veil, the darkness seeming to be with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms, —some awful Presence there troubling them with signs of wrath and vengeance —their chariots driving heavily,—their ranks thrown back, broken and jostling, in dire confusion —their arms nerveless — their burning ardour quenched, as if their advance was hindered by some spectral foe

As the grey morning dawn came in, the last man of the chosen people the last child who had slept through the weary march in his mother's arms, was safe on the farther shore, and then, it might be, the wild despairing glance of Pharaoh rested on the figure of the Hebrew leader, as, clear against a background of sky, he once more stretched his rod over the waters That pathway of deliverance was now an open grave, dug for His enemies by the hand of Jehovah The pride and flower, and royalty of Egypt have been brought here for burial They see the wand of destiny uplifted, the solid water walls heave, loosen and burst, with the roar and plunge of a thousand cataracts, over the devoted host The shriek of mortal agony is followed by sepulchral stillness, the Egyptians, whom they had seen but yesterday, are to be seen again no more for ever Their remained not so much as one of them

> The enemy said I will pursue
> I will overtake I will divide the spoil,
> My lust shall be satisfied upon them
> I will draw my sword my hand shall destroy them
> Thou didst blow with Thy wind
> The sea covered them
> They sank as lead in the mighty waters

No monument, like that which stood in after days on the bank of Jordan,—the twelve grey moss crusted stones, which had been wrenched from its bed channel,—was reared on the Red Sea shore but the Exodus needed none, or rather the dark purple peaks of the Desert, in whose shadows the race of bondmen heard the Law which made them the Elect People of the earth, and bound them in firm and sure brotherhood by covenant with God, —that Mount Sinai in Arabia, seen from afar by those who cross the waters became, as it remains, the enduring memorial of their redemption Full of hallowed interest to the mind of Israel in all future time the Exodus takes a higher and holier significance to the Christian mind Type and symbol of diviner import to all who breed by the Law of Life in Christ Jesus from the bondage of the sinful will and the evil world are faring onwards by the rough and flinty track of travail and sore endurance to a better country, even an heavenly The sweet vibration of this triumphal ode was in the ear of him who saw the Apocalypse, and heard the victors in the fight with the powers of evil singing, on the sea of glass, the song of Moses the harps of God And who can wonder that the grave, melodious strain, which in version the great religious poet of the mediæval time heard the blessed sing in Paradise, was set to the music of the words which, in the deep rich organ tones of the Latin Psalter, had so often thrilled his heart—

'In exitu Israel de Egypto'

AN HOUR AMONG THE TORBAY SPONGES

BY PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F R S

A few days ago, I made my first regular hunting day of the season among the sea creatures Those who are given to the study of out door natural history, in any of its numerous branches, will know the delight with which, on a lovely, balmy, sunny morning in April, one calmly lays aside study, correspondence, work of all sorts, and resolutely says, "Stay you till to morrow, to day I go hunting!" Winter is over and gone, at least we persuade ourselves that it is, the day has opened in cloudless glory "Will it last?" some one endowed with the bump of cautiousness asks "Of course it will, for are not we going anemone hunting?" However, to make all sure, we can put umbrellas

and shawls and cloaks into the carriage The worms and *mollusca* will have come into the shallows by this time, after the winter, for the depositing of their spawn, and will be sure to be found under the stones and in the crannies The tide too, will be of unusual excellence, it is the full moon after the equinox —the very best spring tide of the half year We may expect an immense reach of coast to be laid bare soon after the sun begins to decline from the meridian The wind is off shore, and has been so for some time, so that there will be no surf running and we may expect to the very verge of low water Everything is propitious why do we tarry? We do not tarry for the carriage is ready, and we bundle in, the whole household, all intent on a day's holiday,—

"All by
To dish them, hunt and thin

But what need of a carriage, seeing I reside at Marychurch with a capital shore varied with cove and headland and cliff with sand and shingle and boulders and rocky ledges, all round me, I preached it several points by half an hour's easy walk? Ah! gentle reader, I'll whisper a secret in your ear, but don't tell that I said so for 'tis high treason against the Dukes Since the opening of sea science to the million, such has been the invasion of the shore by crinoline and collecting jars that you may search all the likely and promising rocks within reach of Torquay which a few years ago were like gardens with full blossom of anemones and actinias, and come home with an empty jar and an aching heart all being now swept as clean as the palm of your hand! Yet let me do the fair students and their ofttimes brave justice, the work is not altogether done by such hands as theirs but there is a host of professional collectors,— mail tradesmen whom you must search up in back alleys and whose houses you will easily recognise by the sea weedy odour even before you see the array of pans and dishes in front of the door all crowded with full blown specimens These collect for the trade, and are indefatigable Only think of the effect produced on the marine population by three or four men in a town, one of whom will take ten dozen anemones in a single tide!

The fact is, the fashionable watering places on our south and west coasts are completely stripped, and any one who really wishes to find anything worth having, must seek some quiet, undisturbed sea nook where there are no visitors, where the new trade has not yet been set up, and where the poor people are too primitive to notice such "rubbish as you value

Therefore it was that we ran some miles away from home, and pursued a pleasant road, partly through green lanes rank with the glossy young leaves of the arum, and the arching fronds of the hart's tongue fern, scarcely embrowned by the late Arctic winter, and partly sweeping along the shoreline and over the cliffs that make the base of this beautiful bay, till, Laugnton being some distance behind us we turned off to the left down a little lane and drew up at the margin of the broad flat beach called the Goodrington Sands

Far away at the edge of the sea, for the tide is wonderfully low, though we have yet a full hour and a half before it will be at its lowest point, and an immense breadth of soft wet sand lies exposed We pause for a moment to gaze on the boundary to the right It is Berry Head, a noble headland that projects like a long wall far out into the sea, and presents its bluff termination crowned with fortifications, to the impact of the waves that drive in with impotent fury from the wide Atlantic

But now to work Out with the collecting baskets the bottles and jars, the stout hammer and the strong steeled chisel and away across the heavy sands in which we sink at every step away obliquely to the left where another bold headland, Roundham Head breaks the sweep of the bay and for the present shuts out Torquay from our view

There is our working ground at the foot of those red cliffs We diverge a little from a straight line and approach the edge of the sands, in order to see what those two men are so busy about as they trudge along the water line with stooping backs and downward gaze Oh, they are fishermen taking solens or razor fish, as they call them Each carries a light narrow but deep spade in his hand, and as he marks a little jet of clear water that spirts upward from a small hole in the sand, he rapidly thrusts in his instrument and adroitly jerks out his prey It is that mollusc, whose long parallel sided convex bivalve shell something like the handle of an old fashioned razor, is so common on every sandy beach, but which is more rarely seen alive Here we see the poor creature unconsciously brought to light much too big for its valves to contain its pelluced body shrinking and quivering, its long white foot like a finger cut off slantwise and its siphons still contracting and discharging the limpid water in gouts rapidly succeeding drops The man scarcely deigns it a glance thinks nought of its curious structure, cares only for the halfpence it will bring him in the fish market, jerks it into his basket and watches for the next jet of water with which the frightened and returning mollusc shall betray its place of retreat

We quicken our steps to atone for this moment's delay for time is precious and the tide has not long to run and time and tide wait for no man Now we approach the wilderness of boulders that fringe the cliff foot huge masses of the coarse red conglomerate that the combined action of successive winters and summers has dislodged from the promontory and plunged in confusion at its base The unwonted recess of the water to day permits us to wind around the outer edge of these with a little shallow wading, and an occasional climbing over a block more obtrusive than its fellows We soon see that we are on promising ground The perpendicular surfaces of these huge blocks, especially those which are turned from the sun, are crowded with specimens of various species of anemones Here are numerous colonies of the smooth, great, overgrown strawberries, displaying their yellow green spotting on their liver red bodies, smaller, but more attractive self coloured ones plump and pellucid, crimson and green, reminding us of cherries and green gages, and hosts of little ones, hardly arrived at an age to develop any particular character as yet And here are great daisies, profusely crowded, purple-bodied,

pink based fellows, lolling out of holes and crevices in the coarse rock, and inviting the honour of capture We cannot resist the temptation, we apply the chisel, and by a few well directed strokes of the hammer, succeed in separating large pieces of the soft and friable stone, which, loaded with the unmarred denizens, are thrown into the basket loose —the glass jars being reserved for tenderer and more delicate things

Many of these blocks of stone having fallen one upon another, are supported in such a manner as to make arches and low roofed passages, and such conditions are sure to be prolific in marine life We stoop down to peep beneath them and see the under sides of these suspended ledges swarming with strange forms of many coloured existence Slimy and wet, indeed, they are and coated with an unpalpable mud, the deposit from thousands of mollusc stomachs, which are continually rejecting the indigestible portions of their food in this form and hence it is impossible to explore such situations without horrid defilement of the garments However, this is no great evil for we are accoutred for the occasion, so, kneeling, or sometimes on sides and elbows, or fairly stretched at full length supine to give the hands full play, we worm ourselves into the holes and crannies, and gather till the jars cry 'Hold! enough!'

Sponges of various forms and hues delight in these situations Some of a yellowish brown colour, form large patches everywhere throwing up little perforated cones like the hills in a miniature actively volcanic others of nearly the same form, but of a lovely pellucid rose colour, others forming a spreading leprous crust of the richest scarlet perforat but not forming conical chimneys Others again, of other forms, branch out in numerous shapes, tubular and trumpet like, of pale yellow hue, and some, stiff and cartilaginous in texture form irregular tumours of dirty white ribbed and scored, standing up from the surface of the rock Others again form a congeries of little pipes of snowy whiteness, exceedingly delicate and ramifying and again uniting at all angles and others take the shape of flattened sacks, attached by a base to the red leaves of floating sea weeds

All these are Sponges Diverse as they are in form, and in texture, and in colour, and in manner of growth, they have all the same essential structure We cannot learn much about them by looking at them here, especially after they have been for an hour or more forsaken by the receding tide, but if we take one or two specimens off very carefully, so as not in any wise to bruise or break their delicate organization, separating, in short, by means of the chisel, a bit of the rock itself on which they are growing, and, committing them to a jar of sea water, examine them at home, we shall find much to admire in these, the lowest works of God's hand, and see abundant occasion to praise His infinite wisdom and inexhaustible resources, and to render to Him, what the study of creation ought ever to elicit, the glorification of His eternal power and Godhead

Let me then intermit, for a few moments, the description of our shore explorings, and tell my young readers somewhat of the wonders which these sponges reveal when examined under favourable conditions at home We will assume then that the specimens have been safely brought home, that they have been lifted one by one from the collecting jar, and, with a soft camel's hair pencil, have been cleansed from extraneous matter—mud and other deposits—while under water, that each has then been rinsed and deposited in a small glass cell with parallel sides, full of fresh and clean sea water, and left for twelve hours at least Then, taking care not to touch the glass cell, nor to jar even the table on which it is placed, either of which might cause the sensitive sponge instantly to cease its operations we bring a powerful pocket lens close to the glass, and closely watch the specimen within Suppose it is one of the yellow species, which throws up little hillocks,—the Crumb of bread Sponge our attention is at once excited by seeing a strong movement in the water, through which tiny atoms are hurled along in swift current We fix our gaze on one of the hillocks —lo! it is a volcano indeed! From the perforate summit of the cone a fierce active crater, is vomited forth a strong and continuous stream of water, and crowds of atoms come pouring forth, disgorged in succession from the interior, and projected far away into the free water, to be followed by unintermitting crowds of others But is highly curious, and we wonder what is the nature of the power which so forcibly conveys to us the idea of an active vitality in a mass so inert and apparently lifeless as this yellow incrusting sponge

But let us apply the magnifying glass to another cell containing one of the bits of rock that has on it the rose pellucid rosy lilac —the Rosy Crumb Sponge There is a general resemblance to the former in shape, but a more interesting kind, spreading over the stone and rising here and there into well marked conical eminences, each of which is perforated with a large circular orifice The colour somewhat varies for while some specimens are of a fine red purple hue, others are lilac, and others fading to almost white As we look at our specimen through the magnifying lens, we fancy that the eye roams over an undulating country studded with pointed hills But a peculiarity which at once strikes the observer, and to which there was nothing parallel in the former case, is that the whole surface of this mountainous region is studded with tall and slender poles projecting from the ground, at various angles with the horizon, and frequently set in little groups These poles or rods are drawn to a point, transparent, and seem made of glass

More unaccountable still,—we see a web of exceeding delicacy, far more delicate than the finest cambric, transparent and colourless, thrown over the entire hilly region It appears to have been spread after the rods had been inserted, or else these have protruded from below, under the investing web, for though here and there the points have pierced through it, yet they have lifted it from the surface, and carried it partially with them, so that it hangs in crescentic veils from group to group

Is the region we are looking at, then, sown with precious seeds, or bearing some very rare and valued fruit? And is this a web of netting thrown over the whole, and supported by poles, in order

to protect the crop from the ravages of greedy and intrusive birds. Not at all. Take away the net, if you like, and the object in an instant shrinks to its true dimensions and its natural character: it is but a tiny bit of mammillary sponge, some inch and a half in diameter. Let us then drop our comparison, and think of it as—what it is.

Here, as in the former case, a strong intestine motion is visible in the water to the unassisted eye, and the lens quickly enables us to trace this to a powerful and constant ejection from the mammillary orifices. But it is far more forcible in this example than in the other. In order to see it to advantage, we must rub a little carmine on a palette, and with a camel's hair pencil diffuse carefully a small portion of the fluid pigment in the water of the cell, making it slightly dimmed with pink clouds. Then lifting the cell upon the stage of the microscope, but so cautiously as not to give the least jar or shock to the contents, we must apply a somewhat low power,—about seventy or eighty diameters for instance,—and anew watch the result.

It is beautiful now to see—the process having been performed so gently that the living action of the sponge has not for a moment been intermitted—how the water loaded with the atoms of red pigment into which the magnifying power is sufficient to resolve the clouds, is uniformly drawn from all surrounding parts within a certain range towards each orifice, slowly and imperceptibly in the remoter parts of the circle but ever quicker and more velocity till it rolls up the sides of the hill and then is shot away perpendicularly like a torrent of smoke and whirls from the crater in a vertical revolution. The object of the infused pigment is by tinting the water with opaque atoms, without destroying its limpidity, to render the motion of the currents much more appreciable by the eye.

There is, however, another interesting phenomenon to be exhibited by our little Reticulate Sponge; but this will be manifest only after a somewhat lengthened period of undisturbed rest and in a larger volume of water than the study-cell will contain. Removing the specimen to a stone basin-shaped tank, and placing it so as to be very close to the glass wall, we wait a day or two, and then bring the microscope (which must, in this case, be of that construction which allows the mirror and stage to be removed and the body to be screwed to the edge of the table) horizontally opposite the tank side, a window—or a lamp, if at night—being on the farther side. Now we see with delight that from the interior of the mammillary cavity there is projected a membranous tube, of the most exquisite translucency and delicacy of structure and extending to such a height as to be distinctly visible to the naked eye. Its lower extremity is commensurate with the aperture from which it issues and the upper contracts to a narrow circular orifice, about half as wide as the tube. It is apparent that this projecting membrane is only a continuation of the common web-like tissue that invests the entire surface, and it bears, imbedded in its substance, especially at its lower part, some of the glassy rods, yet not so thickly set as to interfere with its general clearness. If touched, it does not shrink at once, but if we remove the specimen from the water, and presently replace it, we find the tube so shrivelled as to be invisible, though by patiently watching for a few minutes, we perceive it slowly re-appearing minute at first, and closed at the extremity, but soon acquiring its former dimensions, and gradually opening its terminal orifice.

We have, however, found other kinds of Sponge besides these at our rocky point. Now it frequently happens in natural history that, though endowments, and faculties, and properties are common to several allied species, some one of these is observed to most advantage in one species, and some in another. This projection of delicate gelatinous tubes, a highly curious and interesting phenomenon to witness, for example, is better shown by the low vermilion crust of the Sanguine Sponge, than by the mammillary hillocks of the Roscate sort. This is a very common species, and one which, by its scattered patches of brilliant scarlet, much assists to give that rich variety of colour which our rocks display when exposed at the lowest spring tides. Examining, then, our specimen of this beautiful Sponge, with the same appliances and the same care as we used for the others, we obtain the following results.

I may compare the Sanguine Sponge to an *open*, rather than a *hilly* country, the eminences being uniformly lower, and very irregular in shape and elevation. Perforations appear here and there, like deep round pits sunk in the soil, and, as before, a transparent web is spread over the whole, which is forced up by projecting glass rods, these not pointed but blunt, as if abruptly cut off.

From one and another of the pits, a round bladder is seen pushing out, which gradually lengthens till it becomes elliptical. It is formed of a film of the clearest jelly, excessively subtle, yet tenacious, with a yellowish cast of granules spreading irregularly over it. Orifices are now seen forming in the rounded top of the bladder, the origination and enlargement of which are so very gradual as to defy detection except by marking stages of progress. The number of these orifices varies up to half a dozen, as do their size and position, both which are quite irregular they are, however, invariably situate at the extremity of the bladder. They have always a well-defined outline, which is rounded in every part, except where two contiguous ones are divided by a slender thread of the common membrane, in which case the two form the halves of a circular or ovate figure. Slowly and imperceptibly they are seen to change their size, augmenting or diminishing, sometimes a minute orifice appears at the margin of a large one, and increases at the expense of the older, until the dividing film is reduced to a thread stretching across, like a narrow causeway across a lake. Now and then, from some cause unappreciable by the observer, the whole bladder will wrinkle, and partially collapse into a slender roughened column, then slowly distend again, when the orifices are seen to have not changed.

It is at these orifices of the protruded bladder that the current from within is poured forth, carrying with it the faecal residua of the assimi-

lated particles, and any light floating atoms that may be in the vicinity, as we see with admirable distinctness, by mingling with the water a little paint or a minute quantity of powdered chalk It is then very interesting to trace the particles that are vomited forth, all up the interior of the bladder—its perfect transparency allowing them to be clearly discernible—from their first issue out of the pit, till, rolling over and over in their course, they are shot out of the extremity of the bladder, and involved in the ever mingling currents

The bladder in this case manifests much more sensibility than that in the Roscate kind, for, on being touched with the point of a needle, it immediately wrinkles and shrinks up, though it does not retract itself, and presently dilates and distends again It is not, therefore, true that the Sponges manifest no movement or contraction under the impact of extraneous bodies, which might indicate the slightest perception of touch The spongy mass, indeed does not shrink, and probably this has been g

With such experiments as I am describing, however, Sponges will exhibit with great distinctness two characteristics of animal life—spontaneous movement of parts and sensibility to touch

The thoughtful observer, watching the evolution of this unintermitted current, ever pouring out with such force and velocity and volume, would ask, What is the nature of the force that vomits forth the fluid? what its seat? and whence the supply? No visible current passes inward from without, still, as the stream is continuous and yet the quantity of water in the cell does not increase, it is manifest that the water from without must enter in the very same ratio as it is expelled In order to understand this, we must cut or tear a sponge in pieces We shall find that the round apertures are the mouths of a few large canals which run through the interior that into these open at right angles other subordinate canals, that these receive others smaller still, these, again, others, in an ever diminishing ratio, till at last we can no longer trace them as canals, the whole superficial portion of the sponge being pierced with microscopically minute and innumerable pores Into these the external water is constantly being absorbed carrying with it both oxygen for respiration, and organic matter for nutrition The influent water, parting with these elements, and thus revivifying the living gelatinous flesh that clothes every fibre, gradually permeates the whole interior, flowing along the pipes in succession, till at length it gathers into the larger canals, and is poured out at these apertures, as we have seen, just as the waste water from every house of a large city falls down the sinks, and rolls through the smaller sewers till it reaches the main, and joins that of other houses and is vomited forth at the common outlet Or like the rains and dews, which, falling noiselessly and unobtrusively over a great extent of country, collect in mountain springs, which feed the rivulets and brooks, and these in their turn unite into rivers, which open on the coast in a broad estuary, and send forth a volume of fresh water, whose current can be perceived for many miles in the open sea.

A sponge is composed of a clear granular jelly, investing a fibrous or spicular skeleton, formed of horny matter, or flint, or lime. The sponge which we use for washing has a skeleton made up of fibres of horn, but those which I have been describing have their solid parts made up of flint, the particles of which are arranged in needles (*spicula*) of a perfectly transparent, solid, brittle glass These are the rods, a few of which we see projecting from the surface in the Roscate and Sanguine Sponges, but which on examining a minute atom of their substance under a high microscopic power, we find to be incalculably numerous in the interior The gelatinous flesh has the power of secreting the flint from the sea water, and of depositing it in regular needle like forms and in such an arrangement as to produce the canals and apertures that I have described above The flesh itself is furnished, on the surface that lines the canals, with curious filaments or hairs called *cilia*, which are endowed with the faculty of waving to and fro in given directions at the will of the animal (for, strange as it may sound to some of my readers a sponge is, beyond all controversy, an animal) and in rhythm or harmony with one another, and these regular wavings impart movement to the water, and cause currents to flow in a given direction through the canals

These *spicula* or needles, however, that make up the firm portion of the sponge, are worthy of a little notice Without them the creature would be a mere drop of glaire, having neither form nor consistence And yet a heap of needles seems to have little power of assuming or of keeping any definite corporate form, when we remember that they have no adhesion to each other, and nothing in fact to keep them together but their mutual interlacement, and the thin glaire by which they are invested

In order to obtain a good idea of their structure and appearance, we should take one of the white species, such as the flattened one that is so commonly seated on the stems of the red alga several of which we have taken at Roundham Head

In these the constituent substance of the *spicula* is not flint, but lime but the delicacy, beauty, lustre, transparency, brittleness, smoothness, and fineness of the glass are the same in both cases As we must use a very high magnifying power, so we can observe only a very minute portion at once, hence the best mode is to tear one of the little sacs apart, and with a needle point separate a bit the size of a grape seed, and, laying it on a slide of glass, let fall on it a drop of concentrated potass The fleshy gelatinous investment will thus be dissolved, and the spicula will appear alone, but undisturbed in arrangement

What a wilderness of brilliant starry points now meets the eye! An incalculable multitude of three-rayed stars is seen, as if three needles of glass had been united by their heads, so as to radiate at an angle of 120 degrees There is no variation in the angle of radiation, all are exactly alike in this respect, though they differ much in the length and stoutness of the rays They seem as if thousands upon thousands of such stars had been put into a box and well shaken together, so as to be inextricably interlaced Some seem, naturally enough, to have been injured by the shaking, for many a point is broken short off, at varying distance from

the diverging centre Of course, this shaking together is only imaginary—only a homely comparison to help description, the real explanation of the entanglement doubtless is, that they have been deposited by the living flesh, atom after atom, in succession, and that the points of the newly formed have shot between and among the interstices of the already existing ones, producing such a tangle that it would probably be impossible, even with pliers ever so fine, to extract one from the mass, without breaking either itself or some of its fellows

Of course, I found many more objects of interest in my couple of hours' explorations at low tide among yonder rocks, and some of these I may speak of hereafter I hope some of my readers may be interested in these attempts to describe atoms that are among the meanest things which God has made. I say "attempts to describe" rather than "descriptions," for as I gaze at the wondrous array of starry specula actually spread out on my microscopic stage, on the table where I am writing this paper, at this moment, I feel how inadequate are words to grasp the inconceivable perfection and glory of the Divine handwork It matters not what the structure be, it may be the bony casket that shields the brain of man, it may be the cells that make up the petals of a painted flower, it may be the needles of a sponge picked from the mud of a tide forsaken rock, the unmistakable, unapproachable, incomprehensible impress of Deity is there Augustine says, "The soul bending over the things Thou hast made, and passing on to Thee who hast made them, there finds its refreshment and true strength"

Thus would I desire to contemplate the works of God, as bringing to my sense ever fresh proofs of his all pervading care, of his wondrous skill and wisdom, of his glorious majesty and power Above all, they are the productions of the august Word · it is not that they were made by One who is infinitely great, but far removed from me, so that I can only reverently admire Him at an immeasurable distance No, they are the productions of the mind and hand of the Word (John i. 3), of Him who in his unfathomable love came down and took hold of my nature, took hold of *me* (O blissful thought!), of *me*, a lost, guilty, ruined creature, sinking into inevitable perdition. He humbled Himself, emptied Himself, took my guilt upon Himself, united Himself with me, and me with Him, till, triumphing over ruin and death, He bore me up with Him, in indissoluble union, to his own seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high (Eph ii. 5, 6)

Yet let me not be mistaken The study of the creatures could never teach me this Notwithstanding all that they eloquently declare of the eternal power and Godhead of the Creator, they are ominously mute when I ask them how He will deal with me, *a sinner* I see, indeed, his boundless goodness, I see with admiring wonder the contrivances and arrangements put in motion for the health and welfare of a poor sponge Surely this tells us God is good! Yes, yes, no doubt of it I see He is good to the sponge, but the sponge is not a sinner, a rebel, a contemner of Him,—all which I am How, then, will he deal with *me*? Ah! nature gives me no light here,—not a ray to brighten my darkness It is to the written word, it is to the Book that I turn, and there I learn the mystery of the incarnation, the redemption of a sinner by blood, the payment of my infinite debt my union with the God man in resurrection life, on my believing the record, and the sharing of his coming glory

THE EARLY LARK

Walking into Covent March 17th The sun was setting beautifully, and despite the snow, a solitary lark mounte into song But when the sun went down the music ceased and the lark fell

THE harsh March winds were blowing,
'Mid hail, and sleet, and snow,
The weather vane was showing
A storm would come and go

The clouds were sadly flying,
The ground was wet and chill,
Fond hopes within me dying,
My heart was low and still

No joy my soul relieving,
My heart was fit to break,
The very snow deceiving,
Hid death in each fair flake.

Away from city thronging,
To woods and meadows gay,
But these for verdure longing,
Were very sad that day

Sweet music then came thrilling,
Through damp and wintry air,
A lark such notes was trilling,
And found no sorrow there

Dear bird, thy life enjoying,
What makes thee sing to-day?
High in the heavens flying,
Oh, wherefore soar away?

The bright warm sun is setting,
Its beams have struck thy soul.
And all thy griefs forgetting,
Seek'st *thou* a heavenly goal?

Then shame on my complaining,
Thy Maker calls for me,
Redeeming love constraining,
Was never shown to thee

Where seraph love is burning,
THERE my sweet home may be;
When from my grave returning,
Friends think no more of me.

And then the sun declining,
To shine in other spheres ;
The lark came down repining,
O'ercome by wintry fears.

Its wings in sorrow folding,
It straightway fell to earth ,
The sun no more beholding,
Soon hushed was all its mirth

Lone bird, to earth returning,
To hunger, cold, and pain ,
Thy happy lesson learning,
I ne'er may hear again.

Yet birds in airy dwelling
Are cared for, Lord, by Thee ;
But oh, what bliss excelling
Thy Son holds out to me !

There with the angels singing,
No winter storms on high ,
To Thee my soul is clinging,
For life beyond the sky.

Oft in this night of weeping,
The path is rough and dark ,
My soul, her vigil keeping,
Falls *earthward*, like the lark.

Not thus shall I be failing,
When Christ shall take me home ;
My unbelief bewailing,
While sinful here I roam.

Welcome, the glad inviting
To great eternal morn ;
My soul in God delighting
That ever I was born.

Wolverhampton HENRY W. HOLLAND.

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN MAY

First Sunday.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS

Thus saith the Lord, If ye will not hearken to me to walk in my law, which I have set before you, to hearken to the words of my servants the prophets whom I sent unto you, both rising up early, and sending them, but ye have not hearkened, then will I make this house like Shiloh, and will make this city a curse to all the nations of the earth JER. xxvi. 4-6.

THE points of difference between the priestly and the prophetical functions in the Jewish Church were many and remarkable. The priesthood was limited,—in its lower grades to a single tribe, in its highest to a single family; the prophet could be taken from any tribe, and from any rank or condition of life. A priest or Levite, indeed, might be called to the prophetical office, but this was not in virtue of his being priest or Levite, but simply because God, in the sovereign disposal of His gifts, chose to endow him with the spirit of inspiration. The priesthood was subject to canon and prescription; it was hemmed in by fixed and unalterable laws; it had its routine of duties, which remained the same from age to age; its authoritative code received no augmentation after Moses had fallen asleep;—the prophet was open to Divine communications that might respect new discoveries as well as old, and which, while related to the past, and in harmony with what had been spoken before, advanced the development of things in the Church and added to the sum of thought which constituted the substance of revealed truth. The priestly office indeed, itself, and the whole of the Levitical appointments were a visible and permanent prophecy calculated to "bring in," because intended to foreshadow, "a better hope." They were "a parable to the time then present,"—a representation as in a mirror, of what one day was to be substantially possessed; but it was not easy to understand their spiritual significance, or to conjecture what, or whom, they foretold. The utterances of the prophets, as "God spake by them at sundry times and in divers manners," threw light on the personal and institutional symbols, and gradually revealed, more and more, the character and work of "Him that was to come."

To depict the future, however, either as to the ultimate form of truth, or the fortunes of their own or neighbouring nations, was only a *part* of the work of the Hebrew prophets. They had a direct and directly practical, mission to the men of their own day. In an especial manner they were raised up "to show to Judah his transgression and to Israel his sin." They were emphatically reformers; a succession of strong, bold men, sent forth, as occasion required, "to stand before kings" to rebuke princes, to expose the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the priesthood, and to threaten, exhort, or expostulate with the people. They were men of movement; but they were the advocates at once of reform and progress. They recalled the national mind to laws and institutions long established, but they fixed upon the principles inherent in these, applied them to the existing phenomena of their times, and thus adapted their appeals to the peculiar circumstances of each generation. They spoke openly of the corruptions of the Church and the sins of the State, and, in consequence of this, they were sometimes treated as political incendiaries, sometimes as the fomenters of ecclesiastical agitation. They were before their age in some things, in many above it, and they were the latter, because, as just intimated, they looked *behind* it as well as *at* it. They remembered the past, and through it, sought to amend the present and advance the future. That is to say, they took divine thoughts which had long since been uttered, but which were not then, perhaps never had been, practically realized and obeyed—*behind* which, therefore, the Church had fallen, and interpreting these by their primitive aim and the light of experience, they recalled attention to them as first principles—as things which, however old, being divine and true, contained the instruments of present reformation and the germ of a new age,—by the force of which the chosen people might master the evils which at any time prevailed, and take a step onwards towards what God from the first intended them to be.

Now, what we wish to remark here is this—that, in some respects, there is a greater similarity between the state of things under the prophets and the present condition of a Christian people, than between that condition and the state of things in the primitive Church. The circumstances of Christians, at the present day, much more resemble those of Judah and Israel, than those of the first converts at Philippi or Corinth. In the prophetic era the Jewish people had for ages been in possession of their religion, and of their religious institutions, and there had appeared among them, and were ever appearing those various forms of thought and opinion, habit and behaviour, which naturally occur in the history of a people in their practical relations to their professed faith. To a people so circumstanced—to a people by turns obedient and rebellious, formal and sincere, corrupt and apostate, or penitent and reformed—to such a people the prophets addressed themselves, and addressed themselves directly to whatever, for the time was the special and prevalent characteristic of their religious state, or of that of sections and classes among them. But this is just the condition of a nation like our own, or of any other nation in Christendom, or of Christendom as a whole, or of those who constitute, in every nation, and throughout the world, the visible Church. Those "who profess and call themselves Christians," have had Christianity among them for many ages, they stand variously affected towards it,—its principles, spirit, requirements, and institutions, they thus come to have a striking resem-

blance to those who, in former times, were thus circumstanced and thus affected in relation to *their* religion, and hence, what was uttered by their prophets to the one, may be expected in principle to be applicable to the other Looking, indeed, at what is popularly called a Christian people—or at large masses of the professing Church—and considering their social, political, and ecclesiastical condition, their state of opinion, habits of thought, and modes of life, it might reasonably be expected that there would even be *more* in the books of the prophets analogous to such, than in letters written to small societies of recently converted heathens, who had suddenly come into a new condition, and whom we, of the present day, cannot, as a body, exactly resemble, either in what was good or in what was bad about them,—in the freshness and ardour of their young enthusiasm, produced by the recency and rapidness of their translation "from darkness to light," or in the depraving effects of that previous darkness, the influence of which too generally went with them into their second state But however this may be, or however some might hesitate to admit it, certain it is that we find in the prophets, or *may* find without any extraordinary effort of imagination, the most remarkable analogies between the Jewish people and ourselves;—many of the words which were spoken to *them*, involving charge, threatening, exhortation, rebuke, being, in spirit, forcibly and directly applicable to *us*.

May it not be possible, then, that large portions of holy Scripture are either not read at all, or read with ignorant wonder and mental weariness, from inattention to a principle, which, kept in view and properly applied, might impart to these old utterances a perpetual freshness, and cause them to come to us as if just issued from the mouth of God, and issued with immediate reference to ourselves? And may it not further be, that the Christian prophet of the present day, circumstanced as he is in a land like our own,—bearing a relation to the general mass of professedly Christian society, as well as to the devout attendants of the synagogue,—loses something in power and pungency by his habitual neglect of those forms of utterance, those faithful, glowing, burning words, in which God's servants in the olden time, with their hand on the law, and their eye on its transgressors, appealed to all ranks and conditions of men, and arraigned and rebuked every form of departure from the right and true?

Second Sunday.

THE GOSPELS AND THE EPISTLES.

"Jesus the prophet of Nazareth"—MATT xxi 11

THE principle which was illustrated last Sunday in relation to the work and the writings of the prophets, may be brought forward and applied to the New Testament The application, however, in the way that we feel bound to make it, would, in the apprehension of some, cause the Gospels and the Epistles to change places There is a very mistaken, though very natural tendency in many minds, to confound the words "gospels" and "gospel" They think that in the first (the Gospels), they are most likely to find the second (the Gospel), that the teaching of Christ may be expected best to reveal to us the Christian truth Some, indeed, pay *special* reverence to portions from the Gospels, by standing up when they are read in the public service of the Church, or when that portion, at least, is read which is appointed as the Gospel for the day, and others will often distinctly appeal from the written statements of apostolic men, to what they regard as the more authoritative declarations of Jesus. Now, while we would not for one moment countenance the insinuation, that the evangelical narratives do not contain the elementary statement, the pregnant germ, of *every* item of evangelical truth, we yet do say, and are prepared to maintain, that "the Gospel," properly so called, is not only not so fully taught, explained, or developed in them as in the Epistles, but that it was perfectly natural that this should be the case. In addition to which, we further say, that the fact, lying at the bottom of this statement, looked at in the light of the principle already advanced, gives to many of the most startling portions of the Gospels a new meaning, by placing them in that relation to the Epistles which the words of the prophets bore to the law.

To elucidate this matter, let it be remembered that the last years of the Jewish dispensation and the first of the Christian were the same, the two economies overlapped each other, so that while one was waning and about to close, the other was being gradually developed and revealed In consistency with this, it is to be noticed in respect to our Lord, that He was not only "of the seed of David according to the flesh," but that He was "made under the law," was "a minister of the circumcision," and, to all intents and purposes, a *Jew* He came, not only to be the "apostle and high priest of our profession," the Prophet, Priest, and King of the Christian Church, but in the lower and literal sense of the first term, He was "a prophet," or "as one of the prophets," He was "a prophet like unto Moses," "mighty in deed and in word, before God and all the people," the last of the illustrious line which began with the Lawgiver and ended with Himself. In this character He belonged to the Jewish dispensation, He came to the people, and especially to the priests, rulers, and scribes, in the spirit of one of the old prophets, taking His stand on the basis of the yet unrepealed economy. While, then, as "Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth," He was doing this, He was, as "the Christ," the anointed Divine Redeemer of the world—not preaching the Gospel—but preparing to *be* the Gospel! He preached the Gospel *of the kingdom;* proclaimed the good news that "the reign of God" was *at hand;* but, as to the Gospel itself, properly so called, He was only about to furnish the *facts* of which it was to consist. He

was advancing towards "His decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem," when THAT was to be done which, at the time, none should understand, which, previously, he Himself could never fully explain and teach, but which was to be apprehended and held up to the view of the world and the Church, with all its involved truths and in all its perfected development, by those whom He should commission, and to whom it, and He in it, should be spiritually revealed. From this fact, admitting of the most complete and satisfactory scriptural demonstration, it is easy to see that it is not only natural and reasonable to look for the exhibition of the *Gospel*—the full statement of evangelical truth—to the writings of Apostles rather than Evangelists, but that the collateral fact just adverted to, brings the utterances of Jesus to his contemporaries under the rule of the principle already applied to the words of the prophets, and may thus impart to them if well considered, a practical pungency in relation to ourselves.

Let us bear in mind, then that our Lord was, to the people of His time, a prophet. He belonged to their Church, and discharged towards it the office of a reprover. Though the Mosaic dispensation was *coming* to a close, it yet stood;—He and his contemporaries were alike under it. On this principle He took his stand, and He spoke to the people as one who would recall them to the true spirit of their acknowledged faith, who would reform abuses, and who, by exposing and denouncing flagrant sin, would enforce the laws of eternal morality. It was in this character that He resented the desecration of the temple, complained that the people in spite of the number of their professional guides were left 'as sheep having no shepherd," told them to do what was taught by them 'who sat in Moses' seat," but not to do after their example, and denounced, in the old prophetic spirit of withering scorn and burning indignation, the covetousness and extortion, the formality and hypocrisy of "the whited sepulchres"—the lovers of precedence, who liked to be bowed to, and robed and ribbed,—who were punctilious in forms and negligent in essentials,—who "oppressed widows," and 'made long prayers,"—"serpents," "vipers" who could not possibly escape the damnation of hell! Many people are perplexed by these terrible utterances, they cannot reconcile them with the mission of the Messiah as a Redeemer and Saviour, or their spirit with "the meekness and gentleness of Christ." Certainly they are not "the gospel," nor a gospel, nor anything like what the apostles had to announce as such. But the fact is, that this might be said of a great deal of the teaching of the first or human ministry of Jesus. His discourses and parables are not fitted to convert the world. The apostles did not use them for this purpose. They did not carry them about with them, and repeat them, and call the nations to accept a teacher whose words were so mighty, whose instructions were so wise and good. They preached *Him*—His redemptive work, what He had *done*,—done when He died, not merely what He had spoken when He lived. *After* "the obedience of faith," after the reception of "the doctrine of the cross," and "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins," many of the words of the Great Teacher could have a use and a meaning which they could not have before. And so with respect to the more startling passages in some of His terrible reproofs, and some of the mournful and tender regrets in His solemn and affectionate appeals. The thing to be observed is, that the people to whom Jesus addressed Himself had long been in possession of their religion, that there had sprung up among them doctrinal errors, social and ecclesiastical enormities, and that He spoke out, with terrible emphasis in relation to all that He would reprove, and all that He denounced. In like manner, as those who had succeeded to and been nurtured in religious privileges, to whom God had constantly been sending His prophets, "rising up early and sending them,"—a people who might often "have been gathered," but "would not," Jesus not only shed over them bitter tears, but turns away and leaves them to their fate! Now, though spoken to Jews, the words of Christ have a significancy and a force in relation to the Church, throughout all time. Many of them are to be noted, not merely because spoken by *Him*, but *because of the circumstances in which they were spoken*. Whenever a Christian people come to bear a resemblance to our Lord's contemporaries, as the inheritors of an ancient faith—whenever, among such, there is anything like the revival or reappearance of the things which He denounced, stigmatized, or lamented, *there*, in all their original meaning, may His words in spirit be practically applied. The apostolic epistles may best explain to us the principles of our faith, and show us what was peculiar in its first recipients. From them we may best learn what the Gospel *is*, as a redemptive system, the discovery to sinners of the way to be saved, but, when the Christian Church has been long established, and where it has come to be marked by the same sort of sins which distinguished its predecessor, the words of Jesus, like the writings of the prophets, though addressed to the subjects of the previous economy, may be found to have at once a meaning and an appropriateness beyond much that may be included in some of the more exclusively Christian documents.

Third Sunday.

THE GOLDEN LINK.

"Jesus was taken up, after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom he had chosen: to whom also he shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."—ACTS i. 1-3.

LAST Sunday evening we used the expression, "the first, or human ministry of Jesus." We did thus designedly, wishing thus to suggest the idea of a distinction which we think important, and to

prepare the reader for the subject which is now to be developed In the New Testament, we have really *two* lives and *two* ministries of Jesus,—very different the one from the other, but the shorter—the life and ministry of the forty days—being well considered, will be found to be of the last importance to the right understanding of what it is that constitutes "the gospel of the blessed God," and will be seen to throw light on the connexion between the different parts of the New Testament, and on the principle which brings them into harmony with each other

The days which intervened between the Passover and Pentecost—that is, from the resurrection of Jesus to the descent of the Spirit,—had more to do with the spiritual destinies of the race than many imagine It so happens that this third Sunday in May is, this year, the Jewish Pentecost,—the close, therefore, commemoratively, of those fifty days during forty of which our Lord discharged (if we may so speak) that exclusively Christian, and emphatically evangelical and spiritual, ministry, which gave the key to the understanding of *what* he had *done*, and furnished the apostles with those doctrinal views which they were to *teach*

It is not our object nor would it be proper, to attempt in this paper a minute and exact detail of all the recorded appearances of Jesus, during the forty days in the order of their succession, yet it will not be without its use to *indicate* that order, though we shall avoid, of course, curious or difficult questions Passing over, then, the different appearances of the Lord on the *morning* of the resurrection let the reader take his New Testament and turn to the following passages in the order now to be named —Luke xxiv 13 32 The incident here recorded, our Lord's interview with the two disciples journeying to Emmaus occurred on the day of the resurrection, in what we should call the afternoon, ver 29 On the evening of the same day he appeared to the apostles when assembled together, Thomas being absent, John xx 19 23, Luke xxiv 36 43 We think it best to limit Luke's account of the events of this memorable day, by closing his record of it at the 43 5 verse for which we shall give a reason presented The parallel passage in John supplies us with the fact of the absence of Thomas A whole week would seem to have elapsed before our Lord appeared again The circumstances of the disciples being considered, this is a most noticeable and suggestive fact The dark scepticism of Thomas would increase every day, as he inquired of one and another if Jesus had been seen again! Whether they had been to the sepulchre? or the garden? or to the places where He was accustomed to resort with them when alive? and whether in any of them He had been met with? The melancholy answers they would be compelled to give to these questions, would be likely at once to shake their own faith in what they had seen, and to confirm and exasperate the unbelief of Thomas Yet day by day went on, and the Master never appeared! It was not till a period of eight days had elapsed that He manifested Himself again,—a delay which, all things considered, would seem best to be accounted for by a distinct intention on His part to mark out and magnify the first day of the week, to invest it from the beginning, in the view of the Church, with a Divine radiance, to render it commemorative, and to connect it, throughout all time, with hallowed associations

On the morning of the resurrection, the Lord Himself (Matt xxviii 10), and by the mouth of an angel (Mark xvi 7), commanded the disciples to go into Galilee, for there He would meet with them For a week at least, as we have seen, their departure was delayed, nor was that to be wondered at, considering the circumstances to which we have referred Our next reference, however, takes us into Galilee In the order of events, we place next after the *second* first day of the week, the second Sunday evening the appearance on the shore of the lake, recorded in the 21st chapter of John We do this because of the statement in the 14th verse *Look at it* On two successive Sunday evenings, he had appeared to the disciples as *company*, this was "the third time" that he *thus* showed himself to them, and as the appearance next to be noticed is of the same kind, this, of course, takes precedence of it The appearance referred to you will find by turning to Matt xxviii 16, 17 This also took place in Galilee, and on this occasion probably occurred what is spoken of by St Paul (1 Cor xv 6), "he was seen of five hundred brethren at once" The three concluding verses of St Matthew's Gospel must either not be read in connection with the 16th and 17th verses, or it supposed to be spoken on that mountain in Galilee, they must not be associated, as they usually are, with the Ascension,—for that, as we shall see, took place not in Galilee, but from Olivet After these interviews with the Saviour in Galilee, the apostles return to Jerusalem The next appearance of the Lord takes place there Read, now, Luke xxiv 44 49 The reason why we detach this from the events of the day of the resurrection, is the occurrence of the injunction in the 49th verse, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" Our Lord could not contradict on the evening of that day, what had been ordered and repeated in the morning The promise involved in the latter part of the quotation, refers, unquestionably to the coming of the Spirit in the approaching Pentecost, so that it could not have been spoken till after the return from Galilee Even if verses 44 46 are to be immediately connected with what goes before, verse 49 must belong to some subsequent appearance in Jerusalem By reading together Acts i 4 8, Luke xxiv 50, 51, Acts i 9 12 Luke xxiv 52, 53, you get the record of the closing transactions of the forty days,—the last meal, the limited inquiry,—"Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom *to Israel?*" the intimated universal commission, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth," the walk to Olivet—to the border of the *district* of Bethany, the talk by the way, as when going to Emmaus, the glow in the hearts of the disciples, and then the change in the look and attitude of the Master! the uplifted hands, the parting benediction, at length the slow, gradual, glorious ascent of the Son of God, after the completion of His redemptive work, and in His now transformed humanity, "up to where He was before!"

Fourth Sunday.

THE FIRST APOCALYPSE

The revelation of Jesus Christ "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? —Rev i 1, Luke xxiv 26

In our present object, it was not necessary to go so much into detail as we have done in the preceding paper, though, to save space, several interesting points have been omitted, and some observations we would fain have advanced, passed over What we did, however, was done from the conviction that the selecting, reading, arranging of the passages referred to will be found by thoughtful persons, to be a most interesting and useful Sunday exercise Supposing, then, that the reader has gone through the history of the forty days, and has its events and incidents lying before him, we now observe, that the points specially to be noticed for the elucidation of our present object are such as the following

We have reason to believe that the appearances of Jesus to the apostles during the period that elapsed between the resurrection and the ascension, were far more numerous than what any of the evangelists have recorded St Paul indicates some (1 Cor xv 5 7) which are not noticed in the Gospels The words of John at the close both of the 20th and 21st chapters of his Gospel, sustain the suggestion The language of Luke, in the passage at the head of the preceding section, conveys the idea that the Lord was *habitually* "being seen" of the apostles during the forty days Now, the point to be noticed is that during all this time He was "giving them commandments," speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God He was fulfilling and prosecuting a ministry of instruction confined to the apostles, and intended to qualify them for their special work He was no more a preacher to the people, he never showed himself openly to them Properly speaking, he wrought no miracle, though much that he did may be regarded as supernatural He no longer taught in parables The spirit, too, of the old prophets had disappeared, reproofs, appeals, anger and tears, are not now heard and seen as in the days of His flesh Moral precepts, practical injunctions, laws for the regulation of the outward life—everything, in fact, gives place to one great and paramount object, which was connected with the fundamental element of the apostolic commission, and the primary aspect of the evangelical message In His redemptive work, in His sufferings and death, His soul's agony and His bloody sweat, His cross, and passion, and resurrection from the dead,—Christ had accomplished the *facts* of the redemption But these facts enshrined doctrines The visible material, so to speak, was pervaded by a divine Essence *This* was to be exhibited to the mind of the apostles, to be apprehended and understood by them, as being that which gave meaning and force to all the facts, and made them the instruments of a gospel to the world Hence, the second life and ministry of Jesus were devoted to this—that is, to the expounding in all the Scriptures, beginning with Moses, and going through all the prophets, the things concerning himself," the "opening the understanding of his disciples, that they might understand the Scriptures," revealing to them all things which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning *him*' and His work, saying unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it *behoved the Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name* among all nations beginning at Jerusalem" This very ministry so to speak, the Lord continued in the case of Paul when he called him to the apostleship *He too*, "saw the Lord," and became a witness to the fact of His resurrection, but he, too, received direct from the Lord, the knowledge of the spiritual import, the evangelical meaning, of His redemptive acts "I have received of the Lord that which I delivered unto you, that Christ died *for our sins*, and that "He rose again *for our justification*" 'The gospel which was preached of me was not after man For I neither received it of man neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ"

In His first ministry our Lord partly belonged to the old dispensation in that of the forty days He began the administration of the new Rightly considered, His life, during this brief interval, was the link between the past and the future By the light that then issued from His instructions, the apostles were led into the divine meaning of what before they did not understand,—what Christ Himself could not previously fully explain By the same light they were guided into such conceptions of their great work, of what they were to do, and how they were to do it, as prepared them for entering on their mission to the world, and fitted them for becoming the founders of the Church At length, by the often promised divine baptism, the glorious manifestation of which illustrated the subsequent Pentecost, they were filled and fired with that spirit of power, which gave the warmth of zeal to the illumination of knowledge, and which, as an abiding possession, was further and further to lead them into truth, and into the knowledge of Him who is "the Truth," testifying of Him, and even taking of that which is His, and showing it unto them "O Lord, open our eyes, that we may see the wondrous things which are written in thy word!" May "He who at the first caused the light to shine in the darkness, shine into our hearts, to give us the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ!" "Reveal thy Son in us," that "we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord!" Amen

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP V.—DOING GOOD, AND BEING GOOD

With a natural sagacity that has been mistaken for prophecy, some men have seen far ahead of them It is related of John Knox, for example, that he sent a message from his death bed to Kirkcaldy of Grange, who then held Edinburgh Castle, warning him to repent and turn from his evil ways, else he should be hanged up by the neck before the sun He did not repent, and he was hanged, exactly as Knox predicted This was not prophecy The Reformer's vision had not become clearer as he drew near eternity, for there, as on other shores, the fog lies thickest It grows darker rather than clearer as we are leaving the world, and the change at death is perhaps as sudden as at birth—in a moment out of the profoundest darkness into a blaze of light The prediction was due to the sagacity by which Knox was able to anticipate the probable issue of the circumstances in which Kirkcaldy had placed himself, of the dangerous game he was playing With such sagacity, though otherwise applied Captain Cook, the great navigator, when engaged in the survey of New Zealand, before the foot of a white man was ever planted on its shores, predicted the day when these remote islands, lying on the other side of the globe almost beneath our feet, would become a valuable British colony Nearly a century before the tide of emigration set that way, he saw our flag flying in its harbours, our shepherds feeding their flocks on its fern covered hills, and perchance the unhappy wars which now rage there—to our shame, I fear—certainly to the sorrow of its stout and gallant natives Curiously enough, his foreknowledge grew like their fruit, on the New Zealand trees Sailing along, he saw these unknown shores covered, not with low scrub or brushwood, but with gigantic timber, and—a sagacious man—he concluded that the soil must be deep, and rich, and strong, since none other could rear such forest giants

Now, what is true of the nature of the soil is equally true of the religion of the soul. You can always judge of it by what it yields In both cases the crop is the test of character By their fruits, says our Lord, ye shall know them The soil is known by its trees, and the trees are known by their fruit. True of the vineyard of the husbandman, this is true also of the Church—the vineyard of the Lord. It is not, therefore, what we profess, but practise, it is not what a man says with his tongue, or signs with his hand, but what he does with his heart, that settles his religion in the sight of God, and on the great day of judgment shall settle his fate. Heaven is allotted to well doers—the holy, *loving*, kind, gentle, merciful, but ill doers—the impure, the unholy, the greedy, the grasping, the cruel, the restless, shall have their portion in hell. Hear our Lord! To those on his right hand he says, Well done, not well said, or well believed, or well professed or even well designed, but, Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord, to those on the left again, Depart from me for I have never known you, ye workers of iniquity

The great Stagyrite thus opens one of his immortal works This book is written not for knowledge but for action And for what other end was the Bible written—written by man, and inspired of Heaven? Not that we might know the truth, but do it, not that we might know the way to heaven, but travel it, not that we might know, but accept of an offered Saviour Religion does not consist in doctrinal or prophetical speculations, nor lie like a corpse entombed in old dusty confessions She lives in action, and walks abroad among mankind—calling us to leave our books, to shut our Bibles, to rise from our knees, and go forth with hearts full of love and hands full of charities According to James, Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world

Such is true religion in the judgment of "God and the Father"

God and the Father! what a blessed conjunction! God and the Father! that might breed hope in the darkest bosom, for who, though lying in deepest dungeon, despairs of mercy that knows he is to be tried by his own father? To be tried by our Father! Is not that to be assured of pity and tenderness, of great allowance for our infirmities, and of a kinder consideration both of our difficulties and defects than angels or men would give? This goes far to divest a judgment day of its terrors Our Father is to try us, then may we sing—

> "Such pity as a father hath
> Unto his children dear,
> Like pity shows the Lord to such
> As worship Him in fear

Looking with fond and partial eyes on his children, how slow is a father to discover their faults, and how ready to cover them! He approves and applauds their feeblest efforts to please him. See, though her song may violate the rules both of tune and time, how the father smiles on the fairy form that, with laughing eye, and golden locks, and blushing cheek, warbles out an infant's song to please him But what father is like our Father that is in Heaven! How easily is he pleased, and how largely he rewards! Why, he promises even a crown of glory for a cup of water given to a disciple, and raises to a throne all that have learned lessons of love, and kindness, and humility—sitting at Jesus' feet He raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes—for Christ's

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sake forgiving our greatest faults, and rewarding our smallest works

Still, though God will not look for perfection in our works as if they were to save those that are saved only by the righteousness of Christ, the final judgment is to turn on works Look at the picture of that last judgment, as it was drawn by Christ's own hand! The trumpet has sounded, and at its long, loud, and solemn summons the graves have given up their dead Coming from their sepulchres, whether in the tombs of earth, or the caves of ocean, the whole family of man is met for the first time, and met for the last—an innumerable multitude, above whose heads, in high and solitary majesty, rises the great white throne The Son of Man, attended by all the holy angels, descends Now the work begins Some men of science suppose that the gold we dig out of its veins was originally diffused through the rock, and that at some remote period, and by a power unknown to us, its atoms, separated from the earthy mass, and made to pass through it, were deposited in the veins where they now lie By a power as mighty and mysterious, that, breaking up families which had slept and rose together, sunders for ever the tenderest relationships, the mingled mass of men is separated Even as a shepherd, says our Lord, divideth the sheep from the goats, the crowd is divided—these move to the right, those to the left And now amid an awful silence, and in a voice distinctly heard at the furthest bounds of the mighty crowd, the Judge pronounces sentence, and gives reasons for it And what turns the balance in his hand? Not the churches men belonged to, nor the creeds they signed, nor the doctrines they espoused, believed, defended, even died for No, it turns upon works Listen—he says, I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, or, I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat Visitors of prisons, clothers of the naked, feeders of the hungry, advocates of the wronged, husbands of widows, fathers of orphans, bearing names unknown in courts or camps, or in the seats of learning and of science but household words in the homes of sorrow—rising from graves you were borne to amid the griefs of the poor and meanly, the crowns are for you But for you, whether high or low, that wrapped yourselves up in narrow selfishness, the curse No religion shall be owned then, but what now sheds like wings on misery, and lights up with rainbow hues the cloud of human sorrow.

Do not suppose, because I speak thus of works, that I substitute them for Christ, or that I hold evangelical doctrine and sound views of divine truth, as is the fashion now, at a discount—as of small consequence No—I say, Hold fast the form of sound words—Contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints—Try the spirits whether they be of God. Right views of divine truth are of the highest importance, for how can a vessel reach her harbour if her compass and charts be wrong? Doctrines are the seeds of duties, and it proves nothing to the contrary that some good men have held grave errors. They were good, and got to Heaven, not in consequence of their errors, but in spite of them, for as many men are worse, some men are better than their creeds With gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, and a vast quantity of rubbish, they rest on the Rock, and shall be saved so as by fire. Under the influences of the Spirit, endowed with the grace of God and love of Christ, the rightness of their hearts overcomes the wrongness of their heads, and so they get to Heaven, as I have seen a ship under a power generated from water by fires that glowed within her hold, cross the roaring bar, and in the face of adverse wind and tide, plough her way safe into harbour.

It has not been worldlings that have done most for the world Your creatures of fashion and lovers of pleasure, who has met them where misery dwells? If they repair to the haunts of crime, it is not to cure it Nor is it those who talk lightly of doctrines, and profess to have neither taste nor time for religious questions, but men like Luther, that were strong in doctrine, and sound in faith, and ready to contend for it—men of silent piety, men great in prayer, that have done most to mend the miseries of the world, and, leaving their footprints on the sands of time, have been most blessed while they lived, and most missed when they died It cannot be otherwise, it is not in the nature of things that it should be otherwise A belief in our lost state, in the sacrifice of a divine Redeemer, in the free gifts and grace of God, is intimately connected with the whole circle of Christian charities—is the centre from which they radiate How can he in whose eyes all out of Christ is perishing, hanging over hell, dream away life in idle pleasures In the light of redemption, the interest, the vile thing many would not touch shines like a diamond on a dust heap The condescension of the Son of God teaches me to stoop—not to the great, but to the ground to pluck the foulest from the gutter Feeling that I am forgiven much, I am ready to forgive, and that I have gotten much, I am ready to give God's costly gift to me, the free gift of his dear Son both opens my hand, and warms my heart Melted by his love and mercy, my icy selfishness gives way, and like a lake loosened from its wintry chains, my bounty flows freely out to others His generosity begets my own As in his light I see light, in his love I feel love It is the sight of Jesus stepping from his throne to be a stranger, and to die on a cross, that most of all inclines me to forget myself—like him to deny myself, that I may live and labour for the good of others Thus, as Paul says, the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again

True religion consists "in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and in keeping our selves unspotted from the world"

To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, from natural pity, is beautiful, and may be called virtuous. We commend, and admire it. Still, though it cannot be true that there are people who are very religious, and yet not kind, people may be kind who are not religious Visits and deeds of charity, to become religious, pious actions, besides springing from natural compassion,

must be done in obedience to the will, and out of regard to the glory of God The most common action, such as sweeping a floor or kindling a fire, when done because God has bidden it, and done well that He may be glorified, and religion not despised but honoured, rises into piety and thus a humble servant cleaning shoes, may be doing a thing as truly religious as a divine preaching from a pulpit, or an angel singing in the skies Great and lofty deeds, on the other hand, that, though crowning their authors with honour, and filling the mouths of men, are done without any regard to God, have not an atom of religion Therefore it has been said, that the virtues of an unconverted, ungodly man, are but splendid vices They are without value in the judgment and sight of God

But to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and keep one's garments unspotted from the world, under the influence of the holiest motives, and with a view to the highest ends, though here called pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father, is not the sum total of true religion These are but samples of the stock—the small segments of a large circle Here, as elsewhere in Scripture, a part, or parts, is put for the whole, and these two are selected for this among other reasons, that they are characteristic and most important, not secondary but primary, not accidental, but essential features of all true religion To make this plainer it is as if I described a living man by saying he breathes But he does many things else He sees and hears, he walks and talks, he thirsts and hungers—and a hundred things besides Still, unless he breathes, he is not alive, but dead and dead is the religion which does not aim at these two things personal purity and active charity, in other words, doing good and being good

It is interesting to discover this truth enshrined within the name we apply to the Divine being God! where got we that word, God? It is not Hebrew, nor Greek, nor Latin It was invented by our forefathers Though rude and ignorant, and little acquainted with the arts and sciences, these half savage men seem to have penetrated the mysteries of true religion and caught its lovely spirit Having dismissed Woden, and Thor, and Tuisco, their stern and wild and bloody gods, to embrace the Christian faith they had to invent a name for the new object of their worship Leaving Rome to borrow her forms and garments from heathen temples, and dress up the new faith in the cast off clothes of the old, our ancestors neither chose Jove from the heathens, nor even Jehovah from the Jews, nor, selecting the power, or knowledge, or justice, or offices of the Divine Being, called him the Almighty, or the Omniscient, or the Wise, or the Just, or the King Regarding goodness as the most prominent, and to sinners as the most engaging and winning feature of his character, because he was good, and ever doing good, because he was in his nature perfectly holy, and to all his creatures infinitely kind, they called him Good, abbreviating it into God God and Good are certainly the self same words; and nobody, therefore, can be God's that is not good, who does not seek to do good, as well as to be good

That any calling themselves Christians should believe or act otherwise, is shocking, is a scandal to religion, and enough to make it stink, like a dead carcase in the nostrils of sceptics and scoffers Yet read this passage of a letter from a lady, who, touched with divine compassion for a class of wretched outcasts, is appealing for help "I suppose you are aware," she writes, "that the Christianity of the —— (I shall not say what part of our country) is not aggressive, they have a prejudice against working Christians as superficial ones and if we are therefore to attempt to strike at the root of the degradation of this class, we must ask help from your quarter" Alas for religion! thus caricatured and misrepresented, held up to the pity of good men and the scorn of bad, as a lifeless system of effete doctrines and beliefs—deaf dumb and dead to the miseries of mankind! That true religion! No and no more like it than a dry skeleton hung by the neck from the ceiling of an anatomical theatre and grinning grimly down on the students' faces is like yon man, bending to the helm, and steering the life boat ashore, or yon man, sword in hand fighting freedom's battle, or yon man with fire in his eye and pathos on his tongue, pleading and pleading or hisses the cause of the slave, or yon good Samaritan stooping over a suffering brother and binding up his gaping wounds, or yon gentlewoman, whom we meet on foul dank stair, concealing bread for the hungry beneath her cloak, or find on her knees at the bed of dying penitence, wiping off the clammy death sweat, and smoothing a thorny pillow with the consolations of religion

Working Christians superficial Christians! Christianity not aggressive! Hear, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth, that bore on thy dusty roads and Galilee's sandy shores, the prints of Jesus' feet, and saw him going about continually doing good! From that deformity, that vile abortion let me turn your eyes away to the religion that illumines the pages of the Bible, and walked a world which crucified it, in the blessed form of our Divine Redeemer

Let us successively study the two features of pure and undefiled religion of James's picture

It appears in acts of charity

The widow and orphan are selected as the representatives of all human sorrow—their case needing our help most, and appealing loudest to our pity It even touches us to see widowhood symbolized there, where a tree, around which some beautiful creeper had wound its arms, spangling its robust form with flowers, lies on the ground felled by the axe, its head prostrate in the dust, while that tender plant, crushed and bleeding but still alive, clings with fond embraces to the dead More touching still, when the mother bird has been struck down by the hawk, to look into the bush of golden gorse where her orphan brood sit pining in their cold nest, with no mother now to sing to them, to feed them, to cover them with her warm wings—left to die unless they move the pity of some sweet child or tender woman

Sin has not so utterly blotted out the beautiful lineaments of God, but that helplessness goes to our hearts, thus, as well as some other lovely flowers, continues to grow on the ruins of our fallen greatness.

In busiest hours, when other intrusion would be resented let any one enter in the garb of a widow, pale and sad, her eyes consumed with grief, she commands our attention and respect, and on these streets where the hearse, parting the tide of business, comes with its nodding plumes how touching it is to see two or three little boys following a father to the grave, only more touching, where poverty's one room holds the dead and living, to see an infant, attracted by the glitter, break away from kind friends to rattle the handles of a mother's coffin, and smile—pleased with the sound I have seen that sight raise roughest hands to wipe tears from eyes unused to weep

Widow and orphan! there is something sacred to our ears in these names Over widows and orphans, as well as over weeping penitents, the Man of sorrows casts his shield Their wrongs stirred his placid spirit to its deepest depths He made no complaint of wrongs inflicted on himself, he bore his own sufferings with Divine meekness, reviled, maligned, spit upon, crowned with thorns, nailed to the tree, he was dumb, not opened his mouth—save to pray for his enemies But he could not stand by and see the widow and orphan wronged See how He steps up to yonder sleek and oily Pharisee preying on the widow's flock, that he might prey on the widow's substance, and strikes the mask from his face, saying, Woe to you scribes and pharisees! hypocrites, for ye devour widows houses, and for a pretence make long prayers—ye serpents and generation of vipers how can ye escape the damnation of hell! Harlots can, publicans can, and thieves can, the Canaanite and Samaritan can, but robbers of the widow, how can ye! Here you have a commentary, by way of contrast, on the words—'Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father is to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction' I do not believe in the Christianity that is not Christ like, and I no more believe in a profession of piety which is not associated with his pity than in a sun that sheds no light—in a fire that gives out no heat—in a rose that breathes no perfume, they are mere painting, life like, but dead, clever, but cold People may talk of such and such a man being godly, but none are godly but the godlike God is the 'Judge of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless in his holy habitation,' and he only is godlike who stands to widows in the room of the dead, and in whom orphans find both a father and a friend

True religion will express itself as personal, actual care to widows and fatherless in their affliction

The circumstances of some are such, that they can bequeath at death what they could not afford to part with in their lifetime, but there is no charity in leaving money, which we could now spare, to do good when we are dead There is no self denial—no cross bearing in that If we could carry the money along with us to another world, there might be virtue in leaving it behind, but since we cannot, and have to leave the world as naked as we entered it, there is none In fact, we are giving away what is not ours,—what ceases to be ours the moment of our death,—what our right to, expires with life Men are called by the apostle to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts, but by such *mortifications*, as they are called in Scotland, men do not mortify themselves, but their heirs—whom they cheat of their expectations, to purchase a worthless name The fortunes that rear such falsely splendid charities, prove nothing in favour of the donors, but rather the reverse They only show how hard, and cold, and grasping, and avaricious these men and women were, and that only death could compel the miser to relax his iron gripe of the widow's and orphan's bread Whatsoever thy hand, therefore, findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, to be found in the grave whither thou goest

Now, in regard to the works of charity which religion requires, it is a pity that some, willing and anxious to do them, should miss the way of doing them well They overlook the importance of giving a literal obedience to the words of James They help, but they do not *visit*, personally visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction Such direct intercourse is of as great advantage to those that give as to those that get, softening, if not sanctifying the hearts of both Many do not seem to know how much charity resembles a delicate perfume that, by being poured from one vessel into another, loses the finest part of its aroma, and that to awaken gratitude, it is not sufficient that the giver dole out his bounty through a middle party—by the hands of a hired, and it may be a hard, official Let thirsty lips drink, not at the pipe, but where the grateful spring bubbles up fresh and cold from its native fountain Where ever possible, therefore, distribute your charities with your own hand, for there is much the same difference between sending your servant, or the agent of a society, and carrying the gifts yourselves, that there was between Gehazi with his master's staff, and the living prophet—the first may fill the hand, but, as when Elisha took the dead boy in his arms, it is the last that sets the heart a beating The kindly visit, the look, the tone, the starting tear of sympathy, the patient attention to the tale of suffering, these make our gold or silver shine with double brightness, and impart a double sweetness to the bread we give By this, without lowering yourself, you will lift up the poor, and win them, perhaps, to God and goodness A hand laid kindly on a child's head has been laid on a mother's heart, and with hold of that, God helping you, you may save the perishing, and steer a whole household right to Heaven See, whether you eat or drink, or give meat and drink, you do all to the glory of God

Some think that they have no leisure or means to undertake such missions Roman Catholics leave them to Sisters of Charity, and we, in these Protestant lands, too much to hired agents, benevolent societies, and kind Christian women. Now, though not be able personally to do all that we wish, we should do all that we can, for I am sure that to be brought into personal contact with the poor is good both for us and them How much is in our power "the day will reveal," when, called by name, some of once straitened circumstances and humble life shall step out from the crowd to hear the Judge say, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink I was a stranger, and ye took me in. I was sick

and in prison, and ye visited me: for inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Woe that day to them who find time to visit the great, and rich, and noble, but the poor never; time to spend on luxurious banquets, and at theatres and balls, where delicate feet thread the gay dance, that never stood on the bare floors of poverty; who regale with music ears that never listened to the wail of widows, or the moaning child that cried for bread and its mother has none to give it; who stoop to worship wealth and rank, but never to raise the fallen, or bend, with words of comfort, over the bed of some poor, trembling, dying sinner! "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you; your gold and silver is cankered, the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

None are without time and means for such missions of mercy. To convince you, let me guide you to a scene where pure and undefiled religion stands before us in those who had little time to spare, and less money to spend. Enter this foul close with me; bend your head to this low browed door, climb one dark stair, another, and still another. Now, you are in a cold, empty garret; and there, beneath a patched and dusty skylight, lies a dying woman, a stranger in a strange land, beside whose lowly pallet, stands a pale, gentle, weeping child. Called to many a dying bed, I have seen death in all shapes and forms—some despairing; some rejoicing; many afraid to let go, and clinging to the earth; others eager to be gone; but that garret, where I knelt on the bare floor, seemed nearer than any to heaven. It seemed as if the angels that carried the beggar to Abraham's bosom were there—waiting the last sinking breath to bear that saintly spirit to the skies. I saw not them, but in the room where the orphan stood by her mother's corpse, seemingly without a friend in all the world, I met two God-sent angel women. They took the child to their own home. Bereft of one mother, in them she found two. They shared their scanty meals with her; and when the world was sleeping, plied their needles to earn her bread, to send her to school, to rear her in comely virtues, and shield her young head and heart in an evil world. What inspired this noble generosity? They had come from the country, and were themselves poor; but touched with the sight of much poverty greater than their own, they resolved that though they could not do much, they would do what they could. If many around them must perish, they could, at least, save one; and so, each taking this sinking child by the hand, with the other flee, these sisters buffeted the billows of adverse fortune, and unknown to the world, but amid the applause of Jesus, and of angels that watched their progress from the skies, they brought the orphan in safety to the shore. There was pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father.

May the Spirit of God inspire you to go and do likewise. Better walk in the steps of these lowly women than in the dazzling train of queens. Better have our names written on the hearts of widows and the fatherless, than on the pages of immortal history. Let crawling worms creep upwards, and leave behind them the slime of their meanness, and base methods of reaching heights, from which death's rude hand shall cast them down into the grave. Be it ours rather, like God's heavenly creatures—the sun, the rain, the dew—to descend in blessings on those beneath us. How many fruits that sun ripens, how many cold things he warms, how many flowers he paints and opens, how many birds he sets a singing before he sinks in night! I would be the rain-drop that, ere it returns to its parent sea, leaves a blessing at some lowly root. Nay, I would be the tiny dew-drop that, glistening in the morning sun beams, refreshes the lips of some thirsty flower ere, exhaled by the sun, it ascends to heaven! Do, at least, some, and try to do much good ere you die. Seek to live loved, and to die lamented; to be blessed in life, and to be missed at death. Live so that over your grave, however lowly, they may raise a tombstone, inscribed with the words, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

CHILDREN, AND HOW TO GUIDE THEM.

A LAY SERMON TO WORKING PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS."

Our text at this time is Children and their treatment, or, as it sounds better to our ears, Bairns, and how to guide them. You all know the wonder and astonishment there is in a house among its small people when a baby is born; how they stare at the new arrival with its red face. Where does it come from? Some tell them it comes from the garden from a certain kind of cabbage, some from "Rob Rorison's bonnet," some from that famous wig of Charlie's, in which the cat kittled, when three o' them were leevin', and three o' them dead; and you know the doctor is often said to bring the new baby in his pocket; and many a time have my pockets been slily examined by the curious youngsters—especially the girls!—in hopes of finding another baby. But I'll tell you where all the babies come from; *they all come from God*, His hand made and fashioned them; He breathed into their nostrils the breath of life—of His life. He said, "Let this little child be, and it was." A child is a true creation; its soul, certainly, and in a true sense, its body too. And, as they came from Him, so they are going back to Him, and He lends them to us as keepsakes; we are to keep and care for them for His sake; and what a strange and sacred thought this is! Children are God's gifts to us, and it depends on our guiding of them, not only whether they are happy

here, but whether they are happy hereafter in that great unchangeable eternity, into which you and I and all of us, are fast going. I once asked a little girl "Who made you?" and she said, holding up her apron as a measure, "God made me that length, and I growed the rest myself." Now this, as you know, was not quite true, for she could not grow one half inch by herself. God makes us grow as well as makes us at first. But what I want you to fix in your minds is, that children come from God, and are returning to Him, and that you and I, who are parents, have to answer to Him for the way we behave to our dear children—the kind of care we take of them.

Now a child consists, like ourselves, of a body and a soul. I am not going to say much about the guiding of the souls of children—that is a little out of my line—but I may tell you that the soul, especially in children, depends much, for its good and for its evil, for its happiness or its misery, upon the kind of body it lives in; for the body is just the house that the soul dwells in; and you know that if a house is uncomfortable, the tenant of it will be uncomfortable and out of sorts—if its windows let the rain and wind in, if the chimney smokes, if the house is damp, and if there is a want of good air, then the people who live in it will be miserable enough, and if they have no coals and no water, and no meat, and no beds, then you may be sure it will soon be left by its inhabitants. And so, if you don't do all you can to make your children's bodies healthy and happy, their souls will get miserable and cankered and useless; their tempers peevish, and if you don't feed and clothe them right, then their poor little souls will leave their ill used bodies—will be starved out of them, and many a man and woman have had their tempers, and their minds and hearts, made miseries to themselves, and all about them, just from a want of care of their bodies when children.

There is something very sad, and, in a true sense, very unnatural in an unhappy child. You and I, grown up people, who have cares, and have had sorrows and difficulties and sins, may well be dull and sad sometimes, it would be still sadder, if we were not often so, but children should be always either laughing and playing, or eating and sleeping. They are their business. You cannot think how much useful knowledge, and how much valuable bodily exercise, a child teaches itself in its play; and look how merry the young of other animals are—the kitten making fun of everything, even of its mother's tail and whiskers, the lambs, running races in their mirth, even the young ass—the baby donkey—how pawky and droll and happy he looks with his funny head, and his laughing eyes, and his long legs, stot, stotting after that venerable and *sour looden down* lady, with the long ears, his mother. One thing I like to see, in a child clean in the morning. I like to see its plump little body, well washed, and sweet and *caller* from top to bottom. But there is another thing I like to see, and that is a child dirty at night. I like a steer steerin' bairn—goo gooin', crowing and kicking keeping every body alive. Do you remember the song of "Wee Willie Winkie"?—here it is. I think you will allow especially you who are mothers, that it is capital.

"Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs
In his nicht gown,
Tirlin at the window,
Cryin at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?'

'Hey Willie Winkie,
Are ye coming ben?'
The cat's singin grey thrums
To the sleepin hen.
The dog's speldert on the floor,
And disna gie a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie!
That winna fa asleep.

Onything but sleep, you rogue!
Glow'rin like the moon!
Rattlin in an airn jug
Wi an airn spoon,
Rumblin, tumblin roun about,
Crowin like a cock,
Skirlin like a kenna what,
Wauknin sleepin folk.

'Hey, Willie Winkie,
The wean is in a creel!
Wamblin aff a bodie's knee
Like a verra eel,
Ruggin at the cat's lug,
And ravelin a' her thrums—
Hey Willie Winkie—
See, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie,
Wha canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi sleep
Afore he'll close an eye—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips
Gies strength anew to me."

Is not this capital? first-rate! The cat singin' grey thrums, and the wee stumpie stoussie, ruggin' at her lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums, and then what a din he is making, rattlin' in an airn jong wi' an airn spoon, skirlin' like a kenna what, and ha'n a battle aye wi' sleep. What a picture of a healthy and happy child!

Now, I know how hard it is for many of you to get meat for your children, and clothes for them, and bed and bedding for them at night, and I know how you have to struggle for yourselves and them, and how difficult it often is for you to take all the care you would like to do of them, and you

will believe me when I say, that it is a far greater thing, because a far harder thing, for a poor, struggling, and it may be weakly woman in your station, to bring up her children comfortably, than for those who are richer, but still you may do a great deal of good at little cost either of money or time or trouble And it is well spared pains, it will bring you in 200 per cent in real comfort, and profit and credit, and so you will I am sure listen good naturedly to me, when I go over some plain and simple things about the health of your children

To begin with their heads You know the head contains the brain, which is the king of the body, and commands all under him, and it depends on his being good or bad whether his subjects—the legs, and arms, and body, and stomach, and our old friends the bowels, are in good order and happy, or not Now, first of all, keep the head cool Nature has given it a night cap of her own in the hair, and it is the best And keep the head clean Give it a good scouring every Saturday night at the least, and if it get sore and scabbit, the best thing I know for it is to wash it with soft soap (black soap), and put a big cabbage blade on it every night Then for the lungs, or *lichts*—the bellows that keep the fire of life burning—they are very busy in children, because a child is not like grown up folk, merely keeping itself up It is doing this, and growing too, and so it eats more and sleeps more, and breathes more in proportion than big folk And to carry on all this business it must have fresh air, and lots of it So, when ever it can be managed, a child should have a good while every day in the open air, and should have well aired places to sleep in Then for their *nicht gouns*, the best are long flannel gowns, and children should be always more warmly clad than grown up people—cold kills them more easily Then there is the stomach, and as this is the great manufactory, it is almost always the first thing that goes wrong in children, and generally as much from too much being put in, as from its food being of an injurious kind A baby for nine months after it is born, should have almost nothing but its mother's milk This is God's food, and it is the best and the cheapest too If the baby is healthy it should be weaned or spanned at nine or ten months, and this should be done gradually, giving the baby a little gruel, or new milk, and water and sugar, or thin bread berry, once a day for some time, so as gradually to wean it This makes it easier for mother as well as baby No child should get meat or hard things till it gets teeth to chew them, and no baby should ever get a drop of whisky, or any strong drink, unless by the doctor's orders. Whisky to the soft, tender stomach of an infant is like vitriol to ours; it is a burning poison to its dear little body, as it may be a burning poison and a curse to its never-dying soul. As you value your children's health of body, and the salvation of their souls, never give them a drop of whisky, and let mothers, above all others, beware of drinking when nursing The poison passes from their stomachs into their milk, and poisons their own child This is a positive fact. And think of a drunk woman carrying and managing a child! I was once, many years ago, walking in Lothian Street, when I saw a woman staggering along very drunk She was carrying a child, it was lying over her shoulder I saw it slip, slippin' farther and farther back I ran, and cried out, but before I could get up, the poor little thing smiling over its miserable mother's shoulder, fell down, like a stone on its head, on the pavement; it gave a gasp, and turned up its blue eyes, and had a convulsion, and its soul was away to God, and its little, soft, wiefu' body lying dead, and its idiotic mother grinning and staggering over it, half seeing the dreadful truth, then forgetting it, and cursing and swearing That was a sight! so much misery, and wickedness, and ruin It was the young woman's only child. When she came to herself, she became mad, and is to this day a driveling idiot, and goes about for ever seeking for her child, and cursing the woman who killed it This is a true tale, too true, and too often true

There is another practice which I must notice, and that is giving children laudanum to make them sleep, and keep them quiet, and for coughs and windy pains Now, this is a most dangerous thing I have often been called in to see children who were dying, and who did die, from laudanum given in this way I have known four drops kill a child a month old, and ten drops one a year old The best rule, and one you should stick to, as under God's eye as well as the law's, is, never to give laudanum without a doctor's line or order And when on this subject, I would also say a word about the use of opium and laudanum among yourselves I know this is far commoner among the poor in Edinburgh than is thought. But I assure you, from much experience, that the drunkenness and stupefaction from the use of laudanum is even worse than that from whisky. The one poisons and makes mad the body; the other, the laudanum, poisons the mind, and makes it like an idiot's So, in both matters beware, death is in the cup, murder is in the cup, and poverty and the workhouse, and the gallows, and an eternity of pain and misery—all are in the cup. These are the wages the devil pays his servants with for doing his work

But to go back to the bairns. Plenty of plain, halesome food, parritch and milk, bread and

butter, potatoes and milk, good broth,—kail as we call it And now for a word on our old friends, the bowels Let them alone as much as you can They will put themselves and keep themselves right at the lower end if you take care to prevent wrong things going in at the upper! No sour apples, or raw turnips or carrots, no sweeties or tarts, and all that kind of abomination, no tea, to draw the sides of their tender little stomachs together, no whisky, to kill their digestion no *Gundy*, or *Taffy* or *Lucl*, or *Black Man*, or *Job*, the less sugar and sweet things the better, the more milk and butter and fat the better You often hear of the wonders of cod liver oil and they are wonders poor little wretches who have faces like old puggies', and are all belly and no legs, and are screaming all day and all night too,—these poor little wretches under the cod liver oil, get sonsy, and rosy and fat, and happy, and strong Now, this is greatly because the cod liver oil is capital *food* If you can't afford to get cod liver oil for delicate children give them plain olive oil, a tablespoonful twice a day, and take one to yourself, and you will be astonished how you will both of you, thrive

Some folk will tell you that children's feet should be always kept warm I say no No healthy child's feet are warm but the great thing is to keep the body warm That is like keeping the fire good, and the room will be warm The chest the breast is the place where the fire of the body—the heating apparatus—is and if you keep it warm, and give it plenty of fuel, which is fresh air and good food, you need not mind about the feet,—they will mind themselves, indeed for my own part, I am so ungenteel as to think bare feet and bare legs in summer the most comfortable wear, costing much less than leather and worsted, the only kind of soles that are always fresh As to the moral training of children I need scarcely speak to you What people want about these things is not knowledge but the will to do what is right,—and what they know to be right, and the moral power to do it

Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar, and a thief, and a drunkard, and a swearer, be yourself all these As the old cock crows, the young cock learns You will remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as get good, healthy, happy children from diseased and lazy and wicked parents.

Let me put you in mind, seriously, of one thing that you ought to get done to all your children, and that is, to have them vaccinated or inoculated with the cow pock The best time for this is two months after birth, but better late than never, and in these times you need never have any excuse for its not being done You have only to take your children to the Old or the New Town Dispensaries It is a real crime, I think, in parents to neglect this It is cruel to their child, and it is a crime to the public If every child in the world were vaccinated, which might be managed in a few years, that loathsome and deadly disease, the small pox, would disappear from the face of the earth, but many people are so stupid, and so lazy, and so prejudiced as to neglect this plain duty, till they find to their cost that it is too late So promise me, all seriously in your hearts, to see to this if it is not done already and to see to it immediately

Be always frank and open with your children Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them There is no such good plaything for grown up children like you and me, as barns It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little cunning and fun You all know this as well as I do, and you all practise it every day in your own families Here is a pleasant little story out of an old book "A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back but because of their multitude he could not do this 'But' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all,' then, cutting little wands out of the hedge as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, thus put mettle in their little legs, and they rode cheerily home" So much for a bit of ingenious fun

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold —more than food and clothing, and have often brought from our Father who is in Heaven, and hears our prayers, both money and meat and clothes, and all worldly good things And there is one thing you can always teach your child, you may not yourself know how to read or write, and therefore you may not be able to teach your children how to do these things, you may not know the names of the stars or their geography, and may therefore not be able to tell them how far you are from the sun, or how big the moon is, nor be able to tell them the way to Jerusalem or Australia, but you may always be able to tell them who made the stars and numbered them, and you may tell them the road to heaven You may always teach them to pray. Some weeks ago, I was taken out

to see the mother of a little child She was very dangerously ill, and the nurse had left the child to come and help me I went up to the nursery to get some hot water, and in the child's bed I saw something raised up This was the little fellow under the bed clothes kneeling I said "What are you doing?" "I am praying God to make mamma better," said he God likes these little prayers and these little people—for of such is the kingdom of heaven These are His little ones, His lambs, and He hears their cry, and it is enough if they only lisp their prayers "Abba, Father,' is all He needs, and our prayers are never so truly prayers as when they are most like children's in simplicity in directness, in perfect fulness of reliance "They pray right up," as black Uncle Tom says in that wonderful book, which I hope you have all read and wept over

I forgot to speak about punishing children I am old fashioned enough to uphold the ancient practice of warming the young bottoms with some sharpness, if need be it is a wholesome and capital application, and does good to the bodies, and the souls too, of the little rebels, and it is far less cruel than being sulky, as some parents are, and keeping up a grudge at their children Warm the bott, say I and you will warm the heart too, and all goes right

And now I must end I have many things I could say to you, but you have had enough of me and my burns, I am sure Go home, and when you see the little curly pows on their pillows, sound asleep pour out a blessing on them, and ask our Saviour to make them His, and never forget what we begin with that they came from God, and are going back to Him and let the light of eternity fall upon them as they lie asleep, and may you resolve to dedicate them and yourselves to Him who died for them and for us all, and who was once Himself a little child and sucked the breasts of a woman, and who said that awful saying, "Whoso ever shall offend one of these little ones, it had been better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the midst of the sea"

JOHN BROWN

THE WAYS AND WORKS OF THE BLIND

"Pity the poor blind' is an appeal which there is no resisting To one blessed with sight the loss of that sense must ever appear the most terrible deprivation that can befall There is scarcely any other of the senses which we would not rather surrender, for the eye is captain and leader of the rest Hands and feet trust to the eye to guide their movements, speech conveys to us but half its meaning unless we can see the looks and gestures which accompany it, and at times, the eye, supplanting tongue and ear in their proper functions, enables us to hold converse in a language deeper and more expressive than that of words Much of our highest pleasure and deepest inspiration comes to us through the eye—in the contemplation of external things, the faces of dear friends, the sublime objects of nature, or the grand results of human toil and genius Darkness and light are our common synonyms for misery and happiness, and we are prone to imagine that dulness and deadness of soul must be the consequence of the loss of sight, which renders "all the world a darkened maze" But while the forlorn condition of the blind never fails to excite our commiseration, I fear we are too apt, in the pride of sight, to reckon them mere helpless, useless encumbrances, whom it is our duty to support, but who can never do anything to support themselves There is a great truth in Milton's well known line, "They also serve who only stand and wait," but it is cruel and unjust to apply it to the blind as the literal measure of their capacity All experience proves that while the blind cannot, of course, compete in all respects on an equal footing with those who have the use of their eyes, much may be done by the cultivation of the remaining senses to atone for the want of that which has been denied or lost, and to enable them to contribute towards their own support What the blind require from us is, therefore, not mere alms, but help to become self helpful

Eye gate is only one of the entrances to the famous town of Mansoul, and if it be closed there is scarcely anything which cannot gain admission through one or other of the remaining portals Out of sight is not necessarily out of mind When the eyes are dimmed, the soul can still see through the other organs Hearing and touch are the chief substitutes for sight, and by constant exercise these senses acquire a delicacy of perception which is truly marvellous Indeed, we never know the full power of any of our gifts until we are deprived of one of them, and have to rely upon the others to supply its place The blind man can tell from the reverberation of his tread, and other indications, whether he is approaching a wall or any other solid obstacle, and whether he is in an enclosed or open space In this way Dr Saunderson, the mathematician, could judge with singular accuracy as to the character of any large object from five to twenty yards off, distinguishing a tree from a post, or a fence from a house. The sound of his foot fall in a room enabled him also to determine its dimensions, the quantity of furniture which it contained, and the number of people present "I can hear the lamp posts," said a blind man to the author of *London Labour and the London Poor*, "or a dead wall, or anything that's solid, if it is only as high as my ear If it's below the ear, then I don't hear it so well." The Rev.

G. B. Johns, in his *Land of Silence and Darkness*, mentions a gentleman of fortune in York, who, though totally blind, is an expert archer. His sense of hearing is so keen that, when a boy behind the target rings a bell, the blind archer knows exactly how to aim the shaft. I have read somewhere, also, of a blind German rifleman, who could hit the bull's eye, if he heard the sound of a hammer struck close to it. To the blind the voice is like physiognomy to the seeing. By it they form their first impression of any one whom they meet, recognise an old acquaintance even after years of separation, and rarely fail to detect the passing emotions of the speaker, however studiously they may be concealed.

The nicety of touch which the blind acquire is equally wonderful. Gough, the blind botanist, readily recognised specimens of plants with his fingers, solving any difficulty by applying the plant to the tip of his tongue. Moyes, the lecturer on chemistry, could detect, by passing his fingers over a plate of polished steel, the strokes of an etching needle too fine to be seen by the eye without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Coleridge, in his *Omniana*, speaks of a German who could read an ordinary book with his fingers, when printed (as German books generally are) on coarse paper, on which the types made a deep impression. Nor are these remarkable powers of perception confined to the hand alone. The sentient nerves of touch cover the whole body, and those on the surface of the face are of great assistance to the blind. By the degree in which the waves of air press upon his face, a blind man can determine the size and proximity of objects around him. When traversing a wide open space, a strong current of air salutes each cheek; when he passes a block of houses, the pressure is withdrawn on that side; and when he enters a street with buildings on each hand, both cheeks are relieved from it. "I have been with Dr. Saunderson," his biographer tells us, "when he has taken notice of the smallest fleece of cloud that disturbed our observations, almost as justly as we could. He could also tell when anything was held near his face, or when he passed a tree at no great distance, merely by the different impulses of the air." Light and darkness are also revealed to the blind by variations of temperature. The lips too are very sensitive as organs of touch. There is a story told of a poor blind girl, residing in one of the provinces of France, who had for many years, as her greatest comfort, perused her embossed Bible with the finger. She lost her health, however, and became partially paralysed. The hand was affected, and gradually lost all power of touch. In an agony of despair at losing the great consolation of her existence, she seized her Bible, and pressed her lips upon the open page, by way of a farewell. To her deep surprise and joy, she felt the letters distinctly with her lips; and from that day she has thus been reading the sacred volume. So valuable is the sense of touch esteemed by those who have never had the use of their eyes, that when Diderot asked the blind man of Puiseaux, to whom he had just explained the nature of a telescope, whether he would not like to enjoy sight, that he might survey the heavens through such an instrument, the answer was,—"I would much rather have my arms lengthened. I think my hands would instruct me better as to what passes in the moon, if they could only reach as far, than your eyes or telescopes."

The perfection to which the blind can cultivate their touch and hearing is scarcely conceivable by those who are blessed with sight, and who make but partial use of these senses; but we must remember that the value of any of our faculties depends on its education. The eye, for instance, sees only what it is trained to see. The boy upon whom Cheselden operated so successfully, had no idea of distance, and could not for a long time distinguish between the most different objects. He used to be greatly puzzled to tell a dog from a cat, till he took the latter in his arms and felt her attentively, saying, as he set her down, "So, puss, I shall know you again." Another young man, on obtaining the use of his eyes, was in much dread of knocking up against things which were at a great distance from him, and could not for some time realize that the human face was not a level surface, that the nose projected from it, and that the eyes were sunk into the head. Infants, in the same way, have no notion of distance, and stretch forth their little hands in a vain attempt to lay hold of objects which are far away from them.

The remarkable success which has attended many blind men in intellectual pursuits, and especially in abstract science and pure speculation, is attributable, in a great measure, to the absence of distraction from external things, and the concentration with which they can follow out any line of thought. In this respect, the seeing man is as one sitting at work in an open chamber, into which his officious servants, heedless of the injunction, "No admittance except on business," are continually introducing troublesome visitors, who interrupt his labours, distract his thoughts, and exhaust both his time and his patience, while the blind man is as one who, bolting his study door, applies himself to his task in unbroken solitude and seclusion. As I sit reading or writing, whenever I raise my eyes from the page, the various objects upon which they fall, the furniture in the room, the pictures on the wall, the design of the carpet or paper-hanging, the flowers in the vase, or the prospect from the window, are constantly seducing my attention from the subject which I am anxious to consider. We may not believe the story of the philosopher of old who put out his eyes that he might think the better, but we all know that it is an instinctive impulse to close our eyes when we want to give earnest thought to any matter. Well, suppose I shut my eyes, even then the objects upon which I have just been looking thrust themselves impertinently on the mind's eye, jostle the invited guest, with whom I would confer, into a corner, and claim a share of my attention. By a great effort I get rid of the intruders, but it is only for the moment—back they come trooping again and again, till the effort to exclude them is almost too fatiguing. A blind man has much greater control over his thoughts, and is not so liable to interruption. When he ceases to pass his fingers over the embossed page, or when the person who is reading to him stops, he can continue the train of thought which he has been pursuing, without any disturb-

ance from external things. The labour, also, which it costs him to acquire information helps to fasten it in his mind. Those with sight frequently content themselves with what is called "a knowledge of reference"—knowledge where to look for a particular piece of information, but the blind man, being unable, without much difficulty, to recover what once escapes from his memory, is obliged to carry his store of knowledge in his mind. Hence the high development of the powers of memory among the blind. The historical college of Japan, of which Father Charlevoix speaks, where records of the empire were committed to memory by a number of blind men, chosen for the purpose, must be deemed rather mythical, as it is mentioned by no other traveller, but the peculiar capacity of blind folk for such a task is quite indisputable.

Abstract science is nobly represented among the blind by Euler and Saunderson, the mathematicians, and natural science by Moyes, the chemist, Gough, the botanist, and Huber, the entomologist, who unfolded the mysteries of the bee hive and ant hill. Prescott, the historian, although not absolutely blind, could not see to read or write. Mr Fawcett, the blind gentleman who was recently a candidate for a seat in Parliament, is not only a man of great natural powers, but of ripe scholarship and varied acquirements. Lord Cranbrook, a blind nobleman, is the author of a number of brief historical works. From the bards of old to the fiddler and ballad singer of our modern streets, poetry and music have always been regarded as the province in which the blind especially excel, as the sweetest of feathered warblers

> "Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
> Tunes her nocturnal note."

Homer, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," Blind Harry, who sang the famous deeds of Wallace wight, Gower, Milton—these are great names! As minor minstrels may be mentioned Dr Blacklock, a pleasing versifier, and Miss Frances Browne,* author of many touching lyrics, as well as works of fiction. Stanley, Carolan, Parry, and Thompson, were blind musicians of no mean reputation.

The physical efforts of the blind are even more remarkable than their intellectual achievements, sight, one would suppose, being more indispensable to their accomplishment. The ease and safety with which the blind learn to move about is surprising. "I well remember," says Prescott, "a blind man in the town of Salem, who officiated, some twenty years since, as the town crier, when that functionary performed many of the advertising duties now usurped by the newspaper, making his diurnal round, and stopping with great precision at every corner, *tintinnabulum* and *quotrotuum*, to chime his melodious twang." Before Post Office reform took place, a blind man was postman to three neighbouring villages near Wells. The addresses were read to him in a certain order, and he was never known to make a mistake in the delivery. Holman, the blind traveller, when on board ship, could spring into the chains, and cast the lead, or mount the rigging as nimbly as any of the crew. "At Sowerby," writes Coleridge, "I met a man perfectly blind from infancy. His chief amusement was fishing on the wild uneven banks of the Eden, and up the difficult mountain streams. His friend, a dexterous card player, also stone blind, knew every gate and stile of the district." The angler was Gough, the botanist. John Metcalf, the blind guide, was an expert swimmer and bold rider. He was constantly in the habit of following the hounds, and once rode his horse in a race and won it. In the '45 he joined Thornton's troop, and fought at Culloden, as well as elsewhere. In the depth of winter, when the driver of the stage-coach between York and Knaresborough could not make out the road under the thick covering of snow, Metcalf would assume the reins, and drive the vehicle safely to its destination. He was frequently employed as guide over the most intricate routes. After being violinist, horse dealer, and petty trader, he took to engineering, and, amongst other works, constructed Boroughbridge, and laid out many of the roads through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire. He was often to be seen roaming through the country, ascending precipices, and exploring valleys, with the help only of a long staff. Many blind men have become peculiarly expert in mechanical arts. William Huntley, of Barnstaple, in Devon, who was born blind, acquired great skill in clock and watchmaking, and William Kennedy, in one of the villages of Armagh, supported himself and family by the manufacture and repair of musical instruments, clocks, and furniture. Only the other day, William Laing, an old man, died in Glasgow, who constructed an orrery of large dimensions, with a great variety of movements, and invented an improved arithmetical board for the blind, which enables them to perform calculations in any branch of arithmetic with ease and accuracy. There is a blind clarionet player now on the streets of London, who having lost some of his front teeth, which are indispensable in playing on his instrument, supplies the deficiency by artificial ones, which he makes himself out of any old bit of bone he can pick up, and fastens into his mouth by a piece of wire. Similar instances of ingenuity might easily be multiplied.

The Autobiography of the Rev W. H. Milburn, the American preacher, which has recently been published under the title of *Ten Years of Preacher Life*, affords a striking instance of the manner in which the physical defects of the blind may be overcome. At five years of age an accident virtually deprived Mr Milburn of sight. A capricious little angle of an eye was left, by which, with difficulty and fatigue, he could, for a number of years, read a book held close to it, but it was never of any practical use to him. He attended college, however, and by the aid of a ready apprehension and a strong memory, acquired a considerable store of knowledge. Becoming a Methodist preacher, the circuit allotted to him lay, as he tells us, through a country where bad bridges abounded, where streams had to be forded, where roads degenerated

* Miss Browne, although afflicted with blindness from infancy, has been her own teacher, even in the first principles of learning. By ceaseless and exhausting efforts, she has not only supported herself, but ministered to the necessities of an aged mother. She has just published a work entitled "My Share of the World."

into bridle paths or even faint trails, and where often there was no road at all, but yet he performed his journeys in perfect safety, with the help of his faithful steed Charley He led a wild, roving sort of life in the midst of constant adventures and hair breadth escapes During the first four years of his ministry he preached 1500 times and travelled 60,000 miles partly on horseback and partly in "every sort of conveyance known to us except the balcon and wheelbarrow"

Such being the capabilities of the blind, let us see what is being done for their education and training The largest and wealthiest of the institutions for the instruction of the blind is that in St Georges Fields, London These were real fields in the end of the last century when the Gordon rioters made them their rendezvous and when they were celebrated by botanists for the abundance and beauty of the water plants which grew there, but I need hardly say that they have long been covered with houses and that one must go a good many miles further from the heart of London to look for fields now a days About eighty pupils of each sex are boarded in this school and receive industrial instruction as well as the elements of education Let us take a walk through the workshops and see how the blind contrive to manufacture those handsome baskets beautiful rugs, and other articles which are piled up in the warehouse through which we enter the building The first workshop is devoted to basket making On each side of a long lofty room, lads are squatted on the floor employed in peeling splitting and pointing osiers and sorting them for use according to length and thickness There a great coarse hamper is quickly growing into shape under the deft manipulation of one little fellow There a lad is giving the last touches to a dainty little basket of divers colours —the strips of osiers being ranged beside him in a certain order according to colour Baskets of all sorts and sizes, of all variety of texture and quality of material are manufactured here, as well as dinner mats and other wicker work In another room we find a number of lads learning St. Crispins craft under a competent instructor, cutting out leather plush or list as the case may be, waxing, stitching, hammering on lap stones, and mastering all the secrets of sole and upper leathers, brads, pegs and sparrow bills A neighbouring shop is dedicated to the art and mystery of mat making This is pretty hard work and only the elder inmates are employed here One man is tugging with a comb at a great knotty fleece of tow, another, armed with a huge pair of shears is cutting the fibres of the mat to a level At the other end of the room rugs are being woven of the richest hues and most complicated patterns How, in the name of wonder, you ask, can the blind tell one colour from another, and follow all the changes of an intricate design? Step up to this loom and see how the weaver gets over the difficulty The foreman supplies him with wools of different colour in a certain order and he then arranges them himself after his own fashion so that he may know from their position which is which Before him he has instructions In this case they are printed in embossed letters At a neighbouring frame the weaver is reading the pattern from a smooth piece of wood covered with nails, some with square heads some with round heads, large and small, and some with hardly any heads at all, and these nails are driven into the board at various depths, some tall almost buried, others so slightly that they just keep their hold The blind man passes his hand over the board and is guided in his work by the shape and position of the nails In this manner he is able to detect every twisted tendril every spreading leaf and variegated blossom, with as much precision as any sighted worker

The girls have a work room of their own long high well ventilated, like the others Half a dozen girls are seated at a bench near the door making brushes At intervals, along the other side of the room the younger pupils are engaged plaiting window and picture cord The strands are suspended from the roof with a heavy weight attached at the lower end of each, and the girls keep passing these round one over the other Around a long table another group is busy knitting stockings "They all knit their own stockings here our guide informs us From another corner is heard the pleasant hum of the spinning wheel, which carries one a recollection back to the old times before the spinning jenny with the many arms supplanted the cheery old wheel, and drove it from cottage and hall

I understand none of the girls are employed in the household work of the establishment which is surely to be regretted So far are blind girls from being incapacitated for such work that it is a fact that they are quite able to discharge nearly every domestic duty, including cooking cleaning, and washing as well as sewing and darning A great many blind men in humble life marry blind wives, and all those whom Mr Mayhew consulted were unanimous in their testimony to the expertness of those blind help mates

A considerable part of each day is spent in the school The pupils are taught to read from embossed books in the Roman character * Maps and globes with the outlines of countries, boundaries and states, mountains and rivers, in relief and little round points of different sizes for capitals and chief towns, convey to them, with the help of oral explanation a knowledge of geography

* The rivalry between the various embossed systems is much to be deplored, since it is a serious obstacle to the production of a tangible library for the blind Money is now frittered away in multiplying different editions of the same book, which should be devoted to the production of a variety of works, and the price of the embossed book places them beyond the reach of the great body of blind persons As far as I can ascertain, the arbitrary alphabets are most in favour with the blind, the Roman alphabet with the seeing Reading with the eye and with the finger are obviously two very different things, and the question which system is most suitable for the blind, can best be decided by the [illegible] of the blind! Sighted persons are apt to pronounce on this subject very dogmatically with little more appreciation of its real bearings than the Parisian bookbinder to whom the first embossed volume was sent for binding, who, according to Klein, supposed that it had been very badly printed, and did his best, by ironing and pressing, to smooth the pages before he returned it.

They learn to write by means of a very ingenious contrivance A sheet of paper is laid on a square piece of mahogany, over which comes a wooden gridiron, without a handle Wooden types, each with a letter formed at one end in needle points, are placed between the grooves of the gridiron, and pressed down on the paper, upon which they leave an impression, which can be felt in relief by the fingers The operation is similar to pricking a pattern "It is a fine thing for the poor things, Sir,' said our conductor, "that they can write to each other and their friends Some of them do it very nicely with a common pin, without the board at all, and address their letters very well, too" Arithmetical calculations are performed by means of a ciphering board, perforated with holes, in which plugs are placed to represent figures The pupils are all taught to sing in chorus, and some of them to play the organ and pianoforte

As we are leaving the Institution we find the boys at play in the yards, joining with the greatest zest in various sports, running, laughing and shouting,

> "With circumscribed but not afflicted powers,
> Play the great object of their youthful hours

To see them rushing about so freely and rocklessly, we would scarcely believe that they are blind 'Do they never knock themselves against the pillars in the covered corridor, or come into collision with each other?' 'Oh no,' returns our guide, "somehow they always know when they are coming near one another, or towards a wall or pillar Of course when they are new to the place they are more careful" The girls take their recreation more sedately, most of them walking along the winding gravel paths, two by two, with arms linked fondly round one another's waists

In Avenue Road, Regent's Park, is another school, originally established to teach the blind to read on the Lucasian system, but which has since included industrial instruction in its operations There are some fifty four pupils of both sexes here, who appear to read the embossed books fluently and intelligently, and to be expert in brush making (taught by a blind man), basket work, and other mechanical arts Much pains is taken in their musical instruction by Mr Edwin Barnes, and several of the pupils have obtained situations as organists, the last who did so competing with and beating seven sighted candidates These, and similar institutions throughout the kingdom, provide a temporary refuge for about 1300 blind persons Most of these establishments, however, are open only to the young, who form but a very small proportion of the 30,000 blind persons in the land By far the greater bulk have lost their sight at an adult age, and it is a melancholy fact, that from the practice of trades and professions injurious to the eyes, and especially from the wear and tear of the nervous system through the intense ardour with which business of all kinds is now pursued, blindness is becoming much more prevalent among grown up people, while it is rather decreasing among children

There are a number of asylums throughout the country for the adult blind, but almost the only place of instruction open to them, that I know of, is the Milton Institution, for Improving the Social Welfare of the Blind, in the Walworth Road, London It was instituted in 1859, through the exertions of Mr Alexander Mitchell,* the honorary secretary, himself a blind gentleman, who, ever since he lost his sight, some twenty years ago, has devoted all his thoughts, energies, and means to ameliorating the condition of his fellow sufferers The operations of the Milton Society are designed to benefit the blind in any part of the kingdom, irrespective of age, sex condition, or religious denomination. "The visiting of the blind at their own homes," says the Report especially in times of sickness and sorrow, is a peculiar feature of the Society Their domiciliary visitation has, in a marked degree been useful in conveying to the sick and dying the knowledge and consolation of Christianity Various educational classes have been organised, comprising grammar history, and elocution (directed by three of the clerical patrons of the Institution), also reading writing arithmetic, general theory of music singing and piano, superintended by the blind A violin class is formed under the tuition of a friend The several branches of trade at present in operation comprise brush making and broom making including drawing and finishing, basket, mat making, and wire work, the latter being a new trade for the blind, and first introduced to them by this establishment A large needlework class conducted by several ladies, furnishes plain needlework, netting, crochet, knitting, wool, and bead work Fifty eight gratuitous lectures, twenty seven musical entertainments, and twenty seven social evenings have been given to the blind assembling at Milton House Between 90 and 100 of the blind have been thus supplied with mental food and some have been enabled to contribute materially to their own maintenance by the instruction and other facilities afforded by this Institution" The educational classes are all gratuitously taught, and the price of every article manufactured in the Institution is handed over to the producer, with a trifling deduction for the expenses of the establishment In a quiet, unostentatious way, and at a comparatively small outlay, this Society is doing an incalculable amount of good Every one of its officers is honorary. Not a penny is paid in salaries, and in every department the strictest economy is exercised It not only stimulates the mental and physical activity of the blind, but calls into play the best feelings of their nature The secretary, superintendents of the educational and trade departments, and teachers and travelling agents, are all blind, and the Committee record, "with great satisfaction, the readiness of the blind to assist each other, and to promote the interests of the Society With the utmost cheerfulness, they give time, labour, and even money out of their own scanty pittances, some of them traversing many miles to teach their afflicted brethren Most appropriately it may be said of them that, 'to their power, yea, and beyond their power, they have been willing of themselves' to endeavour to accomplish the objects the Committee

* Mr Mitchell has published a valuable little work on *The Blind, their Capabilities, Condition, and Claims*, containing much interesting information, and many excellent suggestions

have in view. It is respectfully submitted that those who thus disinterestedly labour for each other's welfare are worthy of sympathy and support." A bazaar is to be held in June in aid of the funds of this excellent Society.

A somewhat similar institution was established in the Euston Road, London, in 1854, by Miss Gilbert, a blind lady. It is called the "Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind." Its principal object is to provide employment for the blind, and its operations have been attended with great success. The want which exists for institutions of this kind, is proved by the fact, that last year the association was compelled to reject nearly 100 applicants.

J. E. PITT.

"WHAT IS THIS THAT THOU HAST DONE?"

Thus was the question addressed by God to Eve, after she had committed the first sin in the history of the world.

It is possible that some persons may be disposed in their hearts to say, in reply, "She only ate some fruit, that was all—a mere trifle."

And was that indeed "*all*?" The act itself was not calculated to impress the senses. The stretching forth of the hand, and the eating of fruit from a tree, occupied but a few minutes of time, and was apparently simple and innocent as if done by a sportive child.

But the senses are not the organs by which we can judge of sin, though they may be the instruments by which we commit it. Things great in the spiritual world cannot be measured by things great in the material world. We cannot weigh a planet against a crime, nor judge of the destructive character of a falsehood by the devastation caused by a flood or an earthquake.

A "yes" or "no," which a breath can utter, may mark the transition point between the eternal right and wrong, and for ever fix the destiny of men and nations. Right or wrong can be judged of, and their nature and importance estimated only by the conscience enlightened by the Spirit, and instructed by the Word of God, and "spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned." The moral value of actions is irrespective of all consequences, though consequences may express and evidence both.

Sin has no eye either to discern holiness as such, or sin as such. Death can perceive neither life nor death, nor can darkness itself perceive the light. And thus, though it seems to be paradoxical, the greatest sinner least comprehends the real nature of sin, and the greatest saint most. "For that which makes manifest is light."

It is therefore possible that the poison of sin acting without and within may have so rapidly dimmed the spiritual vision of Eve, that even she was unable to discern clearly what she had done in disobeying God, and disturbing the beautiful law and order of His moral government, and she may possibly, too, have been disposed to make the foolish and profane reply, which we have supposed some of her sinful descendants to return to the question put to her by the Judge and Lawgiver of all the earth. This is more than likely from the manner in which she endeavoured to exculpate herself for disobedience.

But whatever judgment Eve may have passed on her sin, as sin, yet methinks she was soon compelled to acknowledge that in God's estimation, at least, she had done a very terrible thing. If she was too blind to discern the sin itself in relation to God, so as to be penitent, she could not help perceiving its consequences in relation to herself, so as to be terrified. When she and her husband were driven from the garden of Eden, and she saw him punished with herself, when she heard the curse of death with other woes pronounced upon her, when sin began to fall upon her outer and inner life, when she beheld her son dead, and slain by his brother, when, in short, the consequences of her crime began slowly, but with an awful and irresistible righteousness to unfold themselves, then must a reply have been returned, constantly increasing in solemnity with the increase of her experience, to the grand and searching question, "What is this that thou hast done?"

Now, it is by a similar process that the proudest and most hardened sinner may be made to know the judgment which God has passed upon his sin. Sin itself, as a wrong state of mind towards God, may be unseen, unknown, in this its true nature, and, therefore, may be treated with utter indifference or with profane levity. In reply to the question, 'What is this that thou hast done?"—put by some outer voice of truth, or by the inner voice of conscience, and with reference to any act of his sinful life, he may be disposed to smile, and to call it a trifle, a thing of little moment and of no importance. That sin may have been but one act, or one of a long series. It possibly attracted no notice at the time, or it was done in secret, and other events have blotted it out from memory, as the ocean waves wash out the writing on the sand. But by the process I have adverted to,—by seeing or experiencing the consequences of the act, a conviction of its enormity and moral magnitude as measured by God, may be forced upon him to his horror and dismay! Let me illustrate my meaning.

The gambler, for example, carried away by the wild excitement of the game, and madly pursuing the demon who promises him wealth by a single cast of the die, and without God's slow process of industry, patience, or self denial hazards at last his all upon a single throw, and all is lost! Yet, if amidst the glare of lights and among the anxious and excited crowd around the table, with his reeling brain and throbbing pulse he is asked, "What is this that thou hast done!" a careless, evasive, or most inadequate reply might be returned to the question But when he has had time to think, and when the consequences of his momentary act be in to evolve themselves, when debts cannot be paid, and creditors become clamorous, when the sources of innumerable indulgences to his selfish nature are one by one dried up, when he returns to the old property only to part with it for ever,—and the old servants are dismissed, and a brave company of honest tenants have said farewell, when rooms associated with quiet and happy epochs in domestic history are emptied, and no wall is left on earth on which to hang the portraits even of honourable and useful ancestors when a mother and sisters, perhaps, have been beggared, and their hearts broken, when his society is shunned and his character shattered, then will he be made to give a different reply to the question, 'What is this that thou hast done," than he would have done when amidst his reckless companions in the gambling "hell!" The evil of his selfishness remains the same, but his knowledge of its importance to him has been in some degree awakened by his experience of its consequences

Look, again, at the murderer In a moment of covetousness or passion he grapples with the traveller on the moor, and murders him A few minutes suffice to accomplish the deed of blood The body is disposed of, and it sank in the deep mountain tarn For a moment the agitated waters tremble under the moon's beams, and the sudden echo caused by the splash among the quiet rocks dies away, and the lonely hills are again asleep "What is this that thou hast done?" The heavens and the earth give no response! The stars twinkle as peacefully in the sky as at Creation's dawn, and the moon shines with delight upon rock and glen. No flash of lightning smites the murderer, and no red arm is bared out of heaven to seize him Yet an undefined sense of some dread evil scares his soul, and an accusing spirit begins to torment him But he silences both with an oath, or flies home, there to find a safe retreat Days pass, filled up with dissipation, and marked, perhaps, by a devil's gratitude for success. Conscience begins to slumber. He confesses "it was not intentional." "It could not however be helped now." "It was a misfortune, but he himself had also been unfortunate." "Necessity had compelled him to act as he had" "Was not might often right in this world?" "Thousands are as suddenly cut off" "No one would miss the dead man, who was a stranger in the country. Pass the glass, and drain the bowl, and let memory too be murdered!" But what, thou sinner, of God? What of His law? What of the crime of hatred? What of responsibility? What of sin? "What is this that thou hast done!" But there is no heart to feel in that breast, no eye to see the crime in the light of God's eternal law and righteousness!

Yet that same heart may nevertheless be made to feel, in proportion to its selfishness, and that eye, however dark may be forced to see something more of the magnitude of the crime through a personal experience of its terrible consequences

For soon a change is taking place in the outward world in which the murderer moves, like the ruffling of the sea, and the moaning of the wind before the coming hurricane Whisperings are abroad that a body has been discovered on the shores of the mountain tarn, and suspicions have been raised of 'foul play" by some one The body, moreover, has been carried down to the valley, and hundreds have flocked to see it It has been identified; and now it lies in a cottage room, where a widow, through blinding tears, recognised the face of her husband when she had lifted his clotted locks, and wiped the disfigured countenance, and a wail of agony was heard around it from orphan children The husband and father was dearly loved, and had undertaken a journey, with hard won earnings, to pay for a home and for food to his young family, when some villain murdered him! The whole village is in an uproar of wonder, indignation, and deepest sympathy Who could have done it? What fiend could have done it? And to such a man! and he so cruelly mangled! Woe! woe! But the murderer must be discovered! They will search the country for him They will hang him, or tear him in pieces! All this the murderer himself now sees and hears! He now discovers who the murdered man was, and he cannot silence now an awful voice that follows him, asking, "What is this that thou hast done!"

But the emissaries of police are abroad, like bloodhounds, though long baffled, they are on the right scent at last, they have run the murderer down, and tracked him to his cottage, and there they have seized him at his fireside and among his family His face is pale, and his knees tremble. His very wife starts back from his bloody hand, and his children gather round their mother, and gaze on their father with fear. He is bound and carried off to prison, execrated by gathering crowds. His name passes from lip to lip, and is in every newspaper. He has become suddenly

the famous villain of the day! His trial begins, and he stands before the august judge, and the jury with their powers of life and death, and is the one object which fills the eyes of the crowded court. The evidence proceeds. His life is examined by the eye of Omniscience. Fact after fact cries out guilty. He can hardly lift his eye to meet another's, but when he does so, horror is there depicted. He is condemned to be hung by the neck until dead! Days and nights follow, when he is alone with God and the murdered man in a cold and dreary cell, and there and then as he thinks of both, more tremendous does the old question become.

The day of execution at last arrives, and the early chimes awake him for his burial day, and minute after minute passes. The hour has come! And now, as he is brought out of his cell marched to the scaffold, and there suddenly bursts upon him the immense crowds of upturned faces, and he sees the treacherous drop, and above it the rope hanging in the blue sky, and knows that ere his pulse beats a few moments longer all he has ever seen and known here must be left for ever, and his soul must meet his God be, in its eternal history elsewhere, and when!—oh! tell me, will he not be disposed now to give a very different answer to the question, 'What is this that thou hast done?' than when first put by conscience on the midnight moor!

Why so? The sin remains precisely the same. No circumstances change its nature in the estimation of God. But its consequences have changed its importance in the estimation of the sinner!

And thus, as I have said, the proudest, hardest, and most indifferent man may be compelled to feel that whatever he thinks of sin itself, yet God in his righteousness has annexed to it such consequences as must arouse him to some sense of its dreadful character. For how many are there in the world, who, alas! if asked with reference, not to this or that sinful act only, but to their life as a whole, "What is this that thou hast done?" would be disposed to return such an answer as manifests a most haughty and irreverent spirit, and one singularly insensible to the fact of moral responsibility, and one blind to the authority and majesty of the Divine Lawgiver. But if "there is a day appointed in which God will judge the world by Jesus Christ, whereof he hath given assurance to all men in that he hath raised him from the dead," if "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ to answer for the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad," if Christ is coming "to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their *hard* speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him," then, methinks, in such a day, when the Righteous and Omniscient Judge will put such a question as this to each individual man, "What is this that thou hast done?" such an answer must be given in truth as must alarm the proudest and hitherto the most callous sinners.

"What is this that thou hast done" in thy youth and in thy maturer years? in prosperity and adversity? in health and sickness? What hast thou done with thy gifts and talents, thy time and money, thine advantages and opportunities, on week days and Sabbath days? What hast thou done for thine immortal soul, or for the good or evil of thy friends, thy neighbours, or the world? What hast thou done to the God who made thee, the Saviour who redeemed thee, the Holy Spirit who would have made thee holy? What hast thou done with the messages, the warnings, the promises, the rebukes, the pleadings, the mercies, the chastisements, the Word of God, with the teachings of conscience, the preachings of God's ministers, the manifold providences—all of which were given to win thy soul to God? What hast thou done, thou immortal being who wert created to love and serve thy God, and to glorify Him so as to enjoy Him for ever? Answer before the tribunal of thy Judge!

And if a Saviour is then met whose word though heard was never believed, whose mercy though offered was never accepted, whose will though known was never done, whose love though revealed was never returned, whose Spirit though promised was always rejected—what reply can be given by the indifferent to the question put by Him when He asks, What hast thou done?

What sentence will be passed on such an one? *Can* the Saviour say to such an one, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?" and if not, then as sure as Christ spoke the truth, another only is possible,—'*Depart from me!*" And if so, who would not then feel that he had done some terrible thing in the universe of God, when his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier could part from him for ever, when the door of heaven is for ever shut against him, when a life of self without God is begun to continue for ever, and when the sinner is permitted to eat of the fruit of his own ways, and to be filled with his own devices?

Therefore, let the reader believe in Jesus, the only Name given under heaven whereby he can be saved, and receive the remission of his sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost, and abide in Christ by faith and love and sincere prayer, and bring forth fruit with Christian cheerfulness, humility, and perseverance. Then when the question is put each day or the last day of his life, or at the day of judgment, "What is this that thou hast done?" he will not be put to shame by the reply.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF OUR LORD

JORDAN AND THE BAPTISM

THE JORDAN TRADITIONAL SCENE OF OUR LORD'S BAPTISM

The Messiah had come But with the exception of the joyous welcome of Simeon and Anna and those mysterious yet cheering intimations which Mary kept in her heart His advent was as yet unheeded How strange does this seem The great Deliverer, on whom the eye of faith had been fixed for fully 4000 years of whom all the prophets wrote and all the inspired poets sung for whose coming a whole nation longed entered the world almost unnoticed, and passed thirty years in it almost unknown Stranger still does it seem when the mind contemplates the full dignity and glory of the Messiah He was infinitely greater than those patriarchs and princes, whose exalted characters and noble achievements had arrested the world's attention He was infinitely greater than those holy angels, whose occasional visits mankind had hailed with such joy and gratitude He was the LORD, the Creator of the heavens and the earth and as He had created all things, so He preserved all things, and provided for all the wants of His creatures, yet, when He appeared among His creatures to confer upon them a crowning blessing, He was ignored and despised! What fatal blindness, what miserable infatuation was this! How could intelligent beings manifest such ignorance? How could responsible beings act with such recklessness? Sin, alas! had blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts

The Jews and the world were left without excuse There was not one single fact wanting in the history of the advent, or in all its train of attendant circumstances, to fulfil every prediction recorded in Scripture Christ was born of a virgin (Isa vii 14) of the royal line of David (Isa ix 7), in the town of Bethlehem (Mic v 2), ere the sceptre had yet departed from Judah, though already trembling in his feeble grasp (Gen xlix 10) Nothing was wanting calculated to rouse the apathetic to awaken a slumbering world The wise men who saw Immanuel's star in the distant east and who came to the very capital of Israel, and to the very palace of Israel's king to worship Israel's incarnate God, might well have enacted all the princes and nobles of the land The glorious message of the heavenly host to the shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem might well have sent a joyous note of warning through the whole body of the people The triumphant song of the venerable Simeon in the temple when he clasped the infant Saviour in his arms, might have raised the priesthood from intellectual sleep to a sense of privilege and duty The hymn of praise from the saintly Anna, might have served to carry glad tidings of great joy to the homes and hearts of all the matrons of Israel What means could have been adopted better fitted to reach and rouse every class? Wilful blindness, or miserable infatuation, could alone have prevented every class and every sect from uniting in one shout of welcome to the long promised and long expected Messiah

Another note of warning had yet to be sounded over Palestine ere the Saviour should enter on His great public work The prophets had written con

tures before, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me" (Mal. iii. 1). "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together" (Isa. xl. 3-5). In the hill country of Judah, probably in the little village of Juttah a few miles south-east of Hebron, lived an aged priest, called Zacharias, with his wife Elizabeth. They were childless, and, like all eastern both ancient and modern, they regarded this as a mark of the Divine displeasure. But the Almighty had His own mysterious purposes to serve with the holy pair. A child was promised. Before he was yet born the Lord selected him for a glorious work—"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary were cousins, and the account of their meeting before the birth of their heaven-favoured children is among the most wonderful incidents in Scripture. Even in the womb, the Forerunner had mysteriously imparted unto him a consciousness of his mission and a knowledge of that *mighty Healer* whose advent he was to proclaim.

While Jesus was growing in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man, in the quiet vale of Nazareth, John was in the wilderness preparing for his work. The traveller who now passes through the rugged outlets of Engedi or wanders along the desolate shores of the Dead Sea, or roams over the bleak hills of Juttah, will see many a figure whose garb and mode of life must remind him of John. Time has not changed our fashion never modifies the simple costume and simple manners of those children of the desert. The brown cloak of camel's hair, thrown loosely over the shoulders, as still the principal covering. The leathern girdle is still worn. The feet, the arms, and the chest are bare, and the long hair streams in wild confusion about the neck and face. The wilderness is their only home, sometimes a tent, and sometimes the canopy of heaven, their only covering. Locusts, too, and wild honey, are still articles of food. The general appearance and bearing of John, his manners simple, and his food simple, but at the same time abrupt and fearless in the expression of his convictions, are just such as would characterise a sanctified Bedawy of modern Syria.

Over the early life of the Forerunner, as well as over that of the Messiah, a veil is drawn. The only notice we have of him from the period of his birth till the commencement of his public ministry, is contained in a single sentence, "He was in the deserts." These five words must not be misunderstood. Though in the deserts, John was no hermit. Like his great prototype Elijah, he was emphatically a man of action. His public preaching and public acts are the true exponents of his character and habits. Neither by example nor by teaching do we ever find him giving the remotest encouragement to solitary and gloomy contemplation. The great subject of all his sermons was vital and practical godliness, his great aim was to establish this on the ruins of that cold formality, and that presumptuous confidence in race and hereditary privilege in which the Jews trusted. The principle he laid down was sound. "Repentance for the remission of sins," its application was thorough. "Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance: and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham" (Luke iii. 8). The effect of the Baptist's preaching was wonderful. His startling announcement, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand,' roused the whole country. His urgent call—"Repent! repent!" for the Messiah comes!' made every heart beat, and every hand tremble. His bold and fearful denunciations of the proud Pharisee, and the sceptical Sadducee, sent a thrill of horror even to their inmost souls. 'O ye generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'

From his home in the wilderness of Juttah John went down to the call of God (Luke iii. 2) and preached in the populous regions which lay along the banks of the Jordan. The first scene on which he entered was the scene of his labours. It opened to the shores of the Great Sea on the west, and it presented the desert of Arabia on the east. Multitudes were seen flocking from every district. Streams of eager people rolled down the rocky ravines that led into the deep valley of Jordan, and swept across the plain to the banks of the river. It was not the pomp and circumstance of a gorgeous ceremonial that attracted those eager crowds. It was not the enchanting strains of choral music, for there is neither time nor the pathos and the power of a matchless eloquence, but it was that which in every age of the Church's history, has proved most attractive to the great masses of mankind most effectual in riveting their attention, and in touching their hearts. It was in unsparing exposure of the multiform vices of society, and in faithful inculcation and enforcement of its great duties. A radical change of heart was shown by John to be the first requisite, and love, honesty, and integrity were set forth as its necessary results. "The people asked him, saying, What shall we do? He replied, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." This is *love's* work. Then came the publicans or tax gatherers, and said, "Master, what shall we do?" He answered "Exact no more than that which is appointed unto you." This is honesty. The soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, "And what shall we do?" He said unto them, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages." This was integrity. John's preaching was eminently practical and searching. It was opposed to every species of hypocrisy and formality. It insisted on regeneration of heart as the only true foundation for change of character, and it acknowledged God as sole author of that regeneration. John thus enunciated the first principles, and enforced the first great duties of the

glorious gospel, and ere the echoes which he awakened in the hearts of men had died away into silence, a greater than he took up the noble theme, and proclaimed it as with the tongue of a trumpet to an astonished world

The *Jordan* is the only river in the whole world which deserves the name sacred Strange to say the Jordan is also, both physically and historically, the most remarkable river upon earth Its principal fountain, situated at the base of Hermon, beside the ancient border city of Dan, is, like the mouths of all other rivers, *on the level of the sea* Its waters descend rapidly through a deep valley through a course of more than one hundred miles as the crow flies, and then flow into the Dead Sea, whose surface lies in an absolute depression of no less than 1312 feet! The whole valley of the Jordan is just a great rent or chasm in the crust of the earth At its southern end, along the shores of that mysterious lake, there is the intense heat only found elsewhere beneath the equator, while at its northern end, the noble cone of Hermon towers to the skies, and is crowned with perpetual snow Beneath the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea lie the scathed ruins of Sodom and Gomorrha It was the waters of the Jordan which the Lord spread over the burning plain of Sodom When the Israelites approached the Land of Promise and when nought but the river Jordan lay interposed between them and their country, the Lord divided its waters and opened a way for them through the midst of it The precise point is definitely fixed it was due east of Jericho (Josh iii) At a subsequent period, when the prophet Elijah was about to be translated to his heavenly home he approached the river at the very same place the Israelite had crossed it, and the Lord opened a way for him also through the rapid torrent Naturally, therefore as well as historically, the Jordan is the most remarkable river in the world

The exact locality along the Jordan's banks where John baptized his numerous followers, is not indicated in Scripture We have reason to believe, however, from the whole narrative, and from the topography of the country, that it must have been at or near the same place where the Israelites crossed Mark says (chap i 4,5), 'John did baptize *in the wilderness* And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him *in the river Jordan*' Luke says, "The Word of God came unto John *in the wilderness* And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance" (chap iii 3) From these statements we would naturally conclude that the place indicated was close to the "wilderness," which is unquestionably "the wilderness of Judea" A number of great highways from Hebron, Jerusalem, Bethel, Samaria, and Galilee, converged on the plain of Jericho Down there the people of those cities and religions would find easy access to the Baptist, and he, whose duty and mission it was to give the widest publicity to the joyful tidings of Messiah's advent, would doubtless take advantage of such facilities, and preach in the most accessible locality. Another incidental statement of the sacred historians favours the same conclusion. Immediately after our Lord's baptism He was "*led up* into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil" Such language is peculiarly appropriate and expressive if the scene of the baptism be fixed on the bank of the Jordan east of Jericho. The wilderness of Judea was unquestionably the scene of the temptation, and it included the whole of that wild region lying between Jericho and Jerusalem

The plain, or valley, of the Jordan at Jericho is about ten miles wide and is enclosed on each side by ridges of grey limestone, which rise up in abrupt jagged masses, deeply scarred with torrent beds The plain is quite flat and naturally fertile, but, owing to the neglect of long centuries, and the numerous salt springs, and in part, also, to the exhalations from the Dead Sea the greater portion of it is now covered with a white saline crust, which gives it a dreary and painful aspect of barrenness and utter desolation Down the centre of the plain runs a tortuous chasm, some sixty or seventy feet deep, and varying from one hundred yards to half a mile in breadth The bottom of the chasm is filled with a dense jungle of willows tamarisks, poplars and other trees and flowering shrubs, so dense in some places as to be altogether impenetrable, except to the wild beasts that still lurk in them The river winds through this gorge, having cut a deep channel in the soft alluvial soil The waters are usually low, sometimes as much as eight or ten feet below the level of the glen, but in spring they always rise so high as to overflow the banks, and to inundate a part of the jungle Hence the force and importance of the parenthetical remark in Josh iii 15, 'for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest'

It was springtime in the year A U 779 The sweet voice of the turtle was heard resounding through every leafy bower along the banks of the Jordan The fields on the wide plain of Jericho were already waving with yellow corn The sky was cloudless Yet, though the sun was bright, and the temperature high, soft, cool breezes came down the glens, and the air had not yet attained that oppressive and suffocating character which renders it so unpleasant and so dangerous to the stranger later in the season The river was high; and its waters having spread out over a portion of the bottom of the ravine gave an agreeable coolness and moisture to the atmosphere A dense crowd lined the banks of the river, listening with rapt attention to the solemn warnings and impassioned exhortations of the strange preacher A wondrous excitement agitated the whole assembly The careless were roused, the profligate were conscience-stricken, the proud were humbled, the self confident were made to reflect and tremble, thousands cried out in the language of earnestness and terror, "Master, what must we do?" "*Repent!*" was the universal reply Thousands were baptized, confessing their sins, and promising amendment Multitudes were seen hastening across the plain from every part of the surrounding country The preacher's whole heart was in his work He appears to have read the characters of the numerous classes and sects which composed his audience at a single glance, and to have, with a greater than human skill, adapted

his burning words to the circumstances and to the wants of each He showed no respect to person or to station rich and poor, soldier and civilian, Pharisee and Sadducee, were all alike to him, they were all sinners, and needed repentance and pardon

At length a stranger is seen approaching from the northward He is alone None appear to recognise or salute him His garb and mien show him to be of the humbler class An ordinary observer would scarcely have deigned to notice him The stately Pharisee in his flowing robes would have attracted his attention, so also would the sceptical Sadducee from Jerusalem, while this stranger, with his simple dress and humble aspect would have passed by unnoticed It was not so with John A greater than human penetration enabled him at once to discern that a Greater than man was there Pharisee and Sadducee he regarded not, save to send home to their hardened hearts a more polished shaft out of his full quiver But this stranger no sooner approaches than the Baptist's manner altogether changes The words of sharp rebuke and solemn warning, which he had dressed to all others that stood upon his lips The lofty look and commanding tone of the popular and successful preacher are immediately set aside Himself an humble and penitent sinner and anxious suppliant, John stands before Him— I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me (Matt iii 14) It was Jesus

During thirty years Jesus lived with His reputed parents at Nazareth How, if any, were they yet fully conscious of His exalted character and His divine mission He was known simply as "the carpenter's son (Matt xiii 55) Those who had closer intercourse with Him, and who enjoyed opportunities of hearing His conversation and seeing His acts also noted Him as a young man of extraordinary intelligence, of singular sweetness and amiability of temper, and of unexampled purity of life All this we conclude from the words of Luke, "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, *filled with wisdom* and the grace of God was upon him" And again, when relating the incident which occurred in the temple where He reasoned with the rabbins, he says, "*All that heard him* were astonished at his understanding and his answers" (Luke ii 40, 47) With the exception of that one instance, He does not seem to have been known or noticed at all beyond the limits of His own little mountain home Now, however, a new era commenced in His and in the world's history Now every arrangement planned in the counsels of the Eternal was completed Now every prophecy intended to foreshadow His public advent was fulfilled The promised Forerunner had already proclaimed, far and wide, the approach of the long expected Prince and Saviour The whole Jewish nation was left without excuse Nothing but wilful blindness could now prevent them from seeing, nothing but wilful stubbornness could prevent them from acknowledging the presence of Immanuel

The time at length arrived when Jesus must leave that quiet mountain home, which was endeared to Him by many a hallowed association, and many a tender bond of affection The time came when He must go boldly forth to meet scorn and contempt, desertion and persecution, stripes and death In His case, ignorance did not cover the future with a beauteous veil of hope The future, with all its horrors, was as fully pictured before His eyes as the events of yesterday He could hear in anticipation every bitter word, He could see every contemptuous glance, He could feel the smart of every stripe, and the torture of every nail as it crushed through the nerves and sinews of His hands and feet He could foresee something more terrible even than all these—that agony in the garden, when the weight of a world's sin pressed heavily upon Him, and His "sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground (Luke xxii 44), and that agony on the cross when 'He cried with a loud voice, My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' (Matt xxvii 46) He knew all and yet He shrunk not from His self imposed work of mercy How sublimely simple of a love that "suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things "endureth all things and never faileth If there be one period of Jesus' hidden life into which we would specially long to pry it is that period when He left Nazareth and proceeded to the Jordan What were His feelings as He set out to brave the world, and to meet face to face the world's dread tyrant? What were His feelings on leaving home on leaving a fond mother and brethren and sisters? Did He give them any intimation of His departure or any explanation of the nature of His mission? Did He make any special communication to her who knew the mystery of His birth, and who had marked with so much of anxiety and wonder every manifestation of His divinity? These are questions we would fondly have answered But it is vain to ask them We may speculate on the subject, and it is pleasant to indulge in such speculations The more we think and reflect the more do we see of the perfect humanity of the Saviour, the more conscious do we become of His human sympathies, and the more closely do we cling to Him in all our own trials and afflictions Judging from other incidental allusions to that close communion which subsisted between Jesus and His mother we may infer that He would communicate, at least to her, the fact, if not the whole causes and consequents, of His departure, though in all probability she would keep this, as she did many another strange revelation, and ponder it in her heart (Compare Luke ii 19, i 45, ii 51, John ii 3, etc) It is quite true that Jesus, as the representative and substitute of His people, knew no earthly relative, regarded no tie of human relationship In this respect He enunciated a great principle when He said, in order to correct the error of the Jews, and to administer a deserved rebuke for their wilful blindness, "Who is my mother or my brethren? And he looked round about on them which sat about him, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For *whosoever shall do the will of God*, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother' (Mark iii 33 35) No degree of relationship however close, no mere earthly affection however deep and tender, could of itself secure a title to the *Saviour's* love, a claim to His redemption, or even

to a position of special and distinguished eminence in His kingdom Jesus Himself struck at the very root of all such idle fancies, when, reproving the presumption of an ignorant woman, He affirmed regarding His mother, that her true honour and dignity consisted not in the fact of her being the mother of the Saviour, but in her faithful observance of the Word of the Lord, that is, in her faith and in her obedience "Rather blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it"

Yet though all this is true, and though the truth cannot but be cheering to every Christian, we must still remember that the cords of natural affection which wound round the human heart of Jesus were not broken when He entered on His public ministry They remained strong as ever The incidents which occurred at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, as related by John, prove this A more striking and a more touching proof is given by the same Evangelist When Jesus hung upon the cross when His soul was wrung with anguish and His body racked with pain, filial affection burned within Him, and with His dying accents he committed His mother to the care of the beloved disciple O what a depth of love is shown in the words then uttered! "When Jesus, therefore saw his mother and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!" (John xix 26 27)

We can trace with considerable probability the route that Jesus would naturally take on His way to the Jordan The season too, as we have seen was spring, and we can thus form a good idea both of the features and colouring of the scenery through which He passed On emerging from the defiles of the hills of Galilee, the broad plain of Esdraelon, rich in its green meadows and fields of waving corn, would open up before Him Crossing it in a south easterly direction He would see the rounded top of Tabor a few miles on His left, and away beyond it on the distant horizon, the pale blue peak of Hermon On reaching the gentle depression in the plain which forms the head of the valley of Jezreel, the little village of Shunem would appear on the left, at the base of the hill of Moreh (Judg vii 1), while opposite to it on the right, on a projecting spur of Gilboa, Jezreel would come into full view Passing its blood stained gardens (1 Kings xxi 19) and skirting the base of Gilboa, He would reach the well of Harod (Judg vii 1), and descend by the way of Bethshean to the valley of the Jordan The mind of the Son of man could scarcely have remained uninfluenced by the scenes through which He was passing, and the historic associations which cluster round them The triumphs of Barak on the banks of the Kishon, and of Gideon in the valley of Jezreel, the miracle of Elisha at Shunem, and the cruelty of Jezebel and Jehu at Jezreel, the whole of those melancholy incidents which marked the close of Saul's life of folly and of sin,—all these would doubtless flash before the Saviour's mind as He traversed the stage on which they were enacted

At length Jesus reached the place where John was baptizing The Baptist was actively engaged in his work when the Saviour approached. It does not appear whether they had before met in the flesh Yet John knew him The manner of the recognition is not revealed We may safely affirm, however that the consciousness in the Baptist's mind that he was now in the presence of Him of whose wondrous birth his mother must have told him was the direct result of the Heavenly Spirit's teaching Awed by a sense of the Divine majesty enshrined in the person of Jesus, impressed too with a deep feeling of his own immeasurable inferiority John shrinks from compliance with the Saviour's demand to be baptized 'I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me' The divine purpose however, had to be accomplished All righteousness, that is, all the law had to be fulfilled, Jesus pressed his demand, 'Suffer it to be so now' Then he suffered Him As Jesus was in all things made under the law He must submit to John's baptism as the initiatory rite, and by submitting to it He established it as a standing and enduring ordinance in His Church

How glorious were the accompaniments of that baptism! What astonishment and yet what surpassing joy must they have carried to the Baptist's heart! When the outward rite was completed, in a moment the heavens overhead were opened and the Spirit of God, like a dove, visible by human eye, descended and lighted upon the human form of Jesus That Spirit came in all His fulness, and abode upon Him And when all this was finished and when Jesus was thus perfectly fitted in body and in spirit, by assumption of humanity and the indwelling of divinity, for the work He had undertaken, then came the voice from heaven, saying "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased There is not perhaps in the whole volume of Scripture a single passage which so fully exhibits the wondrous love of God to man as this short exclamation Christ has just formally and deliberately dedicated Himself, and the Father has publicly consecrated Him by the anointing of the Spirit, to a life of suffering and a death of shame for the world's salvation And yet the eternal Father in the greatness of His love for sinners in the bright vision of a redeemed and glorified Church, overlooks all this—overlooks the lingering agonies of His Son's life, and the excruciating torments of His death, and exclaims in language of triumph, "This is my *beloved* Son, in *whom I am well pleased*" Here is surely love's triumph! God is well pleased with His *beloved* Son when He gives Himself a sacrifice for sinners!

J L PORTER

PETER FLOGER, THE TAILOR OF BUINEN

CHAPTER I

HOW AND HOW THE READER MAY LEARN THAT A GOOD MAN CANNOT DWELL IN A GOOD WORLD WITHOUT VEXING HIS RIGHTEOUS SOUL FROM DAY TO DAY.

In one of the most remote provinces of Holland there may be found a small village called Ter Apel which a hundred years ago, was a little hamlet consisting of scarcely twenty houses, and surrounded by numerous farmhouses, at a distance of one or two miles. Had you been travelling then in that quarter of the globe, you would have looked in vain, out of the window of your carriage, to ascertain the exact time on the dial of the church steeple, for there was no church at all not even there a schoolhouse though there were children in abundance. Such of the grown up people as deemed it worth a walk to hear a sermon would, weather permitting, spend their Sunday morning in the church of the nearest village, two miles off. It seemed however, that the good word which they might hear there no sooner entered one ear than it escaped at the other for you might regularly find them on the evening of every Sunday in the public house, whose appearance of prosperity proved its congeniality to the taste of the inhabitants. The Ter Apel people were of opinion that whatever their village might lack in the way of a building was indispensable, and that it would be cruel to require of old or young to fetch their privileges from neighbouring places. But what over these privileges may or may not have been this much is certain, that no reasonable creature there learnt to worship his Maker, and that no boy was taught to read his Bible. Indeed, a child able to spell might be exhibited at the fair as a wonder of the world. Still there were a few such marvellous children at Ter Apel, as the reader will presently learn.

For at the corner of the main road, and overshadowed by a sturdy oak, was the shop of Van Brenkelen, the grocer, who could by no means grieve with the spirit of his fellow citizens. When Dora the shoemaker's wife, or Grietje, the baker's, stood before his counter, and, holding the articles they had bought in their hands or in their apron, began to chat about the weather and the crops, and finally about their husbands, children, and neighbours, Van Brenkelen would take his pipe, and fill it afresh, and seat himself very comfortably on his wooden stool for he was assured that now he was to hear the whole chronicle of the village for yesterday and the day before, and that there was no danger that the narrative would be finished sooner than his great mendacium. He would then be informed that the joiner lived in open war with his partner in life, because she had applied her hand to his eye, to make him see on the dial of the house clock that he had stopped two hours longer at the public house than he could answer for, since, that the turner's wife had punished her old blind mother in law with one day's imprisonment on bread and water, because the poor drudge had upset the coffee pot, *item* that both the daughters of the hawker had gone a dancing with the peasants in the public house, and to such effect that every pane had jingled in the windows. Mr Van Brenkelen would hear all this in perfect silence, nor would he ever attempt to edge in a word, for he might as well have tried to put his arm between the spokes of a wheel when the carriage is running at full speed.

But when it happily fell that Dora just stopped to cough or Grietje stooped down to pick up half an ounce of worsted that had dropped in the heat of the consultation then Mr Van Brenkelen would lose no time but lighting his pipe would, too, set off at full speed likewise, and, lifting up his voice would say—

'Very well Mrs Dora, very well, Mrs Grietje, but I must beg of you what I have said a thousand times before in plain sight of the centre of heathendom, and it won't be long till we are like Sodom and Gomorrah for there is no fear of God before the eyes of the people and His commandments are counted all manner of things that grows on the tree. Oh! my woman it will come. We are in the days of Noah. People eat and drink, and make and fulfil and dance as if life were a horse fair and this earth of ours a ball saloon. Those who have a breath in their nostrils live merrily and jovially as if there were neither death nor eternity and those that are dead are hovelled away pell mell and fall dance over their graves. I should not wonder if I awoke one morning, and found the whole village swallowed up by an earthquake for the ground that bears us pants under the weight of this iniquity.'

'Just so, just so' the women would answer, 'you are quite right, Mr Van Brenkelen. It's every but true and no mistake.'

'And —thus Mr Van Brenkelen would continue— would to God there were in our village to listen to a good word, but every one is deaf, except when the money rings in the pocket, and the coal is fly out of the bottle. And yet, bad as things are the evil is not too great to be cured by an almighty and merciful God. But no one wants to be cured, and this is the worst of it. For I think (not to praise myself, for it is through God's grace)—I think that I never was silent about all that, nor was Mr Welter, who lives opposite, and agrees with me that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and we at least, through the goodness of God, have children who can read and write, and who don't break other people's windows, nor run through their neighbour's fences. And why cannot your children, and those of your neighbours, be like ours? You say—'We have no school,' but that is a poor back door, for you know as well as I, that Mr Welter, who lives opposite to my door, offered, long since, to keep a school for your children which wouldn't cost you a farthing; and I am willing to give my barn for the purpose of a schoolhouse, and large enough it is to contain all the children of the village. But you cannot

have forgotten that, when Mr Welter had announced last spring that he was to open his school on Monday morning, the children kept playing and screaming before his door, and refused to go in. Now I say, Mrs Grut and Mrs Dora, you cannot have forgotten that."

Now when Mr Van Brenkelen addressed the women in that style, they would keep as quiet as if they had tied up their tongues with the worsted they had bought, and they would look down into their aprons, squeeze, and ruffling it between their fingers, as if they had found there the cause of all the evil that was going on.

"Don't destroy your aprons," Mr Van Brenkelen would then continue, "for the mischief does not lie in your dress, but in your hearts. God knows that I wish you all good, and have no pleasure in your hurt, nor has He himself, who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. But you may be sure that, notwithstanding all that, you and your children will be lost for time and eternity, if you don't change your way and turn to God. For to how low we exceedingly He hates sin, God has suffered His own beloved Son to be put to death in our stead by the public execution of the cross. Now, if we don't turn away from that sin, and take refuge with that merciful Substitute, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? It is bad enough indeed, that we are sinners and guilty, but still there is a way open to heaven, if we will only give up sin and listen to God. But you not only *commit* sin, but you *love* it, though knowing that its wages are death and eternal perdition. And this often makes my heart sick, when the picture of our village comes to my mind. For God is my witness, I am kindly disposed to the people, and if there was only a desire to hear a good word, and to care for better things than money and brandy, I should be ready to open my lips at and my house, and everything I have, as surely as my name is John Peter Van Brenkelen."

So Mr Van Brenkelen used to speak to his customers, and then he would slightly lift his cap from his head to bid them good bye, after which he often turned to the window to look up to the sky, knowing that the remedy must come from above, for there was none below.

CHAPTER II.

FROM WHICH THE READER MAY LEARN THAT SODOM HIMSELF IS VEXED WHEN A RIGHTEOUS MAN LIVES IN IT.

Now the words which good Mr Van Brenkelen spoke behind his counter, were not buried among the bags of meal and salt. Dora took care that not many minutes passed before all he had said was reported to her husband, and Grut was not slow in giving an account of Mr. Van Brenkelen's "shop sermon," as she called it, to her neighbours next door, and opposite, and round the corner. There would have been no harm, however, in reporting the grocer's sayings, if they had stuck to truth and reported correctly, even the bellman might have performed a service by trumpeting them out at every corner of the street. But the talkative women so rendered Mr. Van Brenkelen's words, and with so many additions and interpolations of their own, that his well-mixed cordial turned into a decoction of gall and wormwood.

One evening the text thus altered, and with its annotations, was brought before the assembly at *The White Horse*. Sitting over their beer and brandy, the members of that company exhausted their wit and eloquence in refuting the assertions of the methodistical grocer. The arguments, however, which were brought forward in favour of the reputation of the community against Mr Van Brenkelen's slanderous censures, consisted chiefly of abuse, and execration, and blows, which were applied to the bar with such power, that the tumblers and glasses started their responsive vibrations.

"I should like to know," cried, among others, the hawker with the squinting eye, finishing his tumbler and ordering another to be up to the line of his eloquence, "I should like to know why those hypocrites Van Brenkelen and Welter are better than myself, or anybody else. They may sit down together all the day, reading their Bibles and singing their psalms, but I don't care a fig for that so it doesn't fill my barrel with sour krout nor make my chimney to smoke. Their children may be able to read and to say a hymn, but I don't see that they are a bit better than mine. Last week the grocer's boy, and he is a lad of fifteen, was attacked by the butcher's dog, and trembled and cried, and looked for all as if he was turned inside out, like a stocking. Then my William, who is only thirteen and can neither read nor write, came up and kicked the beast down. Now I ask, what is the use of all that reading and writing? I never learnt it, and I have got through the world as well as the grocer Van Brenkelen, and the tailor Welter. The one may be able to print his name every year, I have learnt to live as comfortably as he, and never paint at all. The other may be able to read a hymn and cut to visit his customers on their farms. I visit mine as punctually as he does, and it is on my feet. I don't see what reading and writing, Bible and hymns, have to do with all that. I know perfectly well how much I must charge for three yards of calico, without taking a pencil in one hand and a slate in the other. And I have no need to turn up a Bible to know that I would be a scoundrel if I sold cotton for linen."

"Ay," cried a voice from the audience, "but you sold half linen for cotton, to the baker's wife, the other day."

A laugh arose, and several of the company took their glasses from the bar and emptied them with loud applause.

"That's a base lie!" continued the hawker, beckoning with his hand to quiet the noise, "I'm sure the tailor Welter has spread that report, to get the people to buy from himself. I am quite aware of his and the grocer's designs. They want to be the Great Moguls of this place. The one would like to be the schoolmaster, and the other the minister; and so they would have us all dancing when they fiddle. This is an old plan of theirs, and to carry it out, they stick to each other like two dogs before one cart. When Van Brenkelen folds his hands, Welter is ready to pray, and when Welter opens the hymn-book, Van Brenkelen raises the tune. But you never see them here, at the 'White Horse,' to sit down with us cheerily,

like honest men They are made of too fine a clay to lower themselves to our level I won't go into their doings between themselves when alone I don't trust those hypocrites, I say I don't trust them a fig"

When the hawker thus addressed his audience, they marvelled at his eloquence, and confirmed his conclusions by their cheers He did not tell them however, that Mr Van Brenkelen had helped him, last week, to pay his taxes, and that Mrs Welter, from compassion, had hired his wicked daughter Trina, to prevent her running about into mischief with low company Had he told these particulars as well as the rest, his hearers might perhaps have lessened their applause But since nobody knew the praise was as general as undeserved So encouraged by his success, and empowered by the brandy the eloquent orator continued —

"Yes, to be sure, such is the case, I say it is just as I have said, and whoever thinks differently is mistaken, and a stupid fellow to boot It is more than time to throw up that mask of hypocrisy and to deliver the village from those shop-scorners We must separate those two inseparable friends and nothing can be easier"

"Come, not that altogether cried Dirk the weaver, "they hold together like warp and woof

"Nonsense," quoth the hawker, before you can say Jack Robison I'll have them snipped like a piece of fustian that I run through with the scissors"

"Don't brag," replied the weaver laughing "we know that your sayings are like dandelion salad—a hamper in the kitchen but a mouthful on the table"

"And I wager you as much as you like that within eight days they'll be like the cat and the mouse,' screamed the hawker bringing down his fist on the bar so that the jugs and tumblers rattled

Nothing more was required to stir the company The bets were settled and the hawker only demanded secrecy Then returning home, he threw himself on his bed, where he brooded over the best means to carry out his wretched purpose, till sleep shut his eyelids, already heavy with brandy

CHAPTER III

WHICH SHOWS THAT A BAD SERVANT IN A GOOD FAMILY IS LIKE GRAVEL IN A FINE PUDDING

If the reader has no objection, we shall walk, the next day, to the tidy house of Mr Welter the tailor It is not the best season for a visit just now, for Mrs Welter has appointed this day to pickle her sour-crout, so that her parlour resembles a green grocer's, rather than a sitting room Still you can observe that this is a house where there is a place for everything, and everything has its place, and that the mistress does not keep her scrubbing-brush in the cupboard

"Where in the world may that girl be?" said Mrs Welter to her husband, who, with crossed legs, *à la Turc*, was sitting on his work table, sewing a coat "It seems that her father lives on the opposite side of the globe"

"It seems," said the tailor, with a smile, "that her father has to transact important business with her, since he has called for her so urgently."

"At least something of a very intricate nature. Nearly an hour has passed since she hurried off," replied Mrs Welter, looking up to the cuckoo clock, which with its glossy brass chains, and smoothly scoured weights, was suspended on the white washed wall

"I suppose," quoth the tailor, "that she could not resist the invitation of the fine weather to take a trip to the fields I told you before that you would have a great deal of trouble with that damsel

'Well, I knew all about it, and you know that I did not take her for my pleasure But the poor thing was rambling about like a vagabond, and I'm sure the prison would be her lodging now, had we not taken her in Who can say whether perhaps it may not please our good Lord to save a soul from death through our instrumentality?"

'I hope so, but that girl from *Bunen*, I mean Mr Hogue's daughter, pleased me much more

'Ay to be sure that's a child of good parents and I believe there is something good from the Lord in her She will get a situation soon enough, for she is a nice sweet thing and should she get in to a family which knows but little of the way of salvation the Lord may make her a preacher to the children at last But our Trina is not likely ever to get a situation unless she is trained by us It is true the Jew Solomon offered to hire her, provided she had no objection to sleeping in the garret of the barn, where James, and Jack, and every body has access But—"

'Ay very well" interrupted the tailor, "I won't have you send her away If you have begun with God you will accomplish with God As to me if *you* don't dread the trouble, *I* shall not interfere The greatest portion of the burden comes upon your shoulders, and it is worth carrying if carried for the Lord"

'There now, that's just like you," replied Mrs Welter joyfully "That's exactly spoken from my heart I just ran over the matter in my mind this morning when I remembered our meeting of last night, at Mr Van Brenkelen's You recollect, we read the 4th chapter of John's Gospel, and Mr Van Brenkelen's attention was specially directed to these words *Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey sat thus on the well* It was a nice word which he spoke indeed And then I thought, that on the whole, a Christian family was not right in refusing to hire an ignorant and unbelieving servant Where are the poor, neglected girl to learn to serve God but in a family that fears Him' It is true a great deal of trouble and inconvenience may come out of it for the first time But if the Lord Jesus had dreaded all that, pray, what would have become of us?"

"Wife!" said the tailor, laying down his scissors, and giving her his hand, "I love thee Rightly has the wise king said, *Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord* I like smart, clever folks in my business, I'm sure, but if a soul might be saved, I should be ready to allow a bungler for a month or two, though a couple of yards of the best cloth might be spoiled."

Mrs. Welter was just about to shake hands with

her enchanted husband, when Trina entered the parlour, and by her appearance brought down the matrimonial poetry to the prose of the kitchen

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs Welter, in a tone that kept the medium between irritation and patience "You know that I m sitting in the midst of the cabbage, and can t want you for a mo ment How can you be so unkind as to stay away for a whole hour and quarter?"

"I wanted to speak to my father" replied the girl doggedly, "but perhaps you call it a sin for a child to speak to its father"

"There now!" cried the tailor, looking at the girl with eyes in which anger and indignation kindled a fire, "is it becoming to give such an answer to your mistress? I say I shall—"

"Hush, my dear," interrupted his wife softly, "do not be angry I ll settle the matter You know, Trina that we always told you to honour and love your father But for that I should not have permitted you to go and see him at this unsuitable hour of the day But the Bible says that there is a season to everything You should have told your father that I only allowed you half an hour, and I m sure he would—

"And I am sure, interrupted Mr Welter "that she has left her father soon enough but spent the rest of the time in rambling about"

"Rambling a b o u t!" replied Trina in a snarling tone "No, sir, I haven t rambled about but I was detained by the grocer's girl who met me on the road, and told me that she was going to *Buinen*, to take her master s blue coat to Mr Floger the tailor

"What?" exclaimed Mr Welter "You don t mean to say that she was carrying Mr Van Brenkelen s new blue coat which I made for him last week?"

"Yes I do say so She told me that her master was quite discontented with that coat and had called it a clumsy piece of work"

"How is it possible?" cried the tailor, "why, he himself assured me last night that he never had such a fine coat on his back before I am sure you are telling a lie, Trina, but I ll go immediately and examine the matter"

Mr Welter threw away his needle and thread, and was just about to jump from his table, when his wife placed herself before him, and laying both her hands upon his shoulders, kept him back on his tailor's throne

"Now I say, Welter," said she with a supplicating voice, "remember that you are a Christian man You must not go in that spirit I am sure there is a mistake I daresay Mr Van Brenkelen has sent his old blue coat to get it mended by Mr Floger You know that good Mr Floger is in low circumstances, though he is a dear child of God I am sure Mr Van Brenkelen has sent him his old coat to give him some work, for they are hard up, poor people! Keep quiet, my dear We'll see Mr. Van Brenkelen next Friday at our usual meeting, you may speak to him about it then"

This word of Mrs Welter had its desired effect Mr. Welter took up his needle and thread, and muttering a few words which nobody could understand, continued his work.

"Now," said Mrs. Welter, turning to Trina, "go as quickly as you can to Mrs Van Brenkelen, and present my compliments to her, and ask her to be kind enough to lend her cabbage plane for one day if she don t want it for herself, which I don't believe since she has her sour-crout in the barrels already Be kind, I say, Trina, be kind, and ask how Mr Van Brenkelen and the children are"

Trina obeyed immediately Now Mrs Van Brenkelen was a first rate woman, who, from the first of January to the last of December, kept her house as clean and orderly as a china press, which is not a trifle in a grocer's house, into which the fat and grease from east and west are dropping all the year round But she was herself at the spot from morning till evening and constantly kept a small brush and a napkin in her pocket to wipe away every speck of dust that was visible to her eagle eye Her servants were fully aware of this fact, and knew very well that none of them could appear in a shoe and a slipper if they did not wish to keep on good terms with their mistress Now such a character is usually not the property of soft and weak natures, and to tell the truth Mrs Van Brenkelen was not very easy to deal with if one her temper was set on fire In this respect she much resembled Mr Welter, who like her, was not composed of milk and water, as the reader may have observed already

Now, what with Trina knowing this weak point in Mrs Van Brenkelen s character, and the latter having just rebuked her maid servant for dropping oil on the white scoured floor of the parlour, Mrs Welter s request produced quite a different effect from what the tailor and his wife had expected For Trina instead of presenting their kind compliments as she had been ordered entered the parlour on a sudden and while Mrs Van Brenkelen was just engaged in calculating how much pepper and salt she would require to pickle the half cow which was to be preserved for the approaching winter, the servant fell at once like a brick, in the midst of her cyphering with the information—

'Mrs Welter wants you cabbage plane, and has sent me to fetch it

Perhaps the reader is not altogether unacquainted with the experience of a person disturbed in some rule of proportion, and knows perhaps that even a clumsy rough errand like this is not required to make one look up with a frown as if the November storms were playing over head Suffice it to say that Mrs Van Brenkel n was anything but at her ease when Trina so unmitigatedly crossed her arithmetical path, and looking up to her with a scowling countenance she said

"Lh, indeed? Of course the subjects ought to obey when the queen of the village gives her orders But it appears to me that if there is such need of a plane, one might buy one for one's self instead of borrowing from other people"

"That's not my business," replied Trina crossly, "but I think you might be thankful to do a pleasure to a good customer like my master"

"Indeed?" quoth Mrs Van Brenkelen, taking the desired plane from the shelf, and handing it to the servant "Indeed, is that your opinion, ma'am? But it appears to me that Mr Welter may be quite as thankful to have my husband among his customers."

"A fine custom that!" answered the girl, smiling sourly. "Mr Welter is so thankful for it, that he fully permits you to send Mr Van Brenkelen's blue coat to Mr Floger's. I am sorry your servant has such bad weather for her journey to Bunnen."

Well, I never!" cried the grocer's wife, taking her pocket handkerchief to wipe her face, that began to perspire from the glow of her indignation. Who in the world has authorized your master to permit or forbid me to send my husband's clothes wherever I like. If he thinks to be such a king, in our village tell him to way his sceptre over other people, and to order them to give up their plans at his command."

"There is your place," answered Trina throwing the instrument on the table. "Good bye, ma'am."

And in a moment the tailor's servant had left the threshold of the grocer's. With a leap of three he was back in her master's parlour.

Mrs Van Brenkelen won't give up her place. She said you might buy one for yourself, that it was more than time to put a stop to all that borrowing and lending, that on that score you might soon try to borrow her bonnet from her head. And a great deal more she said which I can't tell, for she was so sour as vinegar and her head was just like a red cabbage boiled with vinegar."

This was too much for the tailor who dropped his hands on his knees and looked in perfect astonishment at the girl while she was wagging her tongue like a mill. Mrs Welter tried now in vain to soothe him down and to persuade him that certainly there was some mistake. But Trina cried out decidedly that all she had said was pure truth and that she could not allow her mistress to put an insult by going to the grocer in person.

"No, no," cried the tailor, "you shall not go. I always told you that the grocer's wife is a whimsical and capricious old character. We had better keep aloof from such people, and thank God we may do without them quite as well. I say, Trina, go to the grocer's at once, and ask him to give you that volume of sermons which I lent him the other day. And do take along that pair of pincers that lies in the barn, and tell him that I don't want it any longer."

Mrs Welter burst out into tears, and besought her husband to delay those orders till the next day. But when she saw his eyes, and observed the fire of anger that flashed out of them, she perceived that it was a hopeless case, and seating herself on a chair in the corner of the parlour, she put her apron before her eyes, and began weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A BAD SPINNER CAN NOT MAKE A KNOT WHILE A GOOD TAILOR CANNOT UNRAVEL.

While the storm is raging over the two families at Ter Apel, you, good reader, will kindly take a walk with us to Bunnen, a village about three miles distant. Two days have elapsed since Trina threw the apple of discord between the grocer and his neighbour, and during this short interval more has happened than the quickest pen can describe.

Nothing particular is to be seen at Bunnen; but I cannot forbear pointing to a small decayed house which, not far from the church, steals away into the corner of the square. There lives the tailor Floger, who may be noticed as the most remarkable person not only of the village, but of the whole district twenty miles round. A better tailor could not possibly be born,—so think the industrious farmers and peasants. And Mr Welter himself, who is no bungler in his trade, and fully able to give a trustworthy testimony about everything that belongs to tailoring, declares that Mr Floger might give him a lesson in cutting a coat and sewing a seam. Nevertheless, there were two intimate friends who, as it seemed, could not find Mr Floger's house door, namely, prosperity and abundance. The reader perhaps surmises that the tailor was a squanderer, or that in the morning he kept too long behind the curtains, or that in the evening he talked too much with the merry people in the *Crown and Trumpet*, or that he had a wife in whose purse were two holes instead of one. But I can honestly declare that Mr Floger's was none of these four cases. The fact is, that our good tailor was a living copy of that old patriarch who in the 73d Psalm, poured out his heart before his God, when he said, 'All the day long have I been plagued and chastened every morning,' and he very much resembled that old venerable sufferer who sat down among the ashes, except that he had a better wife, which is a great privilege for a poor man indeed for he bore his cross as her own, and had not both on his shoulders.

It was exactly on the 10th of November, and in the twilight that Mr Floger, the tailor, was sitting on the wooden bench before his house. He was absorbed in deep thought, while gazing at the stars, which whisper down such lovely words to poor sufferers, who seek for consolation above the sky. On the morrow he had to pay fourteen guilders, twelve stivers, and six duits to Mr Bunting for the rent of a piece of ground which, according to the judgment of experienced people, was scarcely worth half the amount. The mind of the tailor ran over the question where that money was to come from, for that it was neither in his wife's purse nor in his own pocket he knew as surely as the night watch knows that the sun does not shine, when he turns his rattle and cries, "Twelve o'clock, twelve!" Now since Mr Floger could not find the desired answer below, he lifted up his eyes to the bright regions above the stars, for he knew by experience that there was the residence of a Banker, infinitely richer than Mr Bunting, and, at the same time, pleasanter to speak to. And his humble calling at that splendid palace was not in vain.

Mr Floger had not yet quite finished stating his case to his sublime Friend, when he was interrupted in his silent conversation by a lad of scarcely fifteen, who gently tapped on his shoulder.

"Ay, Fred van Brenkelen," exclaimed the tailor, shaking hands with the boy. "What has brought you so late as this to our place?"

"My mother has sent me," answered Fred, "to give you this coat and a pair of trousers of my brother's to mend; and she wants you to make a new great coat for me. The cloth is in this parcel. It must be ready before next Sunday, Mr.

Floger. I mean my great coat, for we are to go to the great prayer meeting at *Pniel A* on Sunday My mother also has given me twenty guilders for you, the balance to be settled afterwards when you send in your bill Now, please, will you take my measure? I hope you will make a fine coat, Mr Floger, I say a very fine coat, sir!'

Mr Floger scarcely knew if he could trust his ears Speechless from surprise, he showed the lad into his parlour, and took his measure Then Fred ran off, after having repeated his urgent injunction as to time and beauty, and left the tailor to his reflections He took up the parcel and the money, and going into the kitchen where his wife was frying her potatoes he put both articles on the table, and with a smile in one eye, and a tear in the other, he said—

"Just look, my dear, what has dropped down from the stars into my hands!'

"Where from?" asked Mrs Floger turning her face to the table while she kept standing before the fire to hold the potato pan "Where from, my dear?'

"From the stars," repeated the tailor, speaking in a dry tone

The glare of the fire being the only light that illuminated the kitchen, Mrs Floger had not quite well discerned the objects which her husband had laid upon the table, but upon learning from what strange place they proceeded, he at once took the pan from the fire, and turning to the table looped down to examine the unexpected meteorologic articles

"What!' she exclaimed, "twenty guilders and a parcel of clothes! How did you get that husband? You don't mean to say that you have customers in the moon?' she added with a smile

Mr Floger told her his story "I can't understand, however," he continued, "how it is that Mr Van Brenkelen gave that work to *me* I have not yet finished his old blue coat which his servant brought me the day before yesterday, and again he gives me such a considerable order I can't make it out"

'We'll hear about it to-morrow, when the hawker comes I wonder he hasn't come yet Is it not Tuesday?"

Mrs Floger had not yet finished that question, when the latch of the kitchen door was lifted up, and a man came in carrying a pack on his back

"There he is," cried Mrs Floger "We were just speaking of you Do you come from home?'

The hawker knelt down before the table, and turning his back to it, so that his pack found a prop to rest upon, pulled his arms out of the straps that tied the bundle to his shoulders Then after having risen he seated himself next to it upon the table, allowing his feet to hang down oscillating like the legs of a flail.

"Yes," he said, taking off his cap and wiping his face with his red checkered pocket handkerchief "Yes, I left home this afternoon. I could not come sooner. The roads are so slippery that you slide back one step in every two.

"All well in your village?" asked Mr. Floger.

"Yes, as far as I am aware of."

"How is Mr. Walter?"

"Quite well. At least so he was last night, for our Trina, who lives with them, was with us at supper, and did not mention anything of sickness But how can you ask? Have not Fred van Brenkelen been here who lives right across? I met with the lad near the mill, and he has told me that he had brought you work."

"Ay quoth Mrs Floger, "that's exactly the thing I see you know about the matter. We feared that Mr Walter might be sick"

'Nothing of the kind," replied the hawker, 'he is sound as a bell But I'll tell you why Mr Van Brenkelen has sent you work It is all out between them Their friendship became so hot at last that it has burnt them to ashes They call him Sodom and Gomorrah, and thought they themselves were the angels sent down to destroy us But the fire has come to them selves next and burnt off their wings We now see that they are just such sinners as all of us, made of the same clay and not a bit better It was more than time that a stop should be put to their humbug.'

The glimmering of the kitchen fire was too faint to allow Mr Floger clearly to discern the features of the hawker's countenance, but it was not so dim as to prevent his observing the malicious smile that curled the hawker's under lip This smile cut the good tailor to the heart, and he felt something of that noble wrath which the humble dove cannot help feeling when the serpent's guile comes out too shamelessly

'For shame!" he cried, placing himself as closely before the hawker as decency would allow, for shame, Mr Schacht! It seems that you are greatly pleased with the sad story you are telling It is bad enough indeed, that the devil should succeed in throwing discord between good people, but it is still worse when he causes other people to rejoice in that work of his"

'Why' cried the hawker, "can you really take up the cause of those folk? Didn't you yourself experience what sort of people they are, when they refused to hire your daughter Lina, a nice girl indeed, whom nobody can find the slightest fault with'

"Oh, thou enemy of all righteousness!" exclaimed Mrs Floger, putting aside the potato pan which she had taken up again to continue her business, and she put it down with such a crash, that the hawker could not help being startled, "oh, thou wicked serpent! How is it possible that such iniquity can come up in a man's heart! Dare you allude to that circumstance! Have they not refused our Lina, because they resolved to take your Trina, whom they prized, seeing that she was rambling about like a vagabond?"

"Quite so, quite so," interrupted the tailor; "I now see through the thing. I suppose your girl is obliged to give up a great many things at present, which she was accustomed to, and I understand that she does not like that, nor to submit to the rule and order of a Christian family. I perceive that she and you and all your comrades now rejoice in the distress of the two families. You would like to see them in the public house. Then they would please you better. You cannot bear that they should serve the living God. In fact, not against them, but against Him is your warfare.

You now hope that the fear of God may be banished out of your village for ever But you'll be mistaken sir You'll soon find that the devil can not kindle a fire which God cannot quench"

While the tailor and his wife were blowing that powerful trumpet, the hawker had jumped from the table, and taken up his pack He perceived that he had knocked at the wrong door, and was anxious to get out as soon as possible So, muttering a few words, he lifted up the latchet of the kitchen door, and left the worthy couple, happy to be rid of their unwished visitor

"My dear,' said the tailor to his wife "it is six o'clock, and the moon rises within half an hour I must go to Mr Van Brenkelen immediately Put the clothes in the parcel, together with the money This thing is not from the Lord but the evil one has a hand in it"

Mrs Floger was silent and tied up the parcel but a tear dropped upon her hand

"What are you weeping for?' ask her husband in a tender tone "Don't you agree with me

"I can't help thinking of Mr Banning replied she, sobbing "He went to be very easy to morrow, and what are we to shop upon during the winter, if he carries away our bed

"My dear, my dear answered the tailor where is your faith? I am sure you can't mean what you have said Shall we be afraid to lie down in peace on our bed, if we take these wages of iniquity?"

With these words Mr Floger took his wife by her hand, and gently drew her to his bosom Her tears gave way to a smile With her hands she wiped away his hair that overshadowed his forehead and kindly looking into his honest face she gave him a kiss, and said—

"There now go with the Lord and do his work May the Lord guide you and make you instrumental in destroying a bad work

She then hurried away to fetch her husband's hat and stick, and before the steeple clock struck half past six, the good tailor was on his way to Ter Apel

CHAPTER V

FROM WHICH THE READER MAY LEARN HOW AFTEN A GOOD TAILOR MAY SLEW HIMSELF WHAT A SHARP TONGUE HAS OUT AGAINST

No sooner had Mr Floger entered the grocer's shop than he concealed the parcel which he carried under his cloak, but observing that there was nobody, he quickly threw it between two salt bags that were standing at the wall Upon the ringing of the sonorous bell that hung at the shop door the grocer came up in person, and appeared not a little surprised when he saw the tailor of Bunen before his counter

"Why, is it you, Mr Floger? So late as this? Step in, sir, Mrs Van Brenkelen will be glad to see you"

'Thank you, Mr Van Brenkelen I felt a strong desire this afternoon to see you and your family, and to spend an hour with you, if I don't disturb you"

"Not in the slightest, sir, come away and take a seat. Mrs Van Brenkelen will make coffee, and we'll have a talk"

Mrs Van Brenkelen was sitting behind her table knitting a stocking when her husband introduced the unexpected visitor

"Well, well!" cried she rising with a smile "the later the day the finer the guests! Well done, Mr Floger! Now sit down, sir And how is Mrs Floger? Why haven't you brought her with you? I'll make coffee in one minute And I hope you won't go away soon"

Mr Floger did his utmost to answer these and several other questions and observations as quickly as they were put, but he soon found that he had to give it up, and contenting himself at last with bowing and nodding, he took the seat that the grocer put before him

'I was very agreeably surprised this afternoon" he said, 'when your nice lad brought me your parcel and the money I thought it was very kind of you, and since I had just finished my work for the day I could not resist my desire to shake hands with you"

'You are quite welcome, Mr Floger, quite welcome sir

"Besides I recollected so many pleasant, nice evenings that we spent together in former days, when I was living in this village Don't you remember that delightful Christmas eve, Mrs Van Brenkelen—it is four years ago, I think—we were sitting in this very parlour, I here at the corner of the table and yonder was Mr Walter's place, and the two ladies were sitting opposite us, and you there under the mirror Mr Van Brenkelen It was a nice evening, indeed And we had many such in old days'

'Yes replied Mr Van Brenkelen, "such evenings are real refreshings of the spirit in this life's wilderness"

'And especially in this village," said Mrs Van Brenkelen, "where there is not the slightest inclination towards anything good among the people A prayer meeting, or a meeting for reading the Scripture, is quite an impossibility in this place'

'And so, alas! it is at *Bunen*,' said Mr Floger But this is the very reason why I am here this moment I thought it might perhaps suit you to give us another such evening of devotional exercise and Christian intercourse'

Excellent' cried Mr Van Brenkelen "So, if I am not mistaken, you have come to arrange for a Christian family meeting on some evening of this or next week"

Yes, if you please," replied the tailor, "but my immediate object was to have that meeting now if it be not inconvenient"

The reader may have experienced the sensation which a man feels when unexpectedly invited to take a cold bath just at the very moment when he is stepping into bed Something like that was felt by Mr and Mrs Van Brenkelen when the tailor invited them to a prayer meeting They looked askance at each other, and Mrs Van Brenkelen, slightly nodding her head, gave her husband a hint to answer in the negative Now Mr Van Brenkelen was ready enough to say "no," but he perceived that he ought to say the "why" too, and for this little word he could not find a motive as quick as his wife's repeated nodding and frowning required. He looked up to the house clock, but finding that

the hands only showed a quarter to eight, he dropped his first plan of appealing to the late hour, for eight o'clock was the usual hour for their meetings And being too honest to contrive a false pretext, he could not help telling the truth

"Inconvenient," he answered, after a painful pause "I can't say it is altogether inconvenient But, to tell the truth, we are not quite prepared for such a meeting One is not always in the right state of mind to enjoy such a thing"

"I am sorry for that," replied Mr Floger "I have come here in the hope of spending an edifying evening with you, and I expected you would at once send your servant across to call Mr and Mrs Welter who certainly are not too much engaged, to join us"

The reader need not be informed that Mr and Mrs Van Brenkelen again looked sideways at one another

"Well, to tell the truth Mr Floger, I am sorry to say you exactly touch the sore point which is the only cause of our present reluctance Something has happened between us and our neighbours opposite which makes us very sad indeed'

'Between Mr Welter and you?" asked the tailor "I am sorry for that What is it'

Now it was Mrs Van Brenkelen's turn She told the story in all its details and when she happened to forget something that might illustrate Mr Welter's fault, her husband dropped in his observations to complete the report as much as possible

"Indeed," said the tailor, when they had got through to the end, "I am exceedingly sorry to find that Mr and Mrs Welter have behaved unseemly I never could suppose that they were capable of such conduct"

"Nor could we" said Mrs Van Brenkelen, greatly encouraged by observing that Mr Floger had nothing to find fault with in *her* conduct, "nor could we, sir We are not aware that we ever had a straw in their way When—'

"Oh, I am quite convinced that they are wrong altogether,' interrupted the tailor, "and it is a great mercy for you to know that you have not trespassed in any respect"

'Quite so," answered Mr Van Brenkelen, "our conscience is free in this case, and that's a great thing indeed It is true, we have our defects, for what man born of a woman can say, I am without sin? But in *this* case we have tried to keep the peace as long as possible"

"Well, then," replied Mr Floger, "it appears to me that Mr and Mrs Welter are in a very dangerous position as to the state of their souls But the question now ought to be, how to rescue them from the danger they are in If we love them, we must *show* our love, and leave nothing untried to put them in the right way I think, my dear friends, the first thing we ought to do is cordially to pray for them, that the Lord may open their eyes and turn them back from the sinful way they are walking in."

"Oh, certainly," answered the grocer "We'll gladly remember them in our prayers Won't we, my dear"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Van Brenkelen, "we don't hate them, so as not to pray for them."

"Very well," continued the tailor. "Then let us commence at once and kneel down. Mr Van Brenkelen, you will kindly engage You will speak to the Lord about the great sin which Mr and Mrs Welter have committed against Him and you, and implore his mercy upon them, that they may be saved from their dangerous way"

With these words Mr Floger rose from his seat to kneel down but he was stopped by the grocer, who held him by the arm, and said—

"Pray! Mr Floger, we are not quite prepared for that This is rather abrupt"

"Why so?" asked the tailor, in a tone of kind earnestness "I thought we might embrace this opportunity to ask the Lord's assistance on behalf of our friends'

The grocer again looked at his wife askance, and both kept silent for a while

"If *you* would offer up prayer" said Mrs Van Brenkelen to the tailor, 'we might gladly unite"

"I thought it might better be intrusted to your husband," replied Mr Floger, "because he knows better what to say to the Lord about the matter than I who have nothing to do with it Still I am willing to gratify your desire, but then permit me to put one question to you"

'Gladly, cried both with one voice, "what is it"

"Well since we are going to pray to the Lord for two persons who have sinned, I ask you whether you give me full permission to tell the Lord that you are perfectly pure in this case, and that the guilt is only on the part of our friends opposite'

While Mr Floger spoke he most solemnly and earnestly looked them in the face, expecting their answer Both, however, much perplexed by this heart cutting question, cast down their eyes and kept silent

'Well,' continued the tailor, after a pause, seating himself again, "do not refuse to humble yourselves before the Lord, my dear friends"

'You are right, Mr Floger," said Mrs Van Brenkelen, 'you are perfectly right We have committed a great sin, and unto us belongs confusion of face The Lord has brought you here as an angel of peace, to open our eyes, and to destroy the work of the wicked"

'Yes certainly so," continued the grocer, "I now see and acknowledge my error Whatever may or may not have been Mr Welter's fault, I should have spoken to him at once The Lord saith, *If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted*"

"My dear friends," said Mr Floger, with deep emotion, "I rejoice exceedingly to find that God is a conqueror, and that His love is stronger than our wickedness Now, can you allow the night to pass on without performing a good work?"

"We never can be too hasty to do good," replied Mr Van Brenkelen

"Very well," quoth the tailor, "I'll go across and bring our friends here"

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Mr Floger re-entered with Mr Welter and his wife They looked rather shy and perplexed, but before they could speak a word, Mrs. Van Bren-

kelen kindly approached them, and tendering her hand to Mrs Welter, said, with a voice interrupted by tears—

'My dear friend, I have sinned against the Lord and you. Pray, do forgive me.'

'To forgive us,' replied Mr Welter, deeply moved. 'I too, have sinned against you. I have walked after the flesh, and not after the Spirit.'

'With all our heart.' 'All must be forgotten and forgiven,' cried the grocer. 'We have sinned. Let us humble ourselves before the Lord, who hath called us to love and peace, and not to strife.'

A most delightful sight was now witnessed, which the reader may picture to himself better than the writer can describe. It is often the case that two parties who come together to be reconciled, find a fresh stimulus to anger in talking over the history of their discord. Each of them tries to clear his own street by sweeping all the dirt into that of the other, and every trifle is resolved into innumerable particles, to show that on which right and the other wrong. Of course they go ripping up the old sores and hurt feelings, and the conversation ends in cutting even the little tie that was left. Thus, however, was not the case with the two families of Ter Apel. Their hearts were truly animated with a spirit of humility and contrition, and when pride would try to put a weight in one scale, conscience and meekness would put them in the other, to keep the balance in favour of love.

A cordial prayer of gratitude and a joyful hymn concluded this happy meeting. When Mr and Mrs Welter had departed, Mr Floger took the parcel from the salt herring, and said to the grocer—

'Now, take this, my dear sir. You gave me this work in your anger, I gladly return it to you in love. Here it is. Send it across to-morrow, and let us not speak about it any more.'

Mr Van Brunkelen tried to persuade the good tailor, but in vain. Mr Floger took his hat and stick, shook hands cordially with his friend, and cheerfully returned to Bunnen. He felt something of the blessedness which the Lord has promised to the peace-makers.

But while the sun of righteousness shines within, the storm of tribulation often rages without. The next day was a sad one for the poor tailor. The inexorable Mr Bauring carried away his bed in exact fulfilment of Mrs Floger's prophecy. But the Lord can produce roses from the thorns which the wicked one has planted. Mr Bunning's hard-heartedness was soon reported through the village, and the next day the news that Dora and Griet discussed before the grocer's counter at Ter Apel, was that Mr and Mrs Floger slept on straw. In a moment Mr Van Brunkelen was across at Mr Welter's.

'Brother,' he said, 'a work of God is to be done as quick as possible.'

He told the tailor the case of the parcel, and Mr Welter could not repress a tear that sprung up in his eyes.

'Mr. Van Brunkelen,' he said, 'God blesses me with work beyond all expectation. Our friend, Mr Floger, has not prospered since he removed from this to Bunnen. Even I have more customers there than he. I'll go to Bunnen. Will you go along?'

'And what is your purpose?'

'I'll just make Mr Floger pack his few things, and to remove to this.'

'Very well. But where is he to live?'

'My barn will soon be fitted up as a dwelling-house.'

The next week the two tailors were sitting together on one and the same table, engaged in their common business.

'I am resolved to turn off that wicked girl,' said Mr Welter.

'Very well—then turn her over to me,' quoth Mr Floger, smiling.

'Why? You don't mean to say that you will keep her?'

'Yes, I do. I think, if we take bad girls into our house, make them better, training them off in the ways of education.'

'But you know what mischief she has done.'

'Yes, I know; but what else but mischief is to be expected of a bad girl? If you had kept that in mind, you would not have given her so much opportunity of doing mischief. You know that she was a liar, and still you believed every word she said to you. Pray tell me, did you take that girl for your own or for her sake?'

'Oh, of course, for her. We prayed her very much.'

'Very well. Can't you continue praying?' It is an easy matter to *do* a good work in love, but *to endure* is the truest crown of love. Many people love us, as love gives enjoyment. But our Master has taught us to continue loving even when love brings a cross. If you won't bear the girl's sins, you can't teach her your righteousness.'

Mr Welter perceived that his partner was right. He kept the girl. But some time after she ran away, and left the place with her wicked father. It seemed as if, with them a thick cloud disappeared from the village. Our friends faithfully continued their warfare against the prince of darkness and gradually perceived that their heavenly Ally was stronger than his foe. The inhabitants began to acknowledge that the way of the methodists was better than that of the hawker. They found that the peace of the righteous may be disturbed for a while, but that the wicked has no peace at all. A first step towards improvement was seen when some of them sent their children to Mr Welter's school. Then Mr Floger opened a public prayer-meeting in the school-room. And when a couple of years had elapsed, and you had travelled through that place, you had looked out of the window of your carriage, you would have ascertained the exact time on the dial of the nice little chapel, that lifted up its fine steeple to point to a better place than this perishable earth of ours.

J. DE LIEFDE.

translator.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE BIRDS

I.—THE PAIRING.

A LITTLE bird's nest, half decked with snow, and lying unsheltered in a naked, leafless bush, tells not by a long way the whole story of its origin. It is a legend of the spring, not of the winter.

When the red beech has covered itself with a thin green mantle, when the root leaves of the flote grass (*Glyceria fluitans*) have broken through the soil, and peep longingly upwards as if eager for the greater freedom, when the meadows and hedge banks are dotted here and there with the crisp, curly leaves of the common primrose (*Primula vulgaris*), and the fantastic colt's foot begins to push forth its reddish blossom bulbs, around which no leaves are as yet visible,—it has long been spring with the birds, although the swallow—the glad prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season—has not yet arrived. They have long felt that their best dearest friend was near, just as one gifted nature feels as by instinct the approach of another.

And when the heart is full the lips will overflow. Many a little bird has already, from the fulness of its heart, begun to pour out its song of gratitude. The tomtit (*Parus major*) and common sparrow commence first; they are about the earliest to pair, and begin their lively, chirping notes even in the beginning of February. Directly the yellow hammer sits upon the house roof, with drooping tail and feathers blown out, it is almost too early for him to seek his mate; but he already feels that a better time is coming, and sings softly as yet, but so thoroughly heart-felt, its short touching song.

It is not hard to guess the burden of that strain. Many a heart has felt it when, in the first warm rays of the earliest spring, it has looked up upon the tracery of a long dreary winter.

The little fellow as he sits chirping there, remembers them all—how he used to hop about, and beg from door to door, or perch upon the railing in front of a barn, wishing and longing from his heart that the cat would go away, so that he might hop down, and pick up the few grains that had flown over the threshing boards.

Meanwhile the bird concert grows more powerful every day. A magician has struck with his wand, and the waves of sound spread farther and farther through wood and field, like the swelling waves around a stone cast into the water. The magician who has wrought this wonder is called Spring, and every song he evokes is a song of love.

But, ere long, the arrival of a prince is announced, and the report spreads in the murmur of soft music throughout all the feathered tribes that dwell in wood and meadow. His official herald, the lark (*Alauda arvensis*), comes first—

> "With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
> Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver,"

Joyfully he rises on quivering wing, singing as he goes, and ascending to such a height that one is almost dizzy at the thought, yet so powerful is his song, that its glad, gushing notes may be heard distinctly when the pained eye can trace his course no longer.

His sharp eye keeps a jealous watch over the field beneath. As far as his song can reach he will claim it as his territory, inverting the old Roman legal maxim, and maintaining, "Cujus oculum, ejus jus."

And now commences a battle for territory, all other occupants of the field have to be driven out, and, for some time, a petty contest of buffeting, biting, and parrying is kept up, accompanied by all the clamour of infuriated rage, until the several migratory tribes have found homes in their new land, and settle down with their mates to the performance of the more important duties of the season. Then peace reigns over all.

Like pairs in April and what a merry wooing they carry on among them! In what a fantastic dress the wooer tells his tale of love, and when the mate is found, how he labours with all artful song to beguile her hours while she builds the nest in some well selected spot on the ground, under the shelter of a tuft of herbage or a fold of earth. Then when the first little egg, with its grayish white ground, tinged with green and mottled with dark brown, is laid in the nest, there is a new end of rejoicing. In his proud delight, the male sometimes flits and remains there, still flinging in the ear of evening gloom, when the field below is already reposing under the first thin veil of night.

But it must descend to its humble dwelling again, for what got out of the soul must return to it. The inspired bird, however, cannot yet reconcile its eyes to earthly sleep. Everywhere upon the fallow ground hundreds are still singing, in a more subdued and somewhat dreamy tone, it is true, but of a more wonderful sweetness than when up in the heavens. At length their voices become gradually hushed like the lights in the village that go out one after the other as midnight approaches.

Like the lark, every other migratory tribe has, if not to conquer, at least to control and protect the spot upon which it builds its nest, and very hot warfare is carried on at the beginning of the pairing season, when both migratory and constantly resident tribes meet upon common ground. Every song, whether it sound from the pinnacle of a slender fir tree, or from the dense reed forest on the bank of a stream, from the summit of a rock meagrely clad with a thin, dry, unfruitful grass, or from the blossom-covered boughs of an apple tree,—every song was a war-song before it became a hymn of triumph.

But how happy they are in this! Every burst of braggadocio hurled from the little warbler's throat, which seems to say to the enemy, "Take care, a lord dwells already here," allures, at the same time, the female to come and build her nest; and when the males in their flight together drop down towards night, and strike up their love song in warm emulation, she comes as it were overnight and in a dream, as in the old Hebrew legend.

In the solemn stillness of the evening the fairest and most feminine of the females nestles to the side of the best and manliest of the rogers, and the next morning they fly away together to where the grove with the ruined dwellings of the past year, some distant bank of a river, or a quiet leafy spot in the wood, becomes again to two fresh hearts the theatre of their life and love.

Here, whilst the male keeps watch and sings without, his partner quiet and modest like the colour of her simplest plumage, toils within, making a soft cradle for the young. Every bird now grows bolder and more familiar. Upon the wood land path or the road side, the tomtit and the gay chaffinch (*Fringilla cælebs*), commonly called the Pink from its short nervous call note may be seen pulling out with their bills pieces of stubble and feathers that stick fast in the wheel tracks or hopping about upon the cattle tracks in search of loose hairs and wool. It is a complete curiosity to see the strange accumulation of materials that some birds collect during this quiet time.

The earth is covered with the green mantle of May. All the sufferings of the past winter are now forgotten, and the only snow that falls is the white blossom flower from the apple tree and elder bush. And in the midst of this budding and blossoming magnificence in this kingdom of light, colour, and fragrance the bird with its ever fresh song, reigns king and herald at the same time.

In the most secluded spots there is working and singing. In the field, the lark is busy widening and smoothing with its breast a small hollow, ready to be lined with a humble texture of coarse stubble upon which to deposit the four eggs, all with their pointed ends downwards. Upon the high bank of a river the Bank Martin (*Hirundo riparia*) is digging with beak and feet, boring in the soft substance, sometimes to a depth of two feet, with an amount of labour rarely exceeded among the feathered tribes whilst, when on the wing in search of food, it skims noiselessly over the clear mirror of a river, drinking, sipping, and sometimes washing as it flies. In the branches, too, that overhang our windows bits of straw, feathers, and moss have been carried unobserved and in secrecy, without our having the least conception of what is going on, till winter, with its malicious hand, lays the secret bare. Another curious architect, the shy wood pecker (*Picus*) is hard at work upon the branches of the forest trees, scooping out with its beak a receptacle for its eggs, and carrying away to a distance the chips of wood, so as to prevent the discovery of its retreat, and the nut hatch (*Sitta Europea*) called in some countries the plasterer, from its peculiar habit of plastering up its nest, is toiling away in the hollow of a tree, or under the eaves of an old secluded gable, closing up the door of its last year's dwelling, although there is still room enough left for its enemies.

And with what exquisite delicacy all this workmanship is executed! How skilfully the beds of feathers, stubble, moss, and hair are woven! What a neat round smooth little hollow is made in the earth or the tree branches! Their house and their plumage,—their song and their life, everything breathes of grace and beauty in the bird world.

Then when the little warbler has wooed and won his mate, how tenderly he nestles around and caresses her, singing as sweetly as his little throat will let him. How he flies towards her as she comes laden with the material for building, and following her playfully to the nest, hops about upon the fresh green twig above, whilst a loud warbling of delight gushes from his full heart. Woe to the hand that can wantonly stretch forward to despoil a bird's nest!

The earth is decked with the green mantle of May. All the birds are singing, and the rosy beams of the evening sun dance to their song in the tree tops. Darkness is gathering slowly around and the voices grow fewer and fainter, one by one they become hushed, till at length, in the elder bushes and upon garden railings, the voice of the nightingale (*Philomela luscenia*) alone is heard. Warm, dark, and moist the night draws closer around, the elder blossom breathes out a warmer and stronger perfume and the song of the solitary bird grows louder and richer. There is such a mysterious eloquence in that song that one almost fancies he is listening to the outgushing of a heart bursting with rapture and melancholy.

In the village yonder all the doors have long been closed. Perhaps one window, behind which pale sickness is hovering over a humble couch, still casts a flickering gleam through the darkness. Now and then a dog gives a short, gruff bark. The village street is deserted, not a sound is heard save perhaps the rustling of a few dry straws swept along by the wind. Again the nightingale is heard. He who has never listened to it can have no conception of the beauty of that song, which vibrates so powerfully around a heart almost stifled by the darkness and perfume of the night, and with such tremor and sweetness, like that of nature itself, in which life and death lie so close to each other.

But soon the cock begins to crow, the wood lark takes its flight high aloft to greet the new morn, which comes again with its bright sun to beam upon all nature, and to gladden the hearts and voices of the birds till the next evening.

II.—REARING THE YOUNG.

The reader will, doubtless, some time in his life, have seen a little bird that had fallen from its nest, and will have noticed the difference between such a little one and the newly hatched chicken or duck running about in the poultry yard.

The first of these young birds, as the reader probably knows, has to be fed and reared in the nest for some length of time before it is able to fly away in pursuit of its own food, whilst the young chicken, often with a portion of its shell still sticking to its back, goes at once into the world and looks about busily in search of its daily food.

The reader will further have observed that the young sparrow, or chaffinch, or whatever the bird may have been that had fallen from its nest, was still almost naked when he took it into his hand, whilst the little duck or chicken is provided with a thick, warm, yellow, or greenish down, which, combined with the shelter it obtains from the parent's wing, protects it thoroughly from [illegible] and cold

The class of birds to which the first of these belongs, viz, those that spend the earliest portion of their lives in the nest, are called *Insessores*, or nest squatters, whilst all that are self feeding, such as the chicken, duck, and a great many others, are called *Autophagi*, or self feeders

Birds have no milk to rear their young upon, but the want of this is supplied chiefly by insects, which they devour to an enormous extent Neither insessores nor autophagi can well dispense with them as first articles of food, for the young chickens and other tenants of the poultry yard always thrive better when they can find spiders and worms (although neither are, properly speaking, insects) than where they are fed entirely upon vegetable matter

Amongst those insessores which never feed on insects, such as pigeons, the old bird generally pre-

pares, from the contents of its crop, consisting of grain and seed, a sort of semifluid substance resembling milk, which is easily digested, and thus becomes stronger and more solid as the young grow up, till at length it cannot be distinguished from the seeds of *leguminosæ*, *cruciferæ*, and *euphorbiæ*, which constitute the chief nourishment of our wild

Insects mostly relished by birds are the [illegible]

stem, or upon its branches, up to its very summit—its nest carefully concealed, and these nests are built for the most part in spots selected with the greatest regard for the convenience and seclusion of the young. In every nook in the wood one of those little robbers' dens is to be found, with at least four insatiable throats to which insects, caught by the parents, are carried, and there disappear for ever.

One little beak cannot do much in the war of destruction, but when their number is multiplied to an almost endless extent, and the battle is carried on incessantly through a long period of time, the slaughter among the insects becomes considerable. It would, indeed, be dangerous if, by enfeebling the party friendly to man, the antagonistic party were allowed to preponderate.

But the feathered warriors of the air are only adapted to sharp shooting practice, and a battle in closed ranks does not suit their nature. Whenever, therefore, from a deficiency of exterminating beaks, or from any other unseen cause, there arises a superabundance of *living matter*, as Buffon calls it, whenever the increase of the May chafer, the eared caterpillar (*Liparis dispar*), or the evolutionary caterpillar (*Gastropacha processionea* and *G. pinivora*), outstrips the destroying capacity of the bird, and the foliage around becomes thoroughly eaten up by them, the birds quit the barren spot, and leave to other powers a struggle which they can no longer maintain. The voracity of the hairy caterpillar and larger chafers is so considerable, that, where they exist in large masses, they devour the surrounding foliage, and render the spot no longer capable of concealing the bird's nest.

But let us return to our birds and their nests. There exists among these creatures a peculiar domestic economy, which is characterised by the strictest regard for cleanliness. However deep the tit or the woodpecker may have made its nest, and these birds generally build in deep excavations made in the branches of trees, or in otherwise concealed hollows, the young and their beds are always kept most delicately clean, for every speck of dirt is carefully carried away in the beak of the parent bird. Amongst birds that do not build in hollows, the carrying away of the refuse is no longer necessary, as the young themselves guard against its accumulation. But even among those birds that build upon the ground, there will never be observed any great accumulation of dirt, as the most part of it is taken away to a distance by the hygienic prudence of the mother, whose instinct tells her that no young can grow up healthy and cheerful in a contaminated atmosphere. Would that every mother possessed the same instinct!

As soon as the feathers have grown a little, as soon as the wings are slightly developed, and the tail has attained a few lines in length, one of the little nest tenants will elevate itself above its neighbours and brothers, and, gaping slowly, stretch its little bits of wings, as if it already began to feel weary of its confinement. At length the brood is able to fly, and some fine morning the strongest of them raises itself to the edge of the nest, stretches its wings once more, makes a spring, and flutters over to the next twig. Oh, what a different appearance the world presents from this point of sight! The neighbouring twig had hitherto seemed to form such a large portion of it. The mother returns with her beak full of food, and is not a little surprised to find one of its claimants, for the first time, outside of the dwelling. But those within have, in the meantime, taken it all from her, and the young "keek in the world" has got nothing.

This treatment appears to the outsider rather questionable, so he hops back to the edge of the nest, and attempts to squeeze himself again into the society of his brothers. But they, in the meantime, have found it not so bad to be able to stretch their little well fed bodies a little further than usual. The bold *adventurer* discovers that he is not welcome, but, being naturally of a happy temperament, he puts a good face on the matter, and awaits, as near the edge of the nest as possible, the return of the parent's refreshing beak. This expectation is soon gratified, and having received his portion now, he swallows it with evident satisfaction.

Evil examples, however, corrupt good manners, and ere long another little one follows, hopping cautiously over the nest's edge. The old ones begin to perceive the progress of their young, and the adventurers outside are also cared for. These, too, soon learn the advantage of their new position, and as soon as they perceive the parent in the distance, fly to meet her, begging in the most graceful and coaxing manner for the desired dainty. And now the tables are turned. The youngest, who have not yet ventured abroad, see that they too must be up and active, or suffer from their disadvantageous position.

In this manner the whole brood disperse into the nearest bush or tree top, departing at every move farther from their birthplace. If the parents do not proceed to build a second time, they depart with this family. In the contrary case, the family ties are soon broken, and whilst the next nest is being built, the fledged brood become just as great strangers and intruders as any other bird.

With the autophagic it is somewhat different. The young run in pursuit of food the moment they are hatched, and the mother's protecting wing is only needed to guard them from cold or wet, and to defend them from the enemy. Thus, on the approach of a kite, or any four footed foe, they all nestle together under the thick grass or weed, which resembles their plumage in colour, and, keeping close to the ground, remain there motionless and noiseless, whilst the quick, bright eyes of the mother keep watch till the danger is over, when she gives the signal, and they all disperse about her once more, not one of them being missed.

The importance of colour as a means of defence may be seen in the *Charadriidæ* or plover tribes. One of these, the *Aegialites minor*, has its breeding haunt chiefly on the sand of the sea shore, where not a bit of grass is to be seen, or vegetation of any kind. Here the young birds, [illegible] fingers high, and distinguished by the white [illegible] body, may be seen running about. In vain [illegible]

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Very often the mallard (*Anas Boschas*), one of the *Anatidæ* or duck tribes, builds her nest a good way from the water, and must bring her brood to it on foot The young waddlers don't seem to dislike the walk, for they amuse themselves by snapping at every insect that passes within their reach, to the great annoyance of the parent Some autophagi build in trees, such as the goosander (*Mergus merganser*), and the green footed petrion

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REACHING Guildford, the little capital of Surrey by the South western Railway, the visitor to Aldershott has several ways and modes of approaching it in his option

If he be alone and if he study economy, or if he have the laudable wish to conform to the locomotive habits of the country, by all means let him take a Surrey *trap*—a modest conveyance of rough construction, but alike commodious and expeditious He can either keep along the top of the remarkable ridge which bears the nursemaid name of 'Hog's Back' or make a détour along the plain that lies to the road to Compton and Pepper Harrow If the former, he will enjoy what is considered one of the finest drives in England It is a road which still lingers fondly in the memory of the old 'whips' of the south turnpikes, where the half faded sunstruck vermilion signs of lions *couchant* and *rampant* still tell too truthfully the ruthless war of extermination waged by railways against the snug hostelries of Old England.

If the day be fair this way by all means should be preferred, but if a murky atmosphere spoil the view, let him select the drive among the nestling villages and hedgerows of this garden of the South *Garden* is perhaps, after all, the least *apropos* word we could use, as the beauty of Surrey and its scenery is in utter defiance of all square and rule Straight walls, straight walks, straight houses, straight plantations, straight trees, straight anything, would be an abomination to this varied undulating country Let us seek in it rather, what it yields in such abundance—thickly-foliaged avenues, fantastic old churchyards, with their picturesque towers and venerable yews, and lanes flushed at this season with the tender green of early spring. If by this latter route, let not the excursionist get oblivious as he passes the magnificent blending of cedar in the park at Pepper, and the [illegible] with its strange combinations of Norman[illegible]thic, where a gem of modern sculpture [illegible] marble arches provoke comparison with the quaint conceits of the olden time.

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Among the autophagi if the parents do not proceed to rear a second family, when the first brood is able to fly they, like the mergansers, remove to their final haunts Many of the waders of this category show a greater inclination for social life than the mergansers Although the autumn grows colder, and the days of merriment disappear, they go off in flocks and depart by night as well as by day The manner in which the latter flight will probably be explained in a future article

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There is just one other and different approach to the military capital (which on the present occasion, for the sake of expedition, we preferred) viz, by avoiding the Guildford branch and taking the South western railway ticket direct to the Farnborough station in Hampshire The country becomes more bleak and uncultivated—we had the twitterings of the *Scot Hills*—after passing that dirty city of the dead the enormous cemetery at Woking Then gradual luxuriance of Hampton, Feltham and Weybridge gradually gives way to the sterility of Scotch fir and tainted heather, till we come to the touch of country in which the camp is situated Not an oasis in the desert, but the order of things inverted, a desert in the midst of the richest districts of England We must not lay at the door of Government the motive of paltry economy in the selection and purchase of these cheap unproductive tracts We believe they had the higher consideration fully in view—the removal of the soldier from the contamination of large cities, and the equally important element of salubrity of climate, which latter, experience has abundantly verified

Be this as it may, Aldershott itself is the farthest possibly removed from the *picturesque* We have all around long stretches of blasted heath and common Indeed even these are converted into vast plains of white sand Life, even in the case of heather and coarse grass, being rendered madness sublime owing to the constant tramp of infantry, the trend of horses, and the ploughing of the artillery waggons, more especially in the "Long Valley," of which more hereafter

Farnborough is two miles from Aldershott. From being, a few years ago, a quiet secluded hamlet, it has now attained the air of an important *outrider*, or, as perhaps we should rather express it, in the present instance, "*aide de-camp*" When the train arrives, we find all sorts of vehicles standing in a sober row, from the "omnibus" and old lumbering chaise, to the "Hansom" and modest "trap" For the first mile we pass along a pleasant enough avenue of black firs, skirting a

Squire's park: then the wooden city, with its soldier-citizens, gradually discloses itself to view.

The first impression, as seen at a little distance, is that of a vast aggregate of Swiss *châlets*, painfully ugly, and disposed in systematic rows. On nearing it, the eye is attracted, here and there on the road-side, by those inseparable appendages to every rising community in England (and we presume elsewhere, though varying in nomenclature), "store-shops," "groceries," "tobacco depôts," "money-order office," "double stout," etc. etc., these culminating in a "Queen's Hotel," a resort for loungers from town and officers' friends, who demur to the lowly accommodation afforded in the timber hut.

"The Long Valley" stretches towards the right; while the Queen's pavilion is pleasantly situated on the gentle eminence which best commands this extensive review and exercise ground. It consists of a large cottage with projecting roof, comfortable but unpretending, where Royalty delights every now and then to take her brave defenders by surprise. A morning telegraph from Buckingham Palace has not unfrequently all the troops in field by mid-day. A hill, called "Caesar's camp," is the highest point overlooking "the Long Valley." Here, "once on a time," the Roman eagles had undoubtedly folded their wings. What would old Julius have thought had he looked down and seen, as we did, the battery of Armstrong sweeping by, each iron hero pledged to its undeviating though almost incredible mission of a three mile range! Close by is a handsome brick building, containing a military library, erected at the sole expense of the Prince Consort, for the use of the officers. Here and there, too, appear racket courts and cricket ground, for the recreation of the common soldier.*

The camp itself is divided into two parts—the north and south, intersected by the Basingstoke Canal, across which a pontoon bridge is erected during the day for communication between the camps.

On a nearer approach, the huts are seen to be placed in rows, each row divided into lines or barracks, and distinguished by the letters of the alphabet placed outside, from *A* to *Z*. The case of married soldiers in these huts, or, rather, that of their wives, does not seem by any means enviable. We can only charitably hope, where four or five quarrelsome wives, with their quarrelsome children, are congregated in one room, that the dangers incident elsewhere to similar family arrangements and social contacts, may be unknown at Aldershott. We certainly witnessed nothing but what was amicable and harmonious; and can testify that chubby children's faces are found in abundance, despite of crowded cribs and bare elbow-room. We may here just remark in passing, when speaking of the children, that there are spacious schoolrooms provided at the two extremes of each row of huts, besides infant-schools and Sunday-schools.

Besides these wooden erections, there is a large, handsome, permanent barrack to the extreme south, fitted to contain six or seven thousand men, contiguous to the small village (or perhaps, we should now say, the small town) of Aldershott. Nigh to this, on the ridge, are the quarters of the commander-in-chief and the several officers commanding the division. And hard by, crowning all, is a small spot, enclosed by a wooden railing. It includes the flag-staff, a huge bell and gun—trophies of Sebastopol. The gun utters its hoarse voice morning and evening, sounding *reveille* and *tattoo*.

Our home, for the few days of our sojourn, was the comfortable hut appropriated to the Presbyterian chaplain—"a right man in the right place"—who had occupied, for years before, a secluded country parish under the shadow of the Grampians, and whose innate longings, even then, for military ecclesiastical duty, were unexpectedly and unsolicitedly gratified, at the outbreak of the Crimean war, by a combination of circumstances marking clearly out the will of Providence. We, who have known the snug comforts of the Scottish manse, and the joy of ministering amid the simple virtues of the Scottish peasantry, must not withhold our tribute to the self-sacrifice involved in surrendering all this for a wooden hut, and the scant comforts and often arduous and unenviable duties of a chaplain's life.

An Aldershott "*manse*" has little romance about it. One single apartment (shall we say sixteen feet square) has to stand, the alone representative of drawing-room, dining-room, and study. One oracular housekeeper combines in her own portly person the motley callings of the old manse domestics; while that important functionary who has existed from time immemorial in all manse establishments in Scotland, and rejoices in the somewhat ambiguous designation of "the minister's man,"—a sort of hybrid—a cross between the elements of lay and clerical—ruling with an unlimited despotism the territory of glebe and garden—in all that concerns both far wiser than his master—a wisdom which, we may add, the other is generally wise and judicious enough never to dispute;—this official has, at Aldershott, the image of departed greatness, in the regimentally accoutred "*orderly*," who seemed ready on all occasions for his multifarious messages, and whatever else their comparative merits, certainly excelled the "orderly" of the country manse in matters of *etiquette*; as in our recollection, with one rare exception, to touch his hat would, in the eye of the true minister's man, be certainly to compromise his dignity.

Besides the parlour, (and we may here just remark that this hut is a model one;—it may be taken as a more than favourable representative of the timber-brotherhood around), we say, besides the reception-room above described, and the kitchen behind, there is but one bedroom (not *spare* bedroom, but "bedroom"), where our friend has to stow both himself and his guests. When the interests of three, as in the present case, were concerned, the problem of adjustment became a perplexing one. The most serious inconvenience and discomfort of the dormitory, however, arose from an enemy without rather than within. The

* There is a reading-room connected with each regiment, a garrison library, and a "divisional reading-room."

afore mentioned Sebastopol gun being only a few hundred yards from the tent, made sleep after five o'clock in the morning a simple impossibility Bed and wooden rafters, to say nothing of human nerves, shook at the boom of the thunderer, all being provokingly aggravated by the reverential slumber of one of the party most habituated to the savage eloquence A father in Israel who had been similarly startled not long before in the same tent, declared he thought it was the end of the Christian dispensation

But to pass from preliminaries

Our purpose in visiting Aldershott on so recent a Sabbath as the 5th of this same current month, was to assist in the dispensation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper among the Presbyterian soldiers, at present numbering 1500—many of them Irish, some English The Scottish chaplain's estimate is, that there may be about 120 women Presbyterians, and as many children We went, interested in the duty that had been confided to us, but totally unprepared for so much that was cheering and encouraging in the spiritual condition of the camp

The old watchword of a Bible age and of a Hebrew warrior, seems to be caught up again by not a few in the ranks of our army, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" A revival, in the best sense of the word, has visited the British soldiers Aldershott has shared the blessing, and while the dews have been falling elsewhere, "Gideon's fleece" has not been allowed to be dry

We were told that, a few weeks ago, at the house of a well known officer in London, a prayer meeting of British officers was convened No less than eighty attended One of the oldest present stood up and said, that he had for a very long period of his life been engaged in active service in the Peninsula and other campaigns, but that during all that time not a single brother soldier or officer had ever spoken a word to him regarding the concerns of his soul How different, he added, was it now, as that meeting for prayer could testify!

This was abundantly verified during our visit to the Aldershott camp Arriving on a Friday, we had the privilege of attending a prayer meeting of officers and soldiers that evening It had been a "field day" For several long hours the troops had been out battling against a perfect hurricane of wind and sand Thus, doubtless, had the effect of keeping back several who would otherwise have been present, but there were sufficient numbers to testify, despite of all obstacles, their love for "the Word of God and prayer."

The next day (Saturday), we had the still greater privilege of being admitted to the weekly prayer meeting which takes place in the hut of Major-General L——, the officer second in command of the camp This noble soldier of the Cross presided A band of officers, young and old, were gathered around him; some with their English, others with their Greek Testaments, reading together that beautiful 3d chapter of the First Epistle of St John, each without restraint making his comment on it, verse by verse.

Who were these officers! Some of them were actual comrades, and all of them comrades in spirit of Hedley Vicars, Captain Hammond, and Havelock One had fought in the bloody trenches of Sebastopol, another had marched to the capture of Lucknow and Delhi, another had been more recently at the Peiho and Canton Wondrous and most touching examples are many of these, of the converting grace of God, monuments of mercy, "brands plucked from the burning." Delicacy prevents here any record of these signal conversions although in private they love to speak and to tell of what God has done for their souls. Who can estimate the influence for good these godly officers exercise on the men committed to their charge? In returning home in the clear starlight that evening in the company of three of them we were struck with the wonted challenge of the sentries posted up and down the huts The sound was novel to us On hearing the approaching footstep the challenge was given "*Who goes there?*" The officer or officers answered, "*A friend!*" Ah, yes, 'a *friend* indeed" thought we, in the true sense of the word—if they had only listened a little ago to the fervent petitions which had ascended for *them* and their 12,000 comrades at that prayer meeting!

One of these officers, after his own conversion in China, had organised in that distant land a Bible-class among the common soldiers When he reached this country, one of the first things which gladdened him was the gift of a large Bible, bearing on its fly leaf the names of the eighty men to whom he had taught (and some with saving power) the "truth as it is in Jesus" Opposite the name of one of these he has written the touching entry, "*Gone home*" The case was a striking one It was that of a Sergeant, a fine looking man, bold, brave, and *moral* in his conduct, but "utterly unconverted to God" One day while he, along with the officer and a private, were passing one of the gates of Canton, they proposed, ere they parted as there was no other place of resort, to kneel down by the gate and engage in prayer They did so The prayer was answered it was blessed for the conversion of that Sergeant* Not long after, he was laid (I forget whether by wound or disease) on his death bed He gathered his comrades around him to testify to them of the grace of God, and to show them how a Christian could die. With stammering tongue he sang, and asked them to join him in the words of the well known hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

On Sabbath forenoon, the solemn and pleasing duty devolved upon us of preaching in what is called the Iron Church in the South Camp We may here just mention in passing, that there are altogether three churches in Aldershott, one in the North Camp and two in the South. There are

* "*In everything by prayer*" We were much impressed at the great annual meeting of the "Soldiers' Friend Society," held in Exeter Hall a few weeks ago When met in the side room, in the bustle of preparation before going to the platform, the presiding General officer proposed that we should kneel down and ask God's blessing on the speakers A devout prayer was offered up

three chaplains in connexion with the Church of England two Roman Catholic, and one Presbyterian In consequence of the limited church accommodation, they have to alternate these services Roman Catholic and Church of England meeting at successive hours in the "Wooden Church,' Episcopalians and Presbyterians in the Iron Church, which occupies an intermediate position between the two camps

The gallant 78th Highlanders having arrived the preceding day swelled the number of Presbyterian soldiers Noble sight it was, to look down from that pulpit on the dense compact mass of earnest hearers' The hush of impressive silence we can never forget, as "after the manner of their fathers' they worshipped God The martial character of the assemblage was preserved in minutest circumstantials The bandle and precenter respectively officiated in full regimentals The latter was a Glasgow man, and by his own voice and the voice of his fellow worshippers uttered a loud protest against silent congregations and silencing 'bands"

Nor must we forget the Addresh ttention of the *preacher* We confess to having gone thither ignoring the Scottish prejudice against written and "read" sermons We had taken accordingly a MS, specially appropriate as we thought for the solemn sacramental occasion Officers and chaplains loudly declaimed It would be an innovation in the camp and church the soldiers would not give attention it must be something that speaks home to their feelings etc etc The whole matter was settled by an afore mentioned potential voice who in a casual conversation, when the shortcomings of a former Episcopalian chaplain were dwelt upon gave the following deliverance 'And you know all, he was no minister him He read them papers, and he went like a railway sir A small bit of comfort, thought we, to those of us who are slow coaches,' but little comfort to those who have not the "*extempore* gift In all seriousness no one need go there who *reads* From the 'fall readin', which formed the encomium of a female hater of ers' when speaking of Dr Chalmers would be inadmissible Two minutes up in that put endorsed the wisdom and necessity of these circular protests on this head of discourse In the present instance we are not ashamed to confess, that the deputy of the Assembly's Committee had manfully to waive his own predilections, lay aside all previous preparations, and on Sabbath morning, putting down a few jottings under the most appropriate motto those he could find, preached with comfort and pleasure from the text, "And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do" (Luke iii 14)

At the conclusion of the ordinary service, the communion was dispensed, and, by special request of the chaplain, all present were requested to remain and be spectators if they were not to be *partakers* of the solemn rite Not one left their seats An intense earnestness and decorum pervaded the entire congregation There was but one table service, the average number who communicate is sixty, and it formed in the best sense of the word, a miniature "Evangelical Alliance' There were seated at it, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Wesleyans, all commemorating, in blessed harmony, the dying love of their one Great Lord An Established Church minister consecrated the elements, a Free Church elder distributed them These representatives of different denominations, partook of the sacred symbols Nor can we forget to add, that three Sabbaths before, the most eloquent of living preachers, and most enlarged and loving of living philanthropists—a Free Churchman—proclaimed from that pulpit of an Established Church minister the words of eternal life

Nothing else would be dreamt of or tolerated here Denominational differences—the Shibboleths of party—are unknown and disregarded We thought, as in the midst of the great barrack, soldiers wearing all diversities of uniform were crowding round an elegant drinking fountain, the recent gift of General I——, we thought we saw beautifully symbolised a great spiritual lesson,—men of every creed, who hold the "One" Head, 'with joy drawing water' out of the common 'well of salvation

By the way the inscription on this same stone and marble fountain is worthy of its donor On the top is his appropriate family device and motto, SALUS IN THE CROSS Underneath are the words, *Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst* A silent gospel sermon an ever impressive lay preacher, in the midst of the camp

On Sabbath evening we again preached in another place to a crowded house of attentive listeners At the conclusion, a distribution of small books took place Several men with the trophies of valour hung at their breast came up to receive them The image of one noble fellow wearing the Victoria Cross is especially impressed on us He was the hero of the 'rifle pits,' chronicled in Crimean story When our gallant men were driven out of their position in these, by an overwhelming assault of the enemy this brave sergeant rallied the ranks, returned to the charge, and succeeded in driving out the Russians and regaining their position He received the Victoria Cross on the spot Brave man! he seems to value more a better "cross," and to take as his nobler watchword, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ'

But in drawing this rapid sketch of "a Sabbath day's journey" to a conclusion, I must not leave the reader to suppose that there is only a bright side to the picture Would that it were so! Alas! the villages close at hand are dens of pollution The hospitals in the camp itself are awful testimonies as to how vice runs guilty riot, reminding us that, wherever Christ is at work, the devil is busiest And truly it is no easy matter for a soldier boldly to declare for "the great Captain of salvation" It is easier for him to lead a "forlorn hope," than to "fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life"

An officer told us he had seen, when a man ventured to bow his knee in prayer, his throwing boots and shoes and whatever he could find at him, hooting and ridiculing him. "——," he added, "when a soldier is converted, he is con-

verted " Having taken to himself the whole armour of God, he is able "to stand in the evil day, and *having done all, to stand* "

God bless and God help these noble men!—one's heart warms to them Cowper well says,

"A Christian is the highest style of man "

A Christian *gentleman* is better still, and when to this is superadded the pluck and noble bearing of a Christian soldier, it is best of all We know the old deep feeling in many a mother's heart she could not bear the thought of her boy entering the army The army!—it was regarded as a synonyme for ruin—the highway to profligacy, and misfortune, and vice We do not deny the temptations incident to the life of a soldier They are very many and very great But these are to be found everywhere, and in all professions We have no hesitation in expressing our belief that any Christian mother or Christian parent may, in these days, fearlessly commit the child of prayer to so noble a school, where those are found foremost in fearing their God who are the foremost in honouring their Queen Less dangerous it seems to us, the temptations of the soldier's life than the intense worldliness of many commercial cities, which so terribly cramps and paralyses spiritual growth Yes!—we again say, God bless you, brave men! May the angels of God encamp around your tents, and add more and more every year to the spiritual representatives of good old Cornelius—"devout soldiers," who fear God with all their house, and "pray to God always"

We are accustomed to measure the strength of our army by its numerical force, and the soldier's powers of physical endurance But is it nothing to the Christian in surveying those bulwarks of the country's security and greatness, to be able to think of those who have taken as their watchword, "Through God we shall do valiantly"? "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God"

When we were out next day, after our Sabbath duties were over and witnessed the Horse Artillery, in the great Russian Valley plunging along in their magnificent evolutions and as we saw some of the same officers, who had bent their knees with us in prayer the night before mounted on their chargers, and with all the enthusiasm of soldiers talking of their campaigns, or of the comparative merits of the 'Armstrong' and "Whitworth," we felt—No fear of England with such warrior sons—servants of their God and servants of their Queen, bearing the stamp of what Sir Henry Havelock speaking of "his own" regiment, described as the true definition of Christian soldiers,—"Lambs in the camp and lions in the field"

JOHN P MACDUFF

THE CLEFT IN AMERICA

THE skies have voices soft
And loud, they mutter oft
Dissolve, and break in tears of joy and wonder
More fierce the shock, the din
More harsh, when from within
Earth shakes, self torn, and riven with secret thunder

And now a ghastly cleft
Yawns wide from right to left,
And sucks and draws the Western World within it,
What voice, what arm uplift,
This dire encroaching rift
May close with sovereign spell? and how begin it?

In such a gulf of old
The Roman flung, not gold,
But Youth's heroic hope, and Strength's endeavour,
Yet this one of the best
Hath ta'en, and for the rest
Still craves, unclosed, unsatiate, widening ever

Say, will ye smooth it over,
And bid the maid and lover
Dance here away their light linked hours
Yea, smooth it over, sow it
With grass and flowers, believe it
Are sounds that mingle strangely with the measure.

Or, leaning o'er its edges,
Now with [illegible] barter pledges,
[illegible]ping hands and talk of hearts combining,
[illegible] the rootless Tree
[illegible]ft—LIBERTY,
[illegible]d with garlands and with ribbons
shining?

The jagged cleft from side
To side yawns yet more wide,
And echo from within, your words recalling,
Hath sent from out the ground
The yet more hollow sound
Of loosened earth upon a coffin falling

Then let it yawn to sever
The Bond and Free, for ever
Than Falsehood's hectic flush of sham relying,
On Freedom's cheek more fair
The glow of health, though there
Across it broad and deep a scar be lying!

Yea, let the sword pierce through
Thus tangle, and undo
The rust that doth but harder twist for
Oh! seek not now to bind
What God hath loosed! no kind
Espousals these, but fettered, galled [illegible]

When life meets life [illegible]kiss
Of reptile strong, oh! this
Is Union, this is strength; then leave the dying
With Death their troth to plight,
In charnel vaults by night,
'Mid dead men's bones and all uncleanness lying

There leave them! let the wide,
Deep chasm still divide
'Twixt Night and Day, 'twixt Light and Darkness.
Know
That greater than the whole
Is now the part, the soul
Is nobler than the body,—Let them go!

D * * *

THE EWE LAMB

(See *Illustration on the front.*)

We know not of any more beautiful and touching picture of lowly life than that presented in the verse — "But the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought, and nourished up, and it grew up together with him and with his children: it did eat of his own meat and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter."—2 Sam. xii. 3.

The interest which we naturally take in the study of the animal world, is greatly deepened when we find a solemn connexion established between certain species, and those most sacred mysteries which make part of the religious rites instituted by the ordinance of God, more especially when we find their name and nature connected typically with the most awful event which ever occurred on earth—the sacrificial offering of the Son of God as an atonement for the sins of the world. The natural history of all those lowly creatures, which have been so dignified as the chosen of the Lord, when selected to serve in the mutual ceremonies of religion, or in the mysteries of the Mosaic ritual, become of deeper import when viewed in that relationship and in connexion with their so frequent mention in the Book of Life. But irrespective of their sacrificial or emblematic aspect, the fact of certain species still dependent on mankind being familiarly recorded in the most ancient and consistent of all histories, necessarily adds to their interest in our eyes. Of these guiltless creatures the lamb may be regarded as chief.

The early institution of the sacrificial system is indicated by the different reception accorded to the offerings of Cain and Abel: 'In process of time, Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain, and to his offering he had not respect.' From this it has been inferred that the immediate ground of the rejection of the one, and the acceptance of the other, rested on the different nature of the offerings themselves. In those earliest times the extinction of life was itself [illegible], that is, the food of man was not of an [illegible], and so death was not inflicted for [illegible] ends, although use was made of [illegible] of whatever creature were ritually slain and offered up upon [illegible] altar. That animal sacrifice was [illegible] by Divine ordinance cannot be doubted, when we [illegible] find it [illegible] tinctly prominent it became in [illegible] Testament dispensation, and the many rules by which it was eventually regulated under the Mosaic economy. But that its practice was long anterior to that period is proved by this passage in the life of Abel. In his sacrifice blood was shed, and death inflicted, but Cain offered simply of the fruits of the earth. Now, it is highly improbable that Abel would have ventured to put any of God's creatures to death without a Divine warrant. That some prior revelation to the first family of mankind, on the subject of sacrifice, had taken place, is certain even from the after declaration of the apostle Paul, when he tells us, that "by faith Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain." As faith signifies belief in God's word, "the evidence of things not seen," had there been no revelation, there could have been no exercise of faith on the part of the obedient Abel—nothing faithless in the accursed Cain. It is believed that the sacrifice prescribed to Adam was the shedding of blood, without which, for a lengthened period, there was no remission. "And if so," says the venerated Robert Gordon, 'then the immediate cause of the rejection of Cain's offering, was his refusing to approach God in the prescribed manner, whereby he virtually declared that he stood in no need of any such expiation as the shedding of blood implied and that he would offer no such expiation.' And in perfect accordance with this view of the subject is the whole tenor of the narrative before us. On this ground alone, therefore, we see a satisfactory explanation of the fact, that while 'unto Abel and to his offering the Lord had respect, unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect.' Cain openly renounced all dependence on a Mediator—ventured to approach God on the strength of his own righteousness—and looked for acceptance on the ground of a mere act of homage, as if he had no guilt to be washed away, no sin to be forgiven.'

Thus from the beginning was fallen humanity impressed with the knowledge of the great principle that sin is deserving of death, and that if the sinner is forgiven, it is because his guilt has been transferred to a substitute who has died in his room. But in those days the way into the holiest of all was not yet made manifest, nor was it till the advent of that "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." The offering of the Lamb was thus the first and the last sacrifice that was required. 'By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts, and by it he, being dead, yet speaketh.' But these sacrifices of the older dispensation, though merciful in relieving the rigour of the law in the remission of sins, through which the chosen people, to whom were intrusted the oracles of God, would otherwise have forfeited the blessings of the promised land, derived all their value and efficacy from the one great sacrifice promised from the beginning, even the seed of the woman that was to bruise the serpent's head, the [illegible] of Abraham in whom all the families of the [illegible] were to be blessed. Thus, although they may have made glad the hearts of those who foresaw their [illegible] from afar, it is only now, when there [illegible] sacrifice, that they can be comprehended and enjoyed [illegible] completion.

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the [illegible] offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God?"—Heb. ix. 13, 14.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON

CHAPTER IV

CHOOSING A PROFESSION

"WHAT are you going to make of Ned? if I may take the liberty of asking such a question," said good old Dr Yule to Mrs Fleming one forenoon when he called at the cottage and found her alone 'I cannot tell you what a high opinion I have formed of him, so manly, so brave, so modest, and altogether such a thoroughly well conditioned boy, and I think, Mrs Fleming," added the Doctor, lowering his voice, "with the *real* thing in him"

"You are very kind, Doctor, and very encouraging to say so I am so glad and thankful you think well of Neddy, for I was afraid that my mother love to him might have blinded me But as to his profession, that, indeed, is a grave and difficult question Yet it must soon be determined one way or other, either by himself or for him And it is not easy, Doctor, for either him or us, to do so'

"It is, indeed, difficult One has to take into consideration so very many things It is often easier to say what a boy cannot be than what he can For just as no one would propose to make a deaf man a musician, or a blind man a painter, so there are many professions from which some boys are obviously debarred by want of talent want of money, want of education, want of health, want of inclination, or some other impassable obstacle which, in Providence, closes paths which one might otherwise like them to follow But Ned has so many gifts that I really feel it difficult to select any profession for which he is unfit'

"He is my only child as you know, Doctor, and this makes me the more anxious about him"

"No wonder, no wonder, Mrs Fleming, the nest with one bird is easily robbed'

'And then, Doctor, said Mrs Fleming, looking at the floor, 'his soul!'

"Who that believes, Mrs Fleming, in right or wrong, eternal loss or gain, but must acknowledge and deeply feel that his 'chief end, as an immortal being, must, above every other consideration, affect the question of his profession? For verily it would be no profit if he gained the whole world, and lost his soul Have you and Captain Fleming thought of any profession for him?"

"I have had a longing in my heart for Church, but you know the expense education makes it very difficult, apart from Ned's own [illegible] and unfitness, which he really [illegible] very strongly, for so high a calling, [illegible], I fear, it will be the sea"

"It is in the blood, Mrs Fleming, in the blood," remarked the Doctor, smiling. "But if it is God's [illegible] should go to sea, your boy can be as [illegible] on land, and glorify God in the great [illegible] as in the pulpit He who made the sea [illegible] and ships to sail over it, and ships require [illegible] sailors. Yet I somehow feel as if in going to sea he was burying his talents But I will not impose my opinion on you Be assured only of this, Mrs. Fleming, that I have a deep interest in him, that I will do all I can to aid him, and that I pray God to direct you and him Farewell. Give my kindest regards to your worthy husband. Whatever you determine please let me know"

The necessity of Ned choosing a profession began to dawn upon the Captain's mind one night after he awoke from his first sleep, which generally happened about midnight, and was reckoned as his first watch Looking beyond the curtain, as was his custom, towards the window, to ascertain, if possible, the state of the weather, he saw the full moon playing upon the calm sea, and a sloop of war, with her dark hull and tapering masts floating on the golden river of light The Captain began to dream, but with his eyes open By degrees, and, led along the chain of memory and association, the idea first suggested itself of his boy going to sea Ned going from home and going to sea! Did he say or think this? The very thought was quite enough for one night and with some half muttered expression, accompanied by a sigh, he turned his back to the window, and went off, as he would have said, 'on the other tack with all sail set for the deep sea' But he tumbled about more than usual, as if tossed on troubled waters Then followed for some weeks various confidential communications and speculations with his wife, when, in spite of many inquiries on his part, such as, "What say you, my dear?" "Perhaps you don't think so?" she, meek woman, would hardly make a remark, knowing full well that it was in vain to give a decided opinion until the Captain had run himself aground, or got into a position in which he really required assistance to extricate him When in perplexity he was apt to be obstinate For a long time 'she could not really say, "she would consider it'' she had her doubts and difficulties, yet, "whatever he determined she was sure would be the wisest

[In the meantime Mrs Fleming vainly "pondered it in her heart For a while she could hardly "take in the idea of her boy leaving her It seemed like a premature death He had hitherto [illegible] a portion of her very self, of her heart and her household, of her daily thoughts and [illegible] plans And then he was so [illegible] and [illegible] so constantly [illegible] a quiet sunbeam, ever and anon darted into their room and lighted it up. And for him to go to sea! to rough its winds and waves, to be a companion of rude sailors, to run the risk of being drowned, "never heard of more." "Patience," she would say to herself, "one step at a time I will not torture myself about it until I must say yea or nay"

Why does she sometimes, when alone, lay down her work, put her spectacles beside it, and, with a noiseless step, heard only on the old creaking stair, "enter her closet, and shut the door?" The Father who hears in secret knows!

The Captain determined to have a talk with Ned himself on the subject, and one evening as they walked along the sea-shore an opportunity was afforded of his doing so. Ned never in his life had said in words that he loved his father. It was a thing taken for granted. He would as soon have declared formally that he breathed the living air. The boy possessed a very deep and enthusiastic attachment to him. Every year they became more and more companions. Old Ned perpetuated his youth in his son, and young Ned realized his manhood in his father.

'Did you ever think, my lad,' inquired old Ned with a careless air, though his heart beat to hear it utterly, 'what profession you would like to follow?'

'Yes, father,' answered Ned promptly, 'the sea, with your permission.'

"Ned just go and fetch back that ball," said the Captain. Ned ran for the ball which had struck to a distance along the green turf. He half had been driven a little way ahead, and it served to give the Captain time for reflection. During the interval he had consumed several to compose himself until the color had come and he wished it had not. But it was now to be said.

'I need not, I suppose, remind you, Ned,' the Captain began when Ned returned, 'that the Church is one.' All the honours of my profession, Ned, were gained on the sea. But there was no time, though I did my duty. Yes, I have that reward, that I did my duty.' Ned only could tell me so.

'I am sure you did, sir, your duty, father.'

'Yes, I did my duty, though it was a long time ago now. Old Freeman could tell you about it. But there was no time, none. Ned, I am sure about these civilians.'

'I do, father.'

'Yes, yes, Ned, it would be unnatural unless you did; but others don't. And then as for money, spoil and all that sort of thing, there was little for, except from one prize money. Your mother is a remarkable woman, and but for her and our old Nabby, that tough old craft, we would often have been aground, but we never were—never always had shot in the locker, and something over for a friend in need.'

"But you know, father, I never would think of the navy, but only of the merchant service."

"Ned," said the Captain, stopping in his walk, as he always did when in earnest, 'I would give my right hand to see you to the navy, if we had the old ships, the old men, the officers, and the old wars"—and here he [illegible] his huge stick down whack on the sand—"but these, all these are gone! Oh, Ned, money is good, and sugar, and bales of tobacco, and rum, and merchandise, and such like cargoes, I suppose, are of use, and make men rich, but think, my boy, of what we had!—honour, and our ship, and our fleet, and our admiral, and King George, and the country, and all against those rascals the French! You can't have such things, Ned; they are gone, gone, gone!" He resumed his walk in silence, broken only by "gone, gone, gone," uttered like minute-guns as from a vessel in distress.

"Well, father, you know I must do something. I can't be long hanging on you and my mother, and I have turned all sorts of employments about in my head, though I did not like to bother you, and I think if, like you, I did my duty, perhaps I would be able to command a vessel, make a little money, and come and live beside you, and then old Freeman might still be alive, and we would have our battle days together once more.'

'Bless you, my boy!' said old Ned, catching, not his hand, but the collar of his jacket, and giving him a shake as he often did in love. "I like your spirit. We'll see, we'll see about it. Your dear mother, I may tell you, has had a talk with Dr Yule on this subject. I'll have a talk with Freeman too, do you know, Ned, Freeman is a very sensible man and has seen much of the world. I cannot think that any man who was boat swain in the Arethusa must have stuff in him.

'Sl was slp ssistant and brave
Asse for a litl fishing wave.'

You remember, Neddy?' So I shall have a talk with Freeman as well.

But before Freeman was consulted Mrs Fleming said to her husband, when sitting together late one night at the fireside: 'Edward, dear'—she always called him Edward when very serious—'Edward dear, what think you of the Church for Neddy?' I tell you frankly that I dread the temptations of the sea, and I would like one profession where our dear boy would not be exposed.'

'Mary, my love,' for he too, on such occasions, mentioned his wife's name with peculiar emphasis—'Mary, my love, do you think that a minister has no temptations or that the pulpit has no dangers like the deck? But why should I bother you with all I know and have seen? I have known and seen ministers, such ministers!—not like old Yule is good a craft as ever sailed—but ministers, useless, ill-built from keel to truck, tubs, not sea-worthy, firing broadsides and showing bunting on Sunday, but all the week silent and without a signal. Oh, such craft!' After a pause the Captain resumed his comments.

'Mary, will you believe me?'—and here he spoke in a whisper—'I have known persons that lied! yes lied, I do assure you, and some who actually got drunk! On my word, on my word, that's true. Oh, don't tell me there's no temptations to a parson! Look you'—and here the Captain pointed upward—"it a parson don't go up there'—and bringing down his finger towards the floor, added, he goes down there—down—down, [illegible] dings—none!"

"The [illegible] of money is my chief difficulty, Edward; [illegible] I would not be afraid of Ned. But what [illegible] you to a surgeon?"

"You know, Mary, [illegible] nor I ever took medicine ourselves, and we [illegible] like to give it to others. I spoke to Neddy about this. He has no mind to it—none. It's a bloody business—very!"

"Oh, my dear, let him have any [illegible] will keep him at home—lawyer, or any

"Lawyer!—Like little Tulfourd, that [illegible] sneaks? For old Walker is half starved just!

cause he keeps people from going to loggerheads, and is an honest man. But we shall think the thing over, my love. In the meantime, I am resolved on one point, that Neddy don't take up one of the idle professions. For just look, Mary, at the Colonel's son, William, or at Jack Monro. These fellows go fishing one day, and sailing the next. They dress themselves up in sailors' jackets and sailors' hats, and stick a cutty pipe in their mouths, talk big English—swagger along the streets—stare into shop windows, and flirt with young ladies as foolish idiots as themselves. They are looking out for some Government appointment, forsooth!—who but they! Cock them up like figure heads! They wish to be gentlemen at ease, without work to soil their fingers or shake their brains, if they have any. I tell you that I would rather Ned was a tailor, and stitched his own clothes, than see him parade the streets an idle fool, with clothes he might have worked for, but would not."

The Captain was quite exhausted by this blow out, and his wife, unwilling at the time to prolong the conversation, expressed her hearty agreement with her husband as to the utter folly of "the idle squad," as he called these young lads, and then retired to rest.

One evening shortly after this conversation, Freeman came to take tea at the cottage. It was the anniversary of a minor engagement, in which the Captain had been slightly wounded. But men mentioned honourably in the Gazette. Both retired to a bower in the garden, while Freeman smoked his pipe. Let the Anti-Tobacco Society have mercy upon the ashes of those men, as well as upon the ashes of their pipes. They were peaceful when in life, as they are now in death. Disturb them not!

"Freeman," said the Captain, when he saw that his friend's pipe was drawing satisfactorily, "we have been thinking what to make of Neddy."

Freeman nodded, and blew two whiffs instead of one.

"His mother, the best of women,"—Freeman again nodded,—"thinks the sea dangerous."

"Captain," said Freeman, "I have often remarked that men drown boats oftener than boats drown men," and he added several nods as a comment on his remarks.

"I understand," replied the Captain. "Unless the right thing is in the lad, it's all up—on land or on shore!—all up. He will sink in a calm, or founder in a storm, or drift into shallow water. And if it's in him, it's all right. He will lie to, and weather the storm with sail or anchor. The seaman makes the vessel as much as the vessel the seaman—eh?"

Freeman assented.

"His mother," continued the Captain, "would like him to be a minister; but I told her that all were not like Yule, or Purdie, or Cruickshanks, but often the reverse."

"Waller!" said Freeman, pointing his thumb over his right shoulder, as if Waller was listening.

"Yes," said the Captain, "that was a specimen you and I knew well!

"And so was Risk. Both bad. Few like that noble old tramp, Mr. Bastow of the Arethusa. Ned like ballast, but not hunting for that work."

"And as for a doctor?"

"A doctor!" exclaimed Freeman. "Give me a man that will lose his own legs on deck, fighting for king and country, and not spend his time sawing off the legs of other men in the cockpit."

"Fine fellow, Dr. Snodgrass!"

"Was in the ship at old St. Vincent. A terrible disappointment was the old lord, but every inch a lion. Snodgrass is a gentleman. But Dr.—; what is his name? That doctor by-the-by?"

"Small."

"Yes, Small. See how he outs him out with his 'lotions' ointments plasters, pills, and humbug."

"Now I think a lawyer would suit Ned, Freeman. I don't understand lawyers a bit."

"Nor anybody else," replied Freeman. "I tell you, Captain, that Israel Talmond has robbed me! He sent me a paper with as many whereases and aforesaids, as would furnish ref points for a mainstopsail.

After a long pause the Captain said, "I suppose, Freeman, we must send him to the old sea."

"Blow breezes, blow!" replied his man. "It's in the Ju! He'll soon pass a gasket with my main, and end on the quarter deck. It hasn't the honour, Captain, but it's more profitable than the old navy. He's a regular clipper, is Ned, ship shape and Bristol fashion beyond a doubt."

There was one member of the family, who, though not consulted formally in this crisis of its history, nevertheless discovered what was going on through that mysterious conveyance by which the kitchen soon finds out all that is doing in the drawing-room. Mrs Fleming had, no doubt, unconsciously let out many of her thoughts and anxieties to old Babby. But Babby, with a singular reticence and prudence, "never let on," until it was one day announced to her that Neddy was destined for the sea.

"The sea!" said Babby, stopping in her work, and looking at her mistress with eyes that threatened to gather into their orbits her whole countenance. "The sea! Never tell me he is gaun to the sea—a nasty, jumbling, angry part o' Creation, that I never could thole, except for the fish that comes out o't. The sea! Ye ha'na seen, mistress, what I have seen, or ye never wad hear tell o' sae nonsense!"

"What have you seen that is so wonderful, Babby?"

"There was nothing wonderfu' about it, but just a drowned sailor, that was a'. It's fifteen year come next term time, I was gaun ae day to wash at the glen, and there did I see a crowd o' folk carrying up a dead man that had been wandering about among the waves like a stock."

"O whisht, Babby, don't speak that way!"

"But I'll no whisht, for it's truth, and they laid him in auld Sandy MacEachnie's byre, and I couldna help gaun to see him, and I tell you that his head was just a skull coming out o' the tap o' his jacket like a white turnip, without hair and"—

"Babby, I command you! not another word, you are making me ill."

"I hope so," said Babby; "I want you to be ill, and to be frightened to send Ned to sea. But I ken it's nae use. That auld Captain o' ours was surely drinking saut water instead o' milk when

he was a bairn or he wad ne'er be sae clean daft as send that bairnie to the nasty sea."

'But what else, Babby, can Ned be than a sailor for we have tried minister, doctor and lawyer but none will suit.

'What about that? Can you no mak him a grocer or a haberdasher' or put him to some quiet decent business where he could mak siller hame a house, marry a fine comely woman—for weel she no be proud to get him!—and then bring his bairns doon here and gie them scons and curnd and cream and a' that's guid.

'A grocer will never do for Ned Babby.

"Maybe no he would be ower proud for that I'm taking ower muckle on mysel but we will excuse me. It's a wonderfu' thing this pride we dinna like your bairn't handle tea but ye think—I mean'—that he is nicer for his lang ye object to sell sugar but no to sell watter It's extraordinar I dinna see ye tone. And then if he was a shopkeeper he couldna drive awa in his house and the cross and he micht be called a provost and—now Mrs Hannay, ye needna laugh at me for I am certain I micht.

Then Pabby with a most insinuating expression added 'For my sake keep me an Ned in his auld nest.

CHAPTER V.—OUR OLD NAME.

But what was Ned himself doing all this while? From the moment that his going to sea was seriously entertained by him it seemed to have added years to his age. He was getting very thoughtful and grave whether from anxiety or choice no one could tell.

There was a favourite excursion of his which he used to take on play days with his school companions an hour's walk from the seaport where a great sea beach lay spread and stretched for miles and received the crash of the waves and sometimes the awful dash and roar of the ocean's waves. It was a wild and desolate scene. The sand beyond the hard brown floor on which the spent waves first broke, and up which they sent their thin films of water and hissing foam were blown into *Dunes* partially covered with coarse grass and passing away into sandy pasture lands overlooked by a range of rocky precipices which marked the original beach. A small cluster of fishermen's houses and a boat or two hauled up on the sands alone broke the line of the far winding shore, while seaward all was blue to the horizon, except where a few scattered islands peered up in the middle distance. The island of his adventure was one of them.

Ned, with an irresistible impulse to be alone, had set off by himself to visit this solitary beach, and see the rollers driven in by some far-off storm. There they were, the tawny lions with their shaggy manes and curling paws, roaring the shore and roaring against it in their fury! As Ned paced along the beach enjoying the majestic and solemn scene, he unexpectedly came upon a pale faced lad, wrapped in a Highland plaid, who was reading a book in a sheltered corner near a large boulder. He soon recognised the face of a delicate boy who had several years ago left the school, and whom he had since quite lost sight of, but whose nickname of Curly he well remembered. His real name was James Morris. "Hollo, Curly!" said Ned, "this cannot surely be you? What has come over you for such a long time? How are you? What on earth are you doing here?" and so, after a shower of such questions he was seated beside Morris on the sand. He soon found that the boy had been long in bad health, and had come to live in one of the distant cottages, in the hope that fresh air and milk would benefit him. The lad was poor, and had no companions but had imbibed an insatiable thirst for study and managed somehow to attend Glasgow College for two sessions. His present reading was poetry and of all poets—one at that time known only to comparatively few in the more distant provinces—Wordsworth. He was immersed in his favourite. Excursion when Ned discovered him.

After some conversation, Ned was strangely fascinated by the gentle manners of Morris, the quiet affection in his speech and by an elevation of thought which was like nothing he had ever met with before in any acquaintance. He told Curly all his plans which were heard with great attention and interest and one might fancy that his large blue expressive eyes, in the midst of his pale cheeks were listening more than his muffled up ears.

'What a queer life you must lead Curly! Are you not unhappy old chap? What on earth can you do?

'You know Ned I can't help it' said the boy with a sigh 'it's God's will.

'Oh I didn't mean to blame you a bit' replied Ned who felt as if he had said something unkind.

'I know you didn't Ned but really I am very happy. I've lots to do. I keep the accounts of old Gilbert the fisherman with whom I live the accounts of all the fish he catches and what he gets for them and what he pays for rent and for all he or his wife purchases in town and I sometimes herd his cow (don't smile) until she and I are quite friends and what splendid milk she has! Won't I give you such a drink! for you must come to the house.'

'All right, old fellow.

'And then I teach two children, Peter and Kirsty a prince and princess! Oh, if you only saw them splashing through the water when the sun at evening lights up the golden sand and shore and—"

'Poetical, Curly!"

'It is not poetry, but fact. And then what fun I have hauling the nets on moonlight nights, and seeing the fish gleaming and struggling in shoals when the net comes near the shore, and the counting them, and the supper afterwards, with the big potatoes laughing their sides sore! Ha! ha! ha! me miserable! I lead the life of a king."

"Splendid!" said Ned.

"And Ned, I am not ashamed to say to you, for you won't laugh at me, that I wish to make those children noble hearted men and women, for God loves them, and has made them for himself. There's

now, Ned, I have told you all,'—and the boy hung his head not in shame, but with the modesty of love, and pressed it against his old companion's breast

Ned did not reply, but took Curly's hand and shook it, and felt a thousand new thoughts coming into his heart, of peace, contentment, and useful news

"And have *I* not this book? Do you know, Ned, that next to the Bible, this is the book I love?"

"I never read a line of poetry in my life I don't understand it, except my father's songs"

'Nor did I till I came here all alone You know I am older than you, and was at College, and got this as a prize, and so I read it And — What is it about"

'I tell you, Ned, you might as well ask me what are those waves about or the sun, or the clouds or yonder blue sky, or that angel of a lark' Poetry is about everything in us and around us, about what the eye does not see nor the ear hear, but what the heart feels and the soul rejoices in Now, you old rascal, you are laughing at me! I see you, you villain' But I tell you poetry is really a queer thing, like glorious dreams, and it makes me far better, and far happier'

'Read me a bit, Curly, for fun'

'Fun' It's no fun But here is a passage I was just reading, as you came to me, of what a herdsman like myself could feel —

> 'O then what soul was his, when on the tops
> Of the high mountains he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked —
> Ocean and earth the solid frame of earth
> And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy The clouds were touched,
> And in their silent faces did he read
> Unutterable love Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy his spirit drank
> The spectacle sensation, soul, and form
> All melted into him they swallowed up
> His animal being in them did he live,
> And by them did he live they were his life
> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not in enjoyment it expired
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request,
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him, it was blessedness and love"

What say you to that?" said the boy, springing with enthusiasm to his feet

"Well, you're an odd fellow, after all, Curly' But I feel there is some meaning in what you have read. It is just what one would like to say, if they could But, heigh ho! what has a Jack sailor to do with poetry! A bucket and tar, a marlingspike and a broken rope, a swab and wet decks, a forecastle and smoke; a caboose and scous, a gale of wind and reef topsails, a flapping sail and passing the gasket, a hurricane and lee shore, with all hands lost. That's all his poetry!"

"Come, come, don't make it so very dark and prosy. Poetry is in the heart, Ned; and the heart can make poetry out of anything, just as the sun makes iron shine like silver Now, look here. You think it strange that I should speak to you in this way. But it is seldom I meet any one I can open my heart to, and I have liked you ever since you defended me against that bully, big Matheson, the baker's boy with the snub nose."

"I don't remember"

"But I do And you are going away, and we may never meet again, for I am always near death and you must often be so too on the sea. But take this book from me for auld lang syne No? You must I insist on it It will make me happy"

'No, Curly!"

'Yes Noddy' and, next to *the* Book, read it, for Ned —and here the boy looked earnestly at him—' you will never, old chap become a coarse, grovelling dirty swearing drinking brute of a sailor—dirtier than Gilbert's big pig' You' Ha, ha' Impossible' Now there you laugh again with your shining white teeth and black eyes'

'I declare, Curly, I'm laughing at you, for it seems so odd to hear you preaching like old Yule But, without joking I thank you, and quite agree with what you say' After a pause, he added, 'Do you know Curly, I never spoke to a fellow in this way before nor did any of our chaps ever speak this way to me and I don't know very well what to say It seems so odd like But I like you as a real good fellow There's my fist to you' Will you think of me when I am away?"

'There's my hand to you, and I will pray for you here—in this spot—on the sand Yes, Ned, I shall, said Morris, with his blue eyes moist like violets full of dew and sunlight

"Are you serious, Curly' Do you mean to say actually that you will ever pray for *me*?"

'I do, Ned Oh, my dear old chap, you don't know what a poor, weak, half dying fellow like me is I am of little use, except, perhaps, to my friends yonder, and no one on earth cares for me as mother, father, brothers and sisters are all dead, but it's worth being poor and sick, and able to do nothing, if we learn, Ned, that there is a God who loves us, and a Saviour who died for us, a Spirit that helps us to be good and a Home where we will all meet at last' Now, Ned, that is not humbug, but truth, and I cannot help saying it to you, for I don't think I'll ever see you, old fellow, again, till we meet yonder, pointing upwards

"Oh, Curly, I'm not so bad as to think that what you say is humbug, for I have always been taught it at home But then you know yourself, that boys don't like to speak about such things, and as I said, it looks odd, yet it is not somehow odd in you, and should not be so, I daresay, in any of us. But I hope, Curly, we'll meet again; maybe I'll give you a voyage in my ship! Wouldn't that be first rate? and you would be my chaplain. Hoorah! and get strong and healthy, and become a regular minister, for I'm sure that's to be your line."

"It's at all events my dream and my poetry. But a dream and poetry only. In the meantime let us off to Gilbert. I see my merman and mermaid at the boat, and it's time to get the cow in. Ha' there's poetry for you! a cowherd without a pound of money in his pocket, and hardly a pound of flesh on his bones, thinking of a pulpit' Yet

poor fishermen once became fishers of men But come along no more preaching We have work on hand

'Worse ships, Curly, have come to land than yours Cheer up, and never despond'

I never do, any more than the link in the sky But haste, or the evening will be on us Look out, Ned! Ahs! but there's a sight for you And Morris directed Ned's attention to magnificent sunbeams, which pouted themselves from behind a sombre cloud that shaded the sun and lighted up with silver sheen the line of the horizon, bringing into view a ship with crowded sails in the distance

"There he is, sir, exactly as Wordsworth hath it—

> 'Like a thing endued with gentle day,
> In sun-bright sailing far away,
> A lovely ship which hath the plan
> Of castle-crowned Ehrenbreitstein'

Ned gazed on the distant vessel and thought many things but made no remark

Morris, clapping his shoulder, said playfully "Do you cheer up, my hearty, and may you ever sail on an unclouded, till you reach the last harbour where all is still

That night in August that was to usher in the day of Ned's entrance upon his life was a memorable night in the cottage All his traps had been purchased, and the little room in which he had slept since his early boyhood was full of articles required for his sailor life—the strong chest with rope handle the hammock and bedding, the large leather sea boots, the duck trousers, sou'wester fearnaught frocks, etc—all of which seemed already to speak of heavy seas, wet nights, cold watches, and strong gales His outfit was being arranged under the superintendence of his mother and old Babby, accompanied by minute directions as to where each article was placed in the chest, and how it was to be taken care of

"Noo, Master Ned! Babby would say, 'yer no to put on thae fine socks or stockings unless yer asked oot to your dinner'

"I asked out to dinner, Babby!" exclaimed Ned "Do you think the mermaid would ask me? Asked out to dinner, indeed! No, no, Babby, my old girl, these times are past"

'I'm no heedin' who asks ye A mermaid's invitation, if she's decent, is as gude as ony other bodie's But dinna spoil yer *fine* things—that's a' I care aboot Put that comforter I made for you roon yer neck when it's cauld, and if ye were wise ye should hae an umbrella to keep off the saut water frae this coat. What for, ye cratur, are ye lauchin' at me? Gae wa wi' ye, and do what ye're bad Wae's me," added Babby, with a sigh, "I wish ye were hame again! I tell ye that puir Skye hasna been the same dog ever since ye spoke o' gaun awa. Eh! he is a queer ane. There's no an elder or minister wi' mair sense! Could ye no tak' him wi' you? But maybe he wad be nick on the sea like me, puir thing" And so she would talk on, with apparent indifference, but no one saw the tears which streamed in secret from Babby's big eyes, nor heard her blowing her little round nose half the night.

But at last came the memorable time, and the ending of the packing, and the feeling that the last stage of parting was drawing near

The captain had great difficulty in reading the family prayer this evening, and all felt as if under a solemn responsibility to keep their feelings down somehow, none in the household could go to bed. The Captain's step was heard pacing up and down his room, Babby was busy, she said, preparing breakfast, Mrs Fleming was flitting about with noiseless step like a ghost even Skye went creeping about the house, ascending and descending the stair with emphatic tread, his tail stiffly curled, practising short gruff barks, never heard at night before, as if he had unseen enemies to contend with, or some great work to do which he could not understand Sometimes he lay beside Ned's trunk with his ears cocked, clearing his throat, and giving sundry short, asthmatic coughs through his whiskers Ned himself began, not to undress, but to dress about midnight, and, having done so and put everything right, he sat at the window looking out on the sea, that gleamed like a mirror beneath the autumnal moon

Then began to dawn upon him a strange feeling, as if all had been a dream till now! Was he actually going away? Was this his last night at home And where was he sailing to? And what if he never saw father or mother more? I believe at that moment he would have felt it a most blessed deliverance could he have been 'prenticed to a shoemaker or tailor, or fixed to any employment which would keep him at home All romance had fled, if it ever existed, and he felt as if he was doing something wicked Morris, in the fisherman's cottage, seemed in Paradise!

The thought of Morris recalled their last conversation "He said that he would pray for me," muttered Ned "Why should I not do so now for myself, and for those I leave behind?" was the after reflection And so, after a few minutes' silence, he quietly knelt down. For a while he could neither speak in prayer from lip or heart. A great agony of soul suddenly seized him, so that he almost fought with its violence His calm and happy life, like a panorama, spread before him. His father and mother never seemed so loving and beautiful Even old Babby appeared as if a saint's halo were round her head, and when, all unperceived by him, his very dog crept near, attracted by his convulsed sobbings, and licked his hand, it but intensified his emotion. At last he said to himself, as he dried his eyes, and thrust his blue handkerchief into his jacket pocket. "This is unmanly! I am ashamed of myself! It is like a lassie!" By degrees he became calm enough to pray in the sincerity of his soul, and rose in strength and peace.

Soon after a gentle tap at the door was followed by his mother appearing. She was peaceful as a summer morning. Sitting down beside her boy, she said, "Ned, dear, I know all that is passing in your mind, and you need not pain yourself by telling me about it. You and I shall have no sad farewells. We understand one another. I am not going to give you any advices; for many years have been spent for you above all, except your father. You are choosing a profession with a full consent, because there is no other

seems to suit so well But Ned, dear, will you promise me just one thing, it is this, that you will, if at all possible, and unless storms or steamer duties interrupt you, every day read seriously a little, even a few verses of this Bible which I have bought for you, and in which I have written my name' and also that you will never, never—now Ned, darling, notice—*never* neglect prayer to God' Kiss me, dearest, and say yes, and should I never see you, nor hear of you more, my heart will have comfort that the Best of all heard you and taught you"

"I say yes, mother, with heart, soul, and strength," replied Ned, who never all his life was accustomed to express his feelings, but on this night he threw his arms round his mother's neck, and clung to her for a few minutes in silence Their whole past life of great love seemed concentrated in these minutes

The interview was at last disturbed by the entrance of the Captain 'This is really too bad my dear," he said, addressing his wife, "you will kill yourself with this work of packing Ned, my boy, you must go to bed, the steamer does not sail till five o clock This will never do" In the meantime the Captain gave a sign to his wife to leave the room

After she was gone, he said in an under tone to Ned, "You know, lad, *I* have no present to give you"

"Present, father' you '

"Of course, you did not expect any from me, though, by the way, I am proud of the many you have got Let me see,'—and here the Captain enumerated "A telescope from the Colonel small writing desk from Dr Yule a nautical almanac from old Freeman, a parcel of useful medicines from Snelgrass And now —

But here they were suddenly interrupted by Babby exclaiming, "Captain, Captain, and Mr Ned, what are ye about?'

"Babby, go away, I say go, Babby"

"But I say no, Captain It s unco daft o' you and Master Ned to be clavering a' night like twa hoolets The job s bad enough wi oot a' this stramash *I* maun sit up of course, but pity me, Captain, ye forget ye re an auld man' and ye maun hae sleep when ye're gaun awa' yoursel' Is that true?"

"Come, come, Babby, don't tell secrets"

But Ned had heard the unexpected news, and it lifted a great weight from off his heart, that his father was going with him "Hurrah!" he said, "you are a brave old officer, to think of it! I *am* glad Hurrah, again I say, for hearts of oak!"

"I *am* going, Neddy,' said the Captain, smiling, "I always intended to go, but was afraid your mother and Babby would hinder me. Your mother is admiral, Babby, commodore!"

"*Me* hinder you! That's a thocht, to be sure *Me!*' ejaculated Babby, all the while inwardly chuckling at the admission

"Yes, you. But in the meantime do go below, I have something to say to Ned"

Babby retired, saying, "I ll come back, mind, and send ye baith to bed"

The Captain then produced a huge red pocket-book, and, untying its tapes, from one of its recesses he slowly and reverently unfolded a bit of paper Ned recognised it,—it had appeared on more than one of the Captain's battle days,—but he pretended ignorance on the present occasion.

"Ned, my boy, I mean to present you with my greatest treasure on earth Look at that signature,' he said, handing the slip of paper to his son, and looking at him over his gold spectacles in silence

"Nelson' said Ned, "and an order by him to you to make certain signals?"

"Yes, Ned, to me, your father, and from himself' Now, Ned, I give it to you as *my* present, that as you look on it, in storm or sunshine, at home or abroad, you may remember that advice, 'England expects'—(the Captain rose to his feet)—'every man to do his duty,' and that you may never disgrace your old father by neglecting your duty" A brief silence ensued

"Thank you father' I will keep it as more precious than gold, for your sake and whatever happens to me, I hope I will never disgrace you"

'Ned," continued the Captain, who, he spoke, sometimes sat down and sometimes walked a few paces with his hands behind his back, "Ned, I never had learning, never could tell you many a thing that was passing in my heart can't do it now My words don t run through this block of a mouth Something like a heavy sea stops me when I wish to sail ahead But your mother knows all about it, and she has told you, no doubt, that——" Here the Captain pointed upwards,—then taking a large pinch of snuff, turned his back to Ned Bringing himself round again, face to face with his son, he said, "Ned, you must be a better man than your father, for I never saw my father or mother You must, Ned, do what your mother has taught you, not what I, not what I could teach you, though God knows how I love Him who died for us both, and how I love you, Ned!

"Father, dear," said Ned, "don't speak that way, for it makes me sorry, as if you were not as good a father as ever a fellow had What did I ever see in you but good? What did I ever get from you but good?"

"Do you say so, Ned? Do you believe that? Neddy, my boy, my only boy, my own, own son, I tell you—oh! I tell you—"

I know not what the Captain intended to tell his boy I only know that, giving him a shake by the collar, and a hearty smack of a kiss on the cheek, he stumbled over sundry packages on the floor as he rapidly sought the door, and opening it, turned round, moved his head up and down with an expression of joy and love in his face not easily forgot, and saying, "God bless you! God bless you, my own boy!" he closed the door and descended to his room, until daybreak.

Soon, alas! too soon for all, followed the early morning which seemed so silent and clear, and felt so cold Every inhabitant of the cottage went in procession to the old quay How often had Ned hailed from its weather beaten stones? He was accompanied, early though it was, by a number of school-companions, and, strange to tell, was met by old Dr. Yule, who, as a compliment to his parents, and from love to himself, determined to

see him off. Freeman was there, of course, and assumed the command of the luggage. It was, in fact, privately arranged by Mrs Fleming and Bailby, that Freeman, who received the communication with many smiles, many winks, and many nods, should go on the plea of custom house business to Greenock, "whither they were bound," to take care of old Ned, while he was looking after young Ned.

The time at last came for the farewells, and then each boy had some little present to give, one a book, another a pencil case, another a pen knife, and one, little Cocky as he was called, had nothing but a new ball, which he squeezed into Ned's pocket, saying, "It's a splendid bouncer" and whispering to him, added, "I hope you forgive me for having lost yours, for I do assure you that I have done all I could to get it and even this very morning I was through all the garden searching for it."

But like all the acts, first and last, of our little dramas, this one had to end, and then came the shaking of hands, and the kind words, and the tender greetings, until the steamer left the quay, along which Skye was looking with wonder at being left behind, and on which Bailby and Mrs. Fleming stood apart by themselves, with their backs turned to the steamer while Dr Ned was waving his hat and exposing his white locks and the boys were cheering. Soon the vessel was slowly cleaving the dirty water of the bay and disturbing the dark seaweed on rock and hill on its surface, the quay with its loving group, was gradually vanished in the distance, the white cottage became a speck, the waving handkerchiefs were no longer discernible and the steeple of the parish church alone was seen, indenting the clear blue sky of morning. At last the rocky headland was turned, and the old seaport became a thing of memory. The last link was broken when Ned's old friends, the fishermen, rose from their oars as the steamer passed them, and waved a farewell.

CHAPTER VI.—NEW CORDS BIND.

Ned sat in silence by himself at the stern of the vessel, and the Captain walked rapidly up and down the quarter deck, wrapped in a large blue boat cloak, which, like himself, had seen service.

It was not until after dinner, and towards evening, that he seemed to begin to thaw and be himself again. He and Freeman, with the master of the steamer, were sitting together, and gradually—to the Captain always naturally—the conversation turned upon the old times of the war.

"This beautiful evening," remarked the Captain, "reminds me of what once happened to me in the Gulf of Genoa. I must have often told the story to you, Freeman?"

"I don't remember," said Freeman, though I have no doubt he had more than a suspicion of what was coming. "What was it about?"

"I was in a very different vessel from this shaking machine, with her dirty smoke and nasty flappers."

"A gude steady boat, I do assure you, Captain Fleming," chimed in Mr. M'Intyre, the master of the steamer. "She is nigh thirty horse power, and though no as brisk as I would like, she is safe and sure, wi' capital engines superintended by David Bell."

"No blame, captain, no blame to your vessel, if vessel she can be called that is navigated with coals and cinders, and without a stitch of canvas. It's a mercy the day is calm, or I would beg for a lug sail and take to the long boat."

'The long boat!—"

But here Freeman interposed by asking the Captain to tell his story.

'True, I had forgot. Thus shake, shake, shake, and pull the addle addle, knocks all ideas out of me. Well, it was just about this month of August, in the year '95, that I was on board th' Agamemnon, 64, with Commodore Nelson. Old Hotham had sent us, accompanied by four frigates and one or two smaller vessels, to cruise off the coast of Italy, so as to prevent supplies from sent into Genoa, then held by those republican rascals the French, and attacked by the Austrians. The service was a difficult one, for we were obliged to run in very close to the shore, and a sudden gale might find us hugging the land more lovingly than was convenient. It was my watch on deck. The night was lovely, without a cloud. A light breeze was carrying us along, no coal or smoke, I can assure you—none but smoke from powder only when needed. I was walking up and down with the second lieutenant when suddenly the commodore rushed out of his cabin in his night clothes, and startled us all as if we had seen a ghost. 'A vessel on the lee bow,' he muttered, 'and never reported to me!' We all started, and looked out, but no vessel was there. The commodore rapidly passed us, and going forward he cried, 'Fire, and bring-to that vessel!' The gun was manned by the watch in a second, but our old gunner said, 'I see no vessel, commodore, to fire at.' Again the command was given, and bang went the gun. Nelson seemed to stagger. Rubbing his eyes, he stood for a moment without speaking a word. He then said, Gentlemen, I don't know what I have been doing. What is all this about?'

'You ordered a gun, commodore, to be fired,' said the officer. 'Did I? Well, I suppose I must have done so. I beg pardon,' he added, smiling as he returned to his cabin, 'I believe I was asleep!' * Ah, sir! he was always anxious, always on the watch, his brain going day and night!'

The steamer at last reached Greenock Quay, and the Captain was once more in the busy world.

I must omit many characteristic details of all that intervened from the time of his landing until Ned found himself on board of the "John Campbell" about a week afterwards. But I must outline my chart.

"Old Cairney," the only remaining partner of the respected firm of John Campbell and Coy., and to whom the Captain was recommended by several influential letters, had himself "risen from nothing;" but his wife was connected with the best families in Argyleshire, and reckoned herself above

* This anecdote I give almost in the exact words in which I had it from the old officer.—H. M.

the general run of the local aristocracy of Greenock. "Carney" had been long at sea in the merchant service, and was so netamed called Captain Carney.

His house was one of the oldest in the West India trade, then one of the most flourishing in the country. 'Carney" was a short squat man, with a round, kind face—a queue, ending like a Maltese cross, prolonged his powdered hair beneath a broad brimmed white hat, and an immense white neck cloth afforded a cushion for his ample chin. His body was clothed in a large blue coat, and white Cashmere waistcoat, while his limbs were graced by white trousers, finished by broad toed shoes, tied with broad bows of black ribbon. As to his character, he was frank, hearty and hospitable, with a quick temper not over polished speech, or refined manners—was very fond of money devoted to his family, and, in politics, a furious Tory. His wife was rather proud and stiff as if to maintain her dignity and if not much beloved, was nevertheless looked up to as a person of some prestige and consequence. They had one daughter, who was at this period just passing out of girlhood, and was commonly called 'Kate Carney." The family lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Greenock.

When the Captain, with his son, called on Mr Campbell—*they would not have called him Carney*!—and presented their letters, old Carney, after some conversation and inquiries said, "If I am not very much mistaken your wife's name is Campbell."

"Yes, sir, Anne Campbell."

"And may I ask if she is not a daughter of Achnabeg?"

"I believe she is."

"You believe! Well, that is good! Are you not sure?"

"I'm not up to families very well, Mr Campbell, but I think I *am* sure."

"I known *I am*, 'said Carney, and I feel rather insulted by you."

"By me, sir!" exclaimed the Captain, amazed, not perceiving the twinkle in Carney's grey eye.

"How? how? I don't understand. On my word I don't."

"I think that quite likely, sir. A man that says he only *believes* his wife is an Achnabeg! I tell you sir, she is my wife's third cousin, by her grandfather, old Archey Achnabeg."

Here Carney called aloud for some clerk or porter, 'Duncan! Duncan M'Fadyen!" While the unknown Duncan was coming he abruptly turned to the Captain, who was in bewilderment, and asked, "Where is your luggage, Captain Fleming?"

"I left it at the Tontine, where we slept last night."

"Slept last night, to be sure!" muttered Carney, "pretty fellows, indeed!"

By this time an old Highland porter attached to the office had thrust in his bronzed face. "Duncan, go to the Tontine, and ask, with my compliments, for Captain Fleming's luggage, and bring it all up immediately to my house, and tell Mrs. Campbell that two relations of hers are to visit me, and to remain some days." Duncan, with a low salaam, disappeared.

"Really, Mr. Campbell, this is too much, I really—"

"To think," continued Carney, "of you and your son going to an inn! How dare you? That's the insult! An inn! with a relation's house to receive you. Fie for shame!" Then stretching out a hand to each, he said, "I am truly glad to see you!"

For many days this was disposed of at the house of an old friend.

A week passed under the hospitable roof of old Carney. It was a week full of interest to more than one of the party.

The Captain and Carney every day discussed, over their pint of wine Ned's prospects, until it was finally settled that he should enter the 'John Campbell' as a common sailor, and begin his first voyage in a week.

They differed strongly, however, on one point only, and that was, as to the wisdom of sending Ned to sea. It was evident that the latter had attracted old Carney's fancy and he thought the sea life too rough for him, and did all he could by describing its hardships, to dissuade him from following it as a profession. At last he said, with a chuckling laugh, as if some new idea had crossed his mind,—which will be explained afterwards— We'll let him go, Captain Fleming, and make the experiment. The 'John Campbell'—yes—George Salmond, captain—yes—and Peter M'Killop, mate—yes—well let him go! Ha! ha!—well let him go! If he does not agree with me in six months, I shall wonder."

While these discussions were going on, with sundry other topics every day in the dining room, a little quiet, merry, promising, domestic drama was acting in the drawing room. A courtship had been established between Kate and Ned. Dangerous things these courtships, and between such cousins! It matters not whether they are third or fourth. When the relationship is agreeable to both parties, they assume always that they are *just* one as—a kind of sister and brother relationship, which may, therefore, be so frank and so confidential without, of course, meaning anything but mere cousinship. I say between *such* cousins. Now, I have already hinted that Ned was a fine looking lad. I like to praise him, for I so much admired him, ay, and envied him. It was not his handsome figure, but his noble expression, which was so prepossessing. His manners, too, were so unassuming so forgetful of himself, and so respectful towards others. Kate was a beautiful girl, yet it was difficult to say in what exactly her beauty consisted. The graceful figure and sweet face had doubtless much to do with it, but there was a something deeper than these, a something beyond that eye with its deep blue, and long, drooping lashes—a something far away, like the starry sky beyond the outside glass of the telescope —a something, too, that went and came about those lips, which the white teeth and the finely chiselled mouth and chin did not fully account for. In short, Kate was a lovely girl, and Ned a handsome lad, and Ned was in love with Kate and Kate with Ned.

Not that either. These young creatures did not know what love meant. Ah, how few do so! Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love; yet it is not quite so common to love.

The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night the other is the rich fruit from the flower that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more When feverish anxieties have passed away, when "hopes and fears that kindle hope have ceased, when selfish pride and lovers quarrels are buried, when honeymoons are long forgotten and the snowy brow has become wrinkled and the eye lost its moisture —then does love worthy of the name become the inmate of the heart and home —love pure noble devoted self sacrificing seeking not its own but the happiness of its beloved object — a love such as they with never dreamt of or realized

But as young hearts love these two did

Why don't you sleep Nelly? What are you thinking about? Why is that music ringing in your ears? Why are you going over all she said, and recalling how she said it? And why do you wish the time prolonged? And why are you, Kate on the other side of this dull stone and lime partition repeating very much the same mental history?

Neither of you can tell. You never experienced the same feelings before You have no name for them Is it more cousinship? No Or more friendship? Not that either Then what is it? You will find out by and by In the meantime go to sleep, your parents have been snoring for hours and the sunrise is tipping the Argyleshire hills with golden promises of a new day!

NORMAN MACLEOD

(To be continued)

AFTER THE BATTLE

My father, hero of the smile so sweet!
One hussar with him, favourite of his team
For loftiest stature, courage most complete,
After the battle rode across the plain
The field strewn with dead, whom night was closing round
His ear midst silence caught a feeble sound
It was a Spaniard of the vanquished host
Dragging his bleeding body on the road,
Gasping for breath, crushed, livid, dead almost,
And praying—'Water, for the sake of God!"

My father straightway to his hussar lent
The flask then hanging at his saddle bow,
"Here, give a draught to this poor wounded foe!"
When sudden, as the hussar o'er him bent
To reach his lips, the man—half Moor no doubt—
Seized on his pistol, and with frantic yell
Took aim, and fired full at my father's head
The bullet passed so near, the plumed hat fell,
The fiery charger reared and plunged about
"Give it him all the same!" my father said

Translated from VICTOR HUGO.

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN JUNE

First Sunday.

THE FOUNDATION AND THE BUILDING

"For other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire."—1 Cor. iii. 10, 11, 13.

These are not thoughts to be listlessly passed by. They are worth a meditation. Heirs of immortality, we are bound to ponder deeply all that may elucidate the mystery or explain the conditions of our being. Travellers on a journey where mistake may be death, we must needs study the chart and take the bearings well. It is implied that God is building in the universe a grand spiritual temple, in which believers are living stones and of which Christ is the only foundation. The reference is not so much to a system of doctrine, nor even to a profession of the faithful, as to the personality of the believer, and the closeness of his union with his Saviour. The temple must be Divinely based if it is to be Divinely crowned. The former temple lay in ruins. It preserved scarcely a vestige of its former glory, only, now and then to redeem it from utter hopelessness, there would a reviving and yet plaintive breath through crypt and fane, but it woke no response of murmuring life,—it was like the night wind sighing over graves. The desire to build for Eternity has been as an instinct and as a passion in the universal heart, but in all cases of unwilled endeavour, the foundation has been the shifting sand, and the first sweep of the storm has buried the frail building into ruin. Christ is the foundation, too deep, and broad, and enduring for the wildest storm to move. There can be no failure in the enterprise nor despair for the destiny if the hope be fixed on Christ. Ancient sure everlasting Foundation of Thy Church, O Jesus! we adore Thee. Fulfiller of our grandest hopes, witness of our largest desires, we come to Thee! we rest on Thee! Refused of the builders once, we acknowledge Thee as the head of the corner.

> "We trust our whole salvation here,
> Nor can we suffer shame."

It would seem that all of us are builders, that in some style of awkward or enduring masonry all are working for the future. We have felt this in ourselves, we have observed it in others. Men look around them, and can pronounce, as from a Court of Session, upon the temperaments and habits of their fellows. "Such an one is generous and open hearted, that other is shrewd and careful, the one you see yonder will not commit himself hastily—don't go to him if you wish a new movement inaugurated or a daring enterprise led, beware of that sinister looking spirit—he is at war with all the world." Why do men speak thus? They know the persons when they would have hesitated to speculate in which of the many grooves of character they would be likely to be found. They speak decisively because they have so long watched them at their work, and know that they have been building for years. An impulse presses upon a man, he yields to it again, and yet again it becomes a habit, and the aggregate of habits make up what men call character. When circumstances have ceased to be influential, and all the accidents of the condition have been dissolved into the dust of death, character abides, passes into the spirit world, stands at the bar, is stamped with the seal of God's eternity in the essence of the recompense whether of rapture or of doom. Oh to think of this! we are building even now. Marvellous our architecture! though our fingers never drew a plan. Enduring our masonry! though our hands have never grasped a trowel. We can neither think, nor speak, nor act in vain. Never flood swept across the valley, but it left some effects behind it, some displacement of the rocky scaur, some undermining of the village crags, and so each indulgence or impiety of the present graves its enduring witness, and the traces of the unholy or carnal, or bacchanal life may be read long afterwards upon the walls of the temple of the body. If we harbour thoughts unholy or be anarchs in the power of the tongue, or suffer in the life the occasional outbreaks of evil, we little reck how the great future will avenge as little as the coralline builders of the ocean antici pate that the reef they so industriously rear will hide the rich galleon for her burial and still the light hearts of her gallant company in the swirl of the vexed waters below. Surely it will be well to remember that the spendthrifts of the present must assuredly be the bankrupts of the future, and to cease from the laborious piling of materials which cannot possibly abide.

The work both of good and bad men proceeds, for the most part in silence. The building of the character like that of the temple is without sound of axe or hammer; but there is a certain future time when all the coming issues shall be gathered, and all secret processes revealed. "The day shall declare it." "The day," to which thoughtful spirits, puzzled with vague guesses at the solution of life's many riddles, have been fain to look forward to be the silent advocate which shall rise up to vindicate the true. "The day," which bowed or smitten hearts have hailed as the time of their deliverance, at whose thought evil men have shuddered as at the rumour of the pestilence, which good men have accustomed themselves to welcome as the glad hour of their Redeemer's coming. The element which is to be at once revealing and testing, is the element of fire. We mean not to speak of its literal effects, but of its suggested analogies. Our ideas of the Judgment would be unworthy if we strove to manufacture a second hand excitement by the presentation of dire images of material burning. There is nothing in the sight of a world on fire which in itself need frighten a man. He will clap his hands, as children do at the sight of

some grand spectacle, if you purge away the sin from his soul But fire is a great revealer of secrets notwithstanding Hark! in the dead of night, that smothered cry, that loud alarming rattle, followed closely by the murmur of many voices, and the tramp of hurrying feet Fire has seized upon the dwelling where Care had snatched a respite, and tired Pleasure had laid her down, and quiet and breaking hearts had forgotten their joy and sorrow in one brief interval of slumber Fast the engines come clattering up the street, and the brave men who work them, helmeted warriors of no mean prowess or courage, do battle as they may with the devouring flame And now they have mastered it here, huddled in one stunned and cheerless fellowship are the human things who have escaped with dear life, but that is all, and where lately the spiral wreaths shot heavenward as if the sky were a target and they bright arrows of the mighty, there are but smouldering heaps and blackened rafters now. When the day dawns, the secrets of those inner chambers are revealed, they are just as they were when the forks of flame broke in, *there was no time to alter then arrangements, nor to amend their faults,—just as they were, they were revealed by fire* And is it to be so at the end? Is the fire to reveal the work at which we have been busy through the life time and to make it manifest in the presence of the Judge? How shall we bear the disclosure? Our small hypocrisies our conventional falsehoods—the base alloy that has mingled with our very purest motives—our many branching selfishness, our strange liability to degenerate from the holy to the impure, and shall all these be revealed? made manifest? set in the light of the impartial Judge's eye? Oh, who shall bear it? Of that final crucible, how searching the assay! "Gold silver, precious stones," the fire plays about them but harms them not, "wood, hay, stubble," the fire is remorseless to consume them The materials which are permanent abide, the materials which are unworthy perish

Second Sunday

THE GOOD MAN'S CONTENT IN GOD

"Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity"
Ps xxxvii (*Authorised Version*)

This Old Testament sermon on Christian contentment is none the less instructive and winning, that it was struck from the harp instead of being spoken in the synagogue There is but little arrangement in the structure of the Psalm but there is wondrous unity every reflection wood and various illustration revolve around the central idea, as divers rays can be reflected from the one prism or many melodies rung upon the same bells The main excellence of the teaching is its thorough humanness It is a cry of the heart and therefore other hearts respond to it The minstrel but expresses his own inner discords and harmonies, and like all who feel great truths, and are roused up to tell them, he meets with thousands of whose experience he has been the eloquent interpreter, and his warblings echo still It would be like the labour of a census to compute the numbers, in all ages, to whom this 37th Psalm has been a well spring of comfort and of life In it the dark doubts of which so many are conscious are boldly grappled with, temptations so fierce, that they are imagined to be not common to men, are shown to be both ancient and familiar, misgivings, arising out of the irregular and unequal present, are referred to the arbitrations of the future, and faith is shown to be as well a refuge from the perplexities of this life, as the disposition of mind which secures to us the life to come

The words recognise the existence of sinners in the Psalmist's time, as a familiar people, just as they are in the midst of us to day. We should not have escaped, then, from the contagion of ungodly companionship if we had lived in those early times The elements of evil were as active then as now The way of sinners was as broadly defined, the seat of the scornful resounded with as derisive laughter It was just as difficult then for humble piety to hold on its way, to possess itself in patience, to keep the tarnish off its bright integrity, as in later times. We need not imagine, therefore that ours is a heritage of singular trouble, that the progress of the years has developed mightier adversaries or that amid the refinements of modern civilisation have been born subtler or more invincible evils As it was in the beginning, so until the end of the dispensations it will continue The Christian's heavenward way is always up the hill he has always to contend with a world which hates him ever, whether the brow darkens in honest malignity, or the face is wreathed with simulated smiles The flesh continually lusteth against the Spirit and there, always on the watch and on the prowl is the great and ancient enemy It is not easy, in the presence of perpetual opposition, to preserve the mind even and the faith strong, and the Psalmist recognises the difficulty for he had felt it in his own many troubled life David had large experience of the evil doers, the "workers of iniquity" compassed him on every side The easily inflamed and dangerous jealousy of the unhappy Saul, the scheming of Doeg the Idumite with its bitter fruits of blood shed, churlish Nabal, false Ahithophel, the treachery of the well loved Absalom, the insurrection of Sheba, the son of Bichri, Shimei's contemptuous hand and ribald tongue, the too eager zeal and too ferocious cruelty of the sons of Zeruiah, who yet clung to him through all his fortunes, as the one star follows, through the clouded or the azure sky, the footsteps of the moon, his meditations in his long months of exile, in Engedi's desert hold, when he was hunted on the mountains over which he nominally reigned, when he companioned at the head of his equivocal band in the cave of Adullam,—all these incidents and people of his past life would perhaps chase each other across his memory as he wrote this Psalm, and, from the depths of an experience such as few men had beside him, and in the eventide of a life more adventurous than that of any of his peers, he gives forth his counsels of wisdom.

It would seem that the emotions which he regarded as the likeliest to be cherished by the Christian were those of indignation at the envenomed opposition of the ungodly, and envy of their secular prosperity, and against the indulgence of these, therefore, they are specially warned,—"Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity" They are hard lessons, both of them, to learn They must be fearlessly affirmed, and convincingly sustained, to win the credence of the heart What! not to fret in the midst of a thousand exasperations, when all the might of circumstance is enlisted on the side of evil, when ungodly men and seducers wax worse and worse, when the wreckers hoist the false light on the cliff, and would fain make shipwreck of the gallant vessel that sails thereby What! not to be envious when grinding poverty seems to wait upon the footsteps of right, and wealth, like a tendril parasite, clasps the tyrant strong when there seems to be a flaw in the administration of the universe, when God's character seems to be impugned, as well as man's rectitude dishonoured Were not fretfulness commendable, and envy to be largely exercised? Are they not emotions inevitable to be roused the natural spontaneous and therefore innocent actions of the mind? And yet the Psalmist, who had passed through the same stages of feeling and had got his doubts resolved, as he tells us in the sanctuary of God, announces the duty without the slightest qualification or apology, and with the authority, moreover, of one who was divinely inspired

The consideration by which the duty is enforced is the thought of the future There will come a time when the census will be searching, and the award impartial The plodding of the pious and the working of iniquity, alike hasten to the end There were excuse for fretfulness if the brief day of life were all, envy might be lawfully indulged if all closed darkly in the common grave, but the future, in the grandeur of its recompense shall vindicate the true, and shall prove, so that all the world shall own it, that the right is ever the royal, and that,

"The only noble to be good.

This is his argument "For they shall soon be cut down as the grass and wither as the green herb" It is as though the stately tree with fair branches, and a shadowing shroud were to fret because the frail grass beneath it had an earlier blossoming forgetful that when it stretches forth its arms and adorns the landscape with all the sheen of summer, the grass which it envied will have been long cut down beneath the strokes of the mower's scythe The antidotes to this fretfulness and envy are a life of meekness and charity (ver 3) an inner rejoicing in God (ver 4) and an absolute reliance upon the faithfulness of His government and grace (ver 5 6) Oh for this Christian bravery! for this conscious belonging to a universe whose throne is never vacant of its King Let it rise to rise into this sublimity of confidence "I have committed my way unto Him, and He will bring it to pass It may not be here, but I can wait The acquittal will be the grander before a witnessing heaven It will be with me as with my Master The angels must be present when the stone is rolled away"

Third Sunday

WORK WITHOUT WEARINESS

"And let us not be weary in well doing Gal vi 9

Action is the destiny and the lot of man All the conditions of his existence suppose his activity It is so in his physical frame The elastic foot is for speed, the firm lithe limb for endurance, the arm at once supple and sinewy, for toil, the eye and the ear for their respective revelries of sight and sound It is so in his mental constitution By the active exercise of the powers with which God has endowed him, he can classify objects and understand truth He has a memory by which he can inherit the past a regal imagination by which he can colonize and almost enact the future It is so in his moral nature There is a power of perception within him to distinguish between right and wrong, an instinct of worship which, however he may brutalize, he cannot stifle, yearnings after a nobler life which neither can debauchery extinguish, nor murder wholly kill Moreover, God has made the vigour of the faculties contingent upon their exercise. The muscle will shrink if it be never strung The moveless arm will stiffen into hopeless catalepsy, while

"The athlete, worsted in the Olympic games,
Gains strength, at least, for life"

Man was not made simply to live, the mere passive recipient of external impressions, a lifeless harp upon which each fitful wind might play, he was made to act, to will to influence, to become a Power, to be the living centre of ever radiating impressions His existence is not to be that of a zoophyte the mere clinging of a helpless parasite to its guardian rock, it is to be a life beautiful and holy, beating with quick pulses of activity, adventurous with an energy of which insensate matter knows not, and finding in the rejoicing doing life's very soul of joy

But though doing is a necessity of all, well doing is not now natural to any We have lost the inheritance of moral manhood A strange weakness has paralysed the sources of our former power. Distrust and alienation are the mildest forms of feeling in which we naturally think upon God, and so thorough is the spiritual decrepitude, so great the stoop and all of our moral nature, that we can hardly conceive of a time when it was erect and healthy, and are almost disposed to think upon Eden as some fable of the classic olden time, or ancient limner's dream.

While this is the actual condition of humanity, there is hope in its future destiny, and in its present experience too, because Christianity has revealed her glad tidings of great joy. By the death of Christ, the accepted substitute and propitiation,

provision is made for the transformation of the nature, and by the shedding forth of the Holy Ghost the application of that provision is secured to the believing soul It is quite possible, therefore, that an entire counteraction should be set up against the depravity of the Fall, well doing may become, as it once was, not a casual achievement, nor a momentary chivalry, but the rule of every day, the native and constant forthputting of the clean heart and of the right spirit

It is possible that many who did well should grow weary in well doing The exhortation deprecates this Weariness in well doing! How readily it creeps even upon the most vigilant of us Who has not felt its tendencies, and had to rise and shake himself, if, haply, the drowsiness might be removed from his soul Weariness in well doing! Under the dread spell of its inconstancy, fair plans have proved abortive, and generous youth has languished into premature age, and Christian consistency has come by a scar upon its beauty, and the edifice of Christian graces has been stayed in its erection, till the scoffing world, gazing from the unfinished masonry to the sluggard builder, says "This man began to build, and was not able to finish"

The causes of this weariness are manifold, and we may each of us find them for ourselves if we study the Book that is within Was it *sloth* that overcame us? Did we shrink from the effort of continued resistance to evil and of perpetual watchfulness against our own insidious sin? Was it *self complacency* that obtained possession of our hearts, that old serpent of vanity which whispered us into carnal security? Was it *envy* which seized us in its petulant grasp because we were not appreciated by our fellows, and were mortified to find the bolder preference given to inferior men, because some coveted pre-eminence wan dimmed us and our efforts to do good were met only with prejudice or scorn? Was it *respectability* which waved us off from commoner fellowships, which bade us leave all personal toil to the hewers and drawers among the people, and which told us that we could condone for our forsaken labour by our willingness to direct and to subscribe? Was it the *spirit of indifference* which exhausted our energies? Had we entered upon a work too high for us, which demanded sacrifices that our heroism could not reach, and imposed restraints from which our passion fretted in rebellion? Ah! how many are there who thus rest in luxurious arbours until they lose their roll, or lull themselves into disastrous, and well nigh hopeless slumber, upon the world's enchanted ground!

But why weary in well doing? The obligations which pressed upon us so forcibly in our early decision have not diminished in their importance or grandeur The soul is worth as much God's claims are as imperative Eternity is as magnificent, and it is not farther off, but nearer Heaven has not withered from its eternal spring Hell is not less certain and real There is no change, save only in ourselves The motives remain with equal, nay, with greater constraint upon us, for there are fewer sands in our life glass than when we first began. Oh, to cast off the weariness, and in recovered strength to go forth in the service of the Lord!

"Yet shall reap if ye faint not" The harvest is certain and it is nearing Every pulse approximates it Every day is hastening its approach Every Sabbath brings us nearer to the sound of the joy bells which, to usher in the eternal Sabbath, are ringing as for a bridal Why be weary *now*? Does the pilgrim halt when he is in sight of the shrine? Though the racer may be panting and breathless, surely he will press on when the goal of his wishes is before him Courage! my flagging brother! the call is upon thee to waken to it, and thine shall be the recompense of the reward

Fourth Sunday.

MORNING AND EVENING BLESSINGS

"The Lord will give strength unto his people, the Lord will bless his people with peace"—PSALM XXIX 11

THOROUGHLY to realize all the comfort of this delightful promise, we must acquire some knowledge of the geographical structure of the psalm Standing in the porch of the temple, the Psalmist watches the progress of a thunder storm, as it rises in the distance, swells grandly on, breaks over his head, and passes away He imagines its first rise from the far Mediterranean, and its royal play upon the waters (ver 3, 4) He then traces it as it has settled upon the lofty range of the Lebanon hills, and the tall cedars are uprooted and broken by the roughness of its mountain sport (ver 5, 6) Forked and vivid the blue lightnings glare, and the storm howls through the wilderness, making its desolation more savage and desolate still (ver 7, 8). On it sweeps from the cleft uplands, pouring its destructive floods through woodland knolls, and over the level and indented plain, for the brand has unlocked the prisoned heart of waters, and they leap to be released as the prisoner leaps from bondage (ver 9, 10) And now the tempest has fulfilled its purifying mission, and as the big drops linger upon the panting flower cup, or go to swell the murmur of the brook into a hoarser chorus, there is a glad hush upon the landscape, and a sweet balm upon the heaven scented air Then the minstrel speaks to the heart of Faith, and out of the recent, freshly remembered danger, he reads the lesson, everlasting in its comfort, of a safety which no disasters can disturb—"The Lord will give strength unto his people, the Lord will bless his people with peace" And it is so often with us, is it not, that the things we soonest dread are those in which our protection and our blessing lie? Who of us is there that would not have been more cowardly than the disciples in their fear, when, still and pale along the heavy night and cheerless waters, there moved that awful form? The thunder frightens us, we heed not that it slays the pestilence. We shudder when the keen lightnings play, forgetful that they cleave the clouds which hang darkly on our pathway home It is doubly sweet, therefore, when we are assured that the world's dreadful things are but the tokens of His

power who is our Saviour, and that when the tempest rages and the aliens fear, we have a tribal interest in the great Being who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm But the promise is to "His people," both of strength and peace They only who have chosen His service, and who abide with all faithfulness in His testimonies, are the heirs of these inspiring words For all others there is no relief from the crash of the storm, nor comfort in the peal of the thunder It behoves us to inquire into the reality of our interest in the promise, and to assure ourselves of that, that so our souls may exult in the breadth and fitness of the blessing "Strength and Peace" And what else can our utmost need comprise?

See the labourer whom the morning calls from slumber, hastening to the cheerful fields where the dew has freshly glittered and the lark has newly sung What needs he for the work which waits his ready hand? Surely strength to do it the flexile muscle, the strong, obedient sinew See him again at the eventide when the sun is liberal to the western clouds, and throws them largess of glory See how, to greet his homeward footsteps, little feet are pattering from under the jessamined thatch, and at the garden gate there is great mystery and clapping of hands, while from the inner room there flushes out upon the twilight a loving, wifely smile What is his fitting blessing just then?—what the endowment which seems properly to belong to that season? Surely Peace, nothing to corrode, distract, alarm, a tranquil spirit around which slumber draws, as the cool, quiet shadows draw around the outside world It would seem, then, that in the two blessings promised in the text, we have the supply of our need, alike for our morning work and evening rest—the inspiration for the duty, and the recompense of its loyal discharge 'Strength and peace' they must be united to fulfil the highest uses of each other There must be no remorse in the bosom of the strong man—no consuming passion fever—no deep, wasting anxiety or his strength will be paralysed and his labour be left unfinished, there must be no feebleness even in the tired frame, or sleep will flee the eyelids, and the man will toss in nightly unrest, that will unfit sadly for the energies of daily toil The complement of Christian endowment, therefore is to be realised in the fulfilment of the promise, and we whose hearts are fixed, though our fortunes are tried, may dwell, for our encouragement, upon it to day

"The Lord will give strength unto his people, the Lord will bless his people with peace" Strength to come to Him at last, strength to continue in His service, and the communication of the gift of power to be a witness for the truth And this blessing of Divine strength is needed, for the effectual discharge of duty, and for the patient endurance of trial. How otherwise could the Christian, very weakness as he is, accomplish a work so mighty? The world is mighty, and is marshalled against him, where is his might to cope with its banded legions, or hold his own against its hate or scorn? The flesh within him lusteth to evil, how shall he understand its secrets, defeat its devices of impurity, and carry on triumphant warfare even in the stronghold of the soul? The Enemy—the Devil—with a malignity embittered, and a cunning perfected by the lapse of many miserable years, watch to entangle and devour. How shall he withstand a craft so exquisite, and be unscathed amidst a hate so deadly? The heart of many a Christian warrior has been often thus painfully questioned and mistrustful, and in all the resources of merely human alliance, it could furnish no comforting reply But here comes in the blessedness of the unutterable promise, "The Lord will give strength unto his people" strength for their very direst combat, strength mightier than of their subtlest and most loathsh enemy, needed, suitable, abundant everlasting strength Take this promise and let it be the staff in your hand in your difficult and perilous way That Divine strength will enable you to persevere, in that strength you shall gird yourselves, unfearing, for the struggle with the last enemy then, like the Master you have served you shall conquer by dying, that strength shall nerve you for the final shout of triumph and, having finished the work and "kept the faith, you shall pass among the angels to the harp and the palm, and the crown.

The Lord will bless his people with peace" conscious reconciliation with Himself and the hush and the harmony of the once discordant spirit, peace in believing—the common privilege of faith, peace in feeling—the great calm upon the conscience which makes the great calm in the life And surely there shall be peace at last, the Peace of thy lifetime O thou follower of Jesus, shall gird and bless thee more when thou comest to the mortal struggle! Hast thou feared that last fight? Doth thy cheek blanch and thy lip quiver at the thought of it? Why fear it thou? That enemy *has* been overcome He is no giant invincible, that all the armies of Israel should flee before him He, who is *thy peace* and thy heart's strength, abolished him for thee eighteen centuries ago Death to the Christian is but the time of greatest triumph, because the time of nearest home Just as autumnal tints are richest on the woodland, and the decaying forest trees wear gayest colours—as if, like so many Cæsars, they had gathered their imperial robes about them, so sublimely to die,—so the Christian has found often the strength most vigorous, and the peace the stillest and divinest, when the shadow gathered on the countenance, sympathetic with the other shadow which had waited in the room. Be comforted, my brother, whom the thought of death hath oftentimes oppressed with a strange, heavy disquiet, be comforted *God will be glorified in thy death, if thou but aim to glorify Him in thy life.* If the eventide come on with lengthening shadows, or without a twilight, as in eastern skies, there shall be light at eventide, if the conflict be with torn plume and broken sword, like the wounded chieftain,—"With dying hand above the head, you'll shake the fragment of the blade, and shout your victory." And when the last convulsion thrills the quiet frame no more, and weeping friends sigh, in the first burst of sorrow, "So good, so kind, and he is gone,"—in heaven they will speak of you as one that rests from his labours; and angel-voices shall weave, in fairer melody than earth's, at once your epitaph and your destiny—

"QUIETNESS AND ASSURANCE FOR EVER."

Fifth Sunday.

THE RENEWAL OF THE VOW.

"Thy vows are upon me, O God! I will render praises unto thee."—Ps. lvi. 12.

THERE is an exquisite plaintiveness in the superscription of this psalm, in which David describes himself as a dumb dove among strangers, and pours out to the chief musician a song of his secret, when the Philistines seized him in Gath. It was written, probably, when fleeing from the roused jealousy of the infuriate Saul, he had taken refuge at the Court of Achish, and found himself an object of not unnatural suspicion, and beset with perils from which he escaped only by simulating madness. If he had been a vassal of circumstance surely now despair had seized him, for he was hunted like a hart upon the mountains, a cloud hung darkly over the future, and he who had been a companion of princes, wandered homeless and without a friend. But his faith waxed the stronger as the occasion of its trial came; just as there are brave sea birds which hold their heads highest in the storm, and in these seasons of apparent helplessness his harp trilled out some of its most rapturous doxologies, and some of the most sublime expressions of its confidence in God. In the psalm before us though he commences by bewailing his evil estate and imploring succour, it is not the cry of despondency, but of confidence,—it is not the shriek of the shipwrecked, drowned by the louder howling of the tempest which refuses cruelly to carry it to human ears—it is the cry of the child, frightened by some real or imaginary danger, but who knows that in the next room there is its father, and that he will be loving to pity, and powerful to help. He knows himself the victim of conspiracy, slandered by the evil tongues of perverse and unreasonable men, and yet he rests in the confidence that there is an eye which marks his flight, and a chalice which holds his tears, and in the warmth of his gratitude he sings of escape in the very jaws of danger, as if from the caged lark were to burst the "wood notes wild" with which he was wont to give greeting at Heaven's gate in the light and freedom of the morning. There are hearts among us which answer to this history. We have felt ourselves compassed round by enemies, the more formidable because invisible to human eye—because the light of the living glanced upon no shining steel. In our hearts there has been all the bitterness of tears, or that far dreader bitterness which is vainly covetous of tears, we have been sure that our steps were dogged as by unfriendly watchers, and that, in our strife against opposing evil, there was no moment in which it was safe for us to unlace the corslet, and lay down the sword. And, more painful memories than these, we have been conscious of our own waywardness and compromise, we have been haunted by the ghosts of broken vows, we have trembled, like the guilty things we were, as we trod amongst the fractures of a covenant shattered by our shortcoming, and by our sin. But we are called to sing notwithstanding the concluding verses of this psalm. Though half the year has gone from us, and we have hardly redeemed a promise of the thousand into which we entered at its beginning, yet not heedless of the irreparable past, but hopeful for the advancing future, there is cause for our melody to-day. Though the months have witnessed our failure, their recurrence has deepened our obligation. The grateful feeling which rejoices over forbearance from judgment, and the humbled feeling which mourns its own defective service, and the startled feeling which anticipates impending danger, and the hopeful feeling which dreams of a more loyal future, all combine to urge our consecration again.

The vows which were upon the Psalmist were not limited but comprehensive. The vows which we are called upon to make, include the sacrifice of every sin and the consecration of every faculty God claims both ours and us. We are called to forsake the service of evil and to guard both mind, and hands and tongue from entertainment or dalliance with sin. We are called to yield ourselves to him in living service. We are called to present our adoring homage to the Divine perfections to live in the spirit of prayer, to attend diligently to the cultivation of the heart, and to maintain that continual looking unto Jesus which grows into the beauty on which it gazes. We are called to exhibit among men that we are thoroughly in earnest and that we are graciously transformed, to maintain a consistency as blameless in things secular as in things spiritual, to be as godly in the home as in the temple, as spotless in the shop and on the 'change as when we breathe the sanctuary air. We are called to display no affected superiority, no glozing Pharisee smile, but in a gentle lovingness, which the sense of Christ's love makes tenderer to watch for the helpless, that we may succour them, to listen to the cry of the needy, and to fold the hapless strayings in the pastures where the good Shepherd dwells. Now, this is the substance of the vow which we are called upon to make unto the Lord. The summons comes to us the men and women of the present, not the hermits, in cowardly retreat from the world's perils, not the worn out, used up pensioners upon the shreds of a plenty whose ample store we have no power to exhaust, but to us, in all the glow of our opportunities, and in all the vigour of our manliness, to us, who have power to work and light to work in, in whom the palsy has not seized upon the frame, for whom the golden sun has not gone down—the summons is to us. We are called to offer the fulness of a life, its wealth, its sparkle, its music, all the summer of it, things that it would cost something for flesh and blood commonly to surrender, these are to be the offerings, cast with a glad heart and with a free will upon the altar of the Lord. Are we ready for it? Have we the heart, or rather the grace—for it is of Divine bestowment—for such rare and exquisite heroism? Then, in the secrecy of our communion-closets, and in the joyous fellowship of God's people, let us "take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP. VI.—PERSONAL PURITY

Distinguished from other jewels that have but one colour, such as the fiery ruby, the milk white pearl, the sapphire that borrows its tint from the sky, and the emerald from the sea, diamonds owe their beauty, brilliancy, and costly value to this, that they burn with many hues Turned round they sparkle with shifting colours, as the light flashes from their different facets Still though it appears in this variety of aspects, the diamond is one gem—"pure and undefiled, as a dew drop distilled from the skies And why should not Christians believe that the Church of the living God is also one, though in forms of worship ecclesiastical constitutions, and somewhat even in doctrines it presents various aspects—as Paul says, 'there are differences of administration, but the same Lord'

Like the costliest and most brilliant of gems, pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father presents itself under various aspects Every one is beautiful, heavenly in its source—like the rays of the diamond caught from the sun, yet each differs from another, as much as do the properties which James assigns to divine wisdom In this passage, 'the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated of, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy," we have something like a full description but in saying that "pure and undefiled religion is to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world," the apostle does not attempt to give a full length portrait Out of many human traits but two features, but these, though highly characteristic neither embrace all the duties of a Christian's life, nor exhaust the graces of his character On the contrary, as the sun in his annual course passes through all the signs of the zodiac, pure and undefiled religion, overlooking no commandment, but endeavouring to keep the entire law of God, walks the whole circle of Christian duties Then, though some may be more prominent and more fully developed than others, the believer, "complete in Christ," is bedecked with every Christian grace None are wanting, all are there, like the precious stones of the high priest's breast plate, when, with a blood filled bowl of purest gold, wearing his crown, and robed in white, he drew aside the veil, and, vanishing, entered into the Holy of Holies to commune alone with God With this explanation, let us now study the second phase of true and undefiled religion

It is pure as to keep ourselves unspotted from the world

An obstruct on to our prayers, efforts, and progress meets us here in limine —on the very threshold which it is necessary to take out of the way It has not a feeling, or fancy, that it is impossible to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, or even to come within sight of such a high attainment To live in this world and yet keep ourselves contaminated by its influence pure in heart and life, seems as impossible as to be immersed in water and yet keep dry, or to walk a muddy road and keep our garments clean or to take fire into our bosom, and not be burned Well, if not more impossible than these, it can be done It has been done—to some extent at least, by help of Him who says, My grace is sufficient for thee"

To be plunged overhead in water, and yet keep dry, is not impossible From rocking boat, or sandy shore observe yon sea fowl poised on white wing above the deep Catching sight of her prey, she dives and like a flash of light, diving into the belly of the wave, ere long she emerges, and bearing no touch of damp on her snowy plumage rises into the air with feathers dry as the eagle's that springs from the rock to soar in sunny skies With feet webbed to swim, and broad sails to fly, and warm downs to preserve her heat, God has furnished this bird with oil that, coating her feathers protects them from the touch of water. Nor is it impossible to crawl undefiled in mire. How often have I seen a creeping thing come wriggling out of the foulest mud, pure, clean, without a speck on its ringed and shiny form And if God enables it by a fluid secreted from its lubricous skin to pass through defilement undefiled, may not the Christian say, Shall He take such care of the poor worm that we tread upon, and not preserve from worse pollution those whom he has called to heaven, and redeemed with the blood of His beloved Son"

> "He who His Son, most dear and loved,
> Gave up for us to die,
> Shall He not all things freely give
> That goodness can supply"

Grant that contact with a sinful world is like taking fire into our bosom,—it does not follow that

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

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CHAP VI —PERSONAL PURITY

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we shall certainly be burned. With the troubled king, his nobles, and the eager multitude that crowd round the fiery furnace, look at these three Hebrews! Their naked feet are on glowing coals! they breathe the burning flame! and yet they come forth no hair singed on beard or eyelash, nor smell of fire upon their clothes!

We might meet this difficulty with such answer as the holy Leighton once gave to such another plea. Grieved with the unhappy state of his country, and the failure of his own well meant attempts to reconcile his countrymen to prelacy, and stop the bloody cruelties of the time, he had retired into England to pass the clouded evening of his life in the house of a married sister. Having a family, she had many domestic cares, and cumbered by them, she came far short of his close and devout walk with God. One day, addressing her brother, who had never married, she said, "It is easy for you to live a holy life, it is otherwise with me, with children and many household cares to occupy my thoughts and engross my attention, such a life as yours is to me impossible." With one blow of his gentle hand, Leighton demolished her plea. He engaged in no argument, nor set himself to prove her wrong, but kindly turning to her, and quoting God's own word, he said, 'Enoch walked with God, and begat sons and daughters.'

Like her, many deem high degrees of grace beyond their reach, therefore they aim low, and in consequence of that their attainments are low, for few are so fortunate as the son of Kish, who, leaving home to seek his father's asses, found a crown on the way. We expect too little, and to those who would dismiss this subject abandoning all efforts after a purity which they deem as impossible in this world, as to live in water, or breathe unhurt in fire, I have an answer, drawn also from the Word of God—an arrow taken from the quiver where the good Archbishop found his shaft. What saith the Lord? He puts the case in your own form, and taking your very figures of fire and water, says, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee, thou shalt walk through the fire, and not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

5. *To keep themselves unspotted from the world, God's people are carefully to avoid its vices.*

There is much vice in the world. Thousands make no profession of religion, having broken loose from their anchors, and drifted into practical infidelity, they have no connexion with any church, and seek none. Thousands besides are to be found within the Church who are dead—dead as the bodies that rot and moulder outside its walls! They have the form of godliness, but are strangers to its power. It requires neither an intimate nor an extensive acquaintance with society, to discover that thousands are living in open profligacy. The vices of town and country indeed thrust themselves on our notice. Though not exactly defended, they are allowed and winked at—now excused on the plea that the young must sow their wild oats, as if it was no solemn truth that "what a man soweth that he shall also reap"—and now varnished over by giving respectable names to bad things. For example, seduction is called an affair of gallantry, murder by duel, an affair of honour, drunkenness, intemperance, the debauchee who ruins his health, is a fast liver, and he who cheats another, is a sharp man of business. Licentiousness, with brazen front and painted face, openly walks our streets—pushing virtue aside, and putting modesty to the blush: while immoral and impure habits, though discreetly veiled like an internal cancer, are destroying the health, the fortunes, the happiness, the bodies and souls of thousands. With shot locks, drunkenness reels abroad in the face of day, and events ever and anon are coming to light that show how many of both sexes and of all ranks, are the secret slaves of this debasing vice. What falsehoods are told and frauds largely practised in commerce, and in almost every kind of business! and are not the poor often defrauded of their wages, helpless widows and orphans of their substance, to maintain a splendid extravagance—a false position in society, to blow and keep up a bubble that sooner or later bursts! By how many is God's holy name profaned, and how many more—like the drunken king, who, in carousal with his wives and concubines, made wine cups of the vessels of the sanctuary—profane the Sabbath by idle recreation, or feasting, or business, wasting its sacred hours on the most common purposes!

To warn religious people against such vices may seem unnecessary. I know that they will not practise them, yet they may fall into what they will not practise. Fall! alas! how have the mighty fallen! and were all our secrets revealed, how would it be seen that many who never fell, had been on the point of falling—tottering, when God's arm pulled them back, on the very edge of the precipice. What sore battles have been fought of which the world knows nothing! Examples of this, that "the righteous scarcely are saved," wounded, and bleeding, and all but overcome, their shield and helmet battered, their crown in danger and all but taken, they have come off conquerors only by help of Him who finds his opportunity in man's extremity, and saves at the very uttermost.

It is not the practice of fathers to publish the faults of their children, they are slow to believe them, they are much more ready to conceal than to reveal their failings. And for what end were the sins of Noah, and Jacob, and Peter, and David,

written in the Bible, and proclaimed in the ears of the world but to warn us? Their moral is this, Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall Do any, astonished and indignant at the insinuation, resent it saying, There is no fear of me? Ah! the day was when these good men would have said the same asking, with horror as great as yours, Is thy servant a dog that he should do such a thing? Yet they did it, and, though with Noah's sons we would throw a mantle over their shame, the sound of their fall has its echo in our Saviour's words Watch! Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation

We are to abstain from all worldly pursuits and pleasures that are of a doubtful character

The atmosphere is sometimes in such a peculiar state that the spectator on coast or shore looking abroad over the sea cannot tell where the water ends and the sky begins, and as if some magician had raised them out of their proper element and turned their sails into wings, the ships seem floating in mid air But occasionally no line of separation is more difficult to draw than that which lies between what is right and what is wrong Whether such and such a business, or amusement, pursuit or pleasure, is wrong and one, therefore in which no Christian should engage, is a question that so far as the thing itself is concerned, may be difficult to answer But it is not difficult to answer so far as you are concerned if you doubt whether it is right The apostolic rule is, Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and unless you are so then "what is not of faith is sin —sin at least to you No man I freely admit, has any more right to add to the duties than he has to add to the doctrines of religion, and he assumes an authority which belongs not to man, who pronounces anything to be positively sinful that is not clearly forbidden either by the letter, or by the spirit of God's word These are the impious pretensions of the Church of Rome Still, whatever others may feel themselves at liberty to do, if you are not satisfied in your own mind and conscience that the thing is right, that the pursuit, or pleasure, or enjoyment, is lawful, it may be right for others, but it is wrong for you to do it Hence the word of God says, He who doubteth is damned! not that he is damned in the common sense of that terrible expression, not that he is damned to hell! but that he is convicted, condemned of wrong doing, in doing that which he is not sure is right.

In regard to the lawfulness of certain pursuits, pleasures, and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule, but we may confidently say, that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them, whatever disquiets your mind, or cools the fervour of your devotions, whatever indisposes you to read your Bible or engage in prayer, wherever the thought of a bleeding Saviour, or of a holy God, of the hour of death or of the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment, the pleasure which you cannot thank God for on which you cannot ask his blessing, whose recollections will haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow,—these are not for you These eschew, in these be not conformed to this world but transformed in the renewing of your minds—"Touch not, taste not, handle not" Never go where you cannot ask God to go with you, never be found where you would not like death to find you never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflection Keep yourselves unspotted from the world! not from its spots only, but even from its suspicions If the virtue of Cæsar's wife, according to the Romans, was not even to be suspected may I not say as much for the purity of the Lamb's bride? Remember that the character of a Christian is easily blemished, that they who wear white robes need to take care where they walk, that the smallest stain is visible on snow, that polished steel takes rust from the slightest touch of damp Keep your garments clean Keep your conscience tender—tender as the eye that closes its lids against an atom of dust, or as that sensitive plant which I have seen shrink and shut its leaves, not merely at the rude touch of a finger, but at the breath of the mouth Walk holily, and humbly, and circumspectly, lest your good should be evil spoken of, and you should give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme Mould your life on Christ's, and, in the noble words of his apostle "Whatsoever things are true whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things"

Religion does not require us to retire from the world

In the true sense of the term the world has nothing to defile us It is a beautiful world—furnished with delights, and full of loveliness Its fields carpeted with flowers, its mountains wreathed with mists, or bathed in sunshine, or crowned with glistening snows, its bright skies and green woods ringing with merry music, its air loaded with the perfumes of ten thousand censers, its seas and lakes spread out like great mirrors of living gold or silver, its various elements teeming with happy myriads, that, gathering what God gives, are the pensioners of His bounty—the world is full of God, and converse with nature, so far from corrupting or defiling us, has a tendency to purify our thoughts and improve the mind. It

was not of this world, in the ordinary sense of the term, that our Lord spake, when, seeing Satan advance to the combat, he said, "The prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in me." Our earth owned not Satan, but Christ, as its Prince. It felt the pressure of his foot, its waters sustained his form, its midnight sky rang with the song of his nativity, its air bore him up as he rose to his Father, in a golden cloud it provided the Conqueror with a chariot, its waves and winds in their wildest uproar were obedient to his command, at his bidding its water reddened into wine, its graves opened to give up their dead its bread multiplied to feed his train, and, as if the blow that struck him had fallen heavy on its head, it trembled with horror as it received his blood. It never gave its room to be made for his blessed hands, nor grew its thorns to pierce his brow. With high heaven, the earth was a mourner at Christ's death, and as if it were never to recover the shock of that day, when they hung its king and Creator on a tree, an old legend says, that the reason why the aspen leaf is ever trembling on its stalk is because the cross was made of an aspen tree.

It is not the world, but the men of it, that are *corrupt* and *corrupting*. It is from these that religion calls us to keep ourselves unspotted. Uncontaminated and unstained by their vices, we are to recoil from them, saying, My soul, come not thou into their secret, with them, mine honour, be not thou united. In Scripture, the world often stands for the ungodly, and the application of that term to them proves, alas! that the ungodly form the great mass of mankind. God's enemies are the majority, his people the minority, and in some places a very small minority. Hence they are called a *peculiar* people—a description altogether inappropriate, were the mass of society holy and leavened with divine principles, for in that case it would be the bad, not the good who were peculiar—distinguished from the multitude, like the man at the marriage feast who wore no wedding garment. An important, thus is a serious and alarming consideration. It makes it all the more difficult to keep ourselves unspotted by prevailing ungodliness, just as it is more difficult to make way in the streets against a rush and press and crowd of people, than against a few individuals advancing in a direction opposite to our own. Here number is power; mass is power; as in the ball that goes crashing through walls of oak, or grinds granite stones to powder, and owes as much to its mass as to its momentum—to its weight as to its velocity.

Alarmed at this, and deeming it impossible, if exposed to it, to stem the flood of evil, and maintain a successful resistance against such odds and power of numbers, some have fled from the world. There are good Christians now a days who shut themselves up as they would in a town where the plague was raging, retreating before danger, they keep aloof from society—mingling little, or not at all with the world. Under the same fears, though allowing themselves to be carried to greater lengths, men in old times withdrew to the solitude of deserts, rocks, and forests, and became hermits. Content with a bed of dry leaves for their couch, a bare cave for their home, wild fruits for their food, the crystal spring for their simple drink, they renounced the society of man for that of the more innocent beasts, that they might escape the contaminations of an evil world. It were unjust not to admire the self denying, brave devotion of these old anchorites, yet they mistook the path of duty. While all, and especially young Christians—the raw recruits as they may be called—should carefully avoid the dangers of temptation still, I ask, If the leaven is withdrawn from the lump, how is the meal to be leavened? If the candle is removed, how is the house to be lighted? If Christian men and women are to retire from the world,—pity the world! how is it ever to be converted? It is well to retire at times, by prayer, and meditation, and communion with God, to get our wounds healed and our strength renewed for the warfare and the work. But though our Lord, for example, did occasionally withdraw himself to lone shores, and desert places, and mountain tops, his common walk was among the haunts of men. Now he is at a merry marriage feast, and now in the silent house of mourning—here he dines with a pharisee, there he accepts the hospitalities of a publican—his footprints are on the sands of busy shores and the dusty streets of Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Jerusalem. He went about continually doing good.

Followers of Jesus! seek others' good as well as your own. We are to leaven the world, not to leave it, not to run away, but to stay. "The field is the world," said our Lord, our ploughshare is to gleam in its furrows, and with flashing sickles we are to go in and reap it. Though he sent them out as sheep among wolves, to be hunted, and torn, and murdered, Jesus said to his disciples, as to us also, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. The part of a brave sailor is not to take to the boat, pull ashore, and leave the shrieking or sleeping passengers to perish; but to stick by the ship so long as there is a hope of saving her. And the part of a Christian is not to desert his post in the world, but to stay by it—to keep the ship afloat, the world from perishing. They fall well, and are saved who fall at the post of duty. He who gave Paul the lives of all on board, has given Christ the souls of all his people, and though the world should go down like

a foundering ship, they perish not with it—sinking, it does not, whirlpool like, suck them down into destruction Those that Thou hast given me says Jesus, I have kept—they shall never perish—no man shall pluck them out of my Father s hand

Look at these two illustrations of the difference between having the world, and remaining to have it

In a beautiful town of Switzerland, there is a large convent belonging to an order of Dominican Nuns Ill guided but, let us hope in charity seeking the religion that, pure and undefiled keeps itself unspotted, these timid women have fled from the world to devote themselves to what is called a religious life, and become candidates for the highest honours of their Church Who visits the scene and—having read of such convents as Le Vaux sepolte by the Tarpeian rock, where the living entered occupy themselves by incessant mortification, fast continually, never read, direct their constant meditation to death and corruption, never change their dresses, and their under garments only twice in the year, never see their connexions, nor yet hear their voices, nor even know anything about them, are not permitted to see the sacrament, but have it administered to them through a hole in the wall, through which also they make their confession and receive absolution—has associated such a life with severe austerities, will be agreeably disappointed Beautiful order, neatness, and a fine feminine taste, reign within the convent walls The attire of the inmates who occupy themselves to such an extent with works of charity as to ward off *ennui*, is no doubt odd and funereal like, and not calculated to gratify female vanity Still their appearance betokens no rigid fasts, or painful mortifications The apartments are small, but most tastefully adorned The walls are hung with needle work and pictures, every couch is white as the snows of the neighbouring Alps, and at our visit, the summer breeze, as it whispered among the leaves of the vines, and stole in at the open window, filled the room with a sweet scent of beautiful flowers that grew on the window sill It was a sunny scene, where one could dream away life, remote from the battles and turmoil of the world, but remote also from its duties, and I could not but look on these fair devotees as deserters who, selfishly consulting their own safety, and distasting the grace of God, had abandoned the post of duty They were not keeping themselves unspotted from the world, but had fled from it

Not in that, but in this other scene we meet the pure and undefiled religion which, while in the world, keeps itself unspotted Go with me on a winter's night into one of the worst quarters of London Threading streets that here blaze with the gas and glare of lowest drinking shops, and now dark and dismal, are the walk of prostitute, and the haunts of robbers, we reach a large, dingy building Ascending by a trap stair to a spacious loft, we find ourselves in the strangest scene of human woe and wickedness you could look on It is a Night Refuge for houseless women—for the friendless those who, thrown out like faded flowers to be trodden on in the streets, had sunk into dark depths of loathsomeness and degradation. The hour is late, and though a few lingered by the stove the most glad to stretch their weary limbs, had lain down on the pallets that, spread on the floor, were ranged along the bare walls Every head was raised and all eyes turned on us as we entered And what looks they had! Here one stared with her unblushing front Some had the look of fiends, treachery brutal cruelty, false hood wrongs, and neglect having turned what ever kindliness had once been in the heart, into gall and wormwood, and now hatred both of God and man shot forth in their scowling looks Others wore an expression of most touching sadness one reclined with her back to the naked wall, gasping for breath, and dying of a rattling cough, while another sat upright in a corner, a living form of death The tide of night had floated in this *wreck* for the sake of a meal a fire, the humblest of couches and a roof to cover heads that otherwise had lain on the cold flags or been pillowed on a door step

In the centre of this scene just risen from her knees, beside a table where the Bible still lay open, from whose pages, accompanied by prayer, she had been reading words of hope and peace to these wretched outcasts, stood a woman—I might say an angel Leaving father, mother, brother, sister, pure associations, and a sweet home, to breathe this foul atmosphere, and take those forlorn creatures to her arms, she had become mother, nurse, physician, comforter, saviour, guardian of those from whom all others shrunk as the filth and off scourings of the earth When Carey and his associates contemplated a mission to the heathen, he, on condition that they would raise the means at home, volunteered to go abroad, boldly saying, "If you will hold the rope, I will go down into the pit" Never had we seen this graphic speech so nobly illustrated I stood rebuked in the presence of this noble woman Pure, virtuous, and delicate, what a sacrifice had she made for Christ, and perishing souls! It was one for angels to sing, and for Christ Himself to reward with, Sister of mine, well done More than any sight I ever saw, it reminded me of Him who left his Father s bosom, and the honours paid by angels, to become the associate, and be called the Friend of sinners, to save us by his blood, and teach us by his example how to labour for the world s good, and keep ourselves unspotted from its evil

A PEEP AT RUSSIA, AND THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC

NO III.

An ordinary amount of common sense, apart from an ordinary amount of experience from travel in foreign countries, may suffice to teach a man the absurdity of giving forth his opinions, with the slightest confidence in their being founded on sufficient evidence, regarding the political or social condition from his own observation, of any country which he has visited for a few weeks only

The first day I landed in the United States, I took my seat on the top of an omnibus—by no means an aristocratic position, but a most interesting one in passing through the streets of a great city—when my attention was called to the fact of the driver seating himself on the *left* or "off" side of the ample "box" With the disposition of a traveller to watch for national characteristics I was inclined to "book" this fact as peculiar to drivers in America But I thought it best, before doing so, to inquire into the cause of this unusual phenomenon 'Pray, why do you sit on that side' I inquired "'Cause, stranger, I guess I'm left handed!" I gained some experience by this reply, and resolved, accordingly, never to generalize too hastily, lest I should make mere exceptions prove the rule of manners and customs

I don't wish to forget this principle in presuming to speak about the Russians But, just as a Parliamentary committee, which itself knows little of a subject, nevertheless obtains information by examining competent witnesses, so may a traveller have opportunities abroad of examining those who *ought* to possess information from long residence, and whose evidence he has the means of constantly sifting, and in some degree of testing, by his own limited observation Accordingly, I naturally embraced every opportunity given me of ascertaining what those long resident in Russia knew about its people Circumstances enabled me to come into contact with several well informed persons, whose character for truth was above suspicion

Well, then, let me give my readers a specimen of one conversation of several I had with such witnesses I do not pretend to give the very words, nor the exact sequence of the remarks made, but I am sure that my *compagnons de voyage*, who will probably read what I am now writing, could confirm the strict accuracy of my report Let me, then, record

AN AFTER DINNER TALK AT MOSCOW IN BILLO'S PENSION

The dinner is ended, the clatter of plates and of all the European languages has ceased, the most of the guests have dispersed,—some have gone out on pleasure or business, some to read the newspapers in the next room, and others to arrange about their journey to the great fair, then going on at Nijni Novogorod But at the end of the empty table, half a dozen Englishmen and Scotchmen have remained, by special invitation, to chat with the travellers who have brought some of them letters of introduction One man has been twenty years at the head of a prosperous work for the manufacture of machinery, another, nine years in a similar business, another, fifteen years a superintendent of one of the largest cotton mills, two others, partners in an establishment which has necessitated a large amount of travelling for sixteen years in every part of Russia while one or two more are acquainted with the country during a residence of several years, either in Moscow or in St Petersburgh Such are the witnesses Let us examine them on several points We began with

THE POLICE

'One hears a great deal about the Russian Police," was remarked, 'but it is difficult to know how far the stories recorded of them in anonymous books are true, or how far they may be the mere invectives or inventions of men who suffered rightcously from them"

"A greater set of scoundrels don't exist'" pronounces my cotton friend, calmly and coolly, as if speaking from the heart

'Ha! ha! ha!' my boy, you are sore upon the point,' said an acquaintance of his, sitting beside him "Now, do tell our friends about what happened to yourself the other day It is a fair specimen of the set, suggests a third party After some joking and coaxing, the story was told But I wish my readers could have seen the figure of the splendid Yorkshireman who told it He was upwards of six feet, with a bronzed, handsome face, and light curly hair, and fists from whose grasp most men would shrink if they seized in order to shake! I wish also, if the reader loves Yorkshire as I do, that he heard the story told in the dialect of the great county, so full of force and humour The story ran thus —The cotton mills had suffered, more than once, considerable losses in their cotton bales It was difficult to detect the thief—for no doubt the bales were stolen—and difficult, when he was detected, to convict him. So utterly corrupt is justice, from the highest to the lowest, so combined are all interested parties to act solely with reference to their own probable gain in money, that it is always a very complex problem to solve, whether more is lost or gained by ever going into court in order to recover property The bribery is so immense, so shameful, and reduced to such a science and art, that the complainer is always in the dark, for the police he employs to search, the advocate he employs to plead, the judge who tries the case,—each and all may be bribed by higher sums on the part of the defender than on that of the complainer Therefore, in Russia alone can the rule be followed by selfishness, of permitting him who takes your coat to take your cloak also, rather than go to law But in this case a carrier volunteered (for a *consideration*) certain intelligence regarding the missing cotton bags It was thus discovered that the son of one of the leading merchants in Moscow, and a

member of its highest "guild," had been in the habit of bribing the carriers of the cotton to drop a bag occasionally at a certain spot in a wood near the public road, and from which the "gentleman" picked it up shortly afterwards Mr S laid his scheme of detection founded on this information He armed himself with a loaded revolver, and hid himself in the wood in the environs of Moscow, to watch his prey The carrier appeared in due time, dropped and concealed the cotton bale in the wood, passed on, and in a short time was followed by the young merchant in his droshky, accompanied by an empty cart The bale was conveyed into the empty cart by its driver, and, along with the droshky and its driver, was proceeding on their journey, when the Moscow gentleman found himself suddenly seized by a huge man who sprang into his vehicle beside him, threatening to shoot him if he offered any opposition while pinioning his hands A mouse might as well have opposed a wild cat! Mr S drove him to the police office of the district Now it so happened that the head police officer was bribed by Mr S "Bribed!" I exclaimed, interrupting his story, "how could *you* do that?" A general smile prevailed on the countenances of the company, while Mr S replied, "Every man *must* bribe in this country It is a tax, understood and fixed Unless merchants bribed the post office"—"At what rate?"—"I know some houses that pay about £1 a week, and the merchant who refused this would not get his letters until long after they were due Unless we bribed the police, neither we nor they could live For example, the police officer I speak of only receives as his nominal salary say £100 But he has to keep four horses and two assistants, each at £50 per annum, while his allowance for his horse goes as *his* bribe to his superintendent How then is he to live, unless we pay him? We give him about £20 a year, and this is absolutely necessary to secure that his services shall not be *against* us" To continue the story Mr S appeared with his prisoner at the bureau of the police office, and found himself immediately charged by him with an attempt at murder, while he denied, at the same time, all knowledge of the transaction regarding the cotton, which he was ready to swear he had never seen or touched! The tables thus seemed suddenly turned against the Yorkshireman But, while he, the young gentleman, was drawing up his protest and charge, the police officer gave a sign to Mr S to follow him to the next room "Pray, Mr S, was your pistol loaded?" "It was, and no mistake!" "Then draw the bullet instantly, or you will find yourself in a scrape" Mr S tried to do so in vain, but the policeman effectually aided him. They returned to the room, and the charge was presented. "I see," said the officer, "that you charge this highly respectable foreigner with a threat to shoot you! Pooh! pooh! It was all a joke!" "Joke! I wish you had only seen him! Joke!" "But are you sure there were bullets in his pistol? Mr S, please inform me as to this fact" Mr S instantly handed the pistol to the policeman, and asked him to examine and decide for himself. "I know it! The barrels are empty! I cannot tolerate this stupid charge, it is malicious and shameful! Please compromise matters. I presume, Mr S, *you* are waiting to admit that there is no *proof* that this gentleman stole your cotton? and *you*, sir, addressing the Russian, must admit that there is no proof that Mr S. intended to do anything else but to give you a fright" And so a compromise in these terms was agreed upon But the policeman whispered to Mr S, "Would you like to thrash the rascal? for, if so, I can easily give you an opportunity of doing so, eh?" But Mr S declined the honour, "For," said he, as he told the story, "I knew that the policeman was another rascal, and that, if I had accepted the privilege offered to me, he would have kept it over my head for years, and threatened me with a trial, and every time I attempted to leave the country the trial would be re opened anew, until they were heavily bribed to let me off without it" So both parties left the office But as the door was closed behind them, the young Russian merchant, finding himself alone with Mr S, put his finger to his nose and said, "When you wish to catch a thief again, pray let me advise you to take a little more time,—to restrain your passion, to be more careful of evidence, and you may probably succeed, in the meantime, *I rather think I have done you!*" And with a triumphant laugh and bow, he bade Mr S. a good afternoon

This fact, which had happened a few weeks before, is a fair specimen of the stories which were told illustrative of the police, and is characteristic of the whole system of "justice" from the highest to the lowest There is nothing, in fact, in the civilized world more infamous than the execution of the civil and criminal law in Russia

One other trifling incident I cannot help recording "Well, S," asked one of the company, "how do you and the Government Doctor get on now?"

"Better a little," replied S "Do you know, I have found out the reason why the fellow annoyed us so much, and made so many complaints I knew he was a drunkard, and that he insisted on being supplied well with liquor as *his* bribe So, as I did not drink myself, I hired a man, and paid him regular wages, to drink with the medical inspector Was that not liberal? But the rascal got offended, and determined to revenge himself on me, because I drank with him by proxy, and did not give him my own company!"

"Are you afraid," I asked another person present, "to travel on the roads at night?"

"Never, unless we meet the Cossack mounted police, who are sure to rob if they catch an unarmed traveller"

So much for the police. But this led to a further conversation on

THE COTTON MILLS, THE WORKING CLASSES, AND GENERAL MORALITY.

There are in Russia about 140 cotton mills, containing 1,600,000 spindles Taking all things into account, the protection of the trade raises the price of the article fifty per cent above England. Smuggling, therefore, exists to a great extent The workmen employed are serfs, who generally

live in the country, but leave their villages and their wives behind them to work for a time at the factories Their wages amount to about £2, 10s monthly Barracks are provided for the workmen The work is continued by relays day and night Out of 280 work days, about 30 are fast or feast days, in which no work is done The Russians have hitherto been unable to make good factory machinery, any who have succeeded, apparently, in doing so, have really been indebted to England for its chief portions The habits and morals of the working classes are of the lowest possible description It would be impossible to publish in these pages the unquestionable facts illustrative of their depraved condition Virtue and truth seem scarcely known As regards stealing, not one working man or woman is ever permitted to pass out of the premises without being carefully searched by persons employed for this purpose * In spite of this, they manage to pilfer cotton and other articles Baths are regularly taken weekly, but during the other days their persons are filthy They lie on bare boards, and never change their clothes When a new and commodious lodging house was built for the workmen of a well conducted factory at Alexandrofski, near St Petersburgh, the workmen, after examining it sent a deputation to the manager, who was my informant asking him what additional wages he meant to give if they went to his new house!

But I have been given to understand that the habits of even the middle and higher classes of society in Moscow and St Petersburgh, with some exceptions, is said to be as polluted as that of the serfs The moral leprosy is covered with silk garments, and splendid uniforms, and highly respectable outsides, but there it is, nevertheless, in all its vileness I have never in Austria or France heard, from those best informed as to the state of national morality, of more corruption than exists in Russia But it is impossible to enter into details on this topic

Few things gave me a more painful impression of the morality of the people than the Asylum in Moscow—and there is one as great in St Petersburgh—for poor children The building is magnificent, the education given in it excellent, and all its arrangements princely Any child brought to it is at once received I witnessed the process Two women of the working classes brought each a child The clerk handed a ticket, with a number attached to it, to be tied round its wrist, a corresponding number was inscribed in the ledger No questions were asked The women delivered up their children with more indifference than most people would part with a cat or dog The children are next day baptized and vaccinated, and though they may be afterwards claimed, yet the vast majority never are About sixty children are each day thus received at this one institution There were in the house about 800 infants, under the care of several hundred nurses The whole number of children under the charge of the institution is 30,000! The vast majority are boarded out in the country districts

God preserve to us our family life! And defend us from such premiums upon selfishness and immorality! The poor laws are bad enough, but this is worse

But I am forgetting Billo's, and the group at the end of the table A word or two more ere we part, on

THE GREEK CHURCH

"Pray what is your impression, from all you have seen and heard, regarding the Greek clergy?"

Mr H "The description which Macaulay gives of the clergy in England in the days of Charles I seems to me to be as nearly as possible characteristic of the estimation in which the Greek clergy are held in this country I presume that there must be learned men and good men among them, but assuredly, as a body, they are a miserable set without any influence whatever in society and among educated men"

"But the people respect them?"

"*Respect* them! that certainly they do not The gross and prevailing superstitions of the masses lead them, of course, to idolize them in their official capacity as representatives of Heaven, having power to save or destroy, but when the idols are disrobed of their garments, and appear as men they are lightly esteemed One never meets a *Pope* in society The nobleman who would ask him to come to his house to baptize his child, would never receive him at his table, but as a matter of course, send him to the servants hall, to be supplied with food and abundance of drink"

"Are they immoral, then?"

"Not in one sense, I believe, for every parish priest must marry, and when his wife dies, he retires to a monastery"

Mr G —"I and my friend here have travelled over a great part of Russia, and have resided, during the last nineteen years, several months at a time, in about fourteen provinces, and I can honestly declare that I never knew one parish Pope who was not either a drunkard or a gambler This may seem to you a dreadful exaggeration, but such has been the result of our observation"

Mr. W —"But why should this surprise you? They are taken from among the poor They are miserably paid Their education is wretched No mental labour or earnest religious duties of any kind are given them to perform They are mere machines dressed in splendid robes, spending hours every day in bowing, crossing, walking in procession, mumbling the prayers of a long wearisome liturgy as rapidly as is possible for the muscles, blessing pilgrims, exorcising evil spirits, baptizing infants, or administering the sacrament of the Eucharist to them with a spoon All this endless routine of dull, dead ceremonies, on Sundays, week days, feast days, fast days, with days for blessing fruit trees, and the waters, and the anniversary services in the grave yards, when all feast and get drunk over the graves of their households, think of all this among a people who cannot read, and have no Bible if they could, and without the slightest control from public opinion, or opposi-

* I learned afterwards in Finland that this never is required in the mills in that country The workmen are generally Protestants, well informed, industrious, and honest

tion of any kind Such a state of things must tend to degrade and produce a reaction towards anything which will quicken his dull nerves and stupid monotonous existence"

Here struck in a thorough Scotchman who was present —"I saw lately what I couldn't have believed unless I had seen it myself The priest came to a steamer I was in on the Volga to bless the waters, or the boat herself, I forget which He was dressed in all his *full dress* and went through a' his manœuvres, and the bodies seemed real earnest, and a' the folk becked and bowed uncommon But after he was done he went to the steerage to drink wi' the sailors So by and by, the engineer, John Brown, a countryman, who was looking down through the companion window says to me 'That priest is a brute' 'Oh, John I said,' I dinna like to hear you ca' ony minister o ony persuasion by that name' 'Just come here,' said John, 'watch me, and I'll prove to your satisfaction that he is a brute' So wi that John gangs doon, and what do I see in a few minutes but the priest roarin and laughin' on his knees and hands on the cabin floor, and Johnnie on his back ridin' him wi' a hand o' his lang hair that's aye cambed doon the priests' back, in his hand for a bridle' It beat a'! So Johnnie came up and said, 'Did I no tell you he was what I ca'd him?' 'Weel a weel,' says I, 'I never seed a man ridin' a minister afore, and I dinna expect or wish to see it again' 'Let him keep a bridle on his ain mouth like a man,' said Johnnie, 'and nae body will ride him wi ane like a beast'"

But I must end the gossip at Billo's The reader has it very much as I got it and can draw what conclusions he pleases from it

It is impossible to doubt that a nation like Russia must have many noble minded men, and many pious and learned clergymen who are walking humbly with their God, but I repeat it, that in answer to questions put to several persons who had ample opportunities of knowing the real condition of Russian society,—merchants long resident in the country, missionaries who had for years come into close contact with its spiritual condition officers who had mingled with every grade of society in the empire,—the impression conveyed by their statements and opinions was always much the same as that which I received from the gossip at Billo's

The services of the Greek Church are to a stranger singularly wearisome and shockingly superstitious The dressing and undressing of the priests, the taking off and putting off crowns and vestments, the marching and countermarching the swinging of censers, the passing in and passing out of the sanctuary, the crossings and the bowings, exhaust the patience of the most curious The beautiful chanting—for there is no instrumental music—with the wonderful bass voices, is too monotonous and constant to be pleasing or edifying The people have no books and no seats, but form a great crowd surrounding the open space in which the ever varying spectacle by the gorgeously dressed priesthood is taking place The only part the people take in the service is by incessant bowings with the body, as if the multitude had St Vitus's dance,—the only change of attitude being prostration on the pavement, with repeated kissings of the stones by the most devout The devotions by those who at other times crowd the churches, especially at Moscow, the prayers before the pictures, the kissing of relics, the lighting of candles before them, the whole look of people and priest, impress one with a far greater feeling of ignorance and superstition than does the worship in Roman Catholic churches

Strange though it may seem, it was a positive relief to visit the Tartar mosque in Moscow after an hour spent in the churches of the Kremlin In a silent back street and within a large open space, was the modest looking mosque The absence of pictures and images was itself a remarkable contrast to the bedizened and gaudy churches There were about thirty worshippers in the mosque As each entered with his turban and caftan, he repeated a silent prayer, and sitting down cross legged on a carpet, with his string of beads, he continued his devotions in silence and with apparent reverence The service was after a while conducted by one person who with shut eyes and loud voice, repeated a series of prayers, to join in which the muezzin outside of the door, with his fingers in his ears and his eyes shut, called all true worshippers with very peculiar and loud accents, more like—with reverence be it spoken—a donkey braying with unusual force and vehemence than any sound I ever heard

But nevertheless, the mosque must perish in spite of its simplicity, and the church live in spite of its superstition The distinctive peculiarity of the one is a falsehood, and that of the other is truth The one has the wood, hay, and stubble, with some precious stones, yet without the true foundation The other has the foundation on which noble and eternal things shall yet be reared, when the fire of Reformation consumes the present superstructure

And there is hope for the Greek Church It has never by any council, like that of Trent, solemnly bound itself by a decree to its peculiar dogmas, or pronounced a curse on all who dare to alter or amend them It is free to reform itself without self contradiction The bigoted violence it has manifested, and in some of the provinces of Russia, still manifests, towards dissenters, especially Roman Catholic proselytes, is the effect chiefly of circumstances, partly political, partly social, which may any day pass away Its persecutions are not a necessary logical deduction from its professed creed There are many other hopeful signs for the Greek Church,—such as a growing desire for a higher education among the clergy, the grand measure of the freedom of the serfs, which is following up by a system of national education, above all, the circulation of the Scriptures This latter measure is only now being carried out, with the approval of the Holy Synod, and chiefly through the influence of the Emperor Last year 60,000 copies of the gospel has been issued in Russ and Slavonic, and were sold at less than eightpence a copy When these are disposed of, a second edition of 60,000 is to follow. After that, the whole New Testament will, for the first time, be

printed and published in modern Russ, and in various sizes. The Old Testament is also being translated into Russ; but is not yet finished. The fact that the Greek Church is thus faithfully translating, and honestly circulating the Bible, affords the best grounds for hoping that it may gradually reform itself according to the word." To all these hopeful signs may be added the fact, already alluded to, of the Russian priests being necessarily married men. By and by the rule may be relaxed which now compels them, when they become widowers, to retire to a monastery, and never to marry again.

But to pass for a moment from the Church to the State. One necessarily hears a good deal about the late war with its effect on the nation. The drain of men and money must have been enormous. Half a million of the former, and a million and a half of the latter, were the estimates made by several intelligent residents whom I met at Peterhoff, and who had been in the country during the terrible struggle. I was struck by the want of silver coin in the country when making small purchases in Moscow. Several times I was obliged to forego my purchases from want of small coin, as the shopkeepers would not change the rouble note (3s.) for silver, most of the bullion had been exported during the war.

The authentic anecdotes related of the late Emperor during that trying time make it more than likely that his mind was latterly affected. His fits of ungovernable passion, even with old Nesselrode, were notorious. The victory on the Alma which Nicholas at first would not believe, although the officer who brought him the despatch, was known by him for some days before it was made public. An American gentleman, who saw him almost daily among his troops, told me, that so changed had he become during that short period, that, without his knowing the cause, he had remarked to several friends that the Emperor must be severely ill, and that he looked like a dying man.

The effect of his death was as if some great weight had been taken off society. All acknowledged his power, and felt the presence of a great among them. But there was an intolerable sense of bondage experienced by all. Liberty of speech was impossible. But since the accession of the present Emperor, men can breathe and speak without fear of a secret police, of secret agents, or of a journey to Siberia. In fact, politics are now discussed, not only among private friends, but among strangers, with perfect freedom. The liberty of the press is every day becoming more unshackled. The police laws, also, which affected the admission, residence, and departure of strangers, are being almost entirely done away with, and brought into harmony with the usages of other European countries. Let us not forget at what a late period of history Russia has entered the European family of nations. The good old General Wilson, with whom I conversed at Alexandrofski, had himself conversed with the great Catharine, who ascended the throne only thirty seven years after the death of Peter the Great, who was almost the founder of the present Russian Empire.

With a powerful and great government, an educated people, a reformed Greek Church, and an open Bible, what may not Russia yet become! We may rejoice in the prospect for the sake of our common humanity. The immense boundaries of Russia extend almost with an unbroken stretch over a hundred degrees of longitude from the Baltic to the Rocky Mountains, and embrace more than the half of the northern portion of the habitable globe. They descend from the snows of the Arctic Ocean to the burning steppes of Asia. She reigns supreme over a vast and busy population, as well as over hordes of roving barbarians. Her means of internal communication by her gigantic rivers, the facilities afforded by her plains and forests for railways and telegraphs, her immense mineral riches and boundless plains of fertile soil, her unassailable military position when on the defensive, her almost unlimited command of men to supply her armies, the subtlety, perseverance and governing power of her officials, and the hardihood of her people—all promise a future for Russia which without affording any great cause of alarm to Europe affords great cause of joyful anticipation to herself and to all who wish retribution to unjust barbarianism. And if to this is added the hope of Christian truth imbuing a Church whose authority is acknowledged by eighty millions of the human race we may well look with profound interest on all that is taking place in Russia, and from our hearts wish her God speed in the course on which she has entered. As it is, can history show a more unexpected and unlikely combination of events than the fact of the same year and we believe, the same day, witnessing the most despotic nation in the world freeing its serfs, and the model republic breaking up in order that its Southern Confederation may hold its slaves by a tighter grasp, and bind them by a firmer chain?

If my readers are not wearied of my travelling gossip, I shall have another talk with them on the journey home. I am glad, however, to be out of Russia, and perhaps so are they!*

NORMAN MACLEOD.

* For the information of such of my readers as may wish to learn what provision is made to supply the ordinances of religion to British residents in St Petersburgh and Moscow, I may here state that there is a chapel in connexion with the Church of England in Cronstadt, St Petersburgh, and Moscow. The venerable and excellent Dr Law has discharged his duties with great fidelity in St Petersburgh for upwards of forty years, and is still hale and hearty. Mr M'Sweeny, of Cronstadt, himself an ex officio of the British Navy, is admirably fitted, in every respect, for the position he occupies. There is a "British American" chapel in St Petersburgh, which is "independent" in its government, and is intended to meet the wants of those who are not disposed to accept of the services of the Episcopal church. There is another in the same "connexion" at Alexandrofski, a busy, manufacturing, small town, five miles from the capital. These chapels are attended by men of various sections of the Protestant Church—Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational, and the clergymen who minister in them are most catholic in their sentiments, liberal in their government, and faithful in their ministrations. As the British residents, including children, in and around St Petersburgh, amount to about 5000 souls, there is work to do more than sufficient to occupy the labours of all the clergy.

PATENT MEDICINES.

WHAT THEY ARE, AND HOW THEY ARE SOLD

A CANDID CONFESSION

If I allowed myself to write one word against the age I live in, I should be nothing better than the blackest ingrate Few of the commonest animals in creation are without some feeling of gratitude and shall man—superior man—admit an inferiority to the beasts that perish'

It is a beautiful, a generous, a wealthy and believing age When I hear accounts of its increase of population, I say Go on and prosper When I hear accounts of its increase of wealth, I likewise say, Go on and prosper The larger and richer the field, the better will it be for the reaper

When I look around me at the world of the present hour I pity the condition of those of my class (the class that is too wise to steal too clever to work and that has intellect enough to scheme), whose misfortune it was to live in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries I am filled with commiseration for my ancestors when I think what ingenuity, in those days, may have been allowed to perish in silent neglect or may have been rewarded in a very partial and inadequate manner

I am the inventor of three one pound ten names—the 'Druids Ointment the "Druids Lotion, and the 'Druids Pill' I lived for years magnificently upon those names I realised a handsome fortune by them, and I sold their copyright, though somewhat worn and tarnished for a sum that would open the eyes of any plodding, every day trader That copyright term has expired the names themselves have almost expired, and I am perfectly at liberty to write as I now do

First of all, I feel it my duty to record, in the most honest and unequivocal manner, what that pill, that lotion, and that ointment really were not The pill was not made of old leather breeches, forty years behind the fashion, which were rescued from the moths and rats of an old slop seller's warehouse, at a nominal price per ton, and chopped and ground to powder by the aid of machinery The pill was not made with equal mixtures of tan dust, and gum Arabic (pronounced "marrowback"), and the sweepings of a saw pit It was not made, on any occasion during my proprietorship, with old felt hats of a past generation, discarded and "jobbed off" like the aforesaid leather breeches. Of course, I am only answering for the medicine while it was in my hands, and under my management I sold it, with all letters, testimonials, etc, on the seventeenth of July eighteen hundred and fifty four What it was in substance, though still retaining the name, after that period I have no authority nor desire to state. The lotion was not a very important, or much demanded division of my medicinal stock in trade and it was not manufactured by a combination of Spanish liquorice and thin barley water The ointment, which stood next to the pills, and almost equalled them in its sale was neither rejected railway cart grease, condemned butter, nor the re appearance of a bankrupt pomatum maker's stock, that had been bought for a mere trifle at the assignee's sale. Each and all of these stories about my medicines were the idle fabrications of drunken out and professional funny dogs who often took the remedies in full faith which they openly affected to despise. So have I known many noisy sceptics with a strong and secret superstitious belief in the comfort and vulgar use of miracles

Having described what the pill, the ointment, and the lotion, were not, I can soon state, in a very few words, what they really were They were incapable of hurting a child The flour which composed the pill, and the lard which composed the ointment, were the finest and purest that could be purchased in the market while the lotion was nothing more than weak tobacco tea, as any one ought to have discovered in a moment with the least sense of smell A little jalap was sometimes mixed in the pills, to act as an aperient upon those whose faith required quickening

These were slender materials, it would seem, with which to build up a fortune, and they would not have gone far without other things to help them The first step of importance was to invent a taking title, and here I found, by experience, that I had been peculiarly happy. I sank all personal considerations, all the pleasure of being decorated with foreign orders and foreign diplomas (both of which are to be purchased in the market), all the delight of advertising my own name, and being known as the benefactor of my species. I stood, like Junius, the shadow of a shade, and gave up everything for the remote and venerable Druids. It was not De Jones's marvellous discoveries that were healing the awfullest of sore legs, purifying the most obstinately stagnant blood, and renovating the most shattered constitution. It was the pill that had been handed down from the dim old mystic days, when Stonehenge was a busy temple, and not a deserted wilderness, it was the ointment that had followed the pill, at a decent

distance, and the lotion that had followed the ointment

The next step was to impress these titles deeply on the public mind, a laborious and a costly proceeding, that absorbed a considerable amount of capital This capital was supplied by a gentleman—a kind of half banker—who had moral scruples about entering into a partnership to establish such a thing as a popular pill, but who advanced the cash as a loan transaction at a highly remunerative rate of interest I know many fountains of capital, like this nameless gentleman, whose streams of hard money flow into many alleys and by places, to the existence of which they profess to be utterly blind In sowing this large sum of golden sovereigns broadcast it required a firm faith in the credulity of the public to feel that it would ever take root, and yield back both principal and interest It may not be good or wise to trust princes, but, in such a case it is good and safe to trust the public By repeating the same assertion, boldly and unflinchingly, day by day, year by year, you will find your followers and believers gradually increase There is hardly a ragged crossing sweeper in the London streets—the Salt lakes of Utah are my witnesses—who might not declare himself the resurrection and the life if not moved on by the police and become of many adherents, who could follow him to the death As to imagination that quality declared to be so rare by the critics, and supposed to be entirely engrossed by a few favoured professional writers, there are thousands of people in the commonplace world who are drunk and mad with it, mountains of it that have never been ascended, or taken note of, mines of it, as deep as chaos, that have never been explored Spiritualism shows us something of it Great Easterns are built by it to be the laughing stocks of the practical few, Suez canals are carried out under its influence, and Spring heeled Jacks are considered by those who sit under its spirit to foreshadow the end of the world A scarcity of imagination, forsooth! Where! There may be a scarcity of the logical faculty, a failure in the crop of common sense, but in Bedlam or out of Bedlam, in a Rotherhithe hide warehouse, or the Rainbow Library of the National Museum, imagination is as plentiful as chick weed or table ale Knowing these facts, and seeing these manifestations, need any man, not a fool or a coward, hesitate, for a moment, to cast his whole life, fate, and fortune upon the waters of popular credulity, of popular imaginative faith!

In throwing out my bait to catch the sufferings of humanity, I was careful only to angle for those that had an extremely impalpable and fanciful existence Neither of my boasted and well advertised panaceas professed to cure much that could be seen, could be weighed, could be measured, or could be grasped I confined myself to such ailments as tingling of the ears, shooting of corns, twitching of the nose, tickling of the throat, fear of suffocation, flushing, blushing, hesitation, want of punctuality, and loss of energy spasms, unstrung nerves, heaviness, sympathetic pains, lowness of spirits, want of ability to play the piano to compose a poem, want of money to meet a bill, palpitation, shortness of breath, intellect declining from intense study (of course from nothing else) general derangement of the organic network, chagrin from having walked out in an ill fitting coat or from having missed an agreeable appointment, hydrophobia flatulency, singing in the ears, cramp in the foot, general functional and secretory affections, horror of a postman's knock, the hurdy gurdy, the national debt, the bag pipe or *cornu musæ*, want of galvanism in the gastric organs, sacerdophobia, languor irritability tendency to smash crockery and abuse books, excitement fear distrate for society, want of ventilation, ignorance and impatience of taxation, envy, hatred, malice, and all tanning, redness and dryness of the system These were the afflictions of the human frame which I had myself out to attack with the "Druid's Ointment," the 'Druid's Lotion,' and above all, "the Druid's Pill" I was once nearly extending my crusade against the enemies of the hair, the whiskers, and the teeth, but I wisely abandoned this project upon mature reflection The list of ailments I have given above presented a field quite wide enough to be cultivated with prudence, and afforded hopeful prospects of full employment For one man who is really seized with a serious complaint, a hundred suffer from "lowness of spirits," "heaviness," or a "want of energy" Though I was bold enough to lay siege to the liver with no weak or trembling hand, I found that my best policy was to cling to the vaguest manifestations of indisposition The cure of an awful case of sore leg, which I have before alluded to, and which I paraded, perhaps unwisely, in most of my general advertisements, was a reputed triumph of some medicine, name unrecorded, which was authenticated in a letter of thanks nearly a century old, written by the patient himself, the Earl of Plumcolor This letter was honestly bought by me at the sale of a physician's effects, and as it spoke merely of "medicine" and "those pills," I had no hesitation in using it The date was sometimes altered or modernised by the stupid printers, but that was not my fault My panaceas professed to be strictly historical, and I felt that I had a perfect right to such an historical testimonial

It was a difficult task this creation of testimonials, and one which had to be performed at

the very outset It divided itself into two sections, the collection of the real and local testimonials, and the composition of the sham ones The latter was a labour requiring some literary skill, and I may be pardoned for feeling a little pride, when I say that I undertook it myself The following are a few specimens, which I have selected with care, for the purpose of showing how works of fiction are largely used by your successful pill sellers —

FROM THE REV JOHN JAMES, M A

"Ivy Cottage, Thorley in the Hollow, near Fogmoor, Dec 5, 1846

'SIR,—I should always feel that I had neglected a paramount duty, did I not hasten at once to acknowledge the benefits I have derived from your invaluable medicines Before they were (providentially) introduced to my notice, I was a miserable man, incapable of any continuous work, either of a secular or a clerical nature Whenever I began to eat, I felt a dryness in the throat accompanied by shooting pains in the wrists, and a determination of blood to the head Whenever I attempted to compose a discourse, I felt a melancholy slowness of ideas, and a sense of oppression at the chest I am fourteen miles from a regular medical practitioner, and had not the very Rev the Bishop of Galloway spoken to me of your remedies, I know not what would have been the result After seven and twenty boxes of your excellent pills, I am (providentially) another man and I look upon my flow of spirits and sense of self reliance as something truly marvellous I shall be in town (*D V*) in the spring, and will endeavour to call and thank you personally In the meantime you have perfect liberty to use this letter in any way you may think fit

JOHN JAMES M A

"*P S*—Send me by return twelve more boxes of the pills, and a quart of the lotion By rail and coach to Fogmoor, thence by carrier '

FEMALE DEBILITY CASE

SIR —I left an orphan at an early age, I committed the unspeakable folly of drinking freely at a street pump when I was hot Well, sir, time rolled on An attic chilliness in winter pervaded all my limbs The sports of childhood had no longer any attractions for me, the lessons of learning and tuition filled me with loathing and disgust My appetite was ravenous, but what of that? Half my food seemed to go the wrong way. I was troubled with strange visions in the night, so much so that I dreaded the approach of the hour at which, by my school regulations, I was compelled to retire to my couch I pricked a blue ink picture of an anchor and a lamp post into my left arm, but they did not seem to afford me any relief The crisis was approaching One day a turncock produced a little hillock of water from a plug in the street, for purposes best known to himself. I danced round it like a red Indian round a stake That night I was taken ill I heard that it was hydrophobia '

"I draw a veil over my sufferings They told me I was cured by your invaluable lotion and your more invaluable pill, and I believe them For obvious reasons, sir, I conceal my name, but I shall be happy to answer privately any questions.

"ED—GR P—O "

AN UNSOPHISTICATED TESTIMONIAL.

"The Original Rag and Bottle Warehouse, Old Brewery Lane, Whitechapel, March 14, 1847

"RESPECTED SIR,*—Now I'm on my legs again, and all along of you, I hope that no offence will be taken if I do the thing that's right I might have been cold meat, if it hadn't been for your pills, and all I can say is here's to you and the Druids in any kind of sociable drink I don't know who the last gentlemen may be but they've done me a power of good If it hadn't been for them, I might have gone on giving the fullest price for all kinds of kitchen stuff, until I was brought to the workhouse and the grave But no says your pills, and cures me of delirium tremens before I could smash a wine bottle We've also cured our baby with the ointment, and we're going to have a few friends to night, to drown it in the bowl You may fancy I'm looking towards you, about half after nine —Your grateful servant,

'JOSEPH RICKETTS '

FROM A HAPPY FAMILY

'*Warren Lodge, Upper Broadham, Suffolk, May 21, 1848*

'GENTLEMEN,—I have now taken your invaluable medicine for nearly fifty years, and I fearlessly pronounce it to be the best blood purifier and life regenerator ever produced My wife has taken it for about the same period, and she joins me in this testimony My children (I possess nineteen) have taken it with the most beneficial effects, from as early in age as four days old, and they also join me in this testimony My servants take it of their own free will, and I have been the happy means of introducing it very largely to my tenants It is no uncommon thing to see our family circle watching as anxiously for our monthly parcel of pills and ointment, as if it contained the choicest sweetmeats I have no hesitation in saying that no household can be worthy of the name of an English home, unless its chief members always keep it supplied with your invaluable remedies I should not feel happy, I could not resign myself to rest at night, unless your old familiar boxes and bottles were standing on my dressing table Oh, sir, words are too feeble to express all that we owe to you ' May you never be reduced to the necessity of taking your own medicines, is the sincere wish and prayer of

"GEORGE WARREN "

(*Here follow the signatures of Mrs Warren and the nineteen children*)

A BUSINESS TESTIMONIAL.

"*14, Bolt Court, Mincemeat Lane, Sept 26, 1849*

"SIR,—Your pills of 21st inst are to hand, and in reply, beg to state have given much satisfaction —Yours respy, WILLIAM SHARP "

* The style of this letter has been retained, but the spelling has been altered and improved.

AN OFFICIAL TESTIMONIAL

(*Translation*)

Junglebaglore, Nov 13, 1849

"Sir,—I am directed by His Highness Jumfeely Hobbadidgey, to state that he has derived much benefit from your excellent medicine. Neither the pills nor the ointment, or the lotion were in the least degree damaged by the violent change of climate.

"COOLEY CAWABS,

"*Private Secretary to His Highness*"

A RECENT BUT HONEST TESTIMONIAL

"Sir,—If any man had told me twelve months ago that I should one day be writing a testimonial for a patent medicine, he would have found himself lying on his back before he knew where he was. I do not like writing, much less writing about physic; but you have a claim upon me, and no man who has a claim upon Joe Rumble shall ever say it wasn't paid.

"I was off my feed, there's no mistake about that. I fresh an pint everything. A man who's off his feed had better make room for somebody else. To make a long story short, you put me on my feed again, and here's your letter to do what you like with. JOE RUMBLE."

"*Sayers Mills, near Fur Oils, Kent*"

A DITTO OF TESTIMONIAL

"Sir,—You will pardon the liberty I take as a lady and a stranger in addressing to you a few lines, but in so doing I am only fulfilling the last wish of a beloved friend, who, alas! has now gone to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.' If you could have seen her emaciated frame before she was induced to try your miraculous medicines, even you, Sir, would have despaired of producing any relief. We are fearfully, we are wonderfully made.' She took them, and what was the result? A gradual restoration to those greatest of all blessings, health, and (comparative) strength. She left them off, alas! by the advice of her prejudiced physician, whom I will not name, and what was the result? My poor friend sank slowly, step by step, until the lamp of life—if I may be allowed the expression—flickered in the socket, and finally, —alas! too finally,—expired. It was a curious and affecting wish, but she desired to be buried with the last neglected bottle of your ointment [see up as] by her side, and I need hardly say that that wish was fully gratified. I have now performed my melancholy task, and I hasten to lay down the pen. Though I have lost a friend, I have gained a knowledge of an invaluable medicine, which cannot prove otherwise than useful to me, wherever my lot may be cast.

"LUCY CROAKER."

"*Hartfid Lodge, St John's Wood*"

REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.

(*From the Cowshead Guardian*)

"*August* 4, 1853

"Biddy Crumble, familiarly known as 'Biddy Hardup,' the oldest woman in Sowash, and, in fact, in all Essex, expired on Thursday last at the very remarkable and advanced age of 124. She remembered distinctly the incorporation of the Glaziers' Company, the foundation of the Marischal College, the invention of Napier's Bones, and she has often heard her grandfather speak of the great consternation which was felt throughout the country when it was rumoured that Julius Cæsar had landed in the character of an invader. She preserved her good humour and faculties to the last—a fact which may be attributed to her constant habit of taking the celebrated 'Druids' Pills,' —a box of which was her faithful companion night and day.

The other portion of my testimonial business, the collection of real and local letters of thanks, was intimately connected with the appointment of agents. In organising this part of the system, I was compelled, in some degree, to run on the lines laid down by my predecessors. The rule, when engaging an agent (generally a chemist), was to stipulate that he should find a certain number of real and fabricated testimonials every year, and should answer all letters of inquiry, if necessary, respecting those testimonials. A sharp and clever agent would often obtain letters from very respectable people, by persuading them that the medicines had really done them considerable good. When very respectable people were scarce for this purpose, the same active and intelligent agent was not to be blamed. A credulous or impressionable old housekeeper or cook at a neighbouring mansion would often develop, by proper treatment, into a highly imposing referee. The first thing to do was to give or sell this old woman a box of the famous pills, the next, to convince her that they had saved her from the grave, and the next, to get her to sign a letter, written by the agent, stating very earnestly that such was her firm belief. The general readers of this letter, when it is published to the world as a favourable testimonial, never doubt but what "Mrs Scullery, of Portico Hall," is the distinguished mistress of the mansion. Any letters that may arise from scribbling and inquiring sceptics are, of course, taken in, carried by Mrs Scullery in fear and bewilderment to the active and intelligent agent, and answered by that invaluable man in the most prompt and satisfactory manner. What has been done for pills, lotions, and ointments in this way can hardly be calculated.

Sometimes the most rapturous letters of gratitude poured in spontaneously upon my different agents, especially after my vigorous advertising had caused the panacea to strike root in the public mind. On one occasion, an agent himself was positively bitten with a belief in these medicines, and was moved to preach of their virtues like an inspired prophet, the only difficulty being to keep his enthusiasm within reasonable bounds. As I before observed, there is no lack of imagination in the commonplace world.

Of my advertising system, it is hardly necessary for me to speak at great length. Everybody knows how the art of attracting publicity has developed within the last twenty years, though few persons will venture to predict the height it may attain in ten, fifteen, or twenty years to come. Some of our public buildings—not all—still sullenly refuse the tempting advances of the trading throng.

but if they are cursed with the dangerous gifts of eligibility and position, it is almost certain that one day they must yield and fall We shall rise up some morning in the clear summer air, and find that the bill stickers detiling hand has been busy upon the sacred, gloomy dome of Saint Paul's.

Of course, I employed people to speak carelessly but favourably of my panacea in the bosom of society, engaged house walls, occupied railway carriages and other public vehicles, hastened to secure favourable advertising positions in magazines and newspapers, and did all that every energetic advertiser is still doing, or has done before I called art into my aid, and had an oil painting, with countless engravings of the venerable Druid, Alcewar, the traditional discover of the medicines supposed to have descended to me I beckoned to literature, and she obeyed my summons, by producing part of a historical novelette, whose chief design was to push the sale of the lotion, the ointment, and the pill The author went on very well for about a dozen chapters,—all introductory, and all discursive, but when he came to the interesting point, where Alcewar, the Druid, was represented gathering herbs on the exact spot where Salisbury Cathedral now stands, he unaccountably broke down I know I could have done it better myself, if my business labours had only spared me the time There were huge lumps of Ossian stuck in it, as large as a child's head

The advertisements that were drawn up by my own hand were always turned, so I flatter myself, with some point and skill A few short specimens may not be uninteresting —

"The Pleasures of the Table.—Why should any man be debarred from partaking freely of those dishes which wealth or hospitality has placed before him? How many thousands—nay millions—live in a Tantalus state of existence, seeing a tempting panorama of food passing before them which they dare not touch, or touch only to suffer from giddiness, flushings, and pains in the back? All this is remedied by the 'Druids' Pill,' the 'Druids' Ointment,' and the 'Druids' Lotion' Sold in boxes at 4s 6d, 10s 9d, and one guinea, and bottles at 18s, 35s, and 52s *N B*—A considerable saving is effected by taking the larger quantities'

"The Winter Season.—Beware of this stealthy and dangerous complaint, which comes upon you like an avalanche No one is free from it, the infant in the cradle, the strong man on the mountain top, especially during the Asiatic months The only safeguards are the 'Druids' Pill,' the 'Druids' Ointment,' and the 'Druids' Lotion' Sold in boxes at 4s 6d, 10s 9d, and one guinea, and bottles at 18s, 35s, and 52s. *N B*—A considerable saving is effected by taking the larger quantities"

"Society, Hope.—No victims of unstrung nerves, heaviness, or tingling of the ears, no melancholy martyrs to tickling in the throat, hesitation, or languor, need any longer be self banished outcasts from that society they are so eminently fitted to adorn There is hope and a certain remedy in the 'Druids' Pill,' the 'Druids' Ointment' and the 'Druids' Lotion' Sold in boxes at 4s 6d, 10s 9d, and one guinea, and bottles at 18s, 35s, and 52s *N B*—A considerable saving is effected by taking the larger quantities"

It must not be supposed, from all this that my business life was one of roses I had my difficulties to contend with Some of my agents and testimonial makers took advantage of me, or tried to do so, as witness the following letter from one of my chief provincial stations —

"*Liverpool, Dec* 28, 1853

"Dear Sir,—As the end of the year approaches, I feel it impossible to go on any longer at my present salary I have borne every disdain you put upon me and the consequence is, I am now being shown up in the *Daily Chronicle*, one of our local papers I copy an epigram which appeared last Saturday in the 'Poet's Corner' (We ought to have advertised in that paper) —

'EPIGRAM

On Mr J——s H——y,

Agent for the 'Druids Pill, et

'Afflicted sore long time he bore,
And suffered much pain,
Till Sufferers heed his cry,
Who ceased him of his pain'

Besides this, the letters inquiring about the 'testimonials are so numerous, that I shall have to get a boy to answer them, and, taking all things into consideration, I don't see my way clear under a hundred a year *for life*. James Ruby'

I did not comply with the demands of this letter, and many like it, by return of post, and it was fortunate that I acted as I did The pill, the ointment, and the lotion received a shock, a few days afterwards, from which they never wholly recovered. The popular imagination and credulity that had helped me to my success, were equally ready to turn against me I am not surprised at this When mobs are logical, the millennium may be considered as ushered in

It was shortly after Christmas that an old gentleman was found dead in an easy chair He was a short, stout man, a free living man,—a man who abhorred exercise, and loved sleep He had evidently been a good customer or patient of mine, for he was literally surrounded by the united panaceas, and a Druids' pill box was lying open on a table near his hand Reason pointed to apoplexy, but popular feeling connected his death, in some way, with the united panaceas. A thorough investigation failed to remove this besotted impression, and my medicinal property was enormously injured. I never attempt to argue with an excited crowd. Upon counting up my gains, I found I had done very well, and I therefore disposed of the injured copyright in the united panaceas to the first daring speculator who offered me a reasonable price

Thomas Herbert Jones.

CAIN'S BRAND. BY H K

CHAPTER I – ON THE MOOR

'CAIN'S BRAND!' that is no fact of the far past, no legend of the middle ages. Are there not Cains among us, white faced, haggard featured Cains to the last? Men who began with a little injury, and did not dream that then grips would close in deadly persecution? Cains who slew the spirit, and through the spirit murdered the body? Cains unintentionally, whom all men free from the stain of blood, to whom in the old Jewish economy the gates of the Cities of Refuge would have stood wide open, yet who are never again light of thought and light of heart, on whose heads the grey is soon sprinkled, in the chamber of whose hearts is drawn a ghastly picture, whose freshness fades, but whose distinct characters are never obliterated?

Of this class of men, of hot passions, with rash advisers, who meditated wrong, but not the last wrong, victims of a narrow, imperious code of honour, only to-day expunged from military and social etiquette, was the Laird of the Ewes. Many of us may have seen such another—a tall, lithe figure, rather bent, and very white headed for his age, and with a wistful eye, otherwise a most composed, intelligent, courteous gentleman of a laird's degree, but take any old friend aside, and he will tell, with respectful sympathy, that the quiet, sensible, well bred laird, has suffered agonies in the course of his life, though too wise and modest a man to hold up his heart for daws to peck at, and you will believe him. Look narrowly at the well preserved, well-

veiled exterior, and you will be able to detect, through the nicely adjusted folds, how remorse has sharpened the flesh, and grief hollowed it, and long abiding regret shaded it even when it is brightened by smiles

Twenty years before this time, Crawfurd of the Ewes, more accomplished than many of the lairds his contemporaries, and possessed of the sly humour on which Scotchmen pride themselves, was induced to write a set of lampoons according to old phraseology, squibs in modern slang against a political opponent of his special chief He was young then, and probably had his literary vanity at least he executed his task to the satisfaction of his side of the question, and without being particularly broad and offensive or perhaps very fine in their edge his caricatures excited shouts of laughter in the parish and in the neighbouring town But he laughs best who laughs last A brother laird, blind with fury, and having more of the old border man in him than the Laird of the Ewes, took to his natural arms, and despatched Mr Crawfurd a challenge to fight him on the Corncockle Moor There was no refusal then, none except for a man of rare principle nerve, and temper The Laird of the Lwes had no pretensions to mighty gifts so the peaceful, scribbling, sarch Laird walked out with his second one autumn morning when his reapers were flourishing their sickles, met his foe and without even the skill to defend himself, raised his arm high and shot his man right through the head—blew his brains out among the whins and brooms of the moor He was tried and acquitted He was the challenged, not the challenger, he might have given the provocation but no blame was suffered to attach to him His antagonist with a foreboding of his fate, or by way of cleaning his conscience, as the knights used to confess of a morning before combat, had exonerated Mr Crawfurd before he came upon the ground The Court was strongly in his favour, and he was sent back to his family and property without anything more severe than commiseration, but that could never reach his deep sore

How was this gentle, nervous, humorous Laird to look out upon the world, from which he had sent the soul of a companion who had never even harmed him where the widow, whom he had admired as a gay young matron, dwelt not a mile from him in her darkened dwelling, where the fatherless boy would constantly cross the path of his well protected, well cared for children' How bear the thousand little memories—the trifling dates, acts, words, pricking him with anguish' They say the man grew sick at the mere sight of the corncockle, which, though not plentiful on other moors, chanced to abound on this uncultivated tract, and bestowed on it its name, and shivered as with an ague fit, morning after morning, when the clock struck the hour at which he had left his house, a troubled man, mostly anxious for his wife and children, and returned a despairing wretch, sitting down to count God Almighty's curses on him who renders a woman a widow and her child fatherless He did in some measure overcome this weakness, for he was a man of ordinary courage and extraordinary reserve, but it is possible he endured the worst of his punishment when he made no sign

It is no use to say that the Laird was unmanly, matching him with some giant in faith and practice He was a man of delicate organism, crushed by a blow from which he could not under the laws of the physical and spiritual world recover Had he lived a hundred years earlier, or been a soldier on active service or a student walking the hospitals, he might have been more hardened to bloodshed Had his fate been different—to be betrayed into gambling or swindling, had he merely robbed his neighbour, he might have borne the brunt of the offence as well as his betters, but the very crime had encountered him which he was least calculated to commit and survive in the colours he had worn before the eventful day

Yet there was nothing romantic about Crawfurd of the Lwes or the details of his deed, with one exception, and this was connected with his daughter Joanna The rest of the family were commonplace, prosperous young people, honest enough hearts, but too shallow to be affected by the father's misfortune The father's sour grapes had not set these children's teeth on edge Joanna —Jack, or Joe as they called her in sport,—whom they all associated with the Laird, without any idea of selfishness or injustice, as one member of the family is occasionally chosen to bear the burdens of the others —Joanna was papa's right hand, papa's secretary, steward, housekeeper, nurse It had always been so, Joanna had been set aside to the office, and no one thought of depriving her of it, any more than she dreamt of its resignation

Joanna was the child born immediately after the duel, and on the waxen brow of the baby was a crimson stain which two fingers might have covered slight but significant Was this the token of retribution—the threat of vengeance' The gossips' tongues wagged busily Some said it was Cain's brand, 'the iniquity of the fathers visited on the children,' others alleged more charitably that it ought to prove a sign in the Laird's favour, to have the symbol of his guilt transferred to a scape goat —the brow of a child However, the gossips need not have hidden the child's face so sedulously for the first few days from the mother Mrs Crawfurd took the accident quite peaceably, and was relieved that no worse misfortune had befallen her or her offspring 'Poor little dear!' it was said that she should carry such a trace, but she daresayed she would outgrow it or she must wear flat curls—it was a pity that they had gone quite out of fashion It was the father who kissed the mark passionately, and carried the child oftenest in his arms and let her sit longest on his knees, and so she became his darling, and learnt all his ways, and could suit herself to his fancies, and soothe his pains from very youthful years The public recognised this peculiar property of her father in Joanna, and identified her with the sorrowful period of his history She was pointed out in connexion with the story—the tragedy of the country —and she knew instinctively that there would be a whispered reference to her whenever it was told in society

The Crawfurds had a cousin visiting them—an English cousin, Polly Musgrave—from the luxury and comparative gaiety of her rich, childless aunt's

house in York. Polly was a well endowed orphan, had no immediate family ties, was educated in the worldly wisdom and epicurean philosophy of a fashionable girls' school, and had come to spend a few weeks, and get acquainted with her Scotch country cousins. Polly had not found her heart, but it was to the credit of her sense and good nature that she made the very best of a sojourn that had threatened to be a bore to her. She *dazzled* the girls, she romped with the boys, she entered with the great est glee into rural occupations, rode on the rough est pony, saw sunset and sunrise from Barnbrough, and threatened to learn to milk cows and cut corn. She brought inconceivable motion and sparkle into the rather stagnant country house, and she was the greatest possible contrast to Joanna Crawford. Joanna was a natural curiosity to Polly, and the study amused her, just as she made use of every other variety and novelty, down to the poultry yard and kitchen garden at the Laws.

The girls were out on the moor, in the drowsy heat of a summer day, grouped idly and prettily into such a cluster as girls will fall into without effort. Susan, the beauty—there is always a beauty among several girls—in linen and propriety, with her neck bare, and her scrupulously falling collar and sleeves, and her blush of a knot of ribbon; Lilias, the strong minded, active person, sewing busily at charity work, of which all estimable households have now their share; Constantia, the half grown girl, lying in an awkward lump among the boys, intently reading her last novel, and superlatively scorning the society of her grown up relatives; Joanna, sitting thoughtfully, stroking old Gyp, the ragged terrier, that invariably ran after either Joanna or her father, and Polly, who had been riding with Oliver, standing with her tucked up habit, picturesque hat and feather, smart little gentleman's riding gloves and whip, and very *cynical* face—a face surrounded by waves of silky, black hair, with a clear pale skin, and good eyes and teeth, which Polly always declared were her fortune in the way of good looks, but her snub nose was neither of a vulgar nor coarse tendency—it was a very lively, coquettish, handsomely cut, irresistible cock nose.

If these girls on the moor had been tried in the fire heated seven times, it would not have been to the strong minded, broad chested, dark browed Lilias that they would have clung, but they would have come crouching in their extremity and taken hold of the skirt of round, soft, white Joanna, with the little notable stain on her temple.

Polly was detailing her adventures and repeating her news with a relish that was appetizing.

"We went as far as Lammerhaugh, when Oliver remembered that he had a commission for your father at Westcotes, just when my love, Punch, was broken off his trot, and promised to canter, and the morning was so fresh then—a jewel of a morning. It was provoking. I wanted Noll to continue absent in mind, or prove disobedient, or something, but you good folks are so conscientious."

"Duty first, and then pleasure," said Lilias, emphatically.

"That was a Sunday school speech, Lilias, and spoken out of school, you ought to pay a forfeit, fine her, Susie."

"Aren't you hot, Polly?" asked Susan, without troubling herself to take up the jest.

"Not a bit—no more than you are, I'm up to a great deal yet. I'll go to the offices and gather the egg. No, I am warm though, and I don't want to be blowsy to night, I think I'll go into the house to the bath room, and have a great, icy splash of a shower bath."

"You'll hurt your health, Polly, for ever bathing at odd hours, as you do," remonstrated Joanna.

"All nonsense, my dear, I always do what is fashionable and it agrees with me perfectly. In winter I do toast my toes, and you know I eat half a dozen peaches and plums at a time like a South Sea Islander, only I believe they feast on cocoa nut and bread fruit, don't they, Conny? You are too hale, you know you have your georgeous tropical ends yet."

"Oh, I don't care, Polly!" protested Conny, impatiently.

"Dear Jack, hand me a pug of broom to stick in Conny's ear," jested Polly in a loud whisper.

Constantia shook her head further off, as if she were deadly horribly tickled, and then at the climax of her plot.

"Never mind, Conny I'll protect you. What a shame, I'll—to pull her pinafore!" cried Joanna indignantly.

"I beg your pardon Donna Quixotina!"

"I wonder you girls can waste your time in this foolish manner," lectured Lilias with an air of superiority, "you are none of you better than another, always pursuing amusement."

"What a story, Lilias!" put in Polly undauntedly, "you know I sew yard upon yard of muslin work, and embroider slits of French morning, and task myself to get done within a given time. Aunt Powis says I make myself a slave."

"I care you like it," declared Lilias disdainfully, "you happen to be a clever sewer, and you are fond of having your fingers busy and astonishing everybody—besides, you admire embroidery in muslin and cloth, and even your pocket money—what with gowns and bonnet, ticket to orations and concerts and promenade, and 'the kid boots and perfumery,' which are pray's old fashioned summing up of our expenses, bouquets and fresh gloves would be nearer the truth—won't always meet the claims upon your gold and silver showers, and Susan," added Lilias, not to be cheated out of her dignity, and starting with new alacrity, "practising attitudes and looking at her hands, and Conny reading her trashy romances."

"It is not a romance, Lilias," complained Conny petulantly, "it is a tale of real life."

"It is all the same," maintained the irrevocable Lilias, "one of the most aggravating novels I ever read was a simple story."

"Oh, Lilias, do lend it to me!" begged Polly; "I'm not literary, but it is delightful to be intensely interested until the very hair rises on the crown of one's head."

"I don't know that you would like it," put in

Joanna, "it is not one of the modern novels, and it has only one dismal catastrophe, it is the fine old novel by Mrs Inchbald"

"Then I don't want it, I don't care for old things, since I have not a relish for old wines or an eye for old pictures I hate the musty, buckram ghosts of our fathers"

'Oh! but Mrs Inchbald never raised ghosts Polly, she manœuvred stately, passionate men and women of her own day'

"The wiser woman she But they would be ghosts to me, Jack, unless they were in the costume of the present day, there is not as much of me given to history

'And you, Joanna," concluded Lilias, quite determined to breast every interruption and finish her peroration, "you have listened and smiled and frowned and dreamt for an hour

'I was wanting in case papa should want me," apologized Joanna, rather humbly

"That need not have hindered you from humming round the skirt of that frock

'Oh, Lilias! I'm sorry for you cried Polly "You are in a diseased frame of mind you are in a fidget of work, you don't know the enjoyment of idleness, the luxury of laziness You'll spoil your complexion, your hair will grow grey, no man will dare to trifle with such a notable woman!'

"I don't care," exclaimed Lilias bluntly and magnanimously "I don't want to be trifled with, I don't value men's admiration!'

"Now! Now!! Now!!! protested Polly, 'I don't value men's admiration either, of course, but I like partners and I would not be fond of being branded as a strong-minded female would be Lady Bountiful, a woman going a tracking, that's what many of girls who don't care to be trifled with But Lilias, are you quite sure you don't believe in any of the good old stories—the 'goody stories I would call them if I were a man—of the amiable girl who went abroad in the old palisse and who was wedded to the enthusiastic baronet' My dears you must have observed they were abominably untrue, the baronet, weak and false, always, since the world began marries the saucy spendthrift girl, who is prodigal in rich stuffs and bright colours, and becoming hats, and neat boots and shoes—who thinks him worth listening to, and laughing with, and thinking about—the fool"

"Really, Polly, you are too bad," cried both Susan and Lilias at once, their stock in trade exhausted, and not knowing very well what they meant, or what they should suggest farther if this sentence were not answer enough

"Now, I believe Joanna does not credit the goody stories, or does not care for them, rather, but we are not all heroines, we cannot all afford an equal indifference"

Joanna coloured until the red stain became undistinguishable, and even Polly felt conscious that her allusion was too flippant for the cause

"So you see, Lilias," she continued quickly, "I'm not the least ashamed of having been caught fast asleep in my room before dinner the other rainy day I always curl myself up and go to sleep when I've got nothing better to do, and I count the capacity a precious gift, besides, I will let you into a secret worth your heads it improves your looks immensely after you've been gadding about for a number of days, and horribly disgusted in dancing of nights at Christmas, or in the oratorio week or if you are in a town when the circuit is sitting,—not present as a prisoner, Conny"

'Polly!' blurted out Constantia, who, on the plea of the needle like sharpness and single heartedness which sometimes distinguishes her fifteen years was permitted to be more plain spoken and under than her sisters, 'I hate to hear you talking of doing everything you like with such enjoyment I think, if you had been a man you would have been an abominable fellow and you are only harmless because you are a girl'

Polly laughed immoderately "Such a queer compliment Conny!

"Hold your tongue Conny

"Go back to your book! we'll tell mamma" scolded the elder girls and Conny hung her head, scarlet with shame and consternation

Conny had truth on her side, and her independence and animal delight in life in the orchard would was not to be altogether disallowed

Polly must unite honestly that the girl had no harm She was glad she had never had to dart senior sisters, and if she had been filled with younger plagues, she would really have made a point of not snubbing them, on the principle of fair play

'And you were a little heathenish, Polly," suggested Joanna 'not giving fair play to the heroism of the moments'

But Susan had long been waiting her turn too tifying more interest in her right to speak than she usually wasted on the affairs of the state She wished to cross examine Polly on a single point of expression and although Susan at least was wonderfully harmless, her patience could hold out no longer

"Why are you afraid of being blown to smash, Polly

'I am not frightened, I would not disturb myself about a risk but you've kept an invitation all this time under my tongue, not in my pocket, I assure you, and Polly elaborately emptied them, the top pash breast pocket and that at the waist

'It is only from Mrs Maxwell' sighed Susan, "we are never invited anywhere, except to Hurlton in the easy way"

'But there is company, young Mr Jardine has come home to Whitethorn, and he is to dine with the Maxwells, and we are invited over to Hurlton in the evening lest the claret or the port should be too much for him"

The girls did not say "Non sense!" they looked at each other, Joanna was very pale, the red stain was very clear now At last Lilias spoke, hesitating a little to begin with, "It is so like Mrs Maxwell—without a moment's consideration—so soon after his return, before we had met casually, as we must have done I daresay she is sorry now, when she comes to think over it I hope Mr Maxwell will be angry with her—the provoking old goose," ran on Lilias, neither very reverently nor very gratefully for an excellent, exemplary girl

"There is one thing, we can't refuse," said Susan

with marvellous decision; "it would be out of the question for us to avoid him, it would be too marked for us to stay away."

"Read your book, Conny," commanded Lilias fiercely, "you were sufficiently intent upon it a moment ago; girls should not be made acquainted with such troubles."

"I don't want to be a bar upon you," cried the belated Conny, rising and walking away sulkily, but pricking her ears all the time.

"Joanna, you had better mention the matter to papa."

"Don't you think you're making an unnecessary fuss?" remarked Polly. "Of course, I remembered uncle's misfortune," she admitted candidly, "though none of you speak of it, and I noticed Oliver stammer dreadfully when Mrs. Maxwell mentioned Mr. Jardine; but I thought that at this time of day, when everybody knew there was no malice borne originally, and Uncle Crawfurd might have been killed, I am sure you may be polite and neighbourly with quiet consciences. I tell you, I mean to set my cap at young Mr. Jardine of Whitethorn, and when I marry him, and constitute him a family connexion, of course the relics of that old accident will be scattered to the winds."

"Oh! Polly, Polly!" cried the girls, "you must never, never speak so lightly to papa."

"Of course not, I am not going to vex my uncle; I can excuse him; but Joanna need not look so scared; there is not such a thing as retribution and vengeance, child, in Christian countries; it is you who are heathenish; or have you nursed a vain imagination of encountering Mr. Jardine, unknown to each other, and losing your hearts by an unaccountable fascination, and being as miserable as the principals in the second last chaptor of one of Conny's three volumes? or were you to atone to him in some mysterious, fantastic, supernatural fashion, for the unintentional wrong? because I'm afraid it is all mist and moonshine, poor Jack, quite as much as the twaddling goody stories."

"Polly," said Joanna angrily, but speaking low, "I think you might spare us on so sad a subject."

"I want you to have common sense; I want you to be comfortable; no wonder my uncle has never recovered his spirits."

"Indeed, Polly, I don't think you've any reason to interfere in papa's concerns."

"I don't see that you are entitled to blame Joanna," defended sister Lilias, stoutly. Lilias, who was so swift to find fault herself.

"There, I'll say no more, I beg your pardon, I merely intended to show you your world in an ordinary light."

"Do you know, Polly, that Mrs. Jardine has never visited us since?" asked Susan.

"Very likely, she was entitled to some horror, but she is a reasonable woman. Mr. Maxwell told me—every third party discusses the story behind your backs whenever it chances to come up, I warn you—Mr. Maxwell informed me that she never blamed Uncle Crawfurd, and that she sent her son away from her because she judged it bad for him to be brought up among such recollections, and feared that when he was a lad he might be tampered with by the servants, and might imbibe prejudices and aversions that would render him gloomy and vindictive, and unlike other people for the rest of his life; she could not have behaved more wisely. I am inclined to suppose that Mrs. Jardine of Whitethorn has more knowledge of the world and self-command than the whole set of my relations here, unless, perhaps, my Aunt Crawfurd—she will only speculate on your dresses—that is the question, Susan."

CHAPTER II.—THE ORDEAL.

OULD you not have liked to have gone with the other girls, Joanna? for Conny, she must submit to be a *laddie* yet. But is it not dull for you only to hear of a party? country girls have few enough opportunities of being merry," observed Mr. Crawfurd, with his uneasy consciousness, and his sad habit of self-reproach.

"Oh, Mr. Crawfurd, it would not have done—not the first time—Joanna had much better stay at home on this occasion—she is too well brought up to complain of a little sacrifice."

It is curious how long some wives will live on friendly terms with their husbands and never measure their temperaments, never know where the shoe pinches, and what will of necessity gall the flesh, never have a notion how often they worry, and provoke, and pain their spouses, when the least reticence and tact would keep the ship and its consort sailing in smooth water.

Mrs. Crawfurd would have half-broken her heart if Mr. Crawfurd had not changed his damp stockings; she would fling down her work and look out for him at any moment of his absence; she would not let any of her children, not her favourite girl or boy take advantage of him; she was a good wife, still she did not know where the shoe pinched, and so she stabbed him perpetually, sometimes fretting pin-pricks, sometimes sore sword-strokes.

"My dear, I wish you were not a sacrifice to me." It is a heart-breaking thing to hear a man speak quite calmly, and like a man, yet with a

plaintive tone in his voice Ah! the old, arch spirit of the literary Laird of the Ewes had been shaken to its centre, though he was a tolerable man of business, and rather fond of attending markets, sales, and meetings—those strong etchings of life, to this day

"Papa, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Joanna indignantly "I am very proud to help you, and I go out quite as often as the others Do you not know we keep a card hung up on Lilias's window shutter, and we write down every month's invitations—in stormy weather they are not many, and we fulfil them in rotation You don't often want me in the evenings, for you've quite given me up at chess, and you only condescend to back gammon when it is mid winter and there has been no curling, and the book club is all amusement Lilias insists upon the card, because the parties are by no means always merry affairs, and she says that otherwise we would slip them off on each other, and pick and choose, and be guilty of a great many selfish, dishonourable proceedings"

"Lilias is the wise woman in the household I'm aware there is a wise woman in every family—but how comes it that Lilias is the authority with us' It always rather puzzles me, Joanna, for when I used to implore Miss Swan to accept her salary, and pay Dominie Macadam his lawful demand of wages for paving the boys' brains in preparation for the High School, they always complimented me with the assurance that you were my clever daughter"

'Because they saw you weak and I daresay, my dear," suggests Mrs Crawfurd

"No, I am the cleverest, papa, I am so deep that I see that it is easier to live under an absolute monarchy than to announce myself a member of a republic, and assert my prerogatives and defend my privileges—but I confess I have a temper, papa Lilias says I am very self willed, while I must grant that she is generally in the right"

'You don't feel satisfied with the bridle, child, till it gets into stronger hands"

'Yes, Joanna has a temper," chimed in Mrs Crawfurd, pursuing her own thread of the conversation 'Strangers think her softer than Susan, but I have seen her violent, and when she takes it into her head, she is the most stubborn of the whole family I don't mean to scold you, my dear, you are a very good girl, too, but you are quite a deception"

"Oh! mamma, what a character!" Joanna could not help laughing "I must amend my ways'

Of course, Joanna was violent at times, as we imagine a sensitive girl with an abhorrence of meanness and vice, and she was stubborn when she was convinced of the right and her friends would assert the wrong Mr Crawfurd's idea was, that Joanna had a temper like Cordelia, not when she spoke in her pleased accents, "gentle, soft, and low," but when she was goaded into vehemence, as will happen in the best regulated palaces and households.

"Oh! dear," exclaimed Mrs Crawfurd, five minutes afterwards, disturbing the cosy little party round the tea table by her sudden air of distress "Oh! dear, dear me! Susie has left her pearl sprigs behind her. There they are on the loo table. My pearl sprigs, Mr Crawfurd, that I used to wear when I was young, they have come in again for the hair, and Susie settled they were just the thing to give a more dressed look to her spring silk—these easy way parties are so ill to manage, and Polly was of the same mind, and she came in to show me the effect, for I always like to see the girls after they are dressed, and be satisfied how they look—and there she has forgotten the box, and she will appear quite a dowdy, and be so vexed"

'I don't think it will signify very much, mamma, Susan looks very well in her blue silk"

'But it is such a pity, Joanna, so unfortunate, —she only put them out of her hand for one moment, and you see there they are still," and so Mrs Crawfurd sounded the lamentation, and dwelt on its salient points, and ingeniously extracted new grounds of regret, till, by dint of repetition and concentration on one theme, in ten minutes more Mr Crawfurd and Joanna were almost persuaded that Susan had sustained a serious defalcation from her peace

"Send a servant with the foolery' proposed Mr Crawfurd, seeking a little relief and tolerably affronted of his interest in the question

"I don't think it would do Would it Joanna' There is always such confusion at Hurlton when there is company, and then they have people dining There would be a mistake, and my pearls are no joke, Mr Crawfurd They cost papa fifty pounds when they were so prettily set to go to Sir William's ball Ah! you don't remember it There would be a fuss, and Lilias would not like it If Oliver had not been there at dinner, or Charlie had been at home—"

"Of the two evils choose the least," recommended Mr Crawfurd, taking up his book

'If you are very anxious, mamma" said Joanna, "as it is very early and they set out to walk round by Houndswood to get some geraniums from the garden which Polly saw yesterday, and set her heart upon, if you order out the ponies and Sandy, I think Conny and I could easily ride over to Hurlton, and deliver the little parcel to the girls in time It would be a nice evening ride for us, since you are afraid that Conny hangs too much over her books"

"Thank you, dear, that is just like you, Joanna, you are so sensible and helpful, no wonder papa monopolises you I will be so glad that Susie has the pearls Such a pity, poor dear! that her evening should be spoilt, and they lying ready to put on Conny' Yes, indeed, that girl will be getting spine complaint, or the rickets In my day it was sewing in frames that twisted girls, but these books in the lap, head poked forward, one shoulder up, and knees half as high as the shoulder, are a thousand times worse"

"Good luck to you, Jack Now you deserve your name, since you constitute yourself groom of the chambers to your sisters"

Joanna laughed back to him "Come and meet us, papa" And in the shortest interval given to tie on their hats and skirts, the girls were racing along to Hurlton

In that moorland country, with outlying moorland fields where it was not primitive nature—in a large family like that of the Crawfurds, ponies

swarmed as in Shetland, not finely bred or very regularly formed, but half-wild, revolute, worthy animals, that used to enjoy a great deal of liberty and uprightly free from tricks and flaws. They were in constant request at the Lawes, and they took them lightly and actively, with the two boys, Sandy, at their backs, as readily as they did it. Perhaps Joanna was the least given to the pastime, though she would herself of it on this domestic occasion, as in ordinary circumstances exercised her limbs in walking more than Elsie. Conny's boat was finished, and he was now in tune for hankering after the fantastic echo of her sisters' and Polly Musgrave's gaiety. Joanna was not so well inclined to the expedition, though she had proposed it, but she meant to accomplish it prosperously.

Joanna was a deception, as her mother and Sir Ivo was a little, round, soft thing, whom you would have expected to flash over with sunshine, not that she was a melancholy girl—as you may have been able to judge—and it was not her blame that anything in her portion had developed her into a thoughtful earnest character. But then she was always treated younger than she really was. People supposed her as easy as her mother, while she could be vehement, and she was decidedly fond of temerity. Perhaps the reason of the puzzle might be, not only that she had a little of that constitutional mind hence which covets to mend but energy but that, in trifles, she did inherit in a marked degree the unresisting, kindly temper which causes the wheels of everyday life to turn easily. She allowed herself to be pushed aside. She did not care that Elsie was the general favourite and old days, any more than Susan, though Susan was weak and Joanna strong—so strong that she accepted the fate or superstition which had Elsie with her father's sorrow, she was content, he thought, to suffer the dregs of his cup with him, she wished she could suffer for him, the connection had even a peculiar charm for her tender pity and generosity, like her admiration of this Cornockle Moor.

Cornockle Moor now hung out, in its dreariness, loneliness, and wildness, a vast curtain, which Joanna and Conny were skirting under the golden radiance of day, not so far from the spot where the little group of men had gathered on the autumn morning, and the two sharp, short cracks, and the little curl of blue smoke had indicated where one life had gone out, and another was blasted in a single second. Joanna had scarcely obtained time to wonder how Harry Jardine and her sisters would look at each other, and she did not allow herself to think of it now. She would wait till she had skilfully avoided any chance of encountering the company, delivered her mother's errand, and was safe with Conny, cantering homewards. Even then she would not dwell on the notion, lest her father should allude to the stranger, and she should betray any feeling to discompose him. "I must take care of papa. Papa is my charge," repeated Joanna, proud as any Roman maid or matron.

What malign star sent Mrs Maxwell into the bedroom, just as Joanna had penetrated to it? She ought to have been only quitting the dining-room for the drawing room, but Mrs Maxwell was always to be found where she was least expected—a good natured, social, blundering body, whom girls condescended to affect, because she liberally patronized young people, but who was quite as often the marplot, as the maker of their fortunes—not from malice, but from a certain maladroitness and fickleness. Mrs Maxwell took it into her head to lay hands on Joanna, and to send out for Conny, whom Joanna had cautiously deposited in the paddock, and to insist that they should remain, and join the party. She would despatch Sandy home for their dresses, and give them tea in the meantime. She would have her own snuggly with them, while Richard handed round the coffee, nobody would miss her. She would take no denial, she never got them all together, it was so cruel to leave out Joanna and Conny a pair of her adopted children, since she had no brains of her own to bless herself with. She had plenty of partners, or the girls would dance together. Yes say no more about it, she was perfectly delighted with the accession to her number—it was to be.

Conny's eyes sparkled modestly. "Oh! Joanna, mamma would not be angry."

"Oh! Conny you traitor!"

"There, it will be a treat to Conny, and there is nothing to prevent it. Conny has let the cat out of the bag, as John would say. Conny consents, Joanna may sulk as she pleases."

"I won't sulk, Mrs Maxwell, I'll go off by myself, and have you Constant's, since she wishes it."

"To hear of such a thing! You girls won't allow it. It is very shabby, Susan, Lalus, Miss Musgrave, that Joanna should not have a little amusement with the rest."

"I'm sure we don't prevent it, Mrs Maxwell, we don't stand in the way," said Lalus, tiffy, "Joanna is free to remain or return as she chooses. Joanna, you had better stay, or there will be a scene and the whole house will hear of it."

"Keep her, Mrs Maxwell, please," cried Miss Polly mischievously, "my cousin Joan is so scarce of her countenance, that I want to know how she can behave in company."

"Very well, I assure you," avouched Mrs. Maxwell zealously, then she began to remember, and stut, and flounder—"only she is so modest Joanna, my dear, you cannot be so stupid as to hesitate from a certain reason!"

"Oh, no. You can send back Sandy, Mrs Maxwell, since you are so good. Mamma knows what we will require, or I will write a little note."

Joanna could have borne any encounter rather than a discussion of the obstacle with Mrs Maxwell—a discussion which might be gone over again any day to anybody.

But Joanna was terribly vexed and provoked that she had exposed herself to this infliction, though she was fain to comfort herself with the argument that it would make no difference to papa's feelings; and she trusted that she and Conny would slip into the drawing-room when the guests were occupied, and subside into corners, and escape much attention.

Joanna was established in her recess, nearly one

fident that she was not conspicuous, and exceedingly interested in watching Harry Jardine

Mrs Jardine's intentions had been in a great measure fulfilled The young Laird of Whitethorn had grown up at his English school and German university without the cloud which rested on his father's end descending on his spirit He was as strong and pleasant and blythe as his father, with the self possession which a life amongst strangers, and the available wilful travellers information, could graft upon his gentle birth and early manhood At the same time, there was no deception about Harry Jardine. While he was so gay and good humoured, he had an air of vigour and action, and even a dash of temper lurking about his black curls and bright eyes, which prepared one for hearing that he had not only held his own with the Gottingen students, but had also won their prizes, and thrashed them when they aspired to English sport, and had travelled four nights without sleep, under stress of weather, to reach Whitethorn on the day he had fixed to his mother He had brought a steady character along with him, too they said that he had been a good son, and had remembered that his mother was a widow, and had endured enough grief to last her all her days Miss Jardine, who was not a flatterer, declared that Harry had not cost her a care which she needed to guard There is enough temptation, and to spare, for men like Harry Jardine, but it is not in such that early self indulgence and inevitable weakness may be feared

Harry Jardine was the style of man fitted to command the admiration of Joanna Crawfurd All your contemplative girls love your men of experience All your studious girls love your men with a dash—a dash of bravery, self reliance, even of recklessness above all, your men with a sweet frank appreciation of youth and the out world— "as full of beauty as angels' homes of love" and who are almost natural occasionally, like young German or Frenchmen in the exuberance of their spirits Harry Jardine's gladness to be at home, his interest in everything and everybody, the pleasant tone in which he referred to his mother the genuine fun of which he gave a glimpse, the ring of his laugh, were all set store upon by Joanna with a sober satisfaction

Harry had not been so agreeable, or felt the world so pleasant, two hours before He had neither thanked his mother for his banishment, nor Mrs Maxwell for her officiousness, when he was undergoing his first introduction to the Miss Crawfurds It was impossible to escape memories or to indo wincing, he had said to himself that these associations ought to have been worn threadbare by familiarity, or to have been approached gradually, and he could not conquer his awkwardness or crush his susceptibility. But youth is pliable and versatile, and although the side of his age was not Harry Jardine's forte any more than Joanna Crawfurd's, he shared in a portion of the immunity of his years, and, determined, as he was, to evince no dislike, and make no marked distinction, very soon the Miss Crawfurds and their cousin blended with the other young ladies in his view,—nay, he discovered that he had come across a cousin of theirs settled abroad, was qualified to afford them information of his prospects and pursuits handsomely

So far Joanna's penalty had been moderate, until towards the close of the evening, when most of the young people had gone into the library to get some refreshments, provided for them there, she found herself left in her corner almost alone, with Mr. Jardine talking to Mrs Maxwell within a few yards of her This was the occurrence which Joanna had dreaded "By the pricking of her thumbs" she was aware of a wicked destiny approaching her Mr Jardine in his conversation glanced towards her, then looked away, and beat his foot on the carpet, and a twitch passed over the muscles of his face, and his smile, though he continued its travestied representation, had lost all its glow Joanna dared not look any longer. Mrs Maxwell was speaking of her Perhaps in her rash moment she had volunteered the information Another Miss Crawfurd, she had not intended to be here, she had come over late with a message to her sisters, and she had taken her parasol—a fine little girl, rather risky— of the old family feral more than the rest, in consequence of returning an evidence of it to the day, but she begged his pardon for speaking of it to him—she had entirely forgotten—she was really very sorry— she hoped she had not hurt or offended him No! That was right Let bygones be bygones, she was quite of that opinion Ah! if he had seen poor Mr Crawfurd many a day, even he and his mother might have pitied him—a sad wreck, though capable of managing the property, fortunately for the children, once Oliver was but a lad, and Charlie had gone into a mercantile house.

Perhaps Harry Jardine had himself inquired— the pale girl who kept in the back ground with the little scar—was it—on her temple? Joanna quivered under the pause, and the veins beneath the light brown hair throbbed painfully She was glad when Mr Jardine walked away quickly, but the next moment he came back and turned directly towards her

"I have been introduced to your sister, Miss Crawfurd, and you must excuse further ceremony from me Will you allow me to take you into the next room and get a glass of wine or biscuit for you? You should not try further in an evening party Mrs Maxwell would call it a very bad example"

He spoke first with a laugh, and ceremonious all over She knew perfectly well while he was about. He was determined to persecute all that could possibly be construed of him He would put down invidious comment, disarm gossip, in short cut off the gorgon's head in the first struggle They might term it unnatural, overdone, but at least it would not be to do again, and Harry Jardine's was the temper, that, if you presented an obstacle before it, it itched to be allowed to grapple with the obstacle on the spot

Precisely for the reason that she could not ride away from the party, after Mrs Maxwell assailed her with a motive for her conduct, Joanna could not repel his overture It was incredibly trying to her. He saw how differently she was affected from her sisters He was aware of another influence. He felt very uncomfortable. Why, the very flesh

of the arm, which she touched lightly enough, crept, when the superstition of the old ordeal of the bier flashed upon him, as he caught, with a furtive glance, the tiny brand pricking and burning to fiery incandescence above the waxen face. Was it a splash of his father's blood impressed there, till the "solid flesh" would verily "melt?" Was it his neighbourhood which brought out the ruddy spot, that, like the scarlet streaks on Lady Macbeth's little hands, would not wash? Absurd folly! But he wished he had done with it. He wished old ladies would confine themselves to their own concerns. He hoped fainting was not heard of among the girls of the moors—that would be a talk! He supposed he must say something common place and civil, he must task his brains for that purpose. He coined a remark, and Joanna answered him quietly and with simplicity. She must have possessed and exercised great self command. It struck Harry Jardine. It was a quality he valued highly, possibly because he felt such difficulty in looking it up on his own account. All through the few minutes' farther conversation and association between them, it impressed him, conjointly with the odd recoiling sensation, which he had so rapidly shaken off, where her sisters were concerned.

Harry had the faults of his kind, not inveterately, for he spoke good English to women, but as he indulged in his dear island slang to man, he felt bound to use it to himself. "This poor little woman is thorough game" he said to himself. "I can see that she is as tender as a little bird, yet has she shown as much pluck as a six foot grenadier! She has not flinched at all. I can do justice to this spirit." He remembered it all the time when Polly Musgrave was sounding him, and when he did not choose to give her the slightest satisfaction.

"I saw you with my cousin Joanna, Mr Jardine, you'll find her in the Spanish style."

"Not in complexion, certainly. Do you mean in name?"

"Oh, no! Do you know so little about the south of Scotland after all? You had better conceal this piece of ignorance. I am sure you understand this much—a general acquaintance with the whole habitable globe would not atone for a deficiency with regard to this one dear little spot of earth. Joanna is as common a name in the south of Scotland as Dorothy is in the north of England. Examine the register, and see if you have not twenty Jardine cousins christened Joanna. I call Joanna in the Spanish style, because, although she conceals it, and you cannot have found it out yet, she is a vestige of romantic chivalry. Joanna is a Donna Quixotina, an unworldly, unearthly sort of girl, with a dream of tilting with the world and succouring the distressed. I term it a dream, because, of course, she will never accomplish it, any more than the knight of La Mancha, and she will be obliged to descend from her stilts by and by. I call Susan in the beautiful style, and Lalias in the good style, and Conny in the sweet sixteen style."

"Miss Musgrave, I am not versed in ladies' styles, you must teach me," and Polly and he looked into each other's eyes, and laughed and felt they were match for match.

And Joanna had a little regret that Mr Jardine should, like most men, be caught with Polly Musgrave; not that Joanna did not admire Polly, though she was her antitheus, and count her hand some and brilliant in her way, like any sun loving dahlia or hollyhock, but Joanna had no enthusiasm in her admiration of Polly, and she had a little enthusiasm in her estimation of Harry Jardine.

(*To be continued.*)

GOBY HUNTING

BY PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S.

One of the most pleasant, because most certainly successful, modes of prosecuting the natural history of the sea-shore, is what is known to the initiated as "stone-turning." We look out for a beach where large stones—masses, I mean, which we are just able to turn over with ease, lie pretty thickly strown,—flat irregular shaped masses, well clothed above with a dense forest of sea weed, showing that they have been undisturbed for some months at least. There should be little else than such blocks as these, lying one on another, so as to leave clear the narrow cavities beneath, through which the sea may play, for stones, however inviting they may look on their upper surface, are next to worthless if they are imbedded in sand or fine shingle. It is not by any means every beach that yields the necessary conditions, some beaches are all sand, these have their own proper creatures, a sand beach is not at all barren of animal life, but it does not give us what the stones yield. Others are all shingle, made up of smooth, sea washed, rounded pebbles, from the size of a marble to that of a turkey's egg, which ever roll over one another, with a whispering sound, as the surf runs in. These are utterly barren, the very worst of all localities for the marine naturalist to try his fortune, the small size of the stones renders them so moveable that nothing can adhere to them with permanence, and they afford, for the same reason, no available shelter for darkness loving creatures! A mixture of large stones with shingle is but little better, for the pebbles wash in and out between the heavy stones, and not only fill up the interstices, but, by rolling and rubbing, effectually clear their surfaces of all adventurous atoms, animal or vegetable, which might essay to take up a residence upon them. Often, however, a beach, which presents nothing but unmixed shingle from below half-tide level to high-water mark, becomes changed in character from the former range downward, and, at the level of spring-tide low water, is wholly composed of promising stones. The practised eye soon

recognises the suitable spot, and is able even to distinguish among the stones themselves those which, from something in their appearance, which perhaps, could scarcely be intelligibly described —something in their form or texture, or position the manner in which they lie, and their relation to the surrounding stones, are most likely to reveal hidden treasures

We have found such a beach (I know of a very good one not far away—all the better, because the amateurs and the trading collectors do not much invade it) and begin our examination about an hour before the ebbing water reaches its extreme point on a good spring tide the second or third day after full moon we will say in April or October for then the tidal wave reaches the lowest The wind is off shore, and not a ripple is breaking the murrory sea, there is no swell, the remnant of a storm now hushed to repose, so that we may work at the very lowest verge, the stalwart young fisher returning from examining his nets has hauled up his boat upon the beach not far from the spot we have selected as the scene of operations, and in his high water boots striped Guernsey shirt, and red liberty cap lolls against her bows, and, as he puffs his short cutty pipe, looks askance at us, half curious to see what we catch, yet disdaining, with professional stoicism, to take any direct notice of 'land lubbers'

Here we are then, precariously making our way along the rough yet slippery track close to the edge of the sea throwing in as attitudes than a

posture master in our efforts to maintain our footing on the weed draped stones Now and then, despite our efforts down we go, or our unlucky foot slips in between two stones, and gets an awkward wrench, or, recovering our equilibrium with a violent jerk, the collecting basket flies out of our hand, and a jingle of glass tells to the rueful ear that one of the jars is smashed Perhaps an old stager among sea rocks who has bought experience with many knocks and rubs and scratches, may venture to give a hint to the novices among his readers, which may save them many a slip It is this Never put your foot down on a surface *that slopes away from you*, a slope towards you is almost always safe It is the angle of inclination that makes all the difference, the extent of surface is of little consequence, if it be large enough just to receive the central plant of your foot sole

Here is a likely looking stone, the great olive tufts of saw edged *Fucus* on whose back indicate that it has lain in its present position for a season at least We put our fingers under its edge, and heave with a will 'Tis back aching work, as you will find after a couple of hours' earnest toil in a full noontide sun in May, but over it comes, and displays a nice little pool of clear shallow water beneath A twinkling of fins and tails, a splashing and a dashing of the water, a hurrying of some dark slender object hither and thither, kindle your enthusiasm "We must have *that*! What was it? It certainly disappeared under this stone" "Well, lift it up and see" "Yes, there it scut

the sea. "Odear! he's gone under another stone." "Up with the tub. Now then be quick, or you'll certainly lose him." "There he goes again." By this time, however, we have had a pretty fair glimpse at last of our prey that is to be. It is a slender serpent-like creature mottled with shades of warm brown, and handsomely marked with regular square spots of deep black all down the long back. Is it an eel? or what? Yes, surely it is the spotted Gunnel, one of the Goby family of spinous-finned fishes, ranking in the shores of Butterfish, from its slimness and of Sand-eel from its eel-like form, and variously called by Ichthyologists *Blennius pholis*, *Murænoides punctata*, and *Centronotus anguis*—which altogether make a by no means bad catalogue for a little fish to choose from, when he has occasion to sign his name.

As yet, however, we have only seen him, and that but momentarily, we want to possess him. This is a not very easy achievement, as nimble and evasive as he. He has learned already this time that he is "wanted," and makes every sort of his preference for liberty. Lively and energetic in every step of that little trial for an invitation of that snaky form. His channels between the stones communicate with one another, and the fish seems to have an instinctive calculation in what direction the nearest available way of escape lies, so that we shall have a game of securing him. At last, however, he has fallen, under the edge of a stone which he has just escaped. Cautiously we bring both hands to bear, playing one on each side, so as to make sure of him; then inserting the fingers under the shelter to judge the retreat, out darts the little rider, but finds himself entrapped in the hollow of our hands. "Quick! the jar! or he'll escape yet!" No! he's all right, safely dropped in, and we hold up the glass vessel half full of clear water previously provided, and gaze in triumph at our little captive.

An elegant creature it seems as we now behold it, gliding round and round the bottom of its crystal prison, now turning lithely on itself, like a fold of narrow ribbon, now swimming through the clear water with the most elegant undulations, but sinking to the bottom again the instant the undulatory effort ceases, for it is strictly a ground fish, and manifesting in every movement the perfection of agile grace and elegance.

It is as I said a fish of a somewhat serpent-like form, or rather ribbon-shaped, for its height much exceeds its thickness. It is a ribbon set upon its edge, with a fringe above and below, and each prettily marked with regular chequered spots. But I must set down a more methodical description of him that you may recognise him again when you fall in with him, and thus you will probably do every time you spend an hour stone-turning, at least on this south-west coast.

The length of this specimen is about six inches, and I have seen larger. The height or vertical diameter is about one-third of an inch, and the thickness, at its greatest, which is on a line midway between the back and belly, is about one-eighth of an inch. The head comes to a sharp edge above and below, and is ringed on both edges with a long narrow uniform fin. That on the under side, the *anal*, as it is technically termed, is found only on the hinder portion, commencing behind the middle, while the *dorsal* or back fin begins just behind the poll, both emerge into the *caudal* or tail fin with which the body terminates. The *pectoral* or breast fins are very small, much like those of the eel and the *ventrals*, or belly fins, are minute as to be scarcely noticeable, just a pair of tiny points. The head is small, with a smooth descending profile, the mouth very short and full, the eyes moderately full, round, bright, with golden rings.

In colour our little Gunnel is of a warm, yellow brown or olive, mottled with a delicate sort of curdling all over, with some dashes of reddish here and there, a band of deep brown descends perpendicularly down each cheek from the eye, the long dorsal fin is marked at regular intervals with square spots of black, bordered on each side with lines of pure white, adding greatly to its beauty. The caudal has a little on the fleshy part of the back, similar spots along the anal, but being only of a slightly deeper shade of brown than the ground colour they are less conspicuous. Altogether it is a pretty and attractive creature.

Meanwhile, however, we pursue our searching. Stone after stone we turn over, discovering many curious and interesting things—starry Tunicates, bright-hued Nudibranchs, ermine Cribs, Star-and Urchins, and Sea-cucumbers, and multitudes of other creatures well worthy of examination and preservation. Our capture of the Gunnel, however, makes us eager for *fishes*, and we look out for more. Nor in vain. Under a heavy block, which we succeed in overturning only after several slips there lies a huge, dark-hued uncouth object, which makes such a splashing that we cannot distinguish his form at all. We have not much difficulty in securing him, for though he makes a considerable pother, and stirs up not a little cloud of mud from the bottom of the shallow pool, we easily manage to place our hollowed hands round him, and lift him bodily up. Very indignant looks he as we drop him into the glass jar, his eyes goggle unutterable things at us, and his muscular tail and broad caudal fin whisk from side to side with wrathful energy as he flaps to and fro, and round and round, making a tempest almost equal to that renowned one "in a tea-pot," and quite discomfiting the amazed Gunnel, his late and peaceful co-tenant who is fain to perform undulatory evolutions at the top of the jar, relinquishing the entire bottom to the boisterous intruder.

Its singular palmate and branching horns remotely resembling those of the fallow deer, at once show it to be the Gattorugine, another fish of the same family. Fleming, in his *British Animals* (p. 206), speaks of it as British only on the authority of two specimens, one recorded by Pennant, found near Anglesea, and another mentioned by Montagu as taken in a crab-pot on the south-east coast of Devon. Yarrell, however, adduces other examples, and on the authority of Mr. Couch, speaks of it as common in Cornwall, where it goes by the name of "Tompot." "Tompot," then, from henceforth, he shall answer to with us, for here-about it is one of the most familiarly abundant of species, when searched for as I am describing, and

"Gattorugine" is too recondite a barbarism for the appellation of so everyday a subject as this So, elaborate dandy as he is, "Pompot" shall be his name Be quiet now, Pompot! be still a moment, that we may solace our eyes with your beauty!

Beauty, forsooth! a more hideous "varmint" you will scarcely see, notwithstanding his gay attire and his jewellery—for he wears both What a face he has! His head is thin and high, with a profile descending, I will not say perpendicularly, but, indeed, not very far removed from it a mouth opening with a most repulsively impudent expression, two huge, prominent, rolling eyes, of which the colour changes notably while you look at them, now being partly dark and partly white, abruptly divided by a transverse line, then the whole rapidly becoming suffused with a dark, purple hue, so that you can scarcely discern any inequality In the middle of the face, on each side is a minute fringed process, and above each eye a much more remarkable one, standing up conspicuously, and in colour, as I have said already, a dead horn To be more particular, each appendage of this pair is a thin piece of cartilaginous skin standing erect, and from, diagonally, both edges of which are cut into a number of sharp points, just as one might snip a piece of paper with fine scissors They are white, irregularly blotched with red The use of these ornaments I do not at all know, I have never seen the least motion in them nor the slightest attempt to use them made by the numerous individuals that I have kept in my aquarium The pectorals are unusually ample, and very fleshy, the ventrals are thick, slender, two rayed, and white, and are set on just under the throat, where they form a remarkable feature as the fish grovels about There is but a single dorsal, running along nearly the whole length, but it is distinguished into two portions by a difference in the height and structure of the fin rays All the fins are fleshy, and indicate muscular strength

As to colour, our Pompot is a beau He wears a suit of light greyish green studded all over with minute black specks, and the body is crossed by about seven broad vertical bands of dark reddish brown, extending to the edge of the dorsal The cheeks are marked in a somewhat mountebank fashion, with dashes and square clouts of rust red, which hue, also, adorns the chin and the pectorals Such, then, is the portrait of this our second capture, and now to work again

Presently, a third appears. This time an imp, with a bluff, cod like head, and as black as ink, turns up He, too, shoots hither and thither, but with an energy peculiarly his own, as different from the splashing vehemence of the Pompot as from the agile activity of the Gunnel. We catch him without any difficulty, and in we pop him into the already occupied jar Rather a risk we run, to be sure, in crowding three such creatures as fishes, and of this size too, into one bottle, but "necessitas non legem," our other jars are already filled with other things, and for half an hour, till we can turn them out at home, perhaps they may manage They do not seem very delicate in constitution, all of them very readily accommodating themselves to captivity, and very amusing they are there.

But we have not yet recognised the stranger I said he was black as ink No, he is not. He is of a dusky grey, or ashy hue, very prettily marked all over with a warm sepia tint, disposed in irregular wavy bands, which are dappled or clouded, and which upon the dorsal pectoral, and caudal fins, are arranged very close to each other, and are particularly elegant The front dorsal, for there are two here, its upper half of a delicate pale straw-colour, into which the dark grey hue runs up in points between the rays But how strange is this! Was he not then black before? How could we have mistaken his colour? Nay, it was no mistake See! he is again all pearly in hue, a few minutes and he is black again, black all over, with the exception of the yellow half of his dorsal, which remains unchanged, and comes out all the finer for the bolder contrast not a trace of the mottled bands can now be discerned except slightly on the fins, but the black hues, which have become intense, have now assumed a superficial bloom or flush of fine indigo blue, just like an untouched plum, or black Hamburgh grape This remarkable change of colour seems to depend on mental emotions. Alarm or sudden terror will in an instant cause the grey tint to be put on, while the gloomy black indicates equanimity

The form of the fish, particularly that of the head and face and the expression, are totally different from those of the two others He puts on a vacant stare quite idiotic in aspect, whereas both his fellows display a sort of intelligence His lips are thick, his cheeks fat, and his eyes enormous and staring His length is about four inches

This is the Black Goby Now all these three fishes are with us exceedingly common, notwithstanding that Yarrell pronounces the last two to be very rare At all seasons I can turn up any, or all of them, at an hour's notice on Babbacombe Beach, at low water of a good spring tide, and as they are all three very readily preserved alive and in health, and as they quickly become familiar in a tank, they are quite worthy of being sought after by amateur zoologists

We carry ours home, and, committing them to a large aquarium, study their habits At first they are shy, hiding under the rocky covers, and inexorably refusing to come into view We must give them a few days to overcome their timidity, they will soon become familiar, indifferent, and even tamey Then they are very amusing.

The Gunnel always retains, indeed, some traces of its timidity It habitually chooses for its residence an overarching stone, or some broken shell of a large bivalve, under the shelter of which it can lurk, with its pretty yellow head just peeping out. If driven thence, you will see it gliding along in every corner of the tank, seemingly in all parts at the same instant, but in a couple of minutes you discern the little nose peeping from the old hiding-place just as before. To morrow you will find it in just the same place, and next day again Sometimes it swims with much elegance, but with effort, and in a leech like manner, through the open water near the surface

The Pompot bursts and blunders about in an uncouth, headlong way If you approach the tank he will leave his retreat, and rush up to the

glass, as if to challenge your intentions Then, as if satisfied, he turns round with a swash of his tail, and bustles away into the cavern, whence he will presently half emerge, and lie close to the ground, with his great lack lustre eyes rolling to and fro, or gazing stupidly upwards, just as I have sketched him

The Goby is the liveliest He, too, is fitful and sudden in his movements He will frequently rest his chin on a stone, and stare at you, as if his life depended on his making you out, alternately elevating and depressing his pretty dorsal The ventral fins are very curiously united into a kind of funnel or cup, and this is evidently an organ of adhesion—a sort of sucker Montagu suggests this use, but he had never witnessed it His words are, "With respect to the union of the ventral fins, it would seem to be for the purpose of forming an instrument of adhesion, but in no instance have we observed that they adhered, either to rocks or to the bottom of the glass vessel in which they have been kept alive for several days"*

Probably this excellent naturalist failed to observe it from not being able to keep the fish long enough to wear off its first surprise and timidity, incident to its unwonted situation and circumstances But I have seen the action repeatedly The fish will frequently swim up to the glass side of the tank, and suddenly adhere in a perpendicular posture, remaining motionless for several minutes During this time the curious formation of the ventrals may be well observed

The Goby feeds more readily than the others Little atoms of meat dropped in soon attract his attention He turns up his eye, and watches them as they slowly sink, then, when he judges the proximity sufficient, he shoots ahead, opens his cavernous mouth, and sucks in the morsel, and is in an instant ready for the next You may teach him thus to come towards you when you approach The Tompot will not so feed, but while the Goby is seizing the morsels, watches him, bustles up, and drives him away, but will not attempt to help himself

In the illustration, the Gunnel is represented as approaching in the centre, the Tompot projects his head from beneath a stone in the right corner, and the Black Goby is seen resting his chin on a block on the left

* Montagu's MS., quoted in Yarrell

IRENÆUS, THE CHAMPION OF TRUTH AND PEACE

There are some names in history that are not merely prominent and important, but that seem to gather up all the significance of their era, and stand crowning it—at once looking backwards upon past interests, and forwards with new hopes and the promise of new achievements They are the connecting links of one age with another One epoch culminates and another opens with them Such a name in Church history is Irenæus The pupil of Polycarp who was again the pupil of St John—the direct tradition of the apostolic age may be said to expire with him The champion of the truth against the Gnostics, and of peace and toleration against the encroachments of the Roman bishop—the age of theology and of ecclesiastical policy may be said to begin with him He stands at the close of the second century The great men of the third century, Hippolytus and Origen—the former personally as well as intellectually—stand connected with him He might be called the last of the apostolic fathers, although he does not commonly receive this appellation He is the first of theological doctors and controversialists His influence and reputation survive in his name He is "the peaceable" (εἰρήνης), and even when he is forced to take up the weapons of controversy, peace may be said to be no less his aim He valiantly defends the Truth, because he knows that Peace can only come through Truth

Of the birth and youth of Irenæus we know nothing in detail There can be little doubt, however, that he belonged to Smyrna He had studied in that city under Polycarp, according to his own statement, and there is every reason to think that he was a native, if not of Smyrna itself, of Asia Minor His language, his mode of thought, his traditions, his predilections, all connect him with the East, although his sphere of activity is, from the beginning, the West A beautiful fragment from his own pen, formerly quoted in these sketches, brings us before him as the pupil of Polycarp He tells us in his letter of remonstrance with Florinus, an old companion, who had been carried away by some form of the Gnostic heresy, that he remembered "how the blessed Polycarp used to sit and discourse, and his going forth and his coming in, and the fashion of his life and the appearance of his person, and the discourses which he used to make to the congregation, and how he used to tell us of his conversation with St John, and with the rest of those who had seen the Lord, and how he used to relate from memory their sayings, and what those things were which he had heard from them concerning the Lord, and concerning His miracles and teaching" This is the language of one who recalled his early days in Smyrna, and his companionship with the companion of the apostles as a deeply-prized and happy memory The light of that earlier age, when he seemed to hear the very words of the apostles in those of their successor, and when no "Gnosis, falsely so called," mingled with his clear recognition and acceptance of the apostolic tradition, was something toward which he looked back with a devout and grateful affection It was this light, shining in his heart, more than anything else, that qualified Irenæus to stand forth as the champion of the Truth

The particular occasion of his departure for Gaul is unknown We have already seen, however, that the churches planted in the south of what we now call France, were offshoots from the Grecian or Asiatic churches The truth spread to the south of Europe and to Ireland and Britain, in the first instance, at least, not from Rome, but from the more primitive centres of the faith. A

close communication appears to have been preserved between the mother churches and their distant children in the west, and Irenæus was probably selected, as a young and promising disciple, to bear some important part in a mission from the former This was about the year 170 Vigorous and growing Christian communities had by this time sprung up both at Lyons and Vienne Where as a violent hatred had animated these two cities, proceeding even to bloodshed the Christian communities existing in them were bound in the fastest bands of love—a love which was destined to undergo a fiery and terrible trial The aged Pothinus was at the head of the Church of Lyons, and here Irenæus settled and received from his hands the order of presbyter Whether he had designed originally to remain, or whether he was constrained to do so by the acknowledgment paid to his talents and the services demanded of him, we cannot say It is evident from the sequel that his attainments and character had from the first secured attention and called him into prominence

It was seven years after his arrival that the dreadful persecutions which we have described in a former sketch, overtook the churches of Lyons and Vienne The memorable letter to the "Brethren in Asia and Phrygia," describing these persecutions—"one of the noblest archives, it has been said, "a Church could have, worth all the miraculous legends in the world," is commonly attributed to Irenæus If it be indeed his, it is something which adds a higher glory to his name than even his treatise against the heretics The simplicity, pathos, and dignity of its pictures of patience, and meek and triumphant suffering, as witnesses to the Divine truth of the Christian faith far more effective than many ingenious arguments

Before the persecutions were yet terminated, and the venerable Pothinus had perished at the head of his flock—the victim of many cruelties—it is supposed that Irenæus was despatched to Rome with letters to Eleutherus the bishop, on a subject of great and general importance to the Church Montanism had sprung up in Phrygia—a district between which and the Churches in Gaul there was some special connexion—as indicated by the fact of its mention in the letter from these Churches to the brethren in Asia It became a subject of earnest inquiry what credit was due to the claims of Montanus, who professed to be a special embodiment and organ of the Paraclete, and whose followers were making themselves conspicuous as possessors of the miraculous gifts of prophetic inspiration It shows a wonderful magnanimity and heroism that the Churches of Gaul, in the midst of their terrible sufferings, should have been able to apply themselves to this subject, and write letters of advice regarding it both to the Churches of Asia and Rome Possibly there may have been some generous wish to place Irenæus at a distance from the fate which was but too likely to overtake him in Lyons, or it may have been merely that there was no other so fitted, or indeed at all fitted to send on the mission. The fact, in any case, appears from Eusebius,* that he was made the bearer of the letters sent to the Roman bishop "These letters," it was set forth, "we have charged our brother and partner Irenæus to convey, and we expect you to take him under your care and protection, as one who is zealous in the cause of the covenant of Christ For could we think that uprightness acquired rank for a man, we should recommend him as a Presbyter of the Church (which he is) among the first" The testimony was a noble one, and coming from men whom a cruel death for the Truth's sake was staring in the face, must have spoken their heartfelt sincerity The labours of Irenæus during the seven years he had spent among them, had not been without their precious fruits

As he travelled towards Rome, it must have been with mingled sensations when he thought of his fellow disciples in the midst of their painful trials, and of the great centre of pagan civilisation and of Christian influence towards which he was travelling We have no details of his journey, or of his residence in Rome But there can be little doubt that it was what he saw and heard in Rome at this time that, more than anything else, fixed his thoughts on the great Gnostic heresy, and impelled him with the desire of writing against it As the metropolis of the world, Rome was the great focus of all varieties of pagan superstition, and equally so of every diversity of Christian belief "In Rome," Dean Milman says, "every heresy, almost every heresiarch, found welcome reception All new opinions, all attempts to harmonise Christianity with the Greek or Oriental philosophy, were boldly agitated either by the authors of the Gnostic systems or their followers Valentinus, the Alexandrian, was himself in Rome, so also was Marcion of Sinope The Phrygian Montanus, with his prophetesses Priscilla and Maximilla, if not present, had a powerful sect in Rome Somewhat later, the precursors of the great Trinitarian controversy, Praxius an Asiatic, Theodotus a Byzantian, Noetus a Smyrnæote, or his disciples, all taught in Rome" Not one of all these systems originated there, but thither they all gathered as to a great common centre of controversy and influence. Irenæus could not spend some time in the metropolis, in the heart of the Christian movement there, without coming into contact with these opinions The very nature of his mission led him to do this He was there as the representative of the simple primitive faith, which originally had emigrated from Phrygia and the cities of Lesser Asia to the shores of the Rhone, in opposition to the new prophetic pretensions which had sprung up in the former district under the leadership of Montanus The new doctrine, there is reason to believe, had infected the Roman See itself Eleutherus was not free from suspicion of having patronized and encouraged the Phrygian delusions.

It does not appear, however, to have been so much this form of heresy that now engaged the attention of Irenæus Montanism was, after all, more a practical delusion than a heresy It might co exist, as in the case of Tertullian, with a substantial adherence to the creed of the Church—that Christ had come in the flesh for the redemption of the world. It was so far from denying the verity of the Incarnation, that it was distinguished by a didactic and unreasoning literalism of interpretation as to the whole economy

* Eusebius, v 4

of grace Gnosticism was a heresy of the very opposite extreme and could not fail to present itself to a mind like that of Irenæus, as a heresy of a far more serious and deadly character This appears to have been the subject, accordingly, which now and afterwards mainly attracted his attention Whether he encountered any of the Gnostic teachers in Rome it is difficult to say He might have met Marcion, or some of the followers of Valentinus * Valentinus himself had died in the island of Cyprus about twenty years before this time Certainly the system of Valentinus must have been closely studied by him He makes his refutation of it, so to speak, the basis of his famous treatise, *Contra Hæreses*

It would not be profitable or interesting to dwell in these pages on the subject of Gnosticism It is necessary, however, to an understanding of some of the main features of the early Church, that the reader should have some apprehension of the sort of questions it involved The details of the Gnostic systems are incomprehensible to many students, but any reader of intelligence may soon understand the nature of the disputes between the Gnostics and the Church

Gnosticism sprang out of the mixture of oriental and Grecian speculation with the simplicity of the Gospel Many who refused to accept Christianity as an historical revelation, were yet greatly impressed by its divine and spiritual grandeur, and they sought to adapt it to their own forms of philosophy The eastern mind plunged itself with grand schemes of ideal cosmogony which seemed to bridge over the gulf between the Infinite and finite, and the manifestation of Christ was easily made to appear to it as merely a link in the development of such schemes The great difficulty which the speculative mind then had—and it is a difficulty which radically besets all speculation—was to conceive how the existing world of evil could have sprung forth from an infinitely Perfect Source How had life and motion arisen? and, especially, how had such a tainted and corrupted life, as we see around us in manifold forms, sprung from the Supreme and Absolute One?

Christianity answers these questions by the revealed truths of the creation and the fall Where these truths are not admitted, the problems are hopeless

Oriental speculation could not, or at least did not, grasp either of these truths as they were set forth in Christian Theism Matter appeared to it too utterly corrupt to be brought into direct relation with the divine The human will, as a fact, morally energy, capable of voluntary perversion, or sin, was an idea almost equally repugnant to it How, then, did it account for the world and for evil?—By the conception of an endless procession of ideal existences, rising in the infinite, and gradually lapsing into the concrete or material The Supreme Being is regarded as inconceivable, indescribable as the unfathomable abyss (Valentinus)—the unnameable (Basilides) From this transcendent Source existence springs by emanation in a series of spiritual powers * It is only through these several powers or energies that the Infinite passes into life and activity, and becomes capable of representation To the higher spiritual or ideal world, in complete series, is given the name of Pleroma,† and the successive powers making up the series in their ever expanding procession from the highest are called Æons Christ was allowed to be the manifestation of one of these Æons, descending from the kingdom of light into the material kingdom of darkness

Such was Gnosticism in its general conception, but it assumed many forms, some of which contradict others In some cases the lapse from the spiritual or ideal world into the material is conceived of merely as a process of deterioration, in other case it is represented as arising from the direct invasion or conflict of the lower or material world The more directly it came from the East, it assumed the latter form, like the Persian or Parsee doctrine of two opposing kingdoms—a kingdom of light and a kingdom of darkness,—an Ormuz and Ahriman It recognised in short a fundamental dualism of forces in the world In the Alexandrian Gnosticism—and Alexandria was the most prolific parent of the Gnostic sects—the dualism was still radically present, but it was not so obvious

Valentinus was a Gnostic of the Alexandrian school, and his system was the most elaborate and ingenious of all that emanated from this school It was the flower or highest expression of Gnosticism Valentinus himself was a man of reflection and his character is without stain His leading principle was the conception of existence proceeding from the Supreme Essence in pairs or Syzygies At the head stood the ineffable Bore father the abyss, and associated with him, Silence, or the passive consciousness of himself Then follow in pairs of male and female—Mind,‡ Truth,§ Word ‖ Life ¶ Man,** Church ††† It will be obvious at a glance that there is, in this imaginary cosmogony, an adaptation of the various words in the prologue of St John's Gospel The successive expressions used by the apostle to designate the manifestation of Christ, who is the Word, the Truth, the Life, are treasured by Valentinus so as to represent distinct entities, and separate by an intervening series the Supreme being from the existing world The extent of this separation is still more apparent in the further elaboration of the system, with which, however, it is unnecessary to occupy ourselves Irenæus with a true instinct, fixed upon this system as his chief point of attack He has, indeed, in this way, failed to exhibit the natural and chronological connexion of the Gnostical systems through which they can probably best be understood By grappling, however, with this, the highest system, and showing how manifestly it is a perversion of Scripture, and of the fundamental facts of the gospel, he struck more boldly than he could have done in any other way, a blow at the great heresy which, in his view, was spreading so much corruption in the

* He says he [illegible] that he had encountered some of the disciples of Valentinus, but whether at Rome or not he does not say

* δυναμεις † πληρωμα ‡ νους.
§ αληθεια ‖ λογος ¶ ζωη
* ανθρωπος. †† εκκλησια

Church. A single extract may enable the reader to understand something of the nature of the controversy, and the spirit and success with which it was conducted by Irenæus. Foreign as the subject may be for our conceptions and interests, it cannot be wholly uninteresting to contemplate arguments which so deeply moved the early Church.

"Manifest is the fiction," says Irenæus, "of this interpretation of John; for wherein John proclaims one God Almighty, and one only begotten Christ Jesus, through whom, he says, that all things became, and declares Him to be the Son of God, Him to be the only begotten, Him to be the maker of all things, Him to be the true light that lighteth every man, Him to be the maker of the world, Him to have come to his own, Him to have been made flesh, and to have dwelt among us, they, twisting the interpretation according to their own devices, would have that there is another only begotten according to emission or emanation, whom, forsooth, they call Beginning, another whom they call Saviour, another, Word, Son of the Only begotten, another, the Christ emitted to restore or rectify the Pleroma. And having separated each one of these from the truth, and having altered the different names to their own purpose, they venture that John should here make no mention of the Lord Jesus Christ. For, if he spoke of the Father and Grace, and the Only Begotten and Truth, and the Word and Life and Man and the Church, he spoke concerning the first ogdoad of Existence, in which Jesus was not yet, nor Christ the teacher of John. But that the apostle did not speak concerning these pairs of Syzygies, but concerning our Lord Jesus Christ, whom also he knew as the Word of God, he has made plain. For, gathering up his doctrine concerning the Word, whom he had spoken of in the beginning he adds, 'And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' But according to them, it was not the Word that was made flesh, as he never came out of the Pleroma, but he that came according to a providential arrangement and dispensation, being younger than the Word the Saviour. Learn then, foolish ones, that Jesus, he that hath suffered for us, he that hath taken up His dwelling among us, He it is that is the Word of God. One and the same person being declared to be Word, and Only Begotten, and Light, and Life, and Saviour, and Christ, and Son of God, and this person having become incarnate for us, the whole of their ideal cosmogony, or ogdoad, is dissolved, and this being dissolved, all falls to pieces, which they, silly dreaming, impute to the Scriptures, having moulded them anew according to their fashion."

This, it has been said, is "a very thorough and masterly exposure of the system builders." It presents Irenæus favourably in one aspect of his character as wielding the weapons of the Christian theologian against the heretics. The weapons are sound, scriptural and effective. The spirit in which he uses them does not belie his name, and it would have been well for the Church if its controversies with heretics had been always equally fair and free from bitterness.

The treatise in which he thus defended the truth, was probably not composed by him till some time after his return from Rome. There is reason to think that the special reason that called forth his successive books against the heretics—for they appeared at successive periods—was the invasion of his own diocese by some of the Gnostic opinions. Spreading along the Mediterranean coast, they had reached to Lyons and Vienne, and awakened his ardour in defence of the truth which he held so dear. His Roman studies and experience were then doubtless found by him of great assistance, and he was enabled to meet the encroaching enemy as one who had already stood face to face with it, and scrutinized its highest expression.

Irenæus was recalled to Rome to occupy the position of the martyred Pothinus. To the suffering and decimated church in Lyons and Vienne, it was a matter of congratulation that it could look to one of so much wisdom and strength of character to preside over it. With what earnestness and zeal Irenæus discharged his episcopal duties may be inferred not merely from the fact of the noble vindication of Christian truth which he put forth against the heretics, but also from the circumstance which he himself communicates, that "living among Celtic barbarians, he was chiefly learned with their barbarous dialect." This is sufficient to indicate his missionary spirit. A Greek, as he was, trained amidst the cultured refinements of Smyrna, his heart and his application by which his duty lay, in mastering the language of the rude tribes amongst which he had been placed, and thereby making known the truth to them. Irenæus was eminently a practical genius. He had been driven into speculative controversy more from the necessities of his position than from choice or desire. And it is his simple and practical apprehension of the truth in Christ that constitutes his strength in his controversial treatises, more than anything else. He is successful in setting forth against the delusions of Gnosticism the plain light of the gospel, but he is by no means equally so in his detailed criticisms and refutations. He was apt to listen to uncertain tradition, "he fell into childish fantasies," and is often weak in special arguments. But as a bishop or overseer he appears to have been equally wise, moderate, and laborious. The Church turned toward him as a steady and calm light diffusing from the west counsel and guidance.

This was plainly shown in the case of the controversy as to the celebration of Easter. The importance that this question assumed in the early Church, and later, although in a somewhat different form, even down to the middle ages, is singular. It shows how soon the spirit of formality, in opposition to the free evangelical spirit that animated the council of Jerusalem, began to infect the Church. The original question was of this kind. Should the 14th day of the month Nisan the day of the Paschal feast, continue to be observed as the day of our Lord's passion, and the second day after that be observed as the day of His resurrection, irrespective of the day of the week, or was it necessary that a Friday should be always consecrated to the memory of Christ's passion, and a Sunday to the memory of his resurrection. It was natural that the Eastern and Jewish Churches should follow the first of these practices, and equally natural that the Roman and

Western Churches, to whom the 14th day of Nisan had no peculiar solemnity, should follow the latter It was exactly one of those points on which they should have agreed to differ, in the assurance that the practice which was most conformable to the spirit of the gospel would eventually prevail There can be no doubt that the Roman or Latin practice was the broader and more catholic, and that, as the Church farther and farther extended beyond the bounds of Judaism, it would become the general practice But this was no ground for enforcing it upon the Churches of the East On the contrary it was the very ground why toleration and indifference should have been manifested The Roman bishop, Victor, who had succeeded to Eleutherus, understood nothing of this spirit of toleration Actuated by the "hierarchical spirit" which, as Neander says, had already begun to show itself in Rome, he published a sentence of excommunication against the Churches of Asia because they dared to differ from the Roman Church in the celebration of Easter Forty years before, when the venerable Polycarp visited Anicetus, then Bishop of Rome, he had quietly maintained the apostolicity of the Eastern practice and the variance was then acknowledged to be no hindrance to Christian communion and friendship But the intemperance of Victor was now nearly making a schism in the Church—if Irenæus had not stepped forward as peace maker Oriental as had been his training, he had seen reason himself to adopt the western mode of observance, but he felt, at the same time, strongly, the equal right that his native churches had to preserve their own opinion and practice He addressed a letter, accordingly, of sharp and decisive remonstrance to Victor He reminded him of the far higher and more Christian example of his predecessor, who had declared that "notwithstanding such difference, we live together in peace, and our disagreement with regard to the regulation of fasts, serves only to make our unity of faith more clearly evident" The position and character of Irenæus gave weight to his words. The opening schism was healed, and he vindicated more conspicuously than ever his honoured title of the "Peaceable" How blessed would it have been if something of his spirit, and that of those noble words of Anicetus—a very charter thus early of the great doctrine of toleration—had continued to animate the Church!

With this bright incident, the life of Irenæus passes out of sight We lose trace of it, and do not even know the year of his death, nor the mode of it Some have assigned to him the crown of martyrdom, but of this there is no clear evidence In any case we know enough to be assured that his death would be worthy of his life, and that he who had been through youth and manhood, the champion of the Truth and Peace, would continue to witness for both in his old age and in his end

JOHN TULLOCH

THE FIRST LOOK-OUT ON THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

He comes down from Youth's mountain top,
Before him Manhood's glittering plain
Lies stretched,—vales, hamlets, towers, and towns,
Huge cities, dim and silent downs,
Wide unreaped fields of shining grain

All seems so still, so fair, so new,
So easy to be crossed and won,
No mist the distant ocean hides,
And overhead majestic rides
The wondrous, never setting sun

Gaze on, gaze on, thou eager boy,
For earth is lovely, life is grand,
Yet from the boundary of the plain
Thy faded eyes may turn again
Wistfully to the morning land

How glorious then o'er wastes of toil
That long left mountain height appears!
How soft the lights and shadows glide!
How the rough places, glorified,
Transcend whole leagues of level years!

And standing by the sea of Death,
With anchor weighed and sails unfurled,
Blessed is he before whose eyes
The very hills of Paradise
Glow, coloured like that earlier world.

' He comes down from Youth's mountain top,
Before him Manhood's glittering plain
Lies stretched,—vales, hamlets, towers, and towns,
Huge cities, dim and silent downs
Wide unreaped fields of shining grain '

AMERICAN TELESCOPES AND ASTRONOMERS.

It was with no little surprise that, on inquiry for Mr. Alvan Clarke in Boston, we found that he was unknown. America is proud and boastful of her great men, but the name of her great optician, familiar to every astronomer in Britain, was unknown to the place of his birth and his residence. It was after considerable search that we found his residence and workshop in Cambridge, a suburb of Boston. Even in Cambridge it was difficult to find him. Among the well-known and well-to-do tradesmen, Mr. Clarke occupied but an obscure position. Boston, at the time, was loud in the praises of an opera-singer, a native of the city, who was on the eve of starting for England to exhibit her wonderful powers in London, and who afterwards drew forth the plaudits of the passengers in the steamer in which we crossed the Atlantic. There was no such celebrity accorded to the obscure worker in glass, who, with marvellous art and dexterity, was fashioning instruments to extend the limits of creation and open up to view new worlds and systems. Yet Mr. Clarke was as proud of the limited circle that recognised his labours, as the opera-singer was of the applause of the crowd in the steamer or the theatre.

When we reached his neat villa, we were shown to the rear, where stood his observatory and workshop, in a building precisely similar to an old Scottish keep, consisting of a square tower of several storeys, with a single apartment in each. The middle storey, reached by a ladder, was his reception-room, in which the lighter work was executed. The basement floor was devoted to the heavier and coarser work, and the highest floor was reserved for an observatory, in which a beautiful equatorial was placed. We came in upon him at an inopportune moment. He was bent on being courteous, but he was evidently preoccupied with some grave care, which greatly perplexed him. The cause of his anxiety we soon found to be some tapping going on in the workshop under us. Every successive blow seemed to intensify his apprehension, and the rebound of his feelings was something startling, when a voice from beneath sung out "All's right." The tapping was the attempt of his son to detach the greatest lens in the world from the pitch-bed, in which it was stuck fast for the purpose of grinding. A blow in the slightest degree too strong would be the destruction of the labour of many months, and the loss of twelve thousand dollars. Now that the lens was safely detached, and the burden removed from his mind, Mr. Clarke was free to pour out his genial nature, and exhibit the refreshing enthusiasm of a man whose heart is thoroughly in his work. He pointed with pride to a lens lying before him, the fellow of the one that had caused him so much anxiety. This was the great object of our curiosity, and well might a lover of lenses make a long pilgrimage to see such a sight. It is eighteen inches in diameter, a size far exceeding that of any existing telescope of value. The telescope in the Russian Observatory of Pulkova, by Frauenhofer, and long considered the best in the world, is only fifteen inches. The great equatorial of Cambridge Observatory, connected with Harvard University, was executed by the successors of Frauenhofer in Munich, and is believed to be somewhat superior, besides being one-eighth of an inch greater in diameter. This one-eighth enabled our Transatlantic friends to boast of having the largest existing achromatic telescope in the world. It was like a horse gaining a race by the fraction of a neck. Mr. Clarke's lens distances all competitors, as its area is half as large again as that of the Cambridge equatorial. The glass was from Chance, Birmingham, and no defect could be traced in it. The figure and polish seemed also perfect, but the performance can never be confidently predicted before actual trial. The character of Mr. Clarke as an optician, however, gives good ground for the belief that it will far surpass any thing that has been yet attempted.

Telescopes, like guns, are rated according to their calibre. Everything depends on the size of the lens, all else being equal. The difficulty of obtaining good glass, and working the lens, increases enormously with the size. The rate is something like that of the speed of a steamer. Every successive knot per hour requires a rapidly increasing rate of expenditure of fuel; and every increase of the size of the object-glass implies a much higher proportion of trouble and expense. The difficulties increase so rapidly, that in the workshops even of Munich, nothing greater than fifteen inches would be attempted. All honour to the courageous attempt of Mr. Clarke! The astronomical world will not grudge America this triumph. She has unexpectedly taken the lead in various departments of practical astronomy; and it will be somewhat singular if a self-taught artist should beat the most skilful opticians of Europe.

The telescopes of Mr. Clarke have been brought under the notice of English astronomers chiefly through the Rev. Mr. Dawes, one of our most reliable observers. He has made some important astronomical discoveries; and perhaps there is not a better judge of the performance of telescopes. The readers of the Notices of the Astronomical Society are familiar with the achievements of Mr. Clarke's telescope in the hands of Mr. Dawes. Admiral Smyth, another of our most laborious astronomers, bears ample testimony to the perfection in his art, acquired by the American optician. We have, then, good ground for hoping that this great telescope will mark another decided advance in astronomical discovery.

It may, at first sight, appear strange, that the object-glass of a refracting telescope cannot be made of great dimensions, with as great facility as the metallic speculum of a reflecting telescope. The speculum of Lord Rosse's telescope is six feet in diameter; and yet this lens of Mr. Clarke, though only eighteen inches, is regarded as one of monster dimensions. Apart from the working of the figure, there is this great difference, that, for the glass to perform well, it must be perfectly homo-

geneous throughout, while this is of no importance in the reflecting telescope In the one case, the rays have to pass through the substance of the glass, and any inequality in its constitution produces distortion, or indistinctness in the image If the glass is not perfectly homogeneous, the refraction is disturbed, but in the case of the reflecting telescopes, the reflection is the same, however much the surface of the speculum may vary in density This results from the law, that the angle of reflection is the same, whatever be the nature of the reflecting substance, while, in the case of refraction, the angle altogether depends on the nature of the refracting body It is obvious, therefore, that if the lens be not homogeneous throughout, it will not possess that equality of action which perfect definition requires But it is exceedingly difficult to obtain glass of large dimensions, free from inequalities It may be perfectly good to a cursory inspection, while, submitted to proper tests, it is wholly worthless for astronomical purposes From this source of difficulty the reflecting telescope is entirely free, and, consequently, far greater dimensions may be attained

The reflecting telescope however, labours under the great disadvantage of being very cumbrous as compared with a refracting telescope of the same power A small refracting telescope, worked comfortably under the shelter of a dome with nice adjustment and easy movements, usually performs more satisfactorily than reflectors with lofty and unwieldy scaffolding, standing out of doors and exposing the observers to the severities of the weather The huge reflector is useful for occasional star gazing, but the refracting telescope is the one always used for regular scientific observations, and the great aim of opticians is to improve the latter

The length of Mr Clarke's telescope is small compared to the telescopes of former days There used to be at the observatory of Kew the glasses of a telescope executed by Huygens They belonged to the Philosophical Society, but as the focal length was such as to require a tube as long as a tall church spire, it was never fitted up Sometimes the glasses were used without a tube, the eye glass being placed at an immense distance from the object glass The refracting telescope at once shrunk into small dimensions, at least in regard to length, as soon as the achromatic principle was applied by Dollond The only way previous to this, of obviating the defect of colour, was by making the focus very long, but Dollond, by simply making the object glass compound, one part being of flint, the other of crown glass, dispensed with long tubes An achromatic telescope of the present day, two feet in length, performs much better than one of Huygens' aerial telescopes 100 feet in length But while, for convenience' sake, opticians try to make their telescopes as short as possible, they are struggling to expand in another direction, and to execute object glasses as large as possible, and if three inches in advance of any other telescope be effected, a great triumph will be gained The astronomer has to enlarge his object glass precisely for the same reason that the owl expands its eye in the dark The expansion does not magnify objects, it merely takes in more light, and sees more clearly The mouse is large enough to be seen by the owl with contracted eye, but it is too indistinct to be visible, the pupil is therefore expanded, and the prey, though retaining the same apparent dimensions, is at once descried So the astronomer often fails to descry objects, not because they are not large enough, but because they are not clear enough, and the only way of overcoming the difficulty is by making his artificial pupil, namely, the object glass, as large as possible

In Mr Clarke's square keep we hoped to escape for a little from the tumult of war The whole nation was stirred to its depths by the war feeling Along the line of lake, river, and rail, there was nothing heard but the war song and loud notes of defiance No one had patience to talk of anything but the war, and however people began, they ended always with the war In the Sabbath-school, the common school, the missionary meeting, the prayer meeting and even the church, their national and war songs were sung They might be omitted in the programme, but before the meeting closed, there was a demand for some exciting song The refrain of the most popular one still sounded in one's ears, long after losing sight of the shores of America —

"And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

The star spangled banner floated from every spire and house top and waved in enormous folds from ropes stretched across the streets The volunteers swarmed in every city, and many were already provided with very bright uniforms, the most popular being that of the Zouave They were incessant in their demands for music, and what with the din of brass bands and the boisterous demonstrations of undisciplined troops, the whole country was kept in an uproar The very children, dressed in the Zouave costume, were often let loose to beat their mimic drums in the street, so completely was the whole population given up to the war excitement

It was gratifying to find one man engaged in the peaceful pursuits of science, but even in Mr. Clarke's sanctuary, the curse of war had cast its shadow For, when allusion was made to the commercial aspect of his great undertaking, we found that we had touched upon a painful subject The great telescope was ordered by the University of Mississippi, and a munificent price was agreed upon, but the war broke up all thoughts of telescope, and of obligations of Southern to Northern States This southern institution was ambitious of possessing by far the most powerful telescope in the world, but, by the stern exigences of war, the money that was to be paid for this expensive toy must go to purchase bread and bullets

The case of Mr Clarke is one of many illustrations, that, in the grinding and polishing of lenses and specula, the amateur often surpasses the professional optician Witness Sir William Herschel, who was a professional musician, Mr. Ramage, who was a tanner in Aberdeen, Mr. Lassels, who is a Liverpool merchant, Mr. Nasmyth, an engineer, and, above all, Lord Rosse, who has carried the process of casting and polishing specula to

such a patch of refinement Mr. Clarke started in life as a printer, and afterwards took to portrait-painting which he still practises, to a certain extent as a relaxation from his severer labours. It was not till he was upwards of forty years of age that he turned his attention to telescopes He was first attracted to the subject by one of his boys asking his aid in casting a speculum for a small telescope, which he had taken a fancy to construct. From that time, the boy's amusement became the serious business of the father's life What renders his success more marvellous, is that he, according to his own account, is totally unacquainted with mathematics. The signs of *plus* and *minus* are about the sum of his algebraical knowledge How often does genius supersede what to other men would be an essential element to success! What sense is more essential to the student of natural history than that of sight, and yet Huber, one of the most successful and philosophic observers of modern times, was stone blind! Mathematics, to the optician or astronomer, seem as essential as sight to the student of natural history, and yet some of the most popular writers on astronomy were totally destitute of the mathematical faculty Ferguson could never understand the logical process by which the forty seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid is proved, yet he perfectly understood the property of the right angled triangle He convinced himself of its truth by cutting the squares out on pasteboard, and weighing the largest one against the other two The late Dr Dick, who did so much to diffuse a knowledge of the facts of astronomy, never could master the logic of the *pons asinorum*, though he quite understood the nature of the property demonstrated Mr Clarke is also a good example of his order in another respect He is a hearty, hilarious man, like all amateur workers in lenses and specula, who are always overjoyed when they meet a brother who can enter into their tastes, and listen patiently to the detail of all their failures and successes There is, certainly, something in the occupation that is calculated to bring out all that is genial and benevolent in a man's character It was very satisfactory to hear Mr Clarke describe, in glowing terms, a late visit to England, when he made the acquaintance and enjoyed the hospitality of our English astronomers The gratification, we doubt not, was mutual, and no English astronomer will pay a visit to the Cambridge optician, without carrying away with him pleasant reminiscences of his home and his workshop

Though America is now taking a lead in the manufacture of the optical part of telescopes, American astronomers freely admit that they are far behind in the mounting and graduation. By far the finest circles are executed in the workshops of Munich and London

Not above half a mile from the workshop of Clarke is the Cambridge Observatory, superintended by Bond the younger. In a previous number of *Good Words*, we referred to the contributions of Bond the elder to astronomical science He had the chief merit of inaugurating a new system of observing, which has quite revolutionised practical astronomy We refer to what is called the American or Electro recording System, and our chief object in visiting the Observatory was to examine the details of the plan America has the undisputed claim to the invention which, if measured by its result, is one of the most important in modern astronomy It is questionable, however, whether it should be rated very high, if measured by the inventive genius required. There are certain inventions, which, in the course of things, are inevitable, and it is a mere question of time when the fortunate parties will stumble upon them For example, the application of electricity to the ringing of bells in large hotels, such as the Hotel du Louvre in Paris, is a very obvious deduction from former applications, and no one would think it worth while to set up any claim to the invention No doubt the application of electricity to astronomical observation was not so obvious as this Still it was clearly an application that must necessarily have been made in a short time The Rev Mr. Ward Beecher, in an evening sermon in Brooklyn, which we had the pleasure of hearing, claimed the faculty of mechanical invention as the grand prerogative of the New England mind, and gave, as a proof, that if all the inventions in churns and ploughs and reapers were placed in a row, they would stretch from Maine to the Mississippi But, granting this fertility of invention, would this long row of ingenious notions amount in value to a single invention with the stamp of genius? James Watt once remarked, that uneducated artisans sometimes stumble upon inventions in matters of detail, which may be of great practical value, but that, almost never has such a man claimed the merit of an invention which involved some new principle not hitherto applied, and he took the governor of the steam engine as an illustration The application of centrifugal force to open and shut the throttle valve has the stamp of genius, but the innumerable modifications of this principle have no such claim It must be acknowledged that if we take the higher class of inventions, America can claim but few contributions, notwithstanding the extreme ingenuity displayed in agricultural implements and domestic appliances

There are several claimants of the invention, but, undoubtedly, Mr Bond has the chief merit in reducing it most successfully to practice The improvement consists simply in this—that the sense of touch is substituted for that of hearing. In the former plan, you listened to the beat of a clock in the same room with the telescope, and the mind was strained in the attempt to tell the exact second, or even the tenth of a second, when a star passed across a wire In the new plan the clock may be out of sight and hearing, and all you have to do is to press an ivory key the moment the transit is made, and in another room, through the intervention of the electro current, the record is made A pen, held as it were in the hand of the clock, marks the precise moment on a sheet of paper, drawn by machinery under the pen at an equable rate While the machinery is in operation, the pen is marking off seconds by making dots in a row—the space between any two dots being a second of time. The effect of pressing the key in to make an additional dot. This additional dot marks the precise moment when the observation was made. Suppose a copy is given to a school-boy in

which to write during the course of a certain hour, and that while writing he receives a nudge from his neighbour which blots his copy, the moment when this happened can be afterwards ascertained by marking the part of the page where the blot is found—this being on the supposition that the boy wrote at an equable rate during the hour. Now the pen held in the hand of the clock writes at an equable rate, and when the observer presses the ivory key, which is equivalent to the nudge, it records the event by an additional mark, the precise instant of which may be ascertained to the hundredth of a second. On the wall of the recording room there was ranged a series of handles, called *switches*, after the nomenclature of the railway. By moving these handles, you turned on the electricity to any particular instrument; so that every instrument in the establishment might be connected with the recording apparatus.

In the dome was the great Frauenhofer telescope, alluded to as the best existing telescope. With the exception of the eighth of an inch in the diameter of the object-glass, it is precisely similar to the Pulkowa telescope, the figure of which is familiar to every student of astronomy. The sight of the real instrument was like renewing acquaintance with an old friend. It was, however, with a species of reverence that one looked up to this monument of human genius, balanced on its massive pillar, and enshrined in its capacious dome. It was not the Bavarian artist you were inclined to do reverence to. No; he merely put the last stone on the pyramid which human genius had been rearing for ages. This telescope was the highest product of the human intellect; it was the combination of all sciences, for all had been laid under contribution to make a perfect instrument. In one point of view, man may well be proud of such an achievement, and, in another, how humbling is it! For what, after all, is its grand object? Is it not to teach us how little we do know? Man perched on the summit of the pyramid which his genius has reared, no doubt gets a somewhat wider range of view, but he has discovered only a little more of the fringe of the garment of the Omnipotent. No doubt the telescope unfolds new worlds and systems, but, after all, they are only the outer court of the temple of the Most High. The unknown only becomes more overwhelming, the more that we extend the limits of the known.

America is famed for her rocking-chairs, and all comfortable devices, but the perfection of comfort is the chair devised by Mr. Bond, for observing with the great equatorial. The eye must follow the end of the telescope, which moves in a circle, and the chair must therefore move in a circle too; and so that you may be sometimes aloft in the dome, and sometimes down near the floor; and, besides all this, it must be moved to the right or left at pleasure. Now, all these complicated movements can be executed without leaving your chair. By turning handles attached to the chair, you move up and down along the concave of a circle, or to the right and left, at pleasure. All that you have to do is to observe at ease, and give an occasional pressure or tap with your finger. But may we not hope that the time is coming when it will not even be necessary for the astronomer to use his eyes? May he not construct an eye more reliable than his own, so that, in dealing with the stars, he will have only to expend the force of human intellect without any bodily exertion? Strange as it may appear, steps have been already taken to supersede the human eye. At Kew, the spots on the sun are daily recorded by an artificial eye, the object-glass forming the pupil, and a photographic plate the retina. This retina has the advantage over the human one of retaining the impression, so that precise measurements may be made at leisure.

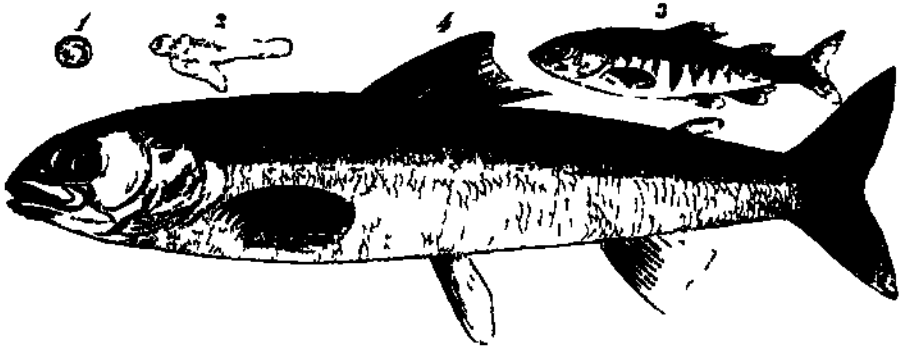
At Dudley Observatory, in the outskirts of Albany, we found Mr. Mitchell, the observer, in anything but a calm, scientific mood; telescopes and stars had lost their interest for the moment, and his thoughts were wholly of the war. He had returned, the morning we called, from Washington, where he had been summoned to give the benefit of his military skill. We had sufficient time, however, to inspect points of special interest. He is one of the claimants of the invention of the electro-recording method of observation. His apparatus differs from Mr. Bond's in this, that his sheet of paper is laid on a flat disc which turns round like the turn-table of a railway, while Mr. Bond's is wound round a revolving cylinder. The most valuable instrument is a transit circle from Munich.

Miss Mitchell, the daughter of the observer, has gained an honourable distinction in astronomy by her discovery of comets. There is now so much competition in this line of research, that it requires a very quick eye and much patient observation to be first in the race.

It is creditable to the United States that so much has been done for astronomy, seeing that all has been done by private liberality. Both Cambridge and Dudley Observatories are entirely supported by subscription or mortified funds. The only exception is the observatory of Washington, over which Lieut. Maury presided up to the period of the Secession. He has cast in his lot with the Southern States, and has abandoned his office. The North feels his loss much, but we were amused by the mode of consolation adopted by a New England divine. He had learned from private and confidential sources that Maury was a charlatan, and had no real science; and therefore his secession was not to be deplored. It is much to be regretted that the work of the Washington National Observatory has been interrupted; as, from the competent staff of observers some valuable results might be expected. It is to be hoped that peace will soon be restored, and that astronomical science will be cultivated with renewed ardour. It is unfortunate that, in British America, this taste for astronomy has not been caught up from the States. The people have not yet been trained to depend upon themselves for the advancement of such objects, and the Provincial Government have imitated the States in leaving science to struggle for itself. A step in advance, however, has at last been taken. The Government of Upper Canada have, in conjunction with the city of Kingston, furnished funds, from which it is hoped will arise an observatory so equipped as to maintain the credit of the British name, and advance the boundaries of science.

WILLIAM LEITCH.

THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF A SALMON



1 Ova, the day before being hatched 2 Fry, small 3 Two-year-old Parr, showing the parr-marks on the gill-cover 4 Fry, full-grown 5 Parr, about to assume the silvery livery of the smolt

We have a very special interest in everything relating to fish and fisheries. Great Britain and Ireland have a coast-line of more than 4000 miles, and of the more than 8000 fishes described by naturalists 253 inhabit the fresh waters of Britain and the surrounding seas. Of the importance of our fisheries as a source of national wealth, as the means of keeping up a race of seamen always ready to recruit the navy with those brave spirits whose deeds have so much helped to preserve the liberties of our sea-girt home, and as affording an exhaustless supply of food for the support of our marvellously increasing numbers, our readers can not require to be reminded.

Of the value of the salmon as an article of dainty fare it is needless to speak. And of his pecuniary wealth an idea may be formed when it is known that the annual rental of the Tay salmon fishings is about £14,000, and that the Duke of Richmond derives £12,000 a year from salmon. In February a salmon of 20 lbs., *whose food has cost nothing!* is worth as much as a fat calf, or obese pig, reared at no small cost and trouble.

And yet, invaluable as are our fisheries as sources of national alimentation, we are, upon the whole, not a fish-eating race, and, while possessed of the finest fisheries in the world, we thus exhibit the singular phenomenon of a great maritime nation with vast sections of its population living constantly on the confines of starvation, because they have not been induced to avail themselves of the easily attained and nutritious food stored up in the earth-encircling sea. The rich, no doubt, prize the salmon at their feasts, or for sport, commercial companies have persecuted the whale into the farthest region of the polar seas, the cod, the haddock, and the herring, are circumvented by foul means as well as fair; still the fact remains that we are *ichthyophagi* in a degree incomprehensibly limited, and that most of us know nothing about fish, their marketable value, or wondrous ways. There are, it is true, manifold difficulties to be surmounted before we can acquaint ourselves with their singular economy. Dwelling in the depths of the ocean, or shunning observation in their fry-nurse haunts in lakes and rivers they perform, unseen for the most part, the functions of their being, so that there may be numerous species whose very forms are yet unknown. Add to this the discordant statements of those who ought to be well informed, and the readers of *Good Words* will perceive that to write the life and history of a salmon is not to copy a matter as they may fancy. But we will try.

In regard to his *habitat*, he puts contradicts the old homely saying, 'They who cross the sea change the clime, not their manners.' When migrating from the river to the sea he is lanky, ill-conditioned, and of a hue by no means beautiful. On his return he is plump, vigorous, and resplendent as silver. In the ocean he feeds like a glutton, but in the river is so abstinent that food is hardly ever found in his stomach.

With the ocean haunts of the salmon, and its modes of living there, we are still most imperfectly acquainted, though the microscopic researches of Dr Knox and others appear to demonstrate that the food which proves so fattening is furnished by the eggs of some of the *crustacea*, and, in particular, of various kinds of *echinodes mutes*. As this, the proper and peculiar food of the salmon, is not found in fresh water, he deteriorates constantly while in a river. In order to account for the fact of the apparent emptiness of the salmon's stomach when taken, even newly run from the sea, Sir Humphry Davy fancied that the abstemiousness of the salmon, while ascending a river, arose from an instinct instructing him not to load his stomach on the eve of a long journey! The fact is, he does not eat because he is as fat as a fish can be, and can no longer get the food he likes.

Though capable of living in the sea, and impelled thither once a year, the salmon is a fresh-water fish. Hatched in a river, which it leaves for a sojourn of only a few weeks in the salt water, and returning to its native stream in order to propagate its species, it is absurd to speak of it as a sea fish. Some strangely ignorant people have asserted that it can breed in the sea, not knowing that fry prematurely removed into salt water in-

fallibly perish, and that *ova* deposited in such water never can be vivified And yet a certain luminary of the Scottish bar declared, that if all the rivers in the kingdom were blocked up, salmon would become more plentiful than ever, as they would then be forced to spawn in the sea! As well might we expect the hairs of the learned gentleman's wig to be converted into eels, by being placed in a pail of water, or into darning needles, by being hung up in a Birmingham workshop

Regarding the salmon, therefore, as a river fish, let us view its habits at the time and place of pairing This interesting operation occurs, in a few instances, in almost every month of the year, but chiefly in the months of November and December By the end of September the fish are, in general, so far advanced in pregnancy as to be unfit for food The 'procreant cradle" is the gravelly bottom of a running stream, and, though certain romancers tell us that the female alone deposit the ova, it is well ascertained that the depositing of these is effected by the conjunct labours of the pairing fish Every female has its male, but should she be deprived of his assistance she is not disconcerted, but forthwith solicits the attention of another male coadjutor 'We once,' writes Mr Young 'knew a notorious poacher who lustered the male from the side of the female As soon as she missed her partner she returned from the spawning bed into the pool below, and very soon returned with another male, which the poacher also lustered In the same manner the female continued selecting males, the poacher as often killing them, until he killed nine male fish from the side of the same female, and last of all, she returned from the pool with a common river trout, when the poacher killed the female also'

The spawning place having been selected the fish begin to form the spawning bed by vigorously burrowing with their snouts in the gravel In the hollow thus formed the female deposits a portion of her ova, and, retiring down the stream, is instantly succeeded by the male, who emitting his milt over the ova impregnates them After this the fish begin a new excavation immediately above the first, and in a straight line with it The action of the stream, aided apparently by the tail of the fish, covers the ova with gravel, under which they remain from 90 to 140 days, according to the temperature of the water In the artificial breeding ponds in France the ova come to life in 60 days, whereas in Perthshire the earliest have not appeared till 120 days The ovum, at the time of deposition, is of a pale blue colour, about the size of a small pea, and is composed of a white shell and light red yolk, in which, on the 48th day, the young fish make their first appearance in the form of a bluish white thread On the 63d day this, at one end, is seen to be marked with two small black spots—the eyes of the future fish On the 93d day the eyes are more distinctly visible, and the head is apparent, the red of the yolk is drawn more closely to the belly of the fish, where it is formed into a conical bag—one end of which is attached to the fish The restlessness of the little prisoners is daily on the increase until the 135th day, when the whole spawning bed is in lively commotion, and many of the fish having so far escaped as to liberate their tails, the bed resembles a thick braird of grass. The coiled up fish breaks his cell by his efforts to straighten himself, and lo! salmonds are before us—a fishling of the average length of three quarters of an inch, and not so handsome as one might fancy an infant salmon, but of an ungainly tadpole like appearance; very rapid in its movements, which, however, are unsteady owing to the disproportionate size of head, and of the quarter of an inch long appendage adhering to its belly This bag is a singular provision for supplying the fish with food for the first five weeks of its existence, during which time it receives no external nourishment Its contents being consumed it disappears, and the fringe like fin hitherto surrounding the fish disappears, and is succeeded by the true fins in their proper places

It used to be believed that the young salmon migrated to the ocean when only three or four weeks old, in short, that within so brief a period they were transformed into the silvery smolt, which, within six weeks, returned to the river as a grilse weighing from three to nine pounds For the rectification of this inveterate mistake we are indebted to the late Mr Shaw of Drumlanrig, factor to the Duke of Buccleuch By a series of experiments, of undeniable accuracy, he demonstrated that the little fish termed parr, and in England pink, fingerling, or samlet, is the true fry of the salmon, and that not till it is twelve months, or even two years old, does it assume the smolt aspect, and migrate to the ocean At the end of either of these periods the finger like marks on the sides of the parr begin to be covered with a second lamination under the first scales, and it has been ascertained that fry without this new lamination show no desire to migrate, and that if placed in salt water they certainly die But arrived at the state of smolts their desire to migrate is so irresistible that they have been known to perish by throwing themselves out of the pond in which they were confined A most singular anomaly is exhibited in the varying period at which they become smolts and migrate. In the breeding ponds at Stormontfield, near Perth, this has been observed constantly, and, singular though it be, it is not unprecedented, for Mr Shaw observed the same peculiarity in the sea trout About half the fry do not assume the silvery coat of the smolt until the end of the second year, and thus while they weigh about half an ounce, and are still veritable parr, those which migrated have returned from the ocean weighing, it may be, considerably more than 5½ lbs, the exact weight of the first grilse known to have been one of the smolts liberated at Stormontfield, and honoured by being daguerreotyped as the first fruit of a most important experiment in pisciculture

While the parr will as surely become a salmon, as an infant will develop into a boy or a girl, it is provoking that obstinate ignorance refuses to be taught, and that the people on Allan Water have prevailed in their demand to be permitted to continue their parricidal sport, Sheriff Grahame having decided that parr were not contemplated in the old Acts of Parliament, forbidding at certain seasons the capture of the young of "fish of the

salmon kind' The sooner the people on "the banks of Allan water' renounce the piscine heresy there flourishing as to parr containing always parr, the better will it be for their character for sense and humanity, for, surely, it is senseless and inhuman to persist in slaughtering ounce parrs which in six weeks might be grilses weighing many pounds

But there is another reprehensible heresy as to the salmon kind which we should like to see exploded also Mr Mackenzie, of Ardross and Dundonnel, stoutly maintains that salmon and grilse are of different species, and that "the smolt requires one year at least to perform its migrations to the North Sea it is supposed, and that at the expiry of this time it returns as a salmon' While sorry to disturb the faith of this clever writer — who also believes that cuckoos and water wagtails hybernate (a predecessor of mine believed that swallows did the like under the lake in front of the manse!)—I must inform the readers of *Good Words*, that of the salmon caught in the Tay during two years previous to 1858, nearly a tenth had been bred at Stormontfield, that is instead of being about the north pole according to Mr Mackenzie's hypothesis they had been not only marked by "Peter of the Pools' *alias* Peter Mackenzie, keeper of the ponds but caught and eaten by the salmon loving Negus Pennant's notion, that the herring come annually from the polar seas to the British coasts, is now exploded, and there is no reason for believing that the feeding grounds either of the herring or the salmon, are very far from the shores of the seas which they frequent

The exodus of the smolts from the river is chiefly from the middle of April to the middle of May, though earlier shoals are on their route in February and March Mr Shaw once had an opportunity of observing the rate at which they proceed seaward, and found that it was about two miles an hour Arrived at the ocean, their sojourn amid the bounties provided for them has such an effect upon their growth that the tiny smolt is converted into the vigorous grilse, weighing from 5 to 8 lbs Next season this weight will be doubled, but how long this progression in size will continue we cannot guess, as the actual limits of the salmon's age cannot be ascertained If endowed with anything like the longevity of the pike, salmon may rival Methuselah Gesner relates that a pike was taken in Suabia bearing an inscription which demonstrated it to be 267 years old It is maintained by Mr. Boccius that the microscope shows laminations on the scales of the salmon, denoting his age, just as the rings on an oyster shell reveal the antiquity of that estimable mollusc As to the effect of sea fare on adult salmon, the evidence is quite satisfactory The Duke of Athole marked a spawned fish weighing 10 lbs After an interval of thirty eight days, during which it had performed its journey to and from the sea, it was caught again of the weight of 21½ lbs'

When prompted to return to the rivers, salmon, by a wonderful instinct, explore their way to their native streams From the sea they run to the Tay, the Esk, or the Earn Those spawned in the Linth run up the Rhine, into the Aar, through the lakes of Zurich and so into the Linth, to breed in their natal waters And thus each salmon river continues in the possession of its distinct variety of fish How wonderful the unerring instinct which effects this important end! Invariably do these irrational creatures follow the guidance of heavenly providence! And in their strenuous efforts to overcome all intervening obstacles, what a rebuke do they administer to the sloth of man, and the fatal facility with which he yields to the difficulties which hinder him "pressing forward" in the accomplishment of the high purposes of his being!

It is when running up the rivers, at the rate of about three miles an hour, that the history of the salmon terminates, by his being circumvented by the wile of man plying the murderous net, or angling with the treacherous hook Of the pleasures of wandering along the banks of a famous salmon river, and engaging in a contest with a 20 lb fish fresh from the sea, the late worthy Mr Younger declared that "it beats the Grecian games all to nonsense' We once witnessed the discomfiture of a dear old Doctor in Divinity, well known on the banks of the Tay for learning, as well as piscatorial skill He had hooked a heavy fish immediately above the Linn of Campsie The fish, after dashing up and down with uncontrollable vigour, and repeatedly trying to shake itself rid of the hook, by springing some six feet out of the water, at last made a rush at the linn The contest was suddenly terminated by his floundering into deep water which forced him to swim for his life Still grasping the rod he rose, puffing, to the surface but prudence forbidding a swim in pursuit over the linn, he threw it from him, ran to a boat as fast as a man o'war's logged could manage, and in it descended the roaring linn in quest of rod and fish The rod was recovered, *minus* the line and the salmon

Better luck had Duncan Grant, a shoemaker, in the Tweed After a seven hours' fight with a huge fish which at last took refuge, sulkily, under a stone, Duncan was so exhausted as to think of ending the struggle by breaking his tackle, when hope revived as he put into practice this original expedient Laying himself comfortably on the bank, with the line between his teeth, he proceeded to refresh himself with a nap, coolly saying to himself, "If he rugs when I'm sleepin', I think I'll find him noo' After a three hours' sleep a furious tug awoke the invigorated cobbler starting to his legs he followed the fish, which was now rushing down the stream with prodigious speed Exactly twelve hours after hooking him, he *cleikit* out of the water a magnificent fifty four pounder

What a trying moment is that, when the *cleik* is about to secure the prey! Often have we seen unskilled hands miss the fatal blow, and, in a second, the noble fish was free, and Piscator speechless! On such an occasion it is well to remember Burton's saying, "If so be the angler catch no fish, yet has he a wholesome walk to the brook, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams," where, as Leigh Hunt has sung, the finny tribes lead

"A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
Quickened with touches of unsporting fear"

DAVID RENDALL.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON

CHAPTER VII

FIRST LESSONS IN THE GOOD SHIP "JOHN"

When Ned's indenture for three years' apprentice ship in the service of Campbell and Co had been duly signed, and as Carney added his name to the document with a "C," which, like a sea serpent, encircled his whole signature in its ample folds he turned to the old Captain and said, "I wish my young friend good luck and rapid promotion, but remember that if he finds, after a little experience, that the sea does not agree with him—for you know, Captain, it is an angry customer, and is obstinate as a radical—then I will let him off not free without fine or fault I will do this for the sake of yourself, Captain, let alone for his own sake and the Achnabeg blood that is in him"

"I am obliged to you, Mr Campbell," replied the Captain, "but depend upon it Ned won't flinch He'll stand by his gun, and to his tackle, and I'll wager—"

"Wager nothing, Captain, wager nothing, till he sails under George Salmond, master, and Peter M'Killop, mate Good seamen, first rate, but I cannot say—no, no! ha! ha! I cannot say indeed, that they will be to him as sweet as the sugar, or as soft as the molasses in their cargo! But we'll see, Captain Every one, you know, must rough it in this world"

'Duncan M'Fadyen,' shouted Carney, "see that this young gentleman's luggage is put on board the 'John' with the first boat to-morrow morning"

"I will take care of that punctual, you may depend sir," said the obedient Duncan

'To-morrow morning!" The last parting must come then to-morrow!'

"There will be no more parting with me," thought the Captain to himself 'I am determined to return home at five in the morning with the steamer I have made a fool of myself already I am getting old, old I cannot stand this Besides, Mrs Fleming would be miserable if I remained for the next steamer a week hence"

"I must tow him home,' thought Freeman to himself "He has had enough of this breeze about his old heart His timbers won't bear the strain"

"I wish I was at sea, and out of sight of land,' thought Ned to himself with a sigh, "and that this parting was over with my father and with—"

Each unuttered thought was disturbed by old Carney saying, "Now, gentlemen, let's home to dinner. You, Mr. Freeman, come with us and see your old friend off to-morrow" The Captain and Freeman exchanged significant glances, which plainly said, "Don't you think we should both go home?" In a few minutes their looks were translated into words, then into a resolution, and finally into a settled plan. They determined to sail on the morrow. Both agreed that there was to be no more parting with Ned.

"Let him go," said Freeman. "Don't signalize more, Captain! It produces confusion"

"That's what Collingwood said when Nelson sent up the last signal But you are right, Freeman Don't you think it is my duty to go home? No doubt about it, none. I will go, and hail no more'

But the old man, before break of day next morning, crept into Ned's room, which was near his own Shutting the door noiselessly, he sat down upon his son's bed He had a candle in his hand, and his white nightcap was tied round his head with a blue handkerchief, fringed below with his bushy, grey eyebrows Ned was wide awake, for he neither had the wish nor the power to sleep.

As the Captain entered the room he started up, exclaiming, 'I hope you are not unwell, father? What is wrong?'

'Never was better in my life, my lad' Lie still, for remember my order, my *order* You are not to rise and see me off I command you, Ned. You will obey me, you say? All right and steady! I came to tell you a queer dream I had, Ned A very queer dream' And what it means I know not But I cannot help telling it to you," and the Captain narrated his dream in a low, solemn voice, with a continuity in his narrative not usual for him His eyes hardly winked, and Ned saw them dilating till they seemed to absorb him and draw him into their vortex

"I never saw my father, Ned, at all," began the Captain, "nor my mother, neither, I may say, except once, and how or when that happened I cannot tell, for just as I once saw a drowning woman in a shipwreck, and only for a moment, as a flash of lightning blazed around her and the sinking vessel, so I somewhere or other saw my mother—in my early home, I suppose But while all else is dark to memory, her face, and eyes, and smile, as she bent over me, are as clear before me now as then. I think I must have been awake and brought out of my bed at night to see her dying, and then sent to sleep again She died, and I was left among strangers, far away in the West Highlands I had a distant relation of my mother's in this very town, who was a shipowner To him I fled from that far-away home, if home it could be called, for they were not kind to me I was then only, at most, ten or twelve years of age, and I travelled on foot, begging my way for the little I required till I reached this place He alone who steers the birds through the air knows how I made out that journey! All the people were very kind, however, and tried to get my history out of me, wondering how such a genteel boy, as they called me, could be begging on foot, and one old gentleman looked me up to save me for my friends, but I escaped I then made two voyages in a merchant ship, and was pressed into the navy not far from our little cottage where we now live, having gone to visit a fellow sailor who then lived in our town. But to return to my dream. One night when I was upon that journey, and walking through a long, dark glen, I got so weary that I lay down among the heather, and looked up to the sky. I cannot understand why I was never frightened. I remember that night, as I looked up to the

stars I thought they were holes in the sky, through which the light of heaven was shining, and that my mother was walking with God in it and looking down I did not sleep—No, I am sure I didn't—I feel convinced of that But suddenly I saw my mother bending over me I saw her as I did years before, and she said, 'Edward kiss me, and be a good boy, and God your Father, will keep you for me, and we'll all meet again—go on and prosper!' She did, Ned, she did! These were her words I was not asleep These were her very words' And here two big tears made the Captain wink and pause, thus enabling Ned to wink too, and draw his breath audibly And I did prosper wonderfully since that day," continued the Captain "But is it not odd that I never should have seen her again," he said, with under breath and husky voice 'till to night, when she bent over me as plain as you see me now' And she smiled, just as she did long ago and it's a long, long time now, when I was a boy like you And she kissed me, and I felt myself a child again, and thought, somehow, that I was you Ned And she said, God bless you, be good, Edward, go on and prosper "

The Captain rose, paced once or twice about the room with the candle in his hand muttering, "It was herself' and so strange that she should come just now 'Bless you, Edward' she said, 'go on and prosper, God will keep you till we meet again' Then suddenly blowing out the light, when near Ned's bed, the old man threw his arms about his boy, and pressing his face close to his, said, "It was you she was blessing, not me, for my voyage is nearly over, and may God bless you and keep you, that we may meet again here in this world and if not here below, yet I hope—you know, Ned' Go on and prosper

"Dear, dear father, said Ned, attempting to put his arms round his father's neck but his father was gone, the door shut and he heard the key turn which locked it

It was a beautiful evening as the "John Campbell' was gliding out of the Firth of Clyde The peaks of Arran were tinged with the last golden rays of sunset The sea was slightly ruffled with a gentle breeze, and all things without were calm and beautiful But what a bustle within the ship' One half of the crew were drunk below, and the other half on deck, and Ned, in his novel situation, between arranging his own things and trying to be useful amidst the maze of commands, running to and fro, coiling of ropes, trimming of sails, hawling in of boats, and stowing away of cargo, had not a moment for observation or reflection When at last he tumbled into his hammock for the first night, and tried to collect his thoughts, he felt as if he had parted from home ages ago All his life, for the last week, seemed to have been a dream, and his present existence and position as an inhabitant of a hammock in a ship, and trying to sleep, to be a strange mystery During the next three days there is very little to record of his history He lay swinging to and fro, his nose about a foot or so from the deck at one time, and but a few inches at another, with only as much consciousness as was necessary to make him thoroughly alive to his intolerable misery No one who has ever been possessed by the raging demon of sea sickness requires any explanation of his sufferings The trampling upon deck, the rattling of blocks, the flapping of sails, the cries of sailors, the shouts of command hoarse and vehement, the rolling, pitching, and creaking, of the ship, with a downward motion to leeward that seemed endless, until a great wave struck her and sent her rolling forward, then backward, to heel again to leeward as deep as before, the sailor's meals which sent their steaming and torturing odours around him, the cruel jokes and laughter, the horrid faces which grinned over his hammock, expressing a hope that he was jolly, suggesting fat pork as a wholesome and pleasant diet, the want of any power to resist impressions from without or from within—all made up a sum total of unutterable and indescribable physical wretchedness He was no longer a person with a will, but only a dead thing A chick in an egg rolling about in a turbid liquid was not more shut out from the outward world by its shell, than was that creature with closed eyes and pale face in his hammock shut out by the shell of his ship from the world that contained human beings, including his father, his mother, and Kate Carney

The first sense of returning personality and restored consciousness was the dawning of a natural question which rose out of an abyss of misery, and asked him how he came there' And why he could not have been a tailor or a shoemaker' Why not indeed! The peace of stitching leather or cloth on solid earth without the necessity of a stitch of canvas, or a drop of salt water, seemed a paradise Remember what Nelson said, Ned, 'England expects that every man'—Hang England and its expectations! What right has any civilised country to expect from a man in his situation, anything except hatred to the sea' These reflections were, however, the signs of returning life On the fourth day, at early morn, he was able to open his eyes and look up to the deck a few inches above them, and then by and by over the edge of his hammock, until during the forenoon there came a desire for some innocent food Yet what food could meet the requirements of his appetite hardly yet alive' But that good old fellow "Black Sam," the cook, was able, from a long experience, to minister to him with some condiment or other, in which salt herring formed an essential element Sam was, after all, a traitor, for he reported favourably of Ned's condition to M'Killop, the mate, the result of which was a resolution on the part of that officer to teach the apprentice a more advanced lesson in seamanship, now that he had got over his first

Accordingly a loud voice, and one that was by no means amatory or musical, was heard during the afternoon, shouting down the forecastle, "What is that lubber Fleming about' Look alive there! We can't afford to allow a young gentleman to enjoy this jolly life any longer" Then followed three or four hearty concussions overhead with a handspike, and a kind invitation to come on deck, accompanied by a hint that, unless he did so "in no time," his hammock lashings would be cut, to save him the trouble of rising. "England expects that every man"—The country won't be disappointed on this occasion!

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied Ned, as he crawled out of his hammock, staggered round the forecastle amidst the laughter of more than one whiskered face which appeared over the edge of sundry canvas coffins. After getting on his upper garments, he convulsively clasped the ladder, and managed to get on deck, amidst looks, and half-expressed jibes, and sundry sage advices while he made a life struggle with a grim smile, to keep his feet, in spite of the opposing motions of his reeling brain and reeling bark.

The fresh breeze gradually recovered him, and enabled him to comprehend his first order, which was "to swab along the lee scuppers, and under the boat." He grasped that long and heavy mop of small cords, like a lock from the head of a grey-haired giant, and began mechanically to do what he saw the other boys doing beside him. And so he entered upon his public duties. It required a day or two more to regain fully his lost senses, and to comprehend, with any degree of accuracy, his new home and its inhabitants.

The "John Campbell," or the "John," as she was called for brevity's sake, was a ship of about 300 tons, manned, in addition to the master and mate, by about fifteen seamen and three apprentices, including Ned, all bound to Kingston, Jamaica.

The master George Salmond, was a round man, like a Martello tower built on two short legs, and topped by a dark seal skin cap, shading a face not unlike that of an Esquimaux. Except when dozing or tippling in his den, he paced up and down the small quarter deck with his hands stuffed into the pockets of his rough coat; pausing sometimes to look to windward with his glass, or up to the tall masts and sails, occasionally asking the man at the wheel, "How's her head?" with a rough peremptory voice, as if he had a personal quarrel with the compass, and on receiving a reply, such as, "Nor'-west by west half west, sir," he would mutter, "Keep her so," and then proceed in his walk, giving another turn to his quid as additional exercise.

Little was known of Salmond's history while on land, beyond the fact that he was a bachelor, and that, except when squaring accounts at old Cairney's office, he was understood to sleep almost night and day in a lodging in St Domingo Street, Greenock, kept by the widow of an old messmate. His room contained a few volumes of The Annual Register, old almanacs, a japanned tea-tray, never used, a dusty model of a canoe, a stalk of Indian corn, shells, a picture of a ship sailing past a lighthouse, and two cutlasses, with peacocks' feathers, and a string of blown eggs round the looking-glass on the chimney-piece. The only sign of life in the room was a singularly stiff sea-gull under a glass case on an old dark sideboard.

The mate, M'Killop, was a man about thirty, whose general appearance was a fiery red, like an aurora. Red hair escaped from under his sou'-wester, and flashed threateningly in the breeze round his red nose and red eyes, one of which squinted as if looking round him. Red whiskers flamed from his red cravat, and his red hands, violently freckled, were always kept cool by the incessant moisture of ropes and rigging. He had a firm determined mouth, with a big receptacle in his cheek, to which his tobacco was consigned until needed.

Both mate and captain were considered by the hands to be able seamen, which included the gift of being always very stern, and issuing every command as if they were in a rage, accompanied by an oath, intending to prove that they were not joking but serious.

I may just hint here that old Cairney, so far from speaking to these worthies in favour of Ned, had told them that it was his wish they should work him well. By this means he thought he was doing the old Captain a service by making his son disgusted with the sea.

The ship's company of the "John" had nothing very peculiar about them. They were fair representatives of their class. Yet there is no human being without a history full of interest to those who feel any real interest in their own. Most of the sailors within those wooden walls were the centre of a circle, smaller or greater, of human hearts, to whom their life or death, their prosperity or adversity, would, in some degree, change the world, and make it more dark or sunny. There were, no doubt, a few even in that small crew, as there are, alas! perhaps, in every ship, who were bound by no ties to the land, except a low lodging house, and its low inmates, with days and nights of wild and reckless dissipation. The early history of some of the men was hardly known to themselves, and all their latter years, dimly recalled by memory, were filled up with records of voyages in different ships to different parts of the world, pursued with sullen indifference or passive suffering, except when "enjoying themselves on shore" among the horrid haunts of land sharks and cramps. These outcasts when out of sight were out of mind, and remembered by no one but those who had robbed them of money and morals. There was no mother or sister or friend to rejoice when they returned to port, or to weep if they were "never heard of more."

I well remember, many years ago, entering into conversation on shipboard with one of this class, who had, as he said, "been foundered at last, and was fast breaking up." He was one of several who were being taken to England as prisoners, on account of a mutiny in which they had been engaged in a merchant ship, commanded by a brutal captain. These men seemed so solitary, so cut off from all human sympathy, so sad and apathetic, until roused by a little kindness, that it was impossible not to pity them. The gift of a little tobacco even, opened up their hearts.

"Where were you born, my man?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir," he replied with a careless air.

"Where did your parents belong to?"

"I s'pose had parents—never saw or he-ard of them."

"But when did you go to sea?"

"Don't know, sir—the longest memory I have was on board a ship up the Straits, off Gib."

"And have you been at sea ever since?"

"Ever since."

"And where have you been sailing to?"

"To all parts, and a bit beyond," he answered, with a smile.

"And have you no friends or relations?"

"Friends an' relations!" he exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, looking at his rough hands and bend ing his head, "what's a fellow like me to do with friends and relations! None, sir, none, except" he added, with a nod, and looking at his disconsolate fellow prisoners, "them chaps are among them"

Poor fellows! Heaven have mercy upon them and all such, for they find little mercy or help upon earth!

There were one or two in the "John" apparently as lonely on the ocean of life as my unfortunate acquaintance But the great majority were gathered from the ports along the Firth of Clyde where their families and friends resided, and were on the whole, "well to do"

Several were the sons of widowed mothers who could get no other employment for them which they were fit for or inclined to They generally wrote home, or got a messmate to write for them during their longer voyages, each epistle beginning with the same well known formula of thankfulness for good health, and ending it 'hopping that it would find their dear mother in the same These despatches were generally deciphered by the minister, who heard with benevolent patience the praises of "our Archie," or "our Iam" who were pronounced by their respective parents to be "real gud sons, if only spared to come hame" There were also such men as Alick Nimmo from Ayr, who supported an old granny, and Mackay from Saltcoats, who paid his lame sister Peggy's rent and boarded with her when at 'hame,' and big Currie from Arran, whose old father, the elder, as he said, was "aye praying for him as a new do weel, and, he feared, wi oot great expectation o' his betterment,' and there was the carpenter, douce Neil Lamont from Tarbet, whose wife Mary and her family were always talking about "father when he wad come back, and what sweet things he wad bring them if they were gud bairns, and hoo they wouldna forget him, especially in stormy nichts, when they said their prayers," and Peter Martin from Campbelton, who loved to be quizzed by his townsman Bob Langwill about his sweet heart Betty Millar, in the Shore Street, and others, who except when they took their bout on shore, as if it was their right, were quiet, kindly disposed men Jock Wilson, from Troon, was the grand talker and arguer in the forecastle, an exposer of sailors' "wrongs," and the advocate of their "rights" Jock had a good head, but vicious temper, with a will as stiff as an iron chain holding on in a gale of wind There was one man about whom nothing was known—this was Tom Cox, who acted as sort of second mate, or rather boatswain Tom was the only Englishman on board, tall and powerful, with a certain man of war cut and fashion about him He was reserved and silent, daring to recklessness, always at the post of danger, while on board, he was quiet and obedient, but when in harbour, the wildest and most dissipated of the crew. I must, however, defer what I have to say about sailors in general, and of Tom Cox in particular, until a future chapter. Would that any good word of mine could kindle in any heart an interest in poor Jack, or prompt any hand to help him amidst "the dangers of the sea."

The persons in whom Ned naturally felt most interested, were his fellow apprentices, the two boys The one, "Lattle Dan," as he was called, a small, shy, active, black eyed boy, whose father had long served on board the "John," and was then a porter connected with the custom house The other, "Buckie," was allied in appearance and in character to Ned's old friend, Noddles He belonged to the *parish* caste of the Greenock quay He was trained from his infancy by a coarse, large boned, noisy, widowed mother, called 'Big Moll, who lodged sailors in her house, and washed and dressed for them Buckie's infant years had been spent in damming up the open sewer and sailing his boats upon its surface After this he had played "tig" about the docks, picked up chips of wood and bits of old rope, with whatever came handy to him, for his mother's benefit, sculled boats in more advanced years when he could enjoy that privilege, and finished his education by swearing and getting tipsy when that was possible, in order to look like an able bodied seaman His face was marked by small pox His little dark eyes were sunk deep in his round head and his general appearance was that of a healthy, strong, muscular, coarse bully He had been entered into the "John" through the good offices and almost compulsion of some of the sailors who were in the habit of lodging at the house of Big Moll, his mother

The work assigned to these boys was to attend to the seamen as their fags to perform innumerable small jobs above and below deck, and, as they gained experience, to take their turn at the wheel, or go aloft They were considered by the sailors as too far beneath them to be allowed to partake of their meals in common, and were consequently compelled to wait until their betters were served There was no drudgery too degraded for an apprentice, no annoyance too great to inflict upon him He was the slave and the butt of the forecastle

Such was the discipline to which young Ned was subjected

It took some time to become acquainted with the men Their symbols of "Dick," "Tom," "Bill," or "Peter," might be speedily learnt, but the men themselves were at first by no means communicative It seemed a law or a necessity in the vessel to keep them always busy on deck, and when they came below it was seldom to converse, but to sleep on the bunks, and smoke, eat, or growl, and, if they talked, it was in abrupt observations, with hoarse, guttural voices, as if each man was afraid of his neighbour. The great majority were comparative strangers to each other.

There was evidently a very considerable jealousy of Ned, arising from the idea of his being "a fine gentleman," and "too big for fellows like them," and a determination "to take the shine out of him," as they said.

Buckie's ambition was to be a tyrant over his fellow apprentices; to whom he assumed that he was superior in everything, because he assumed his superiority in the only thing to which he attached any idea of power—physical strength.

CHAPTER VIII —A SUNDAY AT SEA.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning The "John" was bowling along with a fine quarter wind, every sail set, up to the truck, before the snoring breeze The deep, blue ocean curled its waves, and chased the ship with crests of snowy foam A stratum of cumuli clouds resting on the horizon rolled aloft their majestic snowy summits, with here and there dusky shadows that seemed to mark the valleys of gorgeous cloudland

The watch on deck had comparatively little to do but to steer the ship and be on the look out Everything was in trim order The decks holystoned and the ropes all coiled like sleeping grey serpents after a bathe Sam, the cook, knew it was Sunday, by the fact of his having been commanded by Salmond to prepare a pudding "with lots of suet" The captain and mate looked cleaner than usual, and some of the men also showed a slight change of garments for the better When it was Ned's turn to go below, after his early watch, he took out his Bible, and quietly sat down in a corner behind the stove, in order to read a portion of it Most of the men below were turned in to sleep, and all were silent, while one or two seemed reading in their hammocks Ned after a few minutes, was attracted by little Dan creeping noiselessly to him, and asking in a whisper "What's that ye're readin, Fleming?"

"The Bible, Dan"

"Are ye no frichted?"

"For whom, or for what?"

"Oh, just for everybody, especially Buckie He was awfu' mad at me last voyage for reading a guid buik my mither gied me"

"Was he?" inquired Ned "What has Buckie to do with you?"

"Naething I ken o" replied Dan, "but he means aye be master, and I canna help it Eh! he's an awfu' chap!"

"Read you your book, Dan, and no one, depend upon it, will bother you," said Ned

So little Dan skipped off like a monkey, and putting his hand into a canvas bag drew out "The Pilgrim's Progress," and began to read it beside Ned, but he almost closed the book with nervous fear as he descried opposite to him the canvas legs of Buckie coming down the trap, followed by his bullet head, with a pipe stuck in his large mouth Dan, however, did not lift his eyes as Buckie took his seat on the opposite side of the stove, yet he felt his presence very like an icy blast which made his skin pucker

Buckie began to stir the fire, and he was evidently astonished that his august presence did not produce a greater sensation After a while he betook himself to humming a sea song, in bravado, though in an undertone, to annoy the boys, but not so loud as to arrest the attention of the sailors He sung, or rather grunted these words —

"Our ship, the 'John' was named,
From Greenock we were bound,
And the streets they were all garnished
With pretty maids around
Sing—tol de roll, de rol, oll oll,
We all are safe and sound,

and Buckie accompanied the chorus with a slight drumming of his heels

No notice was taken of this intrusion by any of the sailors, except Jock Wilson, who shouted in a gruff voice, as he flung a large sea boot at the head of the offender, "Belay there, you blethering Buckie! Dye mind what day it is?"

Buckie knew the voice, and was silent Neither Dan nor Ned spoke A few minutes after, stretching across towards Dan, Buckie said, 'Can't you speak you lubber?' and he threw a cinder at the boy

'What do you want?' replied Dan, with flushed face and evidently uneasy 'Can't you let a fellow alone?'

Another cinder clucked like a marble from Buckie's finger and thumb lighted on Dan's book 'A first rate shot' remarked Buckie "Now, stow away that book of yours and be quick I say, Dan,' he continued Is that the holy book yer mither gied ye?' making a mocking grimace 'Do you hear me speakin'?' he asked with a louder voice and with an angry look

"Yes Buckie 'replied Dan but man can ye no be quiet and read yersel?'

"Read yersel!" replied Buckie with a mocking voice, I will just tak yer advice for ance and read myself And so he snatched the book out of Dan's hand, and turning it upside down pretended to read it with an expression of contempt

Oh as sure as I'm leevin', he's readin' it the wrang way' remarked Dan smiling and looking to Ned who had never spoken or taken the slightest notice of this drama

'Nane o' yer jaw Dan' said Buckie "I have a mind to burn yer fine buik What right has ye to read' Are ye to be anither fine gentleman owre us like some I ken' Little wad mak me teach you better manners, my chap' On which he took the book with the tongs, and, half in fun, half in earnest, threatened to burn it Dan sprang forward and seized his precious volume, which Buckie retained in his powerful grasp A struggle ensued in which Buckie, losing his temper struck Dan a violent blow, threw him down, and hurled the book with torn leaves at his head

This was too much for Ned 'Leave the boy alone!' he said, with a decided voice

"Mind you your own business" retorted Buckie, looking fierce

Ned gazed at him steadily, and his brows began to work with an expression which his old school fellows, had they seen him would have pronounced to be dangerous "Come, come, my fine fellow," said Ned, "don't you bully us *too* much"

"What right have you, my fine fellow, to interfere?" asked Buckie

"What right had you," replied Ned, "to interfere with Dan and his book when he was doing you no harm' Is it because you are stronger than he is' If you cannot read, it is your misfortune, perhaps, more than your fault, but let others alone who can do so"

"Hillp, hilloo, my cockatoo! Don't you give jaw, or I will teach you manners like your neighbours, my lad," said Buckie, leaving Dan, and resuming his seat near the stove, rolling his arms and looking at Ned.

Ned controlled himself with difficulty as he saw Dan drying his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket, and gathering up the leaves of his torn book, the only one in his possession. Anxious for peace, especially on the Sunday, he resumed his reading, and sat with his head bent over his Bible. Buckie now advanced towards him, and gave the volume a kick, which sent it under the stove. Ned started up, with his face red like crimson.

"Pick that up, you blackguard!" he said, looking sternly at Buckie. The only reply was an insulting look, accompanied by an insulting expression. By this time the sailors were evidently roused, and watching the scene with interest.

"Pick it up, I say!" said Ned, pointing to the Bible and coming nearer Buckie.

"I leave that to you, my fine gentleman," replied Buckie, attempting to ascend the ladder and go on deck.

Ned laid his hand on him, and said "Come back, sir, I tell you, and pick that book up, or you will repent it!"

"Repent it!" said Buckie, swinging his arms round and striking Ned on the face, "take that for your impudence!"

In a single second Buckie was dragged from the ladder, and sent rolling backward a few yards. But he turned round fiercely, and again struck at Fleming a blow over his eye, and prepared to follow it up with another. Every human mock had now a face looking out of it, and every sleepy sailor was roused, partly from the excitement of the scene, and partly from the wish to see how a gentleman would behave when matched with such a "tough customer." For a few minutes it was impossible to say who had the best of it; but the *mêlée* was speedily ended in Buckie being thrown down, with bleeding nose, and blowing like a porpoise, while Ned had him entirely at his mercy. "Now," he said, "you ruffian, will you ever try to bully us again? Ha! do you attempt to kick my shins? If you do, I will shut your other eye. Now, sir," he said, after giving him a little wholesome punishment, "take that, and be off at your leisure."

Buckie, foaming like a wild boar, hurried up the ladder, puffing and arranging his handkerchief, while the men expressed their conviction aloud that Fleming was "good stuff."

One or two, however, advised him "not to breed confusion in this ship, or it would be worse for himself." And another sea boot was flung at him with an oath, "for disturbing fellows asleep."

"Breeding confusion! and worse for myself!" exclaimed Ned, who was putting on his jacket, narrowly escaping the boot as it flew past his head. He paused, and looked at the men steadily, speaking as he never did before. "I am ashamed of any one calling himself a man who would blame me for defending myself against a brute like that. I will stand it neither from him nor from you, I tell you. I can take rough and round, fair and foul, as well as my neighbours, but if you think a fellow is to be insulted because his father was an officer, and fought for his king and country, I consider you cowards who think so, and men who would fight for neither. I can keep my own place, and will keep it too, and you keep yours."

A commotion arose among some of the men, and more than one abusive epithet and threat were uttered against Ned. But they were immediately stopped by old Cox, the boatswain, who rose on his elbow, and looking towards Ned, said, "Served him right, say I. You're a chip of the old block."

The affair was about to pass away, when a shout from M'Killop was heard coming down the forecastle, "Fleming! on deck, the captain wants you." Ned obeyed the summons, and was ushered into the secret chamber of George Salmond, who was sitting in solitary state at the head of a small table on which were two tumblers, a square bottle of hollands half empty, and sundry water marks from recent libations. Salmond's face shone like a lighthouse beneath a mass of black cloud.

Ned, on entering, was saluted with the inquiry as to what all this row was about? And before he could give any reply, the captain opened up his battery upon him. "You, sir, to come and black at a lad who did you no harm! But I am glad to see you have got a black eye yourself."

"But he did me harm, Captain Salmond, and was insulting us, and '—

"Don't interrupt me, sir!" said Salmond fiercely, "remember who you are speaking to, sir. None of your fine humbug here, sir. Keep your peace, and mind your own business, or I will take a rope's end to you, and tickle your genteel white skin, sir. Silence, again, I say! Don't dare to speak till you are asked. You disturb a ship's company! And on the Sabbath, too! Have you no religion? A poor orphan boy to be cut about the face in that manner! I will have for to come for to rouse you up, no mistake, I tell you. So go aloft to the maintop to cool your blood, my fine gentleman. Be off, I say, quick!" and Salmond pointed to the door of the cabin and proceeded to light his pipe, and pour out another glass of hollands and water.

"Captain Salmond," said Ned, at the door, "you must hear me, for I won't be bullied"—

"Belay, there!" shouted Salmond, "and don't run out your gammony jawing tackle to me! Mind where you are. Go 'long, I say!" After a moment's pause, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Fleming, shut the door after you!"

Ned saw that it was in vain to expostulate with the half tipsy captain. As he went out of the cabin, M'Killop followed him in an atmosphere of hollands like a mist, and pointing to the maintop, said, "Aloft there! and meditate, as a Sunday exercise, and go up the futtocks, and not through the lubber's hole." Ned obeyed, and arriving at the maintop, stretched himself on the grating, while Buckie and the watch below occasionally eyed him with apparent interest.

As M'Killop returned to the cabin, Salmond was indulging in a series of short fits of half-smothered apoplectic coughs, mingled with laughter. I may remark in passing, that both Salmond and his mate, when they spoke officially, and wished to do so with becoming dignity, endeavoured to use the English language as nearly as possible after the type approved of in the navy. But in private, their own Scotch, though tasting more of the land than of the sea, came more naturally to them; hence I am bound, as a faithful describer of men and manners as they are, to re-

port their dialect correctly, as well as their sentiments

"It is too bad, after a'," said Salmond, "but I may never—ha' ha' ha' has sic a guid chance again o' takin' the shine oot o' the callant, for he is as steady a lad as ever sailed wi' me Did you ask how it happened, Peter?'

"Cox tells me that it was all Buckie's fault, bothering him and Dan, and that Fleming gied him sic a lickin' as he'll no forget"

"I'm glad to hear't! I'm glad to hear't! I has nae doot he deserv'd it, for he is a nasty puddock o' a cratur that Buckie, and frae a bad nest! But it mak's me laugh to think on Fleming's face as I sent him aff in sic a hurry Ha! ha! ha! He's no accustomed to a drill like that, I'll wager Certes, he got a fricht! Did he no? I think auld Carney would be pleased wi' this day's Sabbath school lesson, anyhoo'

"What would the old captain say til't?" inquired M'Killop, as he swung on his chair smoking a long clay pipe

"Him? If his son had been in a man o' war, instead o' the 'John,' neither he nor Buckie would hae got off sae cheap, baith wad hae got the cat! But, Peter, let him down when he has cooled himsel a bit D ye ken what began the fecht?"

"Cox says that Fleming was reading his Bible and that Buckie kicked it out of his hand

"His Bible!" exclaimed Salmond "Is that possible? A laddie like him! He maun take care or he will get into mischief if he tries the stunt dodge in the forecastle The Bible! Cock him up wi' a Bible! But we'll no blame him owre muckle, it might hae been waur"

"I dinna pretend to be better than my neighbours," said the mate, "but some o' the chiels wad be the better maybe, if they took a turn at a guid buik noos and thans, no to gang, as ye may say, extraordinar deep intil't, past soundings as it were, or to put themselves sair aboot, but yet it might frichten them a wee, and be a kind o' stane ballast to keep them steady"

'Faix, Peter, we might a' be a grain the better o't but ye ken the sayin, 'There's nae Sabbath in sixteen fathom water''

"Hech me!" said Peter with a sigh, "thae Bibles pit me in mind o' auld times I dinna think I hae opened ane since my father was drooned"

"Avast haulin', Peter!" said Salmond, speaking almost officially "That kind o' talk won't do here It's not canny It's like shipping a sea about the heart Just pass the grog, and help yourself, and go on deck and see how she hes her course"

As M'Killop was leaving the cabin, Salmond added, "Be sure and tak doon Fleming from the maintop And Peter," he said in a lower voice, "if ye get a guid chance, gie a crack to Buckie to keep him right Dan wadna be the waur o' a chack too There's nacthing for boys like a cuff on the side o' the head. Swear at them baith to gie them a fricht!"

The day on which Ned was on the maintop, I have already said, was beautiful In any other circumstances, a quiet hour even there would have been unmixed pleasure As it was, the undisturbed repose was rest to his ruffled spirits. He gazed on the expanse of waters, and thought of home and its happy Sundays, and of all his history up till that moment, until he could calmly entertain the question, "Why am I aloft here?' A voice replied, "Thou hast done wrong, Ned Thou hast fought, instead of forgiving What a Sabbath thou hast spent! Another voice louder still, said, "Thou hast done no wrong, but suffered wrong Thou hast punished injustice and tyranny, which is a righteous thing to do, on Sunday or Saturday" "Right or wrong," thought Ned, "I don't repent! I would tell him if I had to I would do the same thing over again, I would I'd thrash the bully again!" Look my boy at the untroubled sky and the solemn sea! Think of Him who upholds all with His might, as He fills all with His sunshine, and "seek peace, and pursue it"

When summoned down from his pillory, there was neither malice nor hatred in Ned's heart

The first person whom he encountered was Buckie sitting under the lee of the boat, and looking at the fragments of his pipe, which had been shattered in his recent encounter It must be admitted that his nose was considerably increased, and one of his eyes slightly diminished

As Ned looked at the nose and the eyes, and saw Buckie with a ragged blue handkerchief, alternately blowing the one in evident pain, and drying up the blood which oozed from the other, he felt compassion for him

After a while he said, Buckie!"

'Go long!' was the curt reply

'Buckie, don't be sulky, there's a good fellow!"

"You, be hanged!" said Buckie gruffly, while he flung the fragments of his pipe over the ship's side and rolled down to the forecastle

In a few minutes Ned followed fearing that his unappeased foe would be wreaked on little Dan He discovered, however that Buckie was composing himself to sleep in a distant corner, and in a few minutes was apparently in oblivion Ned remembered that the colonel's son had presented him with an ornamental cutty for which he himself had no use On exhuming this from his chest, he crept slowly towards the snoring Buckie and dropt it into his large pocket unseen by all but Cox, to whom he winked, smiling, putting his finger to his mouth as a command not to tell tales

By and by, as Ned was seated in his old place, having resumed his Bible reading, he saw his fierce opponent rousing himself from his sleep with a yawn like a young lion, and watched his utter amazement when he discovered the pipe, which he thrust back immediately into his pocket as if he had stolen it For some days not a word was exchanged between them, but the next time Ned had an opportunity of addressing him, without appearing to force himself upon his society, he said, "Now, Buckie, you are too brave a fellow to harbour revenge Would you like some baccy?" "All right," replied Buckie, with the feeling of a man who had made the most handsome and satisfactory apology, and the hope of a man who had a pipe, but no tobacco.

The thought that Buckie was an orphan, that he never knew the happiness of a home, never had been in school, was an unfortunate cast away, gave rise to a great desire on Ned's part to help the apprentice. By degrees he so insinuated himself into his confidence, and so overcame his fear of ridicule, that he managed to get him persuaded to take reading lessons. And the rough scholar might be seen when his watch on deck was over, nestled beside Ned, with his finger, like a sausage, pointing to the letters as he pronounced his A B C, not without a good deal of laughter and fun. Ere they reached Kingston, he could manage the alphabet.

One evening Ned said, encouragingly, "You are a clever fellow, Buckie, and if you go on at this rate you will astonish the hands, and be able to keep the log."

"Just one other half yard of bacey, Fleming," replied Buckie coaxingly, "and I will weather my way first rate next time!"

"A bargain, Buckie, you shall have it."

A revolution had thus gradually taken place in the forecastle in Ned's favour ever since that Sunday of the fight. Such a Sunday the boy had never spent before, and hoped never to spend again. Yet it was not without its good to himself and others in many ways, though it must be confessed, these ways were round about.

He had unquestionably, though unintentionally gained a good position among the sailors for strength and courage, and their opinion of him was strengthened by sundry accommodating civilities on his part. It was discovered, for example, that he sung a good song, and several famous ditties, such as "Black eyed Susan," "The Bay of Biscay," "The Arethusa," and "Tom Bowling," were often heard entertaining the group round the stove, or the watch when pacing the deck on a calm night. As Ned himself never used tobacco, an additional bond of connexion between him and the men—which sailors could comprehend and value as a sign of unselfishness—was established by his gifts of this sailors' luxury. He distributed it from a roll he had purchased very much for this object at the recommendation of Freeman. His claims were further enhanced, by the correctness and perfection with which he danced "Jacky Tar" to the scraping of black Sam's violin, and by another "accomplishment," which he was hardly until now aware that he possessed, that of admirable, good-natured mimicry. For example, Jock Wilson was the grand disciplinarian of the forecastle, and when he tumbled into his hammock with his red night cap, he issued his commands to the boys, in deep sepulchral tones, to "stop their skylarking, or"—the awful threat being left in a state of undefined horror which few cared to drag into light. When Jock himself, preparing to "tumble in," heard his own voice out of his own night cap coming from his own hammock commanding silence, and finishing off with his "or"—like the growl of a disturbed bear, he could not resist giving way to the general hilarity.

The forecastle thus began to be more alive and sociable as the voyage progressed. This feeling was expressed by the telling of stories, or "spinning of yarns," full of no small interest to the audience, as they proceeded in the usual fashion of such productions. "Since you will have a song or story," Dick Martin would say—"I was once going round the Horn in a whaler. We were lying to with close reefed topsails, blowing smoke and salt water. It was my watch on deck, so, as I was looking to windward, what does I see but a strange like sail," etc., and then a story like the "Flying Dutchman" would be narrated. Others would follow of adventures on the Spanish main or at the whale fishing, of shipwrecks in every part of the globe, with long pulls in open boats to reach land, one or two escapes from pirates, and smuggling plots, all of which helped to pass the time, and to lessen the monotony of the voyage.

But I must, in the meantime, "heave to," as Salmond would say, and pause in my story of Ned and his adventures.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE INCIDENTS.

What an emphatic transfer we make from the rush and din of a town to a little, not altogether drowsy, but very deliberate, village. With what a heart throb we feel our individuality return, and are sensible that we are no longer a unit in tens of thousands, but a person—a person of mark in a community of hundreds. Here we are struck, as a stranger might be, with our own traits, and find ourselves really with private, peculiar habits. Above all is this the case, when the village is known to us every foot, when we recognise its gardens, its kail-yards, homely, kindly, with a knot or two of flowers to be shown of an evening, or plucked to be laid on the folded handkerchief, and that again laid on the Bible, and carried away of a Sunday to tickle the nose in church. These village gardens, when they are not, as they should be, before the houses, are often congregated together, with a pleasant sociality, and a little hint of picturesqueness on the further side of the burn, crossed by innumerable brown foot bridges, with occasional hand rails, twisted with sweet briar, or honeysuckle, or traveller's joy.

The village worthies, sagacious or simple, look at us with their old, tranquil eyes, which strife or turmoil have not dazzled. Other worthies these than Fuller's, and yet strong in their post as spectators of the fight. We have the feeling that they judge us as dogmatically and impartially as a jury of our ancestors drawn from the remote past. They are not to be led away by our success and its strain; not to be astounded with our feats on earth, air, or water, disdainfully conscious all the while that we cannot cure the rumes which kill the early colewort. We know all these men and women wellnigh as we know ourselves, and the absence of such a thorough acquaintance and sympathy with our associates is at once a source of emptiness and oppression in a city.

We all have "our village" as well as Mary Russell

Mitford, and all our villages are twin brothers and sisters to Three-Miles-Cross, ay, even that famous village of Hood's, which contained such a jumble of comicalities. No village ever existed without its Solomon; few without their Chartists, whom maiden ladies abuse when they are well, and nurse when they are ill. Villages have their saints and their sinners, alas! and they have this peculiar privilege, that their saints and their sinners are, to a certain extent, known to each other; and often the poor soul, halting, and out of the way, shows traces of the intercourse at the last, owning "the soft impeachment," and making some effort to "come round," and "get straight," and die penitent and grateful before he leaves the world which he has made, and allowed others to make such a dreary world to him.

There is something primitive in village charity. I am not going in for the Arcadian innocence of village life. I admit its frequent grossness and rudeness, but I repeat what I have seen—the single-heartedness and intrepidity of village charity. I have known families tabooed, with reason, by the respectable inhabitants, and perhaps in the narrowness and vindictiveness of small societies, treated with too much scorn and obloquy, until misfortune open and tangible, "heavy distress," befell them, and then I have heard the whole village speak softly of them,—the most precise woman cook the Pariah's dinner day after day,—the roughest man prove himself thoughtful and gentle to those whom God had afflicted. Vice in a village is still vice; but it has a harder fight for it against healthy, wholesome influences. Two cases rise before me,—that of an old couple, suspected of making themselves too familiar with their neighbour's goods, and that of a whole family of reckless habits. I think of the old couple's garden, a marvel of productiveness, with the earliest potatoes, and the greenest, most erect onions in the place, and of the house, bright and shining, without and within (they were strangers, Northumbrians from their accent, and were an example in cleanliness to the slattish Scots, among whom they were located), and while I may grieve to solve the problem, how baseness could find a footing on that flourishing, cheerful ground, I cannot help contrasting their surroundings with those of their fellows, lean, ragged, and filthy in the close lanes of a city, and fancying how much likelier an opportunity they had—materially—of having good carried to them on every wind of heaven. The other case was also removed from town wickedness, it was more like a gipsy's household in its tone. I do not mean that those who composed it were in the least degree less culpable,—they might be much more so according to the advantages which they abused; but the sweet, pure influences of country life still invested them with a species of charm, and wiled them with patient wiles to return from the error of their ways. The men were great, strong, bold, brave fellows; they had not the curse of idleness upon them, they laboured hard at a perilous calling,—the women, I never saw such women, when I read of Roman women, I repair to these fishers' daughters, such stately, powerful comeliness, a thought defiant, but not to seaseness, such massive throats, such rich-coloured luxuriant hair. Sickness and death invaded the untameable, rebellious band, and broke their stubborn wills, while they stood gallantly by each other, and some of them at least signed terms of submission, true in their ruggedness.

Yes, reformations were not so rare in that village; they were one of its elements. Perhaps it was wilder than most villages to begin with—it was seafaring, and had, besides, a sprinkling of miners and weavers in its population; but I could number on my fingers a wonderful catalogue of men and women, of various ages and degrees, who had once been running down-hill with ominous speed and determination; who had been given over by the severe and the despondent; who thought better of it, turned, encountered, and slew their mortal enemies, and established themselves as sober and respectable individuals for the rest of their lives. It was the bright side of their constitution. I believe these villagers were to other villagers what Caffres are to Hottentots, more dangerous tools to work with, but in the end more satisfactory; and see, in much the same light, we have Christianized New Zealand and Tahiti, but we have not overcome the Finn and Lapp of our own Northern Europe.

Village gossip is quaint, whether it has the keen flavour of the salt sea, or is drowsy with the poppy-heads of agricultural labour, or has the half-political, half-horticultural bias of the weaving trade. I hope I am not addicted to backbiting and slander, but I'm sure I'm fond of village gossip, particularly when it springs from a common interest. I've lived in a village where the first cart from another village, rumbling, not rattling, over the wide, dowy, grass grown street, was hailed with the same eager question at every door until it reached the house of most pretension, and the pulled-up window, and met the dignified, refined head thrust out with the summons, as ardent there as elsewhere, "Hey!" (we cry Hey! where an Englishman shouts hallo!) "what has been the last night's fishing?" The fact was, the next village was in the centre of the herring fishing, and although all the inhabitants of my village had not shares in the boats' profits, and all were not housewives looking out for a great haul to fill their winter *firkins* a dead bargain, they took the most neighbourly concern in their cousorts' welfare. When boats or skips went amissing, great and small were in trouble far and near. I have known a reserved, formal gentleman, absorbed in his own affairs, and worried with many cares, still maintain a quiet look-out over the shipping intelligence for the benefit of some poor wife or mother, and, when he had relieved her anxiety, run away in his happy but awkward shyness to avoid her flood of gratitude. I have seen a volatile enough young fellow, who had trudged miles and miles on his own proper business, and come home what he called "dead beat," set out anew on a dreary expedition on a stormy night to the tumble-down houses on the shore, or the lonely cottage on the brae, for the sole purpose of conveying some bit of comfortable intelligence, picked up by accident on his travels, to the weather-beaten, hard-favoured, toil-worn dwellers there, and return, at last, to his resting-place with an old woman's blessing on his light head; and I don't think he was in anything the worse of it, granting

that she was a notorious virago and scold at other times True, it was but the impulse of humanity, but it was the half patriarchal rustic stage of a village life which gave it free play

If you love notoriety, a village is a place to get married and to die in, you are the nine days' wonder there without reservation, you can do things there with effect Everything about you is known and prized, from the number of bows in your favours to the depth of crape on your mourners Do you object to this single channel for public discussion It seems to me to run there not only clear and deep, and with peculiar dramatic power, but with the very essence of fellow feeling I remember visiting an excellent friend in a large town, who told me with satisfaction that she had lived years in the same house, in the same street and did not so much as know the name of her next-door neighbour Whew! my blood ran cold I freed her on the spot from misanthropy or misogynism, but I must have made a vague mental note never again to join in wholesale abuse of gossip, at least I never forgot the anecdote and its instance of local isolation, with the impression it made upon me Why, in the village we not only knew the men and women and children out and out, we had a thorough acquaintance with the dogs and cats, with Tye, the tiny Chinese dog at the lodge, with Boatswain, the rough, hairy dog of the big, burly carter, which made continual rushes from beneath his cart and was perpetually called in again by his admiring master, with that liquid eyed, fondling, sly spaniel Juno, which laid her head so lovingly on your lap and was so notoriously disobedient in devastating from your bed, with Miss Matties cat which arched its back among the balsams in her farm window, and the grocer's cat which had the air of a familiar spirit guarding his groceries What were we not cognisant of? We were aware when the draper received his summer goods to a day, but that might have been an interested piece of prescience, we were also sensible when Tom Elliot had his first dish of cauliflower ready, and his first head of hollyhock in blossom, and as we were not invited to sit down to the feast, or permitted to gather the flowers, that must have been information for information's sake

Did you ever liken a village to one of the old Grecian islands, from which the heroes started to gain the golden fleece, slay the grim monsters, confound the sphinx, or deliver Andromeda? Never a village, be it remote as a Highland clachan, but has its Perseus and Theseus out in the great world and among the choice annals of village life are the returns of its adventurers—the triumph or in defeat—their spoil in their hand, to realize their old, boyish visions of grandeur, and buy the estate on which they had herded among the broom and whins, or bent beneath their shame, dragging home their lagging feet to die in the sweet, sad air where they were born Coming again frank-spoken and free handed to be a blessing to their native place, reappearing manly and brave to redress a wrong, walking straight to the spot and the person, and retrieving their error, and atoning as far as human being can atone for the sin of their youth Stalking back, or stealing back, heartless and faithless, to offer as a thanksgiving for the blessings which have crowned them, a great pile of poor, human arrogance and meanness, to wound and smite simple souls Far more lamentable that return than his who perished in the overturn of the boat in the next bay, and, after floating half round the world, was carried at last a corpse across his door step to the widowed, gay hearted mother, and the blushing, smiling, young sweetheart waiting happily to be hailed as his wife—a thousand times sooner the death of the body than the death of the generous, devoted heart of old

It is hard for these returns, when long protracted, not to have a pensive cast, even in their brightest aspects One feels for the man, however fortunate who seeing from the coach roof his brothers awaiting him, asks impulsively of the slight acquaintance of former years, but the friend to day, 'quick, tell me which is Jack and which is Tom" There is a song in existence still, but little known now, written by Susanna Blamire, and named, I think, "The Nabob's Return,"—all exiles of nearly a hundred years ago, you observe, if they came back at all, came back nabobs If they escaped Hyder Ally or Tippoo Sahib's elephants and sabres, they certainly fell into a fair amount of their treasure Plaintively the poor old gentleman, with his fine cambric ruffles, and his shrivelled face, yellow as his gold, soliloquizes on the changes around him, and the general degeneracy of modern times His family is gone A bent, decrepit carle is the hale man who had borne him on his back before he set out to see the world and push his fortune, his "groves," even if sacred to himself, are but "old stacks" to the profane young sters who invade his territories, and the old airs, whose music had so long rung in his ears, are exploded for Italian bravuras That wanderer will never find the home for which he toiled until he is gathered to his fathers Since "the Nabob's Return" was sung with many artistic quavers by young girls in crops and short waisted white frocks, and young men in blue coats and yellow vests, the same inevitable disappointment has been re chronicled In a couple of lines the whole story is still better told—

"With a star on his breast, and a sir before his name,
But with grey, grey hairs *young* Randal came hame"

ELSIE GARRETT

A SONG

WHICH NONE BUT THE REDEEMED CAN SING

We came not in with broad
Full canvas swelling to a steady breeze,
With pennons flying fair, with coffers stored,
For long against the wind, 'mid heavy seas,
With cordage strained and splintered masts, we drave,
And o'er our decks had dashed the bitter wave,
And lightening off our lading, life to save,
Our costly ventures to the Deep were given.
Yea! some of us were caught, and homewards driven
Upon the storm wind's wings, and some rock-riven;

Among the treacherous reefs at anchor flung,
Felt the good ship break under them, and clung
Still to some plank or fragment of its frame
Amid the roaring breakers—Yet we came

We came not in with proud,
  Firm, martial footstep in a measured tread,
Slow pacing to the crash of music loud,
No gorgeous trophies went before, no crowd
  Of captives followed us with drooping head

No shining Laurel sceptred us, nor crowned,
Nor with its leaf our glittering lances bound
  Thus looks not like a Triumph then they said
With faces darkened in the battle flame,
  With banners failed from their early pride,
Through wind, and sun, and showers of bleaching rain,
  Yet red in all our garments, doubly dyed,
With many a wound upon us, many a stain,
We came with steps that faltered—Yet we came

Through water and through fire
  We came to Thee, and not through them alone,
We came to Thee by blood! Thou didst require
  One only sacrifice, and like Thine Own,
The life Thou gavest us Thou didst desire,
And all was ready for us! Lo, the knife
  And cloven wood were waiting, bound or free
We too were ready! In the battle strife,
  By the lonely altar, unto Thee
We offered love for love, and life for life,

And as we came to Thee a sound of war
Ran after us from distant fields, the jar
Of shield, and sword, and battle bow, a cry
Confused and harsh that rolled to "Victory,"
  And seemed upon the darkening heavens to cease,
For as we neared the City, Morning broke,
And all along its lofty ramparts woke
One word of greeting, flooding all the ear
And all the heart with solemn music, clear
  As of a Trumpet talking with us, "Peace."

DORA GREENWELL.

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN JULY

First Sunday

GOD'S WAY THE RIGHT WAY

"And He led them forth by the right way —PSALM cvii 7

GOD'S way must ever be the right way He cannot err, and He cannot deceive If we had implicit confidence in God, such confidence as warranted by His character and the history of all His dealings, we should never doubt and never challenge His wisdom or goodness But men often forget this great truth, that the way selected by God is the right way, for they sometimes dispute it, nay, occasionally deny it Had the Jewish nation been polled before they crossed the Red Sea, or after the spies came back with their evil report, or at any of those crises when trial met them, and hunger or thirst assailed them, they would have been ready, all but unanimously, to declare that the way on which they were journeying was the wrong way, and that a far better might have been chosen for them Alas! left to their own wisdom, they should soon have wandered, lost their way, been entangled in the ravines, and fallen an easy prey to the Egyptians who chased them, or to any of the Arab tribes that watched their march We must not, therefore judge of God's procedure hastily, or in a spirit of unbelief

For the right way may not be the shortest We naturally press to a direct point and wish to see the end before us A few days might have brought the Hebrew hosts out of Egypt into Palestine, but they wandered forty years in the desert The first generation of emancipated slaves were not fitted to fight and conquer, and the nation must wait till a new and harder race rose up So that the long and monotonous abode in the desert was indispensable Many a one might shake his head and question the geographical knowledge of Moses, and many a base motive might be assigned for his procrastination Knots of discontented men might talk of what they surmised, nay, some one, presuming on a journey he had taken northward on some Egyptian expedition, might declare, that were it left to him they should in very brief time arrive in safety at the land of promise But they came to Palestine as soon as they were prepared to possess it, and no sooner Their journey, every mile of it, from Goshen to Shittim, opposite Jericho, was a right way The right way still may not be the shortest It is not faith for the first time to [illegible] translation to heaven to morrow, [illegible] many a year may intervene, many a year of prayer, discipline, and self denial It [illegible] the new birth on this Sabbath, and the kingdom of heaven entered ere next Sabbath arrive; but the "new born" babe is nursed [illegible] "the sincere milk of the Word," and through infancy and youth amid much and trial to "a perfect man, to the measure stature of the fulness of Christ."

Nor may the right way be the easiest way Rivers, sands, and rocks, the spear of Amalek, and the sword of Midian met the old Hebrew emigrants It was a toilsome journey, often without apparent aim or progress—and yet the country would not have been a land of rest without the previous pilgrimage Oh, how would the wearied and harassed pilgrim, so long accustomed to burning crags and precipices, nestle amidst the fair landscapes and green pastures of the new country! Ease is often ruinous Necessity is the mother of civilisation Where labour is not needed, there is savagism Nor is the path to heaven without many a hill of difficulty and valley of humiliation What terrific convictions of sin ere one grasps the cross, what rackings of soul ere it find peace in the Lord's bosom, what wrestlings night long with the Angel of the covenant ere the blessing yearned after is conferred, what sighs and struggles after the nobler nature when inferior motives in some dark moment re assert their mastery! What prolonged contest with evil, with paganism and superstition, ere the Church attain universal dominion! The little leaven does not leaven the lump with a rapidity visible to the eye, but by an insensible process Such is God's way Assured that God's way is right why should we faint and hesitate? Faith is omnipotent—"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." If, O my God, this is Thy path, I shall pursue it If I am to climb this mountain that lies across my path, I shall dare it If Excelsior is to be my motto, I shall venture and win, and not be found dead of exhaustion when I have gained the summit, for Thou shalt "give thine angels charge concerning me, and in their hands they shall bear me up, lest at any time I dash my foot against a stone" and I will ever wait on Thee, for 'they that wait on the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles," and speedily soar above every obstacle

Nor may the right way be apparently the safest way. The chariots of Pharaoh pursued with hot haste the escaped Hebrews, and they were "sore afraid,' and clamoured, "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?' Amalek met them and thought to conquer and spoil them The prospect of cities walled up to heaven, and guarded by Anakim, distressed them. Scorpions were in their path, Moabites and Amorites resisted them There was a Red Sea at the beginning of their pilgrimage, and how were they to cross it? and a Jordan at the end of it, and how could they bridge it? But the Divine Presence was always with them—the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night.

Manna fell when they hungered, a stream burst from the rock when they thirsted The rod of Moses achieved deliverance at every crisis A safe path, therefore, is ever marked out by God If we do not know when to take the next step, the Interpreter is with us, "one among a thousand," and the oracle says, "Go forward" Is the enemy preparing, the Captain of the Lord's host is on our side, and His sword is drawn Are we to cross the last dark river, is not this the solace, "When thou passest through the waters, I shall be with thee" May not each one say this—"I will go in the strength of the Lord" God's way may thus not be the shortest, the easiest, or apparently the safest, but it is ever right! It is His way Would you set your judgment against His?

Nay more, His way proves itself to be right for it leads to the right end—a "city of habitation," a pleasant, serene, and permanent abode He may lead you in a path you have not known—through fears and dangers—through sickness and adversity—through the slough of despond, where you are nigh swallowed up—through the valley of the shadow of death, where your heart is gloomy as the scene around you, but the result is peace, a chastened soul, a praising tongue and in the end, the presence of God and the Lamb—in the company of myriads who dwell in the New Jerusalem "We went through fire and through water, but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place" Why then doubt Him? He knew the whole Sinaitic wilderness, and the Hebrew hosts who murmured against Him had not even surveyed it "Father," says the child, "I was never here before I don't know where I am" It may be true, but the parent knows it all, and he brings his child to his blessed home

And thus in the end God's way shall be felt and acknowledged to be the right way It may be hard, as we travel so wearily upon it, to make this acknowledgment, for we see only a small part, and we are apt to misunderstand what is around us, to forget what is behind us, and to exaggerate what is before us But when we have come to the termination, and look back from the heights of eternity, and the whole path lies spread out before us we shall feel that it was indeed a right path—wisdom in its most intricate steps and love in its darkest defiles What stuns and startles us now, shall then excite fervent gratitude, what vexes us as a problem now, shall then enfold itself in clearest light Why was I permitted to stumble at one point? Why did I lose my way and grope about in darkness at another point? Why did this reverse fall upon me, and well nigh crush me? Why was this child taken away, and that other and tender relationship broken up? Why did that special temptation assail me and that spiritual enemy lie in wait for me? These questions dark now, shall then meet with a satisfactory reply It was a right way by which He led me to a city of habitation Amen, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints"

Second Sunday.

GOD ALONE

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?—Psalm lxxiii 25

Yes, we have many a one in heaven besides God. There are the angels, clothed in immortal youth and beauty, bowing their lofty heads in profound adoration—the pillars of the great temple vibrating with the music of their thunder psalm And we "have" them—they are ours we command their services—for they are commissioned as "ministering spirits to them who shall be heirs of salvation" As we look up to heaven, we cannot but rejoice that we have angels there, serving Christ, and serving us in Him and for His sake And saints are there too, pure, perfect, and happy, bearing the Divine image, chanting the perpetual hallelujah, clothed in white robes never again to be sullied and carrying palms in their hands, the symbol of final victory. We "have" them—ours are they still for they wear our nature, and rejoice in the "common salvation" Ours are they; for though they have gone before us, they still sympathize with us They are above us, but yet with us, for though they have entered the rest, they have not forgotten those who are behind them on the journey We "have" them in heaven, and we are "followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises" The pastor has in heaven many a soul saved under his ministry. The father has in heaven the babe that left him so early—the child has the mother that nursed him, and taught him, with clasped hands, to say, "Our Father" Nay, more, our treasure is in heaven—life, glory, happiness, service without weariness, enjoyment without monotony, fellowship with all the bright, and holy, and true, who surround the throne of God Still, though this be true, there is a high and exclusive sense in which each believer can say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" In one aspect of it, all we have in heaven is God What gives radiance to the seraph but the glory of God, and what gives beauty to the saint but the image of God? If there be light in heaven, it streams from His throne, if there be felicity in heaven, it springs from nearness to it What you hear is the praise of God, what you see is all the creation of God

Yet the saint, with so many in heaven to attract him, can truly say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" I have no one else in heaven to pray to Gabriel I cannot invoke, and I can make supplication neither to Isaiah nor Paul They know me not, and cannot supply my wants To God alone—to Him on the throne do I pray, and ask for copious and continued supplies of grace out of His inexhaustible fulness He knows me, loves me, and individualizes me among thronging myriads of supplants "Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—there is no one else in heaven to save me. [illegible] and saints may guard the saved, but they [illegible]

bring salvation He is Saviour God It is His divine prerogative to pardon, and it can belong to none other His Spirit alone can sanctify, and no one else can so enter the soul and chain it, renew it and inhabit it 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? —there is no one else in heaven to guard me His guardianship is not periodical— I am continually with thee nor is it feeble and uncertain — "Thou hast holden me by my right hand" Everywhere is He — 'in Him we live and move and have our being' 'The Lord is thy keeper—The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore Whom have I in heaven but thee? —Who else can prepare me for glory, and take me to it?— Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel' His guidance is tender and effectual They who listen to him do not wander The self guided are misguided, and they come short of glory We are preserved in the Divine path only by the Divine hand The first step toward glory is prompted by His grace and the last step into it leads to welcome from Him—guidance first, and glory next—"and afterwards receive me to glory" Angels may congratulate and saints may welcome, but the right of reception into His own dwelling-place belongs to God alone With gracious condescension will He award it, and His Son in His name shall say 'Come ye blessed of My Father." 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?"—for in fine, He alone can be the portion for ever" He alone fills the soul and satisfies it May not each reader then exclaim 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?" and, surely he ought to add 'and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee"

Third Sunday

GOOD AND EVIL

"What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? —Job II 10

SATANIC doctrine apparently, that evil comes from a Being of infinite good Job's wife spoke perversely and many, stunned with bereavement or maddened by grief, have adopted similar language Yet we are never to blame God, even though we receive evil from Him His character is never to be impeached, though we suffer at His hands The sun has not set, though he disappear behind a cloud How sin came into the world at first and why it was permitted to come into it, we know not The solution of such a problem is 'too high for us' we cannot attain unto it Theory after theory has risen and been exploded Our practical question is, not how sin has come in but how it is to go out, not how it originated, but how it is to be subdued We need not plague ourselves by asking why we are sinners our great concern should be, how we are to become saints And so long as evil is continued in the world, the words of the patriarch hold us, and afford us comfort

Yes, are we not taught that evil as well as good comes from God? In the widest sense, evil came at first with His knowledge, it remains by His permission it is ever under His control, and it works out His gracious purposes It is no dark and dominant usurper and rival, having an independent existence or co ordinate power He 'cannot be tempted with evil.' It is no necessity of God's universe, no shadow flung from the back of His throne. He allows it, He wields it, and He makes it promotive of good—a proof of His own uncontrolled sovereign sway.

Still further, in a special and personal sense, if evil come upon us, we have merited it It is not sent without purpose to us. The sovereignty of God in such dark dispensations is not caprice, for God has reasons, and the best of reasons, for all He does, though He does not disclose them Highest sovereignty is only highest equity If Job had not needed the trial, it would not have been sent, it had never come upon him in this sudden and singular form We have sinned, and are still sinning and may therefore be punished! Ever conscious of our shortcomings, the language of confession fits us—not that of complaint God has done us no wrong Some people seem to think that in their resignation they are magnanimous in forgiving God some injury He has done them Ah no! Father, I have sinned' Thus being the case, we have no ground of complaint under the evil Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?' So long as life and reason are granted, these are elements of thankfulness So long as we have life, we have hope that the evil may pass away, as it did in Job's history The storm may not rage all day, but there may be a peaceful evening, or, as the Psalmist sings, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"

Besides, the good far more than counterbalances the evil. "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities" It is not the awful sentence of death which He is inflicting it is something very much less We have life and its blessings, the means of grace, an inspired Bible, an opened sanctuary, a throne of grace with free access to it, and why then should we not be thankful amidst a few days of evil? And what did not Christ endure for us! What anguish of soul in Gethsemane and on Calvary! If the Blessed Substitute bore it without repining, what resignation should characterise the original transgressor!

And lastly, the evil sent upon us by God is the means of working out good for us The evil of physical pain is a blessed agency, not only teaching the value of health, but pointing to disease and injury to seek for remedy. Affliction reveals our helplessness, and bids us prepare for death Bereavement, while it is bruising the spirit, is opening up an entrance for the true consolation, and leading the soul to look forward to reunion with our kindred fallen asleep in Christ Discipline is ever productive of the "peaceable fruit of righteousness," a sky never clouded would cause a barren earth

Fourth Sunday

ANOINTING OF JESUS IN BETHANY

Matt xxvi 3-13, Mark xiv 3-9, John xii 1-8

A BANQUET was made for Jesus, and he who had once been in the tomb sat at the table Strange company! the Giver of Life and one brought back from the realm of death The sister of Lazarus the pensive and loving Mary, breaks in upon the scene, and anointed the Lord's feet with very precious perfume The covetous heart of Judas grudged the expensive tribute and no doubt he thought it wrong on Christ's part to permit it, and extravagant on Mary's part to offer it But the Master took her vindication on Himself and at once silenced all murmurs The soul of Judas was stung, and the evangelists connect the reproof administered to him very closely with his bargain to betray his Master Let us think for a moment on what Mary did, and why and when she did it

What she did she did to Christ's person It was not done by her to any apostle or relative as representing Christ but to Himself Once upon a time she had sat at His feet, and listened to His wise and winning words She had chosen the "good part" under His influence Her brother had been called forth from the tomb at His command, and the integrity of the family circle restored Jesus loved Mary Her heart yearned to show its love to Him and she showed it by an act of womanly devotion for only by a woman could such a deed have been tenderly and gracefully done It would have been a superfluous luxury in our country, but there where the unprotected feet are often scorched and blistered the application was refreshing In this delicate way she showed her love to Him—who to her was the 'chief among ten thousand Still reader, the person of Christ is the true object of Christian love, not His cause, nor His people, nor His truth, but Himself Christ a living person yet wearing our nature, no historical abstraction, no impersonal power away beyond the stars but the Christ, one of us, and yet among us—He is the object of spiritual affection Amidst much confusion of thought on the nature of Christ's person, and many dangerous speculations as to numerous points of theology, love to a living Saviour has often preserved peace and hope—a fresh fountain in a landscape wild, distorted, and changeful as chaos "Whom having not seen, we love"

She did it from love to Him It was from no ostentatious motive, from no desire to show that she could take such liberties with Him, as being such a favourite, but from genuine, reverential attachment She might be moved by an impulse which she could not well account for, a strong presentiment that His end was near Her soul was given to him as Teacher and as Saviour, for He had spoken so touchingly and to the heart, had acted so powerfully even to victory over death, had lived so lovingly and had sat on her hearth so meekly, and made one of the family group Are not you, reader, asked to love Him?—for still is He unchanged in character and temperament He is still what He was on earth and still like Mary must we love Him Love to Him is the great motive power Obedience is not simply respect to the statute but love to Him who ordained it Conformity to Christ's example is secured not by the mere admiration of it, but by love to Him who bequeathed it

She did it in presence of spectators She was not ashamed of what she did It was at a banquet—a supper made for Christ—that she glided in noiselessly among the guests Her conduct might have been reckoned unwomanly, but for misconstruction and censure she cared not Hers indeed was a quiet and contemplative nature, but such natures are from this very element enduring and brave And shall any of us care for the world's remarks or shall we like cowards come to Jesus by night? If our manifestation of love to Christ shall be sneered at as a breach of etiquette, why should we regard it? Was not Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimean hospitals stigmatized as a breach of etiquette? Was not Mrs Fry's visit to prisons frowned on as a breach of etiquette? Has not the devoted labour of female missionaries among sunk and half clad savages been said to be a breach of etiquette? Be it so, who cares? He approves and He judges "righteous judgment"

She did it at great expense to herself The spikenard was 'very costly,' was so in fact, though these words quoted may not be the right translation But she did not grudge it, nay, would reckon nothing too costly for her object May we not each in his sphere show our love by a gift? Whatever is devoted to His cause, to the poor who are always with us, is given to Him, and the altar sanctifies the gift

And she embraced the present opportunity A few days more and she could not in this way have testified her love—"against the day of my burying hath she kept this" Present opportunity is ever to be improved Seize it, and enjoy it Long not for a better season, but reckon the present the best "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." In a word, this brief paper is only another verification of the Lord's prophetic utterance, "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her."

JOHN RADIE.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND ALLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

CHAP. VII.—THE RACE FOR RICHES.

THE same cause produces different effects under different circumstances. Look, for example, at volcanic action. As the higher we rise in the air—though we approach the sun—it grows the colder; the deeper we descend into the bowels of the earth it grows the hotter, by something like a degree for each hundred feet, every fathom down being in fact six feet nearer the fire—nearer to that immense central mass of burning matter around which this green earth where we build our houses and reap our harvests hangs like the shell of an egg around its contents, and which, on it bursting out, will remove the doubts of sceptics and supply fire enough for the flames of the last day. To this imprisoned power, struggling to escape, we probably owe the earthquakes that make the frame of nature tremble, as well as those volcanic phenomena, which, though all arising from the same cause, present so many different appearances—as in Iceland, where, preceded by a noise like thunder rolling underground, a vast column of hot water is suddenly projected to a great height into the air, and discharges like artillery and clouds of steamy vapour, or as in one of the beautiful islands of the Pacific, where the mind of the soul is constantly boiling over the thin crust that there separates the surface of the ground from the fires below—or, as in the lofty ranges of the Andes, where flames and smoke are ever rising from what have been called the chimneys of the world—the tops of mountains that are wrapped in a mantle of perpetual snow.

As it is with such physical forces so it is with the passions that rage and burn in human breasts, their expression varies with circumstances. It is affected by the period and condition of life. It is modified by the influence of the gospel and of civilisation, by the customs and the laws of different countries—human passions no more than the earth's fiery contents exploding everywhere alike. The detracting word dropped of one who has injured you, the abuse bandied between two scolding women, the curse one rough and angry man hurls at another's head, the sudden blow dealt by a boy in the play ground on the cheek of his companion, are ebullitions of the same passion that used to place two men on the dewy ground, amid some peaceful, rural scene, to aim their bullets at each other's hearts, and which still, in the south of Europe, steals with noiseless foot and coward steps on an unsuspecting enemy to plant the poignard in his bosom and wipe the bloody steel with a grim smile of satisfied revenge.

Like revenge, the love of money, the thirst for gold, the inordinate love of wealth, against which God's Word raises some of its most awful warnings, presents itself under a variety of aspects. Pretends like it assumes sometimes one form, sometimes another, but in whatever form it appears a base soul destroying passion it is accursed of God insidious as it is fatal one on which our Lord pronounces this decisive sentence, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." In such a country as ours, which owes its greatness to its commerce whose ships plough the waters of every sea whose manufactures clothe the natives of every land where millions rise every morning to the sound of the factory bell, and trade is carried on to an extent and with an energy unexampled in the history of the world, we especially need to guard against the worship of money, the inordinate desire for its possession giving to mere wealth the honour that belongs to moral worth. For this end—

Look at the way in which an undue regard to wealth appeared, according to the apostle James, among the first Christians.

The Church is met for worship, or rather perhaps to sit in judgment on a dispute between two contending parties, who according to the directions of the apostles, have referred their difference to the decision of the Church rather than of heathen judges. The court is constituted, the case is called, the clients enter. One is sumptuously attired, good living in his shining face, and wealth upon his back, the gold ring that glitters on his white soft hand bespeaking his condition, he advances with pomp and dignity. But what is this other object that the same door admits?—a moving heap of rags. Hunger in his haggard cheek, sorrow in his sunken eye, his whole mien and bearing betraying a crushed and broken spirit, it is a poor man in vile raiment, with a starving wife and children perhaps at home. The law of God in directing judges how to act in such circumstances, utters no uncertain sound. Its noble words are, "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment, ye shall hear the small as well as the great, ye shall not be afraid of the face of man." That in one place, this in another: "Ye shall do no

unrighteousness in judgment, thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honour the person of the mighty, in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbour." Thus spake God, and in the words put by James, a right minded judge would turn to neither side, but with steady hand hold the balance even—neither allowing pity for the poor man on the one hand nor respect for wealth on the other, to sway his decision, to turn the scales. These noble and divine instructions, which contrast so strikingly with the old practice of Scotland where it used to be said, "Show me the man, and I will tell you the law," and deserve to be written in bright letters of gold on the walls of every court were admirably embodied in the figure which the old Egyptians gave to justice. She was symbolized by a human form without hands—to indicate that judges should accept no bribe, and not without hands only but sightless—to indicate that the judge is to know neither father nor mother, nor wife nor child, not brother nor sister nor love nor sovereign nor friend nor foe, when he occupies the seat of justice. He is not to see the client, but only to hear the cause; and, uninfluenced either by fear or favour, to decide that upon its merits.

But in the assembly of which James gives us a picture the hideous form of Mammon sits enthroned above Christ and the law of God. Indicating their base, and inflating the pride of wealth, neither on the one hand, touching the proud man that his lofty airs go for nothing there and that their eyes are not to be dazzled by the flash of his ring; nor, on the other hand, telling the poor client to hold up his head like a man, and be assured that his vile raiment will not tempt them by an unjust judgment to defile the purity of their ermine, they invite the first to a place of honour, and say to the other, Stand back! stand there! or if you will sit, sit on the floor under my feet!—feet, some one might whisper, that shall trample on you because you happen not to be rich, but poor. Betraying by this conduct an undue regard to wealth, let them be beacons to warn us off a shore where many have made sad and unlooked for shipwreck. Christ was poor, and let us not forget that poverty is the lot of many of the excellent ones of the earth, that if it comes not through our vices, it is the cup our Father has mingled for us, and that many of those on whom wealth looks down in haughty contempt, God has chosen to be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.

Years ago, a trial took place in the highest judicial court of our country, which shook this kingdom to its centre, and drew on it the eyes of the world. A queen was on her trial. On that occasion, a great man, with the passions and power of the Crown arrayed against him, stood up boldly in her defence, and, confronting royalty as a rock confronts the surging sea, flung back the threats with which they attempted to deter him from his duty, saying, with defiant air and attitude, "An advocate is to know no person on earth but his client." But a judge is not even to know the client. He is to know nothing but the cause. It appears, however, that such judges did not preside in the court that incurred the censure of James.—"My brethren," he says, "have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place, and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves?" In these words the apostle charges them with having respect of persons. Nor was it, strictly speaking, respect for persons these first Christians showed, it was something worse, meaner, baser still—it was respect merely for dress, attire, gay clothing, a gold ring. It was not moral worth that procured one of them a distinction which was denied to the other—it was but the wealth of which the raiment and the ring were tokens.

Here then in the very house of God, these Christians bowed the knee to Mammon, and, like the spaniel that licks the hand that beats it, they crouched to the power that smote, persecuted, and oppressed them. How mean that was! To what baseness will the love of money make men stoop? The scene fires the apostle's just indignation. It bursts out in these exclamations.—"Ye have despised the poor! Do not rich men oppress you? Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by which ye are called?" This injustice, viler than the poor man's raiment—this cringing, crouching, creeping baseness, shows how the love of money, the inordinate regard for wealth, demeans men, demoralizes them, and what need we, in this busy, trading, commercial country, have to guard against a passion that has enslaved the sovereign on the throne, corrupted the judge on the bench, seduced the priest at the altar, and which, almost more than any other passion, is so incompatible with piety, that the apostle John says, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

This passion appears among us as the inordinate desire after riches. What a scene of bustle, and hurry, and trouble, and toil we live in! It is not for bread to eat, and raiment to put on—nature's wants are few and simple. It does not accord

with the unambitious prayer of our Divine Teacher, Give us day by day our daily bread As on the turf, where, abreast each other, with foaming bits, and panting sides, and distended nostrils, high mettled horses strive which shall first reach the winning post, so is that race for riches in which we see the law of God, the cross of Christ, the interests of the soul, the wellbeing of the body as well as of the soul, trampled under foot by the eager competitors Were the crown of heaven, all sparkling with the gems of redemption, hung aloft on the goal, and were there but one crown to a crowd of candidates, people could not be more earnest, eager, bent upon their object How they run, and sweat, and toil to the whip and spur of this master-passion'—not seldom meeting the fate of the poor race horse that, distancing his fellows and reaching by wide and rapid strides the goal, drops dead in the moment of triumph How many embitter, and how many shorten their life in pursuit of a wealth they live not to enjoy—leaving people, as they carry the rich man with parade and costly pomp to his grave, to moralize on his folly, and exclaim, Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!

This desire, which is so apt to grow into an uncontrollable passion, has no warrant in Scripture The Scriptures teach us to pray, and pray earnestly, to be saved, good, wise holy kind lovers of God and man but nowhere to be rich—and a man should never try to be what he can not pray to be Indeed, we are taught to pray not for, but against riches And so men pray but how often, like one who rows a boat do they look one way and pull another? It is not uncommon for people to say that ministers should not be rich, and some take good care, as far as they are concerned, that they shall not—muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn When pleading the cause of my poorer brethren, not seeking riches for them, but only a competency, and that those that serve at the altar should live by the altar, the response I met from one who "fared sumptuously every day," was—Oh ministers should not be rich it is not good for them But was Agur's prayer intended only for the lips of ministers? On the contrary, I believe that riches were less dangerous in their hands than in those of most other men Brought more than others in contact with the poor and needy, they would be more likely to make a generous, and hedged round by the sacredness of their office, they would be less likely than many to make a vicious use of their wealth At any rate, other men have as much need as the ministers of religion to pray with Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"

But some say, the tide of fortune flows in on us —the money comes unprayed for, and unsought If so, if it flows in fix you, then let it flow out from you in as full a stream. Be like yonder lake, that, refusing to be encharged with water when thunders are pealing and lightnings are flashing among the dark hills and a thousand foaming torrents leaping down their sides pour a flood into its bosom, even long pours forth a corresponding flood at its east and giving to the earth as it gets from heaven swells the river, that, rising on its banks and rushing from the glen, winds its bright and blessed way onward to the sea

The desire for riches while unscriptural, is, in many instances in the highest degree irrational Hoarding is a strange infirmity I discover divine wisdom in the hoarding habits of some animals, in the honey the bee stores up in waxen cells, and in the wealth of nuts the busk and merry squirrel packs up in the hollow tree Their supply of food is uncertain, and, with more than suffices for present wants God teaches them through their instincts not to waste the bounties of nature, but lay them up for a time of need And though it seems foolish in the dog who has a kind master and gets his regular meals yet it rather misses us than otherwise to see him under the influence of instincts which domestication has dulled rather than destroyed, steal away into the garden, and, cautiously looking round to see that he is unnoticed, scrape up the soil with his paws to bury a bone for future use This burying is the natural habit of the animal—the true instinct of his wild life—of value to the dog But for a man with ample means possessing already more than he can require or use, to hoard up wealth—of these when the poor are naked, for of when the poor are hungry, money when others have not wherewithal to buy a meal, and children, to use the touching words of Scripture are crying for bread and their mothers have none to give them is to say nothing of its inhumanity, a species of madness *Cui bono?* What is gained by it? Nothing Nothing can properly be called a man's own but what he can use There is no profit of it under the sun God has no respect for persons, in his eyes wealth is not worth, and you may know how little God thinks of money by observing on what bad and contemptible characters he often bestows it Forfeiting man's respect as well as his the greedy, grasping, grasping lose the shadow as well as the substance, despised by the great and detested by the humble, they live unloved, and die unmourned Yet to that miserable end the craving for wealth brings us, unless we are kept by the grace of God There is a witchery about money making, as well as gambling, against which those who make it honestly, and use it well, and save only what is wise and prudent, cannot be too much on their guard He who is saving money should look well to the

saving of his soul He is mounted on a steed which has often run away with its rider He is sailing on the rim of a whirlpool which is apt to draw him in, and where, though the water seems smooth as oil, and placid as a lake, he may detect this fatal tendency—ay, and catch the distant roar of its devouring vortex He is working at a machine which, without constant care, will draw in his finger, and after that his hand, and then his arm, till by and by spectators stand aghast to see his body whirled round, a bloody, mangled, hideous mass Make wise and prudent provision for the future, yet let it be your daily and most earnest prayer that God would keep you from forgetting the great future of eternity, or allowing carefulness for this world to grow into carelessness of the next—into that love of money which is the ruin of so many souls, and which the Word of God declares to be the "root of all evil"

How undue regard for wealth may be seen in the conduct of parents The foremost thing with them should be the spiritual and eternal interests of their children—otherwise the authors shall prove the curse of their being Carry them in the arms of prayer to Christ Seek not that they may be great, but good Care not though their names are not in the temple of fame, if they are found in the Book of Life Teach them to strive not so much for the honours of the school or of their profession as for the "honours that come from God only" Train the branches upward guide their aspirations heavenward point them to the skies Let their ambition rise above an easy or prosperous life, to a useful one Teach them to spurn the maxims of the world and live for others—loving and loved What though they have a humble home on earth if they have a mansion above the stars though they are poor in the world's goods if they are rich in faith, though their soul below be rough and flinty, it is conduct them to the cross of Calvary, and by that to the gate of heaven and the bosom of God

Yet alas! how often are children sacrificed to wealth! Crimes that were done at the altars of Moloch are enjoyed at the shrines of Mammon To come down from general thirsts to matter of actual and every day life, see in these and in many other things, the undue regard paid to wealth, and the gross neglect of higher interests

Parents engaging in rich marriages for their daughters Wealth is weighed against worth and in the estimation of many outweighs it The happiness of children is cruelly sacrificed, or never consulted in these wretched money matches The only plain rule which Scripture lay down in regard to marriage is trodden in the dust Not forbidding the banns where there are differences of rank, or fortune, or race, or colour, the apostle says, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" Yet see the court paid to a man who has neither brains in his head, nor generosity in his heart nor piety in his soul, but only money in his purse the money, not the man, the true attraction With hand and heart cruelly divorced, many a poor girl is sacrificed at the marriage altar She wears chains of slavery in the gold she wears! Not less than your dark negress who, rudely handled, stands blushing, or with swimming eyes fixed on her lover, weeps on the auction block, this fair creature is sold for gold, not by a master but by her parents, not by heathens but by Christians, and in a land, too, where the soil boasts such liberty, that the bondsman who touches it is free Forced, perhaps, to part with the true gem of a kind, true, attached, and loving heart for these dead things, the diamonds that, flashing on her attire, blind others' eyes to the desolation within her soul, are the marks of her bondage Compared with parents that sacrifice their children for money, a title, rank, estates, how noble the Hebrew chief! Jephthah sacrificed his daughter, but not for gold He offered her up on the sacred altar of his country Patriotism dictated, and piety demanded the sacrifice, he said, I have opened my mouth unto the Lord and I cannot go back Still, though animated by the purest motives, and sustained by the highest principles, it was in the bitterness of his heart, he stood over the gentle sufferer, meekly bending her head to the stroke to cry, Alas, alas, my daughter! But the bitterness of that hour is not to be compared with the self reproach and wretchedness of him who sacrificing his child for money, has broken her heart, giving her to some ungodly man, has ruined her soul, and is left to cry in unavailing regrets, Alas, alas, my daughter!

The undue regard for wealth appears in the lucrative professions parents sell for their sons How and where, in what profession, business, town, country their children will make most money, and find the surest, shortest road to fortune is the only consideration with many—and the chief one with some whose Christian character might have warranted us to say, "We hope better things of you" In this matter how may we ask of many unquestionably devout and pious parents, What do ye more than others? How rare is it, for instance, to find Christians in affluent circumstances educating a son for the ministry, like Samuel's mother, dedicating a child to the service and house of God! Ever and anon the churches lift up a loud and urgent cry for more volunteers to storm the breaches God's providence is making in the walls of Heathendom, for more missionaries to carry the cross to pagan lands, for more candidates to supply the lack of service at home, and all this, while other professions are overstocked, and Christian parents are sending off their sons by thousands every year to seek wealth beyond the wide seas in unpitiable climes, and on heathen shores Why is this so? It cannot be because the office of the ministry is not respectable In influence and dignity, the pulpit yields to no place under the sun. Others hold their commission from the Sovereign, but the minister of the gospel holds his from the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and fills an office of such dignity as in the eyes even of the world to impart a measure of respectability to its holder, though he may have no claim otherwise to respect But it is not lucrative There is the key to the mystery It is usually a poor office, and pity 'tis 'tis poor! and thus, though Christ was poor, and made himself poor to make us rich, those for whom he gave his blood, refuse him their sons. Let Christians blush to read the story of the rude clansman who, after seeing six stalwart

sons fall defending his chief, called for his seventh and last boy, his Benjamin, to fight, and die with him in the noble but hopeless struggle.

In the profession of the ministry, it is true men may save souls, but in others, they will save money. In this they may win jewels for Christ's crown, but in these they may hope to array wife and daughters in the glittering pride of jewellery. In training a son for this office, they will place him in circumstances the most favourable to virtue and piety, still, though removed far from a father's care, and a mother's prayers, and the means of grace, in secular occupations, in lands where he hears no Sabbath bells, or amid the temptations of great cities where no one cares for his soul he may make a fortune—and so money carries it over the highest and holiest consideration. The youth is launched forth on the world. The helm is in the grasp of a feeble hand. The storm of temptation comes. His father's parting prayer, his mother's last tender look, and the holy recollections of home, still fresh in his mind, he makes an effort to hold on in his virtuous career, but by and by he gives up the unequal struggle, and, with "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," drives on to ruin—becomes a total wreck. What a fate for a parent to weep! What a sorrow for life! As he recalls the image of the boy whom he sacrificed to the love of gold, how will remorse wring from his heart more than the bitterness of David's cry, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

The undue regard to wealth appears in the desire of parents to bequeath riches to their children.

If parents, without any respect to the spiritual, looked only to the temporal interests of their children they would not be so anxious to leave them wealth. Few greater misfortunes could befall a youth than to be left a fortune. How would that event increase his danger, and, filling a father's heart with new fears, cast a dark shadow over the hopes he had begun to cherish of his son! The world presents temptations enough to youth without that. It needs a steady foot and a cool head to stand on the edge of a dizzy cliff, a tender hand than most young men possess to carry a full cup. With few, or almost no exceptions, they have a roaring sea of temptations to swim through, and to how many has their wealth proved a buoy of gold, which a foolish parent's hand has tied round the neck of the unhappy youth? We have watched their course, and seen their heads, after a short struggle, go down beneath the wave, while those who had nothing but their own exertions and God's blessing to depend on, finding in that emptiness a life buoy, have struck out manfully for the land, and stood alive on the shore of a sea thickly strewn with the drowned bodies of others, to thank God that they had had a hard battle to fight, and the yoke to bear in their youth. Look around and see who those are that stand on the heights of their profession, or business! With few exceptions, they are those whom riches did not tempt to be idle, who wrought under the spur of a sharp necessity, whose purses were lighter than their hearts, who, receiving little else from a father but a good education and an honourable name, had no portion of goods to spend "on harlots and riotous living"—hand over hand, by their own manful exertions they have climbed to the positions of honour, influence, or usefulness they fill.

Now look on the other hand to the common—not universal, but common tale of those for whom anxious parents have laid up stores of wealth! In how many instances has it proved their ruin! Well and truly does the Psalmist say, "He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them." It is well he does not. He sleeps, but it might disturb him in his grave to see how recklessly squandered is all that he carefully gathered, that the portions he left to spent with the prodigals folly without being followed by the prodigal's repentance—and that no inscription so describes his life and paints his tombstone, as—Vanity, vanity, and vexation of spirit! He has cursed his children, and cursed them. He sowed the wind, and they reap the whirlwind, and may see in hell the words of one who, mourning the dissensions that a fortune they succeeded to had kindled among her brothers and sisters, the deplorable wrecks which it had made of youths once full of promise, exclaimed, as she wrung her hands—Oh, that wretched money! that wretched money!

Let us not be misunderstood. It is the duty of parents to make a prudent provision for their children, and against the accidents of life. An apostle, speaking of him who provides not for those of his own house, says, that he "is worse than an infidel, and has denied the faith." That man certainly commits a crime against his children who rears them in the habits of affluent circumstances, and leaves them beggars at his death. Such conduct, however common, is inexcusable and cruel in the upper classes. And it is unwise and wrong in the humbler, not to make honey or hay when the sun shines, and stand prepared for days when the right hand has lost its cunning, and the brawny arm its strength, and the back that has stuck erect under the burden of life's daily toil, bends beneath the weight of years. Only let money be kept in its own place. It's place is in your hands, not in your affections. Lodge it in the bank, but not in your heart—keep that for God. Gold is a good servant, but a vile, base, exacting, cruel, despotic master. Be on your guard, if it is not your servant, you must be its slave. Well does the Bible pronounce the love of it to be "the root of all evil." It drew Lot into Sodom, from whose fiery ruin he escaped but by the loss of his wife. Demas was an apostle, and it made him an apostate. It turned Judas into a traitor, and, loading his name with eternal infamy, sunk his soul into eternal perdition. Money cannot be safely made, or safely saved, but by those who through grace receive and use it as a gift from God, who would not give one red drop of a Saviour's blood for all the gold of banks, who mind all other questions of profit and loss, are most impressed and most occupied with this,—What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

CAIN'S BRAND. BY H. A.

CHAPTER III.—"HE LAY DOWN TO SLEEP ON THE MOORLAND SO DREARY

POLLY MUSGRAVE was gone with flying colours. She had been indefatigable in procuring her aunt, uncle, and cousins, parting gifts that would suit their tastes, she had actually talked herself in paying courtesy calls round the neighbourhood, and she had written half a dozen letters, and evinced a considerable amount of successful management in procuring an invitation for two of her cousins to join her during the week or weeks of York's gaieties. She would have had Joanna also, but Joanna would not leave home at the season when her father was liable to his worst rheumatic twinges. Polly had shown herself really good natured under her ease and luxury, and Joanna had been a little penitent and vexed that she did not like Polly any more than in a commonplace way. Whether Polly was right in saying that Joanna was romantic or not, Polly had not a particle of romance in her constitution, dug out yet, but much that was flourishing, fresh, and fragrant, in pure, commonplace, selfish, good natured worldliness, for it is a mistake to suppose that quality (without hypocrisy) has not its attractive guise. Without knowing herself romantic, Joanna was apt to quarrel in her own mind with cleverer girls, accomplished girls, pleasant girls, even good girls, sensible women, business women, nay, religious women, until she feared she must be fault finding, satirical, sour—as her sisters protested at intervals. Joanna, sour? Joanna, so charitable and sympathising. Take comfort, Joanna; the spirit is willing though the flesh is weak.

The Ewes was in its normal condition; the parish was in its normal condition, the excitement of Harry Jardine's return to Wintethorn had

died out; he might shoot, as it was September, or fish still, or farm, or ride, or read as he pleased. He retained his popularity. His father had been a popular man, fully more popular than Mr. Crawfurd of the Ewes Harry was even more approved, for mingling with the world had smoothed down in him the intolerance of temper which beset his father. What did Joanna Crawfurd say to such compromising agreeability? Joanna was disarmed in his case, she contradicted herself, as we all do, or she had the penetration to perceive that many externals went to raise Harry Jardine's price in the eyes of the world, externals which had little to do with the individual man, were mere garments of time and place—youth, a good presence, a fair patrimony, freedom from appropriating ties, strip Harry of these, render him middle aged, time-worn or care worn, reduce him to poverty, marry him, furnish him with a clamorous circle of connexions, load him with children! Is the difference not startling? Would he need to be condemned for the world's favour, then? Joanna trowed not

The Crawfurds met Mr Jardine occasionally, but there was no probability of the acquaintance ripening, since Mr Crawfurd could not call for Harry at Whitethorn, and Harry did not see the necessity of offering his company at the Ewes Mrs Jardine had not visited much since the shock of her widowhood, and she only now began to recur to her long disused visiting list on Harry's account Though a reasonable woman, it is scarcely requisite to say that she did not propose to renew her friendship with the family at the Ewes She had been a very gay, high spirited wife, whom the gentle laird of the Ewes had relished when she went there last, too high spirited, indeed, to lead an altogether tranquil nuptial career, with Harry's headstrong father The blow which rendered her without control did not break her spirit, but it pressed out its buoyance A grave, occupied, resigned woman, no longer a blythe one, very fond and proud of Harry, but grateful, not glad in her fondness and pride, was Mrs Jardine.

The frost had come early, strong, stern frost on those Highlands of the Lowlands, those moors of the south The "lustre deep" at twilight and dawn, the imperial Tyrian dye at noon, the glorious "orange and purple and grey" at sunset and sunrise, which, once known and loved, man never forgets, nor woman either—all would soon be swept away this year, and Joanna regretted it She liked the flower garden and the lawn, particularly when the old thorn, almost as fine as Mr Jardine's thorns at Whitethorn, was in blossom, and she gardened sometimes very industriously, but there Lilias's bridle was on her arched neck, and although she generally wore it meekly, it was true, as Mr. Crawfurd had said, that she could not resist bolting now and then, because the reins were not in a strong, authorized hand. But, after all, the garden was tame to the moor. The moor's seasons were, at best, short—short the golden flush of its June, short the red gleam of its September Not that the Lowland moor has not its dead, frosted grace in its winter winding sheet, and its tender spring charm, when curlews scream over it incessantly; these beauties, however, are reckoned in passing The moor has its seasons, like smoky, whirling, panting London. But Joanna had never seen the autumn so short as this year; and she had heard them tell, that in the Fall, when poor Mr. Jardine was killed, the heather remained bright till November.

Thinking of that date caused Joanna, when she strolled out on the moor one morning, to go near the scene with its melancholy celebrity.

Now it was quite early in the morning, and a hail shower lying all around, like the manna of the Israelites, though the sky was a deep sapphire blue, with the wan ghost of the moon lingering on the horizon, and the atmosphere bitter cold. The breakfast was late at the Ewes from Mr. Crawfurd's delicate health, and because Mrs. Crawfurd had her fancies like Mrs Primrose. She did not care that she should carve for the whole company, indeed, but she was wretched if all the family did not sit down to table together Thus Joanna was frequently abroad before breakfast, and, like most of healthy organization, was rather tempted to court the stinging air as it blew across the heather, when it braced her whole frame, nipped her fingers and toes, but sent blush roses into her cheeks

Joanna was walking along at a great pace, feeling cheerful, although she was in that neighbourhood, and vaunting to herself their moor as infinitely superior to a park, when she was struck by a grey object, which caught her eye, lying beyond some whin bushes—a thing raised above the ground, but stretched still and motionless. Joanna stopped with a strange thrill. No! it was not on that pace of earth, but so must he have lain on that disastrous morning, so far removed from the abundance, and garnered goods, and heartiness of harvest.

Joanna stood a moment, then reproaching herself with cowardice, egotism, inhumanity, she advanced, her heart fluttering wildly Yes, it was a man in tweed coat, trousers, and cap, and stay! was that a gun by his side? Joanna could not go a step further, she closed her eyes to hide the blood which she felt must be oozing and steaming along the ground, or else congealed among the heather, and it was only after she had told herself how far she was from home, and how long it would be ere she could run back for assistance, and reasoned that this might be some poor, human being perishing for lack of aid, and to whom a failure in presence of mind, a little selfish weakness, might be fatal, that she opened them and approached the figure. There was no blood that she could see, the man might not be dead, but stupified or insensible Oh, dear! it was Harry Jardine of Whitethorn, the hail drops among his black curls, the sprigs of the heather dinted into his brown cheek

It darted into Joanna's mind like inspiration how the chance had occurred. She remembered that Susan had said, yesterday, that she had met Mr. Jardine going shooting across the moor in the afternoon, and he had stopped her and asked if she had seen a dog. He had taken out a new dog and lost it, and was vexed at wasting half the morning in the pursuit. She recalled, with a peculiar vividness of perception, that somebody had observed, one day lately, that Mr. Jardine was not so strong as he looked; that he had fever while abroad, just before he came home, and that

his mother was annoyed because he would not take care of himself, and complained that he was constantly over-taxing his unrecovered powers, and subjecting himself to fresh attacks of illness. Joanna remembered with a pang, that she had laughed at the remark, mentally conjuring up Harry Jardine's athletic sunburnt comeliness.

It flashed across Joanna's brain in a moment, while the terror that he was dead there before her threatened to paralyse her, but she freed herself more quickly from this phantom than from the last, and while she did so called out his name and stept to his side, stooping down and even touching him. He was breathing though he was very cold and stiff and she did not rouse him. Oh, Joanna was very thankful! But what should she do next? Life must be very faint, and frozen in the muscular, active young man. He had loitered at his sport till the dusk, he had been bewildered on the moor—strange to him as to a foreigner, he had wandered here and there impatient and weary, but still more angry with himself than alarmed. He had sat down in the intense chill and dim darkness to recover himself no way forewarned, 'simply because he was on Cornockle Moor, so near home,' on a September night. He had sunk down farther and farther until the stealthy foe sprang upon him and held him fast—the sleep from which there is so truly an awakening. For him had been prepared the bed matchless in its pathos and horror—and, compared with his pallet the mightiest king's couch sunk into insignificance, for

> "Winter his sheets and his canopy frames,
> And sounder his sleep where the hill foxes wander."

Joanna dared not leave the faint, vital spark to smoulder down or leap out. The moor was very unfrequented at this hour, at certain periods of the day, portions of it, intersected by meandering tracks, were crossed by men labouring in the adjacent fields or quarry, but till then it was only a stray traveller, or, what was more probable, the circumstance of alarm being excited on Harry's account, or her protracted absence giving rise to surmise and search, that could bring them companions.

As a forlorn hope Joanna raised her voice and cried for assistance, fear and distress choked the sound, and the freezing air caused it to fall on the silence with a ringing quiver. She persevered, however, every now and then varying the appeal, "Papa, Lilias, Sandy, do some of you come to me, I want you here, for God's sake! here."

She took his big hands and chafed them between her own little ones, she lifted his head on her lap, her fingers getting entangled in his curly hair, she prayed for him that he might be restored to them.

How singular it was to be thus situated with any man out of her household! How rarely in this conventional state of society are two slight acquaintances thus closely brought together, the one appealing to the other's profoundest humanity! Joanna secretly recognised this even at that moment.

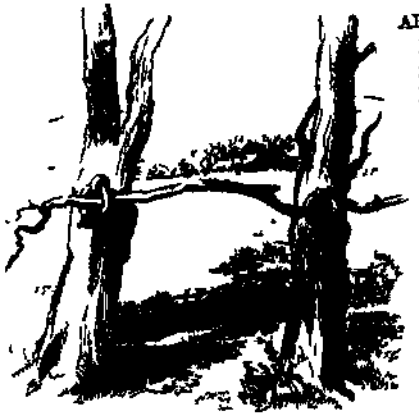
He continued to breathe dully and heavily, his eyes never unclosed, she felt tempted to raise the lashes, as she would lift up and peep under the lids of a child. Ah! but she feared to see the balls sightless and glazing over fast. The marked, lively face was pleached as if it were set in death, and the slight contraction between the brows, which she had remarked the first night she saw him, almost effaced. He was not like Harry Jardine in life, or as if he could ever come to himself again in this world. How dreadful it would be if he died on her knees there, in the solitude of the moor! The son at the daughter's feet, as his father at her father's. How would his mother bear it? Her father would never survive this mournful re-writing of the old letters traced in blood. It should be she rather who should die, and Joanna in her piety, her goodness, her great love for her father, her exquisite kindness for Harry Jardine, her present misery, did ask God if He sought a life in His justice and mercy, for his mother's contentment and her father's peace, to allow hers to pay for Harry's, to substitute her in some way for Harry, and Joanna will remembered that prayer afterwards.

Joanna was beginning to cower and fail herself in her trial. Perhaps she was not of such high, unflinching faith as the Ayrshire covenanter's wife, who watched her husband's shattered corpse, tenderly screened by her plaid, faithfully guarded from raven and hooded crow, on such another moor during the whole long, dark night of woe, perhaps the strengthening funeral leaf is only when the fruit of the wild gourd is shred into the cup, and there is neither beam nor ray of "the hope which keeps alive despair," perhaps the burden was more unendurable when he was not her nearest and dearest, and grief did not blunt her agony of fear and yet he was linked with her in such a sorrowful old association that she could bring herself to offer her life for his. Suddenly Joanna shook herself up, when she was lapsing into a heap nearly as passive as himself, a suggestion darted across her, she detected in the little pocket of her dress a bottle of a strong essence and perfume, which Polly Musgrave had forced upon her the day she left.

Polly was fond of scents, Joanna disliked artificial odours and she had taken up the toilette bottle this morning, intending to transfer it to Susan or Conny, or any one else who might appreciate it. Now, it was a godsend, it might prove an *elixir vitæ*. Joanna was quick and clear in following out a notion. She uncorked her cut, gilded, and despised appendage, and with trembling fingers she poured the hot, stimulating, subtle liquid into her hollow hands, and bathed his forehead. She unloosed his cravat, and sent the warm stream over his throat and chest, rubbing them with her free hand, while she supported his head on the other arm, and inspired with fresh courage and trust she called anew this time a shrill, echoing call, and Harry Jardine shivered and sobbed and stretched himself, and slowly opened his sealed eyes, and looked her first vaguely and then wonderingly in the face, and her father's and Lilias's voices rose from opposite sides of the heath, near and far in reply, after weary waiting. "What is it, Joanna? What has kept you? What has happened? We missed you, we were getting anxious, we are coming, coming!"

&c.

CHAPTER IV.—MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE



HARRY JARDINE always avowed when he was compelled to confess this passage of his creed, that having recovered from that ominous leaden drowsiness after his night on the moor, and finding Joanna Crawfurd tending him as a mother her sick child, her fine, sensible eyes supplicating an answering look from him in a fever of desire, her warm hand moving unhesitatingly about his throat, or laid upon his vest to feel for his languid heart, while his head was leaning back, so near her heart that his ringing ears were almost immediately sensible of its throbbing and panting—he avowed that the image never quitted him again, he could not lose sight of it as if it had never been, she could not resume in his imagination the place of any ordinary woman, he could not forget the circumstance,—there, there was no use asking him, for he could not Of course she acted from mere humanity, or from regret for his father's fate Of course any other woman might have done him the same service—a married woman—a grandmother even, if he did not cherish all friendly feelings to the Crawfurds, if he did not visit them openly and frankly He did visit at the Ewes, but he found the plainest opportunities ready made for him during one fortnight at Hurlton, to come in contact with Joanna Crawfurd She had gone there to look after Conny, suborned by Mrs Maxwell, and laid up with a sore throat, and forlorn and wretched if one of her sisters was not looking after her Conny's sore throat was almost as famous in its effects as Jane Bennet's, and Mrs Maxwell's blundering and deficiency in refinement did nothing to mar other influences, perhaps helped them to "mingle, mingle, mingle as they might," just as the Miss Bingleys' exceeding disagreeableness produced no counter balancing, but rather a strongly cementing agency to act on Bingley and Jane, Darcy and Elizabeth

—a hind or bondager as they are named in the south of Scotland, and none of them required particular gratitude He was quite reasonable, but he absolutely declined to resign the picture which one moment had imprinted on his mind and heart

He was taken to the Ewes for some hours before his mother, who had happily been deceived as to his return on the previous night was even apprised of his narrow escape from sudden, untimely death He received the greatest kindness from the Crawfurds, and his mother herself found it incumbent on her to write a little note to the Ewes thanking the family for their humanity and benevolence towards her son She apologized, under the plea of illness, for not settling her obligation in person—the Crawfurds understanding the whole transaction as a civil equivocation, and being convinced without any settled indignation to resentment, that the obligation would be allowed to fall out of sight before Mrs Jardine accomplished her recovery It is possible, had Mrs Jardine been awakened to her son's danger a little sooner, and before its traces were entirely blotted out, the expressions in the note might have been a few shades less general and cold

Mr. Crawfurd excused her fully He would not have expected Harry to come back to the Ewes, though he rejoiced, from the bottom of his heart, that Joanna had served the young fellow How much his poor father would have delighted in him! Mr Crawfurd rejoiced, although he was too righteous and humble minded to say to himself that God was appeased, or that He had permitted this atonement as a sign in answer to his life's long penance. The laird of the Ewes was too sound a theologian, he knew better—that he had an age ago accepted God's free mercy, and rested his repentance and his hope on a Divine atonement, but he was touched, thankful, glad as anything in the world could afford him gladness, that one of his children—that Joanna should be the instrument of this rescue and delivery.

Harry Jardine represented a different theory, he would be a dolt, a brute, unpardonably vindictive, if he did not cherish all friendly feelings to the Crawfurds, if he did not visit them openly and frankly He did visit at the Ewes, but he found the plainest opportunities ready made for him during one fortnight at Hurlton, to come in contact with Joanna Crawfurd She had gone there to look after Conny, suborned by Mrs Maxwell, and laid up with a sore throat, and forlorn and wretched if one of her sisters was not looking after her Conny's sore throat was almost as famous in its effects as Jane Bennet's, and Mrs Maxwell's blundering and deficiency in refinement did nothing to mar other influences, perhaps helped them to "mingle, mingle, mingle as they might," just as the Miss Bingleys' exceeding disagreeableness produced no counter balancing, but rather a strongly cementing agency to act on Bingley and Jane, Darcy and Elizabeth

All this intercourse could scarcely fail to have one grand climax Joanna, the thoughtful, imaginative, true, tender woman—a fair woman besides, with that one little blot which appealed to him singularly with a harsh, sweet voice, Joanna, a sufficiently rare woman, to stand quite distinct from her sisters and companions in the light of the practical, active, ardent, honest heart with its vein of romance, Joanna became the one mistress in the world for Harry Jardine, coveted and craved by him as the best gift of God, without which the others were comparatively worthless, and for which he could have been willing to sacrifice them one and all

Joanna had not precisely the same experience. But one thing Joanna did try for, from the moment that, with the prescience of a woman where feelings are concerned, she saw the end, she avoided Harry Jardine with all her power. It was Harry's generous determination and daring, his fearlessness, confidence, and steadfastness that overpowered her.

Mr Crawfurd was dreadfully upset by Harry Jardine's application to him, his claim for forbearance, his entreaty for grace, and his candid confession that his mother was violently opposed to his suit It was a case which could neither be com-

sidered nor rejected without remorse Oh, bitterness, which spread like an infection through so many years, and into such different relations, and spoilt even the young man's fairness, good faith, free forgiveness, and the purity and earnestness of his passion, the pearl of his manhood, which, if lost to him was a loss indeed! How Harry implored Mr Crawfurd to spare it to him, to reflect that it was the greatest benefit which he asked at his hands, to pause before he denied it to him solely because he had been the unfortunate means of depriving him of his father!

Harry had agitating scenes with his mother besides, these two had never been placed against each other before, and the contest between them was neither gracious nor good for either heart

"Harry, I am horrified at you, it is a dishonour to your poor father's memory, it is shocking to think of it, and if you have been so lost to duty as to contract so unnatural an entanglement, it is surely the least you owe to both parents to give it up"

"Mother! I cannot see it as you do, my father fully exonerated Mr Crawfurd—you have told me so a hundred times No one, not you, his widow, mourned my father as Mr Crawfurd mourned—nay, mourns him to this day"

"Harry, do you wish to see a bloody guest present at your wedding?"

"Mother, that is a baseless, cruel horror You would not wish me to maintain a hereditary feud on the principle of my forefathers I cannot tell what the Christian religion teaches if it does not enjoin forgiveness of injuries"

"I hope I am a Christian, Harry, and I have tried to forgive my enemies, but it is one thing to make every allowance for them and entertain charitable feelings towards them, and another to ally myself with them, and constitute them my closest friends Harry, the whole neighbourhood would shrink from the idea of what you contemplate"

"If my principles and my heart said Yes not the neighbourhood, but the whole world might cry No, and I would not feel bound to listen to the clamour"

"A young man's improper boast, Harry, and since you force me to it, not the world alone—I tell you nature objects to that girl—that girl of them all, how can you look her in the face and think of love?"

"Would you have me think of hate? Since you make the allusion, I declare to you, mother, that mark appeals to you and me in another fashion Cain's brand! do they call it? And who set the brand, and when, on Cain's brow? Sovereign clemency, after the wanderer's punishment was more than he could bear If the reflection of my father's blood was transmitted to so innocent and noble a proxy, it must have been designed to teach such as you and me New Testament lessons of perfect charity."

"Harry, I have never been able to look that girl in the face"

"Mother, I pray never to forget that face, although it remain like an angel's face to me, because it is the fairest example of the human face divine that I ever hope to behold."

"Harry Jardine, you are mad or worse, these are some of the sickening French and German sentimentalities against which I have been warned There is such a thing as a wholesome sense of repulsion, an honest manly recoil, a pure instinct of loathing, a thousand times to be preferred to this morbid mixture of good and evil, friend and foe, life and death, this defiance of decency and general opinion"

"Very true, mother, but there are a thousand exceptional cases, and a million points of ruthless prejudice 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' sounded very righteous, respectable, and simple in the ears of the Jews, yet I believe the sentence had its condemnation, and the amendment was neither French nor German"

"Harry, you are profane, and you forget what is due to yourself and me"

The last saying was a hard one, his mother could be no judge of his profanity, but he had been a good son, and it had not been without a curb upon him that the strong man had accustomed himself to leave so much of the power and authority of Whitethorn in the wilful woman's hands

In the library at the Ewes Mr Crawfurd was addressing Joanna very gently

"My dear, I am very sorry, it cannot be, of course Mrs Jardine will never consent, but it goes to my heart to grieve you"

"Papa, I cannot help it"

"And to grieve Harry Jardine"

'Papa, that is worse, but do not think that anybody—that he blames you"

"We shall trust, my dear, that he will soon recover the disappointment"

'Of course—it is not a great loss"

"My dear, pray don't smile when it hurts you, for I cannot bear it, it is natural that this should be a heavy cross to you, but setting it aside as unavoidable, is there no respect in which I can lighten it to you? No indulgence which you could fancy that I could procure for you? No old wish of his Joan's that papa could by an effort gratify? Surely I cannot be so miserable, child"

"Oh no, papa! I mean, you can please me in a great many things, you always could, and you always will Women are not like men, their natures are not so concentrated They have so many tastes and whims, you know, I possess them by the score, and I will never cease to relish their fulfilment so long as you and I keep labouring together, papa I am not going to be a hypocrite, papa This strange story has vexed me a good deal, but I was aware from the first of its unsubstantial character I still want money to be charitable on my own account, like Lamb. I've a notion to revive our old green house, I've a longing to see a little of the world with you, sir, in spring or summer, I've never been indifferent to silks and muslins, though I think my chief weakness in dress is the very finest of fine chintz prints ever so dear a yard, papa, which an artist might paint, and more of a Duchess's wear than velvet All these matters are acceptable to me, papa."

"You are sure that you are my pet and darling."

"Yes, papa; you have spoilt me."

Joanna was gone to her own room; there she laid her head on her arm, and asked her heart hab-

terly, "Have I succeeded in deceiving papa? can he believe for a moment that my poor precious treasure in the wide world will make up to me for the want of Harry Jardine that there is anything left me but Heaven instead of Harry Jardine? But then there is papa, dear papa and I used to be papa's What will not women do for their children? I always thought I could attain as much for papa I was proud to prove my love to him, and I will drive out Harry's image for papa's sake though I should die in the struggle"

Harry did not altogether admire this resolution, he was a good fellow, an excellent fellow, and he had the true, muffable devotion to Joanna Crawfurd, but he was not free from jealousy and irritation, as well as sorrow and fear, when he was compelled to part from her for a time, and content himself with swearing fidelity on his own account, and seeing her occasionally as an ordinary acquaintance until their relative positions should be changed, or his truth have failed

The common world rolled on its course, the seasons of course altered, although even they seemed to culminate in dull, continuous, monotonous vanity and vexation of spirit The frost wind had swept "that lustre deep from glen and brae," and the chill watery mosses alone looked green and fresh when the snow melted It was the cold under which Joanna Crawfurd shivered and shrank, at least so she assured every friendly person who remarked that she was thin, and paler than ever Mrs Jardine had looked her in the face, nay, kept nervously glancing at her when she was visible at church, on the loch where the curling match was played, or in the concert room at the county town

Of course the girl would get over it, yet Joanna bore a suspicious likeness to Mrs Jardine's sister, Anne, who did not "get over" such a cross This sister Anne had been a great favourite of Mrs Jardine's, she had been a very superior girl, the support and comfort of her whole family, plain and sensible, the very girl to "get over it And she had fought the battle bravely, never given in, never owned weakness, nursed her mother, crowed to her sister's baby, been busy and useful, and kind and cheering to the last moment, when she went, looking ill and old, to a friend's house, in a neighbourhood where an epidemic broke out, and Anne was one of the first victims cut down at a stroke, like a frail aged woman, or a feeble sickly child Mrs Jardine remembered well her sister Anne's parting look, and now, strive as she would, she could not resist the conviction that it was hovering over Joanna Crawfurd's face Mrs Jardine, like the Laird of the Ewes, could have cried "Pray, do not smile, girl, you do not know how you look, we, the initiated, have not stony enough hearts to stand that" Mrs Jardine was surprised that Harry could be so foolish as to redden and appear displeased at Joanna Crawfurd's gaiety.

Mrs Jardine almost complained against providence that she was condemned to punish her only child. Then she could not help speculating whether, if by some unimaginable arrangement of events, she had been the sufferer, and Harry's father had been spared to him, whether he would have denied Harry his happiness in the name of her memory, and from a sense of righteous anmosity, when he could refuse him nothing in his boyish days, whether, if she could have looked down purified and peaceful from the spirit world, she would have desired the sacrifice, whether she would not have pleaded against it for love and mercy's sake?

The winter was gone, the early spring was at hand, and all around the outskirts of the moor, like an incense to spring and the lord of the spring, rose the smoke of the whin burnings, which were to clear the ground for the sweet young grass, to employ the nibbling teeth of hundreds on hundreds of sheep and lambs Joanna Crawfurd had never so sighed for spring, never sat in such passive inertness (highly provocative to Lilias), receiving and realizing what it brought to her.

But the period of listlessness and inaction, life long to some, was nearly ended for this pair With the last snowdrops of the garden in February, and the first glinting gowans of the lea in March—at that early season, either over kind, or a mere draft long overdrawn from the scowls of December, came the news to the country side of the bankruptcy of one of the first of the chain of banks, whose defalcations have accomplished more in causing property to change hands than the lances of the moss troopers Speak of the security of these commercial days! ay, speak of it, when shares are still at a premium, and interest liberal, and the first of his letters which a country gentleman opens one morning announces that he is ruined The young Laird of Whitethorn held money in the shape of his father's shares in one of those unlucky banks, and so it fell upon him one morning like a clap of thunder that he was responsible for about as much as the acres of Whitethorn would retrieve, besides the trifling morsel to whet his appetite in the loss of his loose thousands Harry Jardine was likely to know himself as 'landless, landless,' as ever a proscribed Macgregor

Harry rose to the encounter "I am sorry for you, mother and I do not pretend that I shall not regret the old moorland acres, but I shall do very well, notwithstanding I'm old to learn a profession, but how many volunteers and retired lieutenants had to study and serve apprenticeships after the long wars! I will stick in, I don't mind it on my own account, and I will be proud to provide for you I say, mother, don't vex yourself, perhaps it is the best thing that can happen to me. I don't think a fellow gets well seasoned unless he is knocked about at some time: better late than never You see I came too early to my kingdom, my poor father's kingdom, and I have had my private trouble, over which I have moaned like a baby over a cut finger. To tell you the truth, I have been coveting change—any change and occupation, an engrossing occupation—for the last few months" He said that to reconcile her to what was an overwhelming blow to her, and his words aroused her with a sharp pang Had Harry become so miserable and sick of his blessings that he was ready to welcome the cold bath of labour and poverty as a relief to his oppressive languor, and a ground of hope for his fainting mind?

But Harry came in to her with a troubled face, on another day,—a mild day—a subtle, penetrat-

ing, relaxing day, under whose balmy breath it is doubly difficult to contend with encircling difficulties, and reject the one clue suddenly vouchsafed to lead us out of the labyrinth

'I must tell you, mother, though, of course, it cannot be in the circumstances—he does not see it—but there is no fatality to bind me to his views Mr Crawfurd of the Ewes sent for me this morning and I went to him immediately, I could not tell what he might have to say to me'

"Without consulting your mother, Harry?"

"Yes, mother answered Harry, with unconscious sternness, "because it might have been my own business, entirely my own affair, with which no mortal, not even you, can be entitled to interfere But it was only to offer and urge upon me a loan of money to enable me to satisfy the bank's claims if they come to the worst, and retain Whitethorn, paying him at my leisure I suppose Mr Crawfurd is rich, I have always heard that he had his two brothers fortunes, but I did not understand that they had been so considerable as this step implies I assure you that it was delicately done my father's ghost may rest in peace I beg your pardon mother I did not mean to pain you I am afraid I do speak querely at times Well, well, it was a kind, considering, neighbourly action, though I refused it decidedly, from the man whose alliance is forbidden to me I had no resource but to respect myself, as I respected him, and it is no great matter that it hurt me to cut up that gentle, inoffensive old man, endeavouring to show his rue for having proved, twenty years ago what my father was to at least an equal degree, and what I have no assurance that I would not have found myself to a far greater extent than either of them—a slave to a false code of honour"

Harry sat down, haggard, disputed, half desperate His mother made no reply All the rest of the day she walked about the house like a restless spirit, half the night she paced up and down her chamber, softly, lest Harry should hear her, and come in again, and begin to caress her for like Joanna Crawfurd's smiles, she could not endure Harry's kisses now

Was Harry quarrelling with his father's memory? It was a ghastly sacrilege to her, yet might he not arrive at cursing in his heart, even while he was grasping the devil within him by the throat? What had it not cost him? First, his young love and the cream of his happiness, and now his paternal acres, and his position among the independent, influential gentlemen of his native county He might not value the last in his present fever and rashness, but he would weigh it more justly hereafter The moorland inheritance was not of great money purchase, but it had descended to its possessors through long generations of forefathers It was hallowed by venerable associations The name and the property together were of some importance in this nook of the south Harry's father had loved to call his boy the heir—the heir of their break of the great Corncockle Moor, the fields and grass parks, the plain, respectable country house, the old thorn walk which bestowed its name on the property, the heavy James VI tombstones and monumental brasses in the parish church and churchyard He had a family affection for his *place*, and, doubtless, Harry entertained it also, lurking in his disposition, undeveloped yet, but to grow and acquire full maturity one day, addressing him at every pensive interval with a vain craving and yearning And, again, in the confusion and distraction of Mrs Jardine's feelings, there was her sister Anne haunting her dreams, and reproaching her with having forgotten her, and lastly, one verse in her well worn Bible was constantly standing out before her aching eyes in letters of fire, shining into her rebellious but scared heart, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice"

It is one thing to have been Christians all our lives drawn along by a current, only broken by comparatively trivial, every day temptations, and contests and sacrifices, concessions remorses, and renewed resolutions, and another thing to wrestle with a decree that all at once confronts and contradicts a master passion, a deeply founded verdict, a strongly rooted opinion, whose overthrow will shake the entire framework of our lives

Mrs Jardine descended the stairs the next morning very pale and exhausted, and, for the first time (though she was a widow by a peculiarly sorrowful vocation), with a certain wistful air about her which Harry had observed in Mr Crawfurd It touched him—a fiery, dogged man—extremely in the one case as in the other His mother, on the announcement of his loss, had insisted on undertaking various domestic examinations with respect to general retrenchment premature at the best and useless at the worst, but as there was no concealment in his circumstances, and he was thankful for that advantage, he had humoured her, under the impression that it diverted her mind, and broke the force of what was a great calamity to her He believed that she had over exerted herself, and he commenced to remonstrate in the imperious, reproachful, affectionate tone, which the mother loves in her manly son

"Yes, Harry, I have undertaken too much, and therefore I have requested the company of two friends, who will be willing to lighten our burden'

'Strangers in the house at this time, mother!" exclaimed Harry, bewildered "Well, if you can bring yourself to suggest it, and wish it, I need have no objection Never mind me, mother Besides, I shall be from home Yes, I do believe it will be a good plan"

"I thought, Harry," said Mrs Jardine, so tremulously that Harry felt quite alarmed for his upright, obdurate mother, "as Mr Crawfurd had been so friendly in his intentions towards you—the only man who has come forward with such a proposal and entreaty—isn't he, Harry?—that two of the Miss Crawfurds might consent to pay us a visit at last I believe they would waive all ceremony, and their father would like it It would show that we were willing, at least, to be reconciled in our evil day, that we appreciated their magnanimity, that we were not mean as well as malicious, Harry"

Harry stared "Mother," he said slowly, colouring violently, "are you prepared for the

consequences of inviting the Miss Crawfurds here, or what do you mean?"

"I have counted the cost, my son Harry, I have written and sent away a note, asking if Miss Joanna and one of her sisters will have so much consideration for an old afflicted woman"

Harry burst away from her that she might not read the glow which was in his eyes and searched through his whole being

Mrs Jardine cried a little, as a woman might say, quietly and comfortably, a strange thing for her, since she was one of those women who shed vehement tears or none at all, then she dried her eyes and folded her hands reverently saying, "I have a strange sense of calm and of Divine favour this morning I am sure I am not mystical, but one jogs along the beaten way, and gets stupified, and doubts whether one can be a Christian or no, there is so little conviction of the fact in what divines, from the Bible, call 'the inner man of the spirit,' but when we conquer our wills, and obey one of His everlasting decrees, then we do feel that we must belong to Him, and we have an assurance of His presence, which is a great enough reward without the gratification of earthly affections Ah! I have had dear old Annie's voice ringing in my ears all the morning, and I have heard George Jardine bidding me take care of Harry, as he always did before he went from home, except that last day when he dared not face me"

The Crawfurds came to Whitethorn Mr Crawfurd sent them at once, he would not listen to a single objection or obstacle, though Lilias and Coney were with Polly Musgrave, and it was inconvenient to spare the others on a moment's warning Susan could not understand it—why they should be bidden to Whitethorn now, when it had been so long debarred to them, but Susan liked company, even company under a cloud, and she had a curiosity to inspect Whitethorn, into which not one of them had put a foot, except papa and mamma, long ago, so odd, when its chimneys were visible from all their windows Joanna made no demur, though, a month before, nothing would have induced her to credit that she would be staying with Susie this March at Whitethorn Mr Crawfurd walked with his daughters to the great gate, and Joanna, looking back, saw him, on his return, switching the thistle heads in the hedge, as she had never witnessed him attempt in her experience, she could almost fancy he was whistling, as Harry Jardine went tramping along before he fell in love with her.

It was a trial for a short time, and a still more severe one, when Harry Jardine was introduced into the Crawfurds' company, but Mrs Jardine was very hospitable and kind, and Harry rapidly recovered or assumed his usual ease and animation, and Susan soon lost all peculiar consciousness, and Joanna fell back on the woman's armour, dinted, but not broken, of her self control. In a few hours they did wonderfully well together Susan was delighted with the novelties of the old fashioned country-house, and Harry was not particularly downcast in his misfortunes, he was almost as amusing as ever, and invented fun for her as if he had never heard the name of bank, and, finally, he did not complain of the arrangement, of which Susan highly approved, that she should be Harry's companion, and Joanna should belong to Mrs Jardine Joanna was so sedate, and, although she was not a business woman like Lilias (how Susan would boast of the ground she had gained when she wrote and amazed Lilias!), she was used to associating with older people, and could suit herself to their ways and be handy to them

Harry smiled blandly on the partition for three whole days At the close of the third day, when Susan and Joanna were brushing their hair together, Susan started the proposal that they should return to the Ewes whenever Mrs Jardine's inventories and settling and sorting of accounts, were brought to an end, "because, Joanna, Harry is getting cross I am sure of it he is not half so agreeable as he was the first night I think he is angry because his mother keeps you to herself, and sends me to talk to him and give him music When I come to think of it, it is a very senseless plan of hers and perhaps she is spiteful though she is so attentive, and I am not frightened at her any longer She is a quick woman but as pleasant as possible but if you please, Joanna, you can be shut up with her, and go out with her till we leave, for I should not care for it very much, and I see no call for it on my part, and I am certain we had better fix on going home again as soon as we can manage it"

"Very well, Susan, only you speak very fast, I can scarcely follow you It strikes me you are wrong on one point I never noticed that Harry Jardine was tired of being your host, or that he minded who sat next him"

"Not tired of me exactly, or careless of my enjoyment because, to be sure, Harry Jardine is courting all of us Nonsense, Joanna, you need not affect to be sage and precise and unconcerned I am not so silly, and it is very conceited of you, and I have no patience with you Of course I was not blind and deaf, and I have not lost my memory Harry Jardine is continually looking after you, whatever his mother persuades herself He never notices what I wear, and he remembered ribbons you wore months since I put on mine, and he looked at it and said, 'That is like one of Joanna's, is it not?' Now, I know very well he never calls any of us by our Christian names to other people, and only you to one or other of us, and he does it pointedly, as if to express, 'I mean to be your brother in law one of these days, and I want to keep you in mind of my intentions, so I take the liberty'"

"Why don't you say, 'Mr Jardine, Joanna does not like a liberty taken with her name?'"

"I daresay! and have him reply, 'Did Joanna tell me so herself' I believe he would be only too glad to have you speak to him on any subject, and I put him into such a fume about your appearance, Jack' Of course I intended no harm, the words came out somehow You remember, last night, his showing me an engraving he had bought. 'Tell me some one that is like,' he said to me. It was the least in the world like you, or like your mode of dressing your hair, but it flattered you, as these chance likenesses always do. Is it a little like Joanna?' I asked, trying him, and I continued,

'our Joanna would be rather a pretty girl if it were not for the blemish;' and there I stopped short, for I recollected that I should not have mentioned it to him. I wish you had seen him, how hot and haughty he was, as if you were not my own sister, and as if I had not more business with you than he had yet 'I wonder how any one who has any regard for Joanna can term that mark a defect, it is very sacred and beautiful, otherwise Joanna is without spot'—and there he caught himself and turned away—he was about to add, 'or wrinkle or any such thing,' and I am afraid it was a quotation from the Bible; but I fancy he felt that he was making a fool of himself, and held his tongue. We ought to speak of going home."

"Susie, dear, don't be unreasonable; you know what a claim this family has upon ours, you know what papa desires."

"I know nothing except that Harry Jardine wants me out of his way, and you in his way. It is very disagreeable to me, and a great responsibility to me. You are an interested party, you cannot be expected to see things as you should."

"Why not? I told you to correct him when he was wrong. But I thought you were great friends; and poor Miss Jardine, Susan, I can be of use to her in her adversity. I can do things for her as I do for"—

"As you do for papa, there is a fine confession."

Joanna ensconced herself in silence. Susan had provocation, but Joanna took great care next day not to support Harry Jardine in his levity and discontent. All the morning she spent with Mrs. Jardine; she pinned herself to her sleeve until, after luncheon, she was taken by the old lady into her own room, with its bright fire and shining dogs, its broad, easy couch, its table, with the handsome ponderous writing desk flanking the handsome heavy dressing-case, each equally out of date, and its look out from the warmly-curtained windows quite across the moor

"What a comfortable room, Mrs. Jardine!" Joanna could not help exclaiming, "I never saw a more fresh inspiriting view to my taste, and such a stretch of sky,—you may sit and foretell all weathers here."

"Yes, my dear, and I have foretold all weathers here. I'll talk to you a little of my nice room, and why I am so sorry to think of leaving it."

"We hope you will not leave it," Joanna ventured timidly.

"Ah! that rests with others now. But I came here a gay girl; I visited at Whitethorn before my marriage, Joanna; I dwelt here a thoughtless, happy young wife; and here I kept Harry, not quite so troublesome as now; and here I lay a heart-stricken widow while they were bringing home the corpse of my husband, who had left me a vigorous, determined man two hours before."

"It must have been dreadful! dreadful!" murmured Joanna, faintly; but lifting up her face to Mrs. Jardine with the earnest confiding eyes, the blanched cheeks, and that seal on her brow—"Oh, how often papa and I have thought of it, and pitied you and ourselves!"

"My dear, it was one of those dispensations of providence which one never forgets to the end of a long life; but I was a sinner, I deserved what I bore; we all deserve the sorest evil that can afflict us; and, thank God, there is mercy mingled with the greatest misery. I do not speak often of it, but I can do so to-day; and I find it is a relief to talk to you of our misfortune, because you can sympathise with me; you were a sufferer in it like myself; it cannot be to many more people alive what it is to us two. I have had that brought home to me, my love. I do not grieve or frighten you, Joanna?"

"No, Mrs. Jardine, I have lamented it all my life. I am very grateful that you should let me say that papa was very sorry, they sound very little words, Mrs. Jardine, but you understand them, and papa will never cease to be sorry in this world, and we have only wanted to comfort you."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Mrs. Jardine absently. "Crawfurd of the Ewes, an accomplished, pleasant fellow—so broken a man!"

They talked a little longer of the tragedy with composed but strong, mutual interest and commiseration; and Mrs. Jardine acknowledged that such pity was not like the world's pity, but was delicate and tender as the ministry of any Barnabas or son of consolation, and when she finished, she kissed Joanna on the forehead, and she said to herself, "Harry was right. If this is the sign of George Jardine's blood, it was placed there to pay her father's debt, and set her apart for us."

"Now, the sun is shining out, Joanna—'a clear shining after rain,'—don't you like the Bible words? I know you do. You must have a walk yet. Why, the violets will be out in another ten days. Hand me my garden bonnet, and we will have a turn in the garden or shrubbery. I saw Harry and your sister take the way there. My dear, you have the look of a sister I was very fond of, and I think Mr. Jardine would have admired you. Yonder they are, Joanna. I should like that you would send Miss Crawfurd to me, and have a stroll with Harry yourself. You will injure your health, child, if you do not attend more to yourself. I should not allow such a thing. And Joanna, if my son questions you as to what I said to you, for he is a curious fellow, tell him I have been reading a text for myself this morning, and for several mornings—'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.' And although I am an old woman, I have got it by heart. And bid him show you the thorn walk."

Joanna did not like to decline a commission of Mrs. Jardine's, but she could no more have asked Harry to walk with her than if he had been a duke. However, Harry was loitering and watching them, and came forward at this moment, and Mrs. Jardine herself appropriated Susan, and transferred Joanna to Harry.

"I am very much obliged to you for your kindness to my mother," said Harry formally—no Joanna this time, no name at all. "I never saw my mother take so much to any one," he continued eagerly; "she is naturally a self-reliant, reserved woman; but she has opened up to you!"

"Yes," answered Joanna softly; "and do you know, she has been talking to me of the past."

Harry started. "What did she say, Joanna? She could not offend you. Pray what did she say to you? What did she imply?"

"She did not offend me—far from that—she was very good, and she gave me a message to you, if you were inquisitive—she had been studying a text, 'I will have mercy, and not sacrifice'"

"Ah! I am very happy to understand it"

"It seems easily understood, and she advised us to walk in the thorn walk Is it near at hand? Shall we have time?"

"We must take time, we cannot disappoint my mother The thorn walk is a favourite with her all the year round, although it is only in its beauty in the month of May Shall I explain to you why she has selected it to day?"

"Yes, if you please"

"My father lived here, when he was a young man, with his uncle the laird They had no near female relative It was a dull house, as dull an establishment as my mother and I maintain to gether"

"Much duller, I should think"

"No, for before a certain time he was not sen sible of its deficiency, he had no definite wishes or hopes for an increase to their circle, a re modelling of their housekeeping My mother was distantly related to him, she came on a visit to my grand uncle with an elderly lady, who was also a con nexion, she was a lively young girl then My father often told her afterwards to what an incal culable degree her presence brightened the old house and the two forlorn gentlemen, it would have been utter darkness if she had left them again to their old hazy sunlessness, so my father took the desperate step of leading her to the thorn walk It was the month of May then, and it was covered with blossoms, sending a white shower on their bent heads from a whole line of trysting trees, but, when I think of it, March, which is lightly esteemed, is preferable to May, for March has all the promise of the year in prospect, and see, it has cloth of gold and silver to step upon, in the shape of the bright, commonplace, unjustly overlooked, crocuses'

"You have been reading the seedsman's tallies, Mr Jardine"

'Never mind, you agree with me?'"

"The world and the poets choose May And you begin to be eccentric, and choose March"

"My father conducted my mother here, she has told me the circumstances a hundred times, though she is a quiet woman, and she wore such a cloth gown as you do to day"

"Mr Jardine, you are talking nonsense, this is a new stuff, I assure you it has not been half a dozen months out of the looms, and do you suppose, sir, that I shall wear this dress in the month of May?"

"That comes of confiding those details to men I always thought it was a gown like this one, and he asked her to abide at Whitethorn, and crown his lairdship and gladden and sweeten his future future career, and he succeeded at last in win ning her consent And this is the thorn walk, Joanna, and I am free to re enact the old passage in two lives, and plead with you not to desert Whitethorn if we are to retain it. I am poorer by a few thousands since I first made the same prayer to you; but your father puts no weight on the difference, or, in his rare generosity, lets it tell in my favour; and I don't think we need break our hearts about our little loss, if we look to our great gain. Here I beg you, as the humblest and most sincere of your petitioners, to put your life into my life, and cause the united life to bud and blossom into the May of the heart, the May of human history"

"And November and December would come to that year likewise"

"Yes, they will, but they will tread hard upon the real new year, the veritable new year, that will

'Ring out the false, ring in the true'

of this hoary world Will you travel to it with me, Joanna? Shall we strive and pray, and help each other to reach it together? Shall we begin it even here? Your father will bestow you solemnly and gladly, my mother will accept you with a blessing"

Joanna said "Yes, God bless us, Harry," reverently, and, reverently, God blessed them

Harry was energetic, and Joanna was prudent, and old Mrs Jardine was proud of the spirit with which they saved the swamped estate of White thorn even from Mr Crawfurd's bond, and having helped themselves, they helped others, then and ever afterwards.

Polly Musgrave applied to them in time Polly had written on Joanna Crawfurd's marriage a jeering, jibing letter "So you have gone and done as I prophesied, after all your wrath on the moor, and promiseness at Hurlton But, first, you were as silly as possible, and wanted to revive the Middle Ages, which was quite in Don Quixote's tone, you to pine and die, and he to shoot him self (as violent deaths are hereditary), or addict himself to loose living and destruction. Then when he loses his money, and in common sense you may both think better of it, shake hands and go your several ways, you make all up, post haste, and come together with a flourish of trumpets, and poverty will come in at the door, and love fly out at the window Fie! I am ashamed of you, after all!"

But Polly wrote in a contrary strain a year or two later —"DEAR COUSIN JOANNA,—I am not so healthy and heartless as I used to be, and I have been teased with a desire to come to White thorn, and perhaps profit by your carriage in this world, as I never dreamt of once upon a time. But I will say this for myself, I only wrote and crowed over you when you were quite able to afford it I was very glad of your happiness, child (as our grandmother wrote, and one of our grandmothers was the same person, think of that, Harry Jar dine)' Is Harry Jardine as promising as he used to be before you took him in hand, or is the pro mise fulfilled in an upright, generous, gladsome (and because of that last word you would insist on adding godly) man? He was a man of whom to make a spoon or spoil a horn, and you were the woman to perform the delectable feat."

Polly had found her heart not a very lofty one, not a very sensitive one—but an honest and kind heart in the main, which was permitted to extri cate itself from the slough of luxury and self-indulgence, and beat warmly and faithfully throughout the rest of its course.

THE OWL'S CITY.

By the Owl's City we mean Athens, not reflecting at all on the scanty intellect of that rather owlish king, Otho. The owl was the emblem of Minerva, and was stamped on the old Greek coins, where it may still be seen looming through a green rust of bronze, in the cabinets of the curious. It was to Athens what the eagle has been to France, and the lion to England; for the bird that with us is the emblem of stupidity, passed with the ancient Greeks for the very type of all wisdom. The said bird, still, however, I can testify, haunts Athens; for I heard its boding hoot in the garden of my hotel, in Æolus Street, many a black night, and I put up coveys of owls when the moonlight was plating with its liquid silver the great fluted Parthenon columns on the Acropolis rock terrace.

I had not well sat down seriously to my breakfast at the Hôtel de l'Europe before the waiter thrust a little horn tray under my nose, with a coarsely-cut cornelian, the bronze finger of a Cupid, and a sham gold coin of Alexander that a dragoman who squinted treacherously at the door, was ready to swow had been dug at up Thebes. The god-like eye, the Apollo chin, the old Homeric helmet were there, but "Brummagem" was stamped all over it, and I who had long wished that the dead languages might soon be safely buried with the obscene mythology, and worn-out poetry of Greece, felt a shudder at the first approach of the sham classic in a city of such splendid memories. So I asked how far it was to Corinth, just as a diversion, and the Arcades Ambo, finding nothing more profitable than questions were to be got out of me, vanished into thin air, and left me in peace with my stony olives, my bad coffee, and my golden brown honey of Hymettus, falsely so called; for the honey of Hymettus is now so dear that no prudent landlord ever allows a traveller to touch it.

Perhaps of all the delights of travelling, there is none greater than the calmness and freshness that one feels after a long sea-journey, on arriving early in the morning at port, and after dressing, coming down to a breakfast that you devour with the calm, polite ferocity of a gentlemanly lion. How clear the mind is, how it sorts the threads of its tangled plans, how it forgets the baffling, foggy past, and strikes out, like a strong swimmer, straight and fair, and with good heart into the undiscovered future! What nectar sweetens the coffee!—surely the fruit was picked in Eden; how golden seems the unvisited city of so many dreams, when one's own standard at last floats proudly on its citadel! All this I realised as I sipped my coffee in an Athenian hotel, talking with General Epaminondas across the table about the Bœotian dulness and unimprovability of the fatuous German king.

I had seen that rocky Ithaca, that wandering Ulysses loved so much, making me wonder that he did not stop at home more to prove his love; Leucosa, a mere blue mound across the water, with a little grey cloud over it, as if Vulcan was still on his nine days' fall from heaven; and then the Crete of Minos, who afterwards became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in another place. I had, when the moon was full, steered round Sunium and its pillared heights, and then, after many days of high sea, low sea, and no sea, gone to bed to dream of the Olympic games run by Hansom cabs, awaking to find the vessel in still water off the Piræus, and the touts just boarding us close to where the apostle Paul once landed. The touters were all, I remember, in great frilled-out white kilts; they wore fez caps and flannel-looking jackets; and all had waists like wasps—the wasps of Aristophanes, I may say.

Our touter, undaunted by rebuffs, bowed us into an open fly, driven by a brigand in a kilt, passed my things through the custom-house quickly, having first oiled the douaniers' hands, spoke what sounded like one of my old school Greek exercises, or the first page of Xenophon's Anabasis, and drove us off at a rapid rate to Athens, along the dusty road that follows the course of the old Long Wall, whose ancient stones are here and there still visible.

We were in a cloud-compelling chariot, actually scouring the plain of Attica, with olive-groves on either hand, and the Ilissus, now, in summer, a mere dusty ditch before us. Happy creatures, we are realising the dreams of our Delectus days! We stop a moment to water the horses at a dirty road-side wine shop, where faded boughs—the bush that good wine does not need—rustle over the door. A rival cloud of dust meets us. It is the Greek king and queen, in their barouche, with fussy outriders, going off for a yacht excursion to Megara, this being positively the happy day that gave Otho to a grateful world. Rex is a lean, vacant, short-sighted man, in the national dress; the queen, a stout, Amazonian woman, who likes to rule. Mehercule! Another cloud of dust, and they are gone towards the Piræus, where an angry cloud, ominous for yachting, hangs. Would to Zeus it was further than Megara, that that besotted king was *going*! It would be all the better for Greece, who has long ago had enough of Bavaria, whose new broom has ceased to sweep well.

The olive-groves of Academe sound well in Milton, and it is pretty to quote Plato about the plane-trees, the cicalas, the wrestling youths, the playful metaphysics, and the knock-down "elenchus" of Socrates; but olive-groves are dull, dreary places in reality, and poor stuff compared to our oak coverts, which in summer are tangles of flowers and sweets, and all a green mystery of leaves.

But the olive, with the dry, hard leaves and split trunks, with a horse's skull, white and staring, hung up here and there among the branches, I must leave for the present—ungracious tree of the dry blood and the silvery tremble of leaves—for now I see the loadstar of my travels, the rock of the Acropolis—the Castle Hill, the fossil heart of old Athens—and there is the Parthenon rising like a diadem upon its brow. From here it seems fresh as from the mason's hand, yet I know Time

and Lord Elgin have bit some terrible mouthfuls out of it, though it be a meal that hath lasted the great appetite of that former destroyer a pretty long time Now we are in the suburban streets, we pass the staring palace, and the ground where the theatre is to be (in Athens everything is to be), and I am at last at the hotel where I was when my scene opened As for the city of Solon and Pericles, it is now almost confined to the Acropolis and the temples of Jupiter and Theseus, for the modern city is like a little German market town, and has a trim, rectilinear, raw military air about it. If it were Jonesville, in the United States, or the newest mushroom of civilisation, it could not look more brau new and immature There are suburban roads that look just new rolled, bordered by limp acacia trees that seem just planted.

These are the new paths of a new people; they are the growth of the Bavarian Minos, they should bisect all Greece, but they stop a few miles out of Athens, and scarcely reach to Colonus, the Colonus of Œdipus Greeks cannot make roads, and a French engineer is engaged to carry out these great public works, which, in Greece, are considered wonders of the world But then, remember this is a country where a Macadam might do more good than Theseus ever did, or, as far as trade goes, Aristides.

Now, if I turn into one of those ancient looking wine shops at the foot of the Acropolis, what sort of people do I see when I look on the modern sons of Hellas? I see a race whose waists are like the waists of the aforenamed wasps of Aristophanes, so small that I could span them in my hand This is one of the fopperies universal among the modern Athenians I never saw a woman's waist in England smaller than those of these degenerated people Here comes up to me a Palikar, one of the chieftains of the old Turkish war, who, being all pensioned, has a swaggering, idle life He is an old lion, with grisly moustache, and looks as if he ate a Turk every morning for breakfast, yet, I declare, I could cut his waist in two with a blow of my riding-whip, while his chest is wide as a prize fighter's, and his stride is sturdy as a Pawnee "brave's" I had got accustomed to the Levant Greek fop, with his knee-breeches large—as a pillow-case, do I say?—nay, as a whole summer quilt, sewn up into bags, that drop down to the ankle, and sway about as the Greek walks in the absurdest manner possible, especially when the monster calico bag is pendulant over a neat, dandy foot cased in a tight white stocking, and in a dancing shoe of extreme daintiness Shall I forget the waxed moustache, the greased hair, the exaggerated red bag of a fez, the trim jacket and sash, stuff with embroidery, and the girdle bristling with offensive weapons—as Bob Acres says, "Your plaguy, double barrelled sword, and your tarnation cut and-thrust pistol"—can I ever forget the greasy complexions of those exceeding rascals, the Levantines, their effeminate swagger, the cock-a-doodle way they whisked about their white handkerchiefs, stuck their arms in their sides, or walked about in their everlasting festivals like great lubberly school-boys, with their arms round each other's necks? Plenty of these old friends of mine are to be seen in Athens, fresh from Candia or Cephalonia, from Smyrna or Syria, from Asia Minor or from the Black Sea ports. They are the vermin of commerce, and are to be found eastward wherever men buy and sell, wherever cheating is to be transacted The most irrational, senseless, illiterate, impudent, odious creatures are the Eastern Greeks, who, to the mean timidity and rapacity of a bad Jew, add a mercurial slipperiness and scurvinoss peculiar to their own race, they are to be found at Pera, enough of them; but Athens, as a seaport, boasts some specimens now and then that even Pera could scarcely match with all its shifty villany

I early discovered that the modern Greek dress, with its flatulent exaggeration, was no bad type of the national character Its breeches, ten times the reasonable size, represent a brag, which is ten times that of the boasting of any other nation, the fez, a red jelly bag, six times as large as the Turkish, represents the assumption and six times as much cunning as any other people; the jacket, covered with three times too much lace, typifies the senseless extravagance of the poorest nation in Christendom; while the spider waist, so useless, so unhealthy, so effeminate, and so unpleasant to the eye, exemplifies a conceit as unbounded as it is ill founded. In the East, the Greek is the sneaking slave, who bears the blow if he may be allowed to rob you. Here, in Athens—Athens of the violet crown and the golden grasshoppers, of Minerva and the Bavarian owl—the swagger is the swagger of slaves newly manumitted, and over acting their freedom. On the mountains, where the ever armed man was never a slave, but when the Turkish sword point was at his eyes, the men walk like freemen, but they do not swagger—a really brave man never swaggers; a gentleman never swaggers, it is only your copper captains, your fussy, small authorities and oracles, that swagger

The Palikars, a fine act of old warriors, with their crimson and gold jackets, their scarlet and black greaves, their bushy white kilts or fustanellas, and their red tufted Turkish shoes, tend much to enliven Athens, though, generally speaking, Otho has treated these brave old liberators with much the same gratitude that Charles the Second did the drunken, faithful cavaliers. Ulysses, and Ajax, and old Achilles you may see any day in the week, sunning themselves in Hermes Street, or smoking their cigars round the Temple of the Winds.

Besides the Levantine, with the ungracious and pendulous calico slops, the Athenian dandy with the wasp waist, the old Palikar, you often see wandering about the Temple of Theseus, or driving his ox wagon round the gigantic pillars of the Temple of Jupiter, rude mountaineers, Etolian or Spartan, with shaggy capotes of goats' hair, and with guns over their shoulder. One step from Athens, remember, and you are in a savage country of wolves, and possible Klephts, dangerous dogs, no inns, and scarcely any food; a desert country, without roads, and almost without inhabitants.

Now, wherever I go, whether into a cook-shop, or a wine shop, or a chick pea-shop, I find everywhere the same opinion of Otho, the king of the Owls' City. We all remember the herb woman who rebuked Demosthenes for a solecism in gram-

mar, so refined and quick witted were the people Just so now, there is not a street boy who holds your horse but has a laugh, and a good one, at the lean witted, dull Bavarian, the King Log, that the Greek frogs chose or had chosen to rule over them. Not a shop boy or horse boy but has his jest at the heavy German, with the strong minded Amazonian wife, who rides miles before breakfast to bathe in the sea, who forces consumptive ladies to court balls, who gallops about the country, and puts court beauties of whom she is jealous on dangerous steeds, who rules the roost, in fact, and governs the man who rules, or ought to rule, Greece Otho is a ghastly sight in his Greek dress on horseback He is still more painful and lean in conversation, for a short sighted scarecrow of a man, who has but two questions, as I am told, for all travellers, "Have you seen the Parthenon?" and "Have you been in the Acropolis?"—is not lively company, nor is a court, where they dance endless cotillons, and imitate, in a second hand way, the third rate German courts of Sauerkrautenheim and Potztausendcanaz, the pleasantest in the world, as even I, who know no courts but the courts out of the Strand, where the printing offices are, am prepared to say authoritatively

But, in all strictures against the "violet crowned," we must in justice remember that Athens is essentially a new city, almost rebuilt from its ashes within the last fifty years, and already showing good signs of life in its young avenues, its new suburban looking roads, its plot of ground that is to be a theatre when job and intrigue (the prime ministers of Greece) will let it, the streets that are to be laid out, and the university that is some day to have a new wing built on to it That old burnt rock, the Acropolis, the kernel of this misruled Athens, has seen a dozen such cities—Republican, Lower Empire, Venetian, Turkish—bud and rot round it

Do you want to realize how thoroughly modern this modern Athens is? I will realize it to you Look down Hermes Street, where I am painting, and tell me what you see'

I see a thin, old, military looking gentleman, in red fez, tight surtout, white trousers, something like a lean Duke of Wellington, only his face is milder and less cold, he is riding in a tough, careless way, on an old brown charger, followed by a Greek servant in the national dress, also mounted

That is old General Church, who knew Byron, and was companion in arms of Lord Cochrane, years ago, when the Turks were in Greece. He is still the idol of the Pallikars, who, some say, would rather, if he were not so old, now have him as king than poor owlish Otho of Bavaria. A letter from him franks you to soldiers' houses all over Greece, no Klepht even would touch a friend of that brave old Irish swordsman, Church, who knows everybody, and whom everybody knows. He is off now to bathe before breakfast, miles away, and will trot back like a young trooper, fresh and vigorous, and hours hence, at hot noon, perhaps, if I were to be going to Pentelicus, to the ambassador's, I should see the old general, ten to one, trotting along across the olive groves, fresh as if he had just awoke.

The first sensation of a week or so in Athens is that of being blinded by an invisible mischief, that turns out on reflection to be the flickering glare from the white limestone dust of the roads It is this ceaseless luminous glimmer, at once dazzling, painful, and unceasing—for the sun seems to make no difference to it—that makes Athens so tiring and disagreeable to the stranger, who requires blue spectacles as much as any treader of perpetual snow Sunshine on ice can scarcely be more blinding and intolerable No wonder, if it was a nuisance of long standing, that Socrates repaired to the cool plane tree by the Ilissus to propound his antisophisms

How refreshing, after this atmosphere of white fire that you bask in all day, is the rich moonshine, that with deep silver light floods frieze, pillar, and altar, as at night you scare the owls out of their lurking places up there in the shot splintered Parthenon! Is it wonder I used to rejoice in it, and feel as if I were up in deserted Olympus, having left the oven earth far below? I remembered how to the old Greeks the world was as a vast house with two floors—gods above, and men below I was now above all, alone in deserted Olympus, sole survivor of a moonshine deluge

It is easy for cynics to point to Athens and its neighbourhood, and ask where the old riches of the Attic plains are gone to, and where the verdure and forests of the Attic mountains? The plain is now a bed of dust, lined with olive trees, the mountains are piles of rugged stone, unwatered by a single rivulet The cause is obvious the want of water With water, this plain would turn into an Eden It is a touch of Neptune's trident we want now, not the spear of Minerva, that long ago brought up the olive tree of the Erechtheum Plant trees on the mountains and they would collect moisture, and afford shadow for the verdure that would soon spring up, the verdure would collect rills, rills would grow into brooks, and be fed by the springs that now are burnt up remorselessly by the tyrant sun, these again would feed the trees that the verdure would nourish, and the rills uniting would then pour down into the plain to swell, all the summer through, the now dusty gutters of the Ilissus and Cephisus

By a recent Greek law, the shepherds are forbidden, under heavy fines and imprisonment, to cut down trees on the mountains, or to light fires in their hollow trunks The result is already visible near the mountain fort that crowns the passes of Phyle Young pines, green plumed and vigorous, aromatic and shady, already cover the hill sides, which remain, all the summer through, fresh with eternal spring, while the plain below is arid, and as dusty as Numidia itself.

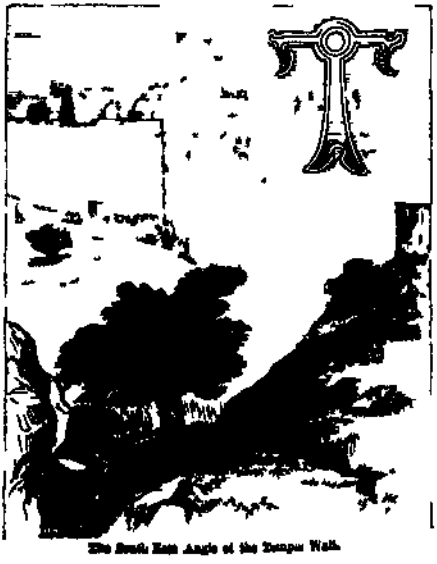
At present the soil of Greece is all either jungle or desert The plain of Thebes, for instance, is one vast sea of gold in the early harvest month, a few weeks after and it is a mere burnt up tract, with cracks in the soil as large as those of a small earthquake, and into which the mud coloured lizards tumble head foremost, like embryo harlequins. A week or two later the mud is up to one's ankles, and the traveller's horse wades through it painfully.

WALTER THORNBURY

SCENES FROM THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF OUR LORD

THE WILDERNESS AND THE TEMPTATION

The Wilderness from the Valley of the Jordan at the Dead Sea



The South East Angle of the Temple Wall

HIS Life of Jesus, from His birth till His baptism, may be regarded as mainly preparatory The great work of atonement, for the accomplishment of which He came into the world, was still before Him Upon it He now actively and publicly enters Baptism was the initiatory rite, the gift of the Holy Spirit was the necessary qualification, and the voice from heaven, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased,' was the Divine sanction and warrant From this moment His ministry and mediatorial work in the active and official sense, begin The priests under the law entered upon their sacred office at the age of thirty, so did Jesus our High Priest They were consecrated by being anointed with oil (Lev viii 12), Jesus was consecrated by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit The Spirit came in the form of a dove—blessed emblem of the peace and the mercy the Saviour was about to proclaim to a troubled and sinful world The heavenly dove abode where it came (John i 32), and may we not truly say that its benign influence was manifested in every word and act of Jesus' The same Spirit is bestowed upon the Christian to enlighten, to sustain, and to animate him, the Christian's life, therefore, must be, like his Master's, a life of love

In order fully to understand the various incidents in the life of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels, it is absolutely necessary fully to admit and constantly to bear in mind two great facts, namely, *first*, that Christ was truly God, and, *second*, that He was truly Man. Should both or either of these facts be denied, the gospel narratives must appear to be a series of absurdities and of contradictions. It will be impossible to reconcile them, it will be equally impossible to comprehend them, and any attempt at interpretation under such hypothesis must, of course, be a miserable failure. We might as well try to understand or expound Euclid, and yet set out by absolutely denying that any two sides of a triangle are greater than the third, or that its angles are equal to two right angles. In the Gospels these two truths are clearly and repeatedly enunciated. They are stated as plainly as language can make them. They form the groundwork, besides, of the whole narrative of Jesus' life, and of the glorious system of doctrine developed therein. They constituted an essential prerequisite to the undertaking of the plan of man's salvation, and they were no less essential to its completion. In the early history of Jesus both these truths are set forth. His Godhead is demonstrated in the fact of the miraculous conception, while the angelic hosts which the shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem, the magi who were divinely guided from the distant east to worship the infant Saviour, and the aged Simeon who was divinely inspired to celebrate His praises in the temple, all unite in bearing explicit testimony to the same glorious truth. His perfect manhood, on the other hand, is demonstrated by the fact of His birth, by His growth in body and in mind, in stature and in wisdom, by His submission to His parents during boyhood and early manhood, and by His free and frequent intercourse with the world. The Jews could say, pointing indignantly to Him, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Judah and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us?" Believing the Gospels to be true records I could as soon doubt the fact of my own existence as these facts. If they be false, then must the Gospels be fables. Admit these truths, and the whole account of the Saviour's wondrous acts and wondrous sufferings becomes plain and intelligible. Deny both or either of them, and interpretation becomes an impossibility. It is a false theology received not from the Bible, but in spite of it, that, in the present day, constitutes the main groundwork of a false interpretation.

In the narrative of the baptism, the same two great truths are not only fully exhibited, but they form the basis of the record. We *see* the perfect Man leaving His home at Nazareth, travelling down to the Jordan, addressing John, and asking to have the ordinance administered. We *hear* the testimony of the eternal Father expressly borne in an audible voice from heaven to His essential Godhead. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17).

So again in the temptation—Christ's first official act—the very same truths are set forth. Humanity is the subject of the temptation, humanity, liable to be affected by appetite, by desire, and by ambition. Divinity strengthens human weakness, and completely overcomes temptation's power. Human nature, in which man was at first tempted by Satan, in which he sinned and fell, is now again subjected to a new ordeal, that it may redeem its original character, and establish its original purity. Divinity in humanity now reconciles that humanity again to an estranged God, subdues its old and deadly enemies, strengthens all its natural weakness, perfectly fulfils a perfect law, and works out a righteousness which makes it fit for and deserving of a place in heaven. Such was the work undertaken and executed by the Incarnate God.

It is worthy of particular attention, in these days of false and pernicious idealism, how every incident in gospel history is localized. It is also worthy of attention, how every scene appears to be more or less adapted to the character of the event enacted and seems more or less to influence its details. In fact, the gospel narrative is not only interwoven with the whole contemporaneous history, but also with the geography and the topography of Palestine. This gives a definiteness and circumstantiality to the various scenes of Christ's life, such as we find nowhere equalled in ancient biography, and nowhere attempted in fiction.

Immediately after the baptism, Jesus was "*led up* of the Spirit *into the wilderness* to be tempted of the Devil" (Matt. iv. 1). The language is simple, but it is graphic. The writer was evidently familiar with the scene. No man who stands on the banks of the Jordan at Jericho could doubt for a moment where that wilderness is. He has only to lift up his eyes and look westward and it is before him. A bare, white plain, with two or three narrow stripes of verdure running across it marking the course of winter torrents, extends about six miles from the west bank of the river. On its farther side rises up a ridge of white limestone cliffs, extending north and south far as the eye can see and supporting a chain of jagged, rocky hills behind, equally white and bare. The shadow along the side of a deep ravine here and there, or that of a fleecy cloud occasionally passing over the clear blue sky, forms the only relief to the uniform and painful whiteness. A more dreary desolate, and forbidding landscape the world could not furnish. Such is the aspect of the 'wilderness' where David found a refuge from Saul, where he watched his father's sheep, and where he successfully battled with the lion and the bear. Up to this wilderness David's greater Son was led of the Spirit to be tempted of the Devil. In it He spent forty days and forty nights "with the wild beasts" (Mark i. 19), and there the chance traveller or pilgrim, who now spends a night in one or other of its defiles, as the writer has done more than once, will not fail to hear, in startling proximity to his tent or bivouac, the wild howl of the wolf, and the mournful whine of the jackal.

Jesus was here alone. In order to realise to some extent the nature of His position and His sufferings, we must bear in mind the fact of His humanity. He was affected by external circumstances as other men are. The beauties of nature had their charms for Him, and the wilderness, and desolation, and solitude of the desert had their

horrors for Him too. During forty days and forty nights He was alone, scorched by the sun's fierce rays, chilled by the cutting night winds; no food to sustain His failing strength, no water to moisten His fevered lips or bathe His burning brow, the lordly eagle and hideous vulture sweeping in circle overhead the live long day, and the eyes of beasts of prey flashing from every rock and cliff around during the bright starlight night. Once in a Syrian desert, I learned, from a somewhat painful experience, the full meaning of Mark's statement, "And Jesus was with the wild beasts." When travelling on the east of the Jordan with two companions, we were wantonly assailed and severely wounded by a large band of fanatical Mohammedans, in the ancient city of Edrei. At night, with great difficulty, we effected our escape. After riding for some three hours, however, we lost our way, and soon got hopelessly entangled amid the rocks of Trachonitis Finding ourselves in a labyrinth of yawning ravines, and black cliffs, and huge shivered fragments of rock, we were forced to dismount and await the morning light. Not a track could be discovered, and our poor horses, as they tried to balance themselves on the smooth, pointed rocks, trembled in every limb. A cold and piercing wind swept through the defile, increasing greatly the pain of our wounds To avoid the keen blast, and to get some rest, we crept together under a projecting cliff. Very soon, however, we were roused to the consciousness that man was not our only enemy in this wild region Strange cries and howls were at first heard in the distance. They came nearer and nearer We could at length distinguish but too well the wail of jackals, and the sharp ringing bark of wolves, and then the deep growl of the hyena. Our horses became restive We hastened up, and placed ourselves in a circle round them, so as to defend both them and ourselves. Never shall I forget the horrors of that night In the starlight we could distinctly see numerous dark forms perched upon the tops of the precipices, and crawling from rock to rock, and we could see multitudes of fiery eyes peering at us out of the gloom, and all the while our ears were deafened by the increasing and discordant howl of this savage assembly. Never till that night did I know what it was to be "with the wild beasts" in "the wilderness"

Jesus was in the wilderness alone, separated from His earthly brethren and from His heavenly Father. The *tempter*, too, was there, awaiting his opportunity. With what terrible malignity did he track the footsteps of Him whom he recognised as man's promised deliverer! With what fiendish delight did he watch the gradual wasting of His bodily strength! With what caution and skill did he lay his plans for His overthrow! The first Adam he had tempted and enslaved in Paradise, and now he was about to try the second in the wilderness. The first Adam had all nature's best and choicest products ready at his hand. Around him hung, in lavish profusion, the blushing fruits of Paradise, bending down to their own images in the bosom of its rivers. The second Adam was in the parched, solitary desert—hungry and thirsty, weary and careworn. The former was placed under the most favourable circumstances for resisting temptation; the latter, under the most unfavourable. Infinite wisdom so directed it The glorious fact was then demonstrated that no power in earth or hell could ever vanquish the believers' great representative, or ever endanger his salvation What a view does this afford us, too, of the depth, the devotedness, and the constancy of Jesus' love! Love brought Him from the throne of His glory in heaven; love humbled Him to the form of a servant on earth, and love here exposed Him to bodily suffering and mental anguish such as unaided humanity could not for a single moment have sustained With mingled feelings of gratitude and triumph the believer may exclaim, "Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?"

Jesus being endowed with the fulness of the Spirit, is prepared for His conflict with the prince of darkness. It is the Holy Spirit's work to indicate the line of duty, as well as to give strength for its due discharge Hence the Spirit *leads* Christ up into the wilderness The words of Matthew and Mark prove, as clearly as language can prove anything, both the personality of the Spirit, and the reality of the whole scene here described. If we had only Luke's account there might be some doubt or uncertainty on the mind, but the words of Matthew and Mark no honest reader could possibly misunderstand. It formed a necessary part of Christ's work as the Saviour of His people to endure temptation and conquer the tempter "Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people, for in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. ii. 17, 18). And the Apostle in another place represents the fact of the Saviour's temptations and triumph as the main ground of the believer's confidence (Heb iv 16). Jesus was forty days in the wilderness Had we only the narrative of Matthew we might suppose that it was at the close of that period His temptations began, but both Mark and Luke show that during the whole time He was undergoing temptation (comp. Matt iv 1 3, Mark i 13, Luke iv. 2). There is no contradiction in the several accounts They only supplement each other, and contribute to the exhibition of a full picture. All the acts and forms of temptation are not specified; such only are related as have a distinct practical bearing, and convey a sound and useful lesson to mankind The closing temptations were evidently the most intense In planning them, Satan exercised all his cunning, and in order to carry them out he summoned up all his power. Hence, probably, he assumed a bodily form and appeared face to face before the Incarnate God.

What was Satan's opinion of Christ? Did he really know him? Did he fully understand His person and His character? There can be no doubt that he did understand His office and His object in the world, though, probably, like some modern sceptics, he could not comprehend, and, therefore, did not credit such a complete union of divinity with humanity, as would render the latter proof against all his assaults. He saw that Jesus was

man, and he, therefore, concluded He was frail and fallible He probably also knew that He was in some way mysteriously connected with the Second Person of the glorious Trinity, but he seems to have doubted whether the connexion was so close as to render humanity omnipotent At any rate, whatever may have been his fears or his hopes, his faith or his scepticism, he was resolved to make a bold stroke for the world's complete sovereignty He had seen man amid the bowers of paradise, all the bounties of a newly created world dropping into his open hand, the Creator Himself smiling benignantly upon him as His last and noblest work, he had seen him still pure as the God who made him, without a want unprovided for, or a desire unsatisfied, he had seen man thus he had tempted, and he had enslaved him Why might he not succeed again? Why might he not triumph in the wilderness as he had triumphed in paradise? This new man might, it is true, be more powerful than the other, he might have a clearer intellect to fathom his wiles, and a stronger moral sense to resist his persuasions but circumstances were much against him He was care worn, wearied, thirsty, and hungry There was no companion or friend with Him There was no retreat where He could seek a refuge from the wild beasts, and a shelter from the piercing night winds There was no fragrant bower to shade Him from the burning rays of the sun There was no river of paradise gently flowing over golden sands, and whispering sweetly as it kissed each glittering pebble, in watch to allay His thirst There was no tree of paradise with golden fruit breathing out its tempting odours to satisfy His hunger There were parched ravines, and scathed cliffs, and bare, rugged hill tops all around as if grim desolation had here established her throne on the ruins of a world Why, then might not this man, powerful as He was, yet in very despair listen to him and submit? So the tempter may have reasoned, and so reasoning he summoned up all his energies for a final struggle

In the threefold trial made by Satan and recorded by the evangelists, we have combined, in a concentrated form, the whole range of human temptation The apostle John, in giving a solemn warning to the church universal, contrasts the love of the world with the love of God The former comprehends all sin, the latter all holiness He then sums up in a single short sentence the whole contents of "the world," "For all that is in the world, *the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life*, is not of the Father, but of the world" (1 John ii 16) These three, therefore, constitute the whole range of sin, and consequently embrace all the channels of temptation Satan knew this, and he tried them all He first assails the Saviour through the "lust of the flesh," the natural appetite which man must satisfy if he would live Thus failing, the "pride of life" is next assailed The natural desire for display, for exhibiting our powers, or setting forth our boasted privileges He tried to induce Jesus to show by a public and notable miracle the power which He had claim to The final assault of the tempter was made upon the "lust of the eyes"—the appetitive soul, ambition in fact Satan in some way portrays to the eye of Jesus all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, and then offers the whole as a splendid gift if He will only do him homage The apostle Paul affirms that Jesus "was in all points tempted like as we are" (Heb iv 15), and here we have the proof of it Every form which temptation *could* assume He experienced and defeated Let me not be misunderstood. There was no *internal* temptation such as that which springs from the corrupt heart, and of which James speaks when he says, "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed" (James i 14) Such temptation in Jesus was impossible, and the very possibility of it would have rendered Him unfit for His great work The forms of temptation to which Jesus was subjected were external, such as man in paradise experienced and fell under There was a personal tempter in the wilderness, appearing in bodily form to Jesus, endeavouring to act upon the apparent feebleness of His human nature, just as there was a personal tempter in paradise acting upon Eve The events here recorded form no vision, no parable, or ideal scene, merely intended to illustrate some spiritual truth The language is plain, the statements are direct, and the details are circumstantial The narrative was purposely framed to deceive, if it do not describe a real and desperate assault of the Prince of darkness on the person of the Son of man, to make full proof of His hitherto resistless power It is interesting to observe, also, that the mode of attack in paradise and in the wilderness was identical—the appetite, as being the weakest, and perhaps the most sensitive part of man, was assailed

We are told that all Scripture is profitable for instruction in righteousness, and I feel convinced that this record of the great struggle between Christ and Satan—man's deliverer and man's enslaver—is especially so It is the noblest example earth ever witnessed of the triumph of truth over error, of holiness over sin A contest is being daily and hourly waged in and around us between these opposing principles Satan is as active, as cunning, and as powerful as ever It is only by following the tactics, and relying on the strength of our Leader and Representative, that we can finally prevail We ought never to forget the close connexion which Paul has established between the temptation of Jesus and the confidence of His people, "He was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin Let us, *therefore*, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb iv 15, 16)

Jesus was sustained during his long fast of forty days by Divine power, still probably the effects upon the body were very severe We are apt to forget that in combination with all the power of God He had all the sensibilities of man The fact that He was longer able to bear suffering and privation than a mere mortal, did not of itself render these sufferings less acute The very opposite may have been the case, just as the strong man when exposed to the torture will suffer more excruciating agony than the feeble, ere insensibility come to his relief During the intense excitement and mental struggle of the forty days, the sense of

hunger may not have been felt, and yet the want of food may have been producing its natural result on the bodily organs "Having fasted forty days and forty nights, he *afterwards* hungered Now was Satan's opportunity, and with characteristic cunning he took advantage of it He approaches Jesus His address is engaging, his words are most plausible, his recommendation seems most natural He assumes the garb and language of a plain and shrewd man of the world, who appears to take a deep interest in Jesus' welfare, and who just takes the most direct and simple way of relieving a friend from his distress "You claim infinite power, you are hungry, here are stones, change them into loaves But besides all this there is a sly insinuation in the words, "If thou be the Son of God" Now the "if" does not necessarily imply any real doubt in the tempter's mind regarding Christ's divinity It does not prove that he was an Arian It is thrown in so as if possible to touch a natural pride, and to call forth in self defence—in proof of the justice of His claim and of the reality of His power—a simple manifestation of that power in the conversion of stones into bread Satan's purpose was thus craftily to lead Jesus, in the moment of His bodily weakness, from an implicit trust in God's providence As man, Jesus was bound to believe fully and to rely wholly on his heavenly Father's care He was also bound to perfect submission to His Father's will, and entire dependence on His wisdom and mercy In a moment Jesus detects Satan's design, and by a skilful use of the sword of the Spirit—the Christian's only authorized weapon—He wards off the deadly blow He selects His reply from that narrative in which it is shown how God the Father, when He in His infinite wisdom saw it to be necessary, fed His people by a miracle, raining down manna from Heaven, and drawing water from the rock God thus proved to Israel, and Jesus now affirms to the tempter, that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God (Deut viii 3, Matt iv 4) The grand principle here laid down should never be forgotten, and amid life's varying and trying scenes it should ever be practised It is this Man, every man, can more effectually secure and preserve life by strictly fulfilling the whole purposes of God, than by a mere gratification of the natural appetite The Jews had in ancient times, and still have, a singular custom of copying certain portions of their law and nailing them to the doors of their dwellings The Mohammedans of the East have improved upon this custom, they inscribe upon the walls of their mosques and of their houses, the choicest sentiments of the Koran There is one text of Scripture which ought to be legibly inscribed on every public spot and private chamber in Britain It ought to be engraved upon the throne of our sovereign, it ought to be emblazoned in letters of gold around the walls of our senate houses, it ought to be conspicuous in our exchanges, our public offices, our council chambers, our counting houses, our factories, our shops, and in every room of our private dwellings It is this —"*Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you*" (Matt vi 33).

In his first attempt Satan is thus signally defeated yet he does not withdraw in despair. Three are still other avenues through which he may approach the Son of man, and he resolves to try them all By some power committed to him he is enabled to shift the scene On the western side of the wilderness, with the Mount of Olives alone intervening, stands the City of Jerusalem The deep glen of the Kedron runs along the base of Olivet, and opposite to it the rocky side of Mount Moriah rises precipitously from the very bottom of the glen The ancient temple occupied the narrow summit of Moriah A massive fragment of its wall, built by stones one of which are more than thirty feet long, is still there its south western angle rising from the very brow of the hill, and almost overhanging the Kedron Upon the top of this wall was constructed by King Herod the famous *Stoa Basilica* or royal porch' the loftiness and position of which has thus described by Josephus — "While the (Kedron) valley was very deep and its bottom could not be seen if you looked from above into the depth, thus farther vastly high elevation of the porch stood upon that height, insomuch that if any one looked down from the top of the battlements, or down both their altitudes, he would be giddy while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth' Thus, in all probability, was the *pinnacle* of the temple to which the Devil conducted the Saviour Having placed him on that dizzy eminence, the tempter once more assails Him, now, however, through the intellect, while he dexterously brings in the new temptation as a kind of corollary to Christ's former reply Thus, in substance, he addresses Him —"Your desire is strictly to fulfil the purposes of God, and your entire trust is in Him Well' Give me now a proof that you *really* trust in God, that you really believe the promise 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone' Put the promise to the test Cast thyself down from this pinnacle Thus you will show to me and to the world, by one dazzling miracle, the true relation which you as Jesus of Nazareth bear to men, to angels, and to God" The Devil we see can quote Scripture, only, like so many of his servants in our own day, he perverts the meaning while he cites the letter But, oh! the 'father of lies' cannot withstand the God of truth The very "Word of Truth" is changed into a lie in the mouth of Satan Jesus, by the utterance of a single sentence from Scripture, exposes the foul perversion, and disarms his adversary—"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God" His reply is substantially this "My trust in God is righteous faith, the act you advise would be unjustifiable presumption" Christ here speaks as every man should speak under temptation of a similar character We should exercise full faith, and brave all dangers, *when duty clearly calls*, but we ought not to peril a single hair *wantonly*.

Satan again shifts the scene, and makes a still bolder stroke for victory. He taketh Jesus "up into an exceeding high mountain"—where it was we know not, we have no data to guide us—"and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them" How this was done we know

not, we know the simple fact, but that is all The view was one of wondrous splendour, well fitted to rouse the slumbering ambition of any man "All these things," said the tempter, "I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me Satan here unwittingly exhibits to the penetrating glance of Jesus his twofold character, first, as the "Prince of this world" (John xiv 30), possessing partial and temporary dominion over it, and second, as the "Father of lies," asserting that it was *all* his, and that he had power to bestow it Mere man, dazzled by the glorious spectacle, would have overlooked these, his mind would have been captivated by the promise of universal sovereignty, his conscience would have been dethroned by the magnificence of the bribe But Jesus sees all, and the condition is so utterly abhorrent to His pure mind, that he exclaims in a moment, "Get thee hence, Satan!" Some forms of temptation are such that we must meet them with sober argument, with sound scriptural reasoning, with calm common sense logic, but there are other kinds so utterly repulsive, so subversive of all that is pure and holy, so abhorrent in their very aspect and character, that the only proper and safe reply to them is a prompt and energetic expression of righteous indignation

Every form of temptation was now exhausted The three cases were but types of the three classes into which all temptations may be divided Christ had triumphed, and the baffled tempter departs As the Prince of darkness goes, the messengers of heavenly light and love appear to celebrate the triumph of man's Saviour and their King, and to minister to His wants Christ's triumph is only the earnest and pledge of the believer's The believer is in presence of the same versatile enemy, tempting him, now through his appetite, now through his intellect, now through his pride, making error attractive by decking it in the garb of truth, distributing false and pernicious dogmas, wrapped up in a profusion of isolated texts and misquoted paragraphs of God's Word But the believer has by faith the same infinite wisdom to expose all Satan's sophistries and the same infinite power to resist his foul persuasions, he has the same weapon too, "the sword of the Spirit" Let him believe, and watch, and pray, and strive, and his final triumph is secure

J I PORTER

RIDICULE

For some years past we have been entertained by a knot of small wits, who take unto themselves the title of social satirists Their ambition seems to be satisfied when they have ridiculed the cut of a man's coat or a woman's gown, or the rude boor who uses his knife with salmon They make no pretension to reform the human heart, to check vices, or to teach principles, they are content if they can pry into the kitchen when the mistress's back is turned, or can get just such a glimpse of life as must be familiar to most footmen and house maids They lift the veil from many struggling households, and show us how much of the plate is really silver, how much is electro gilded, and how much is borrowed for state occasions They tell us which sofa is stuffed with horse hair and which with straw, how many times the muslin dress of the eldest daughter has been washed, and the silk dress of the hostess turned or dyed, how much the port wine has cost, and how many bottles there may be in the cellar They seem to have a horror of nothing except economy and prudence and bow down and worship that showy elegance which is often based upon credit They speak contemptuously of all London neighbourhoods that are not prominent in the Court Guide, and give them sweeping general characters, which are drawn entirely from imagination It is not surprising that such satirists generally love a Lord, and cramp themselves up in stuccoed dwellings on the borders of a fashionable district

In every bushel of chaff there is a grain of wheat, if we only take the pains to seek it, and the social satire with which we have been feasted for the last twenty years, may not have been entirely useless within its proper limits Although it has, doubtless, helped to foster that extravagance of living, which is one of the greatest vices of the present time, it may have kept a few weak people from striving after a false appearance If these people however, had had the courage, dash, and ingenuity to rush into debt, they might have made their coveted display, and have escaped the lash of the censor The social satirist, looking no lower than the surface, with all his occasional affectation of depth, would never have been shocked by anything not offensive to "good taste" No hole could have been picked in Redpath's coat, until the morning of his arrest for forgery, and the admiring social satirists who dined at his graceful table must grieve that such a faultless patron of art is now a condemned convict The money he stole from vulgar shareholders was spent with so much aristocratic judgment, that, according to the teaching of social satire, some retired soap boiler ought to have been transported as his substitute

This open, avowed preference for elegant wrong, and contempt for inelegant right, is peculiar to much satire which has lately aspired to lead public opinion It trades upon a few parrot phrases, eked out with a few well worn, caricature signs, and shows us how much is made of a little wit by satirists who have neither invention nor principle. If the faded dress which is turned and patched and worn with a self satisfied, would be distinguished air, is such a target for these terrible satirists, how is it that they constantly adopt the same old forms of ridicule, which must be as familiar to their public as the loaf on the breakfast table? There is surely much here of patching and turning, of wearing thread bare, of keeping up appearances. The stock in trade of our professional satirists can be held upon a platter, can be counted on the fingers. It consists of a few deceptive tricks, and a few dressed up puppets that were never instructive, and have almost ceased to be amusing.

One favourite caricature with the jocular mind

is an exaggerated Jewish nose No one can tell exactly when this caricature was first used, or what it precisely means, but it is a sign or symbol that is worked very vigorously against the Jewish race Some people look upon it as a punishment for usury, forgetting that lending money at high rates of interest is not confined to the Jews, and that there must be two persons to every usurious transaction, a borrower as well as a lender Other people regard it as a punishment for giving out slop work at low prices, forgetting that labour is the best judge of its own value, and that masters have about as much power to raise wages to some sentimental height demanded by a few enthusiasts, as they have to raise the tide a foot higher all over the world Sometimes the huge curved nose is varied with another symbol—three hats, stuck one upon another, on the top of a venerable hermit's head This is a sign which is held to speak volumes by those versed in the language of caricatures It proves that sixty per cent is too much to charge bankrupt young noblemen on accommodation bills, and that no shirt ought to be given out to any sempstress at less than three shillings the hour It is astonishing how liberal your social satirist can be when he is dealing with the property of other people

Another favourite caricature with the jocular mind is the red nose, and the protruding stomach By some process of reasoning, not apparent in the caricature, these signs of a not very graceful humanity, are held to prove more than a volume of laboured writing A man with a red nose cannot be a true patriot or a noble minded hero, as we are all expected to feel when we look upon the picture A man with a prominent stomach is not fit to form an opinion on any public question, as we are also all expected to feel when we look upon the picture A man with a red nose and a prominent stomach combined is a monster capable of any crime, and devoid of all generous sympathies

Another favourite caricature with the jocular mind is the Quaker's broad brimmed hat It appears so often, and is so universally understood to be a symbol of hypocrisy, that there is hardly any occasion to describe it Its mere outline proves that the wearers are an inferior race, treacherous, selfish, and not to be trusted It often covers the heads of men called Mawworms, and we all know precisely what a mawworm is We have never, perhaps, met one in private or public life, but we should know him in a moment from his portrait and description To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and the mawworm cannot be too often described He is a slimy villain His hair is sleek, his eyes are small and blinking, his face is coarse, he has two if not more chins, and a habit of folding his hands and turning up his eyes when speaking His voice has a peculiar snuffle that is considered to be indicative of great seeming piety, and his lump white neckcloth, and greasy black clothes, give him the aspect of a preacher. He is fond of holding forth upon theological subjects—of improving the occasion, as it is called—and he is nearly always speaking of a future state, when his mouth is not filled with buttered muffins Sometimes he has been known to commit forgery, if it suited his purpose, and he is always trembling on the verge of some hideous crime The most remarkable thing about this extraordinary creature, according to his artists and historians, is, that he never takes the slightest pains to conceal his real character He walks, talks, dresses, and behaves in such a peculiar way, that no one can fail to take him for a mawworm He can be recognised a mile off by his melancholy victims, and his hypocrisy as it seems, might be discovered by a child

The jocular mind has a hundred other favourite caricatures of men, women and things, that are equally remarkable for their fancy character Whole nations are treated in the same way as classes of individuals, and we are favoured with caricature pictures of national characteristics We all know when we see a plaid check that a Scotchman is the wearer and that that Scotchman represents a thrifty, pushing, prudent crafty race No Scotchman was ever seen clothed in any other patterns than checks or plaids or was ever improvident, drunken or disorderly The statistics of Scotch whisky consumption, and the dens of Edinburgh and Glasgow, may seem to disturb this theory, but the caricaturist never stops his pencil for social facts or figures He persists in drawing all Yorkshiremen cunning, all Frenchmen frivolous, all Englishmen bluff and honest, and all Irishmen jovial, for no other reason than because they have been drawn so for years, in defiance of much evidence showing the falsity of the pictures

If these caricatures were only the amusements of an idle hour, there would be little occasion to analyse them so closely, but they often profess to be something more than this The public jester now is not content with the character of a mere jack pudding, but sets up as a guide, philosopher, and friend He wishes it to be thought that his mirth is not without a motive, and that the cap and bells may be made an instrument of public instruction He follows in the rear of more serious and recognised leaders, and instead of pulling a droll face and singing a comic song, he discourses upon politics, currency, and the law of nations The buffoon, like many other people, wishes to figure as something which he is not, forgetting that the form in which he is compelled to appear is not adapted for public teaching A caricature never proved anything, no matter who drew it, and it is nearly sure to be a flatterer of popular prejudice To test the value of much of this jocular teaching it is necessary to search the pages of its books for the best part of a century When the press was fettered, and the pent up thoughts of millions had no free vent in words, the caricature did its work coarsely, but tolerably well As the press, however, grew in strength and freedom, the necessity for allegory ceased, and caricatures became more decent as they grew more feeble and scarce In whatever form, however, they appeared, whether pictorial or literary, whether humorous or scanty, they were never found to be a day in advance of public opinion. They reflected all the ignorance, all the prejudices of the hour, just as they do now, and made their pupils more ignorant and more bigoted by feeding them upon false types of character

The rule adopted by the caricaturist, if he acts

upon any rule, is to degrade the present, the age he lives in and the men who are active and prominent in it No man is a hero to the caricaturist until he has been dead a century When dead he is exalted or respected in the same unmeaning way as he is degraded while living Judging from what we read and see every hour, we may imagine how Luther would have been ridiculed by our present jocular teachers His face would have been too coarse, and his stomach too large, to make the Reformation more than a sectarian sham The fine, old, crusted Mawworm caricature would have been put upon the table, and we should have been asked to regard it as a portrait of the Reformer Melanchthon might have fared better, being a more presentable man but Luther would have been measured round the waist and found wanting in elegance The smart "leaders" that would have been written to prove that the movement was a low, vulgar, conspiracy and riot—a daring innovation—a revolution got up to please the rabble and strike at "the existing order of things"—would have been as plentiful as blackberries Smart leader writers and jocular caricaturists would have pulled well together in this matter, shaken hands in the streets dined together at the clubs and quoted each other on the mutual admiration principle About half an hour before the Reformation became a great fact, they would have congratulated themselves and the country on their victory over dangerous "demagogues"

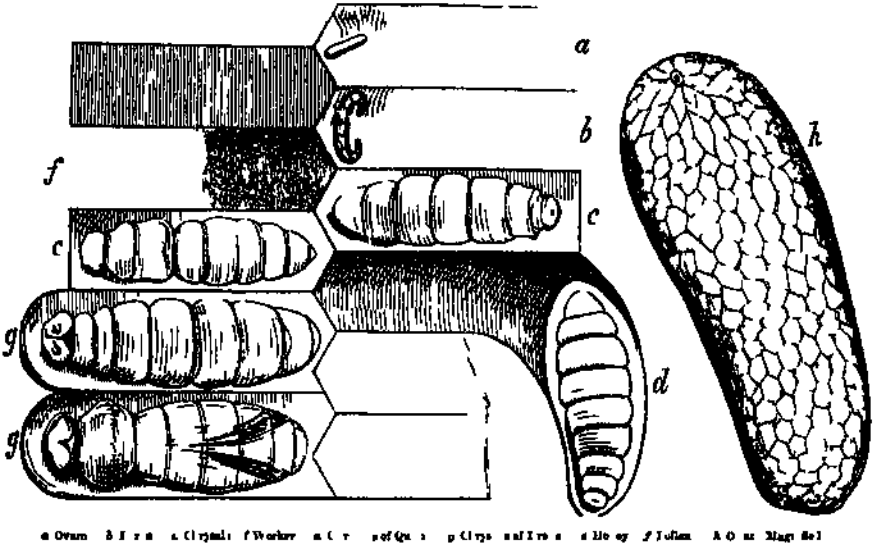
There are other great events in the world's history that would have been treated in much the same way by the short sighted caricaturist Every man who has ever done any real work, has always had to break through the crowd of jibbering apes who tried to stop his progress He has met them in shoals, as the knight in the fairy tale met an army of grotesque monsters who tried to drive him from his duty The moment, however, the enchanted palace is broken into, and the good work is done, the whole of these monsters either melt into thin air, or turn into an alley of gold laced lacqueys, who struggle which shall be first in bowing to their new master

The whole art of being jocular seems to be based upon a few mechanical rules, suited to the meanest capacity, requiring no mental strain, and to be learned with ease in an idle hour By these rules we shall find that there is something excessively funny in debt, and that there is no more amusing picture to be drawn than a young man lighting his cigar with writs, and mocking a companion weak enough to have paid a tailor A sheriff's officer, with a greatcoat and a thick stick, is always looked upon as a safe mirth provoking sketch, and the humour of a man standing up in a battered hat, with his pockets turned inside out, has never been half exhausted The same jocular rules teach us that all middle aged ladies are divided into mothers in law and old maids, the first being stout and imperious, and the second thin and vinegar faced, with a strong determination to conceal their real age The great rule, however, of the jocular code is the one which decides what trades and professions shall always be considered ridiculous Tailors, of course, are awarded a leading position in the list, and after them come butchers, doctors, lawyers, with a host of others In applying this rule to any occurrence which we may wish to put in a ridiculous light, it seems that we have merely to mention the trade of the person we want to humble A case occurred very recently in which this rule was applied with distinguished success A certain prime minister went down to the town which he honours with his Parliamentary patronage to go through the empty ceremony of being re elected He stood upon the public platform in the usual old, constitutional way, inviting any criticism from his constituents on his past career, and professing to be ready to answer any troublesome questions A certain butcher, who shall be nameless, not being aware that these fine professions were not meant to be tested, and that the old rough theory of questioning your member, when you can catch him, had been given up in practice, applied to the noble candidate in an open public manner, for a little explanation on points of policy and conduct The butcher was answered in a way that told him he had done a very impertinent thing, and the smart leader writers and caricaturists took their tone from his lordship and badgered the poor trades man for many weeks afterwards It was not pretended that he had no right to put the questions, that the questions were not sensibly put, or that the minister was without reproach All this would have involved that serious argument and patient investigation so distasteful to the jocular mind, so the easier course was adopted of harping upon the word *butcher* No one who examined the question as put by the small wits of the day, could fail to perceive how absurd it was for a butcher to question a prime minister, and that butcher, too, a provincial butcher The fact was conveniently forgotten, that a provincial brewer had once made himself king of England, but small wits and their smaller followers have wonderfully short memories

The evil resulting from the false types of character which popular caricaturists palm upon a trusting world is seen in the security given to real rogues and vagabonds While the public are amused, for example, with that highly fanciful picture of the Mawworm class, the real Mawworm —a slim, elegant hypocrite—is enjoying himself unnoticed The false picture acts very much like that preconcerted cry of "Stop, thief!" which is often got up by artful criminals to draw off the attention of the constables A Mawworm, such as we may observe any hour in our popular literature, or in caricature pictures, would stand about as much chance of succeeding in his villanous design, as a thief would of robbing a house if he knocked at the street door in the middle of the day, and candidly announced himself as a notorious burglar

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

BEES AND THE ART OF QUEEN MAKING.



a Ovum b Larva c Chrysalis f Worker a Cross section of Queen p Chrysalis and Larva s Honey f Pollen h Queen Magnified

THE natural history of the honey bee furnishes one of the best illustrations of the difference between ancient and modern scientific research It is usual to mark the difference by saying that the ancients started from *à priori* principles and deduced facts from them, instead of laying as in modern times, a foundation of facts and then ascending to laws and principles, that they built down from the apex of the pyramid, instead of up from the basis They have been denied the credit altogether of employing the method of induction, as if this were a purely modern achievement Now, no one can read the works of the ancient naturalists without being struck with their accurate observations No modern naturalists have scrutinized nature with so keen an eye How true to nature is even Virgil, with all the disadvantage of poetic diction His minute faithfulness in regard to the habits of the bee shows that there was no want of observing talent To the ancients, the bee possessed a fascination even greater than in modern times One enthusiast spent fifty years in the woods for the sole purpose of studying its habits, and prying into the mystery of the hive There was no want of inductive research, and yet very little progress was made in unravelling the secrets of the hive The function of the queen, for example, was never discovered Instead of suspecting her to be the mother of the whole colony, they reversed the sex, and spoke of her as a king How then, with all their keen observation, should the ancients have missed this cardinal fact in the history of the bee? The explanation is, that they did not value experiment as the grand engine of interrogating nature They observed sharply whatever nature spontaneously presented to them, but they did not think of wringing from her her great secrets They allowed her to pass by quietly, taking notes as she went, but they did not think of stopping her and torturing her, till she divulged her mysteries Experiment is the mode of torture, and it was by the application of this process that a blind man, Huber, discovered secrets in the beehive, which thousands of keen eyes, during the long preceding centuries, failed to detect

It was Shirach, a Swiss naturalist, who first discovered the strange power of developing queens from the larva of workers, but Huber has the credit of establishing the fact beyond all doubt When the discovery was first announced, it was hailed with ridicule and incredulity It was deemed nothing less than a miracle, that a young worker should be changed, by special treatment, into a perfect queen Even the cautious John Hunter, with all his profound physiological knowledge, rejected the discovery as illusory He had, however, the philosophic fairness to examine into the matter, and put it to the test of experiment Not having observed the proper conditions in making the experiments, he failed to arrive at Shirach's results Had he had more faith in the discovery, he would have tried again, but his doubt was so great, that he did not make these repeated cross questionings of nature which scientific research demands.

To appreciate the marvel of the discovery, it is necessary to understand the disparity between a common worker bee and the queen. As to size, the difference is not striking, and, besides, this is not an element of much consequence in distinguishing animals or plants There are, however, important anatomical differences. As the functions

of the queen are totally dissimilar, the conformation of the parts bearing on these functions are, in like manner, dissimilar. The functional difference between the worker and the queen will best serve to show the remarkable character of the change, when a young worker is transmuted into a perfect queen. Let us betake ourselves to a single comb hive with glass sides, and we shall at once have the wonders of the hive revealed. This hive is so constructed, that you can at any moment see every bee and cell in it. In a common hive the combs are arranged like leaves in a book, and though the hive were all glass little information could be got as you can see only the edges of the leaves and the first and last page. The secrets of the hive are to be found between the leaves and in the very centre of the colony. The queen is usually found there, and were you to watch for weeks together, you might never see her venturing out to the circumference of the hive. It is therefore necessary to put some pressure upon Nature to extort her secrets. This is simply done by compelling the colony to work in a hive in which there is room only for a single comb. The hive in this case is similar to a single leaf of a book hung between two panes of glass kept an inch and a half apart. The leaf corresponds to the comb and the letters on each page to the cells. You can examine every cell just as you read the letterpress of the page; and if you do not find what you want on the one side you have only to look round to the other. If for example you are in search of the queen you examine one side, and if she is not there you have only to look round to the other to detect her. It is impossible for her to hide herself between protecting leaves as there is only one leaf. She may leave one page for the opposite one, but you have only to follow her there in order to keep her always in view.

Let us now open the wooden shutter that covers the glass pane on one side, and we have at once the half of the hive revealed to us. The comb is perhaps three feet high, the upper half being the larder, and the under the nursery. The larder is so many pots filled with honey, and covered over, as the good housewife covers her preserves, for future use. Some of the cells are, however, open for immediate use. These are always in the vicinity of the nursery, where the young offspring must be constantly attended to. In some of the cells you discover a paste, which varies much in colour. This consists of the pollen of flowers, which the bees have brought home in the baskets on their legs. This is kneaded into a paste in the cells specially appropriated to this purpose. The honey and pollen constitute the food of the young bees in their larva state. You think all is confusion when you look in and see the swarming mass, but, as in a crowd in a market place, each has its own work, and threads its way through the throng as if the welfare of the hive depended on its individual exertions. But let us turn our attention to that well defined group, like a dense circle of people in a fair looking up to some eloquent auctioneer perched on his stand. It is the queen with a circle of attendants. She is seen very distinctly on the white ground of the comb, with a circular row of workers' heads turned towards her. She pauses, and all hold out their probosces to her. This is not done in the way of obeisance merely—a more substantial favour is rendered for it is in this way that she is fed, and each bee seems proud of the opportunity of ministering to her wants. When she has received a sip of nectar she advances along the comb, and the circle breaks up to make way for her. She does not put on the airs of a monarch, for her duties are simply maternal. Imagination has tortured the acts of a mother into those of a sovereign, and much of the misconception regarding the government of the community has arisen from this cause. But let us follow her in her progress. She soon pauses, inserts her head into an empty cell and explores it to the bottom. She then withdraws her head, inserts her abdomen, and deposits the cucumber shaped ovum at the bottom. The insertion of her head is not merely for the purpose of ascertaining whether all is clear at the bottom for she never omits the depositing of an egg if she has previously inserted her head. This act is probably connected with the fixing of the end of the ovum to the bottom of the cell. This depositing of eggs is the grand function of the queen. Day and night she is incessantly engaged in it. Open the hive at midnight and if it be the proper season, you will find her engaged in her unwearied labours. The average life of bees is only six weeks so that if she abated in her assiduity the population would rapidly fall off and the prosperity of the hive would be at an end. On the single life of the queen hangs the existence of a community of perhaps 80,000. To keep up this number, she has often to lay at the rate of one egg per minute, and notwithstanding all this prodigious fertility, she has done nothing more than kept up the balance between life and death. But the queen has not a charmed life, though her longevity far exceeds that of the worker bee. She is liable to accidents, like the others, though she rarely goes abroad, and an accident fatal to her would be the ruin of the whole colony. Though her natural life be long, perhaps two or three years she is mortal, and when she dies, her death like that of an African monarch, involves the death of many others.

The worker bees have totally different functions. They build the cells, and have instruments for the purpose. They forage for provisions, and have bags for the fluids, and baskets for the solids. Their in door occupations, in addition to building consist in hatching and nursing. They must furnish warmth and food, and both must be nicely adapted to the growth of their tender charges. The food has to pass through a cooking or digestive process, and this process must be varied according to the age of the nurslings, and so admirably do they perform their work, that, out of the many thousand charges, not one is overlooked.

These various functions the queen does not and cannot perform. Her duties are of a totally different kind, and yet such a marvellous power is given to the bees, that they can, by a special kind of nursing, convert a young worker into a queen. By mere external appliance, organs are modified, new functions imparted, and totally different instincts evolved. No wonder that the discovery of

such a power should at first be hailed with incredulity, and that the most candid philosophers, like John Hunter, should hesitate to receive it even with the strongest attestation It seemed to assign to irrational creatures the prerogative of the Creator himself Still there is no fact more firmly established, and nothing more familiar to the bee fancier than the bringing of this strange power into play Instead of now looking upon this discovery as adverse to religion, there is no thing perhaps in the whole range of natural history so strikingly illustrative of the wisdom of the Divine Creator

This power of queen making is designed by nature to meet the fatal contingency of the loss of the queen It would be too much to risk the existence of the whole colony on the life of a single individual, and therefore this singular remedy is provided for so disastrous an event The experiment can be very easily performed, and without risking the life of the queen You have only to imprison the queen in a corner of the hive where she is completely shut off from the rest of the community The discovery is soon made that the queen is gone and that the very existence of the hive is perilled The whole community is alarmed, but in a few hours prompt measures are taken to remedy the evil A council of state is held, the points of deliberation are, what plebeian offspring are to be selected, and how many queens are to be reared? They are not satisfied with rearing one queen They might fail in bringing her to maturity and to prevent any mishap in securing the succession they usually rear four or five and the successful monarch, when she is fairly seated upon the throne, summarily disposes of all her rivals She goes to the cradles of her royal sisters, not yet quite matured, and strikes her poignard through their hearts Her reign is thus founded on blood, but the deed does not seem to hang heavy on her conscience, for she commences her royal functions apparently with much satisfaction to herself

But let us examine the process by which the offspring which would in other circumstances become simply workers have their destiny changed, and are elevated to royal dignity As soon as the fortunate larvæ are selected measures are taken to alter the cradle in which the queen is to be nursed A few hours after the old queen is removed, you can usually tell what cells are to be thus altered, by a peculiar prolongation from the upper side, like the drip stone over a door The plan of the structure soon becomes obvious, for the most active workers are set to the task, and they work with an eagerness that clearly shows they are quite aware of the importance of the task The young of the common workers, when they reach the chrysalis state, are laid in their cells like mummies in a catacomb They are in the horizontal position, with their head towards the opening which is shut up when they begin to form their enveloping membrane This horizontal position does not suit the queen makers There is some stern necessity requiring that she should be drawn out of the horizontal cell, and placed in a perpendicular position, with her head downwards, as shown in our cut The horizontal cell is therefore prolonged, and bent downwards, and the queen's head advances as the cell grows, till at last she finds herself quite isolated from the mass of the other brood, with her body at right angles to its former position When the proper period arrives, this perpendicular pear like cell is closed, the royal worm spins its cocoon, and then, after a few days bursts its cell and comes out a monarch

The great question is What are the special causes producing this transformation? If the larva, which must not be more than three days old when selected for royal honours, received the same treatment as the other larvæ around, it would undoubtedly turn out to be one of the servile class but how should this new treatment have such marvellous power as to change a slave into a queen? What is there in this new cradle to account for the transformation? It cannot be the size, for the queen, at the time she comes forth from her cell, is hardly larger than a worker bee and the cell must be accurately fitted to her body Indeed the bees are most careful to fill up the space left vacant by her leaving her former position, so that she may pack accurately into her new berth Is the efficient cause to be found in her head being turned downwards? We found this had nothing to do with the result as on reversing the comb she was hatched equally well Are we to seek for the true cause simply in the perpendicular position? This guess also fails, for in placing the comb so that the queen lay in a horizontal position we found that her development was not at all influenced We have, however, the residual fact of the insulation of the cell It differs from all the other cells in being quite free, except at the upper extremity, where it is attached It is like a mummy case drawn out of its cell in the catacomb, and hung from a support quite clear of the other mummies But before showing the significance of this fact let us examine the explanation of Huber

Huber sought for the cause of the transformation, in the food with which the royal larva is supplied When the larva comes out of the egg, it requires to be constantly fed until it assumes the chrysalis state, when the cell is closed in The food is in a semi liquid form and the worm is embedded in it Huber supposed that the food of the royal larva is of a peculiar kind and that on this peculiarity the transformation depends The only proof, given by him of difference of food is the peculiarly pungent taste of what he calls the "royal jelly" But this is a very vague and fallacious test The taste differs, according to the age of the worm If the worker and royal larvæ be taken of the same age no appreciable difference will be found in the taste The chemical composition of this food has not yet been determined, but, in all probability, it is a compound of pollen and honey, having undergone a digestive process in the stomach of the bees, and the difference of taste probably arises from the extent to which this process has been carried, to suit the various stages of development of the larva Besides all this, if the food is to be regarded as the efficient cause, we cannot see the meaning of the new cell. The young queen could receive this food in the old as well as the new position No explanation on this hypothesis is given of the structure of the cell

In Huber's day, the function of respiration was not well understood, and he did not look in this direction for an explanation of the great mystery of the bee hive. In order that the brood may be duly hatched, a certain temperature must be kept up, and this temperature is produced at will by the bees. Their bodies are generators of heat, and within a certain range, they can command any degree of temperature. In the human system, when respiration is increased by exercise, heat is produced, but we cannot, by voluntarily increasing the respiration, also increase the warmth of our bodies. This power the bee possesses in a remarkable degree, and the consequence is, that it can localize the temperature, so that any given part of the hive may be raised to a higher temperature than the rest of it. A bee has only to occupy a given position in the comb, vigorously bring its respiratory functions into action, breathe hard and quick, and the temperature of that spot is immediately raised. Viewing this power in connexion with the insulation of the queen's cell, we have a clue to the mystery of development. We soon see why the bees should be at so much pains to drag the royal larva out from the midst of its companions, and place it in an insulated position, where a special temperature may be applied. Were the royal larva allowed to remain in its original position, a higher temperature could be applied only to the end of the cell, and the end of the cell is so small that it would be difficult to apply a differential temperature to it. To meet this difficulty, the queen is made to slide out of her old position into a new one, where she can be completely surrounded by the hatching bees, and have an elevated temperature applied to all parts, and when you look into a hive, you see the bees constantly clustering all over the insulated cell. The warmth is applied, not as in a foot bath to the extremities, but to the whole body, which is immersed in a medium of an elevated temperature.

The surmise, that temperature furnished the clew to the secret, was confirmed by actually testing it. Small thermometers were inserted into the hive, one in contact with the queen's cell, and others in different parts of the comb. We found that the difference of temperature bore out our hypothesis, that a higher temperature was steadily applied to the queen's cell. The inference is thus legitimate, that temperature, if not *the* cause, is one of the causes, which accounts for this the greatest marvel in insect life. There may be other causes combining to produce the result, but that special temperature is one essential element our experiments conclusively established.

In this power of queen making we have, perhaps, the most remarkable case in the whole range of natural history of deliberation, calculation, and foresight in meeting an emergency. Nothing could be farther removed from the idea of a mere irrational machine, or blind impulse. The queen is cut off, and the whole community comprehend in an instant the magnitude of the loss. They meet this calamity in a way that argues the profoundest knowledge of the laws of nature, and the most marvellous skill in applying these laws to contingent events. It is a marvel that mere difference of temperature should convert a neuter into a queen, but it is a greater marvel that such complex means should be so skilfully employed by the bees to bring this cause into play. In the face of such profound mysteries, how worthless are all theories of instinct! The word *instinct* is a convenient term for concealing our ignorance, or explaining away the presence of the Divine mind in nature. These acts of the bee necessarily imply knowledge and intellect of the highest kind, and no mere theory can ever explain away the facts of the case. In exploring the bee hive you are dealing with mind in active operation, and not merely the product of mind. Perhaps the nearest approach in human invention to such a result, is Babbage's calculating machine. You see the machinery performing mental operations, but there is this great difference, that in the machine there is no trace of contingency and volition. The machine is merely the mechanical instrument of a reasoning mind. In the bee, however, we have the elements of volition and contingency, combined with the profoundest calculation and reasoning. No doubt, as in the machine, the acts of the bee may be regarded as the formulæ of intellect, but who will explain the *nexus* between the Divine mind, and the instinct that thus formulates the process of thought and reasoning? But although we cannot explain the connexion, there is no reason why we should not, in unravelling the mysteries of the hive, feel the presence of the living God pervading all its arrangements.

The conversion of a neuter into a queen was thought so incredible, because it linked on to no other fact in nature, but no fact in nature is really isolate. It is sure to fit into some higher rhythm waiting for expression. Much of its miraculous aspect has been removed by the anatomical discovery, that the worker, or neuter bee, is really an undeveloped female, while the queen is the only *perfect* female—the drone being the male. Every neuter possesses potentially the functions of the queen, and the special treatment only carries the development a stage farther in advance. This art of queen making is also closely allied to the question of parthenogenesis and alternate generation, and no doubt these questions will receive much elucidation from further explorations of the wonders of the bee hive.

WILLIAM LEITCH.

THE EMIGRANTS DAUGHTER

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PATIENCE OF HOPE"

I

We were but children when our parents came
From England o'er the broad Atlantic's foam,
And unto us all countries were the same,
And where they smiled upon us, *there* was home!

The world was unto us a play ground wide,
Where fresh and sparkling lay the morning dew,
'Twere sweet to range among its paths untried,
When they that loved us wandered with us too,

All there was new, and beautiful, and strange —
We thought, and lightly on our feelings lay
The grief of parting, or the sense of change,
From scenes where we had sojourned but a day

But she, our elder sister, keenly felt
Things that our childish spirits bore unmoved
And mourned the home where she had longer dwelt,
The friends that she had longer, dearer loved

And like the plant of which old legends tell,
At last the mother soil she called her own
The fibres of her heart had twined so well
They might not quit their hold without a groan

Yet what she suffered then she strove to hide,
And when we left our home, she did not speak,
But turned so pale, it seemed the hose that died
Knew it would bloom no more upon her cheek

And on the scenes that we must leave behind
She turned the fixed and earnest gaze, that fain
Would grave for ever on the heart and mind
All that may never meet the eyes again

Our parents sobbed aloud — their hearts were stirred
As fast around us flocked a well known band,
To give the parting wish, the parting word,
To take the last kind pressure of the hand,

Old friends, old neighbours! in that hour we found
Those we had loved but little, with the rest
Gain a strange value — ever linked and bound
Unto the heart with all it loved the best!

Our sisters & young companions round her came,
She spoke not, wept not, till a sudden cry
Burst from her lips that vainly strove to frame
Their trembling utterance to the word "Good bye!"

Her spirit in that pang had overpast
The bitterness of Death — it found relief,
And all the look that on her friends she cast,
Was love, deep love, that left no place for grief,

She turned unto them — in her smile serene,
The shadow of the Past reflected lay,
"Oh! sometimes think how happy we have been,
Forget me not, dear Friends, when far away!"

"Farewell, dear Ellen! we shall meet again,
And love you in a happier world than this!" —
She pressed them to her heart, and raising then
Her eyes to Heaven, made softly answer "Yes!"

II

Through the dark shadows from the pine boughs cast,
Rich flitting sun gleams streaked the forest road,
As in a summer's golden eve, at last,
Our way worn steps drew near our new abods,

We saw before us a Savannah lie,
A calm lake glittered near, with trees girt round,
That stood like giants of a world gone by,
With smooth, unruffled depths of verdure crowned.

A silent picture, framed and set, it seemed,
Within the mighty woods, that folding, swept
In slumbrous masses round, — as they had dreamed
A vision of deep Quiet while they slept!

Young wearied birds were we that longed to fold
Our light elastic wings, and sink to rest,
As we had done in times that were of old,
Within the shelter of the household nest

And there it lay! dropt on us from the skies,
We thought, and like a happy island cast
Within that forest sea — in glad surprise
We clapped our hands, and shouted, "Home at last!"

"Home!" — To our mother's quivering lip the word
Alone half consciously, as if her heart
Gave back the echo of the sounds she heard,
But in their gladness bore not any part

She gazed around with looks that vainly sought
Some likeness with the scenes they loved the best,
And she too seemed, but with a sadder thought,
To long to fold her wings and be at rest!

A stranger in a land where all was strange,
She felt — our father's cheerful eyes were wet,
As then he whispered, "Wait till once the change
Is past, and Home it will be to us yet!"

And it was a cold and cold ming smile
The truest scenes will wear, and all looks lone,
Until the busy mind hath wrought awhile,
And peopled them with Beings of its own,

At first the very stillness of the place
Weighed on our spirits, yet as days passed o'er,
We saw at last the old, the real face,
Of Home look on us fairer than before

For love was in our dwelling when of yore,
All our joys were there, yet oh! its light,
So pure, so steadfast, had not burned before
As *now* it did, when nothing else was bright

The chain that bound our kindred hearts was drawn
Around them with a firmer, closer fold
We knew the links that had the trial borne,
And stood the test, could only be of gold!

Nay, *then* we knew it not, we only felt,
And did not reason, or take heed for aught,
As in the sunshine of the heart we dwelt,
Like the Field Lilies, — far too blest for thought!

III

Each dawn awoke to toil, yet, ere it passed,
Would bring a strength to wrestle with the day,
And hold in cheerful faith, its Angel task,
To bid him bless us ere he winged his way

All wrought together on the onward track,
And yet perchance the saddest spirit there,
The heart that turned with fondest lingering back,
Was first to cheer all others of their care,

And she, our sister, that in earlier days
Had leant on others, now, with gentle fold,
Like the wild plants among our woodland ways,
Would cling and twine as then, and yet uphold!

Her step, her hand, brought comfort, yet became
So still and quiet, that we only guessed
Sometimes that Ellen went, and Ellen came,
Because around us all was peace and rest,

Her smile was ever on us, but the bright
Swift sunny sparkle from her glance had flown
Or softened, till it seemed its gentle light
Beamed for us now in tenderness alone

Her words and tones were cheerful, as of yore
Yet was she changed at heart, and many a thing
That would have grieved or gladdened her before,
Seemed neither joy nor sadness now to bring

She was not changed *to us!* and then it lay
Beyond the compass of our childish powers
To see that something from her life away
Had passed, and now she only lived in ours!

But even then had one among us found
A secret by the others all unguessed
And unto me, perchance, through love that bound
And folded all my heart within her breast

Or that, perchance, it soothed her to express
Her thoughts to one so guileless and unpraised
There might be comfort in the tenderness
That did not understand, and only loved!

But oft to me her gentle spirit broke
The bands of silence that had round it grown
And she would bear me with her as she spoke
Unto the world whereon she walked alone

I was the youngest—When unto the woods
We went at eve, beneath our sister's care
To play, and wake their lonely solitudes
With echoes wilder than the wildest there

And while the rest ran eager all about,
To search for wild wood strawberries, or twine
With many a joyous call and merry shout
Bright trailing garlands of the Indian vine

While, fast and free, they rambled far and wide
Upon a fallen trunk, with moss overgrown,
I used to sit for hours by Ellen's side,
Or on her knee, contented and alone,

Or on the lake, with golden lilies bright,
We loved sometimes to steer our little boat
Right in among their broad green leaves, and light
Rock there with them upon the wave afloat

And while the sunlight from the glowing west
Streamed on the lake, and touched each solemn tree
With light so calm, it seemed a World of Rest,
Wherein no beings lived and moved but we,

Then I would hold her by the hand, and say,
"No fairy stories, sister, now, but tell
To me of those that live so far away,
Where once we lived, and whom you love so well

And she would kiss me then, and softly smile,
As to her lips familiar names, and dear,
Rose like remembered music, she the while
As pleased to tell as I could be to hear

Yet once she seemed to linger, as her tale
Recalled a name I oft had heard of yore
And her voice faltered,—then her cheek grew pale,
And her lip quivered, and she spoke no more,

But as I looked up sudden in her face,
I felt upon my own a warm tear fall,
And saw, that to some distant time and place
Her thoughts had borne her, far from me—from all

And I was troubled through my childish heart,
And said, "Oh, sister! You that love them so,
Do you not love us too? You would not part
With us for them, and back to England go"

She answered slow (as still upon the track
Of thought she mused), and kissed away my tear,
"Why should I wish, my darling, to go back,
When those I love the best are with me here?

"And yet not *all*," she added, in a tone
So low, I made no answer—I could see,
Child as I was, she thought herself alone,
And spoke unto her heart, and not to me!

IV.

So time wore on, and with us all went well,
And oft our father looked around, and smiled
To see how things were changed, well pleased to tell
Of future conquests from the forest wild

Once to our mother, as they watched the gold
Of the rich virgin harvest waving fair,
"This country would be better than the old
He said, "were Ellen's smile what it was there

And she awhile was silent, yet at length,
As with a hasty effort, answered then,
"It is the changeful autumn tries her strength
She will be well when spring comes back again

"It is the fading changing leaves that make
The air so heavy in their lingering fall
Oh, would, I thought, some sudden wind would shake
Them down at once, if this indeed were all

For not the leaves that made a path of gold
For all our forest walks, upon the bough
Hung loosened from the yellow stalk with hold
More slight, than unto life seemed Ellen's now

And all her fading cheek was flushed with light
Most like the changing Maple's crimsoned,
And now her soft eye glittered large and bright,
And clear as if her very soul looked through,

To send from thence a message, overfraught
With all that such fond farewell looks express
Of Love, that knowing that its time is short,
Would crowd therein a life of tenderness

I saw her change, and yet the thought to part
With one so dear upon me never fell,
I stored in childlike faith within my heart
The words "When spring comes back she will be well

It was the Indian summer then, whose smile
Steals on the earth, a gentle after thought,
As if the Spirit of Decay awhile
Would brood above the splendours it has wrought

We walked at eve, the air was soft as spring
And all the woods around transfigured lay
In light and glory, as some angel's wing
Had touched them, passing swift upon his way

And Ellen said, as on her cheek the air
Blew mild, "This is the Spring's own sweetness," then
I answered, "Oh, dear sister, would it were!
For when Spring comes you will be well again

She looked at me a while, then answered slow,
"When Spring comes back, my dearest, who can tell
How it may be! but this indeed we know,
That all is as God wills, and *that* is well"

I fixed my eyes upon her silently,
And then a flash of light upon me broke,
And Death was in my soul, a sudden sea
Of bitterness o'erswept it, as she spoke,

And strove to comfort me, for well she knew
My grief was great, and in the rushed tears
Of that one moment, Love and Anguish threw
Upon my heart the weight of many years,

And, like a mist upon my spirit, then
A heavy sense of cold and darkness fell,
I heard her whisper, "We shall meet again,
When none are parted, none are loved too well

As if I feared to lose her then, I clung
More closely to her side, and all the way
Upon my lips I framed one word that hung
Unspoken, with my soul upon it, "Stay"

So we walked on in silence, till we came
Unto our home, that never slept more fair
In evening light "Yes! it will look the same
I thought, "when Ellen is no longer there.

And as we reached the house I grew more sad,
As then the sound of laughter on us fell,
And as we entered, every face was glad,
As with some secret that they might not tell

Except in smiles "You have been long away,"
Our mother said "A stranger has been here,
With news from home" A sudden voice said, "Nay,
No stranger! Call him by some name more dear"

And there among us, hid from view before,
A Youth sprung forth, whose kindling brow and cheek
Were flushed and radiant with a greeting, more
Than look, or smile or word, could ever speak

But Ellen dared not trust her joy so wrought,
Bewildered, half believing, she did seem
Like one who wakens to a blissful thought,
So sweet that even then he fears to dream

Our father spoke "Come, Ellen, here is one
Who seeks a home, and needs a welcome kind,
Because he found his own, when we were gone,
So strange and dull, he could not stay behind

The gentle light came back to Ellen's eyes,
And to her cheek "And is it even thus?
She said, "and have you left all other ties—
And have you, William, given up all for us?"

And he made answer softly, "Yes, for you!"
And whispered, as he held her by the hand,
Some words whose sound it seemed to me I knew,
But could not then their import understand,

Of One in hopes a goodly gem to find,
That cast all else away for that alone,
Nor ever would turn a lingering look behind,
If he might call that priceless Pearl his own!

And Ellen spoke not for a while, then flung
Her arms about our mother's neck, and fast
Her sweet tears fell, as fondly there she clung,
And sobbed, "O mother, this is home at last!"

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON

CHAPTER IX.—POOR JACK

It has been reported in the newspapers that on the night of the Census upwards of 90,000 British sailors were at sea.

I have read also that more than 1000 ship wrecks occur each year on the coast of Great Britain alone with an average loss of 1000 lives.

On the night on which "the Royal Charter" was lost there were 195 shipwrecks on our coasts and 685 persons drowned. In ten days (from 29th October to 9th November), there were 326 shipwrecks and 784 lives lost.

Did you ever, most comfortable reader, meditate upon and inwardly digest such facts as these? It is true we all repeat or sing with enthusiasm about Britannia, that

> "Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
> Her home is on the deep,"

and we remember with pride how

> "On breakers roaring to the gales,
> We spread a thousand thousand sails."

But what think we of poor Jack himself, whose home is on the deep? what of the living man "whose march is o'er the mountain waves?"—but not as Britannia with a shield and trident, looking so calm and dignified, nor as a fancy sketch of a dashing sailor illustrating the last new novel on the sea, but as an honest hearted tar of flesh and blood and nerves, wet to the skin in spite of his glazed coat, blinded with rain, wind, and salt water, that batter on his "hard a weather" face, hauling thick, wet, or frozen ropes through his cracked hands, holding on for his life by a swinging yard as he tries to reef a sail that shakes and flaps as if possessed by a demon of angry passion, and who, hardly able to hear the voice of his officer roaring through the speaking trumpet in the gale, yet replies, cheerily, "Ay, ay, sir." What are your thoughts of him, good reader? Do you ever think of him who is thus in the midst of "the breakers roaring to the gales," or who, day and night, is at the risk of his life, "spreading the thousand sails," which waft your goods, or your friends in safety to the desired haven? When the wintry storm roars with angry thud and *sough* over your dwelling shaking doors and windows, and screaming down the chimney as it sweeps onwards to join the battle with the midnight sea against those lonely homes upon the deep—what carest thou, Paterfamilias, for poor Jack? "Wild night! only hear how it blows!" you perhaps mutter to the disturbance of your sleeping partner, who, if roused to a sense of danger, may express a "hope that the shutters are all fast." Yet, if your boy is at sea, you are both, I take it, rather sleepless, and the mother's eyes are wide open, staring into the darkness, and her thoughts are troubled, like the sea, by the storm, and if ever she prayed in her life for her sailor boy, she does so now, and finds peace in the hope that her cry ascends far above the region where "stormy tempests blow," even up to the throne of Him who holds the winds and waves in the hollow of his hand. So would it sometimes be with us all, I think, if we cared for poor Jack as a brother.

Philanthropy in our day, while very real has become to some almost a fashion, an excitement, a kind of "rational amusement." Every class of the suffering community has its sympathisers, and liberal patrons. Some devote themselves to sweeps, others prefer white seam sewers. The excellent Lady A. is interested chiefly in cabmen, Lady B. in their horses, while Lady C. collects from all her friends, and scatters reports about cruelty to animals in general, or patronises dogs in particular. The Smiths are all for recovering thieves, and the Plumleys can speak of nothing but preaching to policemen. And thus the fallen and recovered, the young and the old, the sick and the incurable, the blind, the deaf, the insane, the homeless, the foreigner, the orphan and widow, the converted Jew and the converted Papist, have each and all their special friends cooking for the poor, nurses for the poor, churches for the poor, schools for the poor, have their several advocates. Rags and reformatories, convicts in prisons, and convicts returned home—suffering of every kind is sympathized with, examined, reported upon, spoken about, pulled to pieces and put together again, exhibited and described by president, vice president, treasurer, secretary, general committee, and sub committee, with annual meetings, and annual dinners. Now the more ladies and gentlemen who have the blessed gifts of time and money to spare, and who, with the graces of good sense and loving hearts, devote themselves to such works, the better for themselves and for society. But think you, has poor Jack had his fair share of this considerate kindness? Has this "nice little, tight little island," which owes so much to him, done him justice, or cared sufficiently for his wellbeing? If our army is sent out on foreign service, the public are informed through the correspondents of the press all about the soldiers' wants from his knapsack to his shoe, and about his sufferings from friends or from foes, from climate or from commissariat. But how little we know or hear about Jack, from the time his vessel swells her canvas and bends her mast to the whistling breeze, and rounds the distant headland, and drops like a sea bird beyond the distant horizon! Jack out of sight is too often Jack out of mind. "Vessels cleared out," "vessels spoken," "vessels lost,"—these are, generally, the fullest records of his history.

Yet, nevertheless, Jack's life, whether afloat or ashore, is a trying one. It is one of constant change. He changes his ship, his destination, his master, and messmates, almost every voyage. In such circumstances, anything like friendship or wholesome general influence from society is impossible. Afloat, he is alone amid a crowd of strangers in his ocean home, without an anchor for his heart, and with little to occupy any part of his being

except his feet and hands His voyage is generally dreary and monotonous, and, but for occasional storms and the art of being always busy, would be intolerable, deprived as he generally is of books, amusements, or recreation of any kind, and too often without the education which would enable him to enjoy books if he possessed them On shore it is worse with him He lands perhaps on a pestilential coast, on the banks of some river steaming with disease, among a heathen, savage, or strange people, whose language he cannot understand and whose morals are by no means improving, or if he lands in a so called Christian country, just think of the population that gathers round him, or of the circumstances in which he finds himself when he steps on shore! His life for months previously, combined with his mental and moral training is calculated to produce a violent reaction Wind and tide carry him towards the rocks, and he is furnished with very little power to resist the impetus Without a friend to meet or to welcome him,—without an object he has ever read of to give him rational interest or innocent amusement, he is let loose among strangers with idle hours to spend, and an idle purse to empty He is at once surrounded by the basest of the population, and dragged (alas! not unwillingly) to the vilest dens of dissipation, there to be robbed and ruined

Many people accordingly have come to think that he is doomed as a 'never do well' and that for him a sober righteous, godly life was never intended, and is but a dream of sanguine philanthropists, as if there was a peculiar gospel and special heaven for sailors! It was but the other day I heard a highly respectable Christian who would have been alarmed if his boy had not given him all the heads of a long sermon on a Sunday evening remark very coolly and with a smile of complacency, as some sailors with bronzed faces staggered past him, while one lay helpless and miserable, cut and bleeding on the pavement 'What a set of blackguards! But what else can we expect from sailors' As if poor Jack had not a God to judge him, or a soul to be saved or lost as well as Bishops or Presbyters!

Depend upon it Jack himself will never call a public meeting on land or at sea to describe either his sufferings or his wrongs, nor will he make speeches, pass resolutions, appoint committees, write circulars, or letters in the newspapers, nor take any steps to create "a movement' on his own behalf * He can do many things better than most men He can eat hard biscuit or salt junk, drink muddy water, sleep in wet clothes at night, and stand during the day up to his middle in salt brine He can do his duty without thanks or reward, have a hand spike thrown at him without returning the insult, can be bullied by master or mate, can work for hours, swinging like a speck somewhere between the deck and the zenith, can be ship wrecked or drowned without saying much about it, but to agitate society, and create sympathy amongst philanthropists in the Church or State, is beyond Jack's power The only luxury he indulges in is growling and yet even that is seldom heard above the wind that roars through the rigging, or the great seas that wash his decks

But I must return to the ship "John," and to our old friends in her forecastle

It was a sultry afternoon in the latitudes of the far west with a sun pouring down with a Jamaica heat The sea was rolling with long, low ridges of leaden waves while the ship creaked in all her bulkheads, and the sails hung idly from the yards, flapping with their reef points as one taps with his fingers when he has nothing better to do What little lung on board prevailed on the usual traditional device used by sailors to raise more wind than their lungs can command

Suddenly every eye was directed by a cry from the look out to a speck that rose and fell on the line of the horizon, and which had been reported as "a sail on the starboard bow'

A sail it evidently was not, nor was it a whale out of its reckoning, nor an iceberg half melted, and about to sink in the warm Gulf stream

Salmond, after looking steadily at the object for a few seconds with his glass, pronounced it to be a wreck and ordered the long boat to be cleared away, and Cox, with four hands, to go and overhaul her

In a few minutes the boat was manned, and Ned selected to pull the bow oar, or take a turn at steering

Away went the boat with a will towards the wreck, which for a while they could only catch occasional glimpses of, when they rose out of the hollow of the swell, and gained some lofty smooth ridge After an hour's hard pulling they got near enough to discover the hull of a timber ship waterlogged, without masts, rudder, boats, or bulwarks, with her jib boom pointing, like a broken finger, in the direction of home

They pulled under her stern and read "The Hope, of Exmouth" Cox gave a sharp exclamation as he read the name and ordered the boat to pull as close as possible to her bow

He went forward, and laying hold of the loose rigging swung himself on board In a few minutes he appeared saying, "All is clean and bare as on a washed plank, neither man nor log nor boat, except this," he said, as he held up a black silk handkerchief, which he found tied to one of the spars "Perhaps some poor fellow," remarked Cox, "has tried this as his last hawser, but they are all gone now"

Silently the crew pulled once more round the wreck, which had evidently been floating for a considerable time Her look was unutterably dreary and desolate Rolling, rolling day and night alone on the wide, wide sea! and not a tongue on board to tell her history

It was on the same evening that Jock Wilson, the general growler of the forecastle, indulged in his usual luxury

* I do not forget, but thankfully remember how much has been done for merchant seamen since the days of "The John" Seamen's "Homes," "Seamen's Friends Societies," have proved immense blessings, while very many noble "reforms" have all tended to protect the sailor, and above all to elevate the character and education of the officers in command But very much yet remains to be accomplished to improve the social condition of the man

He had been reading during the afternoon a soiled newspaper, that seemed old enough to have recorded the battle of the Nile Most of the watch were gathered round the empty stove, enjoying an evening pipe, and expressing various conjectures about the wreck which they had been so recently examining, and which still rolled a speck on the distant horizon

"Well," remarked Wilson, with a bitter laugh, "I'm blowed if that ain't a good joke!"

"What's in the wind?" some sailors asked

"Wind!" replied Wilson, "if there had been any wind or water, it would have been a different affair, but it's all on land, and a dead calm without either sea or storm, but only a capsize of an old coach from Ayr to Glasgow, and here they goes, makin' such ado about it as if the world had been capsized!"

"What about it, Wilson? Tell us!"

"What about it!" replied Wilson, "why, there is nothing about it, but only that the horses slipped their cables, forged ahead, the driver could not heave to, and away they went into a ditch all hands!"

"Any one hurt?" asked one of the crew

"Why, that is the joke replied Wilson "I see old Thomson, the teacher from Irvine, has got his arm out of joint Served him right, all the same, for many a hundred cracks he gave me And there is Mrs Morton I know her also, the grocer's wife, from Saltcoats, as has sprained her big ankle," and so on through half a dozen more "But what a precious row they do make! Only hear this"—and then he read the following extract from the newspaper with peculiar gusto, and more than one interruption —"'We are delighted to hear that Mr Thomson is in a fair way of recovery, and that Mrs Morton was able to be conveyed last night to her own home All the people residing near the spot where the accident occurred, were most attentive and kind The other parties, who are considerably bruised, were two weavers from Kilmarnock, but we are informed that they are also in a fair way of recovery'"

"Well, Wilson," said the carpenter, "surely you have no fault to find with that"

"Perhaps I have," said Wilson "What I say is this only Who of them people, with their shaking of hands and piping with handkerchers in their eyes for the dominie and Mrs Morton, cares for our sailors? Who thinks or cares for them poor chaps as have been washed out of that wreck? The dominie gets his arm out of joint, the old humbug And Kirsty Morton gets her leg twisted, and there go the parsons and newspapers, all signalising and taking soundings, and a hollering and a botherin' But if a whole ship's company, worth a dozen cargoes of them weavers, shuttles and all, gets smashed with the ice, run down, foundered in a typhoon, crunched like nuts by sharks, starved in boats, cast away to die by the inch on a barren island, or have their legs, arms, hands, and all, sent floating among the rocks on a lee shore,—Who cares for them, unless the gulls or the cod? Who cares for them?" And Wilson put his pipe into his mouth, his hands into his jacket pocket, looked meditatingly at the cold stove, and then resumed his newspaper

"Not many," said the carpenter, with a sigh, "unless, perhaps, his wife or barns"

"If he has any," remarked Wilson, "and what will they hear about their daddy? Perhaps some Christian will let them know that his ship was lost, 'with all hands' That is all they'll hear of us"

"Yes, that is what they will say of us," said Martin, "or 'never heard of more'"

"Ay, ay," continued Wilson, short and pithy, "never heard of more' That's all your Mary and barns will hear about you, my chap No letters, carried by the gale, no messages floated by the surf, no kind people to pick you out of the ditch, and tell about you in the newspapers 'Never heard of more!' That's your superscription' with out a grave in the old kirkyard to put it to, Neil That's it, my boy, so fill your pipe for consolation"

"Perhaps them chaps belonging to the wreck were all washed overboard," remarked one of the hands

"Or took to the boats till they foundered," said another

"Or took to eating of one another, till the last man got mad, and tried to swim across the ocean" chimed in a third

"Belay there!" said Cox "What is the use of all this baby whimpering? What does a fellow sign the Articles for if he won't be drowned? Isn't it our lot to be washed overboard if it can't be helped? or to founder if we can't float? Who is to blame? No one say I, so be done Who wants women and children to be a blubberin' about us, or newspapers singing out when all hands go down? Plenty of noise above and below without that So I say, Every man to his post, the weaver to his shuttle, if he likes it, I don't, and the sailor to his ship, I do, and let all do their duty, and die game like men"

"As Fleming's song says," added another of the hands, "you know —

> 'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> And takes care of the life of poor Jack'"

"All right," replied Wilson, "but what I complain of is, there is desperate few of them cherubs here away"

"'Deed," said the carpenter, who was disposed to moralise more than the most of them, "the worst I see about our ships is, that they are no just the best place for a man to learn hoo to die, game or no game, as Cox says There's our auld Captain, that auld bully, Saumund, he swears and blasphemes at every one, and M'Killop rages wi' him, as if we were brute beasts, and a man hasna even the Sabbath to himsel', but must work mornin', noon, and night, and little needcessity for't either"

"But we all know," said one of the hands, "what the sailors' commandment is —

> 'Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou art able,
> And on the Seventh, holystone the decks, and scrape down the cable'

That's our life at sea, old boy, and even the carpenter can't mend it"

"And then when we land!" remarked another young sailor, with a whistle and a crow, "won't we

make up for it? With a rattling breeze, we shall be running past the battery of Port Royal in less than a week, and then, Cox, what shall we do? I am ready for a pint of rum the first go! What say you?"

"I say, 'don't boil or broil your fish till they are hooked!'"

"I don't give a farthing," said Wilson, "if all the fish in the sea, and the sea itself, and all that is on it and in it, were boiled to nothing, if only the 'John' was in dock, and we out of her."

"We maun submit to all that's wrang," said Neil Lamont, meditatively, and, as he meant, religiously. "A' things are ordered. Our voyage of life is settled—captain, mate, ship and all."

"Don't tell me," said Wilson, "that anything bad is ordered, except by one who is bad himself, and that is not by Him aloft anyhow. If the ship's bad, the compasses bad, the provisions bad, well then, I knows the voyage will be bad. But I know that there is bad hands and hearts been a doin' of this mischief, and I won't submit if I can put them right. *I* won't, you may," he added, as he put the ashes out of his pipe.

"It's all very fine talking, Wilson," said Cox again, "but who is to put it right? What is wrong that has not been wrong since Noah shipped in the Ark? You may as well put the tides and winds right, and lash the helm all the voyage over, as try to get sailors their rights. So, I say, no use growling, but, when there is a dead calm, go dodging down with the tide,—when there is wind, go ahead, or lie to,—when it is a dead lee shore, anchor, founder, or take to the boats, and when you can't do more, haul the first cod and give in! Come, Ned, give us the 'Arethusa,' or old 'Ben Bow!' Jack's alive! Never say die! Fire away, my lad! Silence for Flemming's song."

CHAPTER V.—SHIPWRECKS ON SHORE.

My readers must suppose the "John" to have passed through Port Royal harbour, to be safely moored at the wharfs of Kingston, Jamaica, her cargo discharged, and another cargo received, with everything ready to enable her to resume her homeward voyage. It has been a busy time for all hands, under scorching heat that made the tar bubble in blisters on the deck, and was well nigh intolerable to all, but to Sam, the cook, whose face shone like a black topaz, slightly greased to prevent its cracking. A freed black himself, he felt an aristocrat among his enslaved brethren. The crew had been all on leave before starting on their voyage, with the exception of the carpenter and the three apprentices. These were under the immediate command of M'Killop, who seemed burning with an intenser glow in the fervid atmosphere. While one eye appeared to be always watching a large shark that swam about the harbour, the other performed the ordinary duties on board.

The hands had not made their appearance at the appointed hour. M'Killop was anxious to have them on board, in order to warp out at early morning, and be in readiness to take advantage of the first puff of favourable wind to get to sea. As he sat, without his coat, under a temporary awning, he ever and anon looked at his large silver watch, from which a black ribbon and small shell and key dangled.

At last he summoned Ned to his side, and commissioned him to run up to "Big Ben's" store and tell Cox to come down with the hands immediately. "I know they are a drinking there," said M'Killop, "and will never stop unless they are started." Ned went off accordingly to the well known tavern, which was kept by a negro, in a wooden house, painted green, with projecting eaves, planted in one of the low streets near the Port. As he ascended the outside stair which led to the principal entrance, he heard within the well known sound of Sam's fiddle, accompanied by the tramping of feet and sundry shouts and cries from familiar voices. When he opened the door, he could but dimly perceive, through the cloud of tobacco smoke, a table with bottles, round which were sitting some of the crew, while others were shuffling and cutting sailor fashion, to Sam's music, Sam himself being seated on the top of a barrel in the corner.

A few minutes sufficed to disclose the effects of the new rum upon the countenances and manners of his friends. No sooner was he himself discovered at the door than Sam's violin stopped. A general tipsy hurrah was given, and Cox, springing to his feet, staggered towards him, and embracing him, said, "Welcome, my boy! Now's the time of day. Come, Sam, up with Jack o' tar! Here's a hero that can do it! Clear decks for action, my hearties! Or avast! Let's have 'Black eyed Susan' first. Fill your glasses! 'Black eyed Susan,' say I."

"Black eyed Susan" was repeated by them all as each rolled to his seat and demanded a song, while Ned was compelled to sit on Cox's knee, and was there held fast by his powerful arms.

"I say, Cox," began Ned, "now, like a good shipmate, as you are, be easy and hear me. M'Killop wants you."

"M'Killop!" shouted Cox, followed by a chorus of "M'Killop!"

"Hang the lubber!" said one.

"Heave him overboard to the big shark!" said another.

"Hang him to the mast head for a lantern!" said a third.

"Put him in the stove to be ready for cold weather!" roared a fourth.

Ned whispered something to Cox—who was always recognised as his friend and protector—which induced Cox to strike the table, and shout as usual, "Belay!"

"Silence, gentlemen! Mr. president and gentlemen, I should say," repeated Jock Wilson with a thick voice, "silence for Mr. Cox's speech."

"Go 'long," said Cox. "Flemming wants to say a word."

"All right, go a head," was the response.

"Well, my lads," said Flemming, "you know the 'John' sails to morrow, and the mate has sent me up to bid you all come down and prepare her for an early start. I have delivered my message, and so I am off."

"Can't slip your cable so fast as that," said

Cox, holding Ned firmly, while a tumult of sound arose, in which M'Killop and the John, Salmond and old Carney, with everything most venerable in the service, came in for a portion of the abuse, while Sam struck in with "Jack o' tar" to improve the din. It was in vain that Ned attempted to move, but amidst the uproar Cox was busy amusing and talking into his ear.

"I saw you, she looked at you when she came on board that morning. Ay, old Cox can see down a few fathoms when needed, can't he? She's a regular clipper, ship shape, with lots of bunting, and a splendid run. Good luck to you my lad! I am your man to stand by you in a gale of wind. If you can't get the parson, hail old Cox. Oh, come! come! no jumping about here away. I have you in limbo, can't stir any how. So don't you come over us with M'Killop. You are a lad to our liking, mind you, and among friends."

A pause in the tumult enabled the proposition of Cox to be heard, "And the proposition is this, my lads,' said the boatswain. "If I fancy drinking this glass to any one's health he likes — and here he gave a friendly poke with his elbow — 'say to the ship 'John,' or his honourable father, or even to old Carney, or' —

"Cox!" shouted Ned, looking confused, "mind what you are about, and don't bother a fellow who is doing you no harm."

"I love you, my darling," said Cox, "just in common. And what I say is this. If you tope this glass off like a man, we'll follow you like men."

But Ned did not see the wink and leer, intended for others, with which this proposition was accompanied.

"Yes, I say," continued Cox, "we'll follow him, every man of us, and kiss M'Killop's beard, or light our pipes from it handy, provided always, as how Ned gives the song, and just one or two cuts afterwards of Jack o' tar to Sam's 'College hornpipe.'"

The men cheered the proposition.

"I never drink," said Ned, "you know, and I must go. Do let me off." And he struggled to get free, but he was in the grasp of a giant.

"Well, what a regular swab you are!" said Cox. "Ain't it fun? If you take but one glass to the health of any one, any one, mind I say, you young skipper, we'll follow you to a man. If not, call me a marlinspike, if I heave anchor for a week. Here I stay, and here you will find me if you clap a buoy on me."

"And here we all stay," said the men, "till there's ebb tide in the Baltic."

I shall not enlarge on all the coaxing, bullying, and well laid devices by which poor Ned was at last induced to swallow that glass of new and potent rum, which had never been reduced by any mixture of water. It was nauseous, horrible, burning lava, liquid cayenne, molten lead, but down it went, as a price to be repaid by the honour and glory of leading the ship's company back, and in quick succession he paid also the other demands of the song and dance. The dance, with the heat of the room, helped the rum to do its work.

Alas! my unfortunate Neddy! Beyond this period all memory failed. When he came to his senses he was in his hammock in the ship "John," with a tongue like a bit of leather, a head glowing like a crackling furnace, and a body pained and bruised. Why enter into further details of that, to him, dreadful and disgusting night? The new rum had, indeed, thoroughly done its work on him! With his poor messmates he had fallen a victim to what Cox considered a capital practical joke on an innocent youngster. But his comrades, in spite of their experience and habits of drinking, had themselves become involved in a serious riot, which ended in Cox receiving dangerous internal injuries. In a fit of insane and wild intoxication he had attacked every thing and every person, until knocked down by a heavy blow on his chest, which left him in a state of temporary insensibility.

The sailing of the "John" had been delayed by this riot, which necessitated an investigation before the magistrates, until both Salmond and M'Killop vowed that the whole world had gone mad, and that it was best to scuttle the ship and take lodgings in the Old Port Royal, which the earthquake had buried beneath the waves, or settle for life in the well known spot, among the offal at "Johnnie Crow's Tavern" down the harbour.

The forecastle had been turned into an hospital of sailors, beaten and bruised, ashamed, sulky, miserable, indifferent though the ship went down with all hands.

Let the "reddling up" between the crew and the master, as well as the investigation before the magistrates, and the fines imposed by the court, be passed over in silence.

Ned was roused from his lethargic repose by the voice of Buckie, singing—

> "Our ship the 'John,' was named,
> From Greenock we were bound, etc.

And then his large face peered into Ned's hammock with a grin, congratulating him upon the grand spree he had had, and asking him if he would like his Bible? Even he did not know what daggers his words were to the heart of poor Ned.

Buckie, struck by the look of utter misery of his comrade, ceased to banter, and recommended a bowl of coffee, which he considerately went to get from Sam, who had been the only sober man of the party. In the meantime, it was difficult to say whether Ned suffered most in body or in mind. The oft repeated visions of home returned with angular vividness, and overcame the tendency to imagine that he was in some different and dreadful world. The cottage and all its inmates, down to Babby, with the cat and dog, seemed to torture him like accusing spirits. His mother's voice and holy words, his father's last injunctions, his own promises, even the famous signal of Nelson, which he had often taken from his pocket-book to read, rose up as if in mockery of his present condition. He recollected the last [illegible] of Curly, and felt a strange contrast bet[illegible] the poetry of Wordsworth and his own [illegible] as he looked up from his fevered hammock to the burning deck. Drunkenness — rioting — faugh! Could it be? Yes, it was so, every ache in his body, every throb of his fevered head, every attempt to speak with his dusty tongue, all recalled a nightmare which he

could neither comprehend nor banish He shut his eyes, and buried his head under the sheet, that felt like a covering of fire, while hot tears flowed down and wet his pillow. So ended his first and last experience of intoxication.

CHAPTER XI —A SEAMAN'S FRIEND

THE evening before the "John" sailed, a boat pulled alongside, with a little, round faced man in the stern, who quickly ascended the ship's side, and, touching his straw hat, asked in a frank, off hand manner for the Captain

"At your service," replied Salmond, who met him at the gangway

"Beg pardon, sir, Captain Salmond, I presume?" said the little man

"The same," said Salmond

"My name is Walters ' exclaimed the little man, "and though I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, Captain, yet I have ventured on board as I have been to sea myself in my day, though I am now a parson—a Methodist parson, I must tell you," he added, with a smile, as he perceived the gloom gathering in Salmond's face, "and though but lately come to Jamaica, I am anxious to be of service to the seamen in the port '

"And what do you want?" inquired Salmond

"Oh, merely that, if you had no objection, I should like to have an opportunity of saying a good word or two to your crew before they leave for home"

' The crew!" exclaimed Salmond "A greater set of scoundrels are not on sea or land The crew! '

"I was present in court, Captain Salmond, when the riot came before Mr Johnson, the magistrate ' remarked Walters, "and I am not inclined, I assure you, to defend them, but the worse they are the more they need good counsel, and that is all I mean to give them"

'And that's just what they won't take," replied Salmond, "but you are welcome to heckle them with fire and brimstone for me, as much as you like It's what they deserve, for they care neither for God nor man, not to speak of me or M Killop"

After some further preliminaries and explanations, managed with great tact by Walters, liberty was at last obtained to collect the crew for half an hour in the forecastle Salmond, however, protesting that the only discourse they could attend to would be a rope's end or a cat o' nine tails, and vowing that when he got them into deep water he would "give them a round of texts of his own making, which they would understand better than any Methody discourse"

When Walters descended into the steaming den of the forecastle, he said, "Good evening, my lads!" taking off his straw hat His presence created no little stir, and more than one head looked over the hammocks, or stared from their seats, to know what all this was about Was it a policeman? or magistrate? or some other official, resolved to continue what seemed to them a persecution of men who had "only been on the spree," and who had paid already what seemed to them more than a sufficient sum for it

Walters seated himself on one of the bunks, and said, "I am an old sailor, and have sailed over every sea, and this forecastle puts me in mind of old times, bad times they were for me, as I fear they are for you, my lads"

A general movement took the place of asking, What next?'

"Now, boys,' Walters continued, "I like to be above board like a sailor, and to show my papers at once I do not like luffing or yawing, but to go right ahead to port when possible, so I tell you I have come here to see you before you sail for the dear old country, which I don't expect to visit again I wish to speak to you, as I would to old comrades and for no reason whatever but for your good I want no money, no honour of any kind, but the satisfaction of your listening to me for a few minutes until I tell you a bit of my story Will you hear, then an old sailor spin his yarn?'

' By all means said the carpenter

"Fire away, old boy, repeated a voice from a dark corner

"Take out your reefs and scud," said another, while the greater part were silent and gave no sign

Those, however, near the hatch might have seen the shadows of M Killop and Salmond lurking on the deck Walters took out a small Bible and amidst respectful silence and evident curiosity, not unmingled with some suppressed tendency to laughter at the oddness of the interruption, he said, "As I told you, I was a sailor before the mast, and served my time I have tasted salt water like the best of you, and drank, swore, and went to the devil like the most of you I became mate of a fine ship, 'The Lord Melville,' you may have heard of her, sailing out of Liverpool We were wrecked on a coral reef, near the Bahamas Most of the crew were washed overboard, the rest had to take to the masts, and I reached the mizzen top, along with the second mate, who, to speak the truth, was the only man on board who had any fear of God in him, and many a time I laughed at him, for I was then an ignorant heathen Well as the sun was setting on that awful day, with the waves breaking over the ship, and little hope of her keeping together long, Wilkins, that was his name, says to me, pointing to the sun 'Messmate,' says he, 'where will you and I be when that sun rises to-morrow morning' 'The devil knows!" says I Yes, that was what I said, for I'd no care for anything On that, Wilkins, as brave a fellow as ever stood on deck, says to me, 'Tom,' says he, 'if the devil knows you are to be with him, it is poor comfort But I know that when I die I shall be with my Father and my Saviour, and all the good who have ever gone before me Oh, I am sorry, sorry for you' I would let go my hold and drown if I thought that would save you!' 'Would you, indeed?" says I 'I would, indeed,' says he, 'as sure as God sees my heart' And then he began to preach to me on that mizzen top, —ay, on that queer pulpit such a sermon as I never heard before. Would you like to hear it, my lads?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said more than one voice. "If it is no offence speak a little louder, sir," said Cox.

"Well, then, Wilkins said, 'Tom, God made

you and me, and all men, to be good and happy He has loved us ever since we were born, although we have not loved Him He has given us every thing good that we ever had, though we may never have asked it of Him, or thanked Him when we got it He has told us our duty in the Bible and written it upon our consciences, although we have not done it And we have taken the devil's side and not His And if we do the devil's work, depend upon it we shall get his wages, and that is misery, and nothing but misery But,' said Wilkins,—for to tell the truth I began to tremble, and for the first time in my life felt afraid to die—'But,' said Wilkins, 'God in His love sent His own Son Jesus Christ into the world to seek and to save the chief of sinners, the chief of sinners, mind you, said he And he died for sinners on the Cross, and suffered, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, and rose from the dead, and lives, to forgive every man, and to give His good Spirit to make every man good who will trust Him, and try and do His will Oh, Tom,' he said, 'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved Yes, Tom, even you, before the sun sets, He will receive as a poor prodigal, and save you on this masthead, without church or bible or parson, but by His own love Accept the forgiveness of sin, His own free gift, for if you don't you will never love your God and be at peace, but be frightened for Him and hate Him Don't,' says he, holding on for his life, and talking as peaceful as a child, 'don't go up to judgment with all your sins written in God's book, and not one of them forgiven! Don't damn yourself, messmate when God wishes to save you! Don't ruin the soul that does not belong to you, but to Him that made it and died for it! Don't be put off turning to God until it is too late, for if you die without a Saviour, and without repenting and being at peace with your Maker, if you say to him "depart from me," then He may take you at your word at last, and say to you 'depart,' and where will you go then?' With that the sun set, and Wilkins, holding on by one hand, lifted up the other and prayed, —'God, our Father, give this prodigal son of thine true repentance, and save his poor soul through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and grant that if we both die this night, we may both wake in heaven and not in hell' That was Wilkins's sermon and that was Wilkins's prayer," said Walters

"What became of Wilkins?" asked a gruff voice from one of the hammocks

"We were both picked off the wreck next morning" said Walters, "but before morning I had given my heart to Christ, and I have never taken it from Him, nor don't intend to do so for ever and ever, and I find Him one of the best and kindest of masters, while I found myself and the devil the worst"

After a pause, during which no remark was made, Walters rose and said with affectionate and earnest voice —"My men, I am neither hypocrite nor humbug! I appeal to Him that made me, that I believe what I say, speak the truth, and risk my soul on it As God showed mercy to me nine years ago come tenth of next May, I desire to make my fellow men share the same mercy, and to enjoy the same peace and liberty, to deliver them from the foul slavery of sin, and to set them free in the liberty of Christ's service I solemnly testify to you, that as sure as there is a God we must live as long as He lives—for ever, that we must be saints or devils, good and happy, or wicked and miserable I testify to you, as saith the Scriptures, what you know to be true, that 'the wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,' and 'that there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked' I speak to you what He has given me to say, and it is this 'Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him, for he shall eat the fruit of his doings Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hand shall be given him' 'Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.' I testify to you what you know is true, that 'wine and women take away the heart' and make it hard, dead, and miserable But I testify more than this that as God liveth He has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he would turn from his wickedness and live,' that He who knows all your sins, says, 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow' Oh, my lads, my comrades of the sea! don't shipwreck your poor souls for ever when there is a life boat at hand, and when you have your Lord and brother able and ready to save What say you? Come, my lads, what say you? What has the devil done for you? What sort of master have you found him? What sort of wages has he given you? Are you happy? Are you ready to die? Are you fit to meet your Saviour?"

Walters paused as if for a reply

"It is God's truth you are saying," said Neil Lamont, looking at the palm of his huge hand, "and there is no contradicting you It is Scripture, I believe, every word"

Walters, as if anxious to get the men to think, and if possible to "bring them to the point," as he said, tried another tack, and remarked, "Say your ship is run on the shore, anchors out, masts cut away, cables snapping, black rocks and wild breakers under astern, the last cable going,—Where next, my lads?"

"The long boat!" cried a sailor

"Right," said Walters, "the ship is your soul, and the long boat is your Saviour!" But there was no response

After a pause, he asked, with an energetic voice —

"Who cares for you, my men? Who cares whether you are dead or alive? sober or drunk? going to heaven or hell? Fifty fathoms deep, lying dead on the rocky shore, tossed about by the tide, or lying among the wreck on the shore? Who cares whether it's all hands lost, or all hands saved! Who cares?"

"You are right," said Jock Wilson, who could not stand that question "No one cares for us more than for the brutes"

"No one?" asked Walters "I say, yes! One does care, One who preserves both man and brute, —One that sailors seldom think of, and seldom speak of except in oaths The God that made you, and who preserves you, cares for you. Oh,

shame ! shame ! my men. Why don't you care for Him ?"

"Why sir," said Wilson, "you know sailors can't be saints "

"What do you think a saint is?" asked Walters

"Why, I do not know," said Wilson, "except, perhaps, he is a sort of long faced fellow, with black clothes, who is all day singing of psalms, except when groaning and damning sailors for taking their liquor "

Walters smiled, and said, "If that is a saint, I hope I may never be one, and, I am sure, I don't look like such a saint as that, and yet I hope I am a saint by God's grace that is offered to all My lads," he continued, "a saint may be a sailor as well as a parson, wear duck as well as black, and be out on a yard as well as preach For a saint is a man that does God s will with a heart, because he likes Him And if he won't be a saint, depend upon it he is a devil, and no mistake, or very like one For what can be worse than a man who dislikes God ? And as for your taking liquor, one thing is certain, that whatever is good for a man, for his soul or for his body, his Father in heaven will give it to him , but I take it that getting drunk is good for neither, nor any other wickedness "

"Ye're no far wrang there, minister," said a Scotch voice, "for this has been an awfu' job for us "

"Chaps can't help a doing what's wrong," remarked one of the hands, "that's my opinion , the devil gets the weather gage of them in spite of them "

"That's a devil s lie, my lads, depend upon it," said Walters, " a man is a man, and not a brute, and no power on earth or hell can force him to sin unless he likes it, and then it needs no force "

"But wind and tide are always against a fellow when he tries to work his way in the right course, my hearty, isn t it ?"

"Yes, when he tries it without God , but if he seeks God, He will be with him, and then He is stronger than wind or tide, for He can make the weakest craft overcome both "

"How do you know ?"

"Because He says it, and because I have tried it a thousand times, and know it The God who has delivered poor Tom Walters, is it to save any man ! And oh, it's peace, my lads , peace and freedom !"

"But what, suppose," remarked another gruff voice from a corner, "I makes up my mind, do ye see, to go ahead, and says, as it were, says I, I'll not pray, nor read the Bible, nor give up my grog or anything else, nor be a saint, but a sinner, and sail where I like, and when I like, and be my own captain ? Eh ? Can't a fellow get along well enough in that way ?"

"And what, my lad," replied Walters, "if the Almighty takes you at your word, and tells you to go ahead, and sail when and where you like ? When you give up God, and get your own way, what will become of you ? Can you get a better master than Him who is your owner ? Can you sail to a better harbour than heaven ? Where else will you go to ?"

"The devil knows ! as you said yourself, messmate "

"Yes, that's it ! You'll go right on with him, and to him, and lose your God and Saviour for ever There's but one port where your voyage will end, and you know where that is !

"But I must go, my time is up," continued Walters, "I have left God's message with you , I'll perhaps never see you till the judgment day, and you'll know then for weal or woe that I have spoke the truth Farewell !" he said, rising "From my heart I wish you well, and that all good, and all peace may be yours ! But remember there is no good or peace for man unless he believes in Jesus Christ, and serves Him I will leave you some tracts, and two or three books which you may like to read on the voyage, and, perhaps, for the sake of old Tom Walters, you will grant me one request—that you will hear read a portion of the Bible every Sunday, when possible, and a prayer from this Prayer book, which I give you "

"There is the lad that will do it," said Buckie, pointing to Ned

"Buckie !" shouted a voice, as if to rebuke him

"Na, but I'm real serious this time," r plied Buckie, as if he felt it an insult to joke at such a moment

"I will read it," said Ned, "if the crew will allow me "

The crew expressed their consent in their own peculiar phraseology

Walters thanked them for their kindness, and added, after shaking hands with all he could get near, "My dear brother seamen, for I like to think of myself as one of you still, I speak just what I feel when I say before we part, that I think the prettiest sight which God Almighty could see on the bosom of the deep would be a ship manned by Christian sailors ! Oh, my lads, what a sight, what a sight, that would be ! Prayers instead of quarelling , praises instead of cursing, going round the world , and the ship shining beautiful as she went round, like the glorious sun of heaven ! Jesus would be on board, and give peace to all, and say in the storm, 'It is I, be not afraid !' She would be a blessing and not a curse to every port she entered, and Christian men would pray for her and welcome her, and cry God be with her ! And if she was 'lost with all hands,' or 'never heard of more,' what then ? Poor Jack would be at rest in the bosom of his Father and his God But, farewell ! God bless you all ! a good voyage to you, and a happy meeting with all friends here, and a happy meeting with us all when the voyage of life is over !"

"Good bye, sir !" "Farewell !" "Good luck to you !" "A fair wind to you, my hearty !" "Thank you, old boy !" "God bless you !" came from different voices in the forecastle, as Mr. Walters ascended the ladder

Ned followed to the deck, and Walters taking him aside for a minute, said, "Young man, I was much pleased with your appearance in court. You are not hardened in sin anyhow , I can see that. Take an old man's advice, and pray to God for His Spirit to guide you, strengthen you, and make you out and out good. Let this adventure of yours be a warning to you to show what a bitter thing sin is, and, mind you, my lad, you may fall down a pit in a moment as a small can do, but it

may take a long time to crawl up It is but one step over the precipice, but a long fall, and perhaps broken bones or death at the bottom So begin soon to be a good man, and you will find it a far easier thing than to begin if once you are a bad one Every act of sin is another chain to bind us in the Devil's service"

"Thank you, sir," replied Ned "Both my father, who is an old officer and my mother, have taught me that," he replied, as he hung down his head, half with shame and half with modesty, and murmured, "I read my Bible, and pray, sir, and wish to serve God, but the other night I could not help it, for —

"Let us not argue about that, my boy," said Walters, kindly clapping him upon the shoulder, "Believe me, there is no good excuse for doing what is wrong Trust God, my boy, trust God for all good to soul and body, and He will give you the best things at the best time, and in the best way But trust yourself, or sin, and forsake God! and it is all over with you"

Mr Walters shook him by the hand and went aft to speak to the captain Joining him and the mate on the quarter deck, and again taking off his hat he saluted them, presenting the Captain with a neat pocket bible 'Please accept this, Captain Salmond," he said 'as an expression of my gratitude to you for allowing me to speak to your men They have promised to hear the Scripture read on Sundays if you have no objection, and I have got a young lad, one of your apprentices, to be chaplain'

'That ll be Fleming," said Salmond, "he is a gran' hand at the Bible already As for the crew, they may do as they like, if they only do their duty to me But saunts or no saunts, by jingo! they maun work the ship"

"I trust they may work her better than ever," said Walters, "she won't sail the worse if God is in her to help and bless her!

"I'll no say she will," said Salmond, "but he'soever, if they devils are better, the 'John' will be better too, and that's my only look out"

"One word, before parting, to you, Captain and mate and fellow men Unless we repent we shall all perish, unless we are born again we cannot see the kingdom of God"

"That would be an awfu' job," said Salmond

"But remember it is true," said Walters as he shook hands, and vaulted over the ship's side, and was soon seated in his boat, rowing rapidly towards the shore

Salmond and M'Killop stood staring at one another, smiled, shrugged their shoulders, turned their quids in their mouths, and put their hands in their pockets

"That's a queer ane," said Salmond. "Daft awee"

"Doubtfu'," said M'Killop

"Carries a press of canvas" said Salmond

"Moon rakers and sky scrapers" said M'Killop.

"Unco godly!" said Salmond.

"Uncommon!" said the mate

"What am I to do with the Bible, Peter"

"Ye ken best," said Peter "Maybe he intended ye to read it"

"I wadna wonder," said Salmond. "Ye had better put it in the cabin till we hae time to think about it' he remarked, as he handed it to the mate, holding it with an outstretched arm cautiously, as if he thought it would burn his fingers

CHAPTER XII —ANOTHER SUNDAY AT SEA.

The blue mountains of Jamaica have disappeared like a cloud below the horizon, and the "John" is once more in blue water,

> "With nothing above and nothing below,
> But the sky and the ocean

On the first Sunday after the "John" got fairly out to sea the weather being propitious, Ned, faithful to his promise to Mr Walters, embraced a favourable opportunity of seating himself where he had been in the habit of keeping his promise to his mother, by reading a portion of his Bible, an exercise no longer interrupted, even by Buckie The men were rather eager than otherwise to try the new experiment There might, perhaps, have been at first a little awkwardness visible, some joking, and here and there a remark approaching to irreverence even, but yet, on the whole, there was an evident disposition to mark the day of rest with some sign of religion, or by a more decorous solemnity than they were in the habit of manifesting The remembrance of Ned's fight made the crew at once recognise him as the "fox all parson" —for so they dubbed him Walters had very wisely given a small printed set of directions for the conducting of the services during the voyage, whether it was short or long There was one circumstance, I may state which tended perhaps more than any other to bring about this better state of feeling, and that was the marked change which had somehow come over the boatswain, and to which we shall afterwards more particularly allude Cox, to the astonishment of all, took the lead in summoning the crew and arranging them for service

Ned, following the directions he had received, first of all read aloud the Sailor's Psalm—(Psalm cvii)

He next repeated the Sailor's Prayer—(Jonah ii 3 9)

The first portion of Scripture which was selected was the voyage of St Paul, recorded in the 27th chapter of the book of Acts, which he read, explaining, as he was able to do, some of the proper names and less familiar phrases It was deeply interesting to watch the men's faces, and hear their remarks The whole narrative was to them as real as that of any voyage which had taken place in their own time The interest got so great that Ned had to borrow an atlas from the Captain, and show the ship's course, a favour which Salmond gave with a growl, asking what had an atlas to do with the Bible! and remarking that "they might as well take a compass into the pulpit"

By the time Ned came to the thirty third verse the men were eager to hear the end of the story

"And while the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat, saying, This day is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing Wherefore I pray you to take some meat, for this is for your

health for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all, and when he had broken it, he began to eat Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat And we were in all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea"

Jock Wilson observed, "Well, I m glad I was not on board of her! It must have been a wild job, with a leaky ship, a cargo o' wheat, shifting too, no doubt, and two hundred and seventy sixsouls on board, and she riding by four anchors off a lee shore in a Levanter! Now, Fleming, as you are up to the Bible better than hur, tell me, 'Was that man Paul a regular parson?'"

"He was a holy apostle, Wilson," replied Fleming

"That is a parson, is it?' continued Wilson

"In course, he was, said Lamont "Pity me Wilson, ye surely has heard o the Apostle Paul?'

"Perhaps I have, as well as you, said Wilson, "but what I ax is, 'Was he what we call a parson' for if so, he was not like any that ever I know d of"

"In what way?" asked Lamont

"Because the most of them chaps I have sailed with, I m blest if they were not fine gentlemen, rigged out with black coats that could not stand salt water, and the ship s company awaiting on them, and not them helping or caring for the ship s company Now, that man was all alive, I say, and fit for a quarter deck'

"What do you mean?' said Lamont

"I mean as how he got rations served out to all hands, for'ard as well as aft, like a man, and kept a bright look out for the crew, and for the passengers and sojers And what I say is this, that he was an out and outer' A right good fellow he must have been, when the sea was a washin' over that old tub in a gale of wind, before break of day, on a lee shore, for him to rise up in that turmendous crowd of passengers, all a hollerin, and to say grace as peaceful as if he was in a church, I say he was a top topper, and no mistake, and a man I'd hear preach, I would Go on, Ned, I want to hear how they got along It s first rate"

"Well," said Ned, "if you would listen to his preaching, I can read to you many of his sermons, for there are many of them here"

"I never knew,' said Duck Martin, "that there were any stories like that in the Bible I thought it was all about fire and brimstone"

"Dinna joke, Duck," said Neil "Ye maunna try that anoo"

"It's nae joke, but a fact," said Duck, "for I am just as pleased as ony o' ye wi' the Bible"

"The Bible," said Ned, "is full of stories, better and truer than you can get out of any other book. In the meantime, let's finish the voyage of St Paul"

"Afore ye begin again," remarked Neil Lamont, let me just say a word to our freen Wilson here Jock, my lad, ye were grumbling, yon nicht o' the wreck, about swits' aboot I kenna what, and maybe I was muddling a bit mysel'; but tho' I'm nae minister, and dinna pretend to preach, yet there's no lesson I think I hae learned frae this chapter, and it's this, that a man may be in a bad ship and in a wild and lang gale o' wind, wi' little to comfort his body, and be even a puir ill used prisoner, but yet he may hae the peace o God in his heart, if he s a Christian man, and *that* s a reform which is in our ain power, wi' the grace o' God"

'Maybe, Neil maybe," replied Wilson, "I'm only on my first voyage, like, thro' the Bible, all I say is, Paul was a man I honour and respect I do indeed So I say go ahead, Ned"

And thus began the forecastle services, which were continued during the voyage, and each Sunday saw the crew more quiet, interested, and simple hearted During prayers they all rose and listened reverently

Salmond and M Killop never joined them, but they never interrupted them and both confessed they did not think such a thing possible,* generously admitting that "they could not say they thought the crew the waur o't' An incident occurred which tended greatly to deepen good impressions

CHAPTER XIII —THE BOATSWAIN'S LAST VOYAGE

Cox, the boatswain, had never been the same man since that night of the riot in Kingston There was evidently 'something wrong with him though neither his own sensations, beyond great internal uneasiness, nor the medical skill of any on board could indicate the nature of his malady But he had lost his appetite, could seldom sleep and when he did so was haunted with nightmares of dim and unpalpable horror He seldom spoke and seemed oppressed by some great weight His messmates in vain tried to rally him Neither their jokes nor their banter moved him further than to draw forth a quiet request to be 'let alone'

"What is wrong with Cox?" some of them would ask in a whisper Has he seen a ghost? He has broken no bones, nor had a wound more than any of us But his spirit has gone right off He is like a vessel waterlogged, or lying to under bare poles"

"The bo's n's clean diddled,' said Salmond, "with that new rum We might as well has a bellwether on board or a pug, for all the good he does"

"I am no sure but he's skulkin,' said M Killop.

"Skulkin!" exclaimed Salmond, as if some new light had broken in upon him, 'ye dinna say so? Has he ony spite at you or me? If I thought *that*, my word, I would start him, big though he is! But na, na, Peter, it s no that He's ower proud for that"

"Proud! there's nae doubt he's proud," replied the mate, "the proudest man I ever knew And it's possible he may hae a spite, for I was obliged to gi'e him a gud crack that night, yet after a' I think he was ower far gaen to ken me, let alone to keep it in mind"

* It is pleasing to know that there are upwards of 200 merchant ships sailing from British ports in which worship is regularly conducted every Sunday, and, in a few cases, daily, with the hearty concurrence of the crew.

"Ye might try and rouse him when ye hae a chance," said Salmond

"Tak' my word I'll rouse him," replied the mate. "I am just watchin' him He'll no dodge me If he tries the game at odds and evens wi' me, I'll be even wi' him"

Cox had somehow heard, that the Captain and M'Killop fancied his sickness to be feigned, or thought it proceeded from some grudge, and in his present mood, this but intensified his suffering No man at any time more thoroughly despised such cowardice, and nothing but a sense of duty or pride enabled him to stand on deck, and take his part in the ship's work He was daily getting worse His pale face betrayed his weakness

In spite of the wrong he had done Ned, the boy was irresistibly attracted to the Boatswain In his English tongue, handsome face, and fine manly bearing, there was a certain sailor grace and dignity which made him Ned's ideal of a Jack tar He had very frequently shown a great deal of kindness in his own way to Ned during the voyage It was, therefore, with real pain that he saw poor Cox getting visibly weaker and sadder

One night, when the weather was rough and wet, Ned had insisted on taking Cox's watch on deck Cox expostulated with him, and refused the offer—the like of which he remarked had never been made to him the whole time he was at sea But his pain compelled him to give in Twice again the same charitable substitution was insisted upon by the apprentice

M'Killop noticed it, and whispered to Ned to "mind what he was about' as he would 'not put up with skulking down below You understand me, don't you?' he asked, looking with one eye steadily at Ned, while the other seemed to follow his finger as he pointed down to the forecastle

"I think I do," replied Ned manfully, "but Cox is ill seriously ill, I say, and what can I do since you say that the whole starboard watch must come on deck?'

"All I say is, master," said the mate, with firmness, "don't come it too thick and humbug gung over me, you understand? I hope you do"

But this kindness upon Ned's part, with sundry little unostentatious attentions, such as getting him his food or drink when he could not rise without pain to get it for himself, and chatting to him cheerily to keep his spirits up, and reading now and then without making any fuss about it, or attracting too much notice, seemed to awaken a new life in the heart of the boatswain. One night when it was their joint watch on deck, he expressed his gratification at being able to resume his duties

It was a glorious night, without a cloud in the sky.

"The moon shone round her with the heavens all bare,"

and a bright pathway of splendour streamed across the sparkling waves from the ship to the horizon A gentle breeze swelled the canvas that crowded every yard from the deck to the truck, and out to the end of the stun'sail booms The sea flashed in phosphorescent foam round her bows, gleaming past the ship, and joining the white and sparkling wake astern

It was past midnight when the boatswain was gazing intently a head. Ned joined him, and asked him how he felt Cox started, as from a reverie, made no reply, but put his hand on the shoulder of the apprentice, made him sit down beside him on a coil of ropes at the heel of the jib boom

"Fleming, my boy," he said, "I'm a dying man Hold hard now, don't speak, for I am not one to humbug you or any one, but I will take it kindly if you listen to what I have to say"

Ned felt a strange spell come over him that hindered him from replying

Cox rolled his arms, bent his head forward, and leaning close to Fleming, spoke with a low and earnest voice "God forgive me," he began, 'and I hope you will forgive me for the harm I did you on shore Yes, yes, I know you forgive me, but I don't forgive myself Yet what is this drop in the ocean of my wicked life! But that is not what I wanted to say, but something else Fleming you are young, and I might be your father, but you are an officer's son, have got good schooling, and can understand a fellow better than our messmates, and I have something on my heart I must heave off somehow before I get worse It must not go down with me, like shot in my hammock" And then he rose, and, motioning to Fleming to sit still, he looked over the bulwarks in silence, as if debating whether he would say more, and then resumed his seat "Listen," he said, "to my story I will tell you what I have been telling no one but myself for many a long year" After a pause, he continued, 'I was born and brought up in Dartmouth Forest, in a place called Brantnor My own name is not Cox, but Revel My father and mother, with young brothers and sisters, went to live near a place called Anstey's Cove, on the Devon coast It is many a day, Ned, since I spoke these names aloud My father had taken a share in a smuggling venture, and used to do a good deal in that line, making many a run in the lugger, for the family was poorly off, and we used to think the rich were determined to rob the poor, and that, though we broke the laws of man, we were not breaking the laws of God For we thought man's laws were gone clean again' what was just, and indeed in them days, gentlemen and parsons and all were as keen to buy from the lugger as my father was to sell But my father never did harm to anybody, for a kinder heart never beat Never! never!"

Here Cox paused and looked aloft, and, clearing his throat, proceeded "Well, one early morning he and I were walking along the coast, until we came to the top of a precipice that looks over a small place called Babbicombe Bay. Oh, lad, my eyes have never seen a prettier sight on land or water than there! Many a time I saw it afore, and, though I was but a boy, I used to stop to look down on the big rocks and caves, and clear water and white sand, and Torbay, and the far away sea, with man o'-war ships! But why should I speak of them that will never see them again? Well, as I was saying, we were coming up the rocks thinking no one was there; [illegible] my father knew that big Lillycrap, the coast-guardsman, was on the look out for him. But just as we

reached a green spot, nigh the edge of the precipice, there sprung out upon him the coast guards man from behind a rock, and seizing my father, he cried, with an oath, 'I have got you now!'

"Then began a terrible struggle They went at it, wrestling and wheeling, with the dust flying about Foot to foot, and arm to arm, Lilly crap trying to get the handcuffs on my father, and every now and then yelling out for assistance As they came nigh the precipice it was fearful to see them! The coast guardsman cried out, with his face red and furious, 'I will pitch you over, I will, as sure as you have a soul, if you don't give in' When I heard him say that, half mad, though I was then a boy, small of stature but very strong, I flew between them and gave a trip to the man, and as he let go one hand to catch me, my father, with all his might, thrust him from him, striking him on the throat With that he staggered back, and fell, rolling over them dreadful rocks I remember no more but my father's crying to me to be off to the forest

"Off I ran, and never stopped till I found myself creeping along like a hare, half dead with fear, through the brush and scrub of Dartmoor I soon reached the old oaks, and joined some gipsies that were in a place called Whistman's Wood, and wandered with them, and it was months after that I heard my father was tried and hung for the murder, and that he never told I had anything to do with it But one of the gipsies learned that the very first thing he said to my mother, when she went to see him in prison, was 'Thank God that Tom is safe!" Here poor Cox gave way and sobbed like a child

"Oh! he had such a kind heart, had that man," he continued, after a time "He loved me, if possible, more than my mother He could not, Fleming, it was not in him to hurt any man, but it was all self defence, and they swore his life away I forget many of them years now They are cloudy and confused, like a fleet in mist But at last I went to the navy, and was not long there till I got frightened one day, in hearing some man tell the story about father Though I had changed my name I was afraid of being found out, and I ran for it, and left England, and have been knocking about in Scotch ships ever since, but without peace, without peace! Something has always been a chasing me, and smothering me I do not know what has become of mother or brothers, and when I saw that wreck of a ship from near my old home, it brought these old times back, and I thought she said to me 'Tom, you are like me, alone in the wide sea, all gone! all gone!"

"Oh, Tom, cheer up, my man," said Ned "I am sure that my father, who knows captains and admirals, will manage to put everything right You must not be miserable, Cox Don't [illegible]."

"Thank you, thank you, lad," [illegible] Cox. "I am not so miserable now though I cannot overhaul what is tumbling about in my heart But that is another thing I wanted to speak to you about most particular 'Tell me, Ned," he asked, after a [illegible] you understand yon parson as preaches [illegible] Kingston? that old sailor?"

"I [illegible] dad," said Ned "He was very

"Perhaps to you," replied Cox, "for you are a scholar and I am not I never was in church or chapel almost in my life Could not be, you know Would not have done for a fellow like me to be pretendin to go to them good places I am therefore afeared I did not understand the Methody But I have been turnin' over and over what he said, and if it's true, it is the only holding ground I have found yet For, Ned, I think as how I have been pretty near sailing under the colours he spoke of"

"What do you mean?" inquired Ned

"I mean the devil and sin," said Cox "With a cargo of misery for ballast, except when in drink, and after that the cargo gets up to the bulwarks, and sinks me deeper than ever Ain't it summat like that?"

"Yes, Tom, we are all sinners"

"No, no, boy! Not you, not you! I am the only out and out sinner as ever I knowed But did he say that God Almighty that lives up yonder cared for sinners here away? Did he? Did he say that He would forgive them? Did he say that Jesus Christ, that I have heard about only in cursing all my life, was the Son of God, and actually died from love to save sinners the chief? was that word for me?"

"He said all that," replied Ned, while the boy added a few explanations of his own to make the matter clear to the boatswain, and with such an interest in another's good as he had never felt before.

Cox, the iron man, took Ned's hand and said, "Oh, my lad, you do not know what it is to be a sinner or you would—! Now, lad, avast making a fool of a dying man Is all he said true? Tell me!" said Cox sternly "Give me your mind as a gentleman, and on your word of honour! *Is it all true*"

"Would you not like it to be true?" asked Ned

"Like it!" exclaimed Cox, in a voice which expressed his feeling, that it seemed almost too good to be true

"Depend upon it," said Ned "it is true and I will read to you in the Bible all that Mr Walters said"

"And Wilkins," added Cox, "that is him that was in the mizzen top, who I'm sure knowed about God,—Didn't he say that God was willing to save a sinner *at once?*"

"He did," replied Ned

Cox, after a moment's silence, with his head bent as if he was sinking deep, deep into his own spirit, slowly rose, and leaning over the bulwarks, gazed up to the moon shining with unclouded glory in the midnight sky, and as he gazed, the pitying angel saw not among the treasures of the deep a jewel more precious or more beautiful than the tear that glistened in the old boatswain's eye and rolled down his [illegible]eek, until it fell upon his heart, and gave it such a life, such a softening and refreshing as he had never known even in the days of his childhood!

"Watch, ahoy! Look alive there," shouted M'Killop "Stand by to set the forestop gallant stun'sails"

Poor Cox grew worse He rose with increasing difficulty, and crawled, rather than walked, along the deck He still tried to do his work bravely, and manifested a singular meekness and thought-

fulness He seemed also to inspire the men with a peculiar respect, almost awe, they knew not why Perhaps it was the new and strange way in which he spoke to them

"Mind what the old parson said to us, for he spoke the God's truth," he would say to one "There is no peace for a fellow but in a good conscience," he would remark to another "The best chart is the Bible, the best compass the conscience, and the best captain Him who is above all, and died for all," he would confess to a third Yet he spoke but seldom The sailors could not, as they remarked, 'make him out" Some shook their heads and chewed their tobacco energetically, as they remarked, "he is running his log out fast over the reel"

One evening as Fleming came down below, he shook the water out of his sou'wester, and remarked, that they were going to have ugly weather

"The wind is piping loud," he said, as the variously toned sounds were booming and whistling through the rigging

"And I lying here" said Cox, "like an old sulk," as the music of the rising wind began to stir him "Look here, Ned" he added "just come and speak to me for a minute Will you he said, speaking in a whisper, "write a letter to Dartmoor"

"Oh, Tom, don't allow yourself to get on that tack again We'll soon be in port, and you will have a doctor, and be all right"

"I have such wild dreams, Ned about those times I have seen them both, you know who I mean as plain as I see you And I went down, down them rocks Oh, it was dreadful!"

"It is just your bad health Tom Don't be thinking about these things It is all peace with you now, old fellow, is it not"

"All peace," replied Tom, "all peace, Ned by the mercy of the good Saviour I feel as how I'd got new relations I never knowed before But yet, lad do me a favour just this once to please me Get a bit of paper and a pencil, and bring it here" Ned soon got his note book and pencil "Will you ask your worthy father said Cox, "to write a letter to Mrs Level, Backamoor, Dartmoor Forest, near Plymouth, and if that fails, try another to Martin Shillabeer, Torquay, to tell about me, that is, about Tom Revel To tell all who know me, and if she lives, to tell my dear mother, or any of my brothers and sisters, that Tom never forgot them, never forgot his father especially, and that he was proud of him, and loved him even unto death"

"I shall be sure to do so, dear old Tom," said Ned and he [illegible] the man clasped Ned's hand [illegible] sweet, sad, on a lonely sea!"

But again they were interrupted by a well known voice shouting "All hands on deck—reef fore top sails!" while a handspake thumped above them

"Ay, ay, sir," replied several of the crew who appeared to have been asleep

"Can't the Bo'sn bear a hand?" shouted M'Killop

"No," said Ned, calling up the hatchway, "he can't, but I can"

"And he can, too, God helping him," replied Cox, as half dressed he got out of his hammock. "He will do his duty as long as he can keep an even keel"

"Tom!" exclaimed Ned, "don't be mad," he shouted, springing up the trap after M'Killop, to induce him to compel Tom to keep his hammock

The mate had run aft to speak to the man at the wheel When Ned reached him, he said, "It is not perhaps for me to argue, but, for God's sake, don't let Cox up, don't You must not, you dare not!" said Ned, in a state of excitement.

"He is up," said M'Killop, "that shows who is right I knowed it And if you dare come it mutinous"—continued M'Killop, as with uplifted hand and threatening look, he rapidly walked up to Fleming

But Ned was too much absorbed with thoughts of Tom to take in distinctly what either he himself or M'Killop was saying, and as he looked and saw Tom working his way up the rigging after the crew, he sprang forward in pursuit By the time he had reached the foretop, Tom was still ahead "Cox! Cox! I say!" he cried amidst the whistling wind Cox gave no heed, but, addressing the men who were already lying out to leeward to reef the topsail, he said, "let me pass, messmates! the ice cutting is my place, and no man will say that I neglected my duty" And so saying, he worked his way to the end of the yard, and began to reef Ned followed him shouting, "I must be near him He is mad! Hold hard, my lads! He has not strength We must get him in" As he reached Cox, the Boatswain looked at him with a smile, and asked, "What puts you here, lad? You are too young to be out here in a gale of wind" For a minute there was a confused din with the flapping of the sail, the rattling of the ropes, and shouts of command from below A moment more, and the ship gave a great lurch to leeward Tom lost his hold, and clutched at a rope Ned saw it, and, with a cry, seized him by the arm, but in vain Another lurch, and away he went, and Ned after him, into the foaming deep!

Those only who have witnessed a similar occurrence at sea can comprehend the sudden shock which vibrates through every heart from stem to stern, as the wild cry is heard of "A man over board!" But this is generally succeeded by an intense self possession, and an instinctive interpretation of orders As quick as possible the ship was thrown up to the wind, the sails backed, while a man hurried up to the masthead to keep in view his comrades struggling in the waves. Several articles, amongst the rest a handspake, had been thrown overboard by M'Killop, who had seen the men fall A rush was made aft to get out the boat, without a thought of personal danger The first was Buckie But he had not [illegible] It was a high breaking sea, was eminently hazardous, but every [illegible] cheerfully offered himself, so that there [illegible] difficulty in getting a crew. M'Killop, to his [illegible] got on board, and steered the boat [illegible] period than a landsman could [illegible] boat was far astern, rising like a speck [illegible] waves, and then out of sight in their

the signal man from the top was directing the boat by signs.

Captain Salmond had dashed his cap to the deck, and with his glass was aloft, in wild excitement, looking out

When Cox and Ned rose to the surface, they were near each other, and fortunately the handspike passed within a few yards, and was instantly seized by Cox Both were good swimmers, but as they floated to the top of a wave, it was enough to make the boldest despair to see the distance which had already separated them from the ship Not a word was spoken, but Cox watching the right moment, raised aloft his sou'wester which had been tied under his chin, and by this means directed the course of the bark Having made this effort his strength seemed exhausted He let go the handspike, and treading the water, while his grey hairs streamed over his whole face, he said, "Get it under your arms, lad—can't hold us both" One or two words more were spoken, which Ned could not catch, nor was he conscious of anything more except a confused sense of difficulty in trying to keep his hold of the frail support amidst the rolling mountains of green water till he was seized by the jacket, and pulled into the boat almost insensible "Cox!" he muttered, rather than cried, when he came to himself, but no Cox was there A flood of light broke through the wrack of hurrying clouds, and the wild waves tossed their heads in its glory. Every eye in the boat was strained to catch a speck on the waste of waters But the boatswain was seen no more

NORMAN MACLEOD

(*To be continued*)

JEZEBEL

(*See Illustration on the front*)

JEZEBEL, though a bold woman, was a fatal counsellor, and her treacherous devices were speedily avenged on him whom her wiles had made the murderer of Naboth

"And a certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness: wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, Turn thine hand, and carry me out of the host, for I am wounded And the battle increased that day, and the king was stayed up in his chariot against the Syrians and died at even and the blood ran out of the wound into the midst of the chariot And there went a proclamation throughout the host, about the going down of the sun, saying, Every man to his city, and every man to his own country So the king died and was brought to Samaria, and they buried the king in Samaria And one washed the chariot in the pool of Samaria, and the dogs licked up his blood, and they washed his armour, according unto the word of the Lord which he spake —1 KINGS xxii 34 38

When Jehu drove his chariot "furiously" to Jezreel, and stayed not for the messengers who asked him, saying, "Is it peace?" it was not "at a venture" that the next bow was drawn

"And it came to pass, when Joram saw Jehu, that he said, Is it peace, Jehu? and he answered, What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel, and her witchcrafts, are so many? And Joram turned his hands, and fled, and said to Ahaziah, There is treachery, O Ahaziah And Jehu drew a bow with his full strength, and smote Jehoram between his arms, and the arrow went out at his heart, and he sunk down in his chariot Then said Jehu to Bidkar his captain, Take up, cast him in the portion of the field of Naboth the Jezreelite for remember how that, when I and thou rode together after Ahab his father, the Lord laid this burden upon him; surely have I seen yesterday the blood of Naboth, and the blood of his sons, I will requite thee in this plat of ground, according to the word Now therefore take and cast it into the plat of ground, according to the word —2 KINGS ix 22 26

husband and son had already died a bloody death, when Jezebel herself heard the sound of the chariot wheels of Jehu the avenger But even then she quailed not, nor, with dishevelled hair and garments disarrayed, sought security in flight 'She painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window," from whence, with no delay, she met the doom foretold When next seen, or rather sought for, all that remained of 'a king's daughter' was the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands —

> 'The scalp was in the wild dog's maw,
> The hair was tangled round his jaw'

Dogs are not seldom savage animals, even in European countries, where they are well trained and sufficiently supported, but we know that, in regard to many eastern regions, they still infest the cities and their suburbs, in a state of almost independent wildness and though useful as scavengers and encouraged with that end in view, are troublesome, and even dangerous, to the unprotected traveller King David said of his enemies, "They return at evening they make a noise like a dog and go round about the city —PSALM lix 6 Their carnivorous nature is well illustrated by the fearful fate of Jezebel, and a wild race is reported to have particularly infested the banks of the Kishon, and the district of Jezreel They had no doubt previously followed after, or hung on the outskirts of the camp of Israel, when, as in Deut (xxiii 31) we are told —"And ye shall be holy men unto me neither shall ye eat any flesh that is torn of beasts in the field, ye shall cast it to the dogs" Even in recent times, another dangerous animal, called to the Bedouins by the Arabs, and also called Shaloo by the Arabs, and those are bitten by it are believed to die of their wounds Dr Russell endeavours to explain this fatal result, by supposing the existence of hydrophobia, but he forgets that these creatures are gregarious, many travelling together, which mad dogs never do Even the human race, when congregated in great assemblages, often lose their tempers, and sometimes their senses. But no sooner is a man "beside himself" than he ceases to care for any other company.

THE GORILLA

In the sixth century before Christ, or possibly somewhat later, Hanno, a Carthaginian navigator, was sent out by the Government of Carthage to circumnavigate Africa Pliny tells us that the explorer was to follow the coast line of the continent till he reached the Arabian Gulf, and Hanno himself says that it had been decreed that he should undertake a voyage beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and found Lybo Phœnician cities, and that he accordingly sailed with sixty ships of fifty oars each, and a body of men and women to the number of thirty thousand, with provisions and other necessaries Africa was not circumnavigated that time, for provisions became scarce, and the unwieldy party returned to Carthage But one day, as they were sailing along the coast, they came to a deep bay or inlet In the bay was an island, and on the island a lake, and in this lake there was another island "full of wild men and women" They had hairy bodies, and the interpreters called them *gorillæ* Hanno continues, — "Pursuing them we were not able to take the men, they all escaped from us by their great agility, being *erem nobates* (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees), and defending themselves by throwing stones at us We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and we took their skins off, and carried them to Carthage" Pliny says that these skins were hung in the temple of Juno, and the name gorillas changed to gorgones And now some twenty five centuries later, we sit down to read a book about the gorilla, his nature, and habits, and appearance Of course we cannot be certain that the wild hairy men old Hanno found on the African coast are identical with the gorilla as described by Du Chaillu in his "Equatorial Africa" Most probably they are not, for the gorilla requires such an enormous quantity of vegetable food that Du Chaillu believes they could not be found in any considerable number on a small island But the name was given in 1847, when a skull and part of a skeleton were discovered by Dr Wilson, a missionary on the Gaboon, West Africa, and sent by him to Dr Savage and Professor Wyman of Boston

The apes known before that time were the chimpanzee of Western Africa, the orang outang of Borneo, and the pongo of Batavia, but there had been vague rumours of the existence in Africa of another and larger species of man like ape Travellers told the most wonderful stories about it, and the superstitious fears and exaggerations of the natives [illegible] something superhuman In the forests of equatorial Africa it [illegible] to reign supreme, driving away lions, el[illegible] all other beasts of prey. It was supposed to in trees by the road side, and drag up unsuspicious negroes passing by, and choke them in its cruel grasp, to carry off women from the native villages, and to build a house in imitation of the natives, and then retire to sleep outside on the roof of it.

These are fables, but the fact remains that a monster haunts the woods of Equatorial Africa, most malign in its nature, horrible in appearance, and ferocious and deadly in its mode of attack Among other objects, it was in order to hunt this beast, and penetrate to its haunts, and to study its structure, habits, and mode of life, that M Paul B Du Chaillu left America for the west coast of Africa in the year 1855 He had, previous to this, resided for several years on the coast, where his father had a factory, and had thus obtained a knowledge of the language and habits of the coast tribes During the years 1856, 1857, 1858, and 1859, he explored the region lying two degrees north and two degrees south of the equator, and stretching back from the coast toward the centre of this unexplored African continent Since his return to the United States, he has been occupied in writing out the journals kept during those four years, and a most interesting narrative we thus obtain For the present, we concern ourselves only with those parts of the book relating to the gorilla, and first of all the gorilla in the forest, and as the hunter sees him Du Chaillu says —

"Looking once more to our guns, we started off I confess that I never was more excited in my life For years I had heard of the terrible roar of the gorilla, of its vast strength, its fierce courage, if, unhappily, only wounded by a shot I knew that we were about to put ourselves against an animal which even the leopard of these mountains fears, and which, perhaps, has driven the lion out of this territory, for the king of beasts, so numerous elsewhere in Africa, is never met in the land of the gorilla

"We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite Alongside of this granite block lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorillas

"Our approach was very cautious We were divided into two parties Makunda led one, and I the other We were to surround the granite block, behind which Makunda supposed the gorillas to be hiding Guns cocked, and in hand, we advanced through the dense wood, which cast a gloom, even in mid day, over the whole scene. I looked at my men, and saw plainly that they were in even greater excitement than myself

"Slowly we pressed on through the dense brush, fearing almost to breathe, lest we should alarm the beasts Makunda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left Unfortunately, he circled it at too great a distance The watchful animals saw him Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry, beheld four young gorillas running toward deep [illegible] fired, but hit nothing Then we rushed on in pursuit, but they knew the woods better than we. Once I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. [illegible] all we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert [illegible] their escape.

"I protest I felt almost like a murderer [illegible] I saw the gorillas this first time. As they

their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men rushing for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives here have the wildest superstitions about these 'wild men of the woods.'"

And so the hunters returned to their camp; and then sitting round the large fires, which seem as great a necessity in the equatorial swamps and forests as among the Arctic snows, the native men and women told stories of the gorilla, and Du Chaillu listened unnoticed.

They told how two Mobondemo women were walking together through the woods, when an immense gorilla stepped into the path, snatched up one and carried her off in spite of struggles and resistance. After many days, however, she escaped and returned home.

"Yes," said one of the men, "that was a gorilla inhabited by a spirit."

And then there is a grunt of approbation from the whole party; for the negroes believe that there is a kind of gorilla which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. These, they believe, can never be caught or killed, and they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal.

A man had disappeared from his village; and the negroes related how, as he walked through the woods one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous, large gorilla, and how he afterwards continued to haunt the village. And then several mentioned the names of men who were dead, and whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas.

And so we can fancy the fire burning low and the frightened negroes looking from one to another. At last, "I remember," said one, "my father told me he once went out to the forest; when just in his path he met a great gorilla. My father had his spear in his hand; when the gorilla saw the spear he began to roar. Then my father was terrified, and dropped his spear. When the gorilla saw that my father dropped his spear he was

pleased He looked at him, then left him and went into the thick forest Then my father was glad, and went on his way"

Here all shouted together, "Yes, so we must do when we meet the gorilla Drop the spear. That appeases him"

Then another man says, "If we kill a gorilla to-morrow, I should like to have a piece of the brain for my fetich Nothing makes a man so brave as to have a fetich of gorilla's brain This gives a man a strong heart"

"Chorus (of those who remained awake) Yes, this gives a man a strong heart!"

And then, gradually, they drop off asleep

The next attempt that Du Chaillu made to find the gorilla was more successful He and his hunters had started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest so as to track the gorilla to its home Suddenly one of the natives gives a little *click* with his tongue to show that something is stirring, and a sharp look out must be kept And then there is a noise, as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees, the men look eager and satisfied for they know that it is the gorilla tearing down the berries and fruits he lives on They examine their guns to see if, by any chance, the powder has fallen out, and Du Chaillu examines his, for it is an affair of life or death, and then they cautiously advance towards the spot whence the sound of crashing branches seems to come

"Suddenly," says Du Chaillu, "as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just a head and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla He had gone through the jungle on his all fours, but when he saw our party he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring, large, deep, grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision · thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

"He was not afraid of us He stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it when I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar And now, truly, he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature, a being of that hideous order, half man half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again, advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him

"With a groan, which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet, death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body"

After reading this, one cannot wonder that the author says, "I never kill a gorilla without having a sickening realization of the horrid human likeness of the beast"

The gorilla's mode of attack seems to be always the same He advances out of the wood straight towards the hunter, with fierce, gloomy eyes glaring, his wrinkled face contorted with rage and uttering a roar which seems to shake the woods From time to time he stops, often sitting down to roar, for his short, slender legs are not able firmly to sustain so vast a body, then looking his enemy in the eyes, and beating his breast with his gigantic arms, he advances again The natives allow him to come quite close before they fire

"Don't fire too soon," said one of them "If you do not kill him, he will kill you"

And thus Du Chaillu found unfortunately to be the case, for one day one of his brave fellows went off alone in a direction where he thought he should find a gorilla When he was in a very gloomy part of the wood he suddenly met a huge male face to face. It did not attempt to escape, and he, taking good aim, fired when it was about eight yards off But perhaps the darkness made him miss, for the ball merely wounded it in the side, then it began beating its breast, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible, he would have been overtaken immediately; so he stood his ground and reloaded his gun as quickly as possible But our author says, "Just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws"

After this the monster went off into the woods, and Du Chaillu and a native coming up, found the mutilated and dying hunter He was able to tell the whole story of the attack, and the negroes, when they heard it, declared that this was no true gorilla that had attacked him, but a man, a wizard man, turned into a gorilla.

The female gorilla is seldom known to attack, it is generally feeding near the male, and almost always gives the alarm by running off with loud and sudden shrieks

But the negroes assert that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes attack Du Chaillu says that the mother with a baby gorilla sporting about is such a pretty sight, that often—eager as he was to obtain specimens—he had not the heart to shoot And when the mother runs from the hunter, the young one grasps her about the neck, and hangs beneath her breasts with its little legs about her body There are many accounts of young gorillas captured alive after the mother has been killed The poor little creatures make off into the woods at first, but invariably return to the dead mother, fondle her, and seem really to feel grief Even at two years old it takes three or four men to secure a gorilla alive, and then it needs to be bound with cords and sticks, and will bite and scratch every one near There is an account of "Little Joe" a morose, ill tempered little beast of under three years old, who was taken alive by the hunters, and brought in triumph to our author But the little monster was not to be tamed by any treatment, kind or harsh, and like all the other young ones obtained, he died without any previous sickness, and "without other ascertainable cause than the restless chafing of a spirit which could not suffer captivity nor the presence of man"

The gorilla is an unsociable beast, it is never found in herds One male and one female wander about together, though sometimes the male, like the rogue elephant, is found alone He is then more than usually morose and dangerous The young gorillas are found in companies of four or five, but never more Gorillas are restless wanderers, and are seldom found two days in the same neighbourhood This is partly because they are such enormous eaters, that it would be difficult for them to find an adequate supply of their favourite food—berries, pine apple leaves, sugar canes, etc—in a limited space At night the female and young gorilla climb the trees, and sleep there for protection against wild beasts, but the male passes the night seated, with his back against a tree trunk, and there is generally a patch on which the hair is worn thin from this position

And now we will go to the rooms of the Geographical Society in Whitehall Place, and look at Du Chaillu's specimens there exhibited And again we will for the present, notice the gorilla only Gorillas stuffed looking very like Lapps and Finns clothed in black hairy skins, empty skins of gorillas like dried up frogs and great slouching skeletons hanging from the walls It is a comfort to notice that although the skeleton and its separate bones, especially the skull of the young gorilla, are frightfully human, and although the very faithful and beautifully executed illustrations of M Du Chaillu's book make us to believe that that gentleman has been guilty of manslaughter at the least, yet the gorilla looks a very great beast indeed and very little of a man The comparative anatomists have not yet agreed what position the gorilla is to hold—whether first or second after man Dr Jeffries Wyman of Boston, and Professors Duvernoy and St Hilaire of Paris, place it second—giving to the chimpanzee the highest position But our own Professor Owen thinks the gorilla nearer akin to man than any of the other apes Certainly the nasal bones project, and it has something which might pass for a nose, a feature not possessed by the chimpanzee.

The bony framework of the gorilla has, as we said, a very close resemblance to the skeleton of man There are the same number of vertebræ in the spine, the same number of ribs, except that while man has always twelve and sometimes thirteen pairs of ribs, the gorilla seems always to have thirteen pairs, and they are larger, longer and stronger, for the beast is of vast bulk. The bones of the fore and hind limbs match bone for bone, but the fore limbs or arms of the gorilla are so long that his finger tips reach below his knees, whilst the legs are much shorter than those of man The size and strength of all the bones far exceed that of the bones of man In the skull of all apes we find the same number of teeth, and the same kinds of teeth as in man, namely, incisors, canine, and molars But in the gorilla, especially the male, the canines are much larger The object of this is at first not evident, as the gorilla, although able to attack and destroy the strongest animal, seems never to eat flesh, and it attacks with the arms, and not the teeth, striking like a prize-fighter, but with enormously more strength than either Heenan or Sayers. But M Du Chaillu found, on examining a wood where gorillas had been moving and feeding, that they use the canine teeth, and even wear them down in biting into the heart of trees to eat out the pith, and biting into trees which they could not otherwise break and pull down with their strong arms. The skull of the baby gorilla is very like that of the negro baby, but the skull of an adult is even farther from man than that of the chimpanzee The change is less, however, in the female than the male In the male it is a complete metamorphosis, or would be, except that through the skulls of gorillas of all ages exhibited by M Du Chaillu, the change may be traced The little round human head becomes long and narrow, the muzzle projects more and more, the frontal ridge or bony ridge over the eyes is enormously developed, and a bony crest rises from the forehead, passing over the top of the head to the back part or occiput These ridges no doubt strengthen the skull, and also serve as points of attachment for the powerful muscles which move the great jaws.

The male gorilla has a small amount of brain, and the cerebellum, or back brain, preponderates enormously over the brain proper, which must be the case with its enormous muscular development. The average capacity of the gorilla skull is about 29 cubic inches, whilst the average capacity of the adult Caucasian skull is 92 cubic inches, or more than three times greater, whilst the maximum is 114 cubic inches And whilst, so far as we yet know, the *maximum* of cranial capacity in the gorilla is 34½ cubic inches, the *minimum* of the human skull is 63 cubic inches. Thus between the *lowest* and most degraded of the human race, namely, natives of Australia, and the *highest* of the monkeys, we have a difference in cranial capacity of 28½ cubic inches. But this difference in the

size of the brain is not so important as the difference in position and quality, and in both these respects there is a great gulf fixed between man and gorilla. In the lowest idiots the brain preserves the material and zoological characters of man, and it is the brain of a human being which neither disease nor degradation can change to that of an ape.

Still the gorillas are not comfortable, and we are not sorry to turn away from the three stuffed specimens, one male and two females, in the corner of the room in Whitehall Place,—a great hulking leathery skinned male, with palms of the hands, breast, and face, bare of hair, whilst body and limbs seem to be clothed in a black coat, the right arm is raised in a threatening attitude, and with a shudder one recalls the blow that laid bare the viscera of the poor native hunter. One female is a horrid little baggy old creature with very short legs, but otherwise much like the male, and another is crouching on all fours, and looks as if she were picking up something and would stand up immediately. It is to be hoped that the gorilla will, before long, be classed among the species that have become extinct, for although we very emphatically deny that he is "a man and a brother," it would be pleasant to have his claims upon us removed as far as possible.

¶

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN AUGUST

First Sunday

THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS

These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. John xx. 31.

It is sometimes alleged that the Gospels reveal little or nothing respecting the constitution of our Lord's person, that they delineate his character, but leave undisclosed his twofold nature, that they show us only "the man Christ Jesus," and that we must pass from them to the further and fuller revelation in the Epistles to learn that He is a Being whom we may love as our brother, and yet worship as our God. Is there any solid ground for such an allegation? I affirm that there is not. I affirm that we have only to peruse the Gospels with attention and candour, to be satisfied that we have there the portraiture of One who is neither man alone nor God alone, but God and man in one person.

Even in that portion of the biography where we might least expect to find them, the narrative of his early and private life, we meet with evidences of our Lord's twofold nature.

We learn, first of all, that He was born of a woman, that he came helpless into the world, and that his birth was so poor and mean, that He had no better cradle than a manger—facts which unequivocally declare his real humanity. But we learn, at the same time, that *all* the circumstances of his nativity were not of this humble and entirely human character. 'A multitude of the heavenly host" announced and celebrated his birth, shepherds came from the hills to tell the wondrous things they had heard from angels concerning Him, a new formed star lighted the way to his manger-cradle, and wise men from the east, guided by that star, hastened to the spot to render Him divine honours. Do not these extraordinary accompaniments of His birth indicate that, while Jesus was undoubtedly a man child, he was at the same time the presence of a higher nature?

At His presentation in the temple there was evidence to the like effect. For although, when His mother first entered the sacred fane with her infant and her offering, there was no waiting crowd to greet the babe, nor anything else to indicate that a higher than human presence graced the holy courts, yet, in the course of that humble presentation, an incident occurred which clearly showed that the "Lord had come to his temple." Among the worshippers then present was an aged saint, "unto whom it had been revealed that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ," and while Mary was performing for her child the service appointed by the law, to him it was given to discern and proclaim the hidden glory, "Then Simeon took the babe in his arms and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

Nor did the twofoldness of our Lord's nature come out less clearly when, at twelve years of age, he went up with his parents to Jerusalem to the passover. The sacred narrative informs us that after the feast He remained behind His parents, that they missed Him only when they had proceeded a day's journey on their homeward road, that then they searched for him with alarm, and at last discovered Him with the doctors in the temple. Thus far there is nothing which might not have happened to any other Jewish boy, neither is there anything extraordinary in the further fact that his mother reproached him for tarrying behind. But there is one other thing narrated which distinctly reveals the superhuman, and shows us a halo around that youthful brow. It is the mysterious reply of our Lord to his mother. "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Such an unexpected and suggestive reference to His Father at once flashes a new light on the scene,

and bids us behold in that wondrous boy not only the son of Mary, but the Son of highest God

The only other event antecedent to our Lord's entrance upon his public ministry, of which the Gospels give a detailed account, is His baptism by John. Nor is that event without its nimbus Doubtless it was as a partaker of our flesh and blood that Jesus presented himself as a candidate for John's baptism For only as a man, nay, only as a man underlying the burden, if not of personal, yet of imputed guilt, could he have either asked or received a baptism which involved a confession of sin A real man, then, it was, who went down with John into the water of Jordan But was he, could he be, only a man and nothing more, whom John at first forbade, saying, "I have need to be baptised of thee, and comest thou to me?" If so, how came it that as He went up out of the water, the heavens were opened, and the Holy Ghost descended visibly upon Him, and a voice from the sky testified, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased?" Unquestionably, the Baptist, who beheld the vision and heard the voice, gave the true interpretation when he afterwards said, "I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God"

Even during the early and secluded period of His life then the Christ of the Gospels comes before us as the possessor of a divine as well as a human nature Generally, it is true, He seemed during that period to be only a human being—a youth of low degree—a Jewish peasant—a carpenter's son Yet ever and anon there were outgleams of sacred light to show that though the tabernacle was covered with goat's hair without, it yet concealed "the glory of the Lord" within

Second Sunday

THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS—Continued

"These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God"—John xx 31

In the course of His public ministry, no less than amid the seclusion of His early life, our Lord's divineness often made itself felt Usually, indeed, his teaching was of a thoroughly human character—simple, natural, affectionate, nor could the people doubt, as they heard Him discourse of their ordinary concerns and duties, that He was a man of like senses and sympathies with themselves But sometimes He took a higher strain, and then strange surmises troubled their minds The divinely authoritative tone of His teaching struck them with awe, and when He paused, as He often did, from some simple topic of daily life to the grand themes of Redemption and eternal life and the kingdom of God, the wondering inquiry forced itself to their lips, "Whence hath this man this wisdom?" "What manner of man is this?" Nor is it surprising that they should have been amazed at His words For even now, after eighteen centuries of mental and moral progress, it is scarcely possible to read the discourses in the Gospels without being impressed with the divineness of the great Teacher To claim to be an ultimate authority in religion and morals, is manifestly beyond the province of any mere man, yet how often does Jesus hold up his own authoritative "I say unto you," as an end of all strife in matters of faith and duty! To claim to be Lord of the Sabbath transcends the loftiest human pretensions, yet such lordship the great Teacher unhesitatingly asserts! And then think of asseverations like the following—"Before Abraham was, I am," "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," "I and my Father are one" What blasphemy would it have been thus to speak, if the speaker was not the Eternal Word?

During His public ministry, our Lord not only spake as never man spake, but also performed many miraculous works Do His miracles manifest the divine side of his being? They do. Observe, He always performs them by His own inherent power, not in the name of another but in His own name He never adopts, like Moses, the style of a servant, or leans on extraneous aid His attitude, His aspect, His language, are always self reliant and autocratic "*I* say unto thee, Arise," "*I* will, be thou clean," "*I* command thee to depart out of him" And yet so far is the divine from excluding or concealing the human, that even in the most majestic of his miracles the two natures are evermore seen to meet and co operate In the tempest tost ship we behold Jesus the one hour seeking rest for His human weariness in human sleep, and the next hour saying with divine power to the raging winds and waters, "Peace, be still!" At the grave of His friend Lazarus He weeps human tears, and yet, almost before these tears are dry, He utters that mighty fiat which compels the Death King to surrender His prey

If there is any period of our Lord's earthly sojourn, at which all traces of His higher nature might be expected to disappear, and nothing to meet our view but tokens of human weakness, it is when He hangs upon the cross And certainly His sufferings on the cross, His thirst, His bleeding wounds, His concern for His mother's welfare, —all say to us with irresistible force and pathos, "Behold the man!" Yet even on the cross, He once and again speaks in such wise, that we may truly say, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man!" "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise" Could any but the Lord of Hades make and fulfil such a promise to the dying thief? "Father, forgive them, *for they know not what they do!*" Could any mere man so argue in behalf of Christ's murderers? "Forgive them, *because* they knew not whom they are crucifying, they suppose that they are crucifying only a man like themselves, if they knew that I was the Son of God, they would recoil with horror from such an atrocity" Is not *that* the argument by which the dying Jesus enforces His prayer for His cruci-

fiers? But does not such an argument plainly assume and proceed on the assumption, that He who employs it is really the Son of God?

Of the remaining period of our Lord's abode on earth until the day that He was taken up, it is needless to speak. For it must be evident to every devout reader, that the risen Saviour, as portrayed in the Gospels, exhibits the unmistakable characteristics of a supernatural being. He has still, indeed, flesh and bones which may be seen and handled, and He still eats and drinks with His disciples. But He moves from place to place without finding any obstruction from the laws of matter. And there is about His whole aspect and bearing a mysterious reserve as well as a majestic serenity, which strikes us with awe, and, as it were, says to us, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father!"

In the Gospels, then, not less really than in the Epistles, is Christ presented to our faith as a Being who unites in Himself the human nature and the Divine. And is not this the very Saviour we need? a Saviour who can bring to our help at once the love of a brother, and the all sufficiency of Jehovah. Let us hold fast our faith in such a Saviour. And amid our manifold burdens and distresses, let us ever repair to him, with the humble yet confident belief, that He not only "knows our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking," but is waiting to accord us all the succour which His Divine arm can bring, and all the sympathy which His human heart can feel.

Third Sunday.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

"The excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord"—PHIL. iii. 8.

ALTHOUGH Christ Jesus has passed into the heavens, and is no longer cognisable by man's bodily senses, yet a sufficient acquaintance with His person and character is still attainable by all who really desire it. The disciples, among whom He went in and out during the days of His flesh, have left us memoirs of His life and ministry, and so vividly is He portrayed in these memoirs, that it may be a question if we are at all behind the first disciples in our means of knowing Him. During His abode upon earth, the disciples were not with Him always, or whenever they would, they were denied the privilege of contemplating His wonderful life as a whole, neither do they seem to have been fully aware of the real dignity which lay hidden under His humble outward guise. But from all such drawbacks we are free. With the Gospels in our hands, we are able to contemplate His words and works either severally or aggregately, as we choose, we go with Him wherever He goes, and dwell with Him wherever He dwells, while, moreover, there is ever around Him, as mentally beheld by us, that bright consecrating halo which is supplied by our better knowledge of His real greatness as God incarnate.

That we may be induced to covet and acquire a Knowledge, for whose excellency the greatest of the apostles counted all things but loss, let us briefly consider a few of the advantages which it yields to its possessors.

To know Christ, is to *know God*. A mere verbal description of what God is, of what His character is, of what His attributes are, is insufficient to bring us acquainted with Him, or to engage our affections in His service. To this end we require a personal manifestation of Him, such as will fill our minds with a sense of reality, and furnish our affections with a suitable object. Now Christ is such a manifestation of God. He is God manifest in the flesh. While on earth, He could say to His disciples when they asked Him to show them the Father, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet have ye not known me? he that hath seen *me* hath seen the Father." And still in yonder heavens where He now dwells, He is the same—the image, the impersonation of God. Hence, whenever we come to know Christ, we master the first attainment of religion, for then we know God.

To know Christ is to *attain peace with God*. To every man burdened with conscious guilt and fear, Scripture addresses this counsel, "Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace;" from which we learn that the way to obtain a sense of peace and reconciliation is just to get a true knowledge of God, in His propitiousness to sinners. But where is God's placability to be seen clearly, and without a cloud, except in the face of Christ? Study the Divine character as exhibited in creation, and never shall you get rid of your fears, for the laws of nature speak everywhere of penalty and retribution. Study the Divine attributes in the mere abstract form in which theological systems present them, and still your conscience will find no peace, your anxious heart no rest, for a mere description of Power, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, can never fix in your mind the sweet persuasion that the Being to whom these attributes belong, regards you with the smile of fatherhood and forgiveness. But turn your eyes to our Immanuel, and another experience will dawn, like the dayspring, on your heart. In Him we behold God leaving heaven, taking our nature, and not even recoiling from death on our account. Can guilty fear keep its hold in presence of such a manifestation? The single fact that God has come so near us as to assume our nature, should suffice, when clearly seen, to convince us of His readiness to restore us to His favour. But how much more than this do we behold! In Christ we behold God going in and out among guilty men—speaking compassionately to guilty men—bestowing forgiveness on guilty men—nay, submitting, for the redemption of guilty men, to the ineffable humiliations of the garden and the cross. Surely such a view of God may well embolden us to dismiss our fears, and enter into peace!

To know Christ is to be *furnished for the performance of Christian duty* As practical Christianity consists in obedience not to a rule, but to a Master—in allegiance not to a constitution, but to a Lord—in conformity not to a discipline, but to the character and example of a Person, it seems but reasonable to infer that our best equipment or outfit for the performance of Christian duty must be an intimate knowledge of that Master, that Lord, that Person Nor do facts belie the inference What makes Christians holy? Is it knowledge of mere doctrines and precepts? No it is knowledge of Christ himself What makes the pious child so careful to keep Christ's law? Is it the catechisms, or hymns, or prayers he has learned to repeat? No, it is the lesson which his mother gently insinuates into his heart, when she talks or reads to him of the Babe that was cradled in a manger, the Child that was found sitting among the doctors, the Divine Teacher that took little children in His arms and blessed them What gives warmth to the piety, and holy beauty to the walk of the aged disciple? Is it the amount of his theological lore? No, he may value books of doctrine and devotion, and be all the wiser and better for the doctrinal soundness of his creed, but that which really feeds the sacred flame of piety within his heart, and causes it to shed brightness and beauty on his outward life, is his intimate, personal acquaintance and communion with his Lord

Once more To know Christ is to be *able to apprehend and anticipate the blessedness of heaven* "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" Scripture reveals little to gratify that morbid curiosity about the future with which most of us are haunted It does tell us what heaven is *not* and what shall *not* be done there and who shall *not* dwell there But what heaven is, or where it is or how its redeemed inhabitants shall be employed, it declines to inform us No passages of Scripture are more entirely figurative than those in which heaven is depictured For are there tables, think you, and reclining guests, and festive banquets in heaven? Are there in yon blessed realm gates of pearl, and harpers harping with their harps, and saints clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands? These things are but symbols which must remain dark and undecipherable till the glorious fulfilment explain them Is then the Christian left exclusively to the darkling guidance of types and parables? Not so Amid all the haze which rests on yon far off and mysterious land, there is one object which looms clear and conspicuous upon the eye of his faith, one object which, he is assured, will meet his view the moment he enters heaven to form his instant and everlasting attraction and beatitude That object is Christ "To be with Christ" "to see Christ as he is," "to be ever with the Lord"—such is the Christian's heaven And what Christian can be at a loss to form some conception of such a heaven? He knows what it was to Peter and James and John "to be with Christ," he knows what it was to Mary and Martha and Lazarus "to be with Christ," he knows from the graphic page of the Gospels what personal converse with Christ is And hence, to be able to antedate heaven's blessedness, he has only to think of such converse, adding thereto the further thought that it shall be no longer partial and transient as in the days of the apostles but uninterrupted and unreserved, unembittered by sin, free from tears, and free from death The Christian goes at death to an unknown state but not to an unknown Being He goes to be with One whom he already well knows, and supremely loves And, therefore, in his present acquaintance and fellowship with that most blessed One, he has already a foretaste of the felicity of heaven

Fourth Sunday.

LOVE TO CHRIST

"Whom having not seen ye love —1 Pet i. 8

It is no real hindrance to us in loving Christ that we have not *seen* Him Experience shows that objects of faith may engage our affections quite as effectually as objects of sight The illustrious patriots and martyrs of bygone ages command our admiration, though we have never seen them And as regards our blessed Lord, it is certain that He was not more truly loved by the disciples who saw His face in the flesh than he still is by thousands upon thousands who know Him only from the records of the past

Nay, it may well be doubted, if the *unseenness* of a personage like Christ, whose transcendent glories were in a great measure shrouded from view, so long as He was an object of sight, be not really a help rather than a hindrance to our love Suppose you saw Christ, as His contemporaries did, in His mere human form and peasant attire, with the furrows of care and sorrow on His brow, and the signs of premature age on His whole frame, would such a sight tend to strengthen those feelings of profound reverence and admiration which you know to be due to One who is at once your God and your Redeemer? On the contrary, a view of his mere human features and bodily members would inevitably damp and abate your awe. And though, recollecting His real greatness, you might strive to rise above the impressions of sense, yet this struggle of faith against sight would be always painful, and often bootless. The conception of Him, forced on you by His homely outward aspect, would ever and anon disturb and mar the loftier image conjured up by imagination and faith, and, at the best, the action of your spiritual affections would be fitful and meteoric. But how different is it as the case actually stands! You

see not Christ with the bodily eye, you have never so seen Him, and hence you are not hampered by any fixed idea or recollection of his mere human likeness. Your imagination is at full liberty to expatiate over all the glories which you believe to irradiate His person and character, and thus beholding Him with only the mind's uplifted eye, you can muse on His manifold excellencies and attractions until the fire kindles, and your heart burns within you, and your whole soul mounts up, seraph like, in a flame of devout affection.

Do we love the unseen Saviour? This is for us the vital question. Nor, if we are in earnest in asking it, can we have any difficulty in arriving at a decisive answer.

If we really love Christ, we cannot but be *conscious* of our affection for Him. Yet on a point where self deception is at once so easy and so perilous consciousness ought not to be relied on, apart from other evidence. It requires a faculty of subtle analysis, greatly more astute than most of us possess, to enable us to determine whether our love be genuine or only counterfeit. And happily there are other quarters to which we may repair for evidence. Love to Christ, wherever it exists, has signs following it to certify its presence. It is not a mere glow of feeling, which warms the heart for a moment and then vanishes leaving no trace behind. It is an affection, a settled mood of mind, an active sentiment, which cannot but tell on the temper and the life. Where it is present, it must make its presence felt. Like Mary's box of fragrant ointment it must fill the house with its odour.

We may know whether we love the unseen Saviour, by *the general tenor of our thoughts*. That which is uppermost in our heart is sure, as the proverb truly teaches, to be also uppermost in our thoughts. And hence if Christ is really the object of our love, He must be the subject of our frequent and spontaneous musings. It cannot be that we love Him, if we think of Him only when His name is mentioned, or His redemptive offices obtruded on our attention. What would you say of the mother who seldom or never sent her thoughts after her sailor boy on his distant voyage? What would you say of the plighted maiden who never, save when his name was mentioned had a thought to bestow on her absent lover? Would you admit the love of either to be more than a name? And why then suppose that a Saviour, who is seldom or never in our thoughts, can have his rightful place in our affections?

We may know whether we love Christ, by *our treatment of His Word*. When I receive a letter from an absent friend, containing important intelligence about his affairs, and breathing the warmest affection towards myself, how do I treat that letter? Do I leave it unread, or read it with reluctance? If I should *so* treat it, could I pretend to have any real love for the writer? Or suppose, after so treating his letter, I should write him in reply, that I valued his correspondence and reciprocated his friendship, how could I avoid despising myself as a contemptible hypocrite? Yet exactly thus do many professing Christians treat that precious letter which Christ has sent us in his written Word. They call Him Master and Lord, and they profess to lament His absence and long for His return, yet they allow the Book which acquaints them with His "work and labour of love," and instructs them how to demean themselves till He come again, to lie from week's end to week's end unperused, or, if they now and then glance at its contents, it is only in the most perfunctory manner and with ill concealed aversion. Can such neglect of Christ's Word consist with love to Christ himself?

We may know whether we love Christ, by *our feelings and conduct towards His people*. For Christ has a people upon earth peculiarly his own,—a people broadly distinguishable from the rest of mankind by their manifest likeness to Himself. How do we bear ourselves towards *them*? Do we value and seek them society, or do we stand coldly aloof from them? This is a decisive criterion. For if we love not our Christian brother whom we have seen, how can we love Christ whom we have not seen? If we love not the *visible* copy, how can we love the *unseen* original? Christ has appointed his people to be his representatives during his absence, He has declared them to be so identified with Himself, that whosoever toucheth them toucheth the apple of His eye, that whosoever giveth unto one of them even a cup of cold water shall in no wise go without the meed of that precious acknowledgment, "Inasmuch as you did it unto *me*." And if, then instead of loving and helping His people, we dislike and avoid them how can we rebut the charge of disaffection to their Lord?

Prove yourself, my reader, by these tests of character. Do not assume, without trial, that you love the Lord. Do not even conclude that you love Him, after only a slight trial. The matter is too vital to your wellbeing to be safely left in any dubiety. And if unhappily you discover that you do not yet love Him, oh, then lose no time in going to Himself, that you may lay your hapless case before Him and implore Him to win and warm your heart by showing you His own wondrous love for you.

J. M. M'CULLOCH.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP. VIII.—GOD'S WAY OF WORKING.

God always uses such means as are best suited to the work he has on hand—carpenters, architects, mechanics, in employing various kinds of tools, but copy the great Maker and Monarch of all Long ages ago—ten thousand perhaps ten hundred thousand years ago, when God was preparing this world for the abode of man, working on rough materials, he employed agents of tremendous power What fires they were that fused the solid rocks, how they roared and flamed, when—as science teaches and the Bible tells—"the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord!" We talk of stormy seas and mountain billows that toss our stoutest ships like feathers on the wave, and round the rattling shingle as it is swept up and down the foaming beach, but what were we to those that surging up the valleys broke on the tops of our highest hills and flinging their spray in the face of heaven, left the plains covered with immense beds of gravel and our glens with those granite boulders, whose rounded forms speak of long ages during which they had been rolled about on the shores of tremendous seas! Who reads the pages of the book of nature cannot doubt that, like man, our earth had been born naked—not clothed as now with soil and verdure And what forces of ice, of iceberg of glacier, were they that ground the surface of the rocks to dust, which borne off by rivers was spread out on the bottom of the ocean to form the forest lands and corn fields of future continents! And when in the course of time these were ready to be raised, how tremendous the power that heaved up, for example, the Alps, the Andes, this island, from the bed of the sea, and gave the rocks around which fish once swam and sea monsters sported, to be the home of the eagle—for clouds to girdle and snows to crown!

These forces have disappeared They have done their work And now God in Nature works by other and gentler agencies—soft falling dews, summer showers, the silent light, the feathery snow, the golden clouds, the ebb and flow of tides, and seas that—turned by sails and steam into the high road of distant nations—man ploughs as safely almost as he ploughs the land—"He is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working!"

In his spiritual kingdom, in the dispensation of grace, as well as in the department of nature, we find God also selecting instruments suited to the work he has in hand—using rough or gentle means according to the subject he has to work upon. And in turning our attention to the Law of God, I may remark that—

This accounts for the circumstances in which the Moral Law was delivered to the children of Israel at Mount Sinai.

These circumstances were of a kind to rouse the attention of the most stupid, and strike terror into the stoutest hearts Two days of preparation have passed since Jehovah announced his intention of descending on the mount, and many an eye is turned on Sinai, that, with its grey head lifted calm and peaceful against the evening sky, wears no sign of the approaching event If any asked, Where is the promise of His coming? the third morning sealed the lips of cavillers and set all doubts at rest A burst of thunder that shook the earth and heavens, roused the sleeping camp, and brought old and young to their tent doors to gaze with pale faces on Sinai Wrapt to its feet in a sable mantle, it stands up a mass of solid blackness Lightnings played around it pierced it and streaming from it, mingled many peals into one long, continuous, stunning roar of thunder The mountain, as if kindled by these fires, vomited forth a smoke that, spreading a lurid cloud over the sky darkened the face of day, and the earth, as if infected with the terror of the people, began to tremble beneath their feet The thunders cease—but to give place to sounds still more awful Out from that terrible darkness, loud and long, louder and still louder, till it rung like the summons that shall wake the dead, pealed the notes of a heavenly trumpet Next, as I read the story, the trumpet ceases, and the people who, struck with a panic, had fled from the borders of the mountain and were standing afar off, heard a voice It issued from the dark bosom of the cloud, and audible not to hundreds, nor thousands, nor tens of thousands, but to the millions of that mighty multitude, it rung out loud and clear those ten commandments which, forming the Moral Law, expressed the will of God, and should ever prove the rule of man Overwhelmed, half dead with terror, ready to exclaim with Jacob, How terrible is this place! the people ran to Moses, crying, Speak thou with us, and we will hear, but let not God speak with us, lest we die.

Such were the circumstances in which the Ten Commandments were first spoken to man; and looking only at circumstances—in which that Law

appears clothed and crowned with terrors, without reflection on the reasons for them, or considering the particular nature of the case, we allow ourselves to associate the Law of God with his terrors, and only the Son of God with his love—as if God in the Law, and God in redemption appeared in different characters. Ask a man where the love of God is to be seen, he would never dream of pointing to the Table of the Ten Commandments. He turns his back on Sinai and his face to Calvary, saying 'There on that bloody tree, in its blessed burden behold the love of God!' This is a mistake a very great mistake, a pestilent heresy. No doubt it is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than the scenes of Sinai, and those in which the Saviour of the world was born—shepherds watching their flocks on the quiet uplands of Bethlehem, the calm night with its sparkling stars and soft falling dews, the world around—the babe on its mother's breast, and children locked in each other's arms, all hushed in slumber, the deep silence broken by no sound save the baying of a watch dog, the tinkling of mountain streams or the distant murmur of a waterfall, a beautiful light far up in the deep blue sky descending brightening till the stars are quenched in its glory, then a gentle voice, sounding down from above to banish the alarm of these simple shepherds and saying 'Fear not, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy'—then the whole sky suddenly bursting into light and songs of sweetest voices singing, as they sang before the throne Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Still, in delivering the Moral Law amid circumstances so different from these, the God of love was only using such means as the work required. True, they were circumstances of terror, but they were needed. Slavery had been for centuries the cruel lot of the children of Israel, and that—which John Wesley rightly called "the sum of all villanies"—had sunk the Hebrews, as it does every race it curses, into the lowest depths of ignorance, stupidity, brutality, mental and moral debasement. Their history is crowded with proofs of that, they were a stiff necked people, ever longing to return to Egypt—preferring its onions with bondage, to liberty with the bread of heaven.

In dealing with such a people God had the rudest materials to work upon. Rough work requires rough instruments to use a figure whose appropriateness may excuse its familiarity, men don't cut blocks with razors. It is with an axe the woodman fells the forest. It is with the strongest stimulants—in a case we knew of, pouring boiling water on his naked thighs—that the physician rouses one sunk into deadly stupor. Snow melts before the soft breath of spring, but rocks are only split by the stroke of lightning or the blast of powder. Gold is beaten into shape without the aid of fire—not iron, more stubborn metal, it has to be thrust into the roaring forge.

A dull, gross, animal, apathetic congregation, requires a rousing preacher—that he who occupies the pulpit be no Barnabas but a Boanerges, a son of Thunder. Even so, God having in Israel to deal with a hard hearted and obdurate people, adapted his instruments to the material he had to work upon. thundered out his Law in their ears, and sought by these circumstances of terror to impress it on their hearts. These, however, being but the dress it wore, do not properly belong to the Law, nor are they the true exponents of the mind of the Lawgiver. There is the same love in the Law as in the Gospel—the difference is only in expression, as when I warn one against venturing into the roaring flood, and when, on his leaping madly in I follow to save him. In the Law love warns in the cross it redeems. Both are, as I undertake to show, the true mirror of Him who thus defines his own character, "God is love"—'Fury is not in me.'

The spring of the Law is love.

With its, Thou shalt not do this, and Thou shalt not do that, the Law presents rather an ungracious aspect. We like ill to be bidden, but worse to be *forbidden*. But does love never forbid? A mother, does she never forbid her child, but, on the contrary, indulge every caprice and grant all its wishes? How disastrous the fate and brief the life of a child denied nothing, indulged in everything—allowed to play with fire, or fire arms, to devour the painted but poisonous fruit—to bathe where the tide runs like a race horse, or the river rushes roaring into the black swirling pool! And who frets against the restraints of God's holy Law, because it forbids this and the other thing, is no wiser than the infant who weeps, and screams, and struggles, and perhaps beats the kind bosom that nurses it, because its mother has snatched a knife from its foolish hands.

No doubt the Law restrains us, but all chains are not fetters, nor are all walls the gloomy precincts of a jail. It is a blessed chain by which the ship, now buried in the trough, and now rising on the top of the sea, rides at anchor and outlives the storm. The condemned would give worlds to break his chain, but the sailor trembles lest his should snap, and when the grey morning breaks on the wild lee shore, all strewn with wrecks and corpses, he blesses God for the good iron that stood the strain. The pale captive eyes his high prison wall, to curse the man that built it, and envy the little bird that, perched upon its summit, sings merrily, and flies away on wings of freedom, but were you travelling some Alpine pass where the narrow road, cut out of the face of the

rock, hung over a frightful gorge, it is with other eyes you would look on the wall that restrains you restive steed from backing into the gulf below Such are the restraints God's Law imposes —no other It is a fence from evil—nothing else I challenge the world to put its finger on any one of these Ten Commandments which is not meant, and calculated to keep us from harming ourselves, or hurting others There is the same love in the Law that there is in the Gospel, and between them a harmony as perfect as the music of that heaven where the harps are gold and the strings are touched by angel's fingers The hand, indeed, that wrote these Commandments is the same that was nailed to the cross, and amid Sinai's loudest thunders, Faith recognises, though it speaks in other tones, the voice which prayed for mercy on murderers, and promised paradise to a dying thief

The spirit of the Law is love

By her subtle arts chemistry extracts from the crude and bulky substance its spirit, essence, essential element offering us in a small phial of the costly attar the fragrance of a whole field of roses, and in a few drops drawn from the poppy juice, that potent element which dulls the sense of pain, and charms suffering to sleep But no odour distilled from the blushing rose smells so sweet, no spirit drawn from the gaudy poppy soothes the smart of pain as the spirit of love which Jesus finds in a Law that so many regard with dread—fears groundless as those that saw in himself a spectre of the deep, and which he said, as his voice on another night did the waves, with It is I, be not afraid With such reassuring, comforting words, God, as a God of love, comes to us in this dreaded Law Jesus takes these Ten Commandments into his hands, analyses them, extracts their true essence and spirit—and what is it? It is love—love toward God, and love toward man Whoever doubts it, let them listen to his answer, when a lawyer, tempting him, came and said, Master, which is the great commandment? Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, this'—not, thou shalt have no other gods before me, nor, thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor, thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, nor, thou shalt not kill, or steal, or commit adultery—"this is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—and on these," he adds, "hang all the law and the prophets"

Take, for example, the second table of the Law, those six commandments which respect our conduct not to God but to our fellow men Do not these enjoin the very things which love would prompt to; and teach us to carry into practice the golden rule, as it is called, that grandest maxim which ever fell on human ear, Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you? Who that loves his neighbour as he loves himself would steal from him, would kill him, seduce his wife, or swear away his fair name, his liberty, or life? Does not the loveliness and divine excellence of the Law appear in this, that no man, however much he might wish to have liberty to break it for his own pleasure against others would wish that any should have license to break it against himself? What villain coolly laying devil like, his snares to seduce another's wife sister, or daughter, would consent that others should have license to seduce his own? Even thieves insist on honesty between each other Traitors consign to death the man who turns traitor on themselves Thus the worst of men pay homage to the Law—it is sacrificed to their passions but like the victims of old that were led to the altar crowned with garlands of flowers

With their bad passions raging against it as the sea foams and rages against the shore that confines its waves within their bounds, men, like the fool who hath said in his heart, There is no God have sometimes wished there were no Law, and that every one was left as in Israel when there was no king, to do what was right in his own eyes No Law! That wish were hardly granted when it would happen with them as with the man of heathen fable, who had sought and received from Jupiter the power of turning all he touched to gold And when the bread he hungered for changed in his hand to gold, and the water he raised to his thirsty lips turned at their touch to gold, and the downy pillow on which he laid a weary head stiffened into a cold unyielding, uneasy mass of gold, he besought the god to resume the grant, and relieve him of this fatal gift Fancy what a world this would be, set loose from the restraints of God's holy law—no written, no inner law—no conscience no ten commandments—the reins flung loose on the neck of passion—all men and women left to obey every impulse of appetite, and do what was right in their own eyes! What a Sodom, Gomorrah, Hell! Remove these restraints, and iniquity in such deluge as would pour on a neighbouring land were its sea dykes thrown down, would drown the earth and destroy men from off its face

On one occasion the barons of England addressed their king, saying, We do not wish the laws of England changed, and we have only to fancy what a dreadful world this would become, without the restraining influence of these laws of God, to say, We do not wish one of them changed! Not prisons and police, not the baton of the constable or the bayonet of the soldier, but these are the bond of society, the shield of virtue; the protection of innocence; the strength of weakness; the guardian of

public morals and domestic peace And nothing but the base bad passions that spring from our corrupt nature, hinders any from saying with David, O how love I thy law, O Lord it is my meditation all the day—teach me thy statutes—the law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver—therefore I love thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold, and esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right'

The Sacredness of the Law

The apostle James says, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all" This seems hard measure—to make a man offender for a word—to treat him for breaking one commandment as one that had broken all the ten It looks at first sight as if the unprofitable servant who had his master's talent in a napkin had some reason for speaking of him as a 'austere' man How do we justify that? We might leave God to justify himself We might ask, Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And leaving this with many other mysteries to be solved at the last day or in that world where, with eyes purified from the mists of sin, we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known we might answer with Paul "Who art thou O man that repliest against God? Shall the thing made say to him who made it, Why hast thou made me thus But the case is not without a parallel in our own judicial proceedings—and so also in our courts of law who thinks the practice wrong, ' A witness for instance sworn by Almighty God to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is giving evidence in a case where a man is on trial for his life He states many, as lawyers say, *el cumeris* facts, and makes out a case against the accused clear as daylight What need of further witnesses? The jury lay down their pens, the judge throws himself back in his seat and the spectators turning to the poor, pale wretch at the bar, look on him as a dead man, feeling as sure that he will be hanged as that the sun shall rise to morrow And yet he is not hanged—the tables are turned in an instant and like one in battle from whose head the sword has shorn his nodding plume, the man escapes—escapes, as the Bible says, by the skin of his teeth The witness whose evidence had brought him to the scaffold, and to the very brink of ruin, tells a lie, one clear, deliberate falsehood It may be on a very small point, it does not matter All his other evidence may be true as the gospel—it does not matter, that one he nullifies all his other testimony—blotting it clean out—reducing it to nothing Convicted of perjury on one point, his evidence is dealt with as if he had been guilty of perjury in all, and that for this good reason—that one capable of swearing to a single lie, is capable of swearing to twenty Even so—though you may start at the bold assertion, and when you think of some gross and horrid sins may be ready to exclaim, Is thy servant a dog that he should do such a thing?—the man who is capable of breaking one of God's commandments, is capable of breaking them all, in mind and spirit, he that offendeth in one point is guilty of all

There are degrees, no doubt, of guilt as there are degrees of glory, there is a descending as well as an ascending scale, there are higher places in heaven, and hotter places in hell. It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for Jerusalem sinners and more tolerable for Jerusalem sinners than for the sinners of our land and cities,—for us if we reject or even neglect the great salvation Still there is no degree of guilt but is fatal, sin is a poison of which the smallest drop kills, the Law is so sacred that one offence, one breach of any of its commandments exposes us to the wrath of God as certainly as a thousand The case finds its apt illustration in yonder arch which spans the waters that reflect its bending beautiful form—drive out not ten stones but one, and the whole pile tumbles into a mass of ruins Or to vary the figure, a woman's virtue is as certainly lost by one fall as by twenty, and he is as certainly a thief who steals a penny as he who steals a pound—who filches but a farthing from a ragged beggar, as he who plunders a bank of its gold or robs a king of his crown 'He who offendeth in one point is guilty of all

Tried in this balance, who is not wanting Tried by this test, who can stand the ordeal Well is it said, 'If thou shouldest mark iniquity O Lord, who shall stand?' You have not been 'great sinners' What of that—he who offendeth in one point is guilty of all I admit that there are unconverted people lovely in their lives,' in temper amiable very likeable, kind hearted, generous, just in their dealings, honest to a farthing, and in their friendships true as steel such that were Christ to walk this world now as he did eighteen hundred years ago, he would love them as he loved the young ruler who came and, falling at his feet, cried Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life Suppose you were such—and that is not supposing little—what of that? What man or woman can hold up their hands to say, These hands are clean, uncover their bosom, lay bare the secrets of their hearts, to say, My heart is pure—then, alas, he that offendeth in one point is guilty of all —One, but one sin! Ah, that is the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment, there stands the spot of leprosy on beauty's brow There are none, not the loveliest of human characters but have sinned and he who offendeth in one point is guilty of all Thus bolts the door of heaven against all self righteous hopes Looking down on others, shrinking from the society of the openly licentious, the ungodly or profane, and saying, as we push our way on, to thus and that one, Stand aside, I am holier than thou, we may march bravely up to the gate But to our plea, I have not been a great sinner, or I have not sinned like others, or I have been honest, and sober, and virtuous, correct in my deportment, and constant in my attendance on religious ordinances, there follows no drawing of bar and bolt—but only through the unopened door this stern reply, these words of doom, He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all

Terrible, yet blessed words! Like the muttering of distant thunder, they warn us to haste to the refuge opened in the Gospel. Like a friendly notice they warn us in letters which he who runneth may read, No road to Heaven this way They shut us up to Christ No misfortune that! In Him we have all fulness of mercy to pardon and grace to help, and as man who, when tiny

have done their utmost to stop the leak, and keep the ship afloat, and her settling down in the deep, in that terrible hour, with death staring them in the face, thank God the life boat that, pulled by strong hands, bears down on the sinking wreck we thank God for Christ we had Saviour of the lost He has hastened to our relief—he is at our side—he invites us to his arms—for in him, though the Law condemns "mercy rejoiceth against judgment"

The Gospel leaves safe room to the Law breaker

Mercy does not rejoice against the justice of God The claims of Justice were not ignored or repudiated, but satisfied Jesus bore our punishment dying the Just for the unjust that he might bring us to God —and the gospel that saves does not present the sword of justice broken, but, though red with blood wreathed with roses Nor does Mercy rejoice against the Law of God —Christ tells us that he came not to destroy the law and prophets, but to fulfil them and when the son of God leaving his Father's bosom became a man to obey the precepts of the Law and pay the penalty due by us for breaking them he crowned the Law with higher honours than it had worn though Adam had never fallen, and Eden had never been lost It was great honour done to the law when God wrote it with his own finger on tables of stone but it receives a higher honour when, dipping his finger in the blood of Christ, He writes it on the fleshly tablets of a living, loving heart There has been great sermons preached and printed on the ten Commandments but the Cross is the greatest sermon that was ever preached on the Law —and as we have seen a lofty mountain bent not from the plain but from the top of another it is on the summit of Calvary that you command the grandest view of Sinai

It is against not God's Law or justice but the devil and death the grave and hell that Mercy rejoiceth Rejoiceth! grand wonderful word it lets open the very heart of God Father of the prodigal kind loving, joyful man running! meet thy trembling son, folding the poor wretch in thy kind embraces, bathing tears and kisses on his haggard cheek, bestowing forgiveness before confession, and with answers anticipating prayer thou wert but a dim, imperfect image of our Father which is in heaven It is not only that God "has no pleasure in the death of the wicked" What father has? The more wicked the son, the calamity is the greater, the deeper goes the knife into a bleeding heart, as that greatest, blackest grief gushes forth in a cry like this, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son! Nor is it only that God is "not willing that any should perish" He is God and not man, and even we are not I have seen the life buoy spun out to a drowning man, and amid the crowd on the pier that gazed in horror there was none, as they watched its course over the roaring waves, but wished in his heart that it might reach its mark Nor is it only that God is willing that all should come to Him, and live What mother but would open her door who heard the knocking and recognised the well-known voice of some poor, fallen child, that had sunk down there amid the winter dirt, and cried, with failing breath, Oh mother, mother dear, open and let me in And who thinks so ill of God as to believe that when he hears such a cry at the door of mercy he will not receive us, and to welcome us in More than all that, God *rejoiceth* to save and receive back to his bosom the worst and unworthiest of his erring children—of those who like lost sheep have gone astray Mercy rejoiceth against judgment It is a blessed thing to fill a mother's heart with joy, and pour a tide of gladness into the bosom on which we hung—so deeply loved and tenderly cared for in helpless infancy And be he poor or rich, prince or peasant, I honour the man who would do that, offer anything to gild the evening of a father's life and smooth the thorns of his dying pillow It is a grand thing, to make glad a parent's heart But here we may do a thing grander still Turn to the ill of mercy and you till the great heart of God with joy and angels harps with praise It may be that you do not love Jesus Well Jesus loves you, and pities you You spit on him, despise his love and pull his approaches Well, his blessed hand arrests the gleaming axe, as he turns to his Father to say Father, forgive them they know not what they do!

Thus mercy rejoiceth against judgment And let none stand back as if their sins were too great to be forgiven, or their case too bad to be cured Jesus is an Advocate who never lost a cause—a Physician who never lost a patient—his blood cleanseth from all sin, and through him the door of heaven stands open to publicans, harlots the chief of sinners Let all come! See there Mercy, sweet Mercy, wearing a form of celestial beauty, with a blood bought pardon in this hand and a sparkling crown in that, stands aloft on the summit of the Cross, ringing forth this old cry, "Sing O daughter of Zion, be glad and rejoice, O daughter of Jerusalem —The Lord hath taken away thy judgment, he hath cast out thine enemy —Fear not, and let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty, he will save"—save! save is almost a cold and feeble word. More, much more than save, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so will thy God rejoice over thee."

THE CEREALIA, A STANDING MIRACLE!

In treating of the Cerealia, or corn plants, as special witnesses for God in relation to man, we pass by the fact, albeit important, that by nature man has no knowledge of his proper food—no instincts even to guide him in the choice of it, and that, had he been left originally to his own resources in respect of it, as the lower animals are, he would without doubt have perished of hunger or of poison, from eating at random of some deadly thing, or through sheer ignorance of wherewithal to fill his belly. And we pass by also a vast number of other relative facts (their name is legion)—such as the use of *fire* in the preparation of man's food including the whole art of cookery (simple or complex), as forming a part of the "conditions of his existence," to say nothing of the necessary connexion that subsists between man's sustentation and man's own head and hands, or between it and his domestic and social relations—all which bearing directly on the matter now in hand serve to show that, in respect of that which cometh upon him daily—the care of his fleshly tenement—nature, on the one hand, has in a great measure left him out of her reckoning, while, on the other, God has in an especial manner been "mindful of, and has "visited" him.

All that we purpose doing is, to direct attention to the cerealia as a class of vegetable productions which, as neither *natural* plants themselves, nor growing *naturally* in any part of the world, demonstrate by facts within themselves—facts which our modern science has ascertained, or has verified, and which may be seen and read of all men, that they must *of necessity* have been produced *miraculously*, and which furnish moreover with no tradition as to this nor any specific reference to them in this relation by Moses, a proof the most striking that can well be imagined, and all the stronger that it is *indirect*, of a *special* exercise of the Creator's care for His creature man.

The cerealia, which comprise wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, rice, and millet are beyond all doubt man's proper food—the food proper for civilised man—the possession and the use of which leave him free to devote his energies to the advancement of his being, the multiplication of his race, and the accomplishment of the main object of his existence in the world. Without corn, living on wild roots, or by hunting or fishing, and precariously, or from hand to mouth, man is everywhere a savage and a cannibal—improvident, bestial, incapable of taking a single step towards a higher or a better condition. Animal food, indeed, civilised man eats, and was intended, doubtless, to eat, but not his brother's flesh. Such as it is—beef, mutton, and the like—it comes to him remotely of a plenitude in corn, of the leisure for thought which this affords him, of the habits which tillage engenders, and in many ways besides. Yet corn is his staple food.

Comprised in the great natural family of *grasses*, the cerealia themselves are—all of them—*unnatural* species of this family. Their natural state, because their constant or persistent state—that in which alone they can be cultivated or will grow (unless they be *abused* by man),—and in which alone they are of any value to him, is one which the botanist designates *abnormal*, the gardener, *monstrous*. And around this central fact in their history, there clusters a number of other singular facts, all which, more or less, cause them to stand out apart from every other kind of plant, invest them with a character altogether special, and when fairly looked at, are seen to be plain and unmistakable "*marks of God*."

1. Let it be noted, first of all, as to this condition of *monstrosity*, that, as holding of other kinds of plants, it is one which is *occasional* only, or *accidental* and *transient*, which can be kept up only by careful cultivation, and which continually tends, notwithstanding, to revert back to the natural or primitive condition. With the cereals, on the contrary, this abnormal condition is manifestly *their* primitive or natural and it is, moreover, their *abiding* state. They have no tendency to degenerate, or to assume a lower, and, relatively to other plants, a more natural grade.

2. Man indeed, may *degrade* them. By a treatment of them of his own devising steadily persevered in, but attended with some trouble to himself, because requiring several years for the accomplishment of the end aimed at, he can reduce them to the condition of a perfectly natural, yet absolutely worthless grass. To understand how this may be done, one or two things as to the cerealia must needs be premised. *Annuals* naturally, bearing seed of such a kind (so monstrous and so large, and withal in such abundance) as drawn towards it on the ripening all the available energies of the plant, they form no buds at the root (they have, in fact, no surplus vigour during the ripening to form any) whence new plants might spring up the following year. Therefore, their seed duly ripened they die or rather are cut down in autumn, and they then *die out* root and branch. They are annuals *of necessity*. They die of the exhaustion of seeding. They may be said to apply an allusion of De Candolle's, to perish in *child bed*. The natural grasses, however, that are *perennial*—the common grass of the field—bear both seeds and buds, and they bring *both* to maturity. Doing this, they spring up year by year spontaneously from the buds they form, and they thus *multiply* as well as thus *perpetuate* themselves, covering the ground as with a carpet, and spreading over it a table of plenty for the cattle that feed of it, and that tread and repose upon it, and for whom, as they can neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, nor make themselves a bed to lie down on and sleep, the Creator thus provides.

Differing thus widely from the natural grasses, their congeners—differing from them, as we have seen, in this, that they bear seed of such a sort as demands for the ripening of it, and exhausts, all their inherent vigour, and makes them annuals—the cerealia may nevertheless, by man's ingenuity,

be converted into *perennials* It is done by debarring them from ripening their seed Cutting off the ear, as the corn plant comes into flower, and so hindering it from seeding, the plant, thus treated, will form a bud at its root, and from this bud it will spring up again the following year If now left to itself, this second year, it will flower and bear fruit Yet, let it be carefully observed, neither will the fruit have the quality, nor the plant itself the character, which are natural to them Both the plant and its seed will, to a certain extent, have been degraded by the process

But if, again, this second time, the plant is prevented from seeding, by being again denuded of its flower, it will, as before, put forth a bud at its root, and spring up the third year And if year by year this process be repeated, then, in the course of ten or twelve years (so it has been found by experiment), the plant will be reduced, but by but it will have been degraded, to the condition of a *naturally perennial grass*, bearing a seed which is *good for nothing*

3 Thus degraded by the cunning craft of man, then another fact demands attention, namely this, that by no care or skill of husbandry can man restore the plant to its pristine state He cannot bring it back to the condition in which he found it—the state in which God made it and gave it to man It will remain what man has made it a wild and a worthless grass, perennial indeed intrinsically, yet, withal, destined ere long, having no path or stamina, "no root in itself, to give way and disappear before the truly natural grass A thing of man, it shall not be allowed an abiding place in the world, to breed confusion in God's own creation Widely different is man's power over other plants, wild or cultivated, cultivated by himself He may raise them above their wild state, it is the daily business of the gardener to do so, and so doing, and making them abnormal, he may render them highly useful to himself as food But this done, he must keep them in that state by his own care, intermitting which they will lapse back into their wild state, or thus cultivated, made abnormal by himself, he may at his pleasure let them become wild, and then bring them up again to their cultivated state Man, however, cannot thus play fast and loose with the cereals A strange law it is, surely, that to which alone of all plants the Creator has subjected His own *specially artificial* plant, the cereals Strange that with them man may not intermeddle as he will! "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," is true of them in a divine sense Man may not degrade them but at his peril, the forfeiture beyond regain of his staff of life

4 Unknown, then, not growing anywhere as *wild* plants, or as mere grasses, which the botanist may point to, and which he may describe, as the *types* and as the native *habitats* of the *cultivated* cereals, there is this yet further to be noted of them, namely, that they grow nowhere *spontaneously*, or of their own accord They do not sow themselves, and so spread themselves by their seed over the earth, as to man's vexation the thistle does, and as do other annuals Left to themselves, they die out, disappear, become extinct Of this, tall and strong of stem and vigorous though they be, one cause is, that perennial plants of all sorts, weeds, thistles, the common grasses, "external agents which they are too weak to resist," choke and supplant them

5 The *final* cause, however, or the reason of the peculiarity now adverted to, as attaching to the cereals, is to be found in the one appointed condition of their growth, a condition peculiar to them '*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*, we have the divine *expression* of this condition, if, indeed, in this other, "*Thorns and thistles shall the ground bring forth to thee*," we have not also the divine *explanation* of the fact that they will not grow spontaneously Made expressly for man, given directly into his hands by God, man has himself been put in trust, for his own behoof, of their life and growth ' Behold I have given you every herb bearing *seed* (seeding seed) which is upon the face of all the earth, to you it shall be meat, —a kind widely different, so far, from the 'green herb' which He gave for meat to every beast of the earth (compare Gen i 29 with Gen ix 3) Whether, if man had abode in the state of innocency in which he was created, thorns and thistles had not been, or the cereals had grown otherwise than they do, we are not informed, nor have we any data to go upon relative thereto But now they are his for meat on this one condition—that he sow them with his own hand, in ground which his own hands have tilled, and such they have been in all his history that appears In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread were the words spoken to him with reference to them after his fall—words true to this day—and scarcely uttered, it would seem with the addition, that 'in sorrow he should eat of that bread, when 'the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden *to till the ground*

To sum up Of the facts as to the cereals, this is the substance —cultivated varieties naturally abnormal, monstrous states of some unknown and nowhere existing species of natural grasses (so the botanist, in words odd enough, gives expression to the fact) —"they do not, as do the cultivated varieties of other natural plants tend to revert back to their wild state, and thereby become, to man at least, and as regards his food, worthless Such as they are essentially, in that state they abide permanently Again bearing seed only, bearing no buds, they are strictly annual plants, growing up year by year from seed, and growing in no other way Yet, withal, they do not grow, as do other annuals, of their own accord, or by the natural dispersion and germination of their seed Cast on themselves, left to nature, they quickly disappear before the perennial wild plants, and become extinct The one condition of their permanency in the world, of their diffusion of their growth in quantities adequate for man's needs,—a condi

* "*Cultivated* varieties of some *unknown* species, perpetuated as races "Wheat is an *abnormal* state of *some* plant' "We are at a loss to know the *original* types or species "—(Balfour's *Class Book of Botany*, p 708) "The *native* countries of our more important cereals, or corn producing plants, are *altogether unknown* —(Bentley's *Manual of Botany*, 1861 p 697) 'The corn plants, such as they are found under cultivation, do not grow *wild* in any *part* of the world —(Knight's *Book of Man*, vol i p 22)

tion of existence, as we have said, peculiar to them, is, that they be sown of man in ground carefully prepared by him for them beforehand, and duly fitted to receive them.

Can it be that any one, duly reflecting on the facts now stated in regard to the cereals, should fail to see—*first*, that nature never could have provided or have preserved these plants for man; and, *secondly*, supposing, as we must, the cereals and man to have been coeval, that if man had been himself beholden to nature *alone* for what he is,—*if*, under her, he were and had been the *sole* architect of his fortunes in the world, the cereals must have passed away and been lost to him irretrievably and for ever, long before he could have raised himself from a state of nature?

This being the case, the character and the "conditions of existence" of the cereals being such as we have affirmed and man's natural ignorance of their use and value being such as the history of the savage tribes demonstrates,* it surely needs no argument to prove, that not only must these plants have been *specially* created by God for man, and created, too, at the time when He brought man into the world, but that man himself must have been *directly taught of* God, as well the use and the exceeding value of them, as the way to grow them. The history given us in the book of Genesis, of their relation to man, and of man's relation to them, is as that of the Creator's converse with man respecting both, is in fact such a history, short as it is as our modern science, if true to herself, must needs accept as *genuine*. No account of the matter other than that given by Moses will explain the known facts of the case. Had God not specially created the cereals, nature never would have produced them. Had God not said to man "Behold, to you have I given them for meat, man never would have *discovered* while yet he had them, that use as food. Had God not sent man forth to till the ground, acquainting him that thus only, even to the sweat of his face, would the cereals grow, there would at this present be no corn in the world.

Nay, but for this, there would have been no corn in Egypt 3500 years ago, when God, of set purpose, "brake the whole staff of bread," and "famine was over all the face of the earth;" and when, nevertheless, of His great mercy—for His mercy endureth for ever—He sent a man, even Joseph (sold to be a bond servant) beforehand into Egypt, who, forewarned of Him, gathered up all the food of seven years of plenty which were in the land, laying up in the cities the food of the field which was round about every city, and who, when the evil days came, and the dearth was in all lands, and was sore and very grievous, opened all the store houses, and sold corn to the Egyptians, and to all countries which came into Egypt to him for to buy thereof, a time when Israel (in whose loins lay the promised seed, the desire of all nations), that he might *not die but live*, also came into Egypt, and Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.

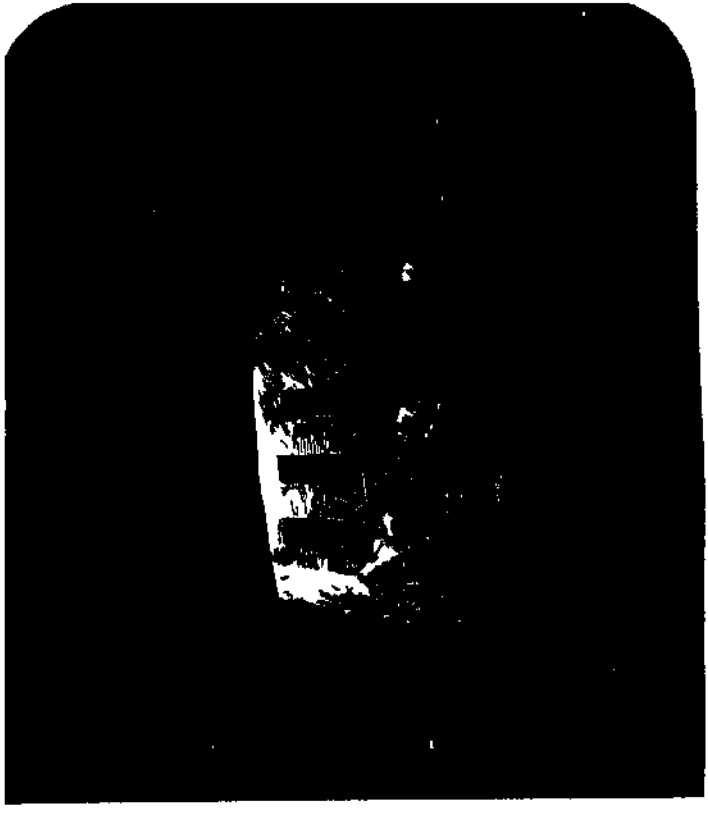
A time it was, when, making His own cereals or one of them, namely, wheat, the occasion, God turned the current of human affairs into a channel altogether new, making also Egypt the cradle, and the wisdom of the Egyptians the school, in which to nurse up and to rear and civilize the children of Jacob, His chosen: while yet, by signs and wonders, *miracles*, which He wrought among them He made known to them, and to the Egyptians themselves no less—a people civilized but heathen, what else neither they nor the children of Israel had known and were always slow of heart to believe: that verily there is a God that ruleth in the earth, the Lord of heaven and earth, and that this God is one Lord.

And these times, and the wondrous things that were done during them, have descended even to us. We have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us how, aforetime in Egypt, and by the hand of Joseph, saved man from perishing by famine, as once he perished by water, and how beginning then with and there He penned a chapter in human history which is not yet finished. And if now, in these days, His strange work has ceased, and we see no signs and wonders visibly attesting His presence and His agency in the world as it was not, as if they had never been. They have left behind them a wake which still bears us along with it. Yet, even as it is, as day by day we eat our bread with cheerfulness and singleness of heart, giving God thanks, we may see on that same bread, if we will but look, the impress of a *miracle*, and the attestation of a *providence*, both still in silent operation round us. And if so,—then, with this sense of a *Real Presence* of God in our common bread, we shall feel it to be but a small demand on our reason to believe (to single out one of those early transactions) that, by the space of forty years in the wilderness, wherein nothing grew that man could eat, God *miraculously* fed His chosen people with manna, believing which, we may well believe also all else that we are told, and may read for ourselves in His blessed Word, as to the "wondrous works done by Him in the land of Ham, and terrible things by the Red Sea," in behalf of a people whom He loved, and with whom were bound up His purposes of mercy to the whole family of man.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

* "When some European missionaries introduced into New Zealand the culture of wheat, telling the Maories that bread is made of it, they were much rejoiced. For bread, in the form of ship biscuit, they had often tasted and much relished. But when the corn was grown tall, they dug some of it up, expecting to find eatable *roots*, and when they found only fibres, they thought the missionaries were making game of them. The Maories had derived *all* their vegetable food from *roots*, and therefore naturally supposed bread to be made of roots. That little hard *seed* were to be ground (a process they had never seen, or imagined), and the powder made into a paste with water, and then baked, was what *could never have occurred* to them." ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, *Lessons on Mind*, p. 118.

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS



One of the most singular facts in the early history of the Church is its connexion with the Catacombs of Rome. It is strange to think of that Faith which has since conquered the most civilized portions of the world seeking refuge in caves of the earth—driven by the strong blasts of persecution *underground*, not merely to bury its dead, but to erect its altars, and hold its worship undisturbed. It is no less strange to reflect how the burial of the infant Church proved the condition of its more glorious resurrection, strengthening the faith, and brightening amid the darkness the hope which it concealed; how—like some of those convulsions of nature which, in the very completeness of the overthrow they make, tend to preserve for the inspection of future ages forms of natural life which they seemed utterly to annihilate—the storms that seemed to extinguish the Church and drive it out of sight really had the effect of perpetuating not merely its existence, but many of the primitive outlines of its form and appearance. The monuments of the Catacombs, which have been excavated and arranged in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican at Rome, may be termed the *fossil* representatives of early Christianity. They bear to us in dim sculptured vestiges the image of the Church of the Persecutions. We can read in these defaced figures the very impress of that state described by St Paul as one "troubled on every side, yet not distressed, perplexed, but not in despair, persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed, always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest." This is the picture, not only of the apostolic, but of the Christian Church during the first centuries, and this picture is everywhere engraven on the memorial tablets dug up from those dark re-

It has not been definitely ascertained how Christians first betook themselves to such hiding-places. The conjecture is, that among the early converts to Christianity in Rome, there were probably some of the poor Arenarii or sand-diggers, who worked in the Catacombs,—which were originally nothing

else than the excavations rendered necessary in the progress of building the city. In the course of these excavations long galleries and spaces were opened up, and it would be but a natural suggestion to a sect persecuted and despised, as the early Christians were, and recruited so largely from the lower orders of the population, to hide themselves in places to which some of their number may alone have known the way of access. Just as the Scottish peasant, in the times of the Covenant, sheltered himself in the inaccessible and lonely mosses and brakes whose pathways were known only to himself so the Roman sand digger and his fellow Christians sought a retreat in the vacant quarries extending underground in intricate passages which he could alone trace with safety. The inhabitants of Quesnel it is well known, when driven from their homes by an invasion of the Normans found refuge in a similar manner in the quarries from which the materials of their houses had been drawn and constructed large vaults in which they concealed, not only themselves but their furniture and their cattle—vaults which, like the Roman Catacombs may be seen till this day, and which are still occasionally resorted to by the young people of the district for pleasure.

There seems no reasonable doubt that the Catacombs were really places of refuge and not merely of sepulture for the early Christians of Rome. It is the sepulchral remains, of course, which chiefly survive, it is by the inscriptions and figures of tombstones that we read the faith and character of the worshippers who met there; yet in the very fact that the Catacombs became the cemetery of the Church of the third and fourth centuries there is input from all other evidence an indication of some previous association of the Christians with them. Their favourite habit of sepulture in the Catacombs probably sprung in some degree from the consecrating associations which attached to them as places of shelter in the time of persecution. But there is better evidence than mere presumption on the subject. The Acts of the Martyrs speak frequently of them, and of attempts to overwhelm those who sought concealment in them by the overthrow of the earthen galleries. The Catacombs themselves were the actual scenes of martyrdom. 'Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground in the time of Cyprian. Stephen the First, another Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel on the conclusion of divine service, he was thrust back into his episcopal chair, and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration.

In the time of Diocletian the Christian Caius is said to have lived eight years in the Catacombs, and to have terminated this long period of confession by undergoing martyrdom. Even as late as the year 352, Liberius, Bishop of Rome, took up his abode in the Cemetery of St Agnes during the Arian persecution.' The existence of wells in various parts of the corridors, and the traditions about conveying food to their inmates, point to the same conclusion. The late legend which has invested one of these wells with the name of St Peter is not entitled to discredit the existence of such a well known to the early Church, and probably guarded by some of its most cherished associations. The language of the imperial edicts alone in denouncing flight to the Catacombs, is sufficient evidence of the use to which they were applied by the Christians as places of shelter. It was *as such* entirely that they seem to have been inhabited. We are not to suppose that they were used save in extremities, or—at least in earlier times—that a residence in them was adopted by choice, and as a coveted mark of distinction for the *confessor*. The objections that have been urged against their habitation, scarcely, if at all, apply to this limited use of them as places of residence.

The same limitation must be applied to the worship of the Catacombs. It is not to be inferred that this worship was a permanent institution. It was the growth of necessity, it was born of danger, and when the danger and necessity passed away it ceased, or at least was maintained merely under the impulse which tends to perpetuate what even has become endeared by the charm of perilous association. Thus we find in the fourth century, after the period of persecution and danger had terminated, that it was not uncommon for the Christians to meet at the grave of the martyrs to celebrate the Eucharist. This is to be regarded as the occasional expression of a natural if superstitious instinct. Regular worship below ground, so far as it existed must have ceased before this. The spacious basilica had then succeeded to the small and darkened chapels, in which the faithful of the second and third centuries had worshipped together out of sight. It was only possible that a few could assemble at once in these shadowy and confined vaults, it was inconsistent with safety, in fact, that they should meet in large numbers while concealed from the pursuit of their enemies. The Catacomb worship was therefore at the best a *worship of exigency*. It has left its traces in the chapels, altars, episcopal chairs and fonts which have been discovered, and which leave no doubt that the services of religion were performed below ground, but it would be absurd to say that these services represented a regular system, or that they are to be regarded as a permanent phase of the Church's institution.

The most trustworthy and important testimony of the Catacombs is to the humble vitality of the early Christian faith, in contrast with the proud self confidence of the ancient religion, and this contrast is particularly brought out by the arrangement of the monumental inscriptions in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican. On one side stand the Pagan monuments, with their inscriptions "Votive tablets dedications of altars, fragments of edicts and public documents collected from the neighbourhood of the city, and opposite to them, classed under the heads of Greek, Latin, and consular monuments, appear the inscriptions of the ancient Christians." To the student, it is easy to see that there must be something very touching in this opposition of the old and the new religions, classical Paganism, and its despised but tenacious enemy, showing in its rude ensigns, "the victory that overcometh." "I have spent," says Raoul Rochette, "many entire days in this sanctuary of

antiquity, where the sacred and profane stand facing each other in the written monuments preserved to us, as in the days when Paganism and Christianity, striving with all their powers were engaged in mortal conflict And were it only the treasure of impressions which we receive from this immense collection of Christian epitaphs, taken from the graves of the catacombs and now attached to the walls of the Vatican this alone would be an inexhaustable fund of recollections and enjoyments for a whole life

The distinguishing character of the old Roman Paganism in its deep toned lament its stoical self confidence, and its proud retrospect to the world s honours stands in bold rivalry to the humble faith, self mortification and clear happy glance into a higher world which marks the Christian inscriptions Nothing can be more simple and touching than some of these inscriptions a single word or two ill written, and frequently misspelt, verifying the language of St Paul that not many mighty not many nobi were numbered among the early professors of the truth but breathing still in their utmost brevity, some hint of heaven As for example

FIRGINIVS IARVM
SVIIIIAIN
' Virginius remained but a short time with us

Again merely

VICTORINA DORMIT
Victorina sleeps

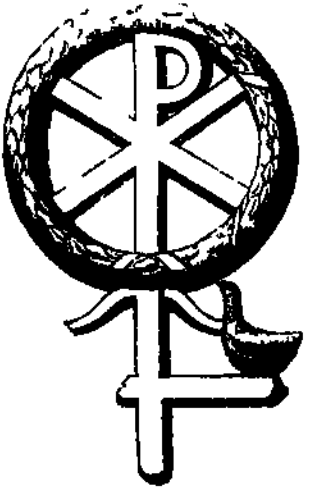
Or,

CFMELLA DORMIT
IN PACI
Cemella sleeps in peace

This idea of sleep applied to death is everywhere characteristic of the inscriptions *Cemeterium* (κοιμητηριον) or sleeping place is the name applied to the spot where the Christians laid their dead The name is significant of the higher view of death which had been made clear in the gospel It pointed to a future awakening to life and immortality The heathen indeed, could also think of death as a sleep The expression is to be found here and there in classical writers, but the sleep in their view, was a long endless, and unbroken one It was the blank and vague torpidity of an unknown state while the Christian conceived of it as a ' sleep in peace till the resurrection morn As Prudentius sang of the martyrs of the Catacombs —"There will soon come a time when genial warmth shall revisit these bones, and the soul will resume its former tabernacle What do these excavated rocks signify ? What these fair monuments ! What but that the object intrusted to them is sleeping, and not dead. Now, death itself is blessed, since through its pangs a path is thrown open to the just, a way from sorrow to the stars" How different this from the tone of Pagan lamentation depicted on a monument on the right hand wall of the Lapidarian Gallery

Caius Julius Maximus
(aged)
2 years and five months
O relentless fortune, who delightest in cruel death,
Why is Maximus so early snatched from me !
How well did I fly used to be beloved, on my bosom
This stone now marks his tomb behold his mother

Sometimes instead of IN PACE, sometimes along with it stands the equally simple expression, IN CHRISTI mainly figured in monogram This monogram in diverse shapes is very frequent The Cross appears everywhere as the emblem no longer of contempt and humiliation, but of joy and victory, with the inscription above it or under it—IN HOC VINCES The attached sketch is taken



from a bas relief in the Vatican Library The garland of flowers enclosing the monogram of the Saviour s name and the dove seated upon it symbol of the peace purchased by His death, serves to bring out very expressively the joyful feelings as sociated with the Cross In none of the early monuments is there any crucifix—only the simple Cross—and latterly a lamb at the foot of it The Cross with the dead Christ upon it is a mediæval invention when the primitive feeling of deliverance and joy associated with the emblem was no longer the prevailing one Not till the tenth or eleventh century, according to Milman, did it become common

There is another characteristic distinction of the Christian inscriptions While the heathens are designated according to their full names, each part of which was considered necessary to distinguish their owners, the Christians in general are simply called by their baptismal appellations Thus constantly the names of Philemon, Agape, Irene, Felix, Bevus, occur without any accompanying designations to point out to what Roman family they belonged It is the *faith*, the *love*, the *peace*,

the *happiness* of the dead ones as Christians that alone seems worthy of commemoration; all else that bound them to the world, or distinguished them in it is forgotten or put out of sight.

The monuments of the Lapidarian Gallery, arranged as they have been, by the hands of Romanists, are a standing protest against the later corruptions of the Romish Church. They contain, according to Dr Maitland,* "no prayers for the dead (unless the forms, 'May you live,' 'May God refresh you,' be so construed), no addresses to the Virgin Mary, nor to the Apostles or earlier saints, and with the exception, 'eternal sleep,' 'eternal home,' no expression contrary to the plain sense of Scripture." He admits, indeed, that the phrase *Orez pro nobis* occurs on one epitaph, but even if this is not of later date, it can scarcely be held to sanction the elaborate services for the dead that now distinguish the Latin Church. There cannot in fact, be a wider distinction than that between the grateful pious and prayerful memory of the dead which, beyond question, very soon sprung up in the Church, and the system of superstitious commerce or exchange of services whereby the state of the dead was supposed to be *affected* by the prayers and offerings of the living. In the same manner, the honour paid to the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs and elsewhere was something very different from the blind and material adoration of relics which sprung up in a later age. The one sentiment, it may be said, led to the latter, but it would be more true to say that the higher sentiment, of which no former or present extreme Protestantism can well claim to be independent—was lost amid the increase of a grossly material superstition, which corrupted every genuine feature of Christianity. The Catacomb upon the whole offered not the slightest countenance to later usages either of creed or of worship. Varied here of anything but the most central truths, a worship rude in its simplicity, look out upon us from these sacred yet vivid monuments. It is almost something stern—Puritan—in the naked and unadorned reality with which the few facts of either stand out.

Christ is the one centre object of faith. The dead are laid to rest *in Christ*. His name is every where engraved in full or in monogram. The conception of him as pictured is pre-eminently that of a Redeemer. Nothing can be more opposed to the mere Jewish idea of a teacher, or the mere humanistic view of some of the early heretics, such as Artemon and Theodotus, who taught at Rome. On stones innumerable he appears as the Good Shepherd, bearing on his shoulders the recovered sheep.

He is the *Restorer*, the *Saviour*, and not merely the *Example* of his people. All their hopes spring from Him, and all their faith points back to Him. There is no narrowness, no technical limitations in the conception of Redemption; but the simple picture of the Gospels is reproduced, the picture of Him who loved his people, and gave his life for them, who is the "Shepherd of his sheep," and whose voice they gladly hear. It is, as already implied, the *active* and *joyful* aspect of the work of redemption which is uniformly represented. In no case are the sufferings of our Lord exhibited, unless it be in the apparent exception of a bas-relief representing Pilate washing his hands. The idea of setting forth the innocence of Christ rather than any reference to his sufferings is, however, the probable intention of this composition. The mind is carried forward from the *means* of redemption to the *accomplished fact*, and this is exactly consonant to the simple faith of the early Christians. They did not reason as to the manner of means of Christ's work. They accepted it as a fact that brought life and light and joy to their hearts by which they felt themselves raised out of the darkness and bondage of the present evil world. It was this feeling that made the Good Shepherd the comprehensive and most significant type of our Lord to the early Church.

An interesting question has been raised in connexion with these primitive representations of Christ. Can they be supposed to rest on any preserved original? They agree so singularly with each other that some have assumed the possibility of an authentic portrait of our Lord having been preserved. The traditional conception of St Luke as a painter has been associated with such a conjecture, and upon this basis a superstructure of legend has been easily raised. The most tangible expression of the legend connects a portrait of our Lord with Edessa, and the well-known spurious letter which he is supposed to have written to Abgarus King of Edessa. The story is, that when

* To Dr Maitland's interesting but somewhat desultory and uncritical work on "The Church in the Catacombs" we have been indebted for the facts of this paper.

Christ acknowledged the kindness of Abgarus, in requesting Him to take up his abode with him to escape the malignity of the Jews, by sending him a letter (according to Eusebius), He sent along with the letter His portrait, miraculously executed, and that afterwards this miraculous portrait was instrumental in saving the city when attacked by the Persian king The story of the letter, not withstanding the authority of Eusebius is well known to be fabulous, and that of the portrait is still more obviously so We have the express assurance of Augustine that no authentic portrait of the Holy Family was in existence The singular identity of the original likenesses of our Lord —the beauty of the type under which He is represented — can therefore only be accounted for by the force of tradition Some ideal must have been transmitted from age to age of His appearance, as well as of the appearance of the chief apostles, and this ideal becoming at length embodied in painting would still more directly perpetuate itself All would be disposed to copy from the primary transcripts of that ideal image such as it had survived in the Christian consciousness and been stamped by the first rude imitations of the Christian artist

Besides the representations of Christ himself, and the frequent monograms of His name there are various symbolic representations—some of them also denoting His name, and some of them expressive of the course and termination of the Christian life One of the most interesting of the former is the fish, which had the advantage of combining everything desirable in a token or mystic sign The Greek for fish, *ἰχθὺς* contains the initials of Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ, Jesus Christ Son of God the Saviour a sentence which had been adopted from the Sibylline verses Moreover, adds Dr Maitland the phonetic sign of this word, the actual fish (which is often figured), was an emblem whose meaning was entirely concealed from the uninitiated in important point with those who were surrounded by foes ready to derride and blaspheme whatever of Christianity they could detect The dove with the olive branch in its mouth frequently appears as the emblem of peace with God A ship in full sail figures the course of life, and an anchor the peaceful close of it

Sometimes Pagan emblems are appropriated and consecrated to higher meanings The phœnix was adopted as an emblem of immortality, and a crowned steed as a sign of victory The great ideas of Christianity, in short, are found wrought into the broken stones of the Catacombs—here in letters, and there in figures—a kind of rude literature, when scarcely any other literature may be said to have been possible to a persecuted and despised sect

It is more difficult to speak with any detail of the form of worship and the officers of the Church as indicated by these monuments. There is evidence, Dr Maitland says, "of a regular clergy, married and single" There are traces of bishops, presbyters, deacons, exorcists, lectors or readers, and fossors Of these latter there is frequent mention in the inscriptions, and also full figures with pick axe in the one hand, and lamp in the other They were the Church architects of the Catacombs —a humble race, represented in the dress of the lowest class of Romans, but raised in the peculiar circumstances of the Church almost into an order among its officers There is evidence also of the growing respect for celibacy, although there are very few epitaphs in celebration of those actually devoted to a monastic life

Martyrs are spoken of as seized in the midst of their devotions and put to death There are fonts, showing that the baptismal rite was often performed below ground and some have supposed that, in the fact of this practice even so early as the time of St Paul, there might possibly be a key to the passage regarding those who are baptized *ὑπὲρ τῶν νεκρῶν* There are particularly representations of the original Agape or love feast guests seated around a table, with a small table in front containing a sitting lamb and a cup A page waits at the table and two matrons personifying Peace and Love, preside

Such a stone picture disentombed from the ruins of Rome is in itself a curious and instructive study The style of art, to which it belongs marks the age following the Antonines While the proud dreams of Stoicism were incarnated on the throne these simple watchwords Agape and Irene were passing among the members of an obscure sect driven to seek their safety amid the gloomy vaults of the capital Anything humbler or more feeble than the idea suggested by these few guests, with Love and Peace presiding over them, it would be difficult to conceive The contrast between them and the imperial representative of Stoicism, at the head of legions, in command of the world, is such as imagination can scarcely measure Yet, in these feeble symbols, 'the victory that overcometh the world" is dawning There is a divine power in them which is destined to vanquish all the dreams of Stoicism and all the acts of Empire A few years and they will no longer have to hide themselves in darkened vaults from the light of observation, but, emerging from obscurity, they shall supplant their proud opponent, and signalise a higher and even prouder empire The Church of the Catacombs is destined to rise into the church of Gregory the Great, of Hildebrand, of Innocent III Alas that, with its growth, it should so far forget its homely birthplace and obscure lineage, and that the symbols of Love and Peace, which presided over the Agape in the Catacombs, should be so seldom present in its great councils and even its solemn feasts!

JOHN TULLOCH.

HUMANITY TO THE DOGS.

THERE is one benevolent institution in London, of recent origin, which really diminishes pain on one side, without increasing it on the other, and which does not undermine the self reliance of those who are taken to it as a refuge. It contains no labour, houses, fed, and clothed at the public expense, and employed in manufacturing door mats and fancy baskets to the derangement of trade in its district. It presents no population difficulty that cannot be solved with a tub of water. We are speaking of the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Holloway. It can hardly be said to attract the class it is intended to benefit, for, great as the acknowledged sagacity of the dog may be, the home can hardly reach that sagacity by advertising its comforts in human newspapers.

This charitable Refuge for lost and starving dogs is now a permanent London institution. It has lived through all the doubt, difficulties and ridicule which attended its birth. It owes its existence to a benevolent lady at Canonbury, who started, by befriending a few stray dogs, and giving them a home in her own house. As their numbers increased the difficulty of keeping them in a private dwelling grew greater, and a gentle local agitation was got up to enlarge the sphere of the charity. The Home was established by these means in October 1860, and its motto is, "I cannot understand that morality which excludes animals from human sympathy, or releases man from the debt and obligation he owes to them."

The Home is now no hole and corner institution, managed by one or two amiable enthusiasts in a back street of the suburbs. It has four lady patronesses, three of them being ladies of title, it has a committee of seven ladies and four gentlemen, and its honorary secretary is a clergyman. At present it has nearly fifty annual subscribers, and another fifty donors, of all classes, whose names are published, and the following address is put forward to the charitable public —

"Persons walking through the streets of London, or of its suburbs, can hardly fail frequently to have seen lost dogs in a most emaciated and even dying state from starvation.

"The committee would willingly hope and believe that no one who is capable of appreciating the faithful, affectionate, and devoted nature of the dog, can have seen any of these intelligent creatures in that state without feeling an earnest wish that there were some means established for rescuing them from so dreadful a death, and restoring them to usefulness.

'The object of this institution is to give humane persons an opportunity to relieve so much misery.

"The parent Home is now established in Holloway, and all persons finding dogs in the state above described are entreated to convey them to it, and all persons losing dogs are requested to apply at once to 14, Hollingsworth Street, St James's Road, Holloway.

"In proportion as the funds will admit of it, receiving houses will be established in all parts of London, from which dogs will be conveyed to Holloway."

This address may sound to many people like a parody of an ordinary appeal on behalf of a reformatory, or some refuge for lost and repentant cats. If Dean Swift had written such an address in his chapters upon the Yahoos, no sense of fitness would have been outraged, and yet, for all this, the charity is founded on a sound principle. It begins precisely where the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals leaves off, and we are not surprised to find the rooms of that association placed at the disposal of the dog committee, and Mr Middleton, the secretary, undertaking to receive subscriptions and donations.

The Home at present consists of three cab stables, in a yard at the back of the house before mentioned. A man is engaged to take charge of the animals, to answer the questions of applicants who bring dogs or claim them, and to keep the necessary record of incomers and outgoers. When a dog becomes a member of this happy family, his name (if he has one) and his breed are entered in a book under a particular number, a tin ticket, with a corresponding number, is hung round his neck like a locket, and he is provided with a place in a certain trough, basket, box, cage, or tub according to his temper and his bodily health. Take the dogs altogether they are tolerably well behaved, and wonderfully like human beings under similar circumstances. They are dirty, and require to be washed; they are diseased, and require to be cured (or killed), and they are hungry, and require to be fed. It is a melancholy fact, and one not at all peculiar to animals generally, that the most worthless dogs have the largest appetites and make the most noise. The keeper knows about a dozen of his large headed, thick limbed, gaping shambling pensioners by the title of the "wolves;" and, to use his own words, "they are a precious sample." They form the "dangerous classes" of the Refuge, they do nothing but eat and yell, are never likely to be reclaimed, and belong to that large family of gift dogs which people never will look in the mouth.

Within a period of four months about 170 have been taken in. 100 of these have gone, some having been given away (the society does not sell dogs), some having been reclaimed by the owners, and some having died, leaving about 70 now in the Home. Only one Newfoundland and one King Charles spaniel have found their way to the Refuge. The majority of the animals are "rough dogs," answering to regular street tramps, Scotch terriers, mongrel "tykes," and a few fighting dogs. The ladies on the committee must be rather astonished at the infinite varieties of the dog as registered in the Society's books, and even at the appearance of a few of those square headed, black nosed, red-jawed bull-terriers, who creep into the refuge, like broken-down prize fighters, too old to earn a living in a professional way. Some of the inmates ar

flabby, blinking, weak-minded animals, who seem contented with their position, and utterly incapable of supplying their daily physical wants without the aid of a master They form what we may call the idiot ward of the asylum Others are knowing, experienced street dogs, not unwilling to be housed and looked after during the winter months, but who, with the first signs of summer, will get away if they can, to trot along the roads with their heads downwards, to slink into butchers' shops when no one is looking, and to be chased out between the legs of the passers by with something very like a rump steak in their mouths Some of these dogs were brought in during the two severe months of December and January, a period when the incomers far exceeded the outgoers This helps to show that the dog refuge does not differ very materially from many other refuges

The charity, like all other charities, has had difficulties to contend with, and has made mistakes at its commencement, which it has since rectified It had a consulting surgeon to look after the dogs, after the fashion of more ambitious charities, but now the manager is the doctor to the establishment The difficulty about giving the animals open air exercise has not yet been got over, simply because the society have not sufficient funds to purchase a piece of land in or near London

The chief imposition practised on the society comes in the shape of old, glassy eyed dogs, brought by boys who have grown tired of these animals If we want to see real cruelty to animals, we must go amongst children When an old dog has been worn out in playgrounds, or in plunging for pieces of wood in ponds and canals, its youthful owners and tormentors often try to dispose of it at the Refuge The manager, however, is prepared for these applicants, and also for those dog fanciers who endeavour to own animals they have never lost The following are the rules and regulations of the society —

"1 Any dog found and brought to the Home, if applied for by the owner, will be given up to his master on payment of the expenses of its keep

"2 Any dogs lost by the subscribers and brought to the Home, will be given up free of all expense

"3 All unowned dogs, after they have been in the Home for some little time, will be given away, but, as this is a charitable institution, it is hoped that all who can afford it, will make a donation towards the expenses of the Home, in proportion to the value of the dog selected.

"4. To prevent dog stealing, no reward will be given to persons bringing dogs to the Home.

"The committee hope that, to persons of ordinary humanity, the consciousness of having performed a merciful action will be a sufficient recompense

"5. It is intended, as soon as suitable arrangements can be made, to have a place especially prepared for the reception of dogs belonging to ladies and gentlemen who may wish to have care taken of them during their absence from home.

"6 None but governors of the institution shall be eligible for the committee, or vote at any meeting of the institution

"7 A donation of five pounds constitutes a life governor, and the yearly subscription of five shillings and upwards, an annual governor of the institution, and any lady or gentleman collecting small sums to the amount of five pounds, will be considered a life governor"

The subscriptions, donations, and collections, if small, flow in from all quarters, some coming from Ireland, and different parts of the country They represent an income of about £90 for four months scarcely half a dozen subscribers appear under such fancy titles as "Pompey an old pet," "Puff a pet," "Jacob Faithful," "Billy," and "A lover of dogs," the rest giving their names and addresses in a bold and spirited manner Public entertainments in aid of the Refuge have also commenced, and Mr William Kidd has given one of his "gossips" under the heading of "The Dogs own Benefit Night"

So far, the Refuge appears to be popular and well managed, but the committee is not altogether of one way of thinking Some, perhaps the most humane portion, must upon placing all the animals in the refuge on an equal footing, and object to any dog being destroyed, rejected, or given up as incurable Others, perhaps the most practical members, see the necessity which exists for checking the increase of the "tykes," the "rest," the standing balance which "eats its head off," never moves on, and becomes surplus dog population Here the old workhouse difficulty, with hopeless paupers, is reproduced on a small scale, with animals performing the parts of men How it will be got over, time alone will show, and the dissension if the practical party carry the day, may probably cost the society a few subscribers

The one objection to this charitable refuge is, that it is always trembling on the verge of absurdity Its whole proceedings can hardly be so managed that they shall not appear to be a parody of institutions for the relief of human suffering, and it is only by a process of reasoning that we become its friends and supporters The society stands upon firm ground when it claims the dog as the devoted companion of man, and it is assailable only in details—never in principle The *reductio ad absurdum* argument is easily brought to bear upon these details, and it is just as easily employed in the defence of the society Adopting the London tradition, that all stray dogs are converted into sausages, it can soon be shown that the Home must have an effect upon that particular trade, by cutting off the supply of the raw material. From this we jump to the conclusion, that all opponents of the dog charity must be connected with the sausage interest, or must have a large capital invested in the pork pie business We have much pleasure in placing this argument at the service of the society.

LESLIE ORME.

THE BALL OF WORSTED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF AN UNKNOWN LIFE"

'What an interminable piece of work that cloth of yours is, Marion! I am so tired of the sight of it!' 'I thought it an ugly pattern from the first, and the colours are getting faded now. Do finish it, or put it away.'

The speaker was a small, fragile looking woman and her tone of voice weak and querulous. The lady she addressed was, like herself, far advanced in what we with polite vagueness are contented to call middle life. In all else she was a striking contrast to her sister in law. The one struck you at first as possessing the remains of decided prettiness, the other you concluded had always been positively plain, the one was as elaborately and expensively dressed as the character of invalid allowed, the other wore a plain dark gown cut after a fashion long gone out. But the longer you looked at the two women, the better you liked the homely features the less the regular outline, especially taken in connexion with the cold, captious voice in which the one spoke, and the sweet subdued tones in which the other replied.

'I know I am very slow and stupid. I so often lose my place, and find a whole leaf must be unpicked, for I can only get on at all by following the pattern stitch by stitch, and I have not all the shades of green that are wanted,' and Miss Broughton sighed. But she did not say—she did not even think—that the reason of her mistakes might be found in the frequent and sudden interruptions to which she was liable, and that much progress could hardly have been made by a more skilful worker, who, in the course of the last half-hour, had had to jump up a dozen times to raise the blind that the invalid might at least be able to see the pages of the book she held, to lower it that she might

not have her eyes put out by the plate, to poke the fire up because it was too dull, and to poke it down because it was too bright, to let the poodle out, and to let him in, to come and see the exact attitude in which at that particular moment he was sitting, to look whether one side of Mrs Broughton's face was not more flushed than the other, and whether there was not a slight swelling in the little finger of her left hand, to get out of the very bottom of a drawer one particular shawl as being less heavy than the one she wore, to replace it the next moment as being too light, to do and undo, in short, to put up and put down, and put out and put back, almost every moveable thing in the room Certainly this was not the way for the worsted work flowers to bud and bloom rapidly It is possible, though highly improbable, that some dim consciousness of this may for a second have flashed upon Mrs Broughton's mind, at all events she replied rather less querulously—"Let me look at your work I have a whole store of old wools in a cabinet upstairs, and you may find the shade you want among them," and she took the unfinished chair pattern with an air half patronizing and half supercilious, turned it round and round, shook her head, pointed out some uneven stitches, and gave it back to the worker with the same air—more discouraging than any expressed criticism could possibly have been, an air with which Mrs Broughton had so long been familiar that she had learned to acquiesce in its comprehensive purport, which was, that what he had executed was indeed a failure, nothing else being to be expected from one who, poor dear soul, might be defined as a sort of failure herself, but that she, Mrs Broughton, had always taken, and always would take a lenient view of her and her efforts, and extend to him on all subjects the benefit of her advice "Now that you have got so far, Marion, you may as well go on I daresay it may come in for something or other, though you *will* draw your stitches too tight, in spite of all I can say You want a shade of blue green If you take this key and go upstairs to my boudoir, and look in the third drawer of the build cabinet, you will find quantities of old green wools, they have been there the last five and twenty years I daresay, and, Marion, don't return just now, I shall have Justine up to speak to her about changing the buttons on my new dress gown"

Is any young reader, attracted thus far by the hope of an amusing story, on the point of impatiently turning over the pages, discovering that the only characters treated of are two middle aged women, uninteresting, commonplace? We have to plead that they were *not* quite commonplace If Mrs Broughton belonged to a frequent type, she was at least a singularly complete specimen. If egotism be by no means an unusual defect, such proportions as it attained in her character are fortunately not usual Could we portray her accurately, she would be found a *representative woman*, and as such worth looking at For this weed with which her whole nature was overrun has winged seeds, and strikes root very easily, its germ may unconsciously be gaining strength in our own, and the ugliness of this extreme case may sharpen our sight to detect it in time.

Neither was Miss Broughton a quite commonplace person either It is rare to find so much native intelligence as she possessed combined with so much mental inertness, so much inward dejection and outward placidity, so much self-abnegation, with apparently so little motive for it in her affection for others No one ever heard her express herself warmly on any subject or about any person. You would have said that her moral nature had undergone a partial paralysis, that its nerves of feeling were benumbed, while those of motion retained their activity For though she never appeared to take much interest in any one, yet, when a kind thing had to be done, Miss Broughton did it, mechanically but invariably

We have intimated that Mrs Broughton was an invalid An invalid indeed, in her own sense of the word, she had been all her life long; it was only in this way that she had been able to give to her insignificant personality the prominence he morbidly craved, but now her failed prettiness were the unmistakable mark of premature decay It was difficult to connect so commonplace a Death with the frivolous, ill contented creature, and for the reason, and also, perhaps, because they envied her so coldly, he would bow bold proofs of the belief that he would recover this time as he had always done before But the doctor knew better, and he had told Mrs Broughton that the end might be near but that it was sure As for Miss Broughton herself, she had a strong frame, and looked an robust health You would have predicated for the apathetic, half comatose existence she was content to lead an extension of thirty or forty years The perspective opened as cheerfully in the one case as in the other We will take a short survey of the early life of both women, before we follow Mrs Broughton upstairs to look for that seeming trifle—a ball of green worsted

Contemplating character, unravelling it some of its unexpected complexities and excrescence, one wonders how far back it would be necessary to trace antecedent in order thoroughly to account for a result The believers in hereditary qualities would have found no explanation of Mrs Broughton's peculiarities in parentage and parents on either side, all simple, humble people enough by no means distinguished by talent or originality of any kind Her father died young, her mother, who bore but a very weak, quiet, pale faced woman, who had had many children, and married herself entirely in the only one left The little Julia was spoiled in the worst way, allowed to gather from events some vague consciousness of future wealth, and of importance connected with it Then the remoteness of her family home precluded frequent intercourse with other children and the delicacy of her health was always a sufficient excuse for her neglected studies Her nature—a poor one to begin with—had little culture bestowed on it. She grew up quite unchecked in her self contentation At the age of nineteen she had as pretty a face, as cold a heart, and as empty a mind as could have been found in the whole country, but the pretty face was all that Captain Broughton thought of at the Race Ball that settled his fate for life, nor, indeed, did he ever look much beyond it. He was

one of the class of men—now, we believe, rapidly diminishing—who assume mental and moral inferiority in woman. Enough for him that Julia should look well at the head of his table, and should lavish a selfish and exacting fondness upon himself. It did not in the least disappoint him that her conversation should bore him: he yawned good naturedly through that as a mere thing of course, he had never meant to find companionship in his wife, and as for her egotism, and the spiteful comments on all other women which were its concomitants, he was rather amused by them than otherwise, just as we all smile at the jealousy of our lap dog or the furious pecking of a pet goldfinch. Evidently there was no prospect of improvement for Mrs Broughton here. If she had had children, her selfishness might have been diverted into other channels, modified, at least, by instinctive affection. As it was, there was nothing to check her habit of constant self reference. Her country neighbours did not come into sufficiently close contact with her to suffer from or resent it, and as to the comments of her servants, they did not reach her.

There was one person, indeed, with whom a positive collision might have been expected. Captain Broughton's only and orphan sister had lived with him before his marriage, and continued to live after he brought his bride home. How would Marion Broughton it might well have been asked, accustomed only to her brother's indulgence, bear the constant chafing of a petty tyranny, and the mortification of being systematically ignored?

Singular to say she bore both remarkably well. She had the sweetness of temper that springs from good health and humility, the perpetual exaction she cheerfully permitted, for she found a pleasure in obliging, the slights she seemed unconscious of. She was not of a jealous temperament, nor was there anything in the demonstrative but slightly contemptuous fondness shown by her brother to his wife that was calculated to excite jealousy. In fact, Mrs Broughton was hardly any thing at all to her, whereas she, amiable and accommodating as she was, unconsciously proved a very Mordecai at the gate of the former lady's daily life. Not that there was a pretext for complaining of her, still less for quarrelling with her: not indeed that she could positively be said to dislike her in any way, only that she was impatient of any personality so independent of her own. Marion had her own out of door way of life, had certain acquirements her sister in law did not possess. Visitors when they came, would often talk most to her. Mrs Broughton found her only relief in resolutely deprecating all she did, and overlooking her existence as completely as she could.

There was another reason for the remarkable tolerance shown by Marion, which acted as an additional aggravation to her sister in law. Mrs Broughton had a cousin, Herbert Lovel, who, for his manly open hearted character and his sports manship, was a great favourite of her husband's, for his good looks and graceful manners, of her own, for both reasons, for other and innumerable reasons, of sister Marion's. Lovel was a frequent visitor at the Broughtons' home during the first two or three years after their marriage. "Poor dear Herbert, he always was so fond of me, quite a brother, he cannot be long happy away from me," was the explanation of the fact assigned by his cousin, while Captain Broughton, on the other hand, was given to look significantly at Marion, and to hint that he considered her the attraction. The poor girl herself hardly knew how to understand the case, but one thing was certain, her own simple, honest, humble heart was given once for all to Lovel, whether he ever formally sued for it or not. He had won it not only by what he was in himself, the best specimen of manly worth that had ever crossed her path, but by many a fond look and significant word. Often and often, beneath her calm exterior, she felt a rapturous conviction of being really loved. But often, too, she had seasons of terrible reaction and hopelessness, brought on generally by an indefinable something in Mrs Broughton's manner which conveyed more thoroughly than words could have done the exceeding improbability of so superior a man admiring a very plain and unattractive person such as poor Marion, in her almost morbid humility, fully believed herself to be. It was one of Mrs Broughton's peculiarities to be intolerant of all love or love making. To be the object of a sincere and disinterested attachment was a distinction she most reluctantly conceded to any woman preferring to consider it as her own peculiar privilege—("Poor dear John adored her, she knew)—but that Marion, whom she had so resolutely laboured to put down, to utterly ignore—that Marion should be chosen by her own handsome cousin, should have her individuality brightened and expanded as betrothed, bride, wife, mother,—that was simply an intolerable idea. She never admitted the possibility to herself, and Captain Broughton learning to connect his peculiar remarks on that subject with attacks of overpowering headache and sulky silence, reserved them for moments when he chanced to encounter Marion alone. That Lovel should not have openly declared himself did not astonish his friend, for it was well known that, in the life time of a rich uncle of his, he had barely enough to struggle on in his expensive regiment, but that whenever his means permitted it he would be at Marion's feet, the good brother never doubted. And an uncommonly lucky girl she would be, he thought, plain as she was and not likely "to take," Julia said. However, that old uncle could not live very long, and please Heaven, he hoped to see Marion a happy wife. Alas! the old uncle survived Captain Broughton. In the prime of life and strength, he was cut down by sudden illness before the third anniversary of his marriage came round. The last words he uttered to the two weeping women by his bedside were, "Pull together, my dears, as well as you can, till—till—"

This heavy sorrow was within a few months followed by another. In a letter to his cousin, Lovel announced his intention of leaving the army, and trying his luck in Australia. The rich uncle, from whom he had reasonable expectations, had left the bulk of his fortune to endow an hospital, had left this favourite nephew merely a thousand pounds. With this he would fight his way, and then perhaps— Here Mrs Broughton was seized with a fit of coughing. It was evident to Marion that the whole of the letter was not to be read out to her.

Her heart beat wildly with its vain longing to know what the conclusion contained But it would have been impossible to ask this of her sister in law "Poor fellow, he feels deeply for my affliction, I am sure," said the latter as she folded up the sheet of note paper, and put it into her pocket Then, as if by an after thought, a kind desire to say what might give pleasure though in itself not worth saying "Oh, I forgot to say, dear, that Herbert desires to be remembered to you" Remembered to her! No more than that! And those words she had been living on—those looks that had burnt themselves in on her memory—they meant nothing, then! 'She was the more deceived!' No anger against him rose in poor Marion's heart, only against herself an intolerable self loathing and contempt Oh, the presumption, the idiotic vanity of her nature! So plain as she was—so unattractive in every way and he who might choose out of the whole world, and honour the fairest and best by his choice She could not blame herself for loving him—that was inevitable but for having believed in his love she deserved even this anguish, and as the arrow entered into her very soul, she wreaked a cruel revenge against herself in forcing it further and further there Only one element of wretchedness was wanting—anger against him, from that at least her excessive humility saved her When her sister in law left the room Marion meekly took up the envelope that had dropped on the floor Yes! there was his writing, those were his firm strong characters, thus she would keep And this was the end of it all! And she should never see him anymore! And out of the wreck of her life's one sentence this only remained—a bit of paper not destined for her, on which his hand had rested!

The crises of a woman's life may often be very quietly passed through, and wholly unsuspected by those who stand closest and dream they know her best For our own part, we are free to confess that it is just these griefs that make no sign for which we entertain the tenderest pity It is much to have possessed, and the reverential fellow feeling of all attests how terrible it is to love But the hope that dies out unfulfilled bequeaths no treasures to memory, gives no claim to sympathy The poor bankrupt heart speaks of its loss to no friend, scarcely dares name it in its cry to God An hour before, this hope this belief, seemed so reasonable so substantial, so secure—the one reality of life, and lo! at the touch of some slight circumstance—some word, perhaps, spoken or withheld—it has melted into mere glamour and illusion, and with our anguish is mingled the bitterness of self scorn Nothing apparently has been taken away out of our life, no drop of our cup has been seen to spill others may point out still how full it is, we, who have to drain it, we only know that all its sweetness and flavour are gone That was the last day of Marion's youth, although she was not yet twenty three! She lost all pleasure in her active out door life, and supplied the blank by no other pursuit She grew listless and abstracted To the neighbourhood at large this change was easily enough accounted for. She was known to have been warmly attached to the brother she had so suddenly lost. Then, again, Captain Broughton had died an embarrassed man, many retrenchments became necessary Marion had but a small fortune of her own, virtually she was dependent, it was supposed, upon the widow a tiresome little woman, her home life must be dull enough Strangers who saw her now invariably believed her ten years at least older than she was The light died out of the deep blue eyes that had been her only beauty, her hair lost its gloss and grew streaked with grey her step was slow and heavy she dressed carelessly and ill Year after year came and went, and brought her no stimulus from without Lovel never wrote again She made no new friend her mind lost its activity To live with Mrs Broughton was indeed of itself narrowing, deadening to the intellect Perhaps no creature less utterly crushed than Marion could have endured the tedium of her constant companionship But she seemed unconscious of it, her depressed vitality could dispense so to speak with the moral oxygen a healthier system would have required And when all this poor egotist was the wife of the brother who had always been good and kind to her, the cousin of the only man she had ever loved Something there was in the cast of her features that recalled him It did not occur to Marion to chafe against her or her ways

We must now return from our long digression to join Miss Broughton in the pretty room upstairs where stands the buhl cabinet in the third drawer of which she has been directed to look Drawing a chair to it, she sits down and proceeds to unlock it and slowly (Miss Broughton does everything slowly) to open out the packets of wool it contains There are the greens, yes, and round them an unfinished ivy wreath she remembers her sister in law beginning five and twenty years ago one evening that Lovel was there Oh, trifles such as these—the slighter the more potent—how they roll back the years and confuse past and present Marion is young again, she sees the ray of June sunshine that came streaming into the room, she wears the very dress she wore—feels the thrill that tells her Lovel's eyes are resting upon her—hears the tone his voice took in speaking, because the more nothing the word or two about that pattern, was addressed to her She presses her hand to her eyes as if to shut out the vision, sighs deeply, and then proceeds to match her wools Nothing for her much more important than that now There seem none that suit Yes, there is a skein of the very green she wants, only there is not much of it, and it is spoilt by being wound round a stiff bit of folded paper Will there be enough, she wonders? Mechanically she unwinds it, and then starts violently, the colour of youth pouring into her face The paper is a portion of a letter—the writing is his—her eye has caught her own name—she has read it before she has time to ask herself whether she should read it or not The torn fragment runs as follows —"Perhaps in a few years I may be independent at least, and able to ask the only woman I shall ever love to share my lot You must have known surely my feelings for Marion. Uncertain as I always believed my prospects to be, I would not speak to her, will not now bind her even by an open avowal—dare not

valuable, is worth so much, as to the poor labouring man it is his stock in trade, his wealth, his capital his bodily strength and skill are the main things he can make his living by, and therefore he should take better care of his body and its health than a rich man, for a rich man may be laid up in his bed for weeks and months, and yet his business may go on, for he has means to pay his men for working under him, or he may be what is called "living on his money." But if a poor man takes fever, or breaks his leg, or falls into a consumption, his wife and children soon want food and clothes, and many a time do I see on the streets poor, careworn men, dying by inches of consumption, *going* to and from their work, when, poor fellows, they should be in their beds, and all this just because they cannot afford to be ill and to be out of work,—they cannot spare the time and the wages. Now, don't you think, my dear friends, that it is worth your while to attend to your health? If you were a carter or a coach driver, and had a horse, would you not take care to give him plenty of corn, and to keep his stable clean and well aired, and to curry his skin well, and you would not kill him with overwork, for besides the cruelty, this would be a dead loss to you—it would be so much out of your pocket? And don't you see that God has given you your bodies to work with, and to please Him with their diligence, and it is ungrateful to Him, as well as unkind and wicked to your family and yourself, to waste your bodily strength, and bring disease and death upon yourselves? But you will say "How can we make a better of it? We live from hand to mouth, we can't have fine houses and warm clothes, and rich food, and plenty of it?" No, I know that, but if you have not a fine house, you may always have a clean one, and fresh air costs nothing—God gives it to all his children without stint,—and good, plain clothes, and meat, may now be had cheaper than ever.

Health is a word that you all have some notion of, but you will perhaps have a clearer idea of it when I tell you what the word comes from. Health was long ago *whoilth*, and comes from the word *whole* or *hale*. The Bible says, "They that are whole need not a physician," that is, healthy people have no need of a doctor. Now, a man is whole when, like a bowl or any vessel, he is entire, and has nothing broken about him, he is like a watch that goes well, neither too fast nor too slow. But you will perhaps say, "You doctors should be able to put us all to rights, just as a watchmaker can clean and sort a watch, if you can't, what are you worth?" But the difference between a man and a watch is, that you must try to mend the man when he is going. You can't stop him and then set him agoing, and, you know, it would be no joke to a watchmaker, or to the watch, to try and clean it while it was going. But God, who does everything like Himself, with His own perfectness, has put inside each of our bodies a Doctor of His own making—one wiser than we with all our wisdom. Every one of us has in himself a power of keeping and setting his health right. If a man is overworked, God has ordained that he desires rest, and that rest cures him. If he lives in a damp, close place, free and dry air cures him. If he eats too much, fasting cures him. If his skin is dirty, a good scrubbing and a bit of yellow soap will put him all to rights.

What we call disease or sickness, is the opposite of health, and it comes on us—1*st*, By descent from our parents. It is one of the surest of all legacies, if a man's father and mother are diseased, naturally or artificially, he will have much chance to be as bad, or worse. 2*dly*, Hard work brings on disease, and some kinds of work more than others. Masons who hew often fall into consumption, labourers get rheumatism, or what you call "the pains," painters get what is called their colic, from the lead in the paint, and so on. In a world like ours, this set of causes of disease and ill health cannot be altogether got the better of, and it was God's command, after Adam's sin, that men should toil and sweat for their daily bread, but more than the half of the bad effects of hard work and dangerous employments might be prevented by a little plain knowledge, attention, and common sense. 3*dly*, Sin, wickedness, foolish and excessive pleasures, are a great cause of disease. Thousands die from drinking, and from following other evil courses. There is no life so hard, none in which the poor body comes so badly off, and is made so miserable, as the life of a drunkard or a dissolute man. I need hardly tell you, that this cause of death and disease you can all avoid. I don't say it is easy for any man in your circumstances to keep from sin, he is a foolish or ignorant man who says so, and that there are no temptations to drinking. You are much less to blame for doing this than people who are better off, but you CAN keep from drinking, and you know as well as I do, how much better and happier, and healthier and richer and more respectable you will be if you do so. 4*thly* and lastly, Disease and death are often brought on from ignorance, from not knowing what are called the *laws of health*, those easy, plain, common things which, if you do, you will live long, and which, if you do not do, you will die soon. Now, I would like to make a few simple statements about this to you, and I will take the body bit by bit, and tell you some things that you should know and do in order to keep this wonderful house that your soul lives in—and by the deeds done in which you will one day be judged, and which is God's gift, and God's handiwork,—clean and comfortable, hale, strong, and hearty; for you know, that besides doing good to ourselves and our family and our neighbours with our bodily labour, we are told that we should glorify God in our bodies as well as in our souls, for they are His, more His than ours,—He has bought them by the blood of His Son Jesus Christ. We are not our own, we are bought with a price; therefore ought we to glorify God with our souls and with our bodies, which are His.

Now, first, for the skin. You should take great care of it, for on its health a great deal depends; keep it clean, keep it warm, keep it dry, give it air, have a regular scrubbing of all your body every Saturday night, and if you can manage it, you should every morning wash not only your face but your throat and breast with cold water, and rub yourself quite dry with a hard towel till you glow all over. You should keep your hair short if

you are men, it saves you a great deal of trouble and dirt

Then, the inside of your head—you know what is inside your head—your brain, you know how useful it is to you, the cleverest pair of hands among you would be of little use without brains, they would be like a body without a soul, a watch with the mainspring broken Now, you should consider what is best for keeping the brain in good trim One thing of great consequence is *regular sleep, and plenty of it* Every man should have at the least eight hours in his bed every four and twenty hours, and let him sleep all the time if he can, but even if he has awake, it is a rest to his wearied brain, as well as to his wearied legs and arms *Sleep is the food of the brain* Men may go mad and get silly, if they go long without sleep Too much sleep is bad but I need hardly warn you against that, or against too much meat You are in no great danger from these

Then, again, whisky and all kinds of intoxicating liquors, in excess, are just so much poison to the brains I need not say much about this, you all know it, and we all know what dreadful things happen when a man poisons his brain and makes it mad, and, like a wild beast with drink, he may murder his wife, or his child, and when he comes to himself he knows nothing of how he did it, only the terrible thing is certain, that he *did* do it, and that he may be hanged for doing something when he was mad, and which he never dreamt of doing when in his senses, but then he knows that he made himself mad, and he must take all the wretched and tremendous consequences

From the brains we go to the lungs,—you know where they are —they are what the butcher call the *lights*, here they are, they are the bellows that keep the fire of life going, for you must know that a clever German philosopher has made out that we are all really burning —that our bodies are warmed by a sort of burning or combustion, as it is called,—and fed by breath and food, as a fire is fed with coals and air

Now the great thing for the lungs is plenty of fresh air, and plenty of room to play in About 70,000 people die every year in Britain from that disease of the lungs called consumption—that is, nearly half the number of people in the city of Edinburgh, and it is certain that more than the half of these deaths could be prevented if the lungs had fair play So you should always try to get your houses well ventilated, that means to let the air be often changed, and free from impure mixtures, and you should avoid crowding many into one room, and be careful to keep everything clean, and put away all filth, for filth is not only disgusting to the eye and the nose, but it is dangerous to the health I have seen a great deal of cholera, and been surrounded by dying people, who were beyond any help from doctors, and I have always found that where the air was bad, the rooms ill ventilated, cleanliness neglected, and drunkenness prevailed, there this terrible scourge, which God sends upon us, was most terrible, most rapidly and widely destructive Believe this, and go home and consider well what I now say, for you may be sure it is true.

Now we come to the heart. You all know where it is It is the most wonderful little pump in the world There is no steam engine half so clever at its work, or so strong There it is in every one of us, beat, beating,—all day and all night, year after year, never stopping, like a watch ticking; only it never needs to be wound up, —God winds it up once for all It depends for its health on the state of the rest of the body, especially the brains and lungs But all violent passions, all irregularities of living, damage it Exposure to cold when drunk, falling asleep, as many poor wretches do in stairs all night,—this often brings on disease of the heart, and you know it is not only dangerous to have anything the matter with the heart it is the commonest of all causes of sudden death It gives no warning, you drop down dead in a moment So we may say of the bodily as well as of the moral organ, "Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life"

We now come to the stomach You all know, I daresay, where it is! It speaks for itself. Our friends in England are very respectful to their stomachs They make a great deal of them, and we make too little If an Englishman is ill, all the trouble is in his stomach, if an Irishman is ill, it is in his heart and he's "kilt entirely," and if a Scotsman, it is his "*heed*" Now, I wish I saw Scots men and women as nice and particular about their stomachs, or rather about what they put into them, as their friends in England Indeed, so much does your genuine John Bull depend on his stomach, and its satisfaction that we may put in his mouth the strong old lines of Prior —

> "The plainest man alive may tell ye
> The seat of empire is the Belly
> From hence are sent out those supplies,
> Which make us either stout or wise,
> The strength of every other member
> Is founded on your Belly timber,
> The qualms or raptures of your blood
> Arise in proportion to your food
> Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
> Just as the bias rules the bowl
> That great Achilles might employ
> The strength designed to ruin Troy,
> He dined on hors' marrow, spread
> On toasts of ammunition bread,
> But by his mother sent away,
> Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
> Effeminate he sat and quiet,
> Strange product of a cheese cake diet
> Observe the various operations,
> Of food and drink in several nations
> Was ever Tartar hero so cruel,
> Upon the strength of water gruel?
> But who shall stand his rage and force,
> If first he rides, then eats his horse!
> Salads and eggs, and lighter fare,
> Turn the Italian spark's guitar,
> And if I take Dan Congreve right,
> Pudding and beef make Britons fight"

Good cooking is the beauty of a dinner. It really does a man as much good again if he eats his food with a relish, and with a little attention, it is as easy to cook well as ill And let me tell the wives, that your husbands would like you all the better, and be less likely to go off to the public-house, if their bit of meat or their drop of broth were well cooked. Labouring men should eat well. They should, if possible, have meat—*butcher-meat*—

every day. Cold bath is very bad for you. But, above all, be wholly out of doors as much as possible. Sleep is really like the very devil when it gets in. It sinks the brain mud, it burns the roots of the hair much, it turns the liver into a lump of rotten fat, it softens and kills the heart, it makes a man an idiot and a brute. If you really need anything stronger than good meat, take a pot of wholesome porter or ale, but I believe you will have even without that. You will be all the better able to afford good meat, and plenty of it.

With regard to your bowels, a very important point to you at your time. I am not going to enumerate the various objects of their benevolent care all out of direction, and rebellious, and very apt to kill them. Many people go to the doctor, for a shock, for the death of a number of relations, and one's imagination thus excited. Pills, salts, and a host of pills and the like. Good food, and keeping up the bowels by wholesome and natural means, though it might have been rather more strenuously worded. If you were told, you would be astonished how many violent diseases of the mind as well as of the body, are produced by irregularity of the bowels. Many years ago, a great statesman of mine, with whom I was in close and confidential communication, and who was one of his sheep to go to sleep, and fully in the night, and who was then dying, and whose mind was in the clouds of pain, and who wished to see him more but by the old man rubbing his eyes, and saying, clear up, he knew, and what he meant, "And what is he doing by his pills?" And that was the only thing that was ever going to kill him, and many people and many pills. But I will not tell you what I told him then, but I'll be over by and by.

They did the head, they did the duty, and the pill did their work. I thought I was right, and I was right too; but by the Christian advice of the good old man which she could not have done with her mixture was all wrong. The old Greek who went down seeking after wisdom, and didn't always showed their knowledge of the common passion of mind. Melancholy, which made Teddy Magnet live, I have no love because taking this pill was stupid.

My dear friends there is one thing I have forgot to mention, and that is about keeping clean. Men are very clean, you know they are often horribly filthy, and they aggravate fever, and many of your worst and most deadly diseases, for you may keep your own houses never so clean and tidy but if the common stair is not kept clean too, all its foul air comes into your rooms, and into you lungs, and poison you. So I tell all the street to have to keep it clean, and well aired.

But I must stop now. I fear I have wearied you. You see I had nothing new to tell you. The great thing in regulating and benefiting human life, is not to find out new things, but to make the best of the old things—to live according to Nature, and the will of Nature's God. That great Being who bids us call Him our Father, and who is at this very moment rewarding each one of us with far more than any earthly father's compassion and kindness, and who would make us all happy if we would but do His bidding, and take Him for God. He has given us minds by which we may observe the laws He has ordained in our bodies and which are regular and as certain in their effects, and as invariable by us as the motions of the sun, moon and stars in the heavens, and we should not only benefit ourselves and live longer and work better and be happier, by knowing and obeying these laws from love to ourselves, but we should please Him whom we shall glorify Him, and make Him our friend—and, think of that! and get His blessing by taking care of our health, from love to Him and regard to His will, in giving us the bodies He chose for us to serve Him with, and which He has with His own almighty hands, so fearfully and wonderfully made.

I hope you will pardon my plainness in speaking to you. I am quite in earnest, and I have a deep regard for you all from, for you, for I know you well. I spent many of my early years as a doctor among about where you live, attended your births, been in your houses when death took away, with you and yours, and I have seen you to be a kind, honest, hearty, generous kindness to each other, your readiness to help your neighbours with anything you have, and to share your last sixpence and your last loaf with him. I wish I was half so much a real neighbour to you, why among what we called your betters. If a poor man falls down in a fit on the street who is it that take him up and carries him home and gives him what he needs? It is not a man with a fine coat and gloves on,—it is the poor, dirty coated, hard handed warm-hearted, labouring man.

Keep a good hold of all these homely and sturdy virtues and add to them temperance and diligence, cleanliness and thrift, and good knowledge and, above all, the love and the fear of God, and you will not only be happy yourselves, but you will make this great and wonderful country of ours which rests upon you, still more wonderful and great.

JOHN BROWN.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON.

CHAPTER XIV.—FOUR.

It was a gusty autumnal evening. The wind was blowing the brown leaves from the old trees that gathered up their branches, and crouched beneath the blast. The leaves were whirling and eddying around their great trunks, as if seeking some place to hide themselves from the storm, that chased them along the earth to which they were strangers.

Kate Carney was sitting beside her cousin Jane M'Dougall or Jane Armiger—for she was called Highland fashion after the name of her residence—in the wind-swept recess of a drawing-room in an English boarding-school at Torquay. Jane had been recommended by her family doctor to reside there—from India, to reside there—two in the south of England on account of a weak chest—an ailment which has proved fatal to thousands in the same locality. It was wisely ordered that she should, if possible, improve her education while improving her health. That had brought Jane much pleasure, for Mrs Duncombe's school was that she and her mother found little difficulty in persuading Mrs Campbell and Colonel Carney to allow Kate to accompany her. It was a most complete one. The whole plan fitted in most admirably with her mother's general arrangements. The offence to Kate. She was most anxious to give her daughter a good education, if not in the strictest sense of the word, yet to such a standard as enabled her to make her "Ladylike" appearance in society. She was not in addition to keeping up a close correspondence with her letters, the Aidmores, who with the Arbuthnots were the most aristocratic spoke on her wheel of fortune. If M'Donalds united on old though not a large property in a style not to be despised, which, Duncan hadn't established intricate connection between Mrs Campbell's own ashes. These were thoughts, as the most desirable match for Kate, when the realisation of such alliances could be seriously entertained. It was prudent, however, to begin in time, she had therefore, no difficulty in complying with the suggestion made by Mrs M'Dougall and Jane.

Kate had been a month only at school, when, on that same gusty autumnal evening, which ushers in our chapter, as she was sewing, and chatting beside her cousin, Sally, the servant, stiff and straight, clean and tidy, as a stick of wax, handed a letter on a small silver salver to Kate. She recognised at once her mother's hand, and eagerly opened it, with the thirst for home news which those only can understand who leave home for the first time. The letter was written with a hard pen, on glazed paper, and with extraordinary neatness. It ran thus —

"MY DEAREST CATHERINE,—I received your letter—which, on the whole, was very well written, and every word correctly spelt—and I was delighted to hear that you liked Miss Duncombe. Your papa and I are naturally very anxious that you should improve to the utmost this excellent opportunity afforded to you of finishing your education. Be very careful to acquire the English accent, and ladylike manners. Manner is everything. Of course, I know that other branches are also of great importance, but they never can be set off to any advantage unless there is a good manner. So attend to this. We are all well. We dined at the Park the other day, and met the Cunninghams and the Wilsons there.—Mary looking so nice and pretty. I hear it is to be a match with James Hamilton after all! Your father is very busy—as usual. There is really no news. Write us soon. With best love to yourself and Jane, and compliments to Miss Duncombe.—Your affectionate mother.

"P.S.—Don't wear your blue silk, remember, except for dress.

"By the by, the 'Amelia' packet arrived last night from Jamaica. She passed the 'John' outward bound off the west coast of Ireland, all well. They sailed the 10th of last month. We dreamed Captain Thomas will be anxious to receive a letter from you."

Kate has read the note with more feeling indeed than had dictated its formal and cold sentences, but when it was finished the colour rushed to her face in indignation at the last sentence. "Really drowned!"

"Who drowned?" eagerly inquired her companion, startled by her sudden exclamation.

"Oh, no body!" said Kate, with her eyes brimful of tears and voice choked with emotion.

"You don't mean to say the hard-hearted old—with the blue eyes—I hate, I detest, I dread him!"

"Oh, Jane, just as bad as that!" answered Kate, with the tears beginning to flow.

"My dear Kate," said Jane, very gravely, "what nonsense you speak! you must not say that he is drowned, but only that the other would be sorry if he were drowned, which of course, he would be. What puts such an idea into your head?"

"I am certain he's drowned!" said Kate, still gazing vacantly, "I had such dreams last night, when it was blowing. It will kill his father! Oh, my dear, what will he do?"

"I declare, Kate, I can't help laughing at your wild fancies. Why on earth should you drown the boy, as if there was no one in the ship but himself? You are *such* a queer girl! always imagining some terrible thing about other people. Last week you were sure your father was ill! Then you were certain something had come over your mother, and now your cousin. How is he your cousin? But never mind—you are sure he is drowned! Why don't you cry about me?"

In spite of all this sensible banter from her merry-hearted friend, who added a kiss and pat on the cheek, as she playfully dried her companion's eyes, Kate spent a miserable night, listening to the sad wind that moaned through the

trees, and seeing all sorts of terrific sights in the green depths of the ocean, and a body tossing among the huge tangle, with its eyes shut and arms stiff, rolling about, and swept hither and thither, so dead and powerless, by the cruel and angry tides. She never alluded to the subject again, but tried to look cheerful, and to work more busily than ever, yet she had almost less difficulty in suppressing her sorrow than her joy, when she heard the "John" had arrived in safety, and when, after a fit of hysterical sobbing by herself among the trees, she carelessly told her cousin that she was quite right, for Ned was alive and had gone home to see his father.

"Of course he is alive," said Jane. "Now tell me who next you will see dead with your second sight?" she inquired playfully, as Kate embraced her, saying, "I never knew such a happy girl as you are, Jane, I could fondle you like a doll!"

Had Salmond, when he saw the "Amelia" packet ship passing him on her homeward voyage, been contented with showing his number only, and signalizing nothing about the loss of one of his hands, it would have saved more than Kate from temporary anxiety.

But I must now transport my readers with more than telegraphic speed from Torquay to the old burgh.

Forty years ago or so the Post office in a small provincial town was a place of great interest. Letters arrived twice a week only, and were too expensive a luxury to be largely indulged in. It was only when an M.P. appeared—like a comet with a small head and long tail—and when franks were obtained for days to come, that epistles were written in numbers approaching to the plethora which characterizes the era of penny postage—an era, by the way, in our social progress, which, if it has added to the amusements of the idle, has added tenfold to the sufferings of the busy. But at the time I speak of, letters were letters—family chronicles, historical documents, domestic newspapers, moral essays, delicious chit-chat, written with dignity, received with respect, read with solemnity, and preserved with care. Round the Post office men of all parties gathered, discussed public events, exchanged bits of gossip, and speculated on what the leather bag of the post would produce. They hungered for food like men after a fast, and when it was at last obtained, they devoured it in silence with much gusto. "The Post" himself was a public character, and a sort of private correspondent, who filled up the interstices of the general intelligence by local news and scraps of information gathered up *en route*. In such circumstances of expectancy the Captain received a letter from Old Carney, a few days old, announcing the fact already known to the reader, that the "John" had been spoken with, 'all well,' he wrote, "except"—oh! why trouble that inland sea of quiet in the Captain's breast with this puff of intelligence?—"except the loss of one of the hands," and why express the conviction that it "could not be one of the apprentices!"

The Captain read the letter on the street, took off his spectacles, and put them into their shagreen case; walked up the street with slow steps; took out the spectacles again; read the letter twice over, and then went direct to Freeman.

Freeman was busy in the Custom-house, clearing out a schooner. It was quite an event when the Custom house had anything to clear. The Captain carelessly remarked that he had just heard from Carney, and that the "John" had been spoken to, all well, except that one of the hands was lost.

"Let me look at the letter, if you have no objection, Captain," said Freeman.

Freeman read it, and as the Captain watched him he noticed that he also repeated the reading.

"Yes," said Freeman, thoughtfully, as he looked out of the window. "Yes, all right! I'm glad he was spoken with. Let me see her last and long," he added, as he rose and looked at a map which hung on the wall, "why, Ned may be with us again very soon."

"He *may*," said the Captain, as if thinking to himself.

"He *shall*, God willing!" said Freeman, boldly, resuming his seat, and looking out of the window.

'Freeman, old boy!" said the Captain, after a short silence, "you are not anxious, I hope?"

"It can't be him," replied Freeman, his thoughts unconsciously following the Captain's, "*he* never would have been aloft, and there was no danger on deck. No. It can't be him!"

"No man knows where a seaman should be better than you, Freeman. He was but an apprentice. It couldn't be him, I'm sure it could not."

"When I was in the 'Vanguard,' off Hyères, in the '97," said Freeman, "we lost our main and mizzen topmast as fast after one another as if they were fired from a broadside, and then carried away our foremast, and sprung our bowsprit, and I know what wind and sea can do, and so do you, Captain. No man living knows better, but we never saw boys so carried away, always your A.B.'s, always."

"God bless you, Freeman," replied the Captain. "Come down, old fellow, to the Cottage."

"Cannot to night, nor yet to morrow, Captain."

"Then next night you must. It's the memory of a small engagement, very, the 'Melampus' and a French frigate, you remember, and I must have you."

"With all my heart," said Freeman, "but depend upon it, Captain, I know it, it could not be him, it could not. But, hark 'e, say nothing about it to his mother."

As the Captain, after shaking him by the hand, disappeared, and the door was shut, Freeman, all alone, threw himself on his chair, leant his head on the desk, and muttered, "God forbid! and yet!—no, no, it would kill the old man."

The Captain paced home with many thoughts. In spite of all his arguments, he had terrible forebodings. He was silent, absent, took up the newspapers, laid them down, snuffed, tried to be cheerful, and at last said to his wife, as if he could contain himself no longer,—"Oh! I forgot; I have just heard that the 'John' was spoken to; all well on board."

Mrs. Fleming laid down her work, and exclaimed, "The 'John!' why, my dear, did you not tell me this sooner? Oh! I am *so* thankful, for I have

had such anxious thoughts like presentments which I could not account for"

"And why, my dear," said the Captain, "did you not tell me that sooner?"

"Because they were all nonsense," replied his wife, "as I know now that Neddy is safe"

"Presentiments, my dear," remarked the Captain, with some uneasiness, "are not to be despised There is something in them They are like shadows in the clouds, cast by ships that are themselves below the horizon, and not yet home in sight I don't like them sort of queer things myself, but maybe they are sent in mercy to warn us of danger, or to prepare us the better for it when it comes"

"Yet, after all," said Mrs. Fleming, "I have had occasion in my life to notice a great number of presentiments, and such thoughts as I had last week, which —"

Which came true," eagerly interrupted the Captain, looking at his wife intently over his spectacles

Which never once came true," continued Mrs Fleming, smiling, though by every rule they should have done so Neddy ought to have been —shocking! what was I going to say—I mean we should have heard bad news of him instead of good And so you see they are all nonsense, as I said, or rather she added with a sigh, I fear they are shadows cast on the clouds from our own dark heart of unbelief Instead of quiet faith in God we fear signs like the heathen, and trust our fancies instead of our Father

At that moment the Captain felt that his wife's words were signs to him of coming suffering. Oh! why did he not take Freeman's advice and hold his tongue He resumed his newspaper, more disquieted than ever, but soon made some excuse to leave the parlour, and going up slowly to Ned's bedroom, dimmed by the shades of evening he looked round it as if expecting to see something He gazed on the bed where his boy had lain since he was a child —on his little library and on his well rigged boats Every article seemed a part of himself The Captain walked softly to an arm chair and sat down, but felt afraid to breathe, as if his boy lay dead beside him Then creeping noiselessly to his son's bed, he knelt down for a minute, burying his grey head in the clothes, and what he thought and felt, that Father above knows, to whom the old man's heart spoke, for his tongue was silent As he rose and left the room, and was proceeding down stairs, Mrs Fleming in the hall 'My dear,' remarked the Captain, 'I think you should have the sheets ready for Neddy's bed for he may arrive now at any hour, you had better also air his room with a fire' These suggestions were of course cheerfully acquiesced in by Mrs Fleming

Mrs. Fleming had in the meanwhile communicated the glad intelligence to Babby, that the "John" had been spoken to, and that all were well

"Spoken to?" inquired Babby "D'ye mean to tell me that nabody has spoken to Ned on the sea since he left?"

Mrs. Fleming explained the peculiar phraseology to the worthy domestic.

"Aweal, aweal," said Babby, "it's a queer business at best! Na, mem, ye really needna scold me, for I've been a bruxim aboot the callant. Was there ever the like heard o'! You see glad, that some far off acquaintance, as I suppose, has been sae cevil as to speak to the ship, but what for could ye no speak to the boy yersel' every day? Pity me! if he had been in Mr Dudgeon, the grocers, in the fore street, as I wished, ye micht hae spoken to the laddie twa or three times every day, forbye crackin' to him at nicht, and there's the Captain has never had that Sabbath pudding Ned was so fond of since he gaed awa, nor scant a thing does the auld man care aboot except that ship John, confound her!—that I should say't, till Neddy's oot o her I'm sure if it was the apostle John, let alane an auld ship, he couldna be mair taen up wi her I dinna think the laddie has ever had a decent woman to wash his sarks since I put them in his kist They'll be a' runned"

But are you not happy that he is to be with us soon again?"

Happy!" said Babby, "I'm like to greet! For it hasna been the same house ever since he left it I have not had a real guid laugh since the mornin' he gaed awa Oh! he's a precious creature! And there's that dog, Skye, I tell you, mem, he's just awfu' fallen awa' in speerits, and grown quite regardless aboot himsel' He taks up wi' other dogs for company, stray dogs, colley dogs, and haffin' never do weels, that he wadna thole when Ned was here Many a time he sniffs at his parritch as if he had nae care for't That's no like him, and a' that comes frae commeuting in his ain mind aboot Neddy And ye expect him hame soon? I maun put his room real cozy for him. Hech, sirs! it's heartsome to think o't' The Captain ill no be to had nor to bind, will he no?"

'We are all very thankful, Babby," meekly replied Mrs Fleming, and I think you had better air his room and his sheets to morrow, as he may come at any moment

There lived in the old burgh one of that class termed 'fools,' to whom I have already alluded, who was called "daft Jock" Jock was lame, walked by the aid of a long staff, and generally had his head and shoulders covered up with an old coat Babby had a peculiar aversion to Jock, why, it was difficult to discover, as her woman's heart was kindly disposed to all living things Her regard was supposed to have been partially alienated from Jock, from his always calling her 'Wee Babbity, accompanying the designation with a loud and joyous laugh Now I have never yet met a human being who was not weak on any point of personal peculiarity which did not flatter them It has been said that a woman will bear any amount of abuse that does not involve a slight upon her appearance. Men are equally susceptible of similar pain. A very tall, or very fat hero, will be calm while his deeds are criticised, or his fame disparaged, but will resent with bitterness any marked allusion to his great longitude or latitude Babby never could refuse charity to the needy Jock was sure of receiving something from her as the result of his weekly calls, but he never consigned a scrap of meat or bread to his wallet without a preliminary battle. On the evening of the commemoration of

you too are writing every day on your comrades' hearts? Oh! be just and generous, pure and true, and then the days of boyhood will be as a light in after life, and in old age even, when other lights are departed, they will flash like the aurora with gleams of glory across its wintry gloom!'

After reporting himself with due respect to Dr Yule, and the other notables, Ned's first inquiries were about Curly, but he learnt to his great disappointment that he had obtained means sufficient though scanty, to enable him to attend the medical classes for the ensuing winter, and that he had left for Glasgow a few days only before Ned's arrival.

But we must again shift the scene and return to Torquay, where Kate and her cousin are in the same window recess, and where a letter is delivered to Kate by the same bally on the same salver.

"No cousin drowned this time!" remarked Jane, as she noticed the eager countenance with which Kate perused the letter.

"Silence, dear," was Kate's only reply. "It's from my cousin himself, and a very melancholy one, I can assure you, and it is about a drowned man too. Oh, do not, Jane, like a good girl interrupt me for just a minute!" Kate had hardly finished her letter with breathless interest when she handed it to Jane, saying, "I must see Miss Duncombe immediately."

Now Miss Duncombe was not moulded after the received type of ladies who keep boarding-schools who are represented as cold stiff duenna like. But she was, what very many of that most estimable class of ladies are, cheerful hearty, sympathizing, and most lovable. She possessed more than the remains of good looks, soberd by a cast of care, arising, partly from her struggles to maintain her position in society, to do justice to her pupils, satisfy stupid and unreasonable parents not to speak of a few stupid and unreasonable girls, and more than all, to make her own dear mother happy—the old lady with the white hair and white cap, who sat in the little parlour upstairs with peace in her eye, a smile of love on her face, and around her a sunshine of quiet which in its meek resting in God, was the very strength of her daughter, and one of the best lessons unconsciously taught in that school.

Miss Duncombe entered at once into Kate's feelings of anxiety to discover Martin Shillabeer, and set agoing, through the clergyman and an old boat man friend of hers, such inquiries as very soon resulted in hearing that a man of that name inhabited a small cottage near Babbicombe Bay.

A visit was promptly arranged to Martin by Miss Duncombe and her two pupils. Others who heard the story begged hard to become members of the deputation, but it was wisely thought better to confine it to the smaller party.

There are few more lovely scenes on earth than that which greets the eye of the traveller, on a calm, autumnal evening, as he gazes on Torquay. The town itself consists chiefly of white houses that rest upon the low, green promontories, and undulating coast around the bay, like sea-birds resting on the ocean's rolling waves. The clear and joyous atmosphere—the crystal water—the brown-red colouring of the rocks and soil, contrasted with white, shelly beaches, blue sea, and green herbage or luxurious foliage—the picturesque forms of the rocks along the far winding shore—the noble sweep of the great Torbay, with the ocean line beyond, all this, together with the exquisite beauty of the inland groupings of green fields, rustic cottages, shady lanes, and rural churches, make up a landscape of rare gladness and beauty. Babbicombe Bay, whether seen from the crags above or the beach below, is one of the sweetest bits in this great picture.

Yet, in spite of all this scene of loveliness, Kate felt a strange creeping fear as she drew near the cottage in which Tom Revell's friend was supposed to live and saw the steep rocks above, and the ocean roll and break beneath them, with white foam fringing its emerald green. Death, drowning, murder, and every painful idea haunted her. But these feelings were in some degree counterbalanced by her youthful curiosity, and a wish to execute Ned's commission faithfully.

Before the door of a poor cottage, built against a rock of red sandstone, sat an old man arranging hooks and lines. His little short legs were encased in canvas trousers, covered with patches, and his large rough jacket seemed, like his face, to have weathered many a storm. As he looked up to the strangers who were beside him, the attracting his attention they saw a round, wrinkled face with small black eyes sheltered by grey, bushy eyebrows. Under a mere button of a nose, a mouth crossed the face in a firm, straight line, except when it slightly moved to adjust a quid of tobacco. The fisherman having taken his observations, renewed his work.

"This is a beautiful evening," remarked Miss Duncombe.

"It is ma'am," briefly replied the fisherman, without lifting his head.

"Have you been successful in your fishing, Shillabeer?"

The man directing another gaze at the speaker, replied, "Tolerably, pray who are?"

"Oh, you don't know us, but we heard your name, Martin Shillabeer, isn't it?"

"The same, ma'am."

"And we wished to inquire from you, as an old man, about the history of the places near this."

Humph! that's it, is it?" remarked Martin, proceeding with his work, "I knows no more than my neighbours about places or about people here away. I only know that it's hard to get a living, and I needs all my time to win it."

"I'll give him my spare half crown," said Jane, speaking, as she imagined, in an undervoice to Miss Duncombe.

"Thank ye, but I wants no crowns, nor half crowns, young woman," said Martin, waving his hand impatiently, without looking at the speaker.

The ladies had apparently got rather an intractable character to deal with. Miss Duncombe tried another and more decided course, and asked accordingly,—

"Was there not an awful murder or accident many years ago, over those rocks?"

The old man put down his lines, and, with a firm and rather irritated voice, replied—

"Ladies, I've been in my time a questioned

about many a thing; but I'm not over fond of giving answers. No offence, I hope. But I don't hate every beat that comes, although any one who pleases may try and hook me. D'ye see? Well, then, what should I know about murders and the like? If you wish for real fish, say the word. I'll try and catch them for you; but it takes more than three hooks to catch fish like me. It does; I tell you—no offence." And he resumed his work with a dogged earnestness.

"I beg your pardon, Martin, if I have by mistake given you offence; but may I ask one question more, and then I am done?"

"Well, then," said Martin, leaning back, and looking up with a look of half curiosity, half anger, "let's have it."

"Did you know Tom Revel?" inquired Miss Duncombe.

The old man was silent for a moment, then letting his hands drop, he asked, in a quiet and subdued voice—

"Did *you*, ma'am? Tell me who asks *that* question?"

"I did not know him, Martin, but a relative of my young friend here sailed with him, and was with him when he was drowned."

Martin started. "Drowned!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, drowned," continued Miss Duncombe, "and Revel asked him to write and to inquire for you, and to tell you all about him. I know all the story about his father, and if you are the right man, we wish to tell you all about his son, and to learn about his friends. We shall read you the letter containing the account of Tom's death, and of all he said about his family."

The ice was broken. Martin rose to his feet, and, approaching the ladies, said—

"I ax your pardon. I am the right man, that is, I am Martin, Old Martin Shillabeer, as they calls me. Woe's me! woe's me! My old head has got confused. Sit down, sit down on this bench. Tom Revel is drowned, and he wrote about me, and you know all about his father! I ax your pardon. Sit down, sit down. Well-a day! ay, ay!"

And the old man moved about like a man in a dream, until he finally settled on a large stone before the ladies, and supporting his cheeks with his hands, while his elbows rested on his knees, he heard all the details of Tom's death. A silence ensued, while the old man bent his head to the earth, and it was broken only by low exclamations from him, such as "Poor Tom! he's gone! All are now gone! He was as brave a boy as I ever knowed, and he stuck to his father till the last, did he! He was right. Oh, his father deserved it! Yes, it was over them rocks," he said, pointing with his hand, but not looking up. "It's long ago now, but it was there. You need not look long at them. It was a sad business, and may hurt you." Then another silence followed, which no one interrupted.

"He was my nephu, was Tom; that is, his mother was my sister," he at last abruptly remarked.

"Is she alive?" inquired Miss Duncombe.

"No, no; died of a broken heart; was always delicate. The awful day—that is the day, you understand, at Plymouth—killed her—killed her."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"None, none. The last alive was Bill, and he was lost a few weeks ago in the 'Hope,' from Exmouth over yonder. Three of the crew were picked off; but Bill never was."

The fisherman here rose, and as he proceeded towards the door of his hut he said, "Just wait a bit, I'll show you something."

He appearing in a few minutes, he produced a small pocket book, made of seal-skin, and untying a long roll of string which closed it carefully, he said, "Now, ma'am, the time has come for to open this here document."

Another pause.

"What is it, Martin?" inquired Miss Duncombe.

"Why, then, I'll tell you," said Martin. "Tom's father—that's old Tom Revel—had a letter wrote for him by the chaplain in prison, for to be given to his son Tom; and old Tom's wife—that's my sister—would never open it, but gave it to me for Tom, if ever I should meet him. Well, I never did meet him, and never will, in this world anyhow; and here's the letter," he said, as he took a sealed letter from the pocket-book. "It's fit that you should read it, ma'am, for I can't do it, and there's none alive cares now to do it."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Miss Duncombe, as she took the letter, written by the dead criminal to his dead son. With a feeling approaching to awe she opened it, and read aloud, while Martin resumed his old seat and old attitude. It was evidently written for the prisoner, but to his own dictation. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR TOM,—By the time you get this your father will be no more. Mind, I don't blame you, dear Tom, for what you did. You did your duty to save me. I did not intend to harm the man, as you know, but he was killed through my means, and I don't refuse to give my life for his, as he has a wife and children like myself. May God forgive us both at the last day, and may He help my poor wife and children, as well as his,—that is Lillycrap's! Dear Tom, you're but a boy yet, but you must help Bill and the little ones, and your mother, who was a good mother to you, and a good wife, God bless her! to me. Dear Tom, your uncle, Martin, will get some one to send this to you. Farewell! Don't cry much, but keep up your heart; and you need not be ashamed for your poor father, for he has peace. Dear Tom, the chaplain has told me things I never heard before, for if I had heard them I would have told them to you, and might have been a better man. But neither you nor your poor brothers got schooling. The chaplain has told me about God that made us, and His Son Jesus Christ, that died for us to save us; and you must love Him, and your mother, Tom, and everybody. Don't get angry, Tom, nor swear nor drink, nor be a smuggler, for it brings shame. Tom, fear God and honour the king. Dear Tom, farewell! Ever since I heard and read about God, He knows that I have every night wet my dungeon floor with my tears, praying to God to for-

give my sin with His blood, and to bless you, and *mother* and Bill, and Jane, and Mary, that we may all meet in a better world. Farewell, dear Tom—God bless you! farewell! I'm sorry to part from you all, farewell! Your loving father until death.

P. S.—The chaplain has promised to give you my watch, and Bill my black silk handkerchief. Mother is to get my clothes that's to be on me when I die. God keep and bless her! I am sorry we cannot lie in the same grave. God's will be done! Amen!"

Miss Duncombe with difficulty read this letter, and the girls pressed their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Martin moved not, with his head bent to the earth. As she finished, his voice was heard repeating portions of the beautiful liturgy which he had learnt in the parish church. Did Martin only yield to the instinctive feeling that he could not be in sympathy with the one he once loved on earth, who was now, he hoped, in some good and happy place, unless he was "religious," and was thus the method which suggested itself of being so, by repeating the only words he knew which were associated with religion, like the boy who terrified in the storm, repeated, again and again, as a pious exercise, the first question in the Church of England catechism—"What is your name?" My name is John Thomas!" Or rather, had the old man hitherto retained in his mind those truths in the "form merely of sound words, even as the dead mummy retains in its hands the grains of wheat, which in circumstances may at last transfer into kindly life if there to be quickened into new life. And did the hands of dead men obtain his mind also to retain its hold of those truths until they now dropped into a softened heart prepared at last to receive them, and there to spring up into life everlasting. Whatever was the reason, certain it is that Martin began with bent head and clasped hands to mutter to himself snatches of confession and prayer. "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. Yes." "We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts." "We have." "But Thou, O God, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare us, good Lord, spare us!" No one dared intrude upon such outpourings of his heart. Miss Duncombe gazed with intense interest upon him, while her own thoughts could not choose but rise to God in his behalf, so that out of the darkness of those old memories light might come through Him who worketh how and when He will.

The scene was suddenly interrupted by a girl of about twelve years of age, with long jet black locks, large black sparkling eyes, and a beautiful gipsy cast of countenance browned like a hazel nut. She ran up to the old man with noiseless step, casting a side glance at the ladies, and put her hands round his shoulders, saying,

"Uncle, uncle dear, who's meddling with you?"

The old man started, and taking her hand, said, "No one, no one, my girl. It's just something these kind ladies and I are a talking about. My ladies," he continued, "this is Floxy, Flora, I believe, is her name, poor Bill Revel's only child, and her mother is dead, and she lives with me; a good girl—a good girl, and keeps my house all tidy, as you will see if you step in."

Floxy, still holding by Martin's rough hand, stood like a beautiful statue and gazed through her hanging black hair upon the two ladies. Miss Duncombe rose, and clapping her kindly on the back, said—

"We shall come and see you again."

"And take this," Kate added, springing forward, and putting a half crown into her hand. "Yes, dear, your must—from me—and buy some tea, or tobacco, or anything you please for your uncle, and I'll come and see you too, and you'll find us friends."

Floxy looked at the piece of money, and then at her uncle.

"Thank you, you're too kind, no needcessity for the—none at all Martin, while Floxy attempted a curtsey, but seemed already bewildered. She put the half crown in the meantime into her uncle's jacket pocket.

Miss Duncombe and her young friends then took leave, giving their names and place of residence, and promising to return soon. They requested Martin to send Floxy with fish to them as often as possible. Kate begged the letter to copy for a friend.

"If it's Tom's friend," said Martin, "let him have it. He will be able to read it, and he has a right to. Keep it, my young lady, keep it, and bless your pretty face for carin' about poor Tom."

The ladies walked on in silence, each wrapt in their own thoughts. At last, Miss Duncombe said,

"God is merciful, man alone is cruel! Oh, how intense by I feel our selfish pride, our shut up hearts to our fellow men as if the poor were a different species from us, and were to be used or only patronized by us, and as if the ignorant and the bad were no longer our brothers or sisters to be cared for and helped to share our own undeserved mercies. What sin and sorrow might be prevented by a timely work of sympathy and understanding, simple considerate love! What wealth given us—and given to bestow on others—in order to enrich our lives also—we lock up until it leaves us, and we do not make others richer but ourselves poorer. The history of these Revels crushes me."

"Can we do something for Floxy?" inquired Kate.

"I shall have her as my waiting maid, she is so pretty and nice!" said Jane.

"We shall see," quietly remarked Miss Duncombe, "but oh, dear girls, the difficult and first work is, not the *doing*, but the *being* right." If we but seek and follow the light within, it is wonderful how all things without will become light. Let us follow God in humble faith, and not lead in proud self confidence, and the work we are best fitted for will be given us. But, alas! we are either idle, or carve out our own work and fail. These Revels are given us, and I hope and believe we shall yet be of use to that old man and his niece."

And so ends the early life of *Ned* and his friends. Our next chapter will open with the history of later years.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

(To be continued.)

THE BLIND SCHOOL

And is it ours in even this our day,
Once more to see the blessed dawn awake
On sealed lids—and light with cheering ray
From out the darkness break?

Surely He dwells among us as of yore,
His Spirit works with ours when science turns
From binding fast the elements, and o'er
Neglected childhood yearns!

And, rescued little ones! ye need not pine
In listless weariness the lingering day,
Nor count the lingering hours that may not shine
Upon your darkened way

Ye never watched the gorgeous hues of morn,
Nor marked the chastened splendours evening flings,
For you the Sun of righteousness shall dawn,
With healing on his wings!

It is not yours a mother's smile to trace,
Or see her eyes o'erflow with tender dew,
In Heaven your angels look upon the face
Of One who died for you!

Ye may not look upon the harvest fields,
White with autumnal wealth in bounteous store;
Ye never knew the gladness spring-time yields,
Yet God hath given you more.

Prophets and kings have yearned to look upon
The things ye see! His Day spring from on high
Arose not glorious when *they* wandered on—
The Saviour was not nigh!

They never knew, the monarch or the sage,
Your blissful promise, as those fingers trace—
Exploring carefully the outspread page—
God's oracles of grace

And though the blessed daylight be denied,
The living light within, a holy flame,
May glow in spirits ransomed, sanctified,
The chosen of His name!

His word their lamp! more bright than sun or star,
Yet though its ray the darkling soul illume,
Though Heaven shine on them, radiant from afar,
Their earth is one of gloom,

And o'er the path where DARKNESS must abide
Still heavily creep on the clouded hours,
Let not Love fail their doubtful steps to guide
And strew their path with flowers!

So when this earthly sun has set for us,
May we a light amid our darkness see
And hear the words, IN SHOWING KINDNESS THUS
YE DID IT UNTO ME!

S. E. T.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—AS THEY WERE TWENTY YEARS AGO

The South Sea Islands are in many respects one of the most interesting portions of our globe. In actual appearance they come nearer to our ideas of the Hesperides, the Elysian Isles, or Fairy Land, never to the creations of poetry, or the realms formed and peopled by imagination than any other region of the earth's surface. For three centuries and a half their history has read more like the tales in the Arabian Nights, more like Robinson Crusoe and the higher works of fiction than the sober facts of real life. Yet, in many cases the truth here has been stranger and more striking than fiction. All the maritime powers of Europe have sent forth their most skilful and adventurous navigators to explore that mighty ocean. Spain led the way. On September 26th 1513 Vasco Nuñez, at the head of 190 Europeans and a few hundred Indian allies, stood upon the peak of a mountain on the Isthmus of Darien to discover from a mountain on that isthmus, and as they lay south from the place which he stood they received the name of Pacific Sea. Seven years later Magellan, a native of Portugal but in the service of Spain, and a man to whom the discovery would only be a burden, passed through the strait that still bears his name, and sailing into the region of the trade winds, glided along in smooth seas over a whole length till he reached the Philippines, and from this circumstance named it the Pacific Ocean. In 1567, when the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was abducting her then Mendana, in the Spanish discovered the group which he called Solomon's Archipelago, from the belief that those islands had supplied the gold and the spices employed in building the temple. He found it that time only as an inferior third-rate power was beginning to show her character, the Reformation had taken deep root among her people, and was fast developing their unconquerable energies. The great men who guided the councils of Elizabeth had their thoughts directed to this ocean, and John Oxenham, a native of Plymouth, the first Englishman that sailed in the South Sea, left England in 1575. He was followed by Drake, Cavendish, and Hawkins. Before the century closed the Dutch had a fleet of five ships in the same seas. The seventeenth century was less famous for maritime discovery than the preceding had been. Blake swept away the navies of Spain and Holland, and raised England to the sovereignty of the seas, but our country was convulsed by such fearful storms that foreign adventure was not thought of. Still during this century several navigators stand prominently out, two of the best known of these are Quiros and Tasman. Quiros the pilot to Mendana, "eager to plow up the waters of the unknown sea, and seek out the undiscovered lands around the Antarctic pole"—went to discover the great southern continent the dream of all the early geographers, sailed from Lima in December 1605 a few weeks after the famous Gunpowder Plot. In the following year he discovered the most northern island in the New Hebrides. Supposing this to be the long sought for continent, he named it the *Archipelago del Espiritu Santo*, and drawing, as Sheridan said of some one upon his imagination for his facts, he wrote home to Philip III. of Spain, that those countries discovered by him might occupy one quarter of the earth's surface, that Espiritu Santo was the most delicious country in the world; it was like the garden of Eden, and would prove the most valuable source of glory, riches, and power, to Spain. During this century the Dutch were the most enterprising of South Sea navigators. New Holland, or as it is now called Australia, was discovered in 1616 by Dirk Hatchs, while Tasman, one of the most famous of the Dutch navigators of that age, discovered Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Tongatabu and the Feejees in 1642. The rest of the century was barren of discovery.

In the eighteenth century, Britain and France both appeared in the South Seas. Dampier, Anson, Byron, Wallis and others fairly represented Britain. Bougainville, La Perouse and others well represented France. Wallis discovered Tahiti in 1767, and Bougainville discovered the Samoan group in 1768. But the three voyages of Captain Cook threw into the shade all the discoveries that had been previously made in the Pacific, whether we take into account the extent of his discoveries, the scientific skill with which they were conducted, the amazing accuracy of his surveys, and the truthful if but photographic pictures which he drew of the personal appearance, the social condition, and the manners and customs of the different races with whom he came in contact. Cook's first voyage was undertaken in 1768, to observe the transit of Venus, the second in 1772 to solve the problem of a southern continent, and the third in 1776, in search of a passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. His voyages resulted in the discovery of the Sandwich Islands and the death of Cook, who was killed at the islands. The most interesting event after the voyages of Cook, was the mutiny on board of the "Bounty" in 1789, the settlement of the mutineers on Pitcairn's Island, and the remarkable voyage of Captain Bligh in an open boat with twenty-one men on board, and a very scanty supply of provisions, extending from the Feejees to Batavia, a distance of from three thousand to four thousand miles,—an enterprise as well planned and executed as the famous retreat of Xenophon and the ten thousand.

Thirst for gold and desire of political power were among the ruling motives that led to almost all the early expeditions for discovery in the South Seas. Cook's were undertaken for the advancement of science. Late, and slow to recognise her obligations, to her shame be it spoken, Christianity appeared in those seas. The discoveries of Cook, and the trial of a part of the mutineers of the "Bounty" had an intimate connexion with the commencement of that which, in the present century, has invested the South Sea Islands with their greatest interest, because its effects upon them have been so striking and so important, namely, the MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The London Missionary Society was formed in 1795, on a catholic basis, so as to include Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents In 1796, the ship "Duff" sailed for the South Seas commanded by Captain Wilson a man singularly prepared of God for such a service, there were twenty five missionaries and mechanics on board Stations were formed on Tonga, the Marquesas, and Tahiti, all under the most encouraging appearances, and the vessel returned to London after a most prosperous voyage The "Duff" was sent out a second time with thirty missionaries and mechanics on board The friends of missions were full of joy and hope But, alas! their faith, and patience and perseverance were soon to be severely tried The "Duff" was captured by a French privateer the vessel was lost to the Society and only a few of these missionaries reached their destination Some of the missionaries were killed on Tonga, and the mission there abandoned The Marquesas mission was also given up War broke out in Tahiti and for many long years the mission was carried on on the principle of hoping against hope

To understand the South Sea Islands it is desirable that our readers would cast their eyes on a map of the Pacific, for unfortunately no portion of the earth's surface seems to be so imperfectly known as the South Seas except those who have lived on the islands or sailed among them we can rarely meet with any one man or woman, who has any distinct conception of the relative position of the groups, or the real and relative sizes of the islands Even in Sydney on the very edge of the Pacific, where vessels are every week clearing out for the islands, there is profound ignorance on this subject It is even said by some who ought to know, that the people in Sydney sum up the whole South Sea Islands under two divisions Tahiti and the Feejees This ignorance however is not to be wondered at, no portion of the terraqueous globe is so rudely laid down in our ordinary maps Even in some of the best and latest the islands, and even the groups, are as confused as the patches of star dust along the milky way In the maps of old countries, and even in many of those of the newest, kingdoms and counties are distinctly coloured, so that the eye at once perceives their position and their boundaries but there is almost nothing of this kind in the maps of the South Sea Islands And then the names, old and new, Spanish, Dutch, French English, and native, are blended in all proportions, and spelled in all varieties, and upon every principle known and recognised in orthography

But as a help to a better understanding of this chaos of islands, we may mention that, exclusive of Australia and New Zealand, geographers have arranged the South Sea Islands under three divisions, *Polynesia*, *Melanesia*, and *Micronesia*. Polynesia, or the *Many Islands* (from πολυς, many, and νησος, an island), was the name at first applied, in a general way, to the whole of the islands, then they were divided into Eastern and Western Polynesia, but now Polynesia is restricted to the eastern islands, situated between long 180°, the last meridian, and South America Melanesia, or the *Black Islands* (from μελας, black, and νησος, an island), so called from the colour of the inhabitants, comprises all the islands south of the line from long 180° to New Guinea, including the Feejee group, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, the Solomon Group, and other islands Micronesia, or the Little Islands (from μικρος little, and νησος, an island), comprises all the islands north of the line, west of Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands including the Kingsmill group, the Scarborough range, the Radack and the Ralick chains, and a multitude of others

The South Sea Islands are inhabited by two distinct races Polynesia including New Zealand is inhabited by what are called the Malay race a people evidently of Asiatic origin, in their persons tall and well formed, with light yellow skin and smooth glossy black hair. Their language is soft and mellifluous, rivalling if not surpassing the Italian itself It is a peculiar, but universal rule in all the dialects of this language that not only every word, but every syllable ends with a vowel While of the consonants, it is the semi vowels *l m n s*, and the slender consonants *k p t*, that are most commonly used, there are no gutturals, and *ng* is the only double consonant, while even that in some of the dialects, is softened into *n* If on a map of the South Sea Islands, a point is fixed upon at Easter Island, another to the north of the Sandwich Islands, and a third on the south of New Zealand, and if lines are drawn from these three points, so as to form a triangle on the map, this triangle will include nearly the whole of the Malay Polynesian race While the language spoken by all the Malay polynesians is one the natives of nearly every group of islands speak a different dialect of this one language There are at least seven distinctly marked dialects the Hawaiian, the Marquesan, the Tahitian, the Rarotongan, the Samoan, the Tongan, and the New Zealand The Samoan is by far the softest and smoothest The New Zealand is the strongest and roughest The one is the Ionic of Polynesia, the other is the Doric Climate, it is said, by affecting the muscles of the mouth, has a strongly modifying influence upon language Certain it is, that Samoa, where the softest dialect is spoken, is the warmest locality, whereas New Zealand is the coldest But the softness and liquid smoothness of these language brings one great disadvantage to the Polynesians It renders them nearly incapable of pronouncing English

Melanesia, or, as it is sometimes still called, Western Polynesia, is inhabited by a totally different people, commonly called the Papuan, or Negrito or Negrillo race, the most of them less in size than the Polynesians With crisp hair of different shades, but never glossy black, their skin dark, a sort of coffee and milk colour, and their features coarse, their whole appearance pointing to an African origin, but without the prognathous, protruding jaws of the genuine negro Their language is quite distinct, belongs to an entirely different family of languages from that of the Malay Polynesian, and is endlessly diversified Not only on every group, but on every island a different dialect is spoken, and so widely different are they as to be almost, often altogether, unintelligible to the inhabitants of the adjoining island It will be difficult to say, till the languages are more fully examined and

compared than they have yet been, how far they are connected by a common paternity On the south of the New Hebrides the dialects have evidently sprung from a common language there are some resemblances in grammatical structure, but the diversity in vocables is very great One would almost think that the whole race came direct from Babel, and that the inhabitants of one island had scarcely spoken a word to those of another ever since

A stranger going to those islands and seeing so much that is grand, beautiful, and lovely scenery lofty mountains green hills towering peak and castellated rocks, rich plains deep valleys and undulating slopes, dense forests, and groves of waving palms, fragrant flowers, delicious fruits, and the earth teeming with plenty, clear streams, smooth lagoons, lake like seas, and capacious harbours, coral reefs rising from the depths of ocean like walls of adamant, and crowned with bulwarks of crested waves, insects, birds and fishes, sporting each in their respective domains, the soft light, the fleecy clouds, and the balmy air the gentle breeze, the genial climate the perennial spring, and the never ending summer, the sun clear by day, the moon walking in brightness and the whole firmament studded with countless stars, seeing these, and much more than these he would naturally think that if Paradise regained is to be found on earth it must be among these sweet and sunny isles But alas! in the days of heathenism, and so far as heathenism still exists, there is just the one grand exception to this state of things, so well expressed by Heber —

"Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile

But truly he is vile in all heathen lands in none more so than in the South Sea Islands In this paper I will confine myself to the Polynesians In their heathen state their civilisation was of a low type, though not by any means so low as that of the Melanesians They constructed good houses, made large canoes, manufactured beautiful mats, and prepared useful cloth, or rather a species of strong paper, which served the purposes of cloth but they had no iron tools when they were first visited by Europeans, they had no printing, no writing, no literature of any kind To them history, science, philosophy, and theology were all sealed books Their moral character was still worse, vastly lower They were idolaters, they were treacherous, cruel, revengeful, licentious, and given up to all that was abominable If we collect all the sins and crimes, even the most unnatural, recorded by the Apostle Paul in the first chapter of the Romans, and in his other epistles, and if to all these we add the revolting practice of cannibalism, we have a true and faithful picture of heathenism in Polynesia, at least in most of the groups In some of them they deny being cannibals, but it was, nevertheless, prevalent The life of a shipwrecked mariner or passenger landing on their shores was not worth two hours' purchase. Forty years ago, those who spoke in proverbs, thought that they had exhausted comparisons for all that was barbarous and cruel, when they had said, "As savage as a New Zealander," and the same thing might have been predicated of all the Malay Polynesian race Their number at that time might be about half a million Such were the people among whom missionary operations were commenced sixty years ago In 1797 the London Missionary Society located missionaries in Tahiti, the Marquesas, and Tonga The missionary spirit awoke among the churches with great power In 1814 the Church Missionary Society, guided by the venerable Marsden, the English chaplain in New South Wales established a mission in New Zealand In 1822 the Wesleyans commenced operations both in New Zealand and in Tonga And in 1820, the American Mission was established in the Sandwich Islands At first the missionary enterprise was truly up hill work Most formidable difficulties stood in the way It was nearly twenty years before a single convert was gained but, finally, when all hope was nearly lost, mans extremity proved to be Gods opportunity, and the labours of all these societies were crowned with remarkable success The rapid progress and the extraordinary effects of the gospel in Tahiti, and the other islands of the group, took the churches by surprise It was a nation born in a day There was a new chapter added to the external evidences of Christianity The reflex influence of the mission was perhaps even greater and more important than the direct For many long years not a missionary sermon was preached not a missionary speech was delivered, but Tahiti and the South Sea Islands were referred to for proofs and illustrations of the power and efficacy of Divine grace The letters, the journals and the reports of the missionaries were circulated extensively, and were read with avidity Ellis's *Polynesian Researches* Bennet and Ivermans *Journal*, edited by James Montgomery, the Christian poet, Stewarts *Narrative of the Sandwich Mission* Yates *New Zealand*, and other works of the kind, were eagerly read by the Christian public The climax of this intense and growing interest in the South Sea Missions was reached when, in 1837, John Williams returned to England, and related, with such touching and impressive eloquence, what the Lord had accomplished by himself and his fellow labourer in opening up the Austral Islands, the Hervey Islands, and the Samoan group for the reception of the gospel Nothing had occurred like this since the Reformation In little more than twenty years, from the time when the voice of prayer was first heard among the Tahitians, nearly the whole of the Malay Polynesian race, numbering 400 000 or 500,000—with the exception of a few thousands in the Marquesas, and scattered over eight groups of islands—had abandoned heathenism, and placed themselves under Christian instruction, had given up all their cruelties and all their abominations—war, cannibalism, and licentious night dances The arts of peace and the worship of God had come in their stead, life and property had become in a great measure secure, and Williams *Missionary Enterprises* read almost like an appendix to the Acts of the Apostles

Mr. Williams was a man singularly qualified both by nature, grace, and education for the work to which, in God's providence, he was called. Physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually,

he was a model missionary, especially for the South Seas He loved the sea, and never more so than in a storm He was never sea sick, did not know, except by report, the meaning of the word Like Dr Judson, he seemed to breathe freer when there was nothing around him but the wide ocean He was quite a contrast to one of his amiable and excellent colleagues, who suffered so much from sea sickness, that during their voyages he usually lay the whole time on deck, with his head to the one mast of their little schooner and his feet to the other, while the text of Scripture that was oftenest on his lips, and seemed to afford him most consolation was, Rev xxi 1, "And there was no more sea" One of the chief attractions of heaven during these times seemed to be, that there would be no sea there It was not so with Williams, heaven would scarcely have been perfect in his estimation without the ocean Certainly the earth would not He could have sailed for ever Hence his fearless enterprise He possessed also great mechanical powers, hence his fertility of invention, and his endless resources, and the impulse which he thus gave to civilisation and the arts He had a remarkable facility in the acquisition of languages The ease and accuracy with which he spoke the different dialects gave him a mighty power over the native mind When the Jews heard that Paul spoke in the Hebrew tongue to them, they kept the more silence This was human nature, and it continues so still A missionary has little or no power over natives till he can speak to them in their own tongue, and the more command he has of their language the more will his power over them be felt Williams had, moreover, a warm, loving heart, an innate benevolence of character, which attracted the natives to him He was also a man who entertained large comprehensive views of missionary work He could not be shut up within a single reef, while islands and groups of islands lay in heathen darkness around him and he had strong faith in the Word and Spirit and Providence of God, he looked upon the Tahitian Mission as simply an instalment of something vastly greater Besides, he was surrounded by a body of men of kindred spirit He was a type or specimen—no doubt a strongly marked type—a choice specimen,—but still simply a type or specimen of a numerous class among the missionaries Out of the fifty or sixty men sent out in the "Duff," a number effected nothing, but there were among them several who proved themselves to be most eminently adapted for those peculiarly difficult labours And in 1817, when Mr Williams went out to the mission, he was accompanied by a number of able coadjutors Among the former the names of Nott, Henry, Davies, Wilson, and others, were long and often before the public, and among the latter, Ellis, Barff, and Platt, still survive, connecting links between the past and present generations Mr Nott, who was one of the principal translators of the Tahitian version of the Bible, had a most intimate acquaintance with all the niceties of the language He lived generally with King Pomare (Po maw ry), who spoke the language not only with correctness, but with elegance The language of the Court, the most correct and elegant that was spoken on the island, was that into which the Scriptures were translated in Tahiti The first portion of the Scriptures that was published in Polynesia was printed by the Rev Mr Ellis, author of *Polynesian Researches*, *Three Visits to Madagascar*, etc, at Eimeo, an island adjoining Tahiti in the year 1818 The Rev Mr. Davies, another eminent linguist, compiled a Dictionary and Grammar of the Tahitian language.

These remarkable results were all effected by means which the world would have called foolishness and failures were experienced only so far as the Societies and the missionaries followed the approved wisdom of the world It was, and to some extent still is, a mission with the wise men of the earth, that you must civilize savages before you can Christianize them The London Missionary Society, but especially the Church Missionary Society, adopted this principle in part, and, so far as it was adopted, it proved a failure The first agents employed in the New Zealand Mission were chiefly artisans, intended to teach the useful arts along with Christianity, but they effected nothing The Society afterwards sent out missionaries to instruct the natives in Christianity only, and their labours were crowned with marked success If you wish to civilize a South Sea savage, you must Christianize him You must begin within, you must bring the truths of God's Word to bear upon his understanding, his heart, and his conscience, and his civilisation will speedily follow, and that without any special effort

As an inference from the above principle, it was thought that half or partially educated mechanics would make better missionaries than fully educated minister This notion is now all but exploded Knowledge and skill in a few of the mechanical arts are very useful, but these must be in addition to a thorough education, not as a substitute for it Usher's axiom regarding a learned ministry holds as true in those islands as anywhere 'It will require all our learning to make things plain" To reduce barbarous languages to a written form, to translate the Scriptures into languages destitute of all literature, and to instruct the natives in all branches of knowledge, is not a task for illiterate, or only half educated men, to undertake

This work, however, was of God, and it was carried on by God fearing men The directors of the various Societies were men of strong faith, great enterprise, and hugely endowed with good common sense Among the agents they sent forth were many men of great self denial, great honesty and earnestness of purpose, and if they did not possess high literary attainments, they had clear heads, and great aptness both for acquiring and communicating knowledge The missionaries gave great prominence to the Scriptures They sought to make their converts Bible Christians, they translated the Scriptures, they printed them, they expounded them, and tried to make the natives understand them To accomplish this they gave great prominence to education, they covered the islands with schools, and endeavoured to teach the whole population everywhere to read To accomplish this, and to extend the work generally, they employed a great amount of native agency. They did this for two purposes: to complete and consolidate the work on those islands where mission-

arose were reading, and to act as pioneers in opening up the way on other islands, or other groups of islands, for the locating of new missionaries

The value of the pioneers was very distinctly seen in the commencement of the Sandwich Islands' mission A band of American missionaries had arrived in those islands, but the natives were jealous of them from their being foreigners, and would not listen to their instructions At this very time, however, Mr Ellis was on his way to locate Tahitian teachers on the Marquesas, but the winds were so adverse that he was obliged, greatly against his will, to sail to the Sandwich Islands On his arrival there he found the American brethren labouring under great discouragement The Tahitian language is considerably different from the Hawaiian, but they have so much in common that Mr Ellis and the Tahitians could soon make themselves tolerably understood They immediately began and explained to the king and the chiefs what the missionaries had done in Tahiti, and what blessings Christianity had brought to the islands and what peace and happiness the people now enjoyed The Hawaiians knew something of Tahiti and when they saw that men of their own colour, men speaking their own tongue, men every way like themselves had embraced Christianity, they were deeply impressed, the effect was so powerful that the king and chiefs immediately professed Christianity By a remarkable providence a year or two before that time the king, Kahumbo, a young strong minded, self willed, pleasure loving man—a kind of Henry VIII—broke through the native *tapus*, and abolished the national idolatry When the missionaries came they found idolatry abolished, and the people without a religion It was an undisputed maxim among them, that the people must follow the religion of their chiefs And when the Tahitians explained to them in their own tongue the marvellous changes to the better in Tahiti and expounded to them the leading principles of Christianity, a people numbering 150,000, began and placed themselves under Christian instruction, and continued to do so as fast as instructors could be obtained On the Austral Islands, the Hervey Islands, and the Samoan group, native pioneers opened up the way for missionaries, and greatly facilitated the progress of the gospel

Both directors and missionaries gave great prominence to prayer They felt that without Divine power specially put forth, Satan's kingdom, so firmly established, could not be overthrown Their prayers offered up in faith were heard and answered, God suited the communications of his grace to the peculiar circumstances of his servants. Sometimes he aided them by the special operations of his providence, at other times by the special manifestations of His Spirit. In the Sandwich Islands, some natives possessed of singular oratorical powers were roused up to address their fellow countrymen on the concerns of their souls, and several remarkable revivals took place in the first stages of the mission

Rather more than twenty years ago, while M'Cheyne's preaching was producing such effects in Dundee, and when, by the ministrations of Burns and others in Kilsyth, the callous hearted colliers, and others equally indifferent to religion, were weeping for their sins, or singing for joy under a sense of pardoning mercy, similar scenes were being witnessed in Tutuila, one of the Samoan Islands, under the preaching of Mr. Murray and his fellow missionary Mr Slatyer. Men of giant frames, stern warriors, whose shadow was death in the battle field, men who were a terror in the land of the living, these men trembled under strong convictions of sin, were often struck down, and became feeble as little children Hundreds of the natives gave evidences of a change of heart by a change of life, and continued stedfast in their profession of the gospel to their dying day An admirable and interesting account of this revival, entitled, "Missionary Life in Samoa," was written by Mrs Dr Duncan, compiled from the letters and journals of her son, who was residing on the island, an invalid, while the work was going on, and who recorded from time to time what was passing under his own eye It was a labour of love to the gifted and now venerable authoress and the book may still be read with interest and profit, especially in these days of revivals On other islands a quieter but a no less permanent work was going on at the same time

Twenty years ago as we have already seen, nearly the whole of Polynesia had become nominally Christian Seven out of the eight groups of islands had renounced heathenism, and placed themselves under the instructions of Christian missionaries The darkness of ages, the long dark night of ignorance idolatry, cruelty, and abominable wickedness, had passed away, and the glorious Sun of righteousness had arisen upon the islands with healing in His wings There was light and joy, gladness and good days among the many isles of the sea Micronesia and Melanesia were still shrouded in darkness, but the first faint streaks of opening day were becoming visible among the western isles Science again appeared in those seas The American Government fitted out an expedition under Captain Wilkes, who surveyed the Fegee and Samoan groups, and collected and published a mass of interesting information respecting those islands About the same time the Wesleyans commenced missionary operations among the Papuan races Cross, Hunt Calvert, Lyth and Williams, began their earnest evangelistic efforts among the 200,000 cannibals of Fegee John Williams had returned from England in the "Camden," with the view of opening up the New Hebrides, the Loyalty Islands, and New Caledonia He was on his first voyage, had opened friendly intercourse with the natives of Tanna, when, in November 1839, he fell at Dallon's Bay, Erromango, a victim to the blind revenge of the poor natives, on whom some fearful outrages had been committed a short time before, by the captain and crew of a trading vessel, and who were waiting to revenge these on the first vessel or the first white men that might come within their reach Williams and Harris became their unsuspecting victims

Those outrages were connected with the discovery of sandal-wood among the islands. It brought high prices in China, and hence a trade sprung up which was carried on for the most part in a way very discreditable to the white men employed in it, who have often shown themselves in no way behind the blacks in cruelty and treachery, and indeed, with the sole exception of cannibalism, in the practice of all the

vices we generally ascribe to savages" Injuries were committed upon the natives, to revenge which boats' crews were massacred. Women were bought or kidnapped, natives taken away under false pretences, and a state of things arose so disgraceful to British commerce, that the Government in Sydney passed a stringent enactment to prevent the buying or taking away of native women, and men of war made regular visits to inquire into these outrages, and call the aggressors to account

But at this time dark clouds began to lower over Polynesia, and the mutterings of a thunder storm were heard, which eventually broke on Tahiti with fearful violence Rome awoke, gazed with envy on these lovely isles, and called on France to come to her aid A decretal of the Propaganda, confirmed by Leo XII 1833, confided to the Society *Maison de Picpus*, the task *of converting* ALL *the islands of the Pacific from the North to th South Pole* Instead, however, of going to the heathen, of whom both then and still there are multitudes in the Pacific, the Popish priests have followed almost exclusively in the wake of Protestant missionaries

It is said that the priesthood represented to Louis Philippe's Queen, who was sister to that most devout son of the Church, Bomba King of Naples that it would be a most meritorious work for her to establish a Catholic chapel alongside of every Protestant church in the Pacific and hinted that the naval power of France could render essential service in this pious and glorious undertaking The priest ridden Queen, dazzled with the bright prospect of being canonized as a second Helena pleaded earnestly with her husband to assist her in this devout and glorious enterprise The idea chimed admirably in with the policy of Louis, one of whose ruling maxims was to fawn upon Rome and over reach England, although, when the hour of trial came, the first man that recognised the new government was the Archbishop of Paris, and his only true friend, on whose protection he could rely, was the Queen of perfidious Albion! The doings of the French in Tahiti are matters of history and hence we need not repeat them When poor Queen Pomare was deprived of her kingdom, the Rev Mr Threlkeld formerly the colleague of John Williams, wrote a letter to Louis Philippe, solemnly warning him, that if he persisted in depriving a poor defenceless Queen of her crown and kingdom, he would do well to look carefully after his own, for there is a God in heaven who protects the innocent and takes vengeance on the guilty, and disposes of thrones and crowns without consulting the dynasties of Europe The king of the French refused to be admonished Good old Alexander Peden, looking at the analogy of Scripture and the principles of the Divine government revealed in God's Word, applied the threatening of the prophet respecting Cornish to the last of the Stuarts, and said "Write ye this man childless a man that shall not prosper in his days no man of his seed shall prosper sitting upon the throne of David By that and many similar declarations after the Revolution men called Peden a prophet And why should not the same honour be awarded to the courageous king warning Threlkeld?

Such was the transition state of the South Sea Islands twenty years ago Next month I purpose giving an account of their condition at the present time

JOHN INGLIS

LOVE AND LIKING

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

WHAT is sometimes called, in a different sense from the ordinary, love (or, a different species of love, for this depends on the definition you give of the word), is more properly called *Liking*

1 One whose welfare we wish for, and are desirous to promote, we *love*, if very much we are ready to make great exertions and sacrifices for him one whose company is agreeable, and the idea of whom we contemplate with pleasure, we *like*

2 The two feelings are not necessarily combined, nor when they are, do they necessarily correspond in their degree

3 Yet each tends to promote the other We are *disposed* to love one whom we like, and *vice versa*.

4. Neither feeling, any more than any other feeling, is under the immediate and direct control of the will, yet, like other feelings, we may indirectly operate on them, for instance, by contemplating any one's good qualities and services done to him; and as this arises, it will tend to make us exert ourselves for his benefit and for his gratification, and to do this tends to generate a liking for him A man must be very disagreeable indeed who is not in some degree liked, sooner or later, by those who, from whatever cause originally, are continually watching for opportunities to serve and please him Kings, accordingly, and other great personages, gain the advantage of this Again, by whatever way we cultivate a good taste, a character for appreciating the best qualities, moral and intellectual, we are so far training ourselves to like those who possess such qualities, or to feel disgust for the reverse The better self-training any one has, the less will he be prone to *like* those whom he cannot or ought not to esteem And, of course, on the other hand, the more any one gives himself up to the lower propensities, the more he will come to relish the society which would once have disgusted him.

5 It is natural to wish to be both loved and liked, especially by such as have any especial claims on our regard, and whose good will and favourable feelings are of the most consequence to us.

6. It is happily the case that it is *particularly*

easy in general to excite these feelings, in some of the very persons in whom those feelings are of the most consequence to us A baby has only to smile and crow, and stretch out its arms, to win the hearts of the parents and nurses, who are just everything to that baby And a child will generally be liked as well as loved by his parents, though he may have very little of the qualities that render him an acceptable companion to people in general, if he is but attentive to their wishes and instructions, and treats them with full confidence It is true, however, that parents do sometimes show unreasonable partialities, both in having and liking, generally towards the most *promising* or the most *unpromising* offspring, the genius or the simpleton, and the never do well, and it often perhaps the one as the other Perhaps the cause is the same, *extra anxiety* the parents *think* this are habitually the most occupied with the daughter, who is expected to marry a duke, or the son who is to be chancellor, or again with the one who is always on the verge of some dreadful scrape

7 When a person finds himself less liked than he thinks it desirable and suitable he should be by some particular person, if he has good sense he will study to make himself agreeable by striving to comply with, and to forestall every wish that can be innocently humoured And in this practice (supposing that he is not by gross hypocrisy carrying favour for interested purposes with one he secretly despises or dislikes) he will find his *own* liking towards the person increase (as above said), and thus will itself breed a reciprocity, for liking generates liking

8 But if he wants practical good sense, and has a mixture of a certain kind of pride with a certain kind of humility combined with vanity, he will be led by a combination of resentment and dread to shun all close intercourse with the object, and to prefer the society of those who amuse him, and are or pretend to be amused with his, even though he may be aware that they have no great real friendship for him or may even suspect that they are only flattering him for their own purposes

A weak man of this kind is likely to end in being a misanthrope, and to complain eloquently that there is no such thing as true friendship and that he has been all his life regarded with undue disfavour, in short, to turn out that wretched being, "an ill used man

This does not mean an individual who *has* been ill used, but one of whose character it is an essential part, one whose *fate* is to be so

All the world is in a constant conspiracy against him The cooks contrive to dress every dish so as to have a good flavour to other people, and a bad one to him The sun sets or hides under a cloud when he wants to be up and out, and watches its opportunity to shine when he is in bed Rain and contrary winds lie in ambush for him on every expedition If he is driving quietly along the street, a post runs against him Whenever he is on a jury, he is sure to meet with eleven obstinate blockheads All people make a point of being dull and disagreeable in his company, however pleasant at other times, and in short nobody ever *understands* him or does him justice He is like a traveller in the Arabian deserts surrounded by mirage a lake before him and another behind him and always a parched land under his feet

"O thou! it of men wearst,
Past, and to come, seem best, things present worst
SHAKSPEARE

FIRE IN THE WOODS

I CAN conceive of nothing in this world more awful than one of those fires which have frequently rushed through forests in North America with more fearful rapidity and destructive fury than any lava stream that ever poured from the fiercest volcano The first time I ever saw the traces of such a conflagration was in Nova Scotia, between Halifax and Truro, on the road to Pictou The driver of the stage—and a better or merrier never mounted a box, or guided a team through mud and over corduroy—pointed me out the spot in which he and his charge had a most narrow escape While pursuing his journey along one of these forest roads, ramparted on each side by tall trees that show but a narrow strip of blue sky overhead, he found himself involved in volumes of smoke bursting from the woods It did not require the experience of an inhabitant of the great Western Continent to reveal to him instantly his terrible position The woods were on fire! But whether the fire was far off or near, he could not tell If far off, he knew it was making towards him with the speed of a race horse, if near, a few minutes must involve him in the conflagration Suddenly the fire burst before him! It was crossing the road, and forming a canopy overhead, sending long tongues of flame with wreaths of smoke, from one tree top to another, crackling and roaring as it sped upon its devouring path, licking up the tufted heads of the pines, while the wind whirled them onwards to extend the conflagration What was to be done? To retreat was useless. Miles of forest were behind ready to be consumed. There was one hope only of escape Nathan had heard in the morning a report, that a mill had been burnt The spot where it had stood was about six hundred yards ahead He argued, that the fire having been there, and consumed everything, could not again have visited the same place. He determined to make a desperate rush through fire and smoke to reach the clearance The conflagration was as yet above him like a glowing

arch, though it had partially extended to the ground on either side He had six horses to be sure, tried animals, who knew his voice and whom he seemed to love as friends, but such a coach!—lumbering and springless, and full of passengers too, chiefly ladies, and such roads!—a combination of trunks of trees buried in thick mud But on he must go, or perish Bending his head down, blind, hardly able to breathe, lashing his horses, and shouting to the trembling, terrified creatures, and while the ladies screamed in agony of fear, Nathan went plunging and tossing through the burning scene! A few minutes more, and there is no hope, for the coach is scorched, and about to take fire, and the horses are getting unmanageable! Another desperate rush—he has reached the clearance, and there is the mill a mass of charred wood, surrounded by a forest of ebony trunks growing out of charred earth —the fire has passed and Nathan is safe! "Oh! sir, he said 'it was frightful! Think only if a horse had stumbled or fallen! or had the fire caught us farther back!'—five minutes more would have done it, sir! That same fire consumed a space of forest ten miles long, and three broad!

But what was such a fire even to the memorable one which devastated Miramichi, in New Brunswick about twenty five years ago! That terrific conflagration is unparalleled in the history of consumed forests It broke out on the 7th October 1825, about sixty miles above the town of Newcastle at one in the afternoon and before ten the same night it had reached twenty miles beyond, thus traversing in nine hours a distance of eighty miles of forest with a breadth of about twenty five! Over this great tract of country everything was destroyed one hundred and sixty persons perished, not a tree was left the very fish in the streams were scorched and found lying afterwards dead in heaps

The morning of that dreadful day was calm and sultry, but, in an instant smoke swept over the town of Newcastle (situated on the river Miramichi), which turned day into night The darkness was so unexpected—so sudden—so profound—that many cried that the Judgment had come But soon the true cause was suspected Suspicions were speedily followed by certainty, as the flames were seen bursting through the gloom. Every one made for the river, some got into boats moored near the beach, some on rafts of timber, while others stood in the water Terrified mothers with their families, decrepit old men and women, and, worse than all, the sick and dying, were hurried, in despairing crowds, to the stream, to escape the flames which were already devouring their houses, and making a bonfire of the thriving town Each succeeding hour added some new horror to the scene The rarefaction and exhaustion of the air by the intense heat over so great a space, caused, as was supposed, such a rush of cold air from the ocean, that a hurricane rushed in fury along the river, tearing burning trees up by the roots, hurling flaming branches through the air for five or six miles (which set fire to the shipping, and to the woods on the other side of the broad stream), causing, at the same time, such a rolling sea up the river as threatened to swamp the boats, and sweep the miserable refugees from the rafts! It seems incredible but we believe there is no doubt as to the fact that the ashes of the fire fell thick on the streets of Halifax, St Johns, Newfoundland, and Quebec and that some were carried as far as the Bermudas, while the smoke darkened the air hundreds of miles off! That terrible night is fresh in the memory of all who endured its horrors. One of my informants speaking of it, said, "No language can describe it! I do not think I shall see anything like it again in this world, or until the last day! I was in a druggist's shop getting medicine for my wife, who was confined to bed with fever The druggist was pouring a few drops into a phial, when literally, in a twinkling of an eye, it became so dark that he could not see to drop the medicine and I could not see his face! 'The last day has come!' we both exclaimed I left the shop to go home, but it was so pitch dark that I could not see the road, and had to walk in the ditch which bordered it Guided by the paling, and assisted by a friend, I got my wife and children to the river, and placed them on a raft, and what a scene!—what weeping and crying of those whose relations lived in the settlements farther back, and for whom they knew there was now no escape! But there is no use talking about it No tongue can find words to picture that night! Fire and smoke, wind and water, all spending their utmost fury, the children crying—the timid screaming—the sick in misery—the brave at their wit's end—and all knowing, too, that we had lost many friends, and all our property I shudder to think of it"

That fire has left singular traces of its journey The road from Newcastle to Bathurst, near the Bay of Chaleur, passes for five or six miles through a district called The Barrens The scene which meets the eye of the traveller is perhaps unequalled. Far as the eye can reach upon every side, there is nothing but desolation The forest extends, as it has done for ages, across plains, and vanishes over the undulating hills which bound the distant horizon But while all the trees, with most of their branches, remain, spring extracts no bud from them, nor does summer clothe even a twig with foliage All is a barren waste! The trees are not black now, but white, and bleached by sun and rain, and far to the horizon, round and round, no-

thing is discerned but one vast and apparently boundless forest of the white skeleton trunks of dead leafless trees! That immense tract is doomed to remain barren, perhaps, for ever,—at least for many long years to come. It is avoided by the emigrant,—nay, the very birds and wild beasts seem to have for ever deserted it. The trees would not, in a country of forest, pay the expense of cutting them down for firewood, even were the chopping process of half burnt trunks less difficult and disagreeable than it is; while the land has become so scourged by the exuberant crop of various plants which grow up in such soil, when cleared by fire as to be comparatively useless in a colony of countless acres yet untouched by the plough of the settler.

Though no such fire as that which devastated Miramichi ever visited any of our colonies before or since, yet partial fires are nevertheless of very frequent occurrence. I knew a very respectable Scotch emigrant in Prince Edward's Island, whose house was suddenly burnt by one of those dreadful visitations, and two interesting daughters were burnt alive before their father, who escaped, could warn them of their danger.

It is impossible to dwell upon such scenes without the thought being suggested to the mind of that last conflagration which is to destroy the world (and thereby perhaps to usher in a new heaven and a new *earth*) even as the old world was destroyed by water. This fact in the future history of our world is very clearly revealed. "The world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished: but the heavens and the earth *which are now*, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." And again, "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens will 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!*" Many people scoff at this. The coming fire is disbelieved now, as much as the coming flood was disbelieved in the days of Noah, and so St. Peter foretold when he said, "There shall come *scoffers* in the last days, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming?", or, "Where is His promised coming?" But God kept His word to the old world, and all perished save one family. And equally certain is it, that "the heavens and the earth, *by the same word*, are kept in store for the perdition of ungodly men." It is true, that centuries may pass without any signs of so awful a judgment, and unbelievers begin to think that God "hath forgotten." But "a day with the Lord is as a thousand years!" and "the Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is *long suffering* to us-ward, *not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance!*" Let us take advantage of our Lord's goodness! If we repent not, it shall be with us as with the old world,—"we shall all likewise perish." How dreadful is a house on fire!—but we may escape to the house of a neighbour. How dreadful is a city on fire!—but we may flee from it to the mountains, and be safe. How dreadful is a whole country on fire!—but some river, or the ocean, may afford a place of safety. But a *world* on fire! the elements melting with fervent heat! the earth and the works therein burned up!—whither shall the impenitent and unbelieving fly? To God? Hear, O sinner, His warnings in time!— When your fear cometh as a desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon me but I will not answer, they shall seek me early but they shall not find me: for that they *hated* knowledge, and did not *choose* the fear of the Lord: they *would* none of my counsel, they *despised* all my reproof: *therefore* they shall eat the fruit of their *own* way, and be filled with their own devices!" (Prov. i. 27-31.) Shall they fly to Jesus? He also tells them what must be His sentence: "I know you not, depart from me ye that work iniquity!"

There can be no hope for the impenitent *then*, but there is hope *now*. "*Now* is the accepted time: *now is the day of salvation*." "*To day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Beware of giving your hearts to what cannot last or be your life, when time shall be no more. What can "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, or the pride of life," do for you on that day? But, seeing all *these* things are to be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in *all holy conversation and godliness*? Yet those who know and love Jesus may rejoice. "The world," indeed, "passes away, and the lust thereof:" Let it pass, who will mourn over its funeral pile? But all that is worth keeping will be preserved. "He who does the will of God abideth for ever!" While this world is kept in store for the perdition of the ungodly, a better world is reserved for the godly. "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Wherefore, believer, "seeing that ye look for *such* things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless, and account that the long suffering of our God is salvation!" And again, "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night;

and they that be drunken, are drunken in the night But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

NORMAN MACLEOD.

CAMELS

(*See Illustration in front*)

THE prophetic announcement that Rabbah, the chief city was to be made "a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching place for flocks has long been literally realized "All this country, says Seetzen, 'formerly so populous and flourishing is now changed into a vast desert, the far greater part of the country is uninhabited, being abandoned to the wandering Arabs, and the towns and villages are in a state of total ruins'—*Travels* pp 34 37 At every step, according to Burckhardt, we may find the vestiges of ancient cities the ruins of many temples, and other edifices solitary and desolate Nothing remains entire although the mode of building must have been very solid the remnants being composed of huge stones Although the country is thus despoiled and overthrown, in respects the work of man's hands there are, as Mr Buckingham informs us plains and valleys of rich verdure — "places of resort to the Bedouins, where they pasture their camels and their sheep'—*Travels in Palestine*, etc, p 329 The author just named, elsewhere describes a building among the ruins of Ammon, "the masonry of which was evidently constructed of materials from the ruins of other and older buildings on the spot On entering it at the south end we came to an open square court with arched recesses on each side, the sides nearly facing the cardinal points The recesses in the northern and southern wall were originally open passages, and had arched doorways facing each other but the first of them was found wholly closed up, and the last was partially filled, leaving only a narrow passage just sufficient for the entrance of one man and of the goats which the Arab keepers drive in here occasionally for shelter in the night "—*Travels among the Arab Tribes*, p 72 etc Our traveller lay down among flocks of sheep and goats, alone beside the ruins of Ammon, and during the night was almost entirely prevented from sleeping by the bleating of flocks The above named and other modern writers (as noticed by Dr Alexander Keith, in his excellent book *On the Evidence of Prophecy*), make neither reference nor allusion to the prophetic records, and travelled with other objects in view than the elucidation of the Scriptures, yet so true is it, in accordance with their unconscious testimony, that the chief city of the Ammonites is "a stable for camels," and "a couching place for flocks"

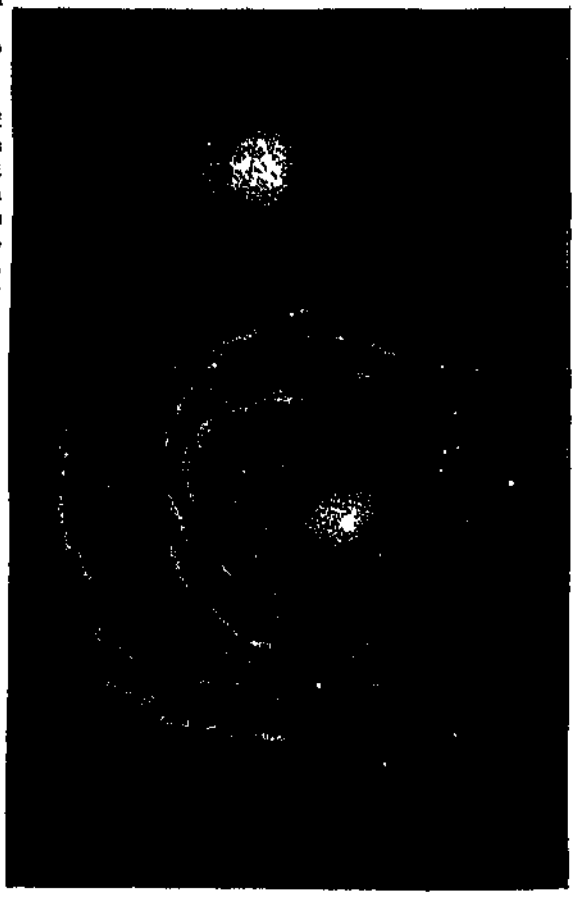
Of the valuable race of animals called Camels, there are two kinds, of which, though both are well known, it is not altogether easy to say whether they are actually distinct, or only strongly marked and permanent varieties of a single original species We know little, with certainty, of the occurrence of either in the natural state Buffon designates the camel as "the most ancient, the most complete, the most laborious slave of man" It is the most ancient, because it inhabits those countries where the human race were first established under the social compact, it is the most complete, because, unlike the other species of domesticated animals, some of which continue to exist in an unsubdued condition, the total race has been enslaved, and none survive in independence, it is the most laborious, because it has never been nourished for showy and luxurious pomp like the horse, nor for amusement or the purposes of sport like the dog, nor simply to be slaughtered like the ox or sheep, but has been always employed exclusively as a beast of burden, which men have never taken the trouble to yoke in machines of any sort, preferring to use the creature's living body as a carriage, which they may load or overload, even during the nocturnal hours of sleep, "the soft restorer," when most other animals are left in undisturbed repose

The Bactrian species, or camel, commonly so called (*Camelus Bactrianus*), is distinguished by a pair of humps, the one a little behind the shoulders, and the other nearly over the haunches This is an animal of Asiatic origin, and is said still to roam wild in the desert of Shamo, on the frontiers of the Celestial Empire It is used as a beast of burden in Turkistan and Thibet, and even as far north as the shores of Lake Baikal It is, consequently, capable of being acclimated without much difficulty in any temperate region

The other kind to which we have alluded, called the Arabian Camel or Dromedary (*Camelus Dromedarius*, or *Arabicus*, of naturalists), has only a single hump, and that placed near the central portion of the back It is now the better known and more abundant of the two, and is considered to be of Western Asiatic, or of African origin, and under the culture and encouragement of the human race, has spread far southwards, being the species used in India to precede the nabobs, or other grandees, on state occasions Indeed, a corps of them was formerly maintained by the Honourable Company, each individual being mounted by two men, and armed with muskatoons or swivels.

A JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE.

We are accustomed to survey the universe from the stand point of our globe, and, consequently, as far as the mere evidence of sense is concerned, all else appears little compared to man's abode, and so great is the mastery of sense over reason, that, for ages, man resisted the conclusive force of the latter. It was an agreeable delusion, that the whole universe centered in man, and when Galileo was persecuted by legal authority the motive may perhaps as much be traced to human pride, as to orthodox zeal. The whole subsequent history of astronomy is simply the record of the way in which man has been brought to his true position, at least scientifically, depends on the abode in which he dwells. But the grand lesson of astronomy is that man's true dignity does not consist in the mere outward and physical. The more that the discoveries of astronomy make this world shrink into insignificance, the more amazing is the view we obtain of man's spiritual dignity. It is the immensity of the universe, contrasted with the humble abode of man, that brings out most strikingly the value of the human soul as redeemed by the death of the Cross. When you attempt to plumb the depths of space, or number the orbs of heaven, your feeling is, How little is man! And, yet, how great, when measured by the price of his redemption! How little are worlds and systems to a God loving spirit! The holy breathings of one devout heart, give to God more glory than the loudest anthems of the heavenly hosts. And the starry firmament has not been created in vain, while it teaches this great truth to all spiritual intelligences. There is something that urges us to find some use or adaptation for all God's works, but we too often restrict the nature of the use, and unless we find some physical adaptation, we think that we have failed. Is it not use enough for the innumerable hosts of heaven to be the silent teachers of immortal spirits, emphasizing the great redemptive act, and proclaiming that in the estimate of heaven there is nothing greater than the soul of man. The deeper we penetrate into the depths of space, the more will we comprehend the significance of the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"



Though the facts and deductions of astronomy sufficiently bring out the immensity of the universe as contrasted with our world, still it is difficult to realize the truth, our thoughts will obstinately cling to our globe, and the images of grandeur will still be, our terrestrial seas and mountains. Let us, however, attempt to escape from the narrow confines of our globe, and see it as others see it from a different standpoint. Let us take a nearer view of other orbs and systems, and see what impressions they pro-

duce, as compared with that received from the platform of the earth

But what vehicle can we avail ourselves of for our excursion? Must we be altogether dependent on the fairy wings of imagination, or can we derive aid from some less ethereal agencies? It was long the fond wish of man to soar above this terrestrial scene, and visit other planets In the infancy of physical science, it was hoped that some discovery should be made that would enable us to emancipate ourselves from the bondage of gravity, and, at least, pay a visit to our neighbour the moon The poor attempts of the aeronaut have shown the hopelessness of the enterprise The success of his achievement depends on the buoyancy of the atmosphere, but the atmosphere extends only a few miles above the earth, and its action cannot extend beyond its own limits The only machine, independent of the atmosphere, we can conceive of, would be one on the principle of the rocket The rocket rises in the air, not from the resistance offered by the atmosphere to its fiery stream, but from the internal reaction The velocity would, indeed, be greater in a vacuum than in the atmosphere, and could we dispense with the comfort of breathing air, we might with such a machine transcend the boundaries of our globe, and visit other orbs

Instead, however, of torturing our imagination to conceive of a rocket device which would eclipse the performances of all flying machines, let us take one of nature's rockets as the material for our imaginary flight Let us follow the course of some comet in its wanderings across our system A rocket, held fast with its fiery stream directed against a strong wind, very well represents the telescopic appearance of a comet when in the neighbourhood of the sun The luminous particles shoot out from the nucleus of the comet precisely as the sparks issue from the rocket tube, and they are thrown back as a strong wind would throw back the fiery stream of the rocket The sector or fan, so well seen in the comet which lately burst upon us with such astonishing brilliance, is the form which the gush of luminous particles assumes under some unknown repelling power The revolution of the comet is determined by the laws of gravitation, but there are perplexing movements in the tail and nucleus of the comet, which likely will receive an explanation from this rocket like action

We have, however, to do at present, not with the theory of the constitution of the comet, but with its character, as a vehicle for surveying the universe We may be pardoned in using it as a vehicle for our imagination, when some advocates for the plurality of inhabited worlds have gravely argued, that the most ethereal comets may have their inhabitants—that even each particle may have its adhering element of life. An inexorable logic has driven them to this conclusion, from the assumed position, that the very matter of planets, apart from their proved adaptation, imply life The densest comet would afford but insecure footing to beings of almost spiritual essence, as the matter of which it is composed must be so light that the atmosphere of our earth is as lead compared to it But we shall overlook this difficulty, and venture, in thought, to follow the fortunes of some wandering star The difficulty of reaching some suitable comet is lessened by the consideration, that the comet may come to us It has been surmised, that the late comet touched at our earth, in one of its stations, in its line of transit across the system The surmise needs corroboration, but it is quite a legitimate one There is no physical reason, why we should not pass through the tail of a comet without ever knowing it The phosphorescent light seen by Mr Hind, and noticed by others, may have had no connexion with the matter of the comet, but still it is possible, that we may have been immersed in this planetary medium, without any appreciable mechanical effects being produced

The great advantage of the comet as a convenient vehicle for an excursion, is, that it gives near, as well as extensive, views of the system The drawback of our own globe is, that it always keeps at the same distance, or nearly so from all the bodies of the system, so that, although it is constantly moving onwards we are kept at such a distance, that we see but little change in the celestial scenery It is like an excursion steamer, constantly sailing round, in a narrow circuit, a buoy moored in the middle of a wide lake The view of the surrounding scenery never changes, and the minuter objects of the landscape are never seen The comet, on the other hand, is like the steamer that sails up the whole length of the lake on one side, and comes down along the other side Every object is seen minutely, and from different points of view Most comets, too, rise above the plane of the solar system, so that we may have a clear view of the relation of one planet to the other. The early misconception as to the arrangement of the solar system arose chiefly from the circumstance that, from the position of the earth, we see it in section, not in plan When two armies meet, it is difficult for the one to comprehend the dispositions of the other, and hence the plan, sometimes resorted to, of employing balloons, to enable the one party to look down from above upon the position taken up by the other. The orbit of the comet is, in like manner, usually so situated, that it commands such a view of the solar system, and the sun, and its surrounding planets, are seen as distinctly as the central body of an army, with all its outlying forces, is seen from the balloon. Comets, however,

occasionally move on the same level with the planets, and it is from a comet with such an orbit, that the best view can be obtained of them individually The comet may, in this case, come so close that the planetary orbs may be caught in the sweep of its tail A planet may at one time be seen so large as to cover most of the celestial hemisphere, at another, so minute as to appear but a point of light in the dark concave

Then, again, let us consider the rate at which the comet travels This is by no means an equable one Sometimes it moves so slowly, that a child might keep up with it, at another, it speeds round with lightning velocity It is like a coach going down a declivity without a drag It increases its velocity till it comes to the bottom of the hill, and the momentum acquired carries it up the opposite side, till it gradually slackens and assumes a snail's pace The comet approaching the sun is going down hill, and when it reaches the nearest point it wheels round, and then ascends till its speed is gradually arrested It is reined in by the sun, from which there are invisible lines of force dragging it back, and, if its momentum be not too great, it is effectually checked and brought back to pursue its former course Most frequently, however, its course is so impetuous that all the strength of the sun, in reining back, avails nothing It breaks loose like a fiery steed from its master, speeds off into space, and is heard of no more We shall, first, follow the fortunes of one of the more tractable comets, or those that remain permanent members of the solar system, performing their revolutions regularly round the sun Of these there are six whose orbits are well determined

Let us enter the cometary vehicle at some point beyond the confines of the solar system, and Halley's comet makes an excursion three hundred millions of miles beyond Neptune—the most distant planet in the system Here the comet is a globular mass, lazily floating along like a filmy cloud in the heavens It is on its way to the sun, and we shall suppose that the planets are so many stations on the line When we near Neptune, his attraction is powerfully felt The sun would have us go straight on, but our motion is so slow, and the sun so distant, that Neptune readily drags us out of our course Here we may discover objects that have escaped the keen eye of astronomers No astronomer has ever detected more than one satellite, but we may well suppose that this arises, not from their non existence, but from their invisibility at such a distance As planets recede from the sun, distance from the centre of light is compensated for in some measure by the number of satellites If the day wants brilliancy, the loss is made up by the magnificence of the moonlight scenery. There are probably crowds of moons studding the Neptunian skies, and giving cheering light when the tiny sun has set—the sun being only a thousandth part as large as it appears from our globe It is not improbable that Neptune has rings like Saturn. Some astronomers have pretty confidently asserted that they have sometimes got glimpses of a ring The rings may be invisible, not merely from distance, but from the dimness of the matter of which they are composed The dark ring of Saturn would not be seen by the best telescope at the distance of Neptune When we alight on the surface of Neptune, we find a little more difficulty in locomotion A man who weighs twelve stones on the earth, would here weigh sixteen stones, and having this additional weight, with the same muscular strength, difficulty of movement would necessarily be the result This does not arise from the density of the planet, but from its superior mass So far from the matter being dense, it is on the whole no heavier than water This, however, is on the supposition that we see the solid surface of the planet What we see, however, may be only an envelope far above the surface of the nucleus, which may have a much greater density Though the sun has dwindled down to one thousandth its size, its light is by no means so dim as might be supposed We have a proof of this in the case of eclipses If the most slender crescent be left uncovered by the moon, the diminution of light is by no means startling It is only at the moment of totality that the dread effects of an eclipse are produced We can well enough conceive of the Neptunians thriving very well, notwithstanding their stinted supply of light, and we can suppose that all unpleasant effects might be completely obviated, by having the pupil of the eye enlarged, and the sensibility of the retina increased The diminution of heat would be more difficult to endure, but, with a properly constituted atmosphere, and with the central heat of the planet itself, we can have no difficulty in conceiving of its being inhabited The human frame proves how low a temperature is compatible with the functions of life In this climate the sinking of the temperature ten degrees below the freezing point, is more keenly felt than a sinking of twenty degrees below zero during a Canadian winter The reaction of the vital powers seems to come more into play at very low temperatures, and hence the wide range through which life is possible

The next station is Uranus, but the interval between is vast The stage from the one orbit to that of the other is about one third of the whole journey to the sun In a railway train, running at the ordinary speed, this distance could not be done under less than six thousand years; so that, if the train started at the creation of man, it would

not have yet reached this first station on the way to the sun The planets, however, are closer as you approach the sun, just as on a railway the stations become more numerous as you approach the metropolis In our cometary vehicle, the speed is always increasing, so that, although slow as a railway train at first, it soon acquires immensely greater speed as it rushes on towards its distant goal The comet of Halley, though starting so far beyond the verge of the system, takes only about forty years to reach the sun The railway train, going always at the same rate, would take 10,000 years from the outer circle of the system to the centre With our increased velocity, Uranus has less influence in drawing us out of our course Here we find numerous satellites Sir William Herschel discovered six but only four have been detected by others It is, however, highly probable that the number is greater even than that assigned by Herschel In Uranus we would find ourselves more at home than in any other planet, as far as weight is concerned Our power of locomotion would be very much the same as here The most notable fact connected with Uranus is that his satellites revolve in a direction the opposite to that of all the planets and satellites of the solar system The nebular hypothesis is very much founded upon the uniformity of the system in this respect, and this breach of uniformity presents a rather baffling discrepancy

Our next stage is somewhat shorter than the last, still the interval between Uranus and Saturn is immense, but when we reach this station we have only a third of our journey before us Here we are in danger of being completely drawn out of our course, the attraction of the planet being so powerful Its size is such that it could contain within its sphere 772 terrestrial globes It is, however, so light as cork, and the consequence is, that standing on its surface, you do not feel yourself dragged down by its attraction, you feel no material difference in this respect between it and our own globe An opportunity is now afforded of inspecting the mystery of the rings You will probably discover many more rings, or rather what appears a single ring will be found to consist of many smaller ones You can see through the dusky ring, and have an opportunity of detecting its nature You will find it to be different from vapour or gas, and to consist of aerolites of considerable size, though at the distance of the earth it would appear as if you were looking through a cloud of fine dust It is probable, also, that you will find the brighter rings to be of a similar nature, though the bodies of which they are composed may be larger and more closely packed together The rings have, not without reason, been suspected to be rows of satellites so closely moving together that they appear to be one solid body This accounts for the occasional appearance of divisions, and their subsequent obliteration On none of the planets will the heavens present so grand a spectacle The rings, shining with the lustre of the moon, will constantly arch the heavens From the effect of perspective, the arch will appear broadest at the summit, and gradually to taper towards the horizon The eight moons, some of them threading the outline of the ring, will be seen in different phases in the sky, the stars will be seen setting behind the bright bars, and re appearing in the dark spaces between

We next reach Jupiter, nearly midway between Saturn and the Sun It was here that Lexell's comet got entangled in the satellites, and was thrown quite out of its course by the overpowering attraction of the planet A proof was on this occasion afforded of the almost ethereal constitution of the comet While the comet was driven about at the mercy of every body it met, it had no power whatever to disturb the course of the smallest bodies it came in contact with, and the mass of the heavenly bodies is determined by this power of disturbing other bodies In the case of the comets no disturbing power has been detected, and no mass can be assigned to them How stupendous an object must Jupiter have appeared to an eye in Lexell's comet when it swept through its satellites The disk must have covered a great part of the heavens as a brilliant canopy, and the rotation would be distinctly seen visible as some marked cloud would be seen appearing at one edge of the disk, and in five hours disappearing at the other Jupiter is by far the largest planet in the system His dimensions are such that it would take 1491 terrestrial globes to equal it His density is however only that of water so that the increased weight of objects on its surface is not so great as might be supposed A man's weight would be little more than doubled

In setting out again on our journey, we might expect a new station by halving the distance between Jupiter and the sun as this process served us in the case of our last two stages We are so far successful, that we find not one large planet but thousands of small ones We have from the earth discovered only seventy but, in all probability there are many yet to be discovered, there may be thousands too small to be detected In sweeping through the zone of asteroids, we are like a ship threading her way through innumerable icebergs, large and small Like icebergs they cross one another's path, and probably sometimes unite, so as to form a more conspicuous object—thus accounting for the fact that asteroids have been discovered in localities which were scrutinized with the utmost care a little before, and were found not to exist It is easy to understand how two bodies, invisible from their smallness should become a notable object when united Let us step on one of these minute worlds, no larger than an English county With our present muscular strength, we could easily clear the broadest rivers and the loftiest spires—our bodies being literally lighter than a feather We could readily keep up with the rotation of the asteroid, and prevent the sun from setting We could have all climates at command We could withdraw to the polar regions during the heat of the day, and return to the torrid zone to spend the evening Cyclopean structures might be raised, compared to which, the pyramids of Egypt would be but mole hills The very globe itself might be tunnelled and split up, so that contending parties might have little worlds of their own to live in The imagination can thus easily revel in the wildest fancies, if we exchange the normal conditions of life for extreme physical suppo-

mitoms This zone of asteroids serves as the bound ary between the two distinct groups of planets The planets which we have already visited, have all distinctive characters, and a family likeness They are characterised by their greater size and their remarkable lightness The outer planets may be compared to wood, while those within the zone of asteroids are more allied to metals in density

But our fiery chariot is now, on account of its proximity to the sun, experiencing strange internal changes The globular mass is now elongated towards the sun, the nucleus being situated near the foremost end and as we approach still nearer the nucleus is thrown into a state of wild excitement A jet of bright luminous matter rises from it similar in shape to a butterfly gas burner and, in other respects, this fan of light is not unlike a jet of gas It is sometimes seen to dance like a gas burner when there is water in the pipe The whole comet seems for a moment or two to be extinguished, and then suddenly flashes out with its former brilliancy This excited action increases in intensity, till the comet reaches its nearest point to the sun, and it is only after the comet has emerged from the rays of the sun, that it has attained its maximum brilliancy The motion of the comet, and the increase of brilliancy in some cases so rapid, that it appears to burst all at once as in the case of the recent comet, upon an astonished world

As our vehicle now advances with such rapidity and as the stations are now very close to one another, we shall take but a cursory glance at each body as we advance The first of the heavy planets is Mars and on his surface we can readily descry the circle of snow at the poles and the general outlines of his continents The Earth next appears with its surrounding blue atmosphere Her continents and oceans are seen dimly down through the openings in the clouds that float in her atmosphere Belts more or less distinct corresponding to the trade winds, will also be detected We pass, in rapid succession, Venus Mercury, and Vulcan and we probably find that Vulcan is only one of innumerable asteroids that form a zone between Mercury and the sun At last we reach the goal and find ourselves in close proximity to the sun Conceive of our sun expanding so as to fill the whole concave of the sky, and we shall have some conception of a comet's approach to it and in their daring course, comets sometimes almost graze its surface Here the diamond would flash into flame like gunpowder, and the hardest metals would, in an instant, be volatilised, so intense must be the heat Here, too, we may closely survey those mysterious, rose coloured flames, seen in total eclipses, that have so puzzled observers Through the luminous envelope we see down into these perforations, which appear as dark spots from the earth These minute specks are now seen to be gulfs down which the earth could be projected with the greatest ease, and so capacious is the sun, that it could engulf all the planets of the system, and yet show no appreciable difference in size Millions of aerolites and comets have probably been engulfed already, and yet millions more would not visibly enlarge the furnace.

To understand the relative position of the stations at which we have stopped in our excursion, it is necessary to assign a scale If, then, we call the distance of the earth to the sun one mile, the distance of Neptune will be thirty miles, and our nearest neighbour, the moon, will only be four yards from us To expand this scale to represent the reality, we have only to keep in mind that a railway train, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and travelling day and night, would take twenty thousand years to go straight across the whole breadth of the solar system

But after all, this journey is nothing more than a morning drive to the houses of a few friends in the neighbouring streets We have still an expedition before us, which may be compared to the crossing of the Atlantic, or a voyage to China We have not yet really left home, and now that we propose going abroad, what vehicle shall we take to aid us in our flight to other systems? The comet is all too slow for our purpose We must have something still more subtle and swift The only physical agency that can serve our purpose is a ray of light On a ray of light we may reach the moon in a single second, and the sun in eight minutes Instead of taking twenty thousand years, like the railway train, to cross the solar system it would require only eight hours Let us suppose then that with the ethereal vehicle of light we are to start upon a journey far beyond the solar system where shall be our first resting place? Alpha centauri is the nearest of the stars whose distance has been well determined, but with all the spiritual swiftness of light, we can reach it only in three years and a quarter We are separated from the planets by an interval that may be compared to the breadth of a river but an expanse like the Atlantic ocean separates us from the nearest of the fixed stars The smallest stars visible to the naked eye can probably be reached by a ray of light only in about fourteen years, and the smallest stars visible in the largest reflectors would probably require a journey of four thousand years

Let us now start from the star on which we have gained a footing, for a position from which we may look down upon the group of fixed stars to which our sun belongs Having gained this position, we find that the sun is part of the Milky Way, which lies like a bright ring before us, with perhaps a tendency to the spiral structure, the cleft in the galaxy corresponding to a coil of the spiral To expand this ring to its true dimensions, we must remember that a ray of light would probably take a thousand years to speed across its whole breadth But from our position we find that the milky way, with its millions of stars, is not the only luminous disk The whole heavens are studded over with similar patches of light, which, on closer inspection, are found to be firmaments, consisting, like the milky way, of innumerable stars They may appear as single, hazy stars, but they are the combined light of countless hosts These groups are separated by gulfs which it would require millions of years for a ray of light to traverse

As we in thought travel from firmament to firmament, we see new forms constantly presented to our view Each firmament has some bond of unity,

and, generally, a symmetrical structure However much they differ, a tendency to the spiral structure may be discovered The illustration given at the head of this article, is an example of such structure It is called the *dumb bell nebula*, from the shape it presents through a telescope of small power, but when viewed with a large power, it assumes the strange shape in the cut One cannot look at that figure without having suggested the idea of vast vortices, in which streams of stars are hastening on to some grand consummation There is nothing fixed or final in the heavens, all things are passing through cycles of decay or revivification As there are silent molecular changes going on in the most solid masses on the earth's surface, so those suns, which to a mind of superior grasp may appear as only single particles of which the nebula is the mass, are in constant movement in the galaxy to which they belong

But where are we to stop? Are we to assume that the firmament or resolvable nebula is the last step? or, are we to look for some higher unity, under which these groups may be subsumed? Speculations connected with the indestructibility of force, have led to the idea that all the worlds and systems which astronomy has revealed, are included within one vast sphere of definite dimensions, and consisting of the ethereal medium through which light heat electricity, and gravity are propagated But are we to accept this definite sphere as the sum of the physical universe? Overwhelmingly vast it may appear to us but shall we limit the creative power of the Infinite to a sphere which compared to the infinitude of space, is as a mote in the sun beam? But then the metaphysical question arises —and the ultimate problems of physics always merge in metaphysical questions—What is space? Is it an objective reality, or a subjective condition of thought? We cannot enter on this *mare magnum* of controversy, but we must advert to the curious correlations of time and space brought out by the laws of light

From the simple law that light requires time to travel from one point to another, it follows that we see everything in the past In the case of very distant objects, this leads to startling results For every event in the past history of the world, there is a corresponding point in space, and if we were situated on a star at that point, we would, on looking down upon the earth see the corresponding event transacted For example, if we took up our position in a star, to which light would take six thousand years to travel from this globe, we would witness the scenes of paradise, and the *rôle* of the world's history would unfold itself to our eyes If the course of events appeared too slow, we could hasten it, in any degree, by gliding swiftly towards the earth, along the course of the rays If we could accomplish the journey in an hour, the history of six thousand years would be condensed into that period The schoolmen defined eternity as *punctum stans*, and the propagation of light gives a startling illustration of their meaning We can arrest the flow of time by continued motion. Suppose our world is the illuminated dial of a clock, that the hand is at twelve o'clock, and that the machinery is faithfully doing its duty, we have only to take up our position in a star that moves from the earth as rapidly as the rays from the dial, in order to arrest the hand for ever at that hour To one who is stationary, the hand makes its ordinary revolution, but one who moves away with the rapidity of light sees it perfectly fixed Nay, it is possible to turn back the hand of the dial In a star moving away from the earth more rapidly than the light, a person would see the hands gradually move in the reverse order from twelve to eleven o'clock, and so on By moving in the direction opposite to that of the light, centuries might be concentrated into hours, and hours into seconds. Had we unlimited powers of locomotion, we would not be under the necessity of reading unintelligible and prosaic accounts of campaigns and battles in the past history of our country, it would only be necessary to wing our way to some star where the light from the seat of war is just arriving, and leisurely watch the actual progress of the campaign or battle

These curious relations of space and time, as linked together by the laws of light, sufficiently show how the properties of matter may aid the spirit, in a future state of being, in obtaining a wide and comprehensive view of the works and the providence of God Matter and force, as far as we know, are indestructible, and time itself, the most perishable, in one sense, of all things, is, in another, indestructible too It can be recalled, as we have seen, and forced again to do duty, by repeating the events of the past

When we step from planet to sun, from sun to system, and from system to firmament, we are ascending the rounds of the ladder that leads up to the Infinite, and this is the great end of the book of God in the heavens But a hard featured philosophy comes, and tells us that we cannot know the Infinite, that the notion we form is merely a synthesis of finites, that no number of finites can ever make an infinite, and that this arises from the very limits of thought This is true if it means merely that we cannot construe to our minds the image of an infinite ladder, by indefinitely increasing the rounds of it, but surely we can know a thing, though we cannot draw a definite picture of it to the eye or the imagination We can, in like manner, know the Infinite and the Eternal, though we cannot construe to our minds either infinite duration or infinite space The African on the banks of the Niger may be altogether ignorant of its source and termination, but would it be right, on that account, to deny that he has any knowledge of the river? It would be equally wrong to deny that we can know God, merely on the ground that we do not and cannot grasp His infinite attributes

WILLIAM LEITCH.

SHADES[1]

There is a shade on a brow once bright
On a mother's brow this day
But it only can in the bright clear light,
And not in that chamber gray,
In that chamber gray,
Where her loved one lies,
Wearing away

There is a shade on that bad man's brow,
A deep, dark shade and gloom,
And he'd give the world to erase it now,
And bury it in the tomb
For dark with tomb
Is that lonely room
Where lies his doom

There was a shade on that gentle brow,
It has passed, to return no more,
For the heavenly gleams are shining now,
That lightened the burden sore
And the burden sore,
Which on earth she bore,
She feels no more

There is a shade 'neath the aged yew,
That stands near the church alone,
And it falls on the weeds, and rank grass, too,
Where lies a moss-covered stone,
And there, now unknown,
Sleeps one all alone—
"Dearly this stone

[1] Suggested by a sentence in *Good Words* for 1860, page 518

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN SEPTEMBER.

First Sunday.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.

'And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live?'—2 Sam xix. 34

David was now on his way back to Jerusalem, after the suppression of Absalom's rebellion Barzillai, an old Gileadite chief, came down from his fastnesses with a body of retainers, to do homage to the king, and give him his patriot welcome and blessing. Nor was David forgetful of the disinterested loyalty this aged man had lately manifested.* In a spirit of equally noble generosity and gratitude, he urged him to join the triumphal cavalcade, to come and have a home in his palace in Jerusalem, and a place and seat at his royal table.

Few would have resisted the golden bribe. But Barzillai remembered that fourscore years had whitened his head. A brief time, at the best, he could still have in the world. He had outlived the age when he could enjoy its pageantries and honours. "And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear the voice of singing men and singing women? wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? Thy servant will go a little way over Jordan with the king: and why should the king recompense it me with such a reward? Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother." As if he had said, "Tempt me not The day was, when I might have grasped at the munificent honour. The day was, when this heart would have beat with pride at the thought of being a lordly retainer of the Hebrew king—a guest at his table. But these things have lost their relish for me now. The whirl and excitement, the glitter and pageantry of a courtier's life have no charm. The festive rejoicings on the return of the king would be too much for this aged frame. 'I am this day fourscore years old.' This head, once covered with raven locks, is now white with the snows of winter. These hands, that once dealt and parried the warrior's blow, have now tremblingly to grasp the pilgrim's staff. These limbs, that once could nimbly chase the gazelle up the craggy heights of Gilead, now totter underneath me. These eyes, 'the windows of the house,' are beginning to be darkened; they look out on a dimmed and murky landscape; I could not see the glories of the king's palace at Jerusalem even were I there. These ears, once the inlets of enjoyment, which once loved to hear the dulcet tones of my own mountain-pipe, would listen with unavailing effort to the choristers of Zion, or to tabret and lute and harp of sweetest Hebrew minstrelsy. I should be but a poor accession to the royal table—a poor guest in the palace of Judah. Bid me not go thither! Suffer me rather to say farewell on the banks of the frontier river. Return! thou monarch, beloved of thy Lord! return to thy capital, and may the acclamations of a grateful people greet thy restoration. For myself, permit me quietly to abide in my own highland-home—these my native rugged mountains. Their sepulchres hold dust that is sacred to me. This is now my only unfulfilled wish, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and my mother!"

We cannot positively pronounce on Barzillai's *piety*. The respect and personal kindness he manifested for David—"the man after God's own heart"—combined with his loyalty, disinterestedness, unselfishness, and filial devotion, would lead us to draw favourable conclusions regarding his religious character. At all events, we cannot think of him as a mere sated voluptuary, his bones full of the sin of his youth;—with debilitated frame and shattered nerve, breathing out the fretful soliloquy of a peevish old age. We would accept these words of his, rather as the apostrophe of a good and venerable old man, who takes the grand view of life as a prelude to another, and who wishes to be tempted by nothing that would disarrange his thoughts, and unfit him for solemn preparation for his great change. "Do not allure me," he says, "with what might divert my thoughts from more solemn and urgent verities. Let me enjoy a quiet eventide before the great night-journey. Let me go and set my house in order before I die!"

And it is to this we must all come!

Life is now before most of us, with its bright plans and phantom-visions;—its rainbow-hues and air-castles. Many have no eyes to see the end of that glowing perspective—the close of the avenue, which at present is overarched with the green boughs of hope. But as we go on, the distance sensibly diminishes; our consciousness becomes more and more vivid that the end is nearing; and we feel that we are passing, like the millions that have preceded us, to the "long home."

"How long," said Barzillai, "have I to live?" "*How long have I to live?*"—what a solemn question for us all, amid the daily-occurring proofs of our frailty and mortality. Oh, what a motto to bear about with us continually amid the tear and wear of life!

Young man! with the flush of young hope in thine eye; existence extending in interminable vista before thee; pause ever and anon on the an-

* 2 Sam. xvii. 27-29.

chanted highway, and put the solemn question, "How long have I to live?"

Man of business! in availing yourself of new openings in trade, accepting new responsibilities and anxieties, involving yourself in new entanglements, have you stopped at the threshold and probed yourself with the question, "How long have I to live?"

Child of pleasure! plunging into the midst of dissipating excitement,—the whirl of intoxicating gaiety,—have you ever, in returning, jaded, and weary, and worn, from the heated ball room, flung yourself prayerless on your pillow, and sunk into a feverish dream, with the question haunting you, "How long have I to live?"

Heedless professor! who, with the form of godliness, art yet destitute of every practical, active, Christian virtue, who hast never known what it is to relieve the needy, or succour the poor, or whisper the word of unselfish kindness, or help the languishing mission cause. Thou who hast lived a useless life, who in the retrospect canst not point to one good, or generous, or self-sacrificing deed. Amid abounding opportunities, perhaps with full coffers at thy side, and the bar of God before thine eyes, hast thou ever seriously pondered the question how soon the opportunity may be past and gone!—"How long have I to live."

How long have I? A short time, almost all of us. And those who are past life's mid day, on whom the glow of sunset is stealing, those who have crossed the grand characteristic, passed over the mountain top, and are beginning to descend the shady side to the grave in the valley, let them, especially, listen to the warning. Let them imitate the example of the aged chief—seek leisure from over much and even many cares, to prepare for death. It is strange that old age is as disinclined as youth to listen to the voice of wisdom in this. You imagine that you can take on new worldly burdens, and reach heaven safe enough notwithstanding! Ah! these burdens too often weigh hopelessly down. Like the bee that has wandered from its garden-hive, or its hole in the rock, in search of honeyed treasure, but which in winging its way back, drops exhausted, and never reaches home. Old Barzillai was a noble exception to this. With courtier's grace, and a sublime moral fortitude, he declined the regal request, "Come thou over with me!" A question which does not always get a negative from old age, when *Pleasure*, shaking in her hands her chaplets of variegated flowers, cries, "Come over with me!"—and *Mammon*, clinking his bags of gold, cries, "Come over with me!" and *Ambition*, pointing to the hazy mountain top, and her coveted temple gleaming in the sun, cries, "Come over with me!"

Be it ours to reply "I have a noble heritage now to care for, a nobler temple for which to prepare. The day *will* come when these things will yield me no pleasure,—when they shall be seen in their true light, as the empty baubles of an hour." Oh, what though you may have all that now ministers to the pride of life,—affluence, prosperity, success in business—"gaining the whole world," if you imperil or impoverish your immortal soul! What though life's morning and mid day be bright and sunny, if you have made no provision for the wet drizzling rain of its afternoon, and find creeping upon you the joylessness of a godless old age! Take God for your portion now, and then you will be independent of all that the world can either give or take away. "Heart and flesh may faint and fail," but He will be "the strength of your heart and your portion for ever." Let the pondering of the question, "How long have I to live?" prompt the earnest prayer, "*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*"

Second Sunday.

STERLING INTEGRITY.

I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you.—1 SAM. xii. 2, 3.

Such was Samuel's address on the heights of Gilgal, where he had assembled the tribes for Saul's public inauguration as king. It was a glorious testimony to the justice of this appeal, when the shout of an assembled nation echoed back, "Thou hast not defrauded us, or oppressed us."

Can we, each of us, say the same? Can we stand up before high heaven, whatever our situation, or circumstances, or profession, and say with an honest heart, "These hands are clean! I have never defrauded my neighbour, or wounded his character, or sought to exalt my own on the ruins or at the expense of his! I have never stooped to do an underhand deed, or be a party to a clandestine transaction that cannot stand the light of day! I may be in humble circumstances, wealth, or position, or influence I may have none. I may be poor, the victim of designing men, but, thank God, I have 'a good conscience.' This volume of my inner life corresponds with the outer. Every leaf may be read, find the blot if you can."

There are volumes in this world's strange library which have their splendid exteriors—a binding gilt and embossed, but on opening them, they are tattered and worm eaten, they cannot bear inspection, they are to be looked at, not examined. When opened, they fall to pieces, like the dust in the mummy case! Oh, rather have the outside cover poor—the binding tattered—than the leaves soiled with mercantile depravity and villain fraud; rather the scanty meal and the frugal dwelling, than the banquet with its every piece of plate showing the reflected face of a hungry creditor, and the music jarred with the whimpering cry of the defrauded orphan!

If there be a character which we would, more

than another,—like the enchantress at the cave at Endor—conjure up from the invisible world, as a grand pattern for the times, it is this great Aristides* of the Hebrew Commonwealth,—this venerable impersonation of old world honour and integrity Would none cower in guilty shame at his apparition? Would no knees tremble if the shade appeared in the shop, the warehouse, the market place, the exchange? We have plenty of Sauls now a days,—men of brave heart and fiery impulse, and warrior spirit all ready with the greaves of brass and spear of iron We need more of the Samuels, who, with the moral armour of probity and honour, will save their country from a sadder invasion than that of sword and bayonet, and from a more humiliating and debasing ruin

Avoid—and young men especially—avoid all base, servile, underhand, sneaking ways Part with anything sooner than your integrity and conscious rectitude, flee from injustice as you would from a viper's fangs, avoid a lie as you would the gates of hell Some there are who are callous as to this Some there are who, in stooping to mercantile dishonour and baseness,—in driving the immoral bargain,—think they have done a clever action Things are often called by their wrong names,—duplicity is called shrewdness, and wrong heartedness is called long headedness, evil is called good, and good evil, and darkness is put for light and light for darkness Well! be it so You may be prosperous in your own eyes, you may have realized an envied fortune, you may have your carriage and plate, and servants, and pageantry, but rather the shieling and the crust of bread with a good conscience, than the stately dwelling or palace without it Rather than the marble mausoleum, which gilds and smothers tales of heartless villany and fraud—rather, far rather, that lowly heap of grass we were wont often to rove upon in an old village churchyard, with the simple stone that bare record of a cottar's virtues, "*Here lies an honest man!*"

There is nothing more sad than to be carried like a vessel away from the straight course of principle, to be left a stranded outcast thing on the sands of dishonour, a man bolstering himself up in a position he is not entitled to "That is a man of *capital*," say the world, pointing to an unscrupulous and successful swindler Capital! What is capital? Is it what a man *has*? Is it counted by pounds and pence, stocks and shares, by houses and lands? No! capital is not what a man *has*, but what a man *is* Character is capital, honour is capital That is the most fearful of ruin when *character* is gone, when integrity is sold, when honour is bartered for a miserable mess of earthly pottage God save us from ruin like this! Perish what may,—perish gold silver, houses, lands, let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock, but let *integrity* be like the valued keepsake the sailor boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save Let me die, but let angels read, if friends cannot afford to erect the gravestone, "*Here lies an honest man!*"

Let Samuel's manly piety be ours The happy cultivation and combination of the active and passive virtues,—the blending of the inner with the outer life, not a negative saintship, like that of the men of Meroz, but the harmonious intermingling of diligence in business with fervour in spirit, 'serving the Lord"—kind in heart, strong in faith, and pure in spirit—but all crowned and beautified by giving glory to God The true Christian is not like the pyramid, with its naked sides and tiers of monotonous stone, but rather like the Alp,—its majestic slopes feathered and studded with forest and cave shady rock and limpid stream, where the chamois may bound, and the bird may nestle, and the foxglove hang its bells and the weary pilgrim rest and slake his thirst —whilst its diadem of snow, glorifying all, is bathed in the cloudless azure of heaven

Third Sunday.

TRUE COUNSELLORS

"Thy testimonies also are my delight and my counsellors"—PSALM cxix 24

Amid the duties and difficulties, the cares and perplexities of life, how many a pang and tear would it save us, if we went with chastened and inquiring spirits to these "counselling" oracles? How many trials would be mitigated,—how many sorrows soothed, and temptations avoided,—if we preceded every step in life with the inquiry, "*What saith the Scripture?*" making the Bible a final court of appeal—an arbiter for the settlement of all the vexed questions in the consistory of the soul, with the docility of little children listening therein to their Father's counsel,—recognising every utterance as endorsed with the words, "*Thus saith the Lord*" God keep us from that saddest phase and dogma of modern infidelity,—the sacred Volume regarded with only that misnamed "*sense ration*" which the antiquary bestows on some piece of mediæval armour—a relic and memorial of bygone days, but unsuitable for an age which has superseded the cruder views of these old "chronicles," and inaugurated a new era of religious development Vain dreamers! "*For ever, O God, thy word is settled in heaven*" "*The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul, the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple*" "*The word of the Lord is tried*" "*Thy word is very sure, therefore thy servant loveth it*" What a crowd of witnesses could be summoned to give personal evidence of its preciousness and value! How many aching heads would raise themselves from their pillows and tell of their obligations to its soothing messages of love and power! How many death beds could send their occupants with pallid lips to tell of the staff which upheld them in the dark valley! How many, in the hour of bereavement, could lay their finger on the promise that first dried

* Called so by Grotius

the tear from their eye, and brought back the smile to their saddened countenances! How many voyagers in life's tempestuous ocean, now landed on the heavenly shore, would be ready to hush their golden harps and descend to earth with the testimony that this was the blessed beacon light which enabled them to avoid the treacherous reefs, and guided them to their desired haven!

Ah, *Philosophy!* thou hast never yet, as *this* book, taught a man how to die! *Reason!* with thy flickering torch, thou hast never yet guided to such sublime mysteries, such comforting truths as these! *Science!* thou hast penetrated the arcana of nature, sunk thy shafts into earth's recesses, unburied its stores, counted its strata, measured the height of its massive pillars, down to the very pedestals of primeval granite. Thou hast tracked the lightning, traced the path of the tornado, uncurtained the distant planet foretold the coming of the comet, and the return of the eclipse. But thou hast never been able to gauge the depth of man's soul, or to answer the question, 'What must I do to be saved?'

No, no: this antiquated volume is still the Book of books," the oracle of oracles, the beacon of beacons, the poor man's treasury, the child's companion, the sick man's health, the dying man's life, shallows for the infant to walk in—depths for giant intellect to explore and ponder! Philosophy if she would but own it is indebted here for the noblest of her maxims—Poetry, for the loftiest of her themes. Painting has gathered here her noblest inspiration. Music has ransacked these golden stores for the grandest of her strains. And if there be life in the Church of Christ—if her ministers and missionaries are carrying the torch of salvation through the world,—where is that torch lighted, but at these same undying altar fires? When a philosophy, "falsely so called," shall become dominant, and seek, with its proud dogmas, to supersede this *divine* philosophy,—when the old Bible of David, and Timothy, and Paul, is clasped and closed,—the only morality and philosophy worth speaking of, will have perished from the earth. Dagon will have taken the place of God's ark—the world's funeral pile may be kindled!

Love your Bibles. As they are the *souvenirs* of your earliest childhood,—the gift of a mother's love, or the pledge of a father's affection,—so let them be your last and fondest treasures,—the keepsakes and heirlooms which you are most desirous to transmit to your children's children.

In taking to you "the whole armour of God," forget not "*the sword of the Spirit*." What noble words are these, addressed to a saintly hero more than three thousand years ago,—may every youthful soldier girding himself for the great battle of life especially listen to them,—they will prove to him as they did to Joshua, the sure guarantee of 'prosperity" in its noblest sense. "Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: *for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success*" (Joshua i. 7, 8).

"THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MINE HEART THAT I MIGHT NOT SIN AGAINST THEE."

Fourth Sunday.

A REVIVAL.

Read Matt. iii. 5, 6; Luke iii. 10-14.

There is something unique and picturesque about the whole history and character of the Baptist. Travellers at this day, in the little frequented defiles, the rugged ravines, around the Jordan rapids, describe the remarkable dress and appearance of the Bedouins or Dervishes, with their bronzed skins, and the striped Bedouin cloak or blanket, rudely woven of camel's hair, fastened with a leathern girdle round their naked bodies,—their homes either the caves and grottoes of the wilderness, or a rustic arbour or canopy formed of branches stripped from the abundant trees around,—their food the wild fruits of the mountain, the honey found in the rocks, or the nutritious manna exuding from the tamarisk.*

We cannot wonder that these modern pictures should be suggestive of the olden scenes which attracted wondering thousands to the inaccessible glens of eastern Palestine to listen to John's message. They formed a strange and heterogeneous assemblage. There were rough boors, unlettered peasants and fishermen, from northern Galilee. There were stern Roman soldiers from the barracks of Herod Antipas, others from Damascus, on their way to measure swords with a lawless Arabian chieftain. These stood, with sheathed weapons, to listen to one heroic as their bravest. There were grasping, avaricious publicans and tax gatherers, from Jericho and Tiberias, who came, either wearied of their nefarious life, or incited by the novelty of the occasion, to listen to the scourger of their vices. And, stranger than all, Jerusalem, from its Sanhedrim, pours forth its phylacteried representatives,—the Pharisee (the high churchman of his day), the stickler for forms and ritual observances, rubric and ceremony, the Sadducee, the cold scoffing infidel of the age, who looked on the world to come as a devout imagination;—forth they go, many of them, perhaps, with a sneer on their lips, but others, too, impelled by nobler and truer motives. Ay, and more than all, and what stamps a surpassing interest on the scene, there is a *Divine Personage*, then unknown and unrecognised, who has come too, from far north Galilee, to listen to His great forerunner, and, in these rapids of the

* Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 309.

Jordan, to partake of the mysterious ablution The great temple of nature was a meet sanctuary surely for the thunder voice of the new prophet, its walls, the precipices on either side, its canopy, the sky, the worshippers, thus mingled congregation of earnest souls,—*brave* men in tears, *hard* men softened, *careless* men arrested, men of business, men of learning, men of public life, all coming forth to hear a preacher of the wilderness, a Bedouin of his day,—one with no priestly consecration, claiming no prophetical succession, his vestments the surplice of the desert —the rough covering of camel's hair,—and his watchword the rallying cry that brought these many sick hearts around him, "REPENT, *for the kingdom of heaven is at hand*"

It was indeed a noble thing to see a man appearing, with heroic heart, to unmask hypocrisy in all its forms and phases, and lash unsparingly the conventional follies, and sins, and vices of the times The Baptist's was no mere indefinite homily about the evil of sin in general He spoke pointedly and personally, to every class and every individual, of their dominant passion or lust, whatever it was He spoke to the Pharisee of the day, of his resting in forms He spoke to the soldier of the day, of his spirit of insubordination He spoke to the publican of the day of his dishonesty and grasping avarice He spoke to the court of the day of their dissoluteness, and to the head of that court, of his special sin— '*It is not lawful for thee to have her*" But yet, observe in the words before us he advocated no mystical and unnatural disseverance of man from his work day world, as if business and religion were antagonistic and incompatible He enjoins all the classes that came (just as he would enjoin each class among ourselves) to return *to their ordinary occupations*, but only imbued with a new heaven born spirit, seeking that religion should moderate worldly cares, engrossments employments, and enjoyments, and leave its sanctifying influence upon all.

To the common people he said, "Go back to the world and your work, and manifest a spirit of brotherly kindness '*He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise*'" To the publicans he did not say, "Leave your irreligious toll and custom houses; give up your gains at Tiberias and Jericho" No! but "Go back! Be tax-gatherers still, only hold the balance of truth in your hand. Scorn all that is mean, base, dishonest!' '*Exact no more than that which is appointed you*' To the soldiers he did not say, 'Leave that horrid trade of war, throw down your commissions, cast sword and scabbard into the depths of Jordan, and live lives of hermit seclusion on its banks" No, but, "Go forward through the Ghor in your present warlike mission against the desert chief of Petra Be brave, and good, and true Temper your heroic deeds with mercy to the vanquished Set a noble example of obedience and subordination to your superior officers '*Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages*"

Here is the honest, outspoken boldness of a man of God, and yet one who took broad and noble and generous views of existence and its duties Would that we thus sought more thoroughly to incorporate religion with every day life, and have all interfused with the fear and love and favour of God! Would that we felt more that the grand problem, which we as Christians have to solve, is to be in the world, and not *of* it, and that thousands on thousands in our thoroughfares would listen to his monitory voice, expressed in the words of a kindred spirit —"*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"

Fifth Sunday.

THE CHARIOT AND THE HORSEMEN OF ISRAEL.

Read 2 KINGS xiii 14, 20, 21

In the first of these verses, we behold a royal visitor entering the obscure abode of Elisha It is no other than the king of Israel And from what we can gather from the brief notices of his history, the remarkable thing about Joash's visit is, that he must have had little sympathy, at all events, with the high toned and elevated piety of the man of God. With many fair traits of character—intervals of sincere and true devotion—he was still following not a few of the guilty ways of "*Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin*" For this he had, doubtless, been often and again rebuked by the faithful admonitions of the prophet, he had quailed under his piercing eye,—and evaded, whenever he could, that presence of exalted sanctity. We never hear, during all the sixteen years he had already reigned, of his once coming to him before on a personal visit. But now, when he hears that the aged Seer's end is approaching, he hastens to do homage to the greatness and goodness that are so soon to leave behind them an irreparable blank! Nay, more than this—it is no mere courteous visit It is not the patronising stoop of superfluous royalty coming to parade vain etiquette and adulation when the time for just recognition of service is past But he comes as the representative mourner of a whole nation He comes to pour out one of the noblest panegyrics ever pronounced over departing or departed worth. It was uttered from a bursting heart, and through eyes moist with weeping

Mark the picture We can imagine no nobler subject for inspired painting. An old man on the threshold of a century, shrivelled and wasted by long sickness, with pale lip and feeble hand, lies stretched on the couch from which he is never to

rise His monarch stands by, and stoops over him, bathed in a flood of impassioned tears We read, "*He wept over his face*," and then broke silence through his choked utterance with the words, "*My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!*"

What meant he by this? In that moment of profound emotion, the king saw in that waning eye—that ebbing life pulse—that there was about to pass away "a power mightier than all the armies of Israel" "I lose," he cries, "in thee, my best chariots and horsemen, with the decay of these mortal walls of thy frail body, I forfeit my best bulwarks,—my nation's tower of strength I can recruit my wasted ranks, decimated by famine and pestilence and by the cruel fortunes of war—but I cannot reanimate or recall thy saintly prayers—thy godly counsels—thy commanding influence—thy unsullied example, and untainted life Thy death will be, as if, by one fearful sweep—one cruel blow—my chariots and horsemen were cast into the depths of the sea,—as if the beauty of Israel was slain in the high places 'Howl, fir tree, *for the cedar has fallen!*'"

We have here the assertion, by kingly lips, of a great truth from which we may well, in these days gather comfort and instruction,—that there are walls and bulwarks constituting a nation's strength, nobler than material strongholds and vast armaments,—that the great and the good—men of prayer, and men of faith, and men of God are a nation's noblest defenders—the truest guardians of her liberties—the best rampart of defence round her hearths and homes! Let us not be guilty of the impiety of measuring a nation's might, in modern times, by her arsenals and dockyards, the storm of her ammunition, and the cubits of her cannon Thanks be to God! we have all these to boast of too,—and brave souls, ready to leap, like the sword from its scabbard to do gallant defence for all that is dear in the hour of peril! But it is matter of thankfulness that Britain has more than these She has more than the bravery which had its representative in the furious courage of another contemporary of Elisha, and one divinely appointed to co-operate with him,—she has more than her "*Sons of Nimshi*," with horses' hoofs spurning the plain as they rush on to battle She has her Elishas too,—noble, lofty souls,—bold in the maintenance of Christian principle,—men in her high places, who count not their coronets tarnished because they love their Saviour, and who are not ashamed to avow their allegiance to the Prince of the kings of the earth Yes, we may be proud to point to the annals of our country's old martial glory, to listen to the roll of her conquering drum by land—the voice of her thunder by sea, challenging the sovereignty of the ocean, the old indomitable lion making its proud leap still, against fearful odds, as on the stern battle fields of other days But we own a nobler title to supremacy,—one which preserves our ark in the midst of European storms "We have not only a strong city"—(a strong nation)—but "*Salvation is appointed* for walls and for bulwarks" While the statesmanship that, in some momentous crisis, wielded the nation's destiny, is lauded and extolled,—while brilliant homage is awarded to the political sagacity which steered the vessel amid conflicting storms,—while every tongue is justly eloquent in the praises of the valiant squadrons that mounted breach after breach to victory,—while science wins new laurels in girding our shores with impregnable bulwarks, frowning defiance on every invader,—we may do well also to ask Israel's king to read to us the grand philosophy of a nation's greatness,—we may hear his voice echoing in every chamber where a Christian dies,—"*My father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horseman thereof!*"

We pass now to another remarkable incident mentioned in the latter portion of the passage before us, in connexion with Elisha

God would not suffer His servant, who had glorified Him so faithfully in his life and in his death—He would not suffer him to pass to his sepulchre without a fresh attestation to the saying, "*Them that honour me I will honour*" The historical narrative further narrates, how a dead body that was cast into the prophet's tomb to secrete it from a band of Moab marauders or bandits, on touching the bones of the buried seer, started into life It was an exception to the great truth '*The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence*" Here was one who *did* praise Him, praised Him in life, and praised Him after he descended into the tomb

Come, and learn from all this not only that you can honour God in old age, in sickness, in suffering, in obscurity, ay, in the very valley of death, but (by an expressive allegory—a miraculous figure in the vivifying of this body by contact with the bones of Elisha) you are taught that your influence can survive dissolution,—that there may be a power in the holy memories of your life and example, which may kindle new aspirations in others when your own tongues are silenced! Ah! it is a mighty theme this of posthumous influence While you gather round the sick bed of Elisha and learn its lessons gather around his grave See that dead corpse touching his bones, and learn the lessons it, too, conveys Shall *our* graves and sepulchres wake up some dormant fount of life? Shall the arrow of deliverance which speeds from our living hand, enter into some heart when the hand that sped it is mouldering in the tomb? If we, when dead, are thus to speak, remember our speech will be the echoes of the *present* What we shall say *then*, is what we *are* now! Stupendous thought! glorious privilege! We envy not Elijah his burnished chariot wheels, and majestic whirlwind We will cheerfully, if God see meet, lie down with Elisha in his humble couch and lowly sepulchre,—if we are better able thereby to quicken by our example, and animate by our faith

Spirit of God! breathe upon the dry bones that they may live! If now the memories of the departed come hovering over us,—their virtues in living, their submission in trial, their peace in dying—let us touch their ashes,—let the dead speak,—let them meet in the affirmative the challenge of the Psalmist,—"*Shall the dust praise thee, shall it declare thy truth?*"

J. R. MACDUFF.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP IX—FAITH AND WORKS

THERE is no analogy between mind and matter more remarkable than the reaction to which both are liable Set free the pendulum which you have drawn to one side, and, obeying the law of gravitation, it returns to its centre, but in doing so, swings over to the other side Or, twist a cord that has a weight attached to it, and set loose, whirling rapidly on its axis, it untwines itself, but does more, taking many a turn in the opposite direction Or, follow the billow that driven by the tempest and swelling as it advances, flings itself on the iron shore, it bursts, thundering into snowy foam, but does more—like men from a desperate charge, it rolls back violently into the sea Even so on a change of opinions and manners, how prone are men to pass from one to the opposite extreme borne by the recoil beyond the line of truth—a danger thus against which reformers whether of States or Churches, of public morals or private manners, need to be on their guard

Thus we account for the extraordinary judgment that such a man as Martin Luther, that champion of the Faith, pronounced on the Book of James He denied its inspiration, and not content with robbing this Book of divine authority, he scrupled not to speak of it in contemptuous terms—calling it a *chaffy* epistle It is easy to account for his saying that, when he believed it He was a man of dauntless courage Remaining at Wirtemberg when all others had fled, he faced the plague, saying, It is my post, should brother Martin fail, yet the world will not fail When Melancthon, and every friend he had on earth, urged him not to go to Augsburg, to be given up to the machinations of the Legate, They have already, he replied, torn my honour and my reputation, let them have my body if it is the will of God—my soul they shall not take Entreated on his approach to Worms not to enter a town where his death was decided on, he pushed forwards, saying, Tell your master, that if there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on its roofs, I would enter And there, before the world's great Emperor, face to face with a host of princely and priestly enemies, he stood a lion at bay, and to the reiterated question, Whether he would retract, with a sword suspended over him, and a grave yawning at his feet, replied, I will retract nothing, here I take my stand, I cannot do otherwise So help me God Amen This was a man to speak whatever he believed!

Nor is it difficult to account for Luther's error One day while climbing a stair at Rome on his knees, in hope of thus climbing to heaven, of meriting salvation through such pains and penances, the Spirit of God flashed this great truth into his mind with the effulgence and force of lightning, "The just shall live by faith" He rose a new man, a second Paul, his mission henceforth on earth, to preach life by faith—the glorious doctrine of justification by faith without works, through the blood and merits of Jesus Christ Well, look now at his position There, hour with age, strong in the personal interests of her priests and the profound prejudices of her people, resting on salvation by works, ceremonies, pay, and penance, stood the old walls of Rome, and on their ramparts the cowled Dominican, selling indulgences, and boasting—(I quote his very words)—"I would not exchange my privilege against those that Saint Peter has in heaven, for I have saved more souls by my indulgences than he by his sermons Whatever crime one may have committed, let him pay well and he will receive pardon" All that he said, and something about the Virgin more shocking—too shocking for your ears This profanity, this daring blasphemy, and that whole Romish system which substitutes the crucifix for the Crucified, and for his merits man's wretched works of penance and pilgrimages, sackcloth for the skin, and fish on Friday, these produced on Luther's impulsive mind such a tremendous recoil, that in the rebound from error he passed the line of sober truth Fancying something in the Epistle of James to be at variance with the doctrine of justification by faith, as set forth in the writings of Paul, he rejected it, rashly rejected it—scared by a phantom, the mere appearance of discrepancy. And doing so, he has furnished the Church of God with another illustration of the words, "Put not your trust in princes,"—nor in Luther, nor Calvin, nor in Cranmer, nor Knox—"nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help"

Between the sentiments of these two apostles there is no real discrepancy Before James had written his Epistle, the doctrine of justification by faith without works had been abused, and turned to the vilest purposes "Wresting," to use Peter's language, the words of Paul from their true meaning, some made them a cover for the grossest sensuality, holding this immoral, horrible doctrine, that men

could be saved by mere knowledge of the truth, mere intellectual assent to sound doctrines—mis called faith, though they were impious in heart and in practice impure It was against this pes tilent heresy, this poisonous weed, that native to every soil, has sprung up in all ages, and against those who confessed Christ in words, but in works damed him, that James took pen in hand, saying What doth it profit, my brethren, that a man say he hath faith and have not works? Can faith—this faith, such a faith, save him? Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone

We are saved by faith in the merits of Jesus Christ

Can faith save? Certainly, if it be not that false and spurious thing which James pronounces dead, but true faith Sooner than believe other wise, even on the authority of an epistle attri buted to James, I would believe with Luther, that the apostle's name was a forgery, and that the epistle which bore it, and was bound up with the Bible, had, like Satan among the sons of God, or bad money among the current coin, got into company better than its own

And how are we saved by faith? Not by any merit in our faith, for that is the gift of God and the work of his Holy Spirit, and is, so to speak, but the rope which the drowning man clutches, and by which another pulls him living to the shore God its author, the heart its seat, good works its fruit, Christ is its object, and it saves by bringing us to the Saviour It weeps with the Magdalene at his feet, it prays with the thief, Lord remember me! with the blind it gropes for Christ, crying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us! and with Simon, as he sank amid the roaring billows, seeing help in none else, it stretches out its arms to Jesus with Lord save me, I perish! Greatest act of the soul, it lays my sins on Jesus, and so relieves my conscience of a load of guilt, and taking off my rags to put Christ's righteousness on me, it covers a poor sinner with a robe fairer than angels wear

May any be thus saved, without works, without merit, guilty as he who said, I believe that I have committed every sin possible to man unless mur der? Ay, and with murder to boot It is the glory of Christ's blood that it cleanseth from all sin, and was poured out freely for the chief of sinners, so that if any man, troubled for his sins, in terror of divine wrath, afraid to die, afraid even to go to sleep lest he should awake in hell, is crying, Oh, sirs, what shall I do to be saved? I say with Paul, when the jailer, at midnight, on his knees, was putting the same question, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" I know no other way There is none There is no name given under heaven whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus, and united to him, though by the weakest, slenderest faith, you are safe

Christ drew divine lessons from gay flowers and singing birds And in the conservatory I have seen a plant from which such saints as Bunyan's Mr Feeble mind might draw strength, gather something more fragrant than its odours, more beautiful than its purple flowers Climbing the trellis, which it interwove with spreading verdure and flowery beauty, it sprang from the soil by a mere filament of a stem Unlike the mountain pine and sturdy oak, that seem built for the heads they carry, and the storms they have to encounter, one had to trace it upwards and downwards to be convinced that this thread of a stalk was the liv ing, nourishing, sustaining channel between these flowering branches and the hidden root How like that seemed in its feebleness to the faith of some! But there the likeness ceased Roughly handled, that fragile stem was broken, and severed from their root, branches and flowers all withered away, but thanks be to God that united to Christ, even by the feeblest faith, we can affirm that, Neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord

Good works are the certain fruit of this Saving Faith

One of the greatest marshals of France had for his opponent in a civil war the Prince of Condé In him Turenne found a foeman worthy of his steel—the only man indeed who could rival him in military genius, moving troops, the arrangement and fighting of battles, sudden surprises and suc cessful attacks One night, when the Prince was sup posed to be many leagues away, Turenne lay sleep ing securely in his camp He was suddenly roused, to hear in cries and shouts, the roar of musketry and cannon, the signs of a midnight assault Hasting from his tent, he cast his eye around him, and at once discovering, by the glare of burning houses, the roar of the fight, the skill with which the attack had been evidently planned, and the energy with which it was being executed, the genius of his rival, he turned to his staff, and said, Condé is come! Now, in some cases especially of sudden conversion, the advent of faith may be as certainly pronounced upon The peace of death is broken, conscience awakes, sin appears exceeding sinful, empty forms no longer yield any comfort, carelessness about divine things gives place to all absorbing and intense anxieties, Death seems crowned with terrors, Sinai clothed with thunders, and exclaiming, What shall I do to be saved, the trembling soul hies to the Cross, clasps it, clings to it, to cry, Lord, save, I perish in such circumstances you can safely say conversion

is come, salvation come, Christ come, and there is no presumption then in using, as we fall at Jesus' feet, the language of him who said, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!

But though thus saved through faith, and not of works, as Paul says, lest any man should boast, Paul is not less explicit about works, on that subject his trumpet has an equally certain sound, for in the very same passage he tells us that believers, they that have a true saving faith, are not only cleansed through Christ from guilt, but are created in Christ unto good works, which God, he adds, "hath foreordained that we should walk in them"—that these in fact are, in all cases, as surely as divine fore ordination can make them, the fruit of living faith How should it be otherwise? Is not faith in every other condition of its existence full of works, the world's great worker? Look abroad! In yonder husbandman who, though snow lies on hill tops and frost bites in the air, and nights are long and days are short, and woods are bare and birds are mute, believing that spring will come, summer come, and autumn come, gives his labour to the naked fields, Faith ploughs the soil And in yon sailor, who though he sees the land sink beneath the wave, boldly pushes out on the pathless deep, and trusts not to sight, for he sees only a wide waste of water where other keels have left no furrow, but to his charts and trembling needle, Faith ploughs the sea And there where men, inspired with confidence in their comrades' bravery and commander's skill, march to their positions on the battle field as on parade, stand up facing the deadly hail, or, crouching like lions to the spring, wait the word to rise and charge Faith fights, and wins Not cannon, nor bayonets, but mainly Wellington's faith in his men, and his men's faith in Wellington, won Waterloo, and who takes time to follow out the thought will find that faith in God's providence, in what are called the laws of Nature, in the fidelity of husbands and wives, in the affection of children and parents, in the justice of masters and honesty of servants, in man's integrity where they buy and sell, exchange or manufacture goods, in every mill and market, in every harbour and counting room, is the working power of the world—the mighty wheel that most turns its machinery

Well, if faith is so productive of works outside the region of religion, how much more within it? If faith in man so works, how much more faith in God? Such faith as naturally produces what are called good works, as vines produce grapes, or sorrow tears, or joy smiles, as the soil beneath us yields fruits and flowers, or the skies above us showers and sunshine In the character of God, in the person, love, and work of His Son, in an eternal world, in the Bible, its gracious promises and its glorious prospects, it has to do with the grandest truths, and for a man whose heart is not devout, nor his life holy, to say that he has that faith, is to deceive himself—and furnish an awful illustration of the saying, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" Let no man deceive you Not I, but God says, "No whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God"

Therefore the hope of salvation that rest on a faith without works are false, and being false are fatal

Last century, faith was out of fashion, the peculiar doctrines of the gospel were ignored,—unless it might be at a communion time "Christ and him crucified" were thrust out of sight, unless in the form of some old mouldering stone, which the hammer of Reformers had missed, the cross was removed from the Church, children learned to repeat the creed, but the boasted creed of many was that sung by Pope—

> "For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right"

Virtue and vice, the beauty of the one and the deformities of the other, were the favourite topics of the pulpit Yet the people had so little taste that they did not appear to fall in love with virtue, nor were even some of those much smitten by her charms to whom she sat for her portrait Men drank deep last century, swore profanely, talked obscenely, and indulged in a very loose morality Strange to say, good works were never so much preached, and so little practised The more they were found in Sabbath sermons, the less they appeared in everyday life Yet not strange! "Thou bleeding Love," as Young sings,—

> "The grand morality is love of Thee,"

and Jesus, his love, his life, his death excluded from pulpits, there was nothing to produce good works, no pith in preaching no seed to yield a harvest, no straw to make bricks, no solid backbone, so to speak, to support the soft parts, and keep the frame erect And the attempt at home to have a morality without religion proved as signal a failure as that abroad, in France to have a nation without a God

Morality without religion is a dream, but not less a dream, and wild a dream, is religion without morality—a faith that lies in an orthodox creed without a godly and honest life—that lies in the cold assent of the understanding to truths that never touch the heart or affect the conduct This won't stand the day which shall try the tree by its fruits, and by Christ's own lips pronounce perdition on the workers of iniquity We want a religion that walks in the path of the Ten Command-

ments—saying, Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners. We want a religion that, not dressed for Sundays and walking on stilts, descends into common and everyday life, is friendly, not selfish, courteous, not boorish, generous, not niggard, sanctified, not sour, that loves justice more than gain, and fears God more than man—to quote another's words—"a religion that keeps husbands from being spiteful, or wives fretful, that keeps mothers patient, and children pleasant, that bears heavily, not only on 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing, that banishes small measures from counters, sand from sugar, and water from milk cans"—the faith, in short, whose root is Christ, and whose fruit is works

Any other James pronounces dead—not like a dead stone which in flashing diamond, or sculptured marble, may be beautiful—but dead like a lifeless body, putrid, horrible, in decay Not more loath some to me the fetid corpse where no trace of beauty lingers, than to a holy God the man who holds good doctrines, but lives a bad life, who unites a low practice to a high profession, who, in words, exalts the Saviour's Cross, but in works—in crucifying his flesh, in living for others in acts of self denial, won't take up his own Like some of old, does he say, I am for Paul, not for James? Paul is not for him I can fancy that apostle, in horror, rending the garment he wears in heaven, repudiating the connexion One in glory before the throne, he and James are one in sentiment in this Bible Paul indeed counted all things loss for Christ He held the Cross aloft, and, shaking that banner from its folds in the face of friend and foe, he waved it over the scaffold where his testimony was sealed with his blood But the faith he preached was a faith that worketh—worketh by love, crucifieth the flesh, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world Mark his last words to the Christians of a city in whose dungeons he had sung Christ's praises, and whose jailer he had conducted to Christ's feet "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things"

Believers are called by Christ's word to be workers

There are times—and such are ours—when, the inspiration of God's word, the propitiation of the Cross, the necessity of conversion being denied, sound men are called to close their ranks, and contend together for the faith once delivered to the saints. The Captain of our Salvation now seems to address his Church, as a commander the hollow square that with its front rank on the knee presenting a hedge of bayonets, and the second on their feet, with eyes glaring along the deadly barrel, is formed to receive cavalry. Their swords flashing in the sun, thundering on they come, with the impetus of a tremendous shock The moment, how critical! Let courage fail, the line waver, offer an opening, and in sweeps the foe like a whirlwind of steel. It is the moment for their commanding officer, as he runs his eye along the grim and stern faces, and ere he gives the word that, in a burst of musketry, empties many saddles, and rolls back that array like a broken, bloody wave, to cry, Be steadfast, immovable! In regard to matters of doctrine, attacked in our day from strange quarters, so Christ speaks to us now, but he adds, as when he first spake these words by the mouth of Paul, "always abounding in the work of the Lord" Yes! Believers are now and then to be warriors, but always to be workers

Indeed, an idle Christian is a contradiction in terms, as much so as a drunken, lying, or adulterous Christian For is not the Church a body, that has Christ for its head, and his people for its members? But did God ever make a body which he encumbered with idle members? Never What part, what member of this frame, moulded of clay, yet so fearfully and wonderfully made, does not work, was not made for working? The eye is formed to see, the ear to hear, the tongue to speak, the feet to walk, the hands to grasp, the lungs to breathe, the brain to think, the busy heart—the first to live and the last to die, a clock that needs no winding—to beat—and beating, send its blood through all the throbbing arteries Let all, or even some of these members cease to work, I die instantly Let any work irregularly, my health suffers, the whole body, where each member has sympathy with another, suffers Every member works And the harbour, with its forest of tall masts, the city, with the grinding noises, and rolling carriages, and hurry of crowded streets, presents no scene of activity so wonderful as that which, covered and concealed by our untransparent skin, is going on within us—innumerable organs all at work, working the livelong day—the night that stills the hum of streets, and throws the world's machinery out of gear, bringing no pause to them

Although in communion with this or that other Church, a member of an Episcopalian, or Presbyterian, or Independent Church, who is not a working Christian, is no member of Christ's Church Let those who are, work—do all the good, to all the persons, at all the times, in all the ways they can—abounding in good works Every day they live, the busier—the shorter the time, the busier—the nearer the grave, the busier, as a stone, descending the hill, rolls with increasing speed, till, taking its last bound, it plunges into the lake, and sinks into its placid bosom.

So may the grave, with its "rest for the weary," close above our heads, and, as heaven opens to receive our spirits to the repose of the just, may Jesus meet us at the gate, with his "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"

Believers are called by Christ's example to be workers

It is common to speak, by way of distinction, of the *working classes*. And men of lofty social position, and loftier minds—for, after all, there is nothing great about man but mind—when they stand on the platform of a popular assembly addressing the sons of toil, to win their ears and hearts, will sometimes, referring to the labours

and brain work of office, rank themselves among the working class But whatever be their sex, sphere, or talents, all true followers of Jesus are of the *working class* They were otherwise no fol lowers of him, who is not our Propitiation only, but also our Pattern, who is not our Propitiation unless he is also our Pattern, and whose life, begun in Bethlehem, and closed in Calvary, was spent in "doing good"

Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, true man as well as God, he drank of our cup—enjoying as much, and more than we, the pleasures of friend ship, the loveliness of nature, the feast kindness spread the happy faces of a marriage scene, sea sons of welcome rest amid mountain solitudes, by Galilee s wailing lake, in the sweet society of Bethany But was it for these he lived? for enjoyment or for employment? for others, or himself? Himself! He denied himself, forgot himself, hardly allowed himself the rest that nature needed His heart felt, and his eye wept, and his hand was ready for all human wretched ness Who so patient with the bad—so gentle to the erring—so tender to the penitent! Who sought his help in vain? What poor beggar un pitied, or poor sinner unpardoned, ever left his door? What blessings fall from the hands, on what errands of mercy went the scarred feet, they nailed, O Calvary, to thy cruel, accursed tree!

In the charity that covereth a multitude of sins that hopeth and believeth all things, I can believe much I believe that God will have mercy on the chief of sinners I believe there is no sin you or I have done but may be washed out in the fountain where sins are lost and souls are saved I believe that the vilest creature who pollutes society and degrades humanity, may creep into heaven at the back of the thief, shine with the purity, and mingle her voice with the song of angels. I believe no one is to be despaired of, not even the man who is just going over into the pit Let him turn to Christ—He saves at the uttermost But I cannot believe that a God of truth, with reverence be it spoken, will tell a lie—and what but a lie were it to say to a man that had wasted his life in ease, and pleasure and self indulgence, Well done! How could He who made it his meat and drink to do his Father s will who lived and laboured for his Father s glory who died for the good of men, say to one who came up with his talent in a napkin, Well done good and faithful servant—follower of mine, Well done! Certainly not None share in Christ s joy but those that, in a sense, have shared in his agony They enter into his rest who, baptized with the Spirit as well as the blood of Calvary have entered into his labours The wages, no doubt, are of grace, yet no work, no wages! No work no wages—as true an aphor ism as the well known saying, No cross no crown Crowns are for living brows but faith without works is dead Ours be such a life as grace forms, and the poet sings,—

> "I live for those that love me,
> For those that know me true
> For the heaven that smiles above me,
> And waits my coming too
> For the cause that lacks assistance,
> For the wrong that need resistance,
> For the future in the distance
> For the good that I can do"

OUR GIRLS

BY A MANCHESTER MAN

We do not envy the family that counts no girls in its number It is like a concert of bass in struments It is like a garden without flowers It is like a grove of sturdy trees without a singing bird For all the lighter and more thrilling tones are wanting in the music of its life We shrink from such a spectacle, as the epicurean Horace would have loathed a solid din ner without his Falernian wine In this human garden vigour and hardihood, like the cabbage and cauliflower, may abound in stalwart proportions, but sad is the dearth of the roses and lilies on which our more delicate perceptions feed In such a temple the essentials of religion may be present, but how do we miss the pure feminine feelings which point us to the skies! Such a human grove may bravely outstand the storm, but there are no warblers to welcome returning sunlight, or to sing the song of hope when the darkest hour draws on Indeed, even with regard to the masculine qualities of endurance and energy, we might well main tain that they never display more manly vigour than when they are the results of feminine inspi ration

We will not undertake to decide the question whether it is better to have eleven daughters and one son, or eleven sons and one daughter, since we should think eleven of either almost equally to be reprobated, but if we wrote M P after our names, the first piece of legislation with which we should bless the country would be a bill to provide that no one should presume to have less than one daugh ter to every three sons The proportion in the other direction we might leave unlimited, for, if we were forced on the horns of so terrible a dilemma, we would accept the responsibilities of Danaus with his fifty daughters much more cheerfully than those of Ægyptus with his similar regiment of fifty sons.

The obligation of sons to mothers, and of hus bands to wives, is perhaps pretty well acknow ledged, though unfortunately not so uniformly re cognised in practice But we doubt whether that of fathers to daughters, or of brothers to sisters, is sufficiently acknowledged even in theory It is surely a beautiful arrangement of the Creator that the son should so frequently resemble the mother, and the daughter the father For thus, though the distinctive attributes of the sexes are always the same, yet an intercommunication of corrective in fluences is maintained The pleasure of the young mother in her babe is said to be more exquisite than any other earthly bliss But if there is a feeling comparable to it, it must be that with which a father regards his growing daughter, as she un-

folds so strange and transformed a likeness of himself. Perhaps no man, except indeed the celebrated Bartle Massey, ever supposed himself capable of improving upon the manner in which women discharge their peculiar duties. But we sometimes wish that we could, if only for a moment, change our sex, and conjure our imagination to tell us what it is to be a woman. In our childhood we have occasionally fixed our eyes upon a star, and gazed at it until it grew on our sight into a world of mystery. We did not indeed altogether adopt the language of the exquisite little poem so popular amongst children. Not "how I wonder what you are," but "what must it be to be there!" was the language of our meditations. To attain such an ethereal height, to stand on such a golden isle, amid such an ocean of blue,—what unimaginable experiences, what heavenly sensations it must produce! Since those times womanhood has often appeared to us just such a distant star, and we have vainly longed to know what there is within those keen sensibilities, those swift flashes of thought, which play like beams of light around that unknown, unknowable mystery, a female personality. Oh, could we transfer our own individuality thither for one short moment, and experience what it is to be there! Yet there is many a father who might, if he liked, come very near indeed to this impossible attainment. His daughter has so much in common with him, that he may almost regard her as his own individuality projected in a female form. It is like the relation of a tune in the minor to the same tune in the major key. Or she may be like a solemn English book translated into French. Such a study must be intensely interesting, and its results at times paradoxical. It often happens that just in proportion as a girl is like her father, a want of harmony arises between them. Her disposition, her temper, her desires, have an indubitable resemblance to his own, but through some negative electricity lurking in the mysterious female nature, all of these take directions such as to astonish and confound the simple masculine mind of the poor father. Indeed we are sure that many fathers if they were awakened to the interest possessed by the feminine translation of themselves in their daughters, would possibly have more patience, and would certainly feel a far more intelligent interest in their growth and education.

If daughters are the feminine translations of men, sisters are their guardian angels. Among human relationships there is hardly any more beautiful than that of a sister to her brother. From the chubby little girl of seven, clinging desperately to her brother's skirts to hold him back from the fray for which he furiously pants, to the gentle confidante of all love's agonies in the heat of the passionate blood, she haunts him as the moon attends the storm clouded earth, peaceful through all her phases and reflecting a heavenly light too often lost to him. Or, perhaps, she races by his side through the early days of life, as the well known babbling brook enlivens the first stages of the young wanderer's journey from his native hamlet into the "wide wide world." Now dancing with joy, now sliding along with a silent fulness of delight, now peeping demurely through the flowers of a maiden's fancy, now darting away with a headlong impulse, and showering back light notes of laughter on the slow efforts of his mind to follow her sallies, she tempts his feet from the hard highways of the world to the hallowed fields of home enjoyment, she banishes all monotony, she freshens the very air he breathes. But all too soon they part company. For her life is absorbed in a stronger current that has been hurrying from unseen lands to meet her, and he, mingling with the boisterous crowds of men, loses the sound of her voice in the roar and raving of the world.

Is all this utopian—ideal? Well, what is idealism but the expansion of an actually existing beauty, till it reaches perfect proportions? The epithet "ideal" is far from being synonymous with "false" or "ridiculous." Idealism is firmly based upon what *is*, and aspires towards what *ought to be*. There is therefore a very clear sense in which it may be truer than actual facts. For actual facts often involve falsehood to divine truth, which idealism never does. Sentimentality, romanticism, may indeed be utterly hollow and false, idealism never. This really means the attainment of the divine idea, and when it is made to signify anything else, that is only an instance of calling things by their wrong names. It is not *my* idea, or *thine*, or *his*, but *God's* idea alone which is the standard of idealism. And if our picture be ideal, it is so only in the sense of being the divine conception of sisterhood. So then let it be granted that the chubby little maiden just now referred to is not unlikely to be rudely shaken off, or even to receive an ungallant blow from the fist of her pugnacious brother, let it be granted, further, that the confidante in love affairs will too probably prove a 'quiz," and take pleasure in tormenting a stricken heart with provoking criticisms on certain eyes and voice and mien, yet after all, such discordant traits are only as spots in the sun, they are only inevitable deviations from perfection in the flower, and we cannot fail to remember, that

dead perfection, no more, is the most withering accusation which a misanthropic lover hurls at the object of his affections. We do not ask for an ideal in facts. If we could not in the fervour of feeling boil down our own facts into ideals, we should deserve to consume them raw, or—what is more likely to happen—submit to be consumed by them. There is no lawful relation in life which does not, when freed from earthly grossness, yield to us a residuum of pure heavenly bliss.

We cherish the memory of three sisters, much like other sisters, perhaps, but for that very reason worthy of remembrance, because they so well illustrate the different aspects under which sisterhood appears. The first we revered as a guardian power. A seniority of three years was quite sufficient to give her that position, but she well deserved it in other respects. Under her care we were introduced to the sorrows and sufferings of a school for young (very young) ladies and gentlemen. O Miss ——, we positively forget your name amidst the multitude of our later troubles, though we solemnly declare that no one ever caused us acuter mental anguish, to say nothing of bodily suffering,—what should we have done in prospect of your terrors, had it not been for the little guardian goddess at our side! With what an inscrutable com-

bination of diplomatic and strategic skill did she design and execute a combined movement from the school room to the cloak room, where we might secretly regale ourselves on the tarts or fruit that she had furtively conveyed thither! Then, too, in our perilous pilgrimage through crowded streets, when we had to cross a wide and busy thorough fare, with what firm patience did she restrain our rashness, with what an eagle glance did she scan the terrible array of jostling carriages, with what swift decision did she dart across just in the very nick of time! Dear little impersonation of woman's practical providence, how often and deeply have we felt your need since then! Blessings drop into our mouth no longer without efforts of our own We have to originate our own diplomacy and strategy now And many a rude hustle and tussle have we encountered in rushing athwart the thoroughfares of human thought under the guid ance of our own rude wits

We bethink us too, of another whose province, if less dignified, was quite as attractive Here it was to join with wild freedom in all our sports, and to believe in our prowess with unshaken faith No protection gave security if her valiant brother was absent, but with him she would face undaunted a whole—herd of cows Indeed, even in the com pany of several grown up friends, hardly anything would induce her to enter a field where these suspicious animals were grazing, but "Oh,' she cried, "I shouldn't care at all if only Jack were here" She had also a strong faith in the univer sality of our knowledge, and the reproach of an abused trustfulness strikes a pang into our con science now, as we faintly remember once convinc ing her that our gracious sovereign's head was made of the purest gold Blessed little image of a woman s loving trust! Our valour and our wisdom have sadly fallen in the market since then

But there was yet another, whose bright little face shines on the fast sinking horizon of those early years, like a light that faintly flickers from a far receding home When all active enjoyments were interrupted by sickness and the idle hours of recovery dragged heavily along, when all others were away at school, and the clock ticked on metho dically through the drowsy afternoon, what solace was there in the childish voice that suddenly stirred the echoes of the deserted house, what pleasure in the pattering footstep that ascended the stair, what amusement in the prattle of the joyous little girl! Often have we returned with fresh zest to sports which the pride of our increasing age would have abandoned but for this pretty companionship, in which we had already an innocent foretaste of the delight which rude man feels in the tender grace of womanhood

It is, perhaps, ever the characteristic of human nature, that we measure out our gratitude in an inverse proportion to the substantial value of the favours we receive, and to the amount of trouble they must have cost A smile excites raptures of thankfulness, when a treasure hardly earned to be poured at our feet is impatiently glanced at, and carelessly accepted The honour we do our bene factor by spending it appears to us the amplest return we can make So it comes to pass that the affectionate lessons of a dearly bought experience, though they may prove to be our salvation, obtain scarcely any of that reverential gratitude which may be purchased by a little pompous patronage Thus also it happens that the radiant innocence of an age younger than our own is sometimes re membered with a more lingering affection than the serviceable qualities of our more equal companions The little sister impersonates all the lighter and more ethereal attractions of womanhood, which, when added to her providence and trustfulness, make her the angel of our lives

To our thinking there is no more exquisite crea ture on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age There is a period in the summer's morning known only to early risers, which com bines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendour of the day There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon, but yet the dew drop glistens on the half opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of woman hood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she foolishly aspires, she glides amongst her grosser play fellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal barges Unconsciousness (alas, how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding, freedom gives her elegance, and health adorns her with beauty Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium For only con sider what a boy is at a similar age With him unconsciousness, or what seems such, has all the effect of stupidity, freedom makes him a bar barian, and health renders him unendurable But the boorish slowness of speech and thought so often characteristic of raw boys, at least in the pre sence of their superiors, is very likely to mislead superficial observers For our part, we believe that stupid boys are often far more self conscious than the sprightliest little coquette Reflection is more natural to the male than to the female mind, and this distinction is generally clear enough at the age under consideration There is much involved in this It must be admitted that, on the whole, at this age boys are rude, and rough, and barbarous, when compared with their female compeers, but even then the future man is the deepest as well as the stronger vessel It is not usual, at least in England, for boys and girls at such an age to be instructed together, but any one who has tried this plan can hardly fail to have noticed how this difference of constitution shows itself in the course of their studies Where a question is asked de manding readiness of faculty, conscientious atten tion, or accurate observation, the probability is it will be answered by a girl before the boys have informed themselves of its meaning But where the application of a principle is concerned, where impressions made have to be reproduced in another form, the girls are soon discouraged, and in the greater number of cases its solution must be ex pected from their externally duller, but really more thoughtful companions. Those, too, who have noticed the different tone of conversation in companies, exclusively formed of boys or girls,

will arrive at the same results It does not often happen that boys talk together seriously of any important topic, but when they do, they pursue it much more earnestly than girls, and are less disposed to be satisfied with conventional utterances But then girls are much more easily interested in such matters, and they acquire knowledge in general much more readily

Now such thoughts suggest a very important question Is that a desirable separation which so frequently deprives children of brotherly or sisterly influences during nearly the whole period of their education? Scotland, and the United States, have in the common schools practically shown the possibility, and we will add, the desirability, of often mingling boys and girls in the same classes But it is not to this that we now principally refer Many parents seem to think they are neglecting the education of their children unless they banish them to boarding schools, where they remain for nine or ten months in the year secluded from all companions but those of their own sex Now whatever be the Divine intention implied in the beautiful relationship of sister and brother during the early years of life it must surely be defeated by such an arrangement as this No doubt there are strong reasons for sending young ladies to spend a year or two, say from sixteen to eighteen years of age, at a high class establishment And the discipline of a public school may be advantageous to boys about the same period of life But the dangers of such an arrangement are well known, and ought to be thoroughly weighed before they are risked And at all events we would earnestly contend, that to as late a period of education as possible, brothers and sisters should be closely and constantly associated together, to exercise that mutually strengthening and refining influence, which must have been part of the Divine plan of the family The wisdom of that plan is plainly enough vindicated by human experience For it can hardly be denied that wherever young people are gathered together in any numbers, exclusively of one sex, the worst features in their character tend to become predominant, and, too often, the worst individuals become supreme What assembly is more fierce, cruel, and unfeeling than a body of boarding school "young gentlemen?" Or, where is more shallow and heartless levity to be met with than amongst a bevy of boarding school misses? This is just what we ought to expect from the tendencies of either sex unconteracted by the influence of the other Indeed, we perhaps keep quite within the spirit of the words, if not to their original and immediate intention, when we say of brother and sister, as well as of man and wife, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" Let the bond be well secured in the early years of life, for all too soon the world will interfere with its disenchantments to break so holy a spell As the passion for excitement gathers strength, the attractions of home grow pale, and in this case, as in many others, it is women who suffer most from the changes of life After having served for eighteen or twenty years as the faithful fags of their lordly brothers, they are left to spend their evenings as they may, or to encounter in their pursuit of pleasure or profit all the distresses of the "unprotected female" It is not at such an age that the memories of childhood have become the golden legend of our lives, nor do we readily connect the perhaps sad and sorrow laden face of the woman with the fairy companion of other days But blessed are they who, while always seeking something new, can still keep old treasures cherished in their hearts, blessed are they who, while going manfully to conquer unknown lands, are still cheered by the echo of familiar voices True love after all is scarce, and we should not rashly cast away any that we have, however much we may hope yet to find Sometimes though the sight is rare enough to have an unusual interest, we meet with an ancient white haired man and woman calling each other "brother and "sister" still They have seen much and have wandered far, but the struggles of life have passed away like shapes in the troubled clouds, while the brook over which he used to carry her, or the garden seat where she watched for his return from school, are fresh in the memory as this morning's sunrise And when they enter the kingdom of heaven together, they shall not be divided, but brotherhood and sisterhood there will renew the radiant joys of childhood's companionship, heightened now and glorified by the discipline of life They entered this world through one gateway, hand in hand, so, hand in hand, they shall pass the everlasting doors which guard the hill of the Lord, to mount with equal steps through all the ascending glories of a future state.

Sacred are the founts of life from which we flow, and most sacred is the tie of a common origin If then we would keep them holy, it is not so much priests, as priestesses, that we need Girls are the Vestal Sisterhood that guard domestic life Therefore whatever Gaul be thundering at the gates, or sedition racking us within, let peace and love and devotion ever surround our girls

J A P

COMING HAME

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN"

The lift is high and blue,
And the new moon glints through
The bonnie corn stooks o' Strathairly
My ship's in Largo Bay,
And I ken it weel—the way
Up the steep, steep base o' Strathairly.

When I sailed over the sea,
A laddie bold and free,—
The corn sprang green on Strathairly,
When I come back again,
'Tis an auld man walks his lane,
Slow and sad through the fields o' Strathairly.

O' the shearers that I see,
Ne'er a body kens me,
Though I kent them a' at Strathanly,
And this fashion wife I pass,
Can she be the braw lass
That I kissed at the back o' Strathanly?

Oh, the land's fine, fine!
I could buy it a for mine,
My gowd's yellow as the stooks o' Strathanly;
But I fun yon lad wad lie,
That sailed owre the salt sea,
When the dawn rose grey on Strathanly.

THE BEE HIVE CLOSE

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

"Look carefully, Father Francis"

"I can't see anything to look at"

"The day is cold, I know, and in weather like this they do keep within But just put your ear down, there now—you might fancy they were all dead"

Tall Francis did put his ear down to one of the hives, and as he was deaf he heard nothing whatever

"Pooh! I never saw them make more noise than they do now And, besides, what should they want?"

"Honey, perhaps"

Francis shrugged his shoulders.

"Greedy creatures!"

"Since you last lifted off the lid in August, the sunflora having been cut, they cannot have brought in much"

"Idle beasts!"

The reader has already guessed that the foregoing council was held in the garden, in front of the row of hives, close to the Service Tree arbour

There was no disputing it, the day was a grey one, the light was dull, the Jura was three parts capped with cloud The bees in question, crowded up at the bottom of the hive, had not a word to say, not even a sentinel at the door of the hive, not a single sound The most acute ear could not have detected that low hum which recalls the distant murmurs of some great city There was no waxen fragrance, no warmth perceptible, one's hand placed upon the plaited straw of the cover, only encountered a damp chill

I own that a fear seized me, a panic, perhaps

I am fond of my bee hives Of the bees themselves, considered personally, by no means They are rabid socialists these insects, waging deadly war against all individuality, republicans, after the fashion of Lycurgus Now I have about as much fancy for Lycurgus as children have, and they invariably detest him

Contempt for family ties, overthrow of the domestic hearth, one level passed over all heads alike, a queen who governs nothing, sanguinary laws brutality of character, riches incessantly accumulated, and prosaically spent (except indeed when man pillages them), the most rigorous utilitarianism, the most mechanical regularity, not a fancy, not an artist among them, there are your bees for you To say nothing of their killing their husbands

But the bee hives! Oh, the hives are the very glory of the garden! A garden without hives has lost its rustic character, no hum, no stir about it, it may indeed be admired, it interests and attaches no longer

And what shall we say of a garden where the hives are dying away! It suggests ruin, a cold breath has passed over it The country people shake their heads 'bee hives low, sign of woe'

Absurd though it be, this popular superstition chills my heart I don't believe in it, of course, and yet when one hive dies one day and another the next, and there are gaps between the pretty straw roofs on the stand, and silence instead of the merry buzz and hum, and instead of the winged cloud, the transparent veil floating in the air, a mere blank, a desert space traversed every now and then by some single sickly bee, why then, in spite of myself, I am conscious of a vague uneasiness

Reason dispels it, but—one does not always reason

If you have any knowledge of bees, you know the freaks they take in the matter of life and death If, like me, you have ever seen in the course of one single spring all the glory of your hives depart, if from twenty, from thirty straw roofs, your republics have dwindled to the prophetic number seven, why then you will understand my qualms on that particular morning, and the tone in which I said to tall Francis, "Decidedly we must examine the state of the hives"

A difficult person to manage this said tall Francis Deaf enough to disconcert thunder itself, and obstinate, too For the rest, a fine frank nature, faithful, solid, and plenty of intelligence

Tall Francis has numbered some seventy years or so, and more than that, he has his thirty two teeth in his head, dazzlingly white still When he laughs—and he does not stint himself in that respect—they light up his handsome face Erect, firmly knit, with features of a singularly noble type, a forest of grizzling hair, and eyes that sparkle

Like old Nicholas, his predecessor, Francis is lame His lameness depends a good deal, however, upon the mood he is in If much thwarted he limps exceedingly But let some sudden emotion scare him—anger, pleasure, surprise, away goes the staff, tall Francis draws himself up, walks smartly, nay, has been seen to run

Francis deals with the bees as he does with life in general, in a military manner

"I clean up your dwellings in March, I take your swarms in June in July I rid you of your surplus stores, I stop up your door with a fir branch in December, I feed you in February Die or live, do what you will the sky may fall if it likes, I am not going to change my way"

If this were not said in so many words, this was his train of thought As to precautions or civilities, as to putting on the armour of old Nicholas, ensconcing his hands in his gauntlets, tapping on the roof, repeating the magic psalm—

"Lord, turn thy wrath, I pray,
From me away,
Just though it be,
How can I hope to stand,
If thou thy angry hand
Earnest gainst me?'

I should think not, indeed! Sting away, here goes! Why, if tall Francis gave a suppressed whistle, while, with revolted myriads burning round him, he grasped the cluster of some young swarm hanging to an apple tree, it was the most he ever did

"Father Francis, this silence is not natural"

"I suppose as how they have nothing to say"

"Suppose, Francis, we were just to look—"

"What at?'

"Under one of the lids"

"What for?"

"To see what is underneath"

"Bees are underneath"

"I hope so There may, however, be something else"

Francis looked at me attentively.

"An enemy may be there"

He shrugged his shoulders

"You don't know it, Francis" (I was wrong to begin in that way!) "You don't know it, Francis, but bees have a terrible enemy! the fly of the wood worm!"

"The fly of what?"

"Of the wood-worm or book louse It gets under the hives by night, bores into the honeycomb, lays its eggs there; out of the egg comes a

ravenous worm, this worm devours all before it, the workers get discouraged, the swarm dies off"

As I spoke, Francis opened his bewildered eyes wider and wider My last word spoken he opened his mouth mordmately, and gave a peal of laughter so loud, so triumphant, so jovial, that I was paralysed by it

"Come now," he rejoined at once, as he recovered his gravity, "you believe that?"

"Certainly I do"

"Who told you so?"

"I have read it"

"Have you seen it?"

"No, but—'

"Well, then, when I have *seen* it, I shall believe it too'

And tall Francis began to hum a song while vigorously dusting away the spiders' webs hanging at the corner of the stand Then as he was at bottom courteous under a rough exterior, and afraid of having hurt my feelings—

"I know the reason well enough, I do"

I did not reply

"Was it not bought, this one here?" He tapped the silent hive as he spoke I nodded assent

"Well then, you know the proverb' (He was more cunning than I thin tall Francis, he said 'you know,) "bee hive bought comes to nought

It was my turn to shrug my shoulders

"And then, again, who was it sold it you? Uncle John at Grimalhels?" and he pointed to a farm that lay east

'Yes"

"A hive carried away *backwards*, how can you expect it to get on?"

"Backwards?"

'Name o' dear! I have not read your books, I have not But for all that, one has some gumption

"Father Francis, do explain yourself"

"First of all, they are not things to buy, hives are not You give somewhat against them, apples bacon provisions of some sort They should not be bought if you want to see them thrive Then when people get them, they should not go up to them in front to carry them off backwards They should go close to the mountains, up behind them, and carry them *forwards* Dear heart! bees! they should lead the way"

He laughed, but this time moderately, then added, "But as to that about your flies"—he shook three fingers of one hand, took his crutch, leant heavily upon it, and went his way

"Very well, then," I murmured, as I went up the garden steps

"Get ready the *char à banc*" As soon as the horses were to,—"To the Bee hive Close"

I did not go to this close, to see the bees there I went to consult a master mind, a clever man of whom I had heard Near neighbour as he was, I did not know him personally It often happens so in our country places There are secret colonies, villages far removed from any others, men equally isolated, and the ground is so uneven, there are so many woods, so many thick orchards all round, that you may breathe the same air for twenty years running, and yet be quite unconscious of your neighbour I had a general idea in which direction the close lay, and besides—"You'll find it safe enough," so I had been told, so in our good country ends all information given as to roads

The weather was what country people call good The sky, without any light in it, seemed to press upon the earth, a close heat oppressed the breathing, one hardly knew whether rain were falling, or the fog wetting one, out of the wide amphitheatre of rocks which we were nearing, one only peak emerged from the mist into bright sunshine The cattle were browsing the soaked grass Small flowers pushed up wherever there was open space for them, the mild autumn had brought them out Blue harebells, daisies, and on the stubble fields not yet broken up by the plough, a few wild pansies The children who herded cows and she goats were making their fires against the old willows The smoke trailed low over the ground, some little shepherd lad came to throw in his armful of wood, then drew back, wreathed in spires of yellow smoke which the flames burst through, while we heard the last green leaves crackle as one by one the fire caught them

The trees were still laden with small pears in thousands, pears called *blessons* with us, of which perry is made They grow in clusters, yellow as amber, amidst red sprays of leaves standing out from the green foliage Sometimes all one side of a tree was dyed scarlet The great walnut trees stretched out their half bare arms The frosty fogs of early morning, as well as the long poles of the walnut gatherers, had despoiled them The *joran* had swept the plain with his mighty breath October was beginning to unclothe the orchards

We have crossed the plain, passed the first village, let us leave the second, buried in its ravine (the weather cock on its steeple just on a level with our road), we are right so far Now then to the left? No, to the right A few minutes consideration, and—I declare I no longer know which way to take

Fortunately an old man emerges from the wood —the village postman—a threadbare waistcoat, a half worn out leather bag, a cap that has seen many winters

"The way to Vincent's, please"

The old man lifts his head, shades his eyes with his hand, not that the sun is dazzling him, though

"Dear me! good people, you are out of your way"

"That may be"

"You have come over so much too far."

"Very probable"

"Just turn round slap"

"What next?"

"Oh, dear! what next! That's not so easy to tell you'

"Come, now, is it above or below?"

"As to below, it's not below As to above, it's not exactly above either"

The worthy man raises his cap, scratches his forehead, and goes on in a clear voice—

"When you get opposite the large house, the first you come to, you turn round slap There is a road by there, you'll go along it a bit, you'll cross the meadow that James owns, because, you see, Vincent's house is out of sight"

Here our friend turned his cap, coughed, and went on —

Lor bless us! you'll find it, safe enough!

We remained motionless.

"All the same though, if you like, I don't mind showing you!

"And your letters?"

"Dear sakes! as to my letters, they've all the day before them!"

The good man got up on our carriage. We turn *slap round* as he said, in meadows, in clay hollows through hedges, stony places, brooks, and the rest.

'Now then, here you are!'

The old postman jumps down, a hearty shake of the hand, a little gift to keep up kindly feeling, and good bye!

A singular scene: a valley of brightest green. To the east the forest, very sombre and dark, stretching out into the mist. In the fields some larches, a breath of the *joran* from the mountain raises their branches, as like a touch of the ideal in a rather commonplace landscape. Great walnut trees stretch out their strong branches, half clad with moss, the bulging roof of the cottage, too, is mossed over brown velvet shot with gold. The enclosure stretches out beyond, one only sees the porch. The spring pours its copious tide into a wooden trough. Green filaments washed by the crystal clear water, droop from every crevice, and large leaved plants grow between the basin and the sunken pavement.

No one to be seen. We knock call—no answer. Meanwhile the door yawns a little, and through the aperture appears the face of a great lad.

"Thus then, is the Bec hive plot?"

"Yes!"

"Are you not Vincent's son?"

"Yes!"

"Can we see your father?" The boy shuffled his feet, and did not answer.

"Do you know where he is?"

Continued silence. The great lad tries to kick out a stone with his heel.

"Where is your father? Cannot you then tell me where your father is?"

The great lad makes up his mind.

"He is not that far."

"If he be not *that far*, go and look for him."

The great lad looks at the horses, looks at the *char à banc*, looks at the coachman, looks at me. He finds out, it seems, that we all five have good countenances, for he turns towards the enclosure and calls out "Father, there are folks here a wanting you."

Come, let us take courage and cross the threshold. The lad has decamped. Vincent does not show. While he, ensconced in some nook or other, is weighing the *pros* and *cons*, I examine the enclosure.

The roof of the porch projects like a hood. It forms in front of the building one of those wide shelters that tell of tranquil happiness, rustic toil, long spun out chats at evening, when the moon shines and the dews fall, when the old men relate stories of long ago, the little children jump amidst the straw, and the young girls steep their arms in the spring, when the air is fresh, the night calm, when heaven is filled with stars, and the giant mountain, black against the transparent sky, seated in its immutability, looks down on all.

In front of the house, which was humble looking, and of the cow houses, from whence came warm emanations, the garden formed a circle, enclosed by a wooden fence with the bark on. At this time of year one only found here what one found in all garden plots, beds laid waste, lettuces with straggling leaves, a few tufts of still fresh parsley, a transitory chrysanthemum, and against the wall a Bengal rose with buds of vivid red, and leaves that seem to be varnished, their green is so brilliant.

My attention was fixed, however, by something else, the singular decoration of the enclosure. Hives everywhere! Everywhere, above, below, these little straw caps, round, smooth, neat, not one empty! They are arranged like a string of pearls on the beams of the porch, they hang on the wall they climb upon the roof, they frame the doors they run along the lintels, they hardly leave space for the windows. Hives on everything under everything: you do not see a stone or a plank, you only see hives.

There are some trunks of trees cut down just as they grew in the forest, with their swarms—the hollows still hang from the main branch, the bees go in and out through the little round hole under the bark. Here and there are rare little ornamented dwellings. But it is chiefly the old fashion of hive rustic, solid comfortable, that protects the loves of the bees. The inmates thus foggy morning move almost as little as with me. But you feel that they are all alive within.

Meanwhile Vincent, a man of mature age, without being old, comes slowly out of his barn. His furtive glance, which just takes me in in passing, stretches on through the open door to the *char à banc* then returns and questions me.

Whether it be the carriage, although but a countrified conveyance, or the early hour, or merely the invasion of his premises, Vincent's face expresses defiance. An impassive and melancholy face enough. Vincent places one foot on the garden fence rests his elbow on his knee, his chin on his hand, and continues to look at me.

The first civilities exchanged—

"You are very skilful in your management of bees."

'Rather."

'Your fame is established." Vincent smiled.

"Excuse my visit, perhaps rather an indiscreet one." Vincent did not contradict me.

"I am come to ask your advice." Vincent raised his eyelids.

"My hives are out of order." The same silent smile.

"I have confidence in your judgment."

This man, in the midst of his bees, intimidates me more than a monarch upon his throne.

At length, at length, Vincent is persuaded of my honest intentions, sees that I do not come to laugh at or deceive him.

He unbends a little without committing himself, and speaks.

He speaks in a minor key, in a low, steady voice, expressive of strength of will, severe, inexorable

will His eyes are habitually shaded by his long lashes If I happen to say anything much to the point, he opens them, they give out a flash of light, laugh silently, then they are quenched again

The bees, thawed by the midday hours, come and go around us As we go on talking Vincent soft ens An exceeding *rassymes*, which in no way interferes with perfect honesty, blends in his face with inexpressible composure He retains his attitude, listens and replies to me in sensible, appropriate language He has read all that scientific men have written about bees But he thinks highly of Huber alone, perhaps of himself too—his way of casting down his eyes looks like it

While quite a child Vincent brought up bees He had to serve ten months to pay for his first hive, rather less than Jacob did for Rachel Observation has taught him what he knows, Huber has only confirmed the teachings of experience Vincent has tried many different methods He has constructed complicated hives, imported foreign bees, the simple plan is the best, the bee of the country is the most skilful worker

As for village prejudices, the cloak of old Father Nicholas, the whistling of tall Francis, even the magic charm, mere superstition! Vincent says so, with one of his furtive under glances, one of those smiles full of hidden meanings

Nevertheless, if Vincent be not credulous, he is believing Two words give one to understand that His is a biblical conviction, born under the shadow of the Book in solitude

As for his skill—'tis a mere nothing "I know them, they know me That is all One day last summer thirty swarms came out in three clusters One had to separate them to choose out the queens

'They must have riddled you with stings

"No'

"Then you have a charm'

'I am fond of them and never get angry They know that sooner or later I shall have my way

"You keep your swarms through the winter?'

"Some of them"

"And the others?'

Vincent was silent, then in his gentle, rather muffled voice "One has to smoke them'

I could not help a slight movement He detected it

"Formerly I was unwilling to do so Not now"

After a short silence, and one of his singular, almost sad smiles, "Everything dies'

Involuntarily I recalled the Hegelian captain

Vincent, by this time quite satisfied as to my intentions, quitted his fence He passed from one hive to the other, showed me their doors half closed, three quarters closed, according to the kind or the size of the swarm He gave me an account of the invasions of spoilers, explained the treatment of the wax, then sat down in the porch amidst the straw and the newly peeled brambles, and began to shape a hive as he spoke

"If you like to see the melting of the wax, just step in to my wife in the kitchen"

Vincent went on with his work I obeyed There was a caldron on the fire, behind a cloud of fragrant vapour I could see a figure "You are Vincent's wife?"

The figure came forward, fragile but graceful

There are some women who continue to be girls all their life Throughout their pilgrimage they retain the simplicity, the timidity, the innocent wondering of fifteen Others, matrons from childhood, walk through life with a magisterial air, composed, deliberate from their first spring to white haired age, they are born to reign

Vincent's Louise was not one of these

Beneath a few wrinkles which already marked her brow, bloomed the enduring spring of an ingenuous soul Her clear eyes smiled When she saw me she was neither surprised nor put out

Her first word was "Excuse me'

The disorder of the room, her coarse linen apron, the wax, the smoke,—she begs pardon for all

We soon fell into conversation In summer she worked in the garden, and prepared the wax In winter she made lace

"One has plenty to amuse one

"Will you make a piece of lace for me?'

"I?'

"You!'

When she was quite convinced that this was said seriously, that I was asking for her work that she would have to keep her bobbins going throughout the winter months, a smile of delight lit up her face But could she indeed believe it It was far too great an honour Then came the showing off of the pattern, an old superannuated pattern which had been the pride of our grandmothers, of the cushion with its gay mistress,—pins with ruby and emerald heads, and their numberless little attendants long thin, a forest of them, and then of the but already begun! 'If I liked it as it was,' else she could easily make it wider or narrower according to my taste

Then, with a sudden reaction, and a deep sigh, "You see,' she said, 'I am only a second wife, it is a serious thing to come and be a second

As I was silent, she went on

'One might be happy Vincent is fond of me But, you see, the sons are grown up When we get on well, the father and I, they think I am turning him from them, they go about among the neighbours, and listen to gossip, and then I have a hard time of it"

"Try to gain their hearts"

"They want the property, and to have their own way'

"Since your husband is fond of you, all will be well'

"He is master"

She said it with her innocent look with entire truth At that moment her blue eye had an angel's peace in it

I took leave of Louise, who accompanied me to the porch Timid in her husband's presence, she hardly dared to speak but her embarrassment arose rather from the fear to displease him, than from any darker fear In looking at her, his face wore an expression of most dignified benignity A man of few words, a will secure of its own strength, an authority that needed no raised voice, or strong language to enforce it Master, as Louise had truly said, master of himself—master of the universe One could read it in his deep eyes.

"You will come to see my hives?"

"I'll go"

He came

He came on one of those fine autumnal days, more rich in brilliancy and poetry than the days of spring

The frost had not touched the garden The asters were laden with insects in bright armour, that bent their blue stars and snowy clusters down There were sheaves of golden rod, the roses were half opening, the carnations perfumed the air, against the old walls the nasturtiums displayed their little hoods of brown velvet and yellow brocade, pale yellow, deep yellow, mingling with the now blue now purple bells of the great convolvulus Above, the pear trees spread their russet branches The mignonette breathed the fragrance of flowering vines Some wandering mist had been caught on the mountain pines, and hung there like tufts of wool

I had sent for tall Francis

Two such potentates, face to face before the hives,—I own that I was frightened at my own audacity

Vincent was walking up and down meditatively, waiting for Francis

As for touching or even looking at the hives in the absence of the bee master, his exquisite courtesy forbade that

Francis appeared in the orchard I trembled a little He was leaning heavily upon his staff—a bad sign, with a rough hand he lifted the bar of the door, opened both leaves, walked straight up to Vincent, and measured him with his eye

The impassive Vincent let him do so Then he raised his hat I do not know how his imperturbable calm contrived instantly to quell the boiling mood of the tall Francis But by a sudden reaction the latter began to take the occurrence in good part

"You are come to look at the hives?"

Vincent smiled, and gave a glance at me which freed him from all responsibility in the matter

The other shook his head "Whims, delusions" were plainly written on his mocking lips Side by side the two powers advanced towards the hives

They had not lifted two lids before tall Francis was listening, open mouthed, to the instructions of the *master* How judiciously, how politely Vincent gave them! Praise aptly bestowed, doubt skilfully introduced

"Monsieur knows the subject, he understands me, there is no need to remind Monsieur, he well knows" . . . Tall Francis felt his self respect increase each moment, as well as his immense opinion of his brother bee master He was subdued, convinced, proud, pleased, and this all at the same time

But with the bees it was another affair

Vincent moved, handled them, not aggressively, gently, his will always exerted and immutable, his approach quieted, his touch seemed to magnetize them, they let him have his way almost passively—they, so ready to take offence But in return they vented their spite on Francis

None of your manners!" said the latter, who was bent on establishing his rightful authority "Come, come, by fair means or foul, in you go!" More flurried than he chose to appear, tall Francis was rough with them, thwarted them, evidently jarred their nerves Consequently myriads settled on him, stings by the dozen! Then, with his tanned hand, he would snatch them away from his throat, his temples, of very Russia leather, with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders, expressive of the utmost scorn.

"Fire away! willy, nilly, we shall see who is strongest"

It was pretty evident who came off worst

That morning positively they were unmanageable One hive especially that stood in the middle, its inmates were quite rabid Francis could not go near it without a cloud swooping down upon him.

His colleague approached, looked full at them in his imperturbable way Before a moment was over, the terrible hum, the formidable storm, was quieted

"I know them," said Vincent, with his mellow voice, whose tones were still further softened 'Perfect *tigers*' I had some, I've cut them down They always stand sentinel, four together, at the door They see everything, and dash at their prey At the present time they are quiet enough Look at those square heads, the bull dogs of bees that they are"

The tall Francis gave one of his noisy laughs, the whole swarm rushed out of the hive, in two leaps he was out of reach His lameness was gone, his stick flew over the wall, but, as honour forbade his further retreat, he ran after me with a hat full of bees in a bad state, the bees furious, and kept calling out, "There are your worms, there they are, sure enough But as to your flies!!!"

Vincent had not moved, the *tigers* had not touched him He remained impassive in the midst of the revolted community When their great rage had a little cooled down—

"You will destroy them"

"At home," he went on, "they did not let my wife go out of doors My first, I mean"

Tall Francis, at a little distance, somewhat more composed, was kneading the cement which was to fix the cleaned hives in their place

'Do your sons help you in the management of your bees?'

'They don't know how"

"Don't they get a taste for it in seeing how you set about it?"

"No He who wants to govern must love"

'They don't love bees, then?"

"They are proud When the bees sting, they curse them They have got that from their mother She hated them"

"And your Louise?"

An expression of tenderness passed over his face, he smiled

"She's fond of them, but she is afraid, too, with bees you must have neither fear nor anger"

The ice was quite broken, we conversed freely Vincent told me, "My sons are men, they forget that I brought them up. They would like to manage the property in my time, and to have my wife for servant That shall not be" Then a look of kindness lit up his face, "I shall find a way to satisfy them." The tone was the same,

not a fibre of his frame quivered, I recognised the master still, but withal a wisdom, a justice, which would not spare himself if need were

This summer I revisited the Bee hive Close I revisited it in a glorious day of July Out of every field poured carts laden with sheaves, followed by fair and laughing girls In charming nooks on the hill side, under the walnut trees which tarnished the yellow evening light, were whole families engaged in plucking up hemp The women placed it on the ground in neatly-crossed bundles, from which an intoxicating aroma escaped Their husbands came, walking before carts drawn by oxen, and piled up the smooth sheaves, the little children jumped with joy Under the orchard there were innumerable flecks of quivering, living light, such as Claude Lorraine loves to brighten his canvas with Everywhere green suffused with gold, cool freshness, exuberance, masses of clematis thrown on every hedge, trees bending beneath their fruit, caressing breezes amidst the flowering clover, a smile of Paradise that had strayed to earth

While I passed through the meadow two somewhat clumsy young men, Vincent's sons, were digging with a rather abashed air

'I have satisfied them, said Vincent "They have the farm made over to them They are strong and will make it answer As for me I am off with my wife and my hives I am going to another and a more retired station"

Vincent had taken a noble course, upright and generous, only his glance wandered a little sadly over the enclosure that he loved

As for Louise, she was radiant She measured her piece of lace out before me, her hands trembling with pleasure, she passed it backwards and forwards, there it was, even transparent, not a blemish and as she rolled it over her fingers, she went on to say, 'The father has decided Now the sons are anxious, they are sorry, they want to keep the father, and me to make the soup The father is wise When once father has spoken!'

Louise shook her head That was saying all

As for me, I remained long with my elbow resting on the fence of the enclosure I was not to see Jesus

The larches were waving their branches, more delicate than Louise's lace even, and scattering ambrosial fragrance on the air High up on the mountain, mists, all bathed with radiance, marked out the forms of the rocks that stretched away, some white beneath a wandering light, the others dark with growing shadow Amidst the silence round, one heard the indistinct murmur of three hundred hives One would have said a mighty river rushing by

The garden was dazzling A regular village garden Who can describe its wild freshness there, in the midst of the orchard and forest?

Have greenhouses, if you will, have gardeners, procure rare plants by dint of money, do all you can, worry ever so much, as they say with us, there is something you will not attain to—these bursts of unrestrained nature, this strength of sap, this luxuriant abundance

Never, do what you may, will your carnations swell into enormous tufts as these do Never will your climbing roses shoot up straight into giraudoles, over laden with clusters of flowers In these gardens there are exquisite tapestries hanging over tumble down walls, there are moss covered rose trees old roses with a hundred leaves, and variegated roses beyond anything you can see elsewhere You may have fangled roses hardly afford you a few buds in November, these, the roses of our grandmothers, lavish upon you in November, as you pass them by, the sweetness of May

Each little garden has its own peculiar flower One has the tulip another the wall flower Some morning a neighbour, who cleared it out of his own plot, chanced to give it The plant has found its proper soil, it spreads, it abounds

In these gardens, too grow sweet balm, basilica, marjoram, mint, and sage, which fine gardens no longer have

When winter comes—the cracked pots, the ill made boxes, are ranged on the window Then, on the ledge behind the panes, the mignonette pushes out its green tufts, the great red carnation displays its serrated calyx, some bright winged bee will come thither in April, and gorge himself with nectar

Yes, if you would tell me of flowers, tell me of wandering with sundry baskets hanging to one's arm among the beds in the old garden, the old fashioned garden, and gathering them there The incense rises from the cut blossoms, one's steps tread lightly in the morning air, the mountain shoots up straight against the sky a thousand busy insects plunge into the chalices around, the eye is intoxicated with bright colours Here are delicate stripes, pencil strokes, blended shades, strongly defined hues, infinitely varied forms, here is the royal beauty of some matchless rose here the drop of dew, here the magnificence of God

And how near me He is, this great God, who has created the earth, the young flower covered earth When I raise my eyes, I see the abysmal depths of the blue sky, it seems to me that I see my Lord The songs of the reapers are heard in the fields The young girl who has been gleaning since the dawn, returns with her sheaf upon her head, the little children run after her each bush seems to catch some fragments, so to speak, of mirth and joy The rays of the sun look like ears of gold Largess! Largess! from the high heavens to earth! The corn carts groan beneath their burdon, each little girl who passes keeps a tight hold of her apple filled apron, the lambs bound amidst the tufted grass, the bird who skims me with his wing lights upon the ruddy cherry tree, and I gather, I go on gathering, I heap up my sweet smelling sheaves, and my heart, too, sings to the Lord

It was thus I mused Thus I returned. Close of the Bee hives, fare thee well!

Switzerland, *Sept* 1861

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—AS THEY ARE AT PRESENT

The South Sea Islands, as they are at the present day, may be looked at with advantage from three points as they will appear respectively to the missionary, the merchant, and the man of science As we have already seen discovery or enterprise in the South Seas may be divided into three periods the commercial, the scientific, and the Christian From Magellan to Cook, ambition and cupidity, political power and the acquisition of gold, were the moving and guiding principles of action among discoverers From Cook till the end of the last century scientific pursuits and the general interests of humanity were the objects chiefly kept in view During the present century, Christianity has been the ruling element, and has largely contributed to the interests of both commerce and science Indeed it is now clear as day, that it is only so far as Christianity is extended, that commercial and scientific objects can be attained throughout those islands It is only Christianity that brings security to life and property, and develops the industry of the natives and the resources of the islands Our present survey shall be taken chiefly from the missionary or Christian stand point—not, however, overlooking the other two

Beginning with Polynesia we may remark that the missions among the Malay Polynesians, and indeed in the South Seas generally, have excited much less interest during the last twenty years, than they did during the twenty years previous to that time During the last twenty years, India, China Western Asia, the continent of Europe, and latterly Dr Livingstone's discoveries in Africa, have all attracted public attention to a greater degree than the South Sea Islands From what cause it has arisen we know not, but true it is, that fewer men of distinguished eminence have appeared in the South Sea missions than in most other mission fields John Williams is almost the only man that has acquired a world wide reputation His labours, his writings, and his death, all contributed to this As a body, the South Sea missionaries will bear comparison with any equal number of missionaries anywhere, but they have had fewer names pre eminently distinguished than some others The nature of their labours may partly account for this They have been workers, rather than writers, patient, plodding perseverance, rather than daring enterprise, has been their allotted work But although Polynesia has attracted less of public attention than some other mission fields during the last twenty years, the different missions throughout those islands have been advancing as steadily, and making, upon the whole, as satisfactory progress, as at any period of their history Our limits prevent us entering into details, but a few general statements will fully corroborate all that we have asserted

Twenty years ago, as we have already stated, nearly the whole of Polynesia was Christianized, nearly the entire population had professed Christianity, the only thing that remained to be done was to consolidate the new religion, and develop among them a truly Christian character Let us inquire how far this has been accomplished It is gratifying to think that there has been no apostasy, no going back to heathenism, not a group, not an island, not even a tribe has renounced Christianity During the violent excitement of war, or under peculiar temptations, heathen rites and practices have been revived, but in no case has there been any deliberate and persistent return to idolatry and heathenism In Samoa, civil war raged for nine long years and greatly retarded the progress of the mission and many heathen practices were resuscitated, but since peace was restored some years ago, Christianity has been quite in the ascendant, and is advancing steadily In New Zealand also, for a number of years past, a worldly, money loving spirit has been fearfully on the increase, almost completely overlaying the principles of Christianity among them But this has been occasioned by their coming so suddenly, and so exclusively into contact with the colonists, and obtaining so easily such an amount of money among them, for lands, for labour, and for produce, the temptations were so powerful that the result need neither surprise nor discourage any one For, alas! our fellow countrymen who ought to have been vastly better fortified than the natives against temptations to worldly mindedness, have suffered nearly as much from it as the poor Maories themselves Flushed with wealth, and with the old war spirit still strong in their nature, a portion of them have once and again raised the standard of rebellion The government and the great body of the settlers have, in general, treated them not only with justice, but also with great and considerate kindness Still it cannot be denied, that among our countrymen there have been parties who, actuated by a base selfishness, have sought either to take undue advantage of the natives, or else, to gain some selfish object, have excited a discontented spirit among them, in order to embarrass the government in their policy In this way the poor misguided natives have been as often sinned against as sinning For now, when peace is concluded with them, the cause of the war is to be re examined In every group the natives have had peculiar temptations, but in every case the genuineness of their religious profession has in the end been fully attested In Tahiti, France and Rome have done their utmost for nearly twenty long years the missionaries were in effect banished and yet, out of 8000 people, the number of converts to Popery amounts only to a few hundreds, and the church members were never more numerous than they are at present

While none of the South Sea missionaries have astounded the world by the discovery or exploration of unknown regions, or published works that took the scientific world by surprise, they have been quietly, diligently, and prayerfully prosecuting their daily avocations, and silently producing results that ought to claim attention from the Christian public, and they have been sustained by the different societies at home in a way that shows clearly

how highly their labours are appreciated by those best acquainted with the circumstances in which they are placed, and who are best able to judge of what they are doing. Fifty years ago, not one of the Polynesians could read a single word. There was not a word printed in the language. Not a single book existed amid all those countless isles. In 1818 the first sheet of the Scriptures in the Tahitian language was printed by the Rev. Mr. Ellis already referred to. Now the whole Bible has been translated into the Tahitian language, printed in many editions, and read by the entire population. The whole Bible has been translated into the language of Rarotonga and the Hervey Islands, two editions printed and read by the entire people. The whole Bible has been translated into the language of Samoa, printed and read by the whole population. The same can be said of Hawaii, of Tonga, of New Zealand, and of Fiji. The whole Bible has been translated into six distinct dialects of the Polynesian language, and also into the language of Fiji, which is not a different dialect but a different language. The New Testament is also all translated into the language of Aneityum, another distinct language, and, under the favour of Providence, will be printed in a few months.

When the missionary barque, the "John Williams," returned to England in 1860, she had on board the Rev. G. Turner, with a corrected copy of the entire Samoan Bible, for a second edition, to be printed with marginal references, and the Rev. G. Gill, with a corrected copy of the entire Rarotongan Bible, for a third edition, to be printed also with marginal references. And, but for the unexpected illness of a brother missionary, the Rev. A. Chisholm would have come in the vessel, and brought with him a corrected copy of the entire Tahitian Bible, for a third edition, to be printed also with marginal references, but he arrived in England two months after the 'John Williams.' And I brought with me a translation of the entire New Testament in the Aneityum language, to have the first complete edition printed. Since the world began was any single ship ever freighted with three distinct translations of the entire Bible and a fourth of the New Testament to be printed? The fabled 'Argo' with the golden fleece, and the richest of the royal argosies that have sailed from Australia, California or Columbia are not once to be compared in real value with the homeward cargo of the 'John Williams.' Who can calculate what may be the moral and spiritual effects of the Word of God, opened and read in four different languages?

For wherever the Scriptures are translated into the vernacular tongue, says Dr. Claudius Buchanan, 'and are open and common to all, inviting attention and causing discussion, they cannot remain a dead letter.' When the Scriptures speak to a heathen in his own tongue, his conscience responds, 'This is the word of God.' The man who produces a translation of the Bible into a new language (like Wickliffe, and Luther, and Ziegenbalg, and Carey) is a greater benefactor to mankind than the prince who founds an empire. For the 'incorruptible seed of the Word of God' can never die. After ages have revolved it is still producing new accessions of truth and human happiness." Portions of the Scriptures have been translated into nearly as many other languages. The missionaries have also prepared and printed in all these languages a number of other books, primers, catechisms, hymn-books, tracts, commentaries, sermons, elementary books on science, newspapers, and magazines, besides dictionaries and grammars of the respective languages or dialects. Be it further

remembered that every word in these eight languages had to be caught as it floated, often rapidly and indistinctly, on the lips of the natives, the meaning of the words, their orthography and grammatical structure, had all to be settled before they could become the visible vehicle for communicating the truths of God's Word to those illiterate, dark minded pagans How many of the renowned universities of Europe, with all their learned leisure, have, during these forty years, done more to advance Biblical literature than those humble missionaries, with few helps, toiling beneath a vertical sun, and constantly occupied with other professional labours?

Another encouraging feature of the Polynesian missions is, that they are nearly all self supporting It is a fully recognised principle that nothing can continue permanently which has not all the elements of support within itself Christianity in the South Seas is fast coming up to this condition In the Sandwich Islands this point was reached some time ago In New Zealand, although the natives are the wealthiest of any in the South Seas, yet from various reasons, they are perhaps the lowest in the scale of self support, but even among them we have witnessed very commendable liberality In Tonga, King George and his Wesleyan subjects have nearly, if not altogether, relieved the Society of all pecuniary responsibility It is only twenty six or twenty seven years since the first band of six missionaries commenced operations in Samoa, among a population of 35,000 The number of missionaries never averaged more than about twelve They have had many formidable obstacles to contend with —a nine years war, and Popery putting forth all its strength The whole population have renounced heathenism and professed Christianity, and let their Christianity be tested by its fruits Hospitality is said to be a savage virtue, but liberality in support of the gospel was never known to be such The men who twenty seven years ago were the most selfish of savages are now becoming models of liberality In addition to building all their own churches, manses, and school houses, and paying for all their Bibles and school books, to the amount of some thousands of pounds, they contribute annually £500 for the support of native agency among themselves, and £1000 a year to the funds of the London Missionary Society, thus rendering the mission about three fourths self supporting For a full account of the Samoan mission we must refer our readers to *Nineteen Years in Polynesia*, by the Rev Dr Turner, lately published This work, which is quite original both in matter and arrangement, contains a great amount of valuable and varied information, and will well repay a careful perusal. In the Hervey Islands, where the gospel has been longer among the people, the liberality, in proportion to the number of the population, is considerably higher In Aneityum, in the New Hebrides, where, thirteen years ago, all was heathen darkness, and where now the whole inhabitants, about 3500, have professed Christianity, they have met every pound of money expended on their behalf with a pound's worth of labour, and last year, in addition, they collected arrow-root to the value of about £100 being one third of the annual expense of the mission If the natives of those islands continue advancing in liberality in the same ratio as they have hitherto done—and we may reasonably hope that they will do so—in a few years Christianity will be more than self sustaining in Polynesia, it will be self extending—the only condition which fully secures perpetuity

In connexion with this we may refer to the means taken in all the missions to train up a learned class of native agents In every group there are institutions, some of them already dignified with the name of colleges, for imparting a higher and more liberal education to the sons and daughters of chiefs and the more promising of other classes, so as to provide teachers and instructors for their fellow countrymen Only a very few of the natives have as yet been ordained to the office of the ministry, and although many more were qualified and appointed, it will be a considerable time before it would be safe to leave them without the superintendence and guidance of European and American missionaries But, nevertheless, every year they are rising in intelligence and moral principle, and are acquiring more of the power of self support, self guidance and self government

Another thing that will tend powerfully to the conservation and perpetuity of Christianity in the South Seas, is the effect which it has had upon their civil government, upon their social constitutions, their civil and criminal law In New Zealand the natives are placed under the authority and protection of British law However, but for Christianity, they never would have submitted to this, and although a portion of them lately threw off this authority, yet the thorough and permanent establishment of peace is only a question of time The wisdom and firmness of those now at the head of affairs in that colony is, humanly speaking, a sufficient guarantee for this In Tonga, King George, like John Milton, is drawing his politics from the Bible Some years ago the American Board of Missions solemnly affirmed "that the people of the Sandwich Islands are a *Christian nation*, and may rightfully claim a place among the Protestant Christian nations of the earth" The first article in the Hawaiian constitution promulgated by the king and chiefs in 1840, declares "that no law shall be enacted which is at variance with the Word of the Lord Jehovah, or with the general spirit of His Word," and "that all the laws of the Islands shall be in consistency with God's law" Everywhere the missionaries accepted the form of civil government which they found existing, all that they attempted was to animate that form, whether monarchical or aristocratical, with the living spirit of Christianity, to make it at once a strong and good government In many of the islands there is nothing like a formal constitution, and very little statute law, but a common law is being formed on precedents, on cases decided, as they arise, on the principles of the Bible In the famous Bible burning case that occurred the other year in Ireland, it was announced by the judges, as an unchallenged principle in British jurisprudence, that the Bible is the common law of England In like manner it may be said that virtually the Bible is the common law of Polynesia, club law has been superseded by God's law, and life and property are now everywhere secure

Another interesting and encouraging feature of

the South Sea Missions is their aggressive, evangelistic character. Twenty years ago both Micronesia and Melanesia were wholly heathen. But all the missions in those seas have been acting on the aggressive, making their most Christianized position the base or centre of those aggressive operations upon the domains of Satan which they have undertaken. From the Sandwich Islands the American Mission, in 1852, extended their operations westward into Micronesia. At present they have seven missionaries with their wives located in that field, besides some Hawaiian natives acting as assistants. They occupy Ascension Island, Kings Mill Group, Mulgrave's, and Strong's Island or Kusaie and other islands. The population of Micronesia is estimated at 200,000. The languages are numerous and very different one from another. The Americans have also commenced a mission on the Marquesas. Both these missions are advancing hopefully. Twenty years ago Feejee was the head quarters of darkness cruelty, and revolting cannibalism. But the Wesleyans have pushed on their mission there with their characteristic energy, and out of a population of 200 000, perhaps two thirds have renounced heathenism, and are now waiting upon Christian instruction. The London Missionary Society, nothing daunted by the martyrdom of Williams, immediately renewed operations in Melanesia, and settled native teachers on the Isle of Pines New Caledonia the Loyalty Islands, and the New Hebrides. They have done much by means of native agency, but their operations have been very much crippled from the difficulty of obtaining missionaries. They have however, located four missionaries on the Loyalty Islands, who are prosecuting their labours with much encouragement. Thirteen years ago, the Rev J Geddie from Nova Scotia, assisted by the Rev T Powell of the Samoan Mission recommenced the New Hebrides Mission. It is sustained by the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia and the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The former body, which was the first in that field, has sent out four missionaries, and the latter three. This mission is carrying on operations on six islands, and has been favoured of God with very marked success.

The Bishop of New Zealand, acting both in his own name and as the agent of the Australasian Episcopal Board of Missions, deserves special notice for his missionary efforts in Melanesia. During the last thirteen years he has in general made one or two voyages of two, three, or four months' duration among the thoroughly heathen islands of the New Hebrides, Banks' Islands, the Santa Cruz Archipelago, the Solomon Group, the Loyalty Islands, and New Caledonia. He has landed, and held communication with the natives, on about eighty islands. He has not hitherto established any permanent mission on any island. His plan has been to obtain promising natives, take them for a period of six months, or thereabouts, to his native college near Auckland, instruct them there, chiefly through the medium of the English language, and then return with them to their own islands. He has had about 150 natives under his tuition. Whatever opinion may be formed of Bishop Selwyn's plan of missionary action—and different opinions are entertained respecting his mode of procedure—there is but one opinion respecting his high qualifications for such an undertaking, his moral courage, his indomitable energy, his self denial, his command of native dialects, his benevolence, and his enthusiasm in behalf of the native races. He navigates his own ship, steers her if need be, swims ashore if a boat cannot land, lives on the same fare as his seamen, so that no one can grumble, and we have known him for weeks lie on the floor of his cabin, that a poor sick native, a young chief from the Loyalty Islands, whose life was trembling in the balance, might have the use of his bed. In this case he had the satisfaction of seeing the youth fully recover, and of restoring him to his friends in full health. As may be easily understood, he has acquired unbounded influence over the natives. He has been doing in Melanesia very much the same kind of work that Dr Livingstone has done in Central Africa. A few years ago Bishop Selwyn was joined by the Rev J C Patteson son of the late Right Honourable Sir John Patteson, one of the Judges in the Court of Queen's Bench, a man of kindred spirit, and who has lately been appointed and ordained bishop of Melanesia—an appointment to which most of the clergy would *ex animo* have said, *Nolo Episcopari*. They would not as a form, but most heartily have expressed their unwillingness to exercise the episcopate in such a diocese. "Every man," said the ancients, "is not rich enough to go to Corinth," and every minister in these days is not courageous enough to tread in the steps of Selwyn, and become at once "a sailor bishop" and "a missionary bishop." It is a hopeful sign of the times, however,—it augurs well for Melanesia and the South Seas,—when some of the flower of England's chivalry, who from their talents, acquirements, and family influence could easily secure the highest dignities in the English Church, voluntarily relinquish wealth, and power, and learned honours, and spend weeks, and months, and years in exploring the darkest and most degraded regions of heathendom.

There is a strong feeling abroad, both in the church and the world, that to send promising young men away to these islands is really just to bury them alive. Some years ago a young minister of popular talents arrived in one of the Australian colonies. Some of the missionaries were in the colony at the time of his arrival, and strongly urged him to join their mission in the islands, as they were in great need of help. His young wife, who had been joyfully inhaling the incense of applause which the hopeful appearances of her husband had called forth was shocked and almost horrified at the proposal, and said to a friend, she wondered what the missionaries could mean by urging her husband to go with them. He, who had studied divinity under the great Dr So and so, and who was so well qualified to preach to intelligent and polite audiences,—to ask him to go away and bury himself alive among savages! When this lady's remark was repeated in the islands, it caused a slight sensation among the missionaries' wives, who instinctively felt a little jealousy for the honour of their own husbands, who had studied divinity, as they thought, under

doctors as famous as the one named, and who could preach before intelligent and polite audiences perhaps as well as the other could do But their resentment soon gave way to pity, "Poor young thing," they said, "as she gets older she ll get wiser and less vain She ll soon find that the breese of colonial popularity, though it may blow fresher at first, does not blow so steadily as the trade winds" This young lady s opinion is by no means an uncommon one and certain it is that men of little mind and little moral power will soon be lost and buried alive among the islands as they will be so anywhere, but men of the intellectual and moral calibre of Carey and Judson Williams and Moffat Livingstone and Selwyn can be lost or buried nowhere, place them where you may, the world will soon become aware of their existence they will soon make themselves to be felt and heard, and seen

There are five mission vessels in the South Seas The finest barque that sails in the Pacific is the mission barque, the "John Williams the finest brig that sails in the South Seas is the mission brig the John Wesley,' the finest tiniest little schooner that sails among the isles of Melanesia is the mission schooner, the 'John Knox It is needless to say to what societies these three vessels respectively belong, their names at once indicate their connexion The 'Morning Star the American Mission vessel is pronounced by one of the Micronesian missionaries to be a beauty Bishop Selwyn has had several vessels His first one the 'Undine was a small light craft a kind of water sprite but found to be too small In 1850 his friends in Sydney generously presented him with a thousand pounds, with which he bought first the "Border Maid and afterwards the Southron Cross a fine vessel admirably fitted up for his purpose, but which was wrecked in a storm last year on the coast of New Zealand It is fondly hoped that he or his successor, will soon be supplied with another in every way equally well adapted for the service

Another hopeful feature in the South Sea missions is the interest that has been awakened in their behalf in the Australasian colonies In 1850 the Episcopal Mission Board was formed in Sydney which has largely supported Bishop Selwyn s Mission Several years ago the Congregationalists and others formed an auxiliary to the London Missionary Society in Australia, and guaranteed to support two missionaries on the Loyalty Islands Some time ago the Wesleyans in those colonies were formed into a new conference, and left to manage their own affairs themselves The Wesleyan Missions, supported at an expense of about £8000 a year, were placed under their direction, and they now contribute largely for their support The Presbyterians in New Zealand have for several years contributed liberally to the support of the Aneityum Mission, and they are now prepared to support a missionary in the New Hebrides, as soon as a suitable man can be found There is a feeling among some good but narrow minded people, that the colonists are very little better, if not something worse, than the heathen themselves No doubt there are many godless, worthless, wicked people in our colonies, just as there are here at home But they know little of our colonies who would set them all down as such In all the Australasian colonies there is a large and daily increasing body of intelligent, pious and public spirited men and women who are putting forth vigorous efforts to secure the public ordinances of religion and the means of education for themselves their families and the community at large, who feel a deep and growing interest in the missions to the South Seas, and who look upon those missions as having special claims upon them And there can be little doubt that before very long the South Sea Missions will be chiefly supported by the different churches in the Australasian colonies

The visits of Her Majesty s ships of war to those islands during the last twelve or fourteen years, have been productive of much good They have repressed those outrages perpetrated upon the natives by the worst class of sea faring men They have prevented massacres by the natives and rendered both life and property more secure and have inspired the natives with confidence in the British Government They feel that it is at once just, kind and powerful All the missionaries bear unreserved testimony to the kindness courtesy and gentlemanly character of the captains and officers of Her Majesty s ships that have visited the South Sea Islands To understand the object of those visits and the services performed by those vessels we strongly recommend to our readers a perusal of Captain (now Admiral) Erskine s *Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific* a very able and highly interesting work Since the days of Cook few naval officers have understood native character so well as Admiral Erskine

Of late years a feeling has been gradually gaining ground in the public mind, that the South Sea Missions are not at all so important as many other missions Other fields have been attracting so much of public attention that the South Seas have fallen greatly into the background The continents are swamping the islands The millions in India China Africa and elsewhere are brought so prominently and so constantly forward that the thousands in the Pacific are all but thrown into the shade Those islands it is said were very good to begin with or they may be very well adapted for small churches or small societies, but at this advanced stage of missionary progress, the large continents with their teeming millions are the proper fields on which to carry on missionary operations especially by our large societies When you have continents containing millions, and even hundreds of millions why direct your attention to islands where the population is counted only by thousands, or at most by hundreds of thousands' And then science, commerce, and politics with plausible arguments, loudly proclaimed and constantly reiterated, come in as counsellors to a sincere and simple minded, rather than a shrewd, sagacious, and far seeing philanthropy so that the extent of territory and the amount of population, irrespective of more important considerations, are allowed undue influence in the selection of fields for missionary enterprises By all means, let every thing be done that can be done for the continents with their millions, ten times more, a hundred

times more, than is being done, but by no means at the expense of the islands and their thousands Could we count our missionaries by thousands and our funds by millions, this mode of reasoning would be quite conclusive, but so long as we send forth our missionaries by units, or at most by tens, and collect our funds by hundreds, or at most by thousands of pounds, the most manageable fields ought certainly to be chiefly cultivated, especially when these are by far the most productive India China, Africa the 'Lands of the Bible, and the continent of Europe are all interesting and inviting fields of missionary labour But in no one of these has God in his providence opened a door so great and effectual, as in the isles of the Pacific Take India for example, where more has been effected than in any other of the continental fields, and where so many distinguished missionaries have laboured If we take the reports of those societies that have missions in both India and the Pacific, and whose missions have been in operation for about the same length of time, and if we compare the results of their labours in both places we shall be able to mark the difference The Church of England, the Wesleyans, the London Missionary Society, and the American Board of Foreign Missions, have all had missions both in India and in the Pacific for about half a century, and the result is, that in proportion to the number of labourers, the *number of both converts and communicants, or persons in the full standing of church members, is ten times greater in the Pacific than in India* In the Pacific the aggregate number of missionaries belonging to these four societies is about 120 The number of converts is about 360 or 400 000 The population has been very much reduced within the last forty years The number of church members is about 45 or 50 000 Each of those missionaries, including their predecessors has therefore on an average gathered from the heathen about 3000 converts, and out of these 3000 converts, about 400 communicants In India the aggregate number of missionaries belonging to those four societies is about 450 and the number of converts is about 135 or 140 000, and the number of church members 18 or 20,000 Each of those missionaries, including their predecessors has succeeded, therefore, in collecting from the heathen, on an average, only about 300 converts, and out of those 300 converts, only about 40 communicants Moreover, the expense of supporting a missionary in the Pacific averages only one half of what is required for supporting one in India So that for about half a century, in the experience of the four largest Protestant societies in the world, *one* pound has done as much in the Pacific as *twenty* pounds have done in India When God in his providence is granting ten times more success in the islands than He is doing in the most favoured of the continents, and when missions can be carried on in the South Seas at half the cost at which they can be carried on in India, surely the claims of the islands are immeasurably stronger than the claims of the continents

Did space permit, it would be easy to show that the claims of science, commerce, and political power would all be more fully realised, in proportion to the population, in the many isles of the sea, than in the populous continents, in favour of which so much has been said To scientific men, what was ever more interesting than Cook's descriptions of the South Sea Islands? In botanical specimens those islands are remarkably rich. On Anatyum alone there are about a hundred species of ferns The entomologist will also find a rich and highly interesting field in which to prosecute his researches Of shells and sea fish the numbers and varieties are truly marvellous, and the whole bottom of the ocean is paved with coral While in the many and dissimilar languages, customs, and traditions of the inhabitants, the ethnologist will find ample materials for curious, interesting important and extensive investigations, there is perhaps no field like it in the world for the study of philol—y

In a commercial point of view those islands will become highly important An island is always far more valuable than the same extent of land in the centre of a continent It requires no roads to be made to it, the sea is always there an open highway The Pacific is fast becoming one of the great thoroughfares of the world It is surrounded by countries which are rapidly rising in political importance It is the highway between China, Australia, New Zealand South America, Panama California, and Columbia It is the greatest whaling ground in the world To say nothing of Colonial and British whalers it is said that more than one half of the 600 whale ships sent out from the United States are traversing the Pacific It is only at Christianised islands that ships are either safe or can obtain supplies As many as seventy vessels have called at Rarotonga in one year for supplies of wood, water, and fresh provisions For all tropical productions those island will become like the West Indies to our Australian colonies Nearly forty years ago Mr Buzacott brought two orange seeds in his pocket from Tahiti and planted them in Huahetne and the result has been that some years ago a million oranges were shipped from Huahetne in one season for California Twenty six years ago there was no trade in Samoa you would not have seen a silver coin among the natives once in three months Now there are both a British and an American consul From statistics furnished by Her Britannic Majesty's consul J Williams, Esq (son of John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga), and published in the March number of the *Samoan Reporter*, it appears that, taking the average of the last three years, as the Government schedules instruct the payers of the Income tax to do, the number of vessels annually entering Apia, the chief port of Samoa, is sixty The amount of shipping is 11,000 tons, the annual exports is £24,000, and the imports is £30,000 In all new countries, in the very nature of things, the imports must exceed the exports The Feejee Islands are being looked to at present as a field for cotton, and our Government is engaged in negotiations for obtaining possession of those islands on that account A short time ago commissioners from the Belgian Government had arrived in Sydney on their way to the New Hebrides It is intended to form a colony there, and to open up commercial intercourse between Belgium, the Australian ports, and the islands of the

Pacific It is only so far, however, as the natives are christianized, that any safe or profitable commercial intercourse can be carried on among them But once christianized, they will be valuable islands

The political importance of those islands ought not to be overlooked, and the doings of the French ought to be carefully watched They have begun with the missions, but they may not end with them Where indeed is France intriguing so much against British interests at present as among those islands? France sees how rapidly our Australasian colonies are increasing in wealth, and at the same time how weak and unprotected they continue to be, and she is lurking in great strength among the islands ready to seize any favourable opportunity for wounding our empire in that vulnerable heel A few years ago France had more guns in the Pacific than Britain, with neither a colony nor a merchant ship to protect France has possession of the Marquesas and Tahiti, and lately she has quietly taken possession of New Caledonia, the Isle of Pines and the Loyalty Islands "New Caledonia" says Admiral Erskine, in the valuable journal above referred to, "from its position, and the excellence of its harbours, may be considered as commanding the communications of Australia with India, China, Panama, and California" In short, it may be regarded as the Sardinia of the South Seas The French have lately removed the head quarters of their government from Tahiti to New Caledonia This, and the fear of a rupture with France at the same time, produced very uneasy sensations in Sydney and elsewhere two years ago and not without cause It seems to be clearly understood, that the French are taking possession of those islands in the Pacific, not for colonising purposes, but to occupy them as naval stations, that, if need be, they may overawe our colonies and cripple our commerce, without any danger to themselves The missions in those seas, so far as they extend are a source of political strength to Britain and to the Australasian colonies All the natives under their care have a strong attachment to Britain They are disposed to do anything to promote British interests Perhaps no equal number of men anywhere, are a source of more political strength to our colonies, than the hundred Protestant missionaries who are labouring in the South Pacific But for the missionaries, New Zealand with her 70,000 colonists would not have been a British colony to day

Popery without France would be a comparatively weak enemy in the South Seas It is generally believed that the Popish priests in those islands are the political agents of France. At all events, it is the Woman clothed in purple and scarlet riding upon the Apocalyptic Beast, and guiding its movements for their mutual interests Were the Woman to come alone, armed as the missionaries are with the Bible, they could safely cope with her, but it is the Beast they have no means of resisting Whenever the agents of Rome set their foot upon an island, they live under the shadow of France, and all its naval power, so far as required, is at their bidding Protestant missions must stand or fall on their own inherent strength or weakness The fate of Tahiti admonishes the missionaries and the natives what resistance to arrogant and unjust claims may cause them to suffer, and that where resistance is hopeless, quietness is best

Our space will not permit us to enter into the important question respecting the decrease of the native population of these islands, and some other topics We may simply remark that a dark cloud has just now passed over New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, and the New Hebrides, partly illustrative of this question In the end of last year measles were taken to those islands in some trading vessels from Sydney, these were followed by dysentery, and thousands of the natives died On Aneityum during the first three months of this year, one tenth of the entire population was cut off On Wea, one of the Loyalty Islands, it is said one third of the people died In addition to this, on the 14th of March, a most tremendous hurricane swept over Aneityum, Tanna, and other islands leaving mission premises in ruins, and the fruit trees and plantations of the natives in such a condition that famine has to a certainty followed But as these visitations have come direct from the hand of God, we cannot doubt but that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," will not lay upon the poor suffering islanders more than they are able to bear, and will in His wisdom and mercy bring future good out of present evil Nor can we doubt at all respecting the future of those islands God has evidently blessings in store for them Under the guidance of his providence, for three centuries and a half, enterprise and discovery have been carried forward with irrepressible energy and activity, in no part of the world, for the last forty years, have the triumphs of the gospel been so signal, and the resources and capabilities of the islands are amazing Were they cultivated like the fields and gardens of Britain, every one of them would be like the garden of Eden, abounding with everything "pleasant to the sight and good for food" There is every reason to believe and hope, that by the Divine blessing upon active Christian philanthropy, commercial enterprise, scientific skill, and wise political legislation, those islands and those seas are destined, in the providence of God, to occupy a conspicuous and important position in the future history of the world.

JOHN INGLIS

FLOWERS FOR THE POOR.

Flowers are the toys of the rich, but they are the friends and teachers and comforters of the poor The atmosphere of conservatories and drawing rooms seems to rob them, not of their beauty (nothing can do that), but of their loving whispering friendliness They catch the reserve and formality of artificial society There is only one season when flowers seem to speak to the rich as they do to the poor, and that is when rich and poor are kinned by their common heritage of sickness Though even then, the spray of some fragrant exotic bloom, lying on the silken coverlet or held in the pale fingers on which the jewelled rings hang so loosely now, does not minister the same almost human sympathy as does the violet or the lily laid on the coarse counterpane of the garret, or standing in the mug on the chair by the bedside

In both places the flowers speak of God They cannot help doing so, for there is nothing human about a flower It is God's handiwork and is imitable by man's invention Put the best "artificial" which cunning fingers have made of gauze or paper, under the microscope, and what looked to the unaided eye delicate as gossamer is now found to be like a network of rope, but put God's flower under the same glass and each tiniest fibre is seen to be linked to its neighbour fibre with the most exquisite, living embroidery

And it is just because flowers carry our thoughts straight up to God that they are so suited to the sick room The author of *The Victory Won* tells us that the infidel physician, who shrunk from the lingering death of consumption which was on him, and who had obtained the prussic acid which was to end his earthly life, was stayed from his desperate design by a letter "expressive of sympathy with his sufferings, and accompanied with a few flowers"

Who shall say how much the first entrance of that Word which gave such light and comfort, and such ultimate triumph to that rescued soul, was due to the "few flowers" which spoke to him of God, while the letter breathed the love and tenderness of man?

No wonder we, almost instinctively, when starting to visit a sick neighbour, look round to see if we cannot find a flower to carry in our hand We know that full often a flower, taken as a text, attracts the bright attention of the invalid, who has not in health found pleasure in religion, when a Bible drawn from the pocket would be, alas! suggestive only of dulness and weariness And we know that often while the eye rests on the gay colours (which sometimes are themselves as medicine, specially in hospital wards and neutral tinted, cheerless rooms), and while the nostrils inhale the fresh, sweet odours, the ear may carry to the heart the life giving words of Him who careth for the lilies, and much more for human kind

So if you have not thought of it before, if you have accounted it beneath your dignity to carry a rose bud, or a bunch of violets to any one to whose spirit it was your lot to minister, think so no more. And if yours is the luxury of a garden, make its flowers your fellow workers in your efforts to cheer the sick, use them to comfort in some sense the sorrowing, by putting them in the open coffin, as sweet surities of the resurrection of the dead, yea, even try their power as pioneers over the shut up hearts of your rough and ungodly neighbours

He is unworthy of God's goodness who selfishly enjoys his flowers and does not let them carry their pleasant purifying influences to the dingy homes of poverty and vice

The clergyman of Wolverhampton, who inserted the following advertisement in a local paper, has evidently learnt the value of this ministry of flowers —

"Flowers for the Sick Aged, and Poor will be gladly received at the Rectory During the summer months, they are highly prized in the dusky, lonely room

Those who gather flowers only to fill vases for drawing room ornaments, or for dinner tables *à la Russe* or to keep company with fan and gloves and filmy handkerchief, know nothing of the smiles and speech which flowers have for those who live in the alleys and attics of our big towns The splendid "ribbon border," with its thousands of bedding plants, or the rare Bougainvillea, with its multitudinous *mauve* pendants, or the bouquet of artistically blended tints are voiceless to their owners, they are a bright vision to gaze upon for a few hours or days, they elicit the oft repeated exclamatory ecstasies, but they do not speak to their owners as the stunted plant of mignonette speaks to the washerwoman from the window sill of her garret, or as a strawberry plant spoke to the poor widow in one of the dingy courts of Eastern London The story is thus told by the city missionary to whom it occurred In a lone room at the top of one of the houses, where every room was the dwelling of a family the visitor met an aged woman, whose scanty pittance of half a crown a week was scarce enough for her bare livelihood The visitor observed with some surprise a strawberry plant growing and flourishing in a broken tea pot that stood on the window

He remarked, from time to time, how it grew, and with what care it was tended and watched At length one day he said to the poor woman, "Your plant does well, you'll soon have straw berries on it?"

"It's not for the sake of the fruit that I grow it," said the woman

"Then why do you take so much care of it?" he asked

"Well, sir," she replied, "I'm very poor, too poor to keep any living creature, but it's a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know it can only live by the power of God, and as I see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near.

Thus the strawberry plant spoke of God even to that poor lonely woman; and thus flowers speak to the poor oftener and more plainly than to those

whose minds are distracted by the abundance of their possessions, so that there is no less truth than poetry in those closing lines of Horace Smith's hymn to flowers —

> Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
> Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
> My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining,
> Priest, sermons, shrines.

Since then, there is in our nature this instinctive love of flowers, it is wise to cultivate it. Specially should this be done for those whose associations are indispensably connected with much that is coarse and rough in their daily toil. Flowers by their mere contact seem to refine a man; and a love for them is a strong sign that he is not all bad. Burglars are not seen training the honeysuckle round their cottage windows, a murderer does not wear a rose bud in his button hole.

When the author of "Hadley Vicars" puts a posy on the plate of each of the navvies who came to the annual tea meeting at Beckenham, and does not indulge only in a piece of deserved sentiment, as some might think, but she approaches one of the open avenues to the dormant human soul, in the tenderness of their natures. Flowers thus connect themselves, that great desideratum of the rich, for flowers are so rich in themselves that they seem to put to shame the owner of a slovenly and dirty house. Flowers grown in the cottage window are one of the safest indications of a cheerful and well-ordered interior, and they are an important adjunct, and if you give the inmates some work to do for you, you will rarely fail to have it done neatly and well.

Moreover, the poor have sad pleasures. In the present high pressure style of labour life, they have day by day the concentrated essence of toil, and so they strive to obtain the concentrated essence of pleasure, by betaking themselves to the strongest excitements and most maddening stimulants. As a rule, they have no notion of simple pleasures, and therefore he does well who endeavours to inculcate them with tastes whose exercise yields pure and abiding and refreshing enjoyment, and beyond all question, a love of God's flowers does this.

It is not therefore a work beneath the notice of the philanthropist, or even the religious teacher to encourage the cultivation of flowers which have often been as "floral apostles" in the homes of the poor.

Much may be done by conversation, by example, by gifts of seeds or plants, but the way in which the lesson may be most widely given is by the arrangement of simple competitive exhibitions of flowers—not on a grand scale with large money prizes, but in a school room or on a lawn, with pictures or ornaments or useful articles for prizes which may be handed down as humble heirlooms in the cottage.

In the country the poor hardly need to be encouraged to care for flowers. Every cottager has his slip of garden, and every garden has plenty of sunshine and fresh air, though not less than in towns do they need to have the lessons of flowers pressed upon them. But in the close districts of our large towns, where a bit of any green, save mildew, is rare as a jewel, the poor need some encouragement to cultivate plants which have to struggle against the disadvantages of smut and smoke and sunless shade. The experiment of a town flower show has been tried with much success in a London parish, which contains some of the worst and lowest alleys and courts of Bloomsbury. The show owes its origin and success to one of the curates of St George's. It was held on a small scale last year, for the residents in one of the poorest districts only, and the interest excited in the costermongers was so great, that this year a similar show, for the whole parish, was held in the school rooms. As it would have been manifestly absurd to invite the dwellers in narrow alleys to compete with the residents in open squares, and, therefore, prizes for window plants were offered for the dwellers in the different districts of the parish, and the show was a complete success.

The forlorn district which had had the show all to itself last year, had profited by its education, and this year it did best, while the class of "domestic servants" exhibited flowers which the Judge said would have done credit to any greenhouse.

Plainly, if flowers can be thus successfully nurtured in Drury Lane courts and Bloomsbury alleys, with little air and less sunshine, they can be cultivated anywhere!

In London, with its two thousand miles of streets it is only possible to encourage a taste for flowers by shows of the window plants of the poor, but in smaller towns there may be added to this shows of wild flowers, which the writer has found most pleasant and useful in his own parish, which contains some of the poorest parts of a large manufacturing town.

There is little difficulty about a wild flower show at all, what can rarely be said of philanthropic devices there need be no expense. The following schedule of the prizes offered will give all the information requisite for having such an exhibition —

1 For best Nosegay of Wild Flowers
  1st Prize,—A Flower Vase
  2d Prize,—Glass Sugar Basin and Cream Jug
  3d Prize, A Book on Flowers

2 For most tasteful Bunch of Grasses
  1st Prize,—A Framed Picture
  2d Prize, Small China Vase

3 For best Bunch of Wild Roses only
  1st Prize, Pair of Candlesticks
  2d Prize,—A Knife

4 For best specimens of different Ferns
  1st Prize Porous Water Bottle
  2d Prize,—Ornamental Flower pot

5 For best design of wood ash done in leaves, flowers, moss, etc., and fastened on board or card
  1st Prize,—A Framed Picture
  2d Prize,—Six white and gold Cups and Saucers

The above prizes cost about thirty shillings, and the admission of visitors to the school room, in the afternoon, at threepence each, and in the evening at one penny each, realised enough to pay for the prizes and the printing of circulars.

The school-room itself, though by no means a

first rate one, was made uncommonly pretty with central and side tables, on which the various groups of competing flowers were arranged Most of the nosegays were arranged with much taste, the result of the four previous exhibitions But far more valuable than the mere prettiness of the scene, were the many little traits which it brought out of unwonted loving kindness shown by parents to their children One workman cheerfully gave up his dinner hour to arrange the grasses which his little girl had gathered, while mother went out with his lads and lasses to collect flowers for their posy

Ten hours work, on a hot day, in a close factory or broiling foundry, so strongly inclines a man to take his seat on the public house settle, especially if his home be not over and above comfortable, that it is worth something to give him an object for which to go out into the fields, even alone, to

> ' Go forth into the country
> From a world of care and toil
> Go forth into the untainted air,
> And the sunshine's open smile "

But it is a still greater gain to induce a father to betake himself to the meadow land at eventide with his children around him—to consider the lilies of the field how they grow Too often amongst the poor the father seems ashamed to be seen with his boys and girls While they are infants, or toddling wee things, he will carry them out, or take their hands as they come to meet him as he returns from work but when they are getting old enough to be troublesome to need correction and guidance, then he leaves them to their late and to their street companions

Any innocent pursuit, therefore, which gives parents a common interest with their growing boys and girls, must do good and therefore let shows of wild flower or window sill plants be multiplied, inasmuch as they are a simple but sure means of strengthening the day side of our nature, and diminishing the power of its night side !

J RUSKIN CLARK

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

THE MOSAIC ACCOUNT CONTRASTED WITH THE HINDOO MYTHOLOGIES AND PHILOSOPHIES

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE

I HAVE often thought of that strange misfortune of human nature—or wonderful condition of all nature, should we not rather say—by which a high power of a good thing so readily becomes a bad thing and the superlative degree of a great advantage turns over by a slight touch into a great disadvantage Without light for instance, as we all know, no picture is possible, but much light certainly spoils the picture, nay the greatest skill of the greatest artists is shown in no thing so much as in the cunning management of darkness Money again is a good thing, a very good thing, an indispensable thing so Aristotle taught on the banks of the Ilissus more than two thousand years ago, so venerable and thoughtful pundits teach on the banks of the Ganges at the present hour, cunning Greeks and canny Scots, and vigorous Englishmen, always have believed, and always will believe with a most persistent orthodoxy Yet mountains of money, we see every day, often serve no other purpose than to smother and to bury the best humanity of the man who has made it and as for those who do not make it, but only get it, there is no surer receipt for riding post haste to perdition than to give a young man of a certain average quality of blood, at a certain stage of his existence, a thousand pounds or two in his pocket So it has often struck me, in reference to Christianity, that a great many people at the present day really do not know how good a thing it is, merely for this reason that they have got so much of it, that their eyes are over flooded, and their ears over echoed with it, that they are constantly living in the very atmosphere and breath of it, so that, as the German proverb says, they "cannot see the wood for trees" The first Christians had unquestionably this grand advantage over us, which arose out of their great disadvantage, they saw the gospel directly confronted with idolatry, the God-man Christ Jesus against a sensual Bacchus and a carnal Venus light in marvellous radiance made more manifest by the pitchy darkness through which it shot It is difficult for some of us in these latter days to get a glimpse of Christianity as the grandest phenomenon in the history of the moral world, we take out our sectarian spectacles and microscopes, and we scan our special form of Christianity—our Episcopacy our Presbyterianism, our Independency our Popery, most minutely, but we find the utmost difficulty in getting out of this habit of over minute inspection in adjusting our eye to a larger ring of vision We become, so to speak, short sighted in spiritual matters, and we only see the fingers and the nails of the great statue of divine Truth not the whole figure Nay, worse, there are some of us who have got into an evil habit of looking only at the small spots and scratches which our microscopic habits have taught us to discover on the fair nails of the statue, and we seem vastly conceited with this discovery There is nothing which seems to delight a certain class of minds so much as finding faults in beautiful things, as Coleridge tells a story of a smart Cockney who could see nothing in Dannecke's beautiful statue of Ariadne at Frankfort, but a few blue spots in the marble, "very like Stilton cheese!" Comments not very different in spirit, I fear, are often made on the Divine image of moral beauty presented to us in the gospel, and on some of the more prominent passages of the Bible Among others, the first chapter of Genesis, which has always appeared to me a perfect model of sublime and simple wisdom, has come in for its fair share of microscopic inspection, and of short sighted misconception. It has been curiously dissected in parts, but not looked at as a whole, or comprehended in its grand drift and universal significance, it has been tortured all shapes by all sorts of impertinent scientific

appliances instead of being looked at as a revelation of the great lines of theological and philosophical truth, it has been confronted with Playfair and Hutton, and the minute shell fish of Murchison's Silurian rocks, not, as it ought to have been, with Homer, and Hesiod, and Thales, and Heraclitus, or the portentous cosmogonies of the Indian Puranas. It is my intention, in the present paper, to present the Mosaic account of the creation in its natural grand points of contrast with the heathen mythologies and philosophies which it supplanted—to show by what profound, though plain statements of eternal wisdom, it has declared for all times and all places, a philosophy of the divine architecture of the world, beyond which the human mind can never reach, and to accustom the thoughtful reader to look seriously upon this most venerable of all documents in its own natural aspect and attitude, placed where it properly stands in the moral and intellectual history of the world, not, as it may appear, after having been forced into all sorts of unnatural positions by curious distinctions of merely physical science which do not in the slightest degree affect its theological import.

What, then, I ask are the grand truths, philosophical or theological (for philosophy and theology at the fountain head are one) which this document reveals? It appears to me that they naturally arrange themselves under the following heads —

I. In the first place we have the philosophy of CREATION. And here we must first ask what the Mosaic record means by this word. It is a word, as commonly used, which goes into depths which a man with human thought can no more fathom, than with human legs he can tread the pathless air. Creation we say is "to make something out of nothing," and this is the meaning of the word which, with a few exceptions, we believe, has always been accepted by the Christian Church. But the creation of something out of nothing, though it may be concluded from speculative reasons, and is generally supposed to be enunciated in the words of the Apostle (Hebrews xi. 3), is an abstract metaphysical truth, and does not naturally lie in the scope of the Scriptures, which were given mainly for the purposes of practical piety, and for intellectual enlightenment only so far as this is necessary to achieve that end. We shall not, therefore, be surprised to find that "the idea of creation out of nothing," however it may have entered the system of Christian doctrine, certainly does not lie in the words or in the scope of the Mosaic account of creation. By creation, Moses means only the creation of order out of confusion: thus is certain, both from the whole drift of the document, and from the meaning of the Hebrew word *bara* (identical with our word *bear*, Greek, φερω, Latin, *fero, parco*, Sanscrit, *bhri*), as expounded by Gesenius and other lexicographers. Sanscrit scholars tell us that there is not in the whole vocabulary of the Brahminic language, copious as it is, a single word answering to our word *matter*,* thus, I believe. Equally certain is it to me, that in the Hebrew language there is no word answering to our idea of "to create out of nothing," for this plain reason, that the grand excellence of the Hebrew theology lies in its avoidance of all subtle and unprofitable questions, and founding godly action on the faith of those unquestioned divine truths which every soundly constituted intellect can comprehend. If there is one point more than another which distinguishes the theology of Moses from that of the Vedas, and some of the Greek philosophers, it is this—its essential and pervading practicality. Theological truths exciting only to subtle speculation, and leading to no practical result, are not propounded by Moses. Creation out of nothing however true, is a barren truth for us, for, with our finite faculties, we cannot comprehend it, and even if we did, we could make no use of the conception. But the other meaning of creation, which Moses enunciates, though it does not puzzle our idle wit tells us something which, while it is absolutely and eternally true, is clearly comprehensible by every rational being and is capable of being turned to use by us at every moment of our existence. Creation is the production of order. What a simple, but at the same time comprehensive, and pregnant principle is here! Plato could tell his disciples no ultimate truth of more pervading significance. Order is the law of all intelligible existence. Everything that exists in the world, everything that has either been made by God, or has been produced by man of any permanent value is only some manifestation of order in its thousandfold possibilities. Everything that has a shape is a manifestation of order, shape is only a consistent arrangement of parts, shapelessness is only found in the whirling columns that sweep across African Saharas, but even these columns have their curious balance, which calculators of forces might foretell, and the individual grains of sand of which they are composed reveal mathematical miracles to the microscope. Every blade of grass in the field is measured, the green cups and the coloured crowns of every flower are curiously counted, the stars of the firmament wheel in cunningly calculated orbits, even the storms have their laws. In human doings and human productions, we see everywhere the same manifestation. Well ordered stones make architecture, well ordered social regulations make a constitution and a police, well ordered ideas make good logic, well ordered words make good writing, well ordered imaginations and emotions make good poetry, well ordered facts make science. Disorder, on the other hand, makes nothing at all, but unmakes everything. Stones in disorder produce ruins, an ill ordered social condition is decline, revolution, or anarchy, ill ordered ideas are absurdity, ill ordered words are neither sense nor grammar, ill-ordered imaginations and emotions are madness, ill ordered facts are chaos. What then is this wonderful enchanter called order? What exactly do we mean by it? If we look into it more narrowly we shall find that it implies the separation, division, and distribution of things according to their qualities, in certain definite well calculated times and spaces. Number and measure are of the essence of it. The souls of the desert animals be

* See the learned and ingenious expositions of the last three chapters of Genesis, lately published by Dr Hincks.

numbered, at least not by us; relatively to our faculties they are mere chaos, but the soldiers of a well ordered army, arranged in rank and file, can be numbered, and their thousands told, with as much ease as the units of a small sum, if only the arrangement be completed So then order consists in dividing a confused multitude of individual elements into groups that bear a natural resemblance to one another in kind, in number, and in measure A squad of full grown soldiers, five in front, and three in depth, like the band of the old Greek chorus, is perfect order, each unit being like the other, and the whole being composed of parts that bear a definite relation of equality or proportion to the whole, the many under the controlling power of order have become one, and with that unity have acquired a distinct character, and are capable of answering a definite purpose This and this only is the difference between an avalanche of shattered rocks on the storm battered sides of Mont Blanc or Ben Mac Dhui, and the stable piles of the Memphian pyramids, or the chaste columns of the Parthenon, between what the great Scotch poet paints as—

> "Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world,

and the beautiful procession of things which Moses describes as marching forth into existence at the fiat of the Omnipotent So it is with forms Forces also are subject to the same law Take a bottle of boiling water Look at the steam coming out of its neck, how it bubbles and blows, and puffs and whiffs and wheezes, and makes all sorts of irregular inorganic movements and noises The atoms of which that vapour is composed, are, as the chemist well knows, composed of elements that come not together at random, but are subject to a calculation as nice and exact as those which measure the orbits of the stars, and the flux and reflux of the tides, but the vapoury mass itself, as it issues from the kettle, is a blind force, not produced with any object other than that of disengaging itself, and not productive of any result such as well ordered forces are daily seen to produce Well! take that same hot vapour, spitting and spurting in its wild unlicensed way, and confine it in a cylinder, then by the calculated injection of cold water, cause it to contract and expand at certain intervals, and the originally blind force, made subject now to calculation, and order, and law, becomes a serviceable power, which acting on a series of pistons, beams, and wheels, becomes a steam engine!—a machine which, like a Briareus with a hundred arms, can achieve all sorts of weighty work, with a touch as light as the hand of a little child playing with a hoop And thus an idle puff of evanescent vapour becomes the great wonder and wonder worker of the age, the greatest mechanical wonder, perhaps, of all ages that have been since the world began. Such are the triumphs of order.

II. In the second place, we have the Cause of Creation. If all things, knowable and cognisable, are only different forms of causes, the question arises, *How is order produced?* Now, in order to look with proper seriousness at the profound simplicity with which Moses has answered this question, the best thing we can do is to inquire, first, how the great popular oracles of ancient times answered it What does Homer say?—

> "Ocean the prime generator of gods, and Tethys the mother"

What does Hesiod say, who was a greater authority in these matters with the Greeks, because he was a doctor of divinity, or all that the good Boeotians had for one about eight hundred years before Christ, and wrote a genealogy of the gods, meant to instruct the Greeks in those very matters in which we are now instructed by the first chapter of Genesis Well, this Boeotian theologer says —

> "In the beginning was CHAOS and after Chaos prim eval
> EARTH broad breasted, the firm foundation of all that existeth
> Murky TARTARUS then in the broad wayed Earth's abysmal
> Deep recesses, then LOVE the fairest of all the Immortals,
> LOVE, that loosens the firm knit limb, and sweetly subdueth
> Wisest of men to her will, and gods that rule in Olympus
> Then from Chaos was EREBUS born, and the sable vested
> NIGHT, from NIGHT came DARK, and glorious DAY into being,
> Born from Night, when Erebus knew her with kindly embracement
> Earth, then, like to herself in breadth produced the expanded
> Starry HEAVEN, to curtain the Earth, and provide for Immortals
> Lucid seats on the brazen floors of unshaken Olympus,
> Also from Earth the MOUNTAINS came forth, the lofty, the rugged,
> Dear to ORFAD NYMPHS who haunt the rocky retirement
> Then the billowy SEA, the bare, the briny, the barren,
> Fatherless, born of herself, but after, in kindly embracement
> She to HEAVEN brought forth the vast deep eddying OCEAN,
> Likewise COEUS, and CRIUS, IAPETUS, and HYPERION,
> THEIA, RHEA, and THEMIS, and MNEMOS, mother of MUSES,
> PHOEBE, with golden diadem bound, and beautiful TETHYS"

Now, these are curious, and in some views beautiful passages, but when we reflect seriously, and begin to ask what wisdom they contain, we feel a terrible void—a void as terrible as the chaos, which is the first link in this strange genealogy, our pious desire to know what may be known of things supersensible is rudely baffled, and we see plainly that we have been fooled in expecting wisdom from this quarter, certainly they from whom we asked bread have given us a stone In fact, it becomes plain, on a nearer consideration, that this old doctor of Boeotian theology does not touch the important question at all which we have now raised—What is the cause of order? He only tells you, that before order was chaos, and that light was evolved out of darkness. This is all very true as a historical sequence, just as true as that a chicken comes out of an egg, or a child out of the womb; but the point of cause is not touched on at all; for

* *Iliad*, xiv. 201.

the egg is certainly not the cause of the chicken, as we all know that it required a hen previously to produce the egg, as little, when I take a phosphorus match, and by rubbing it on the hearthstone, produce light, can it be said that this darkness, out of which the light came, caused the light, it only preceded it. Hesiod and Homer, it will be observed, do not at all agree in the first link that they set forth in the great chain of existing things. The secular poet says that all the gods are produced from Ocean and Tethys—the male and female powers of water, the theological doctor, that Chaos and Earth were first: that Chaos had no productive power, but that from earth were produced Tartarus, Night, Day, Heaven, Ocean, etc., and by descent from them, in the sequel of the poem teaches, Jove, Apollo, Juno, Venus, and all the heavenly Powers. But in one thing they both agree: they speak of an evolution and a development by the ordinary method of generation, which, as we all know, is not a cause but a process. When grain is put into the hopper of a mill, it will certainly be drawn in, and by constant action of wisely arranged machinery come out changed into well ground meal, but the clearest perception of this process does not help me a single step to the comprehension of that other question—how came the mill to be so curiously contrived, and whence came the grain that was put into the hopper? Or again if in a large manufactory you see a little wheel which takes its motion from the teeth of a big wheel and that big wheel takes its motion from a yet bigger wheel and that wheel again from a rolling cylinder, and that cylinder from a perpendicular shaft, and that shaft from a horizontal beam, in such a case you would never dream for a moment of confounding the different steps by which the motion is conveyed with the source of the motion, you must go on till you come to the steam and the water and the boiler and the fire and beyond that also you must go till you come to James Watt. The cause of the motion of the little wheel, with which you commenced, is the mind of James Watt directing, for a certain purpose, the elastic force of the uniform water, which we call steam. So we say to wise old Homer, whose writings the Greeks fondly conceited themselves to contain all wisdom, What do you mean when you say that Ocean is the prime generator of gods? Do you only mean that, according to the old adage, "WATER IS MIRE," not because the inventors of that proverb were total abstainers, but because that without water no living organism can exist, (turn water into a solid—as at the poles—and all vegetation ceases,) and, therefore, that the existence of water is the first condition of all existence on this earth? Thus we willingly believe, but it is only one important fact connected with a great process, for when you are singing the praises of water, Heraclitus, the son of Blyson, a grave old gentleman who philosophised at Ephesus about four hundred years after Homer, bethinks himself, that as all water becomes solid by the abstraction of heat, so the existence of water is possible only under the supposition that Fire previously exists. Fire, therefore, or heat, or, if you prefer a learned Latin word, calorie, is first principle or cause of all things. Well, this seems to go a little but farther than either Homer or Hesiod, but, after all, our thinking appetite has got nothing that it can feed on, for what is Fire? And whatever it be, what virtue has it to produce order? Does it not rather, in our experience, tend as much to produce disorder? Is it not one of the great agents of dissolution, destruction, and death? Strange! nevertheless the chemist comes in and tells me very dogmatically, that whatever heat may be, it acts, in his department at least, in a very orderly way, for the elements, to whose material action it is necessary, will not unite except in certain fixed and definite proportions, the recognition of which is now necessary to the most rudimentary knowledge of chemistry. Water, to whose atomical composition we previously alluded, is made up of two gases or airs—oxygen and hydrogen—which, in forming that compound, will unite only in the proportion of two bulks of the latter to one of the former. And in the same way of all other bodies. The elements of which they are composed are combined, under the expansive action of heat, in certain curiously calculated proportions. And in this way we seem plainly to arrive at the old doctrine of Pythagoras promulgated about 550 before Christ, that NUMBER or MEASURE is the first principle of all things. But this also is only a fact, not a cause. For the cause of NUMBER, which indeed is only another name for order, and for that cunning proportion among the atoms of compound bodies which the great Dalton discovered, we must go a step beyond Dalton, a step beyond Pythagoras, a step beyond Heraclitus, a step beyond Homer. Nor is it a difficult step that we have to take. We have constantly in every action of life, to do with order and disorder: we are constantly employed in creating either the one or the other, so we cannot be at a loss to discover their cause. A father makes a present of a curious toy to his little boy. Tommy amuses himself with it for a day or two, or it may be a week or more, according to the laws of legitimate sport in youthful gentlemen, but in due season he tires of it, and longs for something new, and to make public proclamation to papa and other powerful patrons, that the old toy has served its purpose he takes it all to pieces some morning before papa is out of bed, and strews the fragmentary pegs, and wheels, and springs, and various coloured beads, upon the parlour floor in motley confusion. Here we have an example of the creation of disorder. How? In the simplest way possible! By utter thoughtlessness, and a restless impatient activity on the part of a witless child. The boy needed no wisdom to achieve this deed. He did not purposely wish to do anything, he only wished to undo a thing that another had done. What was necessary for the accomplishment of such a purely negative result? Nothing but blind force. A monkey in sport, as readily as a man, with a reasoning purpose, could do a business of this kind, a maundering idiot, an unreasoning madman, as easily as an Aristotle, a Newton, or a Gioberti. Blind force, therefore, unreasoning, uncalculating impulse, is the author of disorder. But with the making even of the simplest toy it is quite a different affair. We know that no most assiduous action of blind puffs and strokes will make a toy. Toys are made by ingenious, thinking minds, and by a series of pre-

causes, of which ingenious, thinking minds are the authors We find, therefore, that mind, and mind only, disposes a few pieces of painted wood, flexible steel, and shining studs, into that finely calculated trifle which we call a toy So we find in all other cases A wild raging passion stung rabble can pull down a palace in a few hours, which it required years of profound thought in the architect to scheme, and in the builder to erect A sudden fit of what we call fever, which is a violent irregular action of the blood and venous system, will turn into a chaotic babblement the utterance of a mind whose words, before this intrusion of a disorderly force, might have hymned the poetry of the universe in a lofty epos, or directed the fate of kingdoms by a salutary ordinance All that exists without and beyond chaos exists only by virtue of indwelling or controlling mind—mind not cognitive merely and contemplative, but active, that is to say, intelligent force, as contrasted with blind force Here therefore we have within the space of our own direct knowledge and experience the most indubitable proof of the real cause of order In no branch of the many sided activity of human life do we see any other principle than this at work—mind constantly the cause of order, disorder as constantly proceeding from the absence of mind Nor is there the slightest room to suppose that while we make this conclusion safely with regard to what falls within our human sphere of action, we are making a rash leap into the dark when we say that the presence of a like mind always and everywhere is the cause and the only cause of all orderly operations and results in the external universe For the order which we perceive in the external universe is exactly similar to that which we create by our own activity and to suppose different or contrary causes for effects altogether similar and identical is unphilosophical Nay more, the most curious machines which we can make with the highest power of our most highly cultivated reason have already been made, and are already constructed in the world over which we exercise no control, exactly on the same principles as those which are the product of our thought directed finger The eye, as everybody knows, is a telescope The man who doubts that the power which made the human eye is, in its manner of working not only similar to, but absolutely identical with the mind which invented the telescope, may as well doubt whether the little paper boat, which young Bobby or Billie launches upon the pond, floats there upon the same principle by which the mighty ocean bears the armadas of England, and France, and America upon its bosom Doubters of this description labour under a disease for which argument certainly is not the proper cure

We have thus arrived at the cause of order, in a very simple way, by actual experience of the fact, than which nothing, no, not even the boasted necessity of mathematics, is more certain It is not more certain that two and two make four, or that the angle at the centre of a circle is double the angle at the circumference, than it is that a grand exhibition of curiously calculated reasonable results could not have proceeded from the action of a blind, unreasoning force, or the combination of a host of such forces Yet must we not be surprised, if the world and the wise men of the world did not at once arrive at this natural, necessary, and inevitable conclusion In the secret consciousness of the healthy human intellect, the thought of the eternal universal cause, no doubt, ever resides not only as the greatest truth, but as the root of all possible truth The wide spread existence of Polytheistic forms of faith forms no exception to this rule Every form of Polytheism, either acknowledges one Supreme God, as the preserver of order in the universe—as Jove among the Greeks, or at least conceives the existence of certain superhuman powers, which, if they do not act always on the noblest principles, nevertheless are there, and do act in some way to preserve the recognised order of the universe so far as human minds, in a very low state of culture are capable of recognising that order For, it must be observed, that the order of the physical universe however cunning and certain is on so great a scale, and involves so many complex relations, that unthinking and uncalculating minds may often fail to have any very clear perception of it The cleverest monkey, with all the action of its most clever conceits will remain at an infinite distance from the possibility of comprehending a steam engine, and men born without the organ of tune shall have their ears besieged by all the sweet, subtle forces of a Mozart and a Beethoven in vain As there are individual men deficient in certain faculties and sensibilities, so there may be whole races of men whose faculty of thinking is so little cultivated, that they have very little idea of what thought means in their own narrow meagre life, much less are they able to rise to a clear perception of that thoughtful order of things in the great whole, which made the Greeks designate the visible universe so significantly a *kósmos* or *garniture* Besides, many things are constantly taking place in the physical and moral world, which, to a superficial view, seem actually the result not of reasonable calculation but of blind force Storms, hurricanes, blights, burnings, volcanic explosions, subterranean quaking of the earth, civil wars, murders, rapines, and the triumphal march of prosperous injustice, as it appears, are phenomena, which, even to thoughtful minds, have often suggested horrible shadows of Atheism and blind Necessity Deeper thought, no doubt, always teaches the absurdity of fixing our eyes on these irregular, and, to us incalculable, exhibitions of force, as any foundation for systematic Atheism The connexion and ultimate purpose of all the violent and most sweeping movements of the world, can no more be comprehended by us than a fish can comprehend the currents of the ocean in which it swims, or a fly the revolutions of the wheel on which it has fixed itself But the existence of these irregular, and, so far as their immediate and most obvious operation goes, destructive phenomena, may, along with a low state of culture, easily explain the existence of a sort of atheism among various races of man I do not see, however, any proof that absolute atheism, or the belief in an absolute unreasoning Something, without a name, as the cause of the definite reasonable Some thing, which we call the world, has ever prevailed extensively among the human race. The Buddhists,

it has been said, are atheists. But the atheism which they profess, according to the account of it which well informed parties give,* is, not a formal denial of intellectual causality in the universe, but only a fixture of the feeling of reverence upon a great human preacher of righteousness, to the neglect of the great fountain of all righteousness. This is a very different thing from the perverse scepticism of certain irreverent individuals of highly cultivated intellects, who can bring themselves to believe in no intelligent author of the universe, because, with all their cleverness, they are so shallow as not to know the difference between a cause and an occasion, or because they are so despotic in a certain intellectual selfishness, as not to be willing to allow any intellect in the universe superior to their own. Such men require a moral conversion, not a logical refutation. Professed and vain glorious atheists must just be allowed to pass as ghosts which haunt the day, with which a sound living eye can hold no converse.

> "Just are the ways of God,
> And justifiable to men,
> Unless there be who think not God at all,
> If any be they walk obscure;
> For of such doctrine never was there school,
> But the heart of the fool,
> And no man therein doctor but himself."

We have talked over some six pages, and yet are not beyond the breadth of that significant verse IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. We have seen how Hesiod and Homer and Heraclitus dealt with this important matter, and how they failed to approach the sublime significance of that enunciation. But let us not believe that all the Greeks who sought after wisdom were so unfortunate as their first pioneers. On the contrary, the wisest Greeks declare the doctrine of the first books of Moses in the plainest terms. Of these pious heathen philosophers, the name is legion, but we shall content ourselves with three of the most notable, Anaxagoras, Socrates, and Plato. Let their testimony, however, fitly be preceded by something perhaps older than the oldest of them, certainly of a more venerable and hoar pedigree. "The first Being," says the great Indian Epos, "the Maha bhoota, is called MANASA,† or INTELLECTUAL, and is so celebrated by great sages, he is God without beginning or end, indivisible, immortal, undecaying."‡ So far superior is the theology that grew up on the sacred banks of the Ganges, to anything that Helicon, Parnassus, or Olympus could boast of in the earliest ages of Greek wisdom. But, as we have said, the Greeks were a subtle people, whose special mission it was, as St Paul testifies, to seek wisdom, and that their speculation should long have wandered about without hitting on the grand truth, which is the only possible key stone of all coherent thought, was not to be expected. That Orpheus, Olen, Linus, and the most ancient worshippers of Apollo, were pious theists and believers, by a healthy, poetic instinct in one original Mind, the cause of the universe, is extremely probable; but the first philosophical speculator that distinctly announced to the Greeks the great truth of the first words of Moses, was Anaxagoras. This remarkable man, born at Clazomenæ, in Asia Minor, about the year 500 B.C., was the intimate friend of Pericles, the great Athenian statesman, in whose Life, by Plutarch, we find the statement that, "this philosopher was the first who taught that not CHANCE or NECESSITY, but Mind, pure and unmixed (*νοῦς ἄκρατος*), was the principle of the universe, this mind possessing the virtue of separating the particles in a confused compound, and forming them by new homogeneous wholes." This is exactly what we described above as the proper definition of order, and the creator of this order, with the clear sighted, old Ionian thinker, is not mere attraction, or repulsion, or elective affinity, or any such juggle of words, serving to conceal ignorance, or to cloak Atheism, but simply and directly MIND. For this satisfactory enunciation the pious philosopher had the honour of being accused of impiety by the Athenian mob, which is pretty much like the case of the beer toper in the humorous German drinking song, who, coming out of a smoky tap room into the clear moonlight, and finding the moon looking somewhat asquint, the houses all nodding, and the lanterns staggering about, concludes with great logical satisfaction that the whole external world is drunk, and goes back into the beer shop as the only sober quarter of the world known to him at that moment! But Aristotle, the great encyclopædist, knew better who was drunk and who was sober in this matter. He says distinctly that all those who philosophised before about the first principle appeared as mere infantile babblers, compared with the great man who first announced *νοῦς* as the alone authorised oracle to answer all the questions of all the philosophers. After Anaxagoras, Socrates appeared on the Athenian stage, a man no less distinguished for sound common sense and genial humour than for profound piety, and a healthy, intelligible philosophy. This great teacher, "the acknowledged master of all eminent thinkers who have since lived,"‡ in an argument with a little dapper gentleman called Aristodemus, reported by Xenophon, states the whole doctrine of Natural Theology, as it has since been taught by Paley, and other Christian philosophers, with a distinctness of view, and a happiness of illustration, that leaves little to desire. He exhibits in detail the many instances of exquisite and benevolent design in the structure of the human frame, he shows how the gods, so far from neglecting human beings, have fitted them out with so many gifts, that they do actually live as gods upon the earth, when compared with other animals, he shows that religion is the true sign, badge, and privilege of reasonable, as compared with unreasoning creatures; and he asserts finally, that as the Divine Being is everywhere present and everywhere cognisant of whatever takes place, a wise man will take care not only to avoid disputable actions before men, but will preserve his purity with

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* See the article "Buddhism" in Chambers's *Cyclopædia* now publishing.

† Latin, *mens*, Greek, *νοῦς*; German, *meinen*; English, *mean*, *mind*.

‡ Wilson's *Vishnu Purana*, p. 14, note.

* J. S. Mill on *Liberty*, p. 46, in a splendid passage of one of the finest books in the English language.

holy reverence, even in the lonely desert' Not less lofty or less sublime on all questions connected with God and the godlike element in man, was his great disciple Plato, who again and again declares that "Intellect alone is the great first principle,' for that "all the wisest men with one voice witness that Mind is king of all things, whether in heaven above or on the earth below" *

We forbear to pursue this theme further One remark only we may make in conclusion to avoid misconceptions The Hindu mythology as we have mentioned, is infinitely superior to that of Hesiod in recognising one supreme intellect as the sole sufficient cause of the creation of the world It differs from Moses however, distinctly not only in the broad Pantheism which it asserts but in the exaggerated style in which it is expressed and the gigantically grotesque imagery with which it is set forth In the creation of the present world, the Supreme Being is represented as assuming the form of a monstrous VARAHA or boar concerning whose agency in bringing this visible scene to light the following account is given —

'The auspicious supporter of the world being first hymned by the earth emitted a low murmuring sound like the chanting of the Sama Veda and the mighty boar, whose eyes were like the lotus, and whose body, vast as the Nila mountain, was of the dark colour of the lotus leaves, uplifted upon his ample tusks the earth from the lowest regions As he reared up his head, the waters shed from his brow, purified the great sages, Sanandana, and others, residing in the sphere of the saints Through the indentations made by his hoofs, the waters rushed into the lower world with a thundering noise Before his breath the pious denizens of Janaloka were scattered, and the Manis sought for refuge amongst th bristles upon the scriptural body of the boar, trembling as he rose up supporting the earth and dripping with moisture Then the great sages Sanandana and the rest, residing continually in the sphere of saints, were inspired with delight, and, bowing lowly, they praised the sturdy upholder of the earth †

What a contrast all this unwieldy clumsiness of outward apparatus to the simple words of Moses—

'IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH'

Verily, verily, in theology as in politics, there is but one step often from the sublime to the ridiculous and that step has been made by the Puranas

THE STORK, THE CRANE, AND THE SWALLOW.

(See Illustration on front.)

THE migratory movements of the feathered tribes have, from the remotest times, attracted the notice and admiration of the human race The actual facts are well known and have been long considered, although some mystery still hangs over the details of the *modus operandi* When we bear in mind however, that many birds fly at a rate which reaches from forty to ninety miles an hour and that, under the influence of a strong instinctive feeling their power of enduring fatigue is greatly strengthened, we can more easily conceive how in almost a single day or night they should compass sea and land, and pass suddenly away from a melancholy region of autumnal darkness and decay,—avoiding "the winter of their discontent,'—to a better and a brighter country, basking beneath the radiance of unclouded suns They seem to be encountered by neither doubt nor difficulty in this aerial achievement, though occasionally a forlorn or foolish straggler is stranded on some unknown inhospitable shore, thereby rejoicing the heart of the young ornithologist, and though speedily slain, yet so far immortalized in its folly or misfortune, as to form the subject of a conspicuous paragraph in a provincial paper

The Stork (*Ciconia alba*) is a tall and stately bird measuring between three and four feet in height The prevailing colour of the plumage is pure white, strongly contrasted with the deep black of the terminal portions of the wings The bill, which is straight, strong, and sharp pointed, is of a bright scarlet, as are also the lengthened legs The feet are half webbed This bird, though very rare in Britain, and known there only as an accidental stranger, is frequent during summer over a large portion of Europe, and forms a conspicuous feature among the rich meadow lands of Holland and Belgium It also spreads far northwards into Sweden and Norway, and parts of Russia Its winter quarters are Egypt and the north of Africa By the ancient inhabitants of the country of the pyramids the stork was regarded with a reverence only inferior to that which they accorded to the mystical Ibis and the same feeling still prevails in many regions both of Africa and the East "Storks and swallows are almost domesticated in Turkey, through the scrupulous care shown by the inhabitants to preserve their nests They are allowed to build where they like, unmolested" "The stork seldom builds his nest far from a village, and usually selects the roof of a house for its site Such is the confidence these birds have learned to place in the Mohammedan part of the population, that it is not uncommon to see every house in a Turkish village crowned with their nests They shun Christian habitations, for the Greeks neither encourage nor permit them to build so near Nearer home, we know how in Holland the stork is wisely regarded as a household bird, and how frequently it there builds its capacious nest upon the tops of houses, or the summits of ancient trees in the immediate vicinity of human dwellings, and indeed often by preference in those places most environed by the busiest haunts of men It may even be sometimes seen stalking familiarly in crowded streets, although it seeks its usual food, consisting of fish and reptiles, in fields, fens, and by the banks of rivers.

* See *Phædrus*, 15

† *Vishnu Purana*, p 39.

The Arabic name of the stork is *Hadjı laglag*, the former portion of the term referring to its migratory or *pilgrim* habits, the latter (imitatively) to the peculiar clatter which the bird often makes with its bill The Hebrew term is *chasidah*, signifying affection, piety, gratitude,—and results from the prevailing belief in the strong attachment these birds bear to each other Although the devotion of the parents is undoubted the corresponding affection of the progeny has not been proved

The Crane, of which the most noted species is *Grus cinerea*, is a migratory bird well known in Britain during former ages and still an abundant breeder in the northern and eastern parts of Europe It is a very large creature, measuring above four feet in height The prevailing plumage is of a deep ash grey the face and throat black the tail coverts and tertial feathers being very long loose flowing, and decomposed It is, however more than doubtful whether the Hebrew term *agur* applies to the European crane because in its migrations from Africa it crosses the Mediterranean passes over the southern and central countries of Europe, and seeks the marshy and more unpeopled wilds of the north, from which it returns southwards in the autumn It is not now known in Palestine unless it may be accidentally as with ourselves in western regions The voice is a loud sonorous far reaching clanging cry like the sound of a trumpet and does not accord with the word "chatter which is applied to it in Scripture (Isa xxxviii 14) But another and more beautiful species, called the Numidian crane (*Grus virgo*) though not a European bird is known to visit Palestine in spring, descending the Nile from Central Africa, spreading into Asia Minor and proceeding as far north as the shores of the Caspian Sea —thus "observing the time of its coming Hasselquist saw it on the Nile and shot one near Smyrna where the species visits a swamp above that town, as well as the vicinity of Lake Tiberias This Numidian crane is a bird of great gracefulness of aspect, now well known as a contented captive in our zoological gardens It is of a delicate bluish grey colour, with the cheeks, throat, breast and terminations of the long tail coverts and quill feathers, black There is a pretty tuft of snow white plumes behind each ear, and its peculiar gait, and general air of elegance, have no doubt given rise to its usual French name of *Demoiselle*

A few sentences will suffice for Swallows Our two most familiar species are both well known in Palestine, and each is remarkable for its fine, closely set, glossy plumage, the great length of the wings, the swift, easy, graceful long continued skimming flight In one of these known as the martin or window swallow (*Hirundo urbica*) the feet are clothed with feathers, the hind claw is slightly disposed to turn forwards, the tail is forked and of medium length This is the species which forms so frequent and pleasing a feature in many of our villages and rural dwellings building beneath the eaves and in the upper angles of windows The dorsal portions of the plumage are glossy bluish black the rump and all the under surface white In the other commonly called the chimney swallow (*H rustica*), the legs and feet are naked, the tail forked and of great length All the upper parts with the higher portion of the breast, are black the forehead and throat deep orange brown, the other under portions of the plumage white This species usually builds in outhouses, leaving the upper part of its nest uncovered The Hebrew word *Sis* has been translated (though not without disputation) swallow and no doubt applies to one or both of the kinds above named Swallows are probably the most purely insectivorous of all birds, and when natives of a country in any measure subjected to wintry cold they must of necessity leave it for a time even if they could themselves withstand that inclemency in consequence of the failure of insect food M Natterer has made an interesting observation in regard to the change of plumage in the European kinds namely that they moult in February while absent from the land of their nativity This as ever is wisely ordered for if the heavy moult which befalls so many other species during spring and autumn were equally to affect these long winged migratory birds their flight from distant foreign lands or journey thither might be either unduly procrastinated or possibly prevented altogether But it has been otherwise arranged, and so 'the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane and the swallow, observe the time of their coming

ST JOHN OF THE EAST SEA

One day, somewhat late in the autumn of 1768, the neighbours observed considerable excitement in an ordinary little house by the Fish Gate of Dantzic, and gossips were speedily informing their less inquiring acquaintances that Mrs Falk had had a son Mr Falk was a person of some importance in the street He was a maker of wigs, or as he would have been called now, an artist in hair, and, a hundred years ago, when everybody went abroad in borrowed locks, and when Dantzic boasted of so many stately burghers, this was no contemptible calling Moreover he was a grave and diligent man, shrewd and steady in his business, and his wife was a gentle Moravian, and a good manager, and, from morning prayer till evening, the household was ruled with a silent order that bred in time a great respect for the worthy couple So the news was received with pleasant comments, and in due season little Falk was wanted on and inspected, and fondled by the neighbouring matrons, to his mother's evident satisfaction, if not always to his own It was an odd child to come into that staid family It had an unaccountable vivacity, restless eyes that wandered till some sudden thought would fix them in a long dream, tastes that were inherited from neither side of the house, the quickest sensibility to music, a passionate eagerness for something far off, unknown, naughtinesses and caprices far beyond a baby's share As he grew older, he would gaze for hours at the lively pictures of street life before the door, or silently sit with his mother at the gate in the summer evenings, and

watch the ships that sailed by, or loiter at some street or bridge looking at the quaint houses, and the sailors, and the thick forest of masts—a sensitive, observant, silent child, and ever more restless leaping out of the house if a door was opened, found often in the meadows after sunset listening to the echoes and the water, and the last songs of the birds

He was a puzzle in that old fashioned, matter of fact household, and they knew no solution He would come round in time no doubt, but, not withstanding, Mr Falk often shook his head sadly and helplessly Then school passed, and at ten the boy entered his father's workshop

For, to his father, life meant the right making of wigs—a limited view, but which satisfied him and ought to satisfy his children And as he began early, why should not little John? And these whims about reading, and these quaint flashes of thought he never had them and why should his son? Nothing for him like learning an honest trade, and the sooner the better Inconclusive reasoning, but common enough, as many miserable and bitterly struggling lives will testify The child is father of the man, even much more than the man the father of the child It has its special way marked out for it You bring it on by yours All the while, by sympathies, cravings, tastes, peculiarities, it is yearningly, unconsciously for its own, seeks it in its own way You try force by some side door it slips out on its own quest You try punishment, it may turn doggedly and defy you the nature may be soured, filled with angry thoughts, or it may submit bend the body to obedience—it can do no more It has not been set to its right work and can never be rightly satisfied till that work is done It does its best with what is given it, but there is a secret unhappiness planted in it for life, a sense of unfitness, a perpetual conflict between what it could and what it must The intention of that child's life is marred You say it is unreasonable, has it not better right to say, you are unreasonable? Walk into the garden, and see how every flower has its own habit of growth and soil If the gardener complains they will not all grow in his one way, which is unreasonable, the flowers or he? Let us come as students into that beautiful child garden God has planted in the world to learn as much as to teach, and there will be fewer lives wasted, fewer children unhappy

Little Falk perhaps, did not do his best at the wig block He was perpetually in disgrace perpetually undergoing some quiet whipping It must have been provoking to an expert curler of hair to see the boy dreamily singe it before his eyes, or to send him with a peruke for the burgomaster's party and find when the party is half over, that he has never got beyond that turn of the dock where the ancient mariners lounge about their weather beaten ships But it is surely provoking to a lad who has curious and eager thoughts that no one about him understands, and a consuming thirst for books, and the feeling of a real calling to some life work, other than he has seen, to toil from morning till night at perpetual curling, and powdering, and carrying of hair, and be sent to bed without a candle lest he should read, and to have those pleasant tendrils, by which he laid hold of music and poetry, cut off by rigid discipline And so it seems, on the Sundays he went to the Catholic church, and tried his hand as second violin in the choir, and with the pence that his father's customers gave their little messenger, he bought such poor books as he could upon the stalls, and many a time, when the snow was thick upon the ground, he would halt upon his rounds, and read under the lamp post till the book fell from his frozen hands He was not happy "Next year," he wrote to his cousin, 'I shall be thirteen and every year I am a head bigger, and every one who sees me says How tall you grow! But if I said I was glad to hear it, it would not be true for I think there is many a tall fellow who is an ass, and what is the use of my being tall if I can't study' My mother would have it, but then she cannot do just as she pleases'

It was like a hard unintelligible destiny, and unyielding he might beat his head against the bars Just then it seemed to open A waggon having rolled over him and broken his leg he found himself in bed for weeks and doing nothing but read It was a time of unbounded delight But it passed, and not being quite prepared to break his leg a second time, he came once more under strict motionless rule The real nature struggled up within him, vehemently and passionately now as he grew older It was beaten down by a stout hazel stick He grew restless and troubled, fought with wild wrong thoughts, as many a lad has fought, remembered his mother's stories out of the Bible, prayed with some dim notion that it would help him, went back to his work till the struggle began again, and would have run away at length with a thoughtless sailor if the old spell of music had not been laid upon him as he passed a church door through which the mellow organ swell rolled out upon the street, and made him think some solemn thoughts of God, and the father and mother He commanded to honour Poor lonely dreamer misunderstood, misunderstanding himself, weary, as boys sometimes persuade themselves of life, the sea was his companion, and answered him with its many voices, and by it he would sit pouring out his heart in murmurs of plaintive song like this, written one summer evening as he sat on the shore and watched the sails dropping into the west and the sea birds flashing over the dance of the waves —

"Sea birds!
That yearly year
Fly up across our eastern foam,
Might I but mount with you and roam,
Till through the west some land appear!
Sea birds, wild sea birds!

"Sea birds!
Year after year
I come and sit on this dull stone,
A weary child, unhappy, lone—
Spring, time and autumn, year by year,
Sea birds, wild sea birds!

"Sea birds!
Year after year
Your wings will cleave our purple sky,
While under this cold stone I lie,
Forgot, unwept by dropping tear,
Sea-birds, wild sea birds!"

At length, his father yielded so far, that at sixteen, Falk was allowed to visit one Drommert, a teacher of English, twice a week, but with characteristic strictness, the time he spent there was to be restored by work after hours. Such as it was, the arrangement was welcome. Falk had no book, the other boys would not read with the barber's son, he looked on with his teacher, and carried off the prize. The pastor heard of it and came over to the house by the Fish Gate. The burghers stopped him as they passed, and the good minister put in his gentle pleas continually, until the strict old man could hold out no longer, but consented that John should be a student. At the High School he was indefatigable, sat up at night with his feet in cold water, and went with a steady rush on to the first place. He would have studied philosophy, but that it had thrown the professor of philosophy into a nervous fever and killed him. And in Dantzic the honest people got alarmed lest this philosophy should become an epidemic. There was still poetry, however. He had sung in his wild, unformed way, would not the professor of so divine an art help him to sing better? A long gaunt man, in a long blue coat entered the class room, took his seat, looked round with hollow eyes, and began with a sepulchral voice to read his essay, beating solemn time to his cadences on the knob of his stick. It was not promising, but young poets are not easily damped, and Falk opened up the depths of his heart to this tall hollow eyed man in blue, might he perhaps hope, under so illustrious a guide, to sing some worthier songs? "I have been fifteen, ay, eighteen years professor of poetry," replied the sepulchral voice, "but, thank God, I never made a verse in my life. And more, young man, if there is one thing I have warned my pupils against it is this, never to make verses, for a long experience has taught me that, as a rule, these rhymers are just good for nothings!" "Is it not curious," writes Falk to his faithful cousin, "a professor of philosophy who dies of philosophy in the nerves, and a professor of poetry who warns his pupils against making verses!"

The truth was, that Falk had striven as far as Dantzic gave him opportunity, and the burghers perceiving it, took friendly counsel how they might send him to the University. At length they met in the town hall, summoned John Falk to their presence, and seeing him somewhat abashed by so many grave and silent elders, a kindly old man stepped forward and said for the rest, that it was time he should visit the University, that they had provided for him there, that they prayed God would go with him. "One thing only, if a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is we, the dead, the old, grey headed burgomasters and councillors of Dantzic, and do not turn us away." Falk's eyes filled with tears, the words sank into his heart. The next session his name was enrolled on the books of Halle.

A single room, in one of those tortuous lanes, which people at Halle miscall streets, received the barber student. Besides him it contained a bed, two chairs, and a table. The German student is careless of externals; his existence is a romance coloured by his imagination in dainty hues; he moves in a world of beautiful ideals; his life is still wet with the fresh dew of youth, it is a time of poetry, of lofty thoughts and large dreams, and indefinite capacities. The everyday world is under his feet, his tread is on the misty mountain tops of thought, he sups ambrosial food. Ten years, and you find him a humdrum lawyer, pettifogging in a country village, a farmer, buccho in his walk and speech, a merchant, struggling greedily up the ladder of gold, the betitled underling of some under sized little state, laced with red tape, and prickly as the prickly porcupine. The extravagant idealism of the student exhausts itself, and leaves, perhaps, a very coarse and narrow reality. For three years he walks about and shuts his eyes, and calls it Paradise, then he wakes up as if it was a dream, and sets to work like another. He is not more uninteresting, less heroic than the majority, it is the width of the contrast that provokes a smile at his matter of fact future. Falk went through it like the rest, radical politics, Fatherland, German unity, speculations on Being and not Being, wonderful socialisms, reforms of the world. He came out of it, as earnest spirits will, struggling with new emotions, grappling with realities, groping his way through other problems than those he set himself in sport, not to toss it all back into the past, and forget it, as a child might play with a bubble, but to go out gallantly into common and patent facts, and see what help he might bring in the never ending whirl and wreck of human lives. It was the dawning of the day of revolutions. He mourned over the night that covered his country, it led him to God for help: there was none on earth. And as he cried for the nation, he learned to cry for himself, a slow process, the teaching of years and many sorrows, but at last he cried, *God be merciful to me a sinner*, and was caught to the Saviour's arms for ever.

Before he reached so far, there came from one spot promise of light, and having finished Halle, Falk chose his residence at Weimar. Goethe, Schiller, Herder, were making it famous. It became the point to which men looked for help, for true and profound thoughts, for truth itself as opposed to the shallow, frivolous formalism of the time. The genius of the leaders attracted many minds of lesser note, and for literary brilliance the circle at Weimar rivalled the palmy days of Greece. Falk went to it hopefully. He was warmly received, for young men of promise were welcomed within that charmed circle. He joined himself mostly to Goethe, struck, like the rest, by his profound insight, his many sidedness, his power over man. He cultivated his old poetical fancies, sung lyrics that had a reputation in their day, flung off poetical sketches, and shared the intellectual energy of the place. After all, poetry was not his gift, he wanted simplicity and naturalness. In the first decade of the century, he was "pointed at as a type of the national literature in decay." But neither was it the gift of this Weimar society to provide the light for which Falk, and many with him, sought. It was too purely intellectual to be very human in its practical sympathies. Goethe chose the moment of his country's deepest ruin to publish an exquisite classic story; Schiller wrote like an earnest Ro-

The age of rigid mathematical beliefs was

breaking up, and the exquisite, sensuous grace of paganism threatened to take its place Falk felt there was no living power in that He turned more to Herder, listened to voices that were despised—Stillings, Lavaters, Melchiors Claudius', —voices that were lifted up for the Bible, and that strove to win a hearing for Christ in that tumultuous epoch They reminded him of his mother's lessons, they wakened an anxiety in his mind for personal rest, they made him turn, though still with indistinctness, to the Gospels as containing the only peace for himself and for his age It was then that the French swept over the land, and through the troubled years of its misery, out of the depths Falk cried unto the Lord, and found mercy and plenteous redemption

It is no wonder that the memory of those years is scored beyond erasure in the hearts of the German people, that a quiet and passive people who slightest hint of a French invasion rouses them in sternness and wrath During nine months 900 000 hostile soldiers and 500 000 horses were quartered on the Duchy of Weimar, with its population of 100 000 The dark nights of winter were lighted with burning homesteads, the roads from village to village were thick with corn, horses were bought for a crown, and foddered on the unthreshed wheat, Ragusa, with his Spaniards and brigands, scoured the country for plunder and murder When Jena was lost Weimar fell already into panic Its literary ease was ruddy broken, its writing men were helpless idealized mythologies and many minded geniuses were poor shelter against the storm But one man preserved his head, bore up against the panic spoke brave cheery words acted with wisdom and vigour The Duke made him a councillor and hung an order on his breast "The people in Weimar" says the only biographer I have been able to find "saw the new councillor walk through the street with a ribbon at his button hole, but the Lord in heaven saw only a publican, which was a sinner Falk was the good genius of the place "There goes good Mr Councillor," people used to say, as they saw a homely man in an amazingly wide coat hurrying in the early morning through the town gate His coat would be wider and his step slower when he returned, for he spent the day from hamlet to hamlet, filling his capacious pockets with valuables which the peasants trusted to him without scruple, and scarce able sometimes to totter back under his burden "I am but one man," he sometimes suggested apologetically, "and I have children, but I never fear death upon the path of duty" How he laboured thus, and wrote at length to the French General, and received a company at his free disposal, and patrolled with them about the country, repressing the frightful disorders, is a singular episode, worthy of being put side by side with the contemporary adventures of Perthes at Hamburg Peace came at length, but like sunshine over the wreck of flood and storm. The land was desolated, those whom the war had spared were carried off by a pestilence, and in one small village sixty orphans mourned both parents. Falk himself lost four out of six children, and buried, as he declared, the best part of his life in the grave.

He seemed at first to sink under this blow His natural elasticity forsook him, and he shrank into himself, and listened to his murmurings. "So it is," he wrote afterwards, "we all like the glory on Tabor, but we cannot bear to spend our nights upon Golgotha" Yet God led him there to receive the right aim and consecration of his life The same sickness that had stripped him of children had stripped hundreds of home, and up to Falk's door in Weimar, the little ones came wearily, hungry and tearful and clamant, for he was the only one whom they thought could help them Then Falk thought of the burgomaster's solemn words and of that strange prophecy pronounced over him by his aunt when he was rescued from the sea, in his boyish days, and the aged, holy woman laying her hand upon his head, had said, *John God has been with thee again, He will not leave thee nor forsake thee for I know and am assured in my part that the Lord hath chosen thee for His work* and he thought of his own children in *God's care* "and he opened his door, and gave the orphans to eat and to drink and clothed them and went out and wept bitterly" This became the turning point He found an object to live for, he recognised the guiding of God's hand, his buoyancy and faith and power returned Poet, in some sort, he was by nature, councillor by the Duke's grace, but now he became what God had called him to be

The pressure from without soon compelled him to seek for a society, and he founded the *Society of Friends in Need*, the beginning of that great work of Inner Mission which has spread so wide in our day The society was to lend money without interest to the peasants to make them free money grants to assist in rebuilding their houses, to support the orphans and sick This was not enough for Falk The children were his first care He gathered them off the streets and waysides "Come in, he cried, "God has taken my four angels, and spared me that I might be your father," and when the house grew too small, he established the first Reformatory, for his care soon overstepped the mere orphans There were children practically orphans by vagabondage and crime, wandering from one prison to another pests of their neighbourhoods, never hearing a kind word, shunned, and cast out by all And as he grew better acquainted with this singular under stratum of society his pity deepened, and the conviction grew up that these children might be brought round, that perhaps it was not all their faults, that there might be some blame even to good and well meaning people who looked on but never interfered unless through the medium of the police It would have been easy to say this was a likely notion for a sentimental poet, it appears that this was very liberally said when Falk began, it was long before those like Perthes could reconcile themselves to the belief, that a man whose verses they abused was doing a genuine thorough Christian work. One gentleman wrote from Weimar,—"Falk is so impressible and fanciful, that the dreadful destitution of the youths, and their subsequent improvement, may very well both be creatures of his imagination. Then he is importunate in seeking subscriptions and aid of every kind; he is, in fact,

a bore He has a few enthusiastic followers, but in general he is not liked here, people avoid him, and laugh at him behind his back" But the work soon established its own reputation. Nor was there much in it but what was practical, sagacious, and profoundly Christian

The children were well taught in point of mere schooling, as well as in any school of the place, and only those who have engaged in similar work can tell at what an expenditure of labour this must have been to a solitary man starting a new project But the children were depraved, and it was a principle of Falk's, that the root of the evil had its chief source not in ignorance but in sin, that it was not enough, therefore to teach writing and arithmetic to a people, that that was the least part of education, that it was more important to impart the secret of a righteous life "What in all the world," he said once boldly before the Estates, "does it profit the State to have thieves who can write, and thieves who can cipher? They are only so much the more dangerous Ay, and what profit is it though your thieves should speak Latin, and Greek, and French?" They were not unnecessary words Shrewd and able men fancied then that culture would do everything that to give a man knowledge was to keep him moral Are such words unnecessary yet? If it is not thought that thieves are reformed by a liberal education, is it not apparently believed in many quarters that a liberal education will prevent thieving? Is it not asserted that the sects may be left to wrangle over a religious education, provided that only a sound secular education may be given? Are not statistic tians perpetually preaching to the country on the fact that the majority of prisoners can neither read nor write, and pointing to the necessary conclusion when every child is at a school? Might it not as well be said, that there never have been such gigantic and constant frauds as now, and that, therefore, the less children are sent to school the better? It is likely that the greater the number of people who can read and write, the more readily they will find openings for whatever gifts and energy they possess It is clear also that a man with a mind at all informed is a higher stamp of man than the savage of our "sunken sixth" But is it not against reason and experience to affirm that the entire moral tone of the community, and the right education (not instruction merely) of the people, are necessarily advanced by what is called the march of intellect? Is it not a very hasty and crude conclusion to draw from the paucity of criminals in the prisons that there is less wickedness in the country? The morality of the nation as a whole may be lowered, the guise of wickedness may be more subtle It is the boast of a Polish Jew that his people keep out of jail, yet no one will say that Polish Jews have a very lofty moral standard.

Falk had his own decided views He would have no mere school The children would learn what befitted them, and learn it well, but they would also learn that there is a blessed Saviour who died for the outcast, they would see and feel what a true godly life is; they would come in contact with the force of Christian love, they would be bred up to honest trades. We are familiar with such principles now, but it seemed hazardous and merely romantic then In the face of all difficulties, and working out his way through his own mistakes, Falk pushed on The boys came in, they were trained, apprenticed out in Weimar and the neighbourhood, and every Sunday they returned to spend two hours with him and his faithful coadjutor, Pastor Horn When they came they were wicked and helpless enough Auguste Müller was a confirmed beggar at eleven, ran from a home which his father had deserted before him, when brought back, ran off, was laid hold off by the police, wandered again, and when Falk found him had almost lost any trace of a human being. Brücknern at twelve had lain for some time chained like a wild beast Senf, even after he came, ran away repeatedly Stellenberg attempted to hack off his finger rather than work at the linen trade "Horrid, cannibal like faces had they all," wrote Perthes in 1822, "with the image of the desert unmistakably unprinted on their foreheads" Senf's brother had known all the prisons, served as a soldier in four countries, and deserted from every regiment he was in There were others as bad who might come A boy of sixteen had murdered two little girls for a piece of flannel, which he had afterwards sold for three shillings Two little boys, of ten and twelve, set a village on fire, and burnt eighty eight houses with the church A little later, in the first quarter of 1826, there were 162 juvenile criminals in the Prussian prisons, twenty of them for arson and two for suicide After statistics were much worse, but Falk's life is not concerned with them

The results were satisfactory and convincing There were lads that turned out ill But he was able to write "Could you see us, you would rejoice and bless God The children of robbers and murderers sing psalms and pray, boys are making locks out of the insulting iron which was destined for their hands and feet, and are building houses such as they formerly delighted to break open" Hundreds of honest tradesmen left the Reformatory Some entered the service of the State There were clergymen, lawyers, and doctors among those who have been at Weimar, schoolmasters, merchants, and artists And these were not merely out of the very worst material, but if Falk had not cared for them, they would have been an injury to the State They would have been not only unprofitable but hurtful And in his pleasant way, Falk used sometimes to show at how much less cost his plan made them honest citizens, than the State plan would have kept them harmless criminals

(1) Bread, water, shame, flogging, cost per boy in prison £7, 17s 8d per annum.

(2) Meat, bread, honour, the Bible, Christian teaching, cost, in a Christian workshop in Weimar, once for all, £3, 15s.

Results are eloquent enough and have a plain direct utterance which is hard to gainsay They are the test by which men permit in judging the most moving appeals and theories of however lofty a character. They have a practical, decisive air about them. And when they avoid the awkward necessary [illegible] and getting entangled among principles [illegible] it may be questioned if our respect for them does not run into idolatry. It is

possible, though the suggestion should be made with all caution, that we are somewhat over statistical in our generation, that our judgments of right and wrong are too arithmetical Now, to some distracted readers of figure columns the thought may come that there is a higher ultimate appeal, even the truth itself Those results at Weimar were excellent but they give us little sympathy or light What we want to know is how they were brought about, not the dead figures, but the living, working power

Falk's first principle of conduct was a saying ever on his lips—"Love overcometh" There was to be no compulsion The lads might wander freely away, as freely as they came There were no locks and bars "We forge all our chains on the heart," he would say, "and scorn those that are laid on the body, for it is written, 'if Christ make you free, then are ye free indeed'" This open confidence and authority of love was not merely philanthropic If it had no higher ground than that, it would have ended in good natured disorder It was the love of a Saviour of which he thought and on which he founded his work, a love which implies the hatefulness and lawlessness and madness of sin And if he left the door unbarred, he made it be clearly felt that the criminal life in every aspect of it was sin

He had warm sympathies, and could enter with some freedom into the position of an outcast child His time and strength were wholly given to his work Everybody knew he was to be found among his children, teaching them out of the Bible, or telling them some of the stories he wrote for them, or cheering them over their work, or planning an excursion If his outcasts were taught charity by marching round the room on Sundays, singing a charity hymn, and dispensing bread to the poor beggars who had stolen in, if he inscribed his family history on a tablet of the building, it only shows that some sentimentalism and egotism clung to the good man out of the past Those few glimpses that we have into his household life—and always when death opens the door and bids us look in—teach us charity and respect "God has designed," he says, "to make me His instrument, He has moulded me in the fire of affliction, and prepared me in the valley of tears" "Go and ask," he says again, "why it was in the bleeding heart of a father, who buried four children in one month, that God planted a tree to give fruit and shadow to many hundred children of the land" He felt that that first fourfold sorrow was God's call Years passed, and he and his wife sat in the darkened room, a son of nineteen had died but an hour before, and they sat in the shadow, silent A hand tapped at the door "O my Edward," cried the mother, "would that it was thou!" It was a poor ragged lad of fourteen, and he struggled through his tears to say "You have taken so many children from our place! Have pity upon me also! Since I was seven, I have had neither father nor mother," and he could say no more Then the mother lifted up her eyes to heaven, and cried, "Lord, Lord, thou sendest us stranger children without pause, and, oh, thou takest away our own!" And the father prayed: "Thy will be done," and took poor Rennewitz to his heart Two years, and again the room was darkened, Angelica had died at sixteen. "Pray for me," Falk had written, "for I must still be far from the Lord, when He needs to lay me again and again upon the anvil" All honour to that brave pair, who cared so truly for the stranger children, while their hearts' blood was slowly trickling into the graves of their own All honour to that poet-counsellor*—fanciful, sentimental, or whatever else it pleased the age to call him—who could feel in his heaviest sorrow that God was forging a fitter instrument to carry out His love to the lost

There were other lessons that the time was teaching Falk had no fortune to spare on his fancies, and to provide for so many children involved a large outlay He begged hard for subscriptions Uncharitable people voted him a bore. He did not mind it much, but he learned that there was a direster begging, and a simpler way He never ceased laying his necessities before men, but he was more importunate with God, and though men should refuse him angrily, he had faith that God would refuse him nothing according to His will "We began our work" he wrote, "with whole and half florins, yea, with *groschen*, and in peace, if we had only sufficient for the need of the current day Our balance was 'Take no thought for the morrow' 'Behold the lilies of the field'" Two instances may be worth record —

It was a time of great scarcity, almost famine, and prices were so high, that Falk did not know how he was to get bread for the children, when a poor boy came into the Sunday school, on crutches, and said weeping "No one has pitied me The dogs have often fallen upon me, and bitten me. Dear sir, for Christ's sake, pity me, and let me have some rest Put me in a workshop I will be good I will be a tailor, or anything you like Only take me in" "Dear children," said Falk, "the times are hard, but I will send none of you away, and I will take the stranger from far off in And I tell you, and now think of it blessing will flow richly in upon our house, and God, who has led Ludwig Minner over the Thuringian Forest in snow and rain, has not led him in vain to us, and he will provide bread not only for him, but for us all." Before the next Sunday, a tailor had taken Minner into his workshop, and the Prince of Rudolstadt had sent a donation of 500 crowns

At the time of Falk's last family sorrow he was suddenly informed that his Reformatory had been sold over his head In dismay he searched for a suitable house and could find none At length he remembered a proverb that the people in Weimar had got, they could not tell how *Let John Falk go into Luther's Lane* Into Luther's Lane he went, saw a large ruined palace, bought it, and determined that the boys would build a house on the spot The price was nearly a thousand pounds; the building materials would cost as much more. He undertook it "Trust in God," he cried, "trust in God, and we have all that we need, and often more" The project was made known, and in various ways the money was collected, and there was no debt. This was but part. People laughed

* "It is not his fault if he be a poet into the bargain." —*Letter of Perthes*

at the notion of his boys building He had settled that also with God in his own way He was determined that "every tile on the roof, every nail in the wall, every lock on the door, every chair and table in the rooms, should be a witness to the industry of Falk's children" Thus also was accomplished, and before he died he pronounced, in old German fashion, the blessing on the house 'So long as this house will receive poor children within its walls, so long will the blessing of God abide in it and them that dwell therein, but if, forgetting mercy, it shall ever close its door against poor children the blessing of God will depart from it" And, perhaps, the actual building was the least important result, for, during its progress many discoveries were made that have been since turned to golden use in reformatory work

Falk's energies were not limited by his Reformatory He organised a plan for the decay of beggars, which has since been enlarged and nobly carried out at Elberfeld Each beggar child was given in charge to a couple of five or six people in Weimar As far as these benevolent circles extended the children were provided for Nor if fresh children had wandered in to supply the place of these would it have affected his plan, which was to put an end to begging children, and not merely to exclude them from Weimar Then, in the course of his inquiry, he came across an endowment for the education of sixty poor schoolmasters, and finding that no one was taken about the men, and that they were educating themselves in the very worst way for becoming teachers of the young he gave Weimar no rest until reforms were introduced, and finally the schoolmasters brought into personal contact with himself, and more or less under his training It would have made his influence felt in time over the whole land, but his life was now over He had 300 children in his reformatory, 60 schoolmasters in what he called his *Johanneum*, hundreds of young men and women apprenticed out to various industries, beggar children provided for, and stray children of every description welcomed as they came His singleness and blamelessness of life had silenced all the early ridicule Next to the Grand Duke no one was treated with so much respect He was involuntary treasurer of all poor schemes in the place, for if people had money to bestow in charity, it was sent without reserve to Falk Strangers came from a distance where news of the singular work had penetrated Old pupils, now well off in the world, returned to thank him, and to see the old place and the new faces

At length sickness struck him down He lay for six sleepless weeks racked with fierce incessant pains Out of these weeks proceeded the fullest and deepest spiritual letters to his friends, the best hymns for his Sunday school—the richest in Divine grace, careful and wise plans for his Reformatory Then he seemed to recover, for weeks his friends had hope, but the body was worn out and had no rallying strength, and he sank again. Three days before his death he completed a book of devotional thoughts, and the preface to another, "Martin Luther in Popular Rhymes." It is characteristic that the poet should survive to the last, and something of the energy of early Weimar days flashes up in that preface The country he felt was still dead, nationally and spiritually. Where there was life, it allied itself too often with romanticism, and buried itself in Rome He thought he would write the old heroic life of Luther in popular ballads for the people The rhymes are forgotten, but the preface is worth remembering "A people with a glorious history, and yet only sleepily conscious of it, and opening its mouth wide and stupid like a child when it hears of the great deeds of its fathers, for it knows no more of them than names, and battles, and dates,—it is no people, but the mere ghost of a people, yea a mere withered mummy' Brave, strong words to come from so hallowed and peaceful a death bed, but not too strong And other words of his may fitly lie beside them, earlier written yet never so appropriate, words that show what fire of righteous indignation may abide in the same heart with the sweetness and gentleness of Christian temper —

> "Touching that love, whose perfect sphere
> Has drawn my life within its clear
> And holy depths—at heaven's gate—
> My heart drops all its scorn and hate,
> The hard words peel from off my tongue,
>
> World, farewell, and worldly wrong!
> But thou, my soul, to heaven in song!'

His friend and former pupil, Rheinthaler, had been sent for from Erfurt, where he had charge of a similar good work upon a smaller scale When he reached in the evening, Falk's eye was filmy and his utterance indistinct But as they stood round the bed they heard the broken words at intervals, "God — popular — faith — shoot — Christ — end" It was after the sunset of a brief February day in 1826 that the lips were sealed and the eyelids closed Three days, and the children bore him to the grave with singing of Christian psalms, and for epitaph remain his own words, quaint as Baxter's —

> "Underneath this linden tree
> Lies John Falk, a sinner he
> Saved by Christ's blood and mercy
>
> Born upon the East Sea strand,
> Yet he left home, friends, and land,
> Led to Weimar by God's hand
>
> When the little children round
> Stand beside this grassy mound,
> Asking, who lies under ground?—
>
> Heavenly Father, let them say,
> Thou hast taken him away,
> In the grave is only clay

His name stands in no calendar, it marks no day out for memorial thoughts. Only in Weimar there stands the *Falksche Institut*, or as he called it, *Lutherhof*, and the idea has spread, as he said it would, through Germany and all Christian Europe, and many ears are open now to the cry of the children And is not the name graven in many rescued lives? And is not *John of the East Sea* fragrant with holy memories in many a Christian household? And in one calendar above all, concerning which it is written "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," will be found at the last day, *John Falk*, a saint by the grace of God!

WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

And thou hast now a babe! sweet gift from God!
A little germ of life—an mortal flesh
Sent down to shine awhile through the thin veil
That dims its heaven-lit brightness! then to cast
The earthly cov'ring off, and rise a free
And gladsome spirit, to the God who sent
It perfect from His own exhaustless life
And immortality, to fill with breath
The framework of a child of Adam.
Look!
Oh mother, thou! upon that tender thing
That hangs, in all its touching helplessness,
Upon thy very life for its new born
Existence Bless the Lord, and raise thy voice
In a new song, sing praises unto Him
Who cast His gracious eye of love on thee
And bless'd thee, by confiding to thy care
So rich a treasure Ah! and do not mourn,
Young mother, tho' in coming from above,
And shadowing its light in human clay,
Thy first born infant lost its purity
Of glory, and, like other infants here,
Became a vessel marr'd and ruined by
The dark and chilling influence that spreads
Through all the kingdom of a fallen world.
But raise thy trusting eye to Him who breathed
Into thy little one the breath of life,
And know, that with an everlasting love,
He fixed her foreknown guilt upon the Lamb
Who shed His blood to wash its stain away,
When, many a dark year back, He trod the earth,
Man's spotless surety,—and man's sacrifice
And know, too, that He shows the sinless stream
That flow'd for human guilt—and pleads henceforth
For all such helpless ones—for whom His own
Atoning life was given—that they have peace
And everlasting blessedness secured
Because He died The great reward He claims
For all His woes Eternal life and joy
For fallen man!
Hail, happy mother, thou!
So travel onward with thy precious babe
To yonder world of joys celestial
Thou wilt not be a lone one there, but have
Thus second lite of thine to offer up,
To shine for ever in the glist'ning crown
That binds the royal brow of Jesus low
Beneath its weight of glory And thyself
Wilt gave, Oh Mother! with a beaming eye
Of rapture there, to see thy blessed child
In such a resting place.
Lift up thine eye,
Think thou upon these things, and bless the Lord.

A. L. SERR.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON

CHAPTER XVI.—TEN YEARS.

The kind reader—that is, the reader who entertains kind feelings towards the Old Lieutenant and his Son, must suppose ten years, or thereabouts, to have passed away since he last met those heroes so unknown to the great and busy world. Ten years! What changes does even this short period mark in the outer and inner history of every man! What a passing away of old things, and what a coming in of new! But I will not moralize in my story unless when it must be done by an inevitable "moral necessity," as the phrase goes. For, in truth, I suspect that the most indulgent reader who ever opened these pages, is sure to let slip such moralising paragraphs, in order to seize the thread of the narrative wherever he can pick it up. Let me say nothing, therefore, to refresh the memory of any one about honeymoons that may have come and gone during any ten years we may fix upon, nor of the morning stars which have succeeded those honeymoons, nor of babies' faces that have grown into smart boys, with satchels, or into chubby girls, with music lessons—such morning stars giving considerable anxiety, and costing considerable money to enable them to shine—bless them, nevertheless! nor of the lads and lasses who have passed out of their teens, to the great comfort of their relations,—nor of people who were "nowhere" when the ten years began, and are now "everywhere,"—nor of the "everybody knows their people" who have, during this period, sunk into the "what's become of them?" Ten years! why, everything is changed, within and without, except, perhaps, our worthy Doctor's sermons, though he maintains that their texts alone are old. By the way, I had almost forgot these dear maiden ladies, whom we have known since childhood, in the old house No. 63, in the square. They are as young in face as ever, and if possible younger in heart, for the older they get in years, the more childlike do they become in their faith, hope and charity. They have, to be sure, the same headaches and touches of rheumatism, the same periodical returns of inflamed sore throats as in days of yore—the same tea parties, and I verily believe, the same Sunday gowns, brown silks, with black scarfs, the same anxiety about their nephew Fritz, who has never, during those ten years, got into a "sootable situation," although he is ever on the verge of obtaining one. But Fritz, "poor fellow," as they add, "is peculiar." Ten years ago, ay, and ten years hence! I can smile no more as I solemnly think of all that we and others were, and have become, and must soon be!

Ten years have altered the old burgh in many respects. The school has been emptied of all its old scholars, and Ned's name has perished from the playground, and its only memorial is to be found in the initials on the big tree, with their once fresh lines, now swollen and deformed with the ten years' growth of the bark. Some of the old scholars have gone to their graves, and some to the ends of the earth. The old schoolmaster, Mr. Mair, has also passed away, and the cross coat is seen no more, though there is a tradition that it remained for several years after his death, as a scare crow and terror to young birds in his successor's garden. Its wearer was "one of the old school," a good classical scholar, whose joy was to 'ground the boys well," and his highest pride to inspire even one of them with some enthusiasm for Homer. He seemed to be himself inspired as he paced before his highest class, stamping his feet, shouting aloud with dilated nostrils, and swinging hands, as he helped the reader through some of the sublime passages of

> "That blind bard who on the Chian strand,
> Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
> Rise to the swelling of the tuneful sea."

Doubtless "the master" often inflicted punishment when any idleness or indifference disturbed his mental progress. Then, Ajax like, he came down on the "con sum mate block head," each syllable being emphasized with a whack of the "tawse." But somehow he did produce a brave manly set of boys. And the cross coat was not always on, but oftimes one of softest woollen. Then he would fondle a pupil, and chuckle kind words into his ear, and encourage him to learning. The Domine was not fully appreciated as a teacher, except, perhaps, by Dr Yule, who sympathised with his classical tastes. The whole town admitted that Mr Mair was no doubt a most respectable and clever man. But a demand for the "practical," as it is termed, arose in the burgh, and the Grammar School was supposed to be utterly useless for "men of business." And yet it was not a little remarkable to sum up, after even ten years—though the Domine had taught for three decades—the number of pupils from that school who had risen to occupy most useful positions as physicians, lawyers, and divines, while others, eschewing the learned professions, had nevertheless unconsciously formed habits of mind and acquired tastes, from its severer exercises which made them most intelligent citizens of the burgh.

The Domine was succeeded by a good looking, smirking, thin, little man, with black hair, which rose erect like stubble, from his forehead. Mr Crosby 'developed" as he said, "the commercial, and sunk the classical departments." He was full of theories on education—gave lectures, in a ambitious English accent, on its methods in the town hall—was great in elocution, and in showing off his pupils on examination days as tragic actors, who could, without the book, take each their part in extracts from Julius Cæsar, or Campbell's Lochiel. The parents of the pupils, especially the mothers, were charmed. This was a thing they could understand—which made its merits doubtful—and they wondered how they could have put up so long with old Mr Mair. These ten years produced, therefore, a crop of young lads who were assumed to be far in advance of the old stock. Young Bunkum wrote beautiful essays, and sometimes poems on such subjects as "Liberty," "The Death of Wallace," the "Grave," &c. Bunkum rejoiced in debating societies, preferred intellectual games to any other,

had a decided opinion on every subject brought under his notice, was superior to his father, and wiser than his mother Bunkum has at last become rich, reigns in the town hall, is sublime in local committees, and whirls about as the small wheel within a wheel, moving always fast and in a small circle Some are ignorant enough to maintain that Bunkum would not have been the worse of the tawse—which never of course was in his school—as that long leathery fingered instrument was once administered by the arm of flesh which inhabited, with angular vivacity, the right sleeve of the old cross coat

The Reform Bill has also inaugurated several changes in the old town as elsewhere It elevated men into importance who were hitherto unknown to the aristocratic portion of society in the burgh When the Colonel and the Factor actually heard a draper and shoemaker make speeches and presume to take part in public affairs, giving forth their opinions in the town hall, as to what King, Lords, and Commons might have done, or ought to have done, with reference to our foreign or domestic policy, and when, at the election of an M P, or part of one, they discovered that the old leaders of opinion and men of power were now in an insignificant minority,—then did those two worthies resolve to retire from public life, and weep together over the grave of their dead country Thus they did generally over their walnuts and port wine, before joining the ladies in the drawing room "The fact is," the Colonel would say, with a growly voice, "Radicals may argue as they please, but there must be a governing class who are born to govern, educated to govern, and who have in them by nature the blood, the peculiar blood, sir, to govern We who have been in India know that Bless you, sir, caste is founded in nature! It is the greatest mistake to suppose that it is a religion, or a sort of thing that a man can put on or take off as he pleases No, sir, it is birth and blood, and therefore talent and power Your Parish fellows, whether at home or abroad, your impudent shoemakers, or white faced bakers, can no more get it, or come to it, than a jack ass can become a blood horse Why do we white faces govern India?—because we are the higher caste, that's all, sir, that's all!" And the Colonel would spread out his arms from the elbows, open his eyes and elevate his eye brows, as his grandfather, who, by the way, was of the tailor caste, would have done when criticising the fit of a new coat "I quite agree with you, Colonel," the Factor would reply, taking a large snuff, and spreading out his brown silk handkerchief on his knee, while his gallant host helped him to another glass of high caste port,—"as his Lordship remarked to me one day lately, when I was dining with him at the Castle, (though I can assure you, Colonel, he could not produce wine with a finer bouquet than this), Scott," said he, "no man knows the country better than you do, and mark my words, mark them well, before ten years are over we shall have a revolution, and these lands of mine will be,"—here the Factor cracked his fingers like his Lordship.

"Of course," said the Colonel, "there's not a doubt of it—not a doubt of it—none whatever, sir, none."

"'When beggars get on horseback, we know where they will ride to, Scott.' He often said that to me, did his Lordship"

But long before ten years had passed his Lordships eldest son stood for the liberal interest in the borough, and submitted to be cross-questioned upon his political views by little M'Kim, the shoemaker, and gave pledges to Patterson, the baker, promising to reform everything in the nation, leaving the corn-laws only and the price of wheat as an open question, and the Colonel and Factor supported the young liberal, protesting, however, that they did so only "for the sake of his worthy father" What changes do ten years produce in man and beast!

Surely it is not ten years since we last met the old Captain and his wife, for they both look as fresh as ever! Yet, on careful examination, the Captain's under lip is not so well set up as it used to be, and there is a greater bend in his shoulders, and a slight shuffle in his gait, though Freeman maintains that he sees no change whatever either in him or in Mrs Fleming Babby has been rolling about the kitchen in her old way throughout the whole of this decade She is contented with everything, except with the new minister who has succeeded her friend, the good old Dr Yule "*Him* like Dr Yule!" she exclaims with indignation, to any one who presumes to put the two ministers on a par, "he is nae mair like the auld Doctor than a black singed sheep's head is like the Captain's bonny white ane! Dr Yule was a braw man, a real genteel man, weel born, and weel brocht up among the Yules o' Craigie law. He aye wore bonnie white sarks, and was clean and trig like a new preen, and aye had a civil word for ilka bodie, for man or woman, bairn or dog I have even seen him stan' and crack, and laugh wi' the verra Catholic priest himsel'!" When he met me it was aye 'Babby'—that's what he ca'd me, wi' his familiarity way, ye ken—'Babby, lass,' he would say wi' a smile, 'hoo's a' wi' ye and your's?' Than on Sabbath, wi' his gold specs on, he gie'd out what he had to say, sae kindly, that the verra sough o his voice has made me dull and greet. He coaxed puir wark creatures like me to be gude, just as I used to coax Ned—that's the young captain—when he was at the schule, wi a bit o' shortbread, or peppermint drops, to do what was richt, when he was thrawn or proud, and I have seen me many a time, after hearing the Doctor, just mad at myself that I wasna a better woman But this chield Dalrymple that's come amang us! Eh! what a round black crappit head he has, like a bull dog's, and a body round and fat like a black pudding, and he gangs stuttering about wi' his umbrella under his oxter, crawin' like a midden cock, wha' but him! and pittin' his neb into every body's business, wi' his impudence. And the body rages and rampages in the pulpit, flytin' on folk, and abusin' them till my nerves rise, and I could just cry out, if it wasna for shame, 'Hand yer tongue, ye spitfu' creatur!' The Captain canna thole him—nae wonner; for the very first day he cam to visit here, did he na abuse him for takin' his bit quiet daander on the Sabbath afternoon, as if the auld man had been a wild Highlandman! But a' the young laddies are

daft about Dalrymple, and some of the auld anes, that should ken better But no me! he never lets on when he sees me—he a ours proud and taen up wi' himsel for that *Hm* like Dr Yule! Gae awa gae awa, dinna tell me I ken better"

Carney has weathered these ten years manfully, like a brig lying to As he stood with his blue coat and gilt buttons beneath the portico of the Greenock Custom House, watching one of his heavy laden vessels, with loosened sails, returning from her voyage, and about to cast anchor, he seemed a statue erected there to an old generation of honourable wealthy, though somewhat rough guild of shipowners, who were passing rapidly away

No one ever fancied ten years could materially alter his wife One word about her in passing Mrs Campbell was recognised by the wise and prudent as a sort of model wife, and as the very genius of order and exact propriety She prided herself on never giving way to her feelings and abhorred everything like sentiment or emotion She was incapable of hate and revenge, as these passions are ordinarily expressed, and equally incapable of self sacrificing love or generous enthusiasm Her hooked nose, thin lips, sharp chin, and grey eyes became her—that is they seemed perfectly adapted to her spirit Her gown which flowed to the ground in straight lines from her thin waist, and descended from her thin neck to her waist, at an acute angle with white muslin within, the whole connected by a large pin, of Achnabeg hair, was such a dress as she might have been born in—like prophetic swaddling clothes A fruit tree, perfectly pruned and nailed down to the wall, was her ideal of the form to which the human mind, domestic arrangements, and society in general ought to be trained A branch growing free was a painful defect in her eyes Accordingly, her daughter Kate was often a source of anxiety to her, for she never could, with all her consummate art, sharp pruning, or careful hammering, adjust her branches to her ideal type of beauty She attributed these defects to her husband's influence, who, she alleged was too old when he came under his wife's training to be touched or cultivated with any hope of improving his own twisted and gnarled condition Carney was in her estimation, an old tree of good and evil, which flung out its branches at the promptings of rude nature, and could neither be cut down nor transplanted, lest its fruit, on which Mrs Campbell's subsistence depended, should be entirely lost, and leaves only appear, or the whole plant die down to its stump

Duncan Ardmore has long ago obtained a commission in the army—served abroad, and is daily expecting his company Old Martin Shillabeer has been dead several years, but his niece Flory was educated by Miss Duncombe, and also trained as a waiting maid, and is acting in that capacity with Mrs and Miss Macdougall at Ardmore Finally, little Curly has become Dr Morris, and occupies the second flat of a house in the main street of the old borough the lower flat of which is distinguished by a large window that gleams with two huge bottles of green and pink water.

But it is necessary to enter a little more into detail regarding two at least of those persons, whom the busy hands of ten years had been moulding without and within, until they had well nigh assumed the form which they would probably maintain for life

Ned has made several voyages to different parts of the world since we last parted with him, and has been for some time in command of a fine new ship of Carney's, called the "William Pitt in honour of the great pilot who had weathered the storm

Never did a truer man pace the deck although that field of his fame belonged to a merchant ship only yet it is the hero that makes the field illustrious, and not the field the hero In his outward appearance he was what the old writers would have described as 'a pretty man,' which expressed whatever was comely as well as manly Jack never attempted to picture him in words but every man on board of the 'William Pitt was proud of the skipper He had little of the sailor in his dress or in his appearance beyond the sunburnt face and hands and even less in his manners Those were well bred because springing from a benevolent heart and good sense He was modest and unassuming mindful of the wants and feelings of others, without being in the least degree obtrusive Those habits of study, and literary tastes which he had acquired in the old Grammar School were of immense importance to him, even in his rough sea life He devoted every spare hour to reading and his constant ambition was to become thoroughly accomplished in his profession as a scientific seaman The merchant navy, thanks to improved legislation as well as to improved civilisation has now very many officers of the same stamp At that time they were more rare His only amusement was the key bugle which he was taught by his black cook, who had been once in a regimental band, but from dissipated habits was forced to adopt an artistic profession of another kind in the caboose of the 'William Pitt'

The manner in which Ned discharged his duties as the captain of the "William Pitt was, unknown to him, described to old Carney by Jack Musters, his boatswain another Englishman whom he had picked up and appointed to this post of honour Carney was what is called "a knowing old hand,' and afraid of being deceived by those whom he employed, was in the habit of questioning the sailors, when he had a quiet opportunity of doing so about their officers Thus he did in an apparently easy off hand, "by the way' style, as if he had no interest whatever in any information he might elicit, but was talking merely for talking's sake Yet all the while he would greedily drink in every word, and no witness on a trial for murder was listened to by a jury with more eager attention than were those sailors by Carney when anxious to learn what sort of men had charge of his ships Accordingly, when Musters came one day to his office, on some business or other, Carney, with an artless, careless air, and while filling up some printed form on his desk, asked—

"Well, how do you like the Captain?"

"First-rate," said Jack, "true blue!"

"Good seaman?" continued Carney, looking at Musters, who leant upon the sort of counter in

the office, which fenced off from the passage the inner sanctum that contained the Owner's desk and stool

"Seaman?" replied Jack, "I should like to know! It would do your heart good, sir, just to come a voyage to see how he handles his ship He's a navigator, no mistake Fair or foul, he works with them instruments of his amazing, taking lunars, or taking stars, for your moon or stars are all the same to him, and he'll tell you to the length of a marling spike where the ship is any hour, day or night, or at what bells he'll make the lights or the land He's wonderful, I do assure you—he really is wonderful!"

Carney chuckled inwardly, but continued his examination

"Keep you in good order—eh?"

"We don't need it," said Musters, with a smile, 'we likes to please him, and mind you," remarked the boatswain, leaning forward and talking in a confidential tone of voice, "he never speaks an oath nor abuses one—ain't it queer? Aye, and he gives the men liberty to read, and has books for them too, and talks to them friendly like, and every Sunday, I do assure your honour, he is like a parson,—he is indeed—a reading the Scriptures and explaining them—the men tell me, and I am of the same mind myself, that they would rather hear the Captain than most of them parsons Any how, we all likes him, for no mistake he likes us, and it's a pleasure to sail with him, and the ship is like what a ship should be, and not, as I have seen it, begging your honour's pardon, like a hell upon earth"

"I am afraid, Boatswain, he is a soft hearted, easy lubberly chap, who will give you all your own way," said Carney

"That's a good one! Excuse me, sir, but I wish you only saw our skipper in a gale of wind! I wish you saw him in the great gale you knows about, of last October, when we nearly foundered! Lubberly!" Musters chewed his tobacco with great vehemence, looking up to the roof "And as for soft," he continued, again directing his conversation to Carney, "I'd like to see the man who would dare come to close quarters with Captain Fleming! Let them but see his eye,—it shines, I will maintain it does,—it shines at night, your honour, I've seen it, and as for his hand, why, it's iron! I think he would shake the life out of every man on board, except, may hap, big Ben Lubberly! soft! No, no, Captain Carney He is like his ship, well built with heart of oak, well found from junk to biscuit, well rigged and all taught from keel to truck, beautiful and quiet in harbour, but strong and glorious in a gale of wind,—a craft fit for all seas and all weather!

Carney opened his eyes and ears, and only said, "All right! Here's half a crown to drink success"

As in the case of many others whose position in the arbitrary social scale was not high, because not elevated by riches or rank, Ned's cultivation of mind, refined tastes, and inward appreciation of all that was beautiful and good in man and woman, made him feel more solitary and utterly hopeless of ever finding one who would satisfy the secret longings of his heart. This was to him no small trial of his faith To yield meekly to God's will as our Almighty provider; to hold fast our confidence in Him as a Father who knows the things we stand in need of, and remembers every fibre of our frame which He has made, and who in His Son has witnessed for His oneness with us as human beings, and believing this, to tell God our every care, and then to wait on Him in peace;—this, I say, is not easy for any one, especially for one with a naturally vehement passionate nature keenly appreciating the enjoyments of social life "Why was I made for love, and love denied to me?" is a question which many have answered for themselves in the flush and strength of youth, by losing all faith in God, and departing from Him with the portion of their goods, to waste them in riotous living Then comes the great famine of the soul, when it feeds on husks, and feeds with swine! Why that springtime "when a young man's fancy lightly falls on thoughts of love," should be the subject of so much comedy, I know not, for to all it is a solemn crisis, and to many it is a tragedy, acted within the soul on a midnight stage, with no lights and no spectators, but where wounds are nevertheless given which, if they do not kill the heart, may yet leave scars there for life In no moment in our history is the reality of faith in a loving God and Father more demanded than when the heart is yearning for a creature affection to fill up its void, or when the bright hope dawns that the Lamb is found which God has provided for the great and blessed sacrifice of devoted love!

But how shall I describe Kate Carney?—I frankly confess my inability to hold out from me, to look at, and to criticise those whom I admire, so as to perceive their faults I suppose Kate had her faults Outwardly she had none, *that* I will boldly maintain, should any conceited critic or envious rival dare to suggest their existence Look at her graceful figure, with its graceful movements, glance at the waving gleams in her hair, study the head that wears it, and see how it is poised on her lovely neck, gaze on that face, at morn or even, in laughter or in tearful sadness; and, after having been attracted by each beautiful feature, when you can at last see nothing but those eyes that pierce you through and through, as sunlight pierces through the clouds,—do you not feel that they are the out looks from an inner being of depth, purity, and beauty, greater even than all the beauty you behold? Do you not feel assured that truth and goodness are within, and look through them from a most genuine soul,—and not the less genuine but the more, because of its keen sense of the ludicrous, which can make her laugh with such thorough enjoyment, or its keener sense of wrong, which often casts a shadow on her brow? Could we see her inner life as she herself, no doubt, perceives it, many a spot would be discovered on the bright disk of her sun A large spot of pride; another of self will, another of impatience when crossed, and of fretfulness at evil-doers; another dark spot of strange fears and despondency; but in spite of all, a light shines there "that never was on sea or land." If Kate had no faults she could not have been a daughter of her mother—I don't mean Eve, but Mrs. Campbell.

The mother admired her daughter as her daughter, and used her as daily food wherewith to nourish her own ambitious hopes. Her manners, and pronunciation, and music, Mrs Campbell frankly admitted, did great credit to Miss Duncombe. But Miss Duncombe had conferred benefits on Kate which her mother could not estimate, and were greater than she herself understood. By the wisdom of her teaching, above all, by the serene beauty and consistency of her character, she had awakened in Kate the idea of a truer and higher life than she could have received from the ordinary society in which she mingled. She was repelled by the religion of cold outward form in some, or in others of mere opinion and "views," elaborated and staffed like a dress of wire netting round their souls, and often painted with the sombre hues of fanaticism. The censorious judgments, the church gossip, the little party jealousies, the self-satisfied conceit, which were too manifest in others who professed religion, made her recoil so much that she often almost thought that she must be a heathen. It was the true, just womanly, human, but God-reflecting, life of Miss Duncombe, which made such a silent and deep impression on Kate, and helped her more than anything she read or heard of to understand the Scriptures. To what extent she yielded her own spirit to the higher teacher from whom alone all real life comes, it might be difficult to determine without further acquaintance. All admitted that she was a good and most attentive to her duties; so kind and unselfish; so "cheerful and unaffected;" but was all this and even more than this, but a growth from impulsive and instinctive promptings of the old nature adjusted to an outward rule of conduct, or was it the product of a new and living sap derived from another tree into which it was grafted? It is not possible for those who have themselves realised the difference in kind between life in mere self and life in God to resist the longing to discover the reality of the latter in those we love. Yet how difficult it is to apply justly to the state of others those Christian tests of character which with scrupulous honesty we must apply to ourselves! For the manner in which souls are led out of darkness into light, and are educated for immortality, is almost as various, in the manifold wisdom of God as their individual temperament and outward circumstances. Some, like the jailer of Philippi, pass with wondrous and conscious rapidity from death to life, from slavery to freedom. In others it is a discipline of years, as in the case of most of the apostles—truth dawning on the soul, and strength gradually imparted as they follow Him like obedient yet ignorant and wondering children from day to day. Some appear to have lived in light before they recognise the source from whence it flowed. Some advance like stormy waves beneath a driving storm that now recede, and again roll further on the beach, while others advance as a calm and steadily flowing tide. Some, like trees, send forth at one time their leaves and then hang with fruit, but anon have their winters in which they appear dead, with bended heads and moanings among their branches, yet even then becoming more hardy and strong from within. Oh! let us, in judging of others, exercise towards them the love that "hopeth all things." Let us cover all with a mantle of charity—except ourselves. And if in our perplexity we ask often in vain respecting another state, "what shall this man do?" let us meekly hear the voice of love and wisdom which whispers to us, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

But how often in human life do we see character tried by great storms which beat against it, and if real becoming more strong by the trial, but if unreal, falling into ruins to rise no more, unless rebuilt on a new foundation. Will it be so with our friends Kate and Ned? And if so, how will they stand the ordeal?

But why do I thus unite those two names together? Is it because they were cousins? A most prosaic genealogical reason! Is it because Ned loved Kate or Kate Ned? I never said so. Ned and Kate fall in love with each other! Such a common merchantman as he was to presume to take in tow such a beautiful and rich prize, and be the sport of capricious winds and tides! And she the finest clipper as the old captains called her, 'cut of Greenock' to be captured and towed by such a vessel as the Ned Fleming! What! had not Mr Hamilton of Pinewood, he with the mous tache and pony carriage, actually admired her? and had not Sam Haste the sugar-refiner asked her? and had not Bailie Snell, the shipbuilder, with £20,000 good bottom seriously joked with her? Was she not, in short, the beauty of Greenock?—and she to think of the captain—no, "the master"—of the William Pitt? The very idea would have induced Mrs Campbell to get ill and almost die—in an easy way—as a duty she owed to society and the M'Dougals. Anyhow, she would have cut such a connection dead with her sharp nose, while Mrs M'Dougal would have snuffed it out with her less prominent but equally demonstrative member. But I never said such an idea had ever entered into the minds of the young people themselves. No doubt long ago Kate thought her cousin Neddy the nicest of fellows. But what of that? She and he were then in the chrysalis state, or if out of it, were only butterflies taking their first excursion among flowers. Kate never denied even at a later period that she was very fond of him—as a cousin only—he was so manly, so intelligent, so unaffected, so winning, so agreeable, and—yes—so very good looking, and the best captain her father confessed which he ever had or expected to have. But was there anything so foolish as love in all this? I never said so. And did Ned love Kate? Nonsense! Was he a fool, and had he no common sense? Would he make an ass of himself, and insult her and her family by entertaining such an idea? To say that he never had seen such a girl—that from the day on which he had first met her until now, she had been his ideal of all that was beautiful and fascinating—all this was true as a matter of course. But what of that? Nothing! It is possible that when disposed to be very confidential, and while sailing on some moonlight night, when the rippling waters of a tropical sea had bewitched his brain, he might have confessed to the binnacle or compass that Kate was a presence to him, a very star that ever shone far

ahead as if guiding him, and lighting up his path across the waste of waters, and that her voice, her form, her words, all exercised a marvellous undying power over him,—but what of all that? It was a mere exercise of cool justice She deserved this Ned had heard, besides, that a certain M Dougal of Ardmore was her destined bridegroom—a cousin too by another family branch—(why did not some winter gale break such a branch!)—Little fussy Miss M Gregor had expressed her surprise to him at a tea party in Greenock that he had never heard of this "match" Often did Ned conjecture what sort of fellow M Dougal was, and many imaginary scenes were acted by him, in which he repeated all Kate and M'Dougal would say to him in certain given circumstances, with all he would say, or endeavour to say to them, until a crisis came in the performance of this drama, when, his face getting red, he would stamp with his foot, and declare himself a jack ass Such dreams, half tragic half comic, were generally ended by a rush from the cabin to the deck, with the snatch of a song or effort at whistling, and, as he then paced about, he sometimes thought that the stars twinkled sadly, and that there was in the heaving sea a dread irresistible power, like an unfathomed destiny, that bore him on, with its wild waves and surging tides But brain and heart became more calm, and settled into their usual state of rest, as he seized his key bugle, and after lingering softly for a moment on "the banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon" burst forth in triumph with the immortal strain of "A man's a man for a' that" But, again I ask, what did all this prove? Nothing And yet it proved more than Ned would dare to confess even to himself For next to the highest of all influences, the presence in the thoughts of a pure and loving woman is the most refining and elevating which visits the heart of man

CHAPTER XVII —ARDMORE

Ardmore House had originally been constructed after a type of architecture which required little genius for its production unless the genius of ugliness—and why should not perfect ugliness require genius as well as perfect beauty? The said habitation was neither the legitimate successor of the old Highland home of "gentleman tenants," man who were often nearly related by blood to the Laird, and to the best in the land by education and manners That Highland house of the olden time, with its roofing of straw or heather, fitted into the landscape like a grey boulder crowned with tufted heath or waving bracken, and thus the house of Ardmore never did Nor was it the ancestor of the railway station house style of architecture, which, in every variety of peaked gable ends and bow windows, obtrudes itself on the margin of our western lochs The dwelling place of the M'Dougals was a house of two storeys, with slated roof, and a chimney at each end, three small windows above, and one on each side of a square porch, which, like a large nose, protruded from between those small, square eyes. The building sprung out of the green grass, alone and solitary, like a mushroom, and without ornament of any kind from shrub or flower. Its only accompaniments were a black peat stack, which supplied the fuel, and at a little distance "the square" of houses required for horses and cattle, pigs and poultry, which reposed there at night, though, during the day, they were free to gather their food up to the walls of the mansion-house The only object of interest in its immediate neighbourhood was the beautiful sea beach of Ardmore Bay, flanked on each side by wooded promontories, interspersed with grey rock and natural copse On one of those low headlands was the remains of an old feudal keep, that towered above a row of scattered cottages, with patches of green fields between them and the sea In the distance, behind Ardmore, rose a range of hills, whose dark moorlands mingled at their base with green pasture lands and fed a full winding stream which flowed past the house to join the sea

This was the Ardmore of John M Dougal, the father of the late laird The said John was an active, industrious man, who from the manufacture of kelp and the successful breeding of Highland cattle, guided by enormous greed, and an easy conscience in buying and selling, was enabled to add considerably to the original property by purchasing several farms with such euphonious names as Drumandladich and Coprichanach

John's son, Duncan, who inherited his father's character as well as property, with the addition of a love for ardent spirits, especially when smuggled, married the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, and by her received two or three thousand pounds which was considered rather a handsome "tocher" in the district Mrs M Dougal had been induced to read *Waverley* when published, and thus gave her an impression, which afterwards became to her a settled truth, that a Highland proprietor was the true type of mediæval chivalry, and his house, with bagpipe, kilts, and barges, the abode of the arts and of romance It was she, accordingly, who resolved that Ardmore should be changed into an abode worthy of an old family although a very small rill from the fountain of chieftainship flowed in Duncan's veins She accordingly began to dress up the old prosaic dwelling place into one more consistent with picturesque antiquity and modern pretensions It was quite marvellous how the original walls were concealed or ennobled by alliances with high gables, pepper box turrets, clusters of chimneys, and other additions, until it looked quite baronial—in a small way She also carved out a winding avenue, ending with a porter's lodge, which served to accommodate the gardener, and another family, paying rent, in the rear A new garden was laid out, and beneath the drawing room window appeared a flower garden, out of which, by the way, she never managed to banish the hens and turkeys, who burrowed under the rose trees, and left their feathers on the fuchsias New larch plantations also grew up, like green beards bristling on every round chin of waste land near the house Then came a gig instead of the old cart, a new "barge" instead of the old boat, above all, a tawdry awkward lad, called the footman, in place of the *sonsie* lass who was wont to open the door, until at last Mrs. M'Dougal felt herself in circumstances which entitled her to change the house of Ardmore into the more dignified title of

"Ardmore House,' and to engrave the M'Dougal arms on the new silver plate, as well as to have them painted on the backs of two stiff chairs which stood in the lobby, beneath two deers' heads with branching antlers, flanked by some swords and guns brought by her brother from India, and an old Highland shield, bought in the Saltmarket of Glasgow. When at last she entered her new drawing-room, innocent as yet of past reckoning on the gilt paper and handsome window curtains, arranged the newly bound books on the centre table, with some bits of china on each side of the new work upon the table in the recess, and when finally sat down upon the sofa, contemplating all through her spectacles, she seemed a little, dumpy, self-satisfied, asthmatic female Bel Shazzar, who said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the throne of my glory?"

Her husband died leaving her with a son and daughter—Duncan and Jane. The widow did all justice to the memory of the dear deceased, for, as a Highlander once remarked of his wife's death, "It was a great loss, nae doot, and also a heavy expense." The funeral left an inheritance of cold meat, which required immense perseverance and self-sacrifice for several days on the part of the mourning domestics, and innumerous adherents of the family to consume. The whisky supplied from casks and jars during all this waste ugly commentative services. Mr M'Dougal, Esq. of Inverpeffer, in sorrowful garments, her hand and purse commanding this handsome funeral pile. Then came the condolences from all her neighbours, and then most liberal contributions of tears for the dead Duncan, the more remarkable considering their sentiment about him while alive. The most acute sufferer, perhaps, was old M'Donald, the minister, who felt bound to write a new sermon, or at new trial to an old head, so as to make the character of Duncan harmonize with his text on the blessedness of the righteous dead. But the tragedy soon passed away—the curtain fell—the lights were extinguished, and soon it rose again with the same actors in a comedy of marriage, of which more anon.

Mrs M'Dougal was what is called an active managing woman, who superintended her farm, while professing, for "gentility's" sake, to leave it to an old confidential servant of the family, who occupied the situation of "ground officer," as an interior kind of land steward is called in the Highlands. Her talent consisted chiefly in a sort of cunning prudence, by which she never lost sight of, but steadfastly pursued her own interests, though with great blindness of manner, and the exercise of a liberal hospitality. Her daughter Jane, our old acquaintance, was a comely girl, now quite restored to robust health. She was full of animal spirits, had beautiful white teeth and skin, and a frank manner without any reserve. But she had no force or depth of character, had always one flirtation at least on hand, and was a constant attender at all regatta and county balls. Her marriage with some one or other was assumed to be a question of time, much more than of affection. Not that Jane would ever marry a man whom she did not profess to love, but if he was "a suitable match" in other respects, she could very easily get up that amount of liking which was proper and becoming, and which she herself, perhaps, would, for decency's sake, call love, and when on her marriage tour, she would be sure to write her mother, telling her how happy she was in having "such a considerate, attentive husband, who spared no expense," etc., and "how unworthy she was," etc. Nor was she one who was likely to break her heart in any case. Give her only a *respectable* marriage, and her old flirtations and gleams of more tender attachments would all be absorbed, like meteors in the sun of an "excellent connexion."

Duncan, the lad, with whom we have most to do, had, in his youth, all the disadvantages arising from a mother's teaching, who gave him his own way, and of a tutor afterwards his minister, Mr M'Donald, who dozed over a few lessons with him, but taught him as one who, being a lad, had his fortune of £700 a year already made, and, consequently did not require much education. So Duncan, in his youth, galloped about on a red pony with large white eyes and shaggy mane, and educated half a dozen rats with such care, as, if expended on himself, would have made him equally obedient, brave, and interesting. He fished, of course, and that to perfection, and never knew, as a boy, what a headache was, except when extra company in the house treated to him extra sweets. He was bold, impetuous, and selfish. In due time a commission was obtained for him in the army. His mother recognised this as the gentlemanly thing for him, and Duncan himself, as he grew up and mingled with other young men, longed for so good an opportunity of enjoying independence, and getting quit of his mother's leading strings, as he expressed it. Duncan, as I have said in a previous chapter, after having received his commission, had served with his regiment abroad. He was known in it as being the "fastest" of those who boasted of running along the broad road. Some laughed at his vanity, others pitied his folly, while the more thoughtful and higher bred officers avoided him as much as possible as "a bad style of man," or "a vulgar snob." But Duncan was saved from many a scrape by that prudent cunning which he had inherited from his mother, so that he never quite lost such an amount of reflection as checked him ere he reached the brink of any precipice. When, after some years of experience, he returned home, he had acquired a certain manner which was considered very "gentlemanly" by the circle in which he moved. He dressed well, spoke a strange mixture of Highland Scotch and high English, assumed the airs of a man of the world, and kept his old companions in roars of laughter at the recital of his peculiar adventures.'

One of his boon companions was Peter M'Donald. Peter, or Red Peter as he was called, was short, round, strong, like a Highland bull. Yellow hair crisped in short bleached curls under his Glengarry bonnet, spread as down over his freckled face, and covered the portion of his enormous limbs displayed beneath his red kilt. A row of short white teeth, with small piercing eyes, and broad nose with expanded nostrils, completed his face. I hardly know what was Peter's trade or profession. He had been farmer, distiller, land-agent, and whisky agent. But how he lived now no one could very well tell. Yet Peter never seemed to

want all that was necessary to keep him in kilts and comfort He attended every district fair, and was considered an excellent judge of the merits of black cattle He was a ready boxer after twelve at night. Few marriages, from the blacksmith's daughter to the laird's son, but included Peter as one of the guests, when his dancing powers seemed as inexhaustible as his songs, stories, and thirst He was famous in all athletic sports, played the bagpipe, and danced Gaelic callum He attended church, as he did every public place, and his face was a mark in the front gallery, which constantly attracted the notice of the preacher, like a centre point of red paint in the building Funerals alone were eschewed by Peter, as his wardrobe was defective in ceremonial suits of mourning M'Dougal had known him from his youth, and indeed had in early life been taught his first lessons by him as a man of the world The Laird found his old ally a patient listener to all his stories, an accommodating assistant in all his undertakings of doubtful morality, a subtle flatterer of all his weaknesses, and at all times ready to kill time or game with him from morning till night or from night till morning I know not a more despicable sight—let me have the satisfaction of remarking in passing—than a healthy, athletic young man who takes greedily to his food but not to his work, who indulges in sport like a gentleman of wealth, but without wealth himself or the spirit to acquire it, lives like a beggar on the generosity of others

The only other personage in Ardmore who has any special interest to us was Floxy, Miss M'Dougal's waiting maid Ever since the interview with her at Torquay, Miss Duncombe as I have already noticed, had taken a special interest in the girl, and when her old uncle, Martin Shillabeer, died, she had brought her to live at the boarding school While teaching her domestic work, Miss Duncombe had bestowed great pains otherwise on her education, as she had formed the highest opinion of her talent Floxy retained the same cast of figure and countenance which she possessed as a girl, the same dark, handsome, keen gipsy features, with eyes of singular brilliancy, that seemed to search those whom she addressed, as if she was dealing with their inner thoughts Her manners and appearance were those of one accustomed to command rather than obey She possessed a nature that seemed ever struggling to break through the impediments of the circumstances of her position, which demanded a submissive reserve Like some animals that have been taken from their wild state in early years, she never seemed thoroughly domesticated, but to have her life elsewhere in the wide world and beneath the open sky Her figure was singularly handsome, and there was a lithe, pliable elegance, along with strength and activity in her gait, which at once arrested attention Floxy did not dislike her mistress—far from it, but yet she looked upon her rather as a grown up child, and felt no real liking for any point in her character except her thorough good nature, which, however, she was inclined sometimes to despise, as evidencing want of power more than the possession of principle But she doated on Kate, and the object nearest her heart was to live with her or near her.

Peter had once—but once only—tried to pick up a sort of free and easy acquaintance with Floxy One look—one word from her—had made even him shrink back into respectful distance, and assume the look which—as his greatest effort and masterpiece of propriety—he assumed on Sunday in the front gallery

The only person near Kilmore whom Floxy made her friend was Morag the daughter of Rorie the fisherman, whose cottage was situated about a mile off, beyond "the point" where the Atlantic waves rolled in all their glory And glorious indeed was it to see the great fresh waves, so deep and strong, so unchecked by the land, curling among the huge boulders pearing in green cataracts over the outer ones and rushing through them in white foam, wave chasing wave, then meeting in conflict, and sending their snowy spray upwards into the air and onwards to the land through innumerable channels, seething and boiling to the stripe of the higher sand A channel was cleared through them for Rorie's fishing boat, and formed an avenue from the hut to the sea The hut was adorned not with roses, but with rods nets, and lines Ah! it was memories of old Martin and of early days of poverty but freedom, which made Floxy delight to walk to that cottage, to bring tobacco to old Rorie, to sit on the rocks and talk to him about fishing which she knew so well, to tell him how the folk fished in other places far away, and how they had hardships elsewhere as well as in the Highlands And Rorie's daughter seemed to be herself grown younger again Morag was a bonnie lassie, about seventeen, and "just come fra her mammy," quiet, and pure, and innocent as a saint with fairy wing and graceful form And Floxy doated on the girl with almost a passionate attachment making her half toy, half companion—a thing at least to admire, to pet, to lavish her heart on—and then to teach in the best way she could It was her delight to bring Morag to the house, and to make her head of dark hair fresh as the long tangle on the sea rocks, and then to dress it up in some tasteful fashion, with red rowan berries or ivy-leaves when pointing her out to Jane she would say with pride, "Did you ever see such a sea nymph! There is not a merman of taste in the wild ocean but must fall in love with her! I declare she must take care or she will vanish some day, and be seen in a car drawn by sea horses, with Old Rorie trying in vain to overtake her in his boat!" and then Floxy would burst into a fit of laughing, in which the girl would join her, looking more beautiful from her awkward blushes when dragged by Floxy to see herself in the mirror

It was Floxy's delight to spend an idle hour in teaching her English, and when at last Morag could translate some of her Gaelic thoughts, she would say, in reply to the sharp question "Now, Morag, what are you saying to me?" "I was just saying that you are the calf of my heart, and so you are, my love!" Floxy seemed to have bewitched Morag, while Morag was to Floxy an ideal being of simplicity and love, like an Undine born of the deep sea, and in comparison with whom Miss M'Dougal was as a wax figure or an actor on the stage.

Yet Jane was not far wrong when, partly from truth, and partly from mere jealousy of attention,

as even ladies are capable of with reference to their wanton men she used to say—

'Davy, you will utterly spoil Morag and make her unfit to gather pease dig potatoes, or be useful in any way'

'Morag cannot be spoilt, Miss M'Dougal' She is born a lady'

"Don't talk stuff Davy' That romantic nonsense of yours will bring you to trouble some day Morag is a fisherman's daughter that is all'

'And what more am I' yet I can read, write, enjoy life such as it is in having received education through your kindness and good Miss Duncombe s I can be happy with rocks, and heather, and bush trees, and can make them my friends, why should not she' Besides I feel strong for life s battle and able to defend myself in the world but she, little tender thing, when she wanders through the wood, singing after the calves is as easily struck down by some hawk as a robin redbreast or linnet I *hold* to win her and make of her and love her'

"Davy, attend to my hair, and give me that pin and don t be a fool'

I had that Peter had presumed to pay attention to Davy, yet she did not dislike Peter She prided him by s she would one of the red cattle on the moor, with indifference or contempt But she loathed M Dougal His smiles, his looks and cautious manners and that whole humour by which he was wont with low voice affected, mincing accent and many flattering remarks to suit himself to the event to her excited in her an aversion which was akin to what our people expect not toward certain animals or insects

'Where *did* you pick up that splendid looking girl' he cried his sister one day as he sat beside her on a seat in the garden, while he smoked his cigar, and drew figures in the gravel with his stick "She is a rare beauty I do assure you I'm quite fall a with her I really am"

"She is a poor fisherman s daughter," replied Jane, "in whom I have a great interest"

'Our fisherman s daughter by the way," interrupted M Dougal "that girl, Mary, is mother mad' But let me hear about Davy, or Miss Shuddheer, as I always call her

Jane told him the outlines of her story

'Most romantic on my honour' said Duncan, 'it only wants a mystery to be true'

'Lets' said Jane, impatiently, "say no more about her Did my mother tell you that we expect Kate Carney here'

"Of course she did Why, she has bored me to death about her, and has given me mysterious hints, as if she wanted her to be my wife'

'Your wife for sooth' Pray, how do you know she will take you' You fancy, I suppose, that you have only to ask anybody, and that she is to be so honoured as to accept at once I don't believe Kate would look at you"

"So you wouldn t like the match, Miss Jane"

"I did not say that, quite, but she is not so easily caught as you imagine"

'I am told she has become quite a *belle* since I saw her, the beauty of Greenock, in fact"

"She is a lovely girl, a clever girl, a good girl, a—"

"Any tin?"

"Any what' Money do you mean'—there again comes in the horrid selfishness of men"

"Oh it s very fine talking my lady, but do you imagine that a beauty was all a fellow needed that I could not have married a hundred times' Why there was not a ball in Halifax, in the Bermudas, or anywhere in fact, in which the regiment was quartered, that we did not meet lots of pretty girls beautiful girls, who would have snapped at the red coats But what of that' would not pay, Jane'—would not pay my gal. That sort of romance is all very well when one is young but when we know the world it is a very different affair very"

Jane who had set her heart on the match, and who admired Kate most sincerely, saw that she had gone too far, and said—

"As for money, they say old Carney is very rich and that she will have quite a fortune'

"Then I must her command —if the humour seizes me,' said Duncan, lighting another cigar, "and I am much mistaken if she won t be at mine Anyhow, we can amuse the time by a good flirtation It would be famous fun to make the Greenock lads jealous'

"Oh you vain one' said Jane, quite pleased at the premature appearance of things

'I believe after all, continued Duncan, "marriages the best thing for a fellow who wishes to settle down and do well in the long run, though it is a bore at times However, we shall give our fun to knock out a third When does our beauty come on board'

"Next month And do, Duncan now do, be attentive to her for my sake"

'If not for excellent sister, she and I have met here before in the days when we were young I remember a yellow in the car she gave me for teasing her, and I shall as soon as possible repay it with a kiss of charity'

'Now my mother, Master Duncan so let us away to dinner'

"In the meantime Jane, I wish you would tell old M Dougal to prepare the marriage ceremony, for he will require some months to mandate,' as he calls it, so important a service, and give a hint at the same time to keep himself sober, and in reach of his tools my best man, should I find in the regiment or in the county, to get one My mother, I would require timeous warning for the marriage dinner, and to get livery for the gardener, and I suppose old Jane, the fisherman, and also new cambric handkerchief to put to her eyes at the right time You also had better arrange with Dan Dunnipk to fix the same day"

"I m off" said Jane, laughing, as she left Duncan to finish his cigar

But when she left him, Duncan threw the cigar down knit his brows, rolled his arms, and seemed sunk in thought "Not a bad 'spec' after all," he said, as he rose, "but I have other plans in hand he added, with a grim smile, "before that one can be finished. May fortune favour me as of yore" And, humming a tune, he followed his sister to the house, smiling to himself like sunshine that falls on the surface of a black, deep, mountain tarn NORMAN MACLEOD.

(To be continued)

THE MUSICAL EAR

Do you like music? A very common question this, few more so. And what is the answer we get now a days nine times out of ten? "Oh! I don't play any instrument," says A, as if that had anything to do with it. "I like it pretty well *some times*," says the cautious B. "Well," says C, "it depends a good deal on the sort of music you mean. I like the *Lancers* well enough, or an air from *Norma* or the *Bronatore*, but sacred music I find dull—always did."

This is the kind of answer given constantly, even by people who have received from nature an excellent sense of harmony, and who are speaking physically alone and without reference to the claim of fashion or opinion—perfectly well adapted to the enjoyment of music. You every now and then meet with men and women who are by nature unfitted to accept with pleasure this great boon. They labour under a species of deafness. It is not of these that I now speak. I speak of the great mass of mankind, of that vast majority of men and women who have been by God thoroughly provided with suitable organs for the more or less understanding and enjoyment of musical sounds. But would you have thought it possible from their answer that A, B and C had received the power to listen to the winds, the thunder and the sounding sea?

While you are pondering this seeming impossibility, let me tell you of a very different answer that was once given to the question. Do you like music? "*I do* more than *like* it"—like it. Do men hear rightly? You might well feel more than *like* my father and mother, if I *did* my work as a child when I *like* to gaze on the dear face of them all. I *like* to worship my God. Is music his? Is it just, how everywhere excellent! For why were curious marvellous pieces of workmanship, as they are, of my other organs and enumerated sense granted to us but that we might the more effectually return praise to God, praising Him the more as we enjoy the more, enjoying all the better the more we praise. Oh! who that has even known an experience could find in his heart to stop and think what would be the fashionable or proper reply to this question of liking music, and not rather confess with tears in his eyes "I thank and praise God that I love it right well!"

There was once a time when men—rough old diers too, and sturdy hunters—thought it a good thing to sing praises unto their God, a joyful and a pleasant thing to be thankful. They praised His name in the dance then—for all that was long ago, and linked upon their voices as they sang to the sound of strings and pipe. They sang to God, like happy children, what a beautiful earth it was that He had given them, and sang aloud of sun and stars, of floods and deeps, of the laughing valleys, the rejoicing hills, the wealth dropping clouds. If any one would gain for him at some distant time echo of that primeval, jubilant psalm, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," let him meditate the triumphant hymns of King David and holy Asaph. He will find the right tones there.

Things are different now. Yet has Nature changed? Has man found out some new thing in the never changing God? Should we praise and rejoice before Him the less, or the more, because we know, better than those old fathers knew, how He is the life of them that believe the resurrection of the dead? "I like it well," said Luther "when with sounding voice they sang in the church, *Et homo factus est, et Verbum caro factum est*. Oh! what a harmony is there! a new song gone out into all lands calling on men unto the ends of the world to 'give glory in the highest,' to praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

Yet things are different, now very far gone are our hearts now from the warmth that glowed in David's heart when he sang of the manifold works of God his mighty hand and stretched-out arm. Now, why are things so different? how is the change to be accounted for?

By two things. The *first* is, plainly that distance from God that deadness and coldness of heart towards Him which, beyond all controversy distinguish our own days from the days of the elder Church. And it is no wonder, when we consider how little genuine heartiness and freshness of admiration—simple, unalloyed admiration of *anything* no matter what, provided it be wholesome and natural—is to be met with now a days. Young people especially, seem inclined to adopt the maxim of *admirare* for fear of being caught admiring the *wrong*—that is to say the *unfashionable*—thing. I remember when I was a small boy, a notion got about among us that it was not exactly dignified to be exactly the correct thing, for such great men as we were to join in the Sunday evening praise of God. I do not know how boys get the notion into their heads, but a contemptible weakness it is. It is first cousin to the most pitiful error into which human meanness can fall, I mean, the being ashamed of God.

So much for the first explanation of the dulness and faintness of modern praise. The *second* is this, that people are so often taking up mistaken ideas of praise. Manifestly, the longer and the more diligently a man has served God the better he will praise Him. But any one that has once awakened to the *spiritual* in this universe, may praise God in some way or another. Praise is natural and genial not forced and constrained. It is like the demonstrative love of children, and confines itself to no limits of time or place. Yet we find thoughts of this transport a thousand miles as it were from the light of day. This is not what ancient Hebrews did, nor what modern Christians were meant to do. What do we suppose to be the meaning of "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." David himself uttered no more vigorous note of praise than that. Assuming, then, that all readers of this paper are willing to break away from the meanness of which I complain, and not only to praise but to praise much, I shall offer

as even ladies are capable of with reference to their waiting women, she used to say—

"I Inxy, you will utterly spoil Morag and make her unfit to gather peats, dig potatoes, or be useful in any way'

"Morag cannot be spoilt, Miss M'Dougal! She is born a lady"

"Don't talk stuff Inxy! That romantic nonsense of yours will bring you into trouble some day Morag is a fisherman's daughter—that is all"

"And what more am I' yet I can read, write enjoy life such as it is, having received education, through your kindness and good Miss Duncombe I can be happy with rocks, and heather, and birch trees, and can make them my friends, why should not she' Besides I feel strong for life's battle, and able to defend myself in the world, but she, little tender thing, when she wanders through the wood, singing after the calves is as easily struck down by some hawk as a robin redbreast or linnet I *shall* teach her and make of her and love her"

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I said that Peter had presumed to pay attention to Inxy, yet she did not dislike Peter She passed him by as she would one of the red cattle on the moor with indifference or contempt But she loathed M'Dougal His smiles, his looks and courtious manners, and that whole bearing by which he was wont with low voice affected, mincing accent and inane flattering remarks to make himself agreeable, only to her, excited in her an aversion which was akin to what some people experience towards certain animals or insects

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"She is a poor fisherman's daughter," replied Jane, "in whom I have a great interest"

"Our fisherman's daughter by the way," interrupted M Donnel "that girl, Morag is another angel! But let me hear about Inxy, or Miss Shillabeer, as I always call her

Jane told him the outlines of her story

"Most romantic, on my honour!" said Duncan "it only increases my interest in her'

'Pats!' said Jane impatiently, "say no more about her Did my mother tell you that we expect Kate Carney here"

'Of course she did Why, she has bored me to death about her and has given me mysterious hints, as if she wanted her to be my wife"

"Your wife, forsooth' Pray, how do you know she will take you' You fancy, I suppose, that you have only to ask anybody, and that she is to be so honoured as to accept at once I don't believe Kate would look at you"

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"I'm not my excellent sister, she and I have met here before in the days when we were young I remember yet a box in the ear she gave me for teasing her and I shall as soon as possible repay it with a kiss of thanks"

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NORMAN MACLEOD

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a few rules—specially addressed to young people—for the better singing of the marvellous things which God has done

First of all, having discarded utterly the notion that God is only to be praised on Sundays, in your prayers, or in a half subdued and cowering tone of voice, resolve—so far as it is in your power—to play, to sing, and to listen to *only good music* By bad music I do not mean you to understand only the tame dance music, the flat songs, and the weak opera airs so common among us There is quite as much trash in circulation under the name of "sacred music" Now it appears to me that, as in the old sacrifices it was thought a wicked thing to offer God a maimed or weakling animal, so in our sacrifice of the lips and the ear it is at least becoming to take *some* pains that our offering be not of the worst See what capabilities He has placed within our reach What mighty masters of harmony He has let live on this earth, to teach us how to sing if we only will learn Then let us learn If we are only awake and active, we might soon know a set of noble chants and tunes, enough to last us all our lives, and every one of which should be the work of some great and accredited master

Secondly, Let me advise every one that is fond of music to bestow the small pains required to enable you to read it, and then once more applying yourself to the best music, begin the *habit of studying*, if it be only a bar at a time, the works of the great masters And this, by a quite trifling amount of labour, you may do without being able to play much, or even at all, yourself If you can read the notes and have heard the passage played once or twice, you will soon be able to represent the sounds to yourself I will give a familiar and easy instance Most people know the chorus of Haydn called "The Marvellous Work" That spirited hymn of praise begins with one full, grand, decided chord The rest of the bar begun by that chord is filled up with three subdued tones, falling one below the other, and after that the full harmony proceeds Those three tones (we may well conceive) were intended to convey the notion of how insignificant after all our praise of God's Marvellous Work must be, a kind of acknowledgment that, after all, *silence* might, with deeper expression, "muse His praise," and yet, says the succeeding bar and the whole of the rest of the five hymns, we *must* sing, poor as our songs may be Be this as it may, study for yourselves if you would have your ears praise God better, the immortal works of the great departed There are no works for this purpose that come near those of Handel Mendelssohn—so much and so justly a favourite with thoughtful beginners—is always most suggestive, but his suggestions may be easily mistaken and spoilt Mozart cannot be otherwise than instructive, and he charms you all the while

Lastly, I would recommend you to *open your ears more and more to the sounds of nature*, as well as to lift up your eyes more and more upon its harmonious colours and outlines And as a rider to this suggestion let me add one more, study such poetry as best represents in words those never wearying sights and sounds I will give you a line or two of such poetry as I mean —

"To night the winds began to rise,
And roar from yonder dropping day,
The last red leaf is whirled away,
The rooks are blown about the skies

"The forest cracked, the waters curled,
The cattle huddled on the lea,
And, wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world

There is a song and picture for you Beethoven would have represented the sounds and scene grandly for us But we may hear and see them in nobler tones and truer colouring many a night in late autumn, and as the winter comes on

Let us, then, be up and doing, and take a part in the great Psalm of Life He who goes thus singing on his way, and humbly trying to draw nearer to his God, will sooner or later know how to shout that confident praise that once filled the large heart of Luther to overflowing —

"A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon,
Our help He'll be and set us free,
From every ill can happen
Even should they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Though all of them be gone,
Yet nothing they have won,—
God's kingdom sure abideth"

HORACE N MOULE

"A TIME TO DANCE!"

The Bridegroom has tarried long away,
And his widowed Spouse is left
To weep and bewail her Lord's delay,
For she feels herself bereft —
And is it a time to dance?

A foeman's forces are round about
The watch-tower where she stands—
The foeman that cast her husband out
From His rightful fatherlands —
And is it a time to dance?

The Bride looks down from her lofty height
On the gathered troops below,
When her Lord returns, each man of might
To His judgment seat must go —
And is it a time to dance?

He hath left her at that lonely post,
To unfurl, and wave on high,
A banner of peace to all the host
That are mustered there to die —
And is it a time to dance?

It is floating in the midnight blast,
But the rebels drink or sleep,
And none there are as the hours fly past,
A watch with the Bride to keep —
And is it a time to dance?

They would have her to the festive scene
That is spread upon the plain,
But she is the banished Prince's queen,
Who must slay them, or be slain.—
And is it a time to dance?

Oh is it a time to tread their ground?
To chorus their revel song?
To drown with laughter the signal sound
That the night gale bears along?—
Oh is it a time to dance?

She has stood aloof on her high tower,
To listen, and to prepare
For her Lord and now, at this last hour,
Shall the Bride make merry there?—
Is it yet a time to dance?

Hath her watch been long? He draweth near,
With His chosen, "valiant men,"
If she hush her mirth, and bend her ear,
She may know His step, and then
It will be "a time to dance!"

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN OCTOBER

First Sunday.

CHRIST'S SANCTIFICATION OF HIMSELF

"I sanctify myself."—JOHN xvii. 19.

WHAT is meant by our Lord's statement that He sanctified Himself? We may be sure that it does not mean that it was requisite for Him to go through that process of sanctification which sinful men must go through in order to their being fit for admission into the heavenly kingdom, which, without holiness, none can see. From all eternity, and during all His life on earth, He was the Holy One of God, perfectly and absolutely holy, without taint of sin, original or actual, of omission, or of commission, in thought, or word, or deed. From His first infant cry in His manger cradle at Bethlehem, down to His last groan on the cross on Calvary, His whole life was a manifestation of absolute purity and holiness. From first to last He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," separate from them, not because He kept Himself aloof from them in distant and supercilious reserve,—for it was the reproach that His enemies cast upon Him as it is the glory of all His disciples respecting Him, that He was and is 'the Friend of sinners,"—but separated from them by a broad and impassable line of demarcation so that, whilst He was amongst them, He was emphatically not of them.

As we may be sure that He needed not to *make* Himself holy, or to use means for ridding Himself of any unholiness in habit or affection, so we may be equally certain that He did not require to strive to *keep* Himself holy. He was not only free from all sin, but from all tendency to sin. He had, indeed, to resist external temptation, presented to Him in the most deceptive form by the father of lies, but the prince of this world had nothing within Him to second his unhallowed efforts from without. As it is said of God that He cannot lie, and as we understand that statement to mean that His holiness is as necessary as His being, so that it is no more possible for Him to cease to be holy, than to cease to be, so it is true of Jesus Christ.

These ideas then being excluded by the nature of the case, we believe that we shall best ascertain the sense in which the term is to be understood here, by attending to the way in which it is employed in some other passages of Scripture. We find then, in Exodus xxxi. 13, the Lord saying to the Israelites, "I am the Lord that doth sanctify you,' the meaning evidently being that the Lord, having chosen the people of Israel for a special purpose in His providence, had separated them from all other nations, and set them apart to worship and serve Him, while the rest of mankind were sunk in idolatry. Again, in the Book of Genesis and elsewhere, we read that God sanctified the Sabbath day, and required men to sanctify it, by which is evidently meant that that day is appointed by God, and is to be observed by man, as a day separated and distinct from all other days, set apart from all worldly and ordinary purposes, and consecrated to the special service of God. Again, we find that the tabernacle, the temple, the vessels and instruments used in sacrifice, the Levites who prepared the victims, and the priests who offered them on the altar, are all represented as sanctified, by being sprinkled with blood, or anointed with oil, or washed with water. The idea here also is manifestly that they were consecrated, or set apart, or separated from all common or worldly uses, so that henceforth they could be employed only in the service which pertained to them severally in the worship of Jehovah. Yea, we find in Isa. xiii. 3, that God calls the army of the Medes, whom he had appointed for the special work of the overthrow of Babylon, and the preparation of the way for the return of the Jews from their captivity, his "sanctified ones." Now it is very evident here that these Medish heathen soldiers are not intended to be described as personally holy, but that the army is spoken of as selected and set apart in the providence of God for performing a special service, and executing a certain work. In all these instances then,—and many more of a similar kind might be quoted,—the idea involved in the term *sanctify* is one and the same. It is to devote or set apart to some special service, or important use, generally, but not necessarily, of a holy character. Then when we come to the New Testament, we find the same use of the term with reference to our present subject. In John x. 36, our Lord speaks of Himself as "him whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world," that is, doubtless, whom the Father hath set apart, or consecrated and charged with a special commission for the fulfilment of the great and glorious ends for which He came into the world.

Now, as in that passage, He says that the Father hath sanctified Him, so here, evidently in the same sense, He says that He sanctified Himself. It is, therefore, as if He had said—"As thou, O Father, hast appointed me as the only Redeemer of thine elect, and hast set me apart, and consecrated me to the special work of making atonement for the sins of men, so now do I consecrate and set apart myself for the accomplishment of that great work which thou hast assigned to me, and I have undertaken, and to this end I devote all my nature and all my being, all the attributes of my divinity, and all the faculties, and powers, and affections of my humanity. All that I am as thy co equal and co eternal Son, all that I am as bone of man's bone, and flesh of man's flesh, I withdraw from all

other purposes and uses, and consecrate wholly and exclusively to this great end" Such being the light in which our Lord regarded the work which He had undertaken to perform, and the sufferings which He had engaged himself to endure He well might say, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with and how am I straitened until it be accomplished''

If then the work for which Christ Jesus came into the world the work of active and passive bedience to God's law was a work which demanded the entire and perfect consecration to it of Immanuel how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation' In the estimation of God and in the estimation of Jesus Christ the redemption of our souls was so difficult a work as to require and so important a work as to warrant, the consecration to it of all the attributes of Divinity, and all the faculties of humanity, that were united in the person of Christ Jesus so that we are warranted by Scripture to say that all these attributes and faculties were taxed to the uttermost and did no more than suffice to accomplish the work And shall we regard our salvation as only a secondary object which must yield precedence to all other objects and only come in to occupy a fragmentary share of our time and attention and energies, after all other objects have been attended to and provided for Surely it were more reasonable that all other objects should be subordinated to this and that their importance should be estimated according to their bearing on this primary end

Second Sunday

CHRIST'S SANCTIFICATION OF HIMSELF

"For their sakes —JOHN xvii 19

For whose sake was it or for whose benefit that our blessed Lord thus set Himself apart or devoted Himself to do and to suffer' The context makes this sufficiently plain It was for the sake of those disciples whom His Father had given Him who had by His grace been brought to believe on Him with their hearts and of all those who, till the end of time should believe on Him through their word They were those who had been given to Him by His Father in the eternal covenant God having elected them to eternal life had entered into a covenant with Him on their behalf, and He had engaged to do all that was needful to be done and to suffer all that behoved to be suffered in order to work out for them a title to exemption from the penalty which they had merited, and to admittance into the joys and the glories of heaven, and further, to work in them all the graces of holiness which are essential to their fitness for the heavenly inheritance Their sins the sins of all of them and the sins of each of them every sin of every one of them, He had engaged in the eternal covenant to take upon Himself Therefore when He came into the world was He called Jesus because He should save His people from their sins For their transgressions was He wounded, for their iniquities was He bruised All their iniquities did the 'Lord cause to meet upon him' He who knew no sin was made sin for them who knew no righteousness, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him Yes there is not any one of all that countless number who have believed in the Divine method of salvation, and in Him as a Divine and human Saviour, from the time when His gospel was dimly made known to our first parents, down to the day in which we live, and not one of all those who shall believe in Him from this day onward to the sounding of the judgment trumpet, and the setting up of the great white judgment throne,—not one of all that multitude, whom no man can number, the chorus of whose voices celebrating through all eternity the praises of God and of the Lamb, shall be as the ceaseless roar of ocean's innumerable

es —there is not one of all the sh was not included in Jesus meaning when He said— For *th* sakes As the names of all Israel's tribe were graven, as with the engraving of a signet upon the high priest's breastplate so the names of all His people were then and are now engraven upon the palms of His hands and upon the fleshly table of his heart For every one of all those as much as if it had been for that one exclusively and alone Jesus sanctified himself The sins of every one of them He took upon Himself and bore them in His own body on the tree For every one of them He wrought out a righteousness which should be to all and upon all them that believe Every one of them He had engaged to deliver both from the guilt and the power of sin through the atonement to be effected by His own sufferings and death to deliver from merited wrath through the merits of His own obedience to entitle to the blessedness and the glory of the heavenly inheritance, and by the work of His Spirit to render meet for the inheritance of the saints in light

Christian brother! Christian sister think of this that in His self consecration in His setting Himself apart to satisfy Divine justice by His sufferings and to fulfil the Divine law by His obedience, Jesus had respect to you, even to you who esteem yourself less than the least of all saints less than the least of all the mercy and the loving kindness which your God is continually making to pass before you Although you can scarcely imagine the possibility of such a thing, yet you were as really upon the heart of Jesus, He meant you as really when He said, "for *their* sakes," as if He had meant you exclusively, and had said for *his* sake, or for *h* sake, calling you individually by your name Surely this may well be the subject of wondering adoration now, as it will be of ceaseless thanksgiving throughout eternity Didst thou, O Jesus, think of me, and have respect to me? Didst thou care for me, and sanctify thyself, and undertake the work of redemption for my sake? Didst thou thus, foreseeing all my unworthiness and all my guilt as a sinner? Didst

thou thus, even foreseeing all my perverseness, my waywardness and unfaithfulness as a Christian? Yes, believer! Even so did Jesus love thee, knowing well how unworthy thou shouldst be of all His love, knowing well, too, what a poor return thou shouldst make for it all. With the full knowledge of all this, He determined to magnify His own power and His own grace, by plucking even thee as a brand from the burning.

For all His church, thus chosen in Him before the foundation of the world, and for every member of it, from the most glorious saint now made perfect in heaven, to the humblest believer still suffering upon earth, Jesus set Himself apart, and consecrated Himself, at once as a priest to offer an efficacious sacrifice, and as a victim, chosen of God, yet self doomed and self consecrated, to be offered on the altar of the Divine righteousness. In the spirit of this holy self consecration, when He knew that the altar was already prepared, that the fire was already kindled which was to consume the sacrifice, that the sword was already whetted which was to shed the blood of the victim, Jesus set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. In the spirit of that self-consecration, He willingly and meekly gave Himself up into the hands of those who came to apprehend Him, and was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not His mouth. In the same spirit He gave His back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked out the hair, made His soul an offering for sin, and bowed down his head unto the sacrifice. Surely the fitting spirit for the reception of the tidings of such wondrous love is that which prompted the exclamation of one of old, "Scarcely for a righteous man would one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die, but God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and that other exclamation, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Third Sunday.

SANCTIFICATION OF CHRIST'S PEOPLE

"That they also might be sanctified"—JOHN xvii. 19.

WHAT is the purpose that is to be answered, with respect to His people, by Christ's consecration of Himself for their sakes? Now we have been led, by an examination of several passages of Scripture, to assign a definite meaning to the term "sanctify," in the first clause of this text, and we are clearly shut up to assigning the same signification, or one as nearly allied as the nature of the case will admit, to the same term in the second clause. When we remember who was the speaker, and think of the awful solemnity of the occasion on which He spoke, we cannot conceive the possibility of aught like what we call a play upon words in such a text as this. We therefore cannot avoid the conclusion, that the sanctification of the people of Christ, spoken of in the second clause, is essentially of the same character with the sanctification of Christ himself, spoken of in the first. Now, we have seen that this sanctification was the consecration or devotion of Himself, with all the attributes and faculties of His Divine and human nature, to a special work or service assigned to Him by His Father, and we conclude that the object of this consecration was, that they for whose sakes it was effected, might be consecrated to God also, set apart and separated from the world to serve and glorify Him, the apostles, in the first instance, being doomed to drink of His own cup, and be baptised with His own baptism of blood, and all who should believe on Him through their word being required to account of themselves as called to be saints, separated from an ungodly world, and consecrated to the service of Him who calls them out of darkness into His own marvellous light. So far, then, as the exposition of the text has yet gone, it may be thus paraphrased:—"For the sake of those whom thou hast given unto me in covenant, and who have, by thy grace, been brought, or who shall, by thy grace, be brought to believe in me, I give myself up, in my Divinity and my humanity, with all the omnipotence of the one to do, and all the power of the other to suffer, in order that I may accomplish all that thou hast appointed me, and I have undertaken, to do and to suffer, and thus to the end, that they all may be rendered a peculiar people unto thee, and in their measure may be set apart and consecrated for the accomplishment of all thy will, and for serving thee with all the faculties and powers wherewith they shall be endowed."

Thus it appears to us that the text in the Bible which is most closely parallel to this is that in the Epistle to Titus, in which the apostle speaks of "the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." What the apostle calls the "giving of himself for us," seems to be precisely what our Lord calls "sanctifying himself," and the sanctifying of His people, which our Lord represents as the ultimate end of His sanctifying of Himself, appears to include all that the apostle describes under the twofold aspect of redeeming them from all iniquity, and purifying to Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Thus we are led to give a larger and more comprehensive sense to the term *sanctify* in this text, than belongs to the technical and theological term sanctification, or than belongs to it in many other passages of Scripture. In fact, we must interpret the term here as including all that goes to render the people of Christ a peculiar people, all

that constitutes the difference betwixt them and unchristian men whether in respect of condition or character We must therefore regard it as not merely referring to their sanctification in the ordinary sense of the term, but as including also their justification as the ground and basis of their sanctification

This is the twofold difference, or the two elements of the difference, which subsists betwixt believers and unbelievers betwixt the people of Christ, and the world which lieth in wickedness,—just as all that the world is guilty and condemned, charged with the unexpiated guilt of its own innumerable sins whereas those who believe in Christ are set free at once and for ever, from all the guilt of the sins which they have committed Justice has been fully satisfied the claims of God's law have been fully met a perfect righteousness has been wrought out and given to them as a free gift there is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus And the second difference is that they 'walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit They are and day by day they are growing more and more 'a peculiar people zealous of good works The time past of their lives they account sufficient and far more than sufficient to have wrought the will of the flesh They are no longer the servants of sin unto death but of righteousness unto holiness

Now it was in order to the realization of both these distinctions in all His people that Jesus consecrated Himself Both were contemplated and stipulated for in the eternal covenant For this twofold end there flowed out from his pierced side both blood and water,—first the blood, to wash away the guilt of sin as it is written, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission,' but "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin" And after the blood, water, to purify from the pollution and defilement of sin, and to render the whole redeemed Church pure and holy and perfect as God himself Behold then, the completeness of the work of Christ It had respect to men as at once guilty, or liable to punishment, and polluted and in need of purification, and it was so ordained as to provide a remedy for these two evils The justification of believers is more immediately connected with that life of obedience which He led upon the earth and that death which He died as the great sin bearer while their sanctification is more specially dependent upon that life which He now lives, not the life which belonged to Him from all eternity, as the living self existent one, nor the life which He led upon the earth as the guilt assuming and God forsaken one, but the life which belongs to Him as having been dead, and which life He consecrates to their benefit, and lives 'for them sakes living *for* them, to intercede for them at His Father's right hand, and to rule over all things and cause all to work together for them good and living in them, working in them by His own Holy Spirit so that the life that they now live in the flesh is a new life which it is not so much they that live, as He that liveth in them

Fourth Sunday.

MEANS OF SANCTIFICATION

"Through the truth —JOHN xvii 19

WHAT is the instrumentality through which the consecration of Christ for the sake of His people is to be rendered available for their separation from the world and consecration to God It is "through the truth, —evidently the truth primarily and mainly respecting this His consecration In other words the gospel or glad tidings respecting Christ Jesus and the great work which He came into the world to do and the awful sufferings which He assumed our nature to endure —this gospel is the divine magnet for separating from the world of the ungodly those who are ordained to eternal life It is this gospel, pondered and meditated upon, and held converse with from day to day, that confirms and establishes and perfects the separation and the peculiarity of the people of God It is the knowledge or ignorance of this truth that constitutes the world wide difference betwixt the nations of ancient and modern heathendom and the nations of Christendom It is the reception or disregard of this truth that constitutes the no less wide —though to the eye of sense it may often be the less perceptible—difference betwixt the man who is ripening for heaven, and the man who is ripening for hell Well then might the apostle say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth This is the power by which revolutions have been effected on a large and national scale, the most remarkable that the history of the world records, in comparison of which all others are insignificant By this power men become new creatures, "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever"

There is a striking instance of the value that God puts upon "the truth," the word preached, in the history of Cornelius the centurion, recorded in the Acts To our thinking it would have been a very easy matter, since God was to send an angel to that worthy soldier, to have commissioned the angel to tell him all that it was needful for him to know. But no The angel was sent to Cornelius, not to communicate the truth to him, but only to set him

in quest of the truth. Three men must make the journey from Cæsarea to Joppa; a heavenly vision must appear, and a heavenly voice be heard by the trance-fallen apostle there, and then four men must trudge back again to Cæsarea, in order that the truth may be brought to the ear of the God fearing, alms-giving, alway praying man. Surely this was intended to do honour to the truth, and to the preaching of the truth by the human voice.

In this light viewed, how appears the conduct of those whose Bibles lie unopened and dust covered from Sabbath to Sabbath? Or of those who read it as at once a wearisome and a meritorious and withal somewhat boast worthy task? How that of those who are glad of a plausible pretext to absent themselves from the place where prayer is made, and the truth of God is propounded, for the conversion of sinners and the edification of the people of God? And how appear the opinions of those who profess to have no sympathy with what they call the peculiar doctrines of Christianity,—which doctrines are none other than the great "truth" regarding Jesus and his blood achieved salvation,—but wish that we should insist only on the great catholic principles of uprightness and morality? The Bible knows of no sanctification apart from "the truth." Holiness being the end, the truth is the means, the one the blessed fruit, the other the living and life giving root, the one the firm and goodly building, the other the strong and secure foundation. Is there always, in the earnest preaching of the present day, which we most gratefully acknowledge as having been the means of much good, a sufficient recognition of the connexion between the truth of God, the truth respecting Christ and His work, as exhibiting the righteousness and holiness of God, and the conversion of sinners and the revival of the people of God? Is there not a tendency to depend for the conversion and the edification of men upon excitement, produced by general statements of the mercy of God and of the sinfulness of man, rather than the exhibition of mercy and truth meeting together, righteousness and peace entering into fellowship, and all the glorious attributes of Jehovah clustering around the cross of Christ? That the preaching to which we refer has done so much good we believe to be due to the fact that it has brought forward the truth with earnestness, that the good has not been greater and more unmixed, may perhaps be owing to the tendency to which allusion has been made

In all that has been said, and in far more that might have been said, respecting the importance of the truth, as the appointed means of beginning and carrying on and perfecting the separation of men from sin, and thoroughly furnishing them unto all good works, there is no inconsistency with the great scriptural doctrine of the necessity of the Spirit's agency for the accomplishment of these ends The Spirit is the only agent, the truth is the only instrument No one comes to the Son except the Father draw him But the truth is the cord by which every one is drawn The Spirit convinces of sin, but it is by bringing the truth into contact with the conscience The Spirit opens the understanding, but it is to understand the Scriptures The Spirit worketh in the hearts of the people of God to will and to do of his good pleasure, but it is by causing the word of truth to dwell in them richly, and by imparting to the Scriptures the ability to make them wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus The word, that is, the truth, cannot produce these blessed results, except it be employed and applied by the Spirit, the Spirit never does and never will produce them except by employing and applying the word The word is the sword, the Spirit is the arm by which it is wielded. The word, save as wielded by the Spirit, has no power, the Spirit, save as wielding the word, never puts forth His power

R. SMITH

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP X—OUR DUTY TO THE POOR

THERE are elements in nature which, though not always apparent to the senses, pervade, and, pervading, affect every substance Heat, for instance There is warmth even in ice, cold as it feels, heat as well in the icicles that hang from his thatch as in the glowing iron the smith, amid a shower of sparks, hammers on his ringing anvil, fire not only in the sun, in the blazing grate, there where swarthy men tap the furnace, and molten iron rolls forth like liquid gold, but fire also, though asleep and waiting the touch of steel, in the cold and coal black flint Never dead, nor even altogether dormant, this all pervading element is everywhere active, the seeds and eggs which lie buried in the frozen soil owing to it their life, and the great ocean its fluidity—the waves that roar or ripple on its shores, the path it offers to our keels, and the innumerable myriads, from whales to shrimps, that people its depths and shallows

There are also laws in nature which, though often working in secrecy and silence are dominant in every place and acting on every substance—the law of gravitation for instance We may recognise it only in its more striking displays in the spheres where planets roll, in the orbit which our earth describes around the sun, in the skies, where the eagle, pierced by feathery arrow or bullet, and leaving for ever its airy fields, drops dead, like a stone, at our feet, or on the mountain, where some rock, leaping from its lofty base, rushes down into the valley with the speed of lightning and the roar of thunder Still, this law affects as well the mote of the sunbeam as the sun, and alike shapes the tear on an infant's cheek and the stars in heaven, it is there, running in the sands of an hour glass, there, sounding in the tinkling of the tiniest rill, and by the same power that bends the tail of a fiery comet and its path back to the sun, it bends the neck of a snow drop and thereby preserves from perishing the herald and harbinger of spring

As it is with such elements and laws in the kingdoms of nature, it is with the presence and influence of religion in a good man's life. It may not be always apparent, but it should be always present—its influence felt where it is not seen. Often, like those greatest powers of nature, heat and light, and electricity and magnetism, acting silently—sometimes, like the will when moving our lips to form words, or our limbs to produce motion, acting unconsciously—yet always acting; so that in everything we do, in every step we take, in every duty we discharge, though it cannot be said with strict propriety that all our actions are religious, yet none are contrary to religion, and all of them are done religiously Is not this just the mark at which Paul teaches us to aim in saying, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God?" Doing so, human life, in its lowliest spheres, from man's cradle onward to his grave, or rather from his conversion to his death, may be made one long, continuous, noble, religious service, more sublime than any poem John Milton wrote, more instructive than any sermon of the greatest preacher, and more acceptable far to God than any services performed within dead stone walls, amid cathedral pomp, and before ten thousand spectators

Now in the whole range of duties there is none which, if not strictly religious and, in the highest sense of the expression, a religious service, is more nearly allied to religion and should be more under its presiding and holy influence, than that charity to the poor which is plainly dictated, and indeed powerfully enforced, in the question, "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" Religion imposes this duty on us In proof of which—

God presents himself to us as having a peculiar and tender care of the poor—It is not the robust but delicate child of the family, around whom a father's and mother's affections cluster thickest, and are most closely twined The boy or girl whom feebleness of body or mind makes least fit to bear the world's rough usage, and most dependent on others' kindness, is like those tendrils that, winding themselves round the tree they spangle with flowers, bind it most closely in their embraces, and bury their pliant arms deepest in its bark. And what a blessed and beautiful arrangement of Providence it is, that they who cost most care, and lie with greatest weight on parents' arms and hearts, are commonly most loved! Helplessness, appealing to our pity, begets affection Thus was the heart of the rough sailor touched, when, touring with other castaways in an open boat on the open sea, he parted with a morsel of food, which, hidden with more

care than misers hide their gold, he had reserved for his own last extremity. Around him lay men and women; some dead with glassy eyes; some dying, and these reduced to ghastly skeletons; but none of these moved him to peril his own life for theirs. The object of his noble and not unrewarded generosity—for, as if heaven had sent it on purpose to reward the act, a sail speedily hove in sight—was a gentle boy that, with his face turned on hers, lay dying in a mother's arms, and between whose teeth the famishing man put his own last, precious morsel. Of this feeling I met also a remarkable illustration in my old country parish. In one of its cottages dwelt a poor idiot child; horrible to all eyes but her parents'; and so helpless, that, though older than sisters just blooming into womanhood, she lay, unable either to walk or speak, a burden on her mother's lap, almost the whole day long,—a heavy handful to one who had the cares of a family, and was the wife of a hard-working man,—and a most painful contrast to the very roses that flung their bright clusters over the cottage-window, as well as to the lark that, pleased with a grassy turf, carolled within its cage. Death, in most instances unwelcome visitor, came at length,—to her and to their relief. Relief! so I thought; and, when the father came with invitation to the funeral, so I said. Though not roughly, but inadvertently spoken, the word jarred on a tender chord; and I was more than ever taught how helplessness begets affection in the very measure and proportion of itself, when he burst into a fit of sorrow, and, speaking of his beautiful boys and blooming girls, said, If it had been God's will, I would have parted with any of them rather than her.

Now this kindness to the helpless, of which man's home, both in the humblest and highest walks of life, presents so many lovely instances, and which, you will observe, moves the roughest crowd on the street, without taking time to inquire into its merits, to throw themselves into the quarrel of a woman or weeping child, is a flower of Eden, that clings to the ruins of our nature,—one beautiful feature of God's image which has to some extent survived the Fall. "The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." Well named, "Our Father who is in heaven;" he sets himself forth in his Word as the Patron and Protector of the poor; he recommends them in many ways and by many considerations to our kindness; and teaches us that, if we would be like himself, we must remember their miseries amid our enjoyments, and fill their empty cups with the overflowings of our own. In proof of this—

Observe the sentiments of his Word towards the poor.—It breathes the most tender regard to them: for example—Whoso reproacheth the poor, reproacheth his Maker; Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble; He shall judge the poor and needy; He shall stand at the right hand of the poor; The needy shall not alway be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever. How different from the spirit of a sordid age, which, as if there were no worthiness in genius, or sense, or bravery, or virtue, or grace, values man by his money; and speaking of what he is worth, takes into account nothing but his wealth! There are some, too many, in whose eyes money, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins; and who would esteem a piece of gilded fir more highly than odorous and imperishable cedar, or marble that vies with driven snow. But the poverty which incurs their contempt demeans no one in the sight of God. He is no respecter of persons. At his height, all ranks appear on a level; and if there is any advantage, the poor have it, in a better chance, if I may say so, of getting to heaven than the rich. I go, said the dying Rutherford, when summoned in the king's name to appear before an earthly tribunal, to obey a higher summons; I go to a place where there are few kings. And does not heaven open to the poor a refuge where there are few rich? James asks—My beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom? And what said Paul?—"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." Let honest poverty then lift up its head; next to infants, those unblown buds which the Lord has plucked to open out their beauties on his bosom in heaven, no class is so fully represented in the general assembly of the first-born, as the poor. They not only form the largest class on earth, but by much the largest in that kingdom where, before Mary's Son, and by Mary's side, they may lift up her hymn, and sing—He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

Observe his enactments on behalf of the poor.—A legal provision for the poor is no modern invention. It is a common notion that regular poor-laws date from the days of Elizabeth of England; but it is a mistake. They are of much older date. A divine institution, they are found in that system of polity which God set up among his ancient people by the hands of his servant Moses. He did not leave his poor to depend altogether on the fits and chances of a precarious charity. One of the many provisions made to supply their wants, was lately brought to our recollection, when travelling through a [illegible]

where embowering vines threw their clusters over the road; and planted on rising terraces, occupied the sunny slopes of mountains that rose to skies of deepest blue—clothed with shaggy forests, and crowned with eternal snows. One of the guides, without consent asked or given, left the path, and, stepping into a vineyard by the wayside plucked a rich bunch of grapes. The customs of that country may, perhaps, permit a freedom with property which would not be tolerated in ours. Standing on the extremest rights of *mine* and *thine*, we will send a poor vagrant child to jail for taking a turnip to satisfy his hunger; but in the Holy, might I not add, and happy Land, where God would have no man starve, the beggar, any hungry Israelite could take such freedoms without let or challenge. His hunger was his need, and God's law was his right to do so. "When thou goest," said the Lord, "into thy neighbour's vineyard, thou mayest eat grapes thy fill; but thou shalt not put any in thy vessel;" and so long as a poor man kept within this limit, he had full liberty to satisfy the wants of nature; nor was branded as a thief for doing so.

Another provision kindly and divinely established on behalf of the poor, in these good old times, was, though in the way of contrast, also recalled to our recollection on passing, one of these autumn days, a harvest-field at home. In a toothed machine, which, raking the stubble-land, gathered up the stalks of grain that the reapers had left, we saw a custom which God forbade on the soil that was trodden by a Redeemer's feet. He, who reserved the seventh day to himself, reserved, along with the standing corn that grew in the corners of the fields, the gleanings of the whole harvest for the exclusive use of the poor; and thus all those whom Ruth and Naomi represented—the widows of Israel, the fatherless, and the orphan—had a share of others' plenty, and their own joy in every harvest.

Nor were the corners which the husbandman was forbidden to reap, and the gleanings of harvests and vineyards which the proprietors were forbidden to gather, the only bounty which the earth poured into the lap of the poor; and to which they had a legal and unchangeable claim. By God's express appointment, the land was to enjoy a sabbath once every seven years, during which the fields were to lie untilled, the olive-trees and vines to grow ungrained. Now, the whole produce of that sabbatical year belonged to the poor; none of it to the proprietor. "Six years," said the Lord, "thou shalt sow thy land and shalt gather in the fruits thereof; but the seventh year thou shalt let it rest [illegible] that the poor of thy people may eat; [illegible] the beasts of the field shall [illegible] manner thou shalt deal with thy vineyard and with thy oliveyard." God's care of his poor, like a mother's for her babe, extended even to what might be considered minute and trivial matters. The rich were forbidden to make any charge for money lent to a poor man; and if his necessities obliged him to pledge bed or garment, God took care that he should not suffer for it. Many a poor wretch in our cities is left with his children to shiver through cold winter nights, while their blankets are locked up in the broker's store. Better care was taken of an unfortunate Israelite. "In any case," said the Lord, "thou shalt deliver him the pledge when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his own raiment."

Stern and severe as were some aspects of the Mosaic law, it looked kindly upon poverty. That law treated it not as a crime, but as a misfortune deserving the tenderest compassion. And though not required to copy its details, ought we not to preserve their spirit; and in dealing with honest poverty, meet it in the benevolent spirit of the commandment, "If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee?" No man can read these old laws, so full of tender care and regard for the poor, without seeing the point and feeling the power of the apostle's question, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Let us then, as John says, "not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

Observe his judgments for the wrongs of the poor.—Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation; our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; all our pleasant things are laid waste. So spake Isaiah, looking with prophetic eye on the future, where he saw the grass grow rank on the city's untrodden streets, and the fox looking out of the temple window, and satyrs dancing in the holy place—the shrine deserted, its lamp extinguished, and the ashes of its altar cold. And what dreadful sins were those which brought down such judgments on a guilty land—moving God to cast away his people as a loathsome thing, and make them a byword, and a proverb, and a hissing on the earth?—Sabbath-breaking, idolatry, drunkenness, loose-living?—Yes; these, but others also; wrongs inflicted on the poor. Hear how these bold and bearded prophets speak—"The spoil of the poor is in your houses"—as it is, now, in every house where a fortune has been built on their ruins. Again, "Ye grind the faces of the poor,"—as is done still, when advantage is taken of his necessities to deny the labourer a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. Again, "They buy the poor

for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes,"—crimes perpetrated, high treason committed not against kings but against God and man, yonder where, under the flag of liberty with its brave motto, All men are born free, the hammer of the auction-room knocks down men and women for so many hundred dollars. These old preachers, asserting the sanctity and liberty of the pulpit, deemed it their right, and used it as a privilege, to proclaim from that place of truth the wrongs of the poor, and the judgment of their oppressors. Inspired of God, they were fearless of man. Hear how they spake to the times—"Is it," they asked, speaking in their Master's name, "such a fast that I have chosen—a day for a man to afflict his soul? to bow down his head as a bulrush, to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and to bring the poor that are cast out into thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?" This is not done. Many of our poor go hungry and houseless.

Stretching themselves upon their couches, eating the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall, chanting to the sound of the viol, drinking wine in bowls, anointing themselves with the chief ointments, and not grieved for the affliction of Joseph,—many, realising this voluptuous picture, leave the poor to herd in filthy dens, and out of houses not fit for human beings, not compatible with health or decency or virtue, come swarms of ragged, uncared for, and uneducated children, to turn the tread mill, and feed the prison. It is not for us to scan the ways of Providence, but the dying echoes of past judgments sound us a solemn, may it be a timely warning. What shall be, says the wise man, is that which hath already been. The wrongs of the poor have a way of avenging themselves. Neglected poverty may rise some day like the blind, strong man to pull down the prosperity and pillars of the land; and when no Joseph shall appear in providence to avert the impending evil, a worse future may come than was foreshadowed in royal dreams, when, in visions of the night, Pharaoh saw the seven lean kine eat up the seven fat. It is with judgments God arms himself, when he says, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord." See how, in this terrible aspect, he has risen in that land from whose shores Atlantic waves are now wafting the boom of cannon to our own. Would that above the roar of that fratricidal war, America heard the voice of rebuke, sounding down from the throne of God! Undoing the heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free, out of the broken fetters of emancipated slaves, let her make a lightning-conductor to turn away the bolts of a righteous, roused, and angry God! Then, in the beautiful words of the prophet, "shall her light break forth as the morning, and her health spring forth speedily, and the glory of the Lord shall be her rear-ward, and her darkness shall be as the noon day—and she shall be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."

Observe how Jesus showed his care for the poor.—The poor, he said, ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good—repeating in substance God's much older words, "The poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor; and to thy needy in the land." How beautifully this Divine tenderness to the poor comes out welling and warm, in the very terms applied to them; it is not, if a man or woman—but if a *brother or sister* be naked—thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy *brother*.

In dealing with the poor we are not, however, to put all over in the same boat—huddling together the good and bad, virtue and vice, decent age and heary sin in our plans, as is done in our poor-houses. There is no line of separation between poor and peasant so broad as divides the two classes of the poor. There are God's poor, whose cause I chiefly plead. These, reduced to want, brought to suffering by no fault of theirs, have the strongest, at any rate the first, claim on our compassion. There are the poor of providence; and a much more numerous class, the poor of improvidence—the devil's poor, who, reaping as they have sowed, and drinking as they have brewed, are suffering under these righteous laws: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" "If any will not work, neither should he eat;" "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man." None are in some respects, I admit, greater objects of compassion than these. It is pitiable to see the wrecks of comfort, and decency, and humanity, that go drifting about our streets. How foul and forbidding with the rags that vice has hung on their back, and the wolfish look that want has given their faces! Yet many of them were once bright and sunny children; dandled on a father's knee; and sung to sleep by kind mothers who, putting their little innocent hands together, taught their infant lips to pray. We are not to loath them; nor will, if we remember that they cannot be so black or so bad in our eyes as we were in God's when he gave up his dear Son to save us. Yet how profoundly are they to be pitied! They have got to the dregs of their cup; and how bitter they are! They have

not look back on the past, with its recollections of early innocence, a virtuous home, and the venerable image of a mother or father, whose grey hairs they brought in sorrow to the grave, nor dare they look forward on the future, and unless religion come to their help what will they or can they do, but "drink to forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more?" What else are you to expect of impiety under sufferings greater than wrung from God's servant the cry, "Oh that my mother had been my grave, wherefore came I from the womb, that my days should be consumed with shame!" There is not the poverty that has wealth in heaven, and, touched by lights from another and better world, is a cloud that wears silver edges, nor is there the cup which faith sweetens with the promise of all things working together for good Without God or hope, they are the poorest of the poor, and claim in a sense our deepest and holiest compassions

Still, our compassion must never take the shape of a bounty on idleness and vice Such philanthropy is mischievous, and finds not the semblance of encouragement in our Lord's example He went about doing good, and chiefly in the walks of the poor But how? He restored health to sickness, vigour to the withered limb, sight to the blind, speech to the dumb hearing to the deaf reason to the insane, and, doing so, taught us the wise charity that helps a poor man to help himself He did not maintain the poor in idleness but sent them back with renovated powers to their different fields of labour It is as instructive as it is remarkable, that on only two occasions did our Lord create food, and money only on one—leaving the law of God not only to its righteous but beneficent course, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" Not even in the days when he scattered miracles around him in divine profusion, did he anything to counteract the lesson of those wondrous years when his neighbours heard the carpenter early at his bench, and honest labour sharpened his appetite and sweetened his simple fare, and at every week's end a pattern of filial duty and model to our youths, he poured his earnings into a mother's lap

While our Lord employing his miraculous powers to help the poor to help themselves showed them the wisest and truest kindness he [illegible] it not even in his narrow and straitened circumstances the claims of a helpless poverty It is evident that the bag which Judas carried served a double purpose the poor had their share of its scanty store The Patriarch says I did not eat my morsel alone No more did Jesus—with this difference that Job was rich, but Jesus was poor Yet what he had he gave Ay his generosity but dimly shadowed forth by the widow who of her want did cast in all she had even all her living, he gave not his living but his life for a greater poverty than stands in ragged beggar at our door he made himself poor that he might make us rich, he poured out his soul unto death—dying the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God

CHECKS AND COUNTER CHECKS

A LESSON IN DIVINE GOVERNMENT

In passing through a museum of natural history, one cannot help being struck with the number and perfection of the agents and instruments of death in the animal world What an army of creatures of prey, and what an armoury of death dealing weapons for their use! Look at the cruel hooked beak of the vulture or hawk, the grim gleaming magazine of sharp jagged teeth which the shark displays in its huge mouth, or the deadly poison fang of the snake—how apt and sure in each case the apparatus for its fatal purpose! On every side we behold elaborate preparations for destruction, and infinite precautions lest a victim should escape One of the ablest naturalists of our day, in a recent work which has been the subject of much discussion, has described the relations of living things in the world as a desperate struggle for existence, genus against genus, species against species, every plant and bird and beast against an infinite number of rival and adverse creatures We cannot shut our eyes against the fact that, under the mission of Providence, death plays a great and essential part in the harmony of nature, regulating both the distribution and the amount of life upon the earth

This world is a grand system of checks and balances, so delicately poised, so nicely adjusted, that the slightest disturbance the mere reverberation of a breath, acts and reacts infinitely and produces a chain of results which extends throughout creation, like, to compare small things with great the spreading of circles on a pool, or the multiplications of echoes among the hills Death is the check upon exuberant and excessive life, and hence its legion of ministers in nature

The researches of the most eminent and industrious naturalists have established the fact that, without exception every organic being increases at so rapid a rate that if the number were not thinned by destruction the earth would soon be overrun by the progeny of a single pair When we are told that even slow breeding man has doubled in a quarter of a century, we can imagine how tremendous must be the reproduction of those creatures which bring forth in litters or in swarms "In looking at nature," says Mr Darwin, "it is most necessary never to forget that every single organic being around us may be said to be struggling to the utmost to increase in numbers, that each lives by the struggle at some period of its life, that heavy destruction inevitably falls upon the young or old during each generation or at recurrent intervals Lighten any check, mitigate the destruction ever

so little, and the number of the species will almost instantaneously increase to any amount." In the primitive world the arrangements of nature were left undisturbed, and the checks upon the excessive multiplication of any creature, to the exclusion of others, had their due effect. A wholesome equilibrium of destruction prevailed. The birds killed so many insects, that the insects could not kill too many plants, and, on the other hand, the plants were beneficially thinned by the insects, and the birds restrained from exceeding their proper limits of increase by the attacks of beasts of prey. Thus due proportion in the numbers of each species was maintained. Man, however, came to interfere with these arrangements, preserving here and destroying there, paralysing various checks and upsetting the general balance. In many respects nature accommodated herself to the changes which were introduced, but in others very different results have been produced from those intended.

There are no simple operations in the material world—all are complex. Two and two do not make four, but five or six, or perhaps three. An acid and an alkali in conjunction do not simply unite their respective qualities, but assume a character altogether dissimilar, possibly antagonistic. In the same way you cannot cultivate a particular plant, or protect a particular animal, without affecting a large group of plants and animals. A plantation or a game preserve will make a revolution in the natural history of the locality into which it is introduced. Mr Darwin gives a curious instance of how plants and animals most remote in the scale of nature are brought together in a web of complex relations. What can have less to do with the production of honey than a cat? One may well ask that, but here is the philosophic naturalist's answer,—"I have reason" writes the author of the *Origin of Species*, "to believe that humble bees are indispensible to the fertilisation of the heart's ease (i.e., by scattering the pollen), for other bees do not get forward. From experiments I have lately tried, I have found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover, but humble bees alone visit the red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt that if the whole genus of humble bees become extinct, or very rare in England, the heart's ease red clover would become very rare or disappear. The number of humble bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble bees, believes that more than two thirds of them are thus destroyed over England. Now, the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr Newman says, 'Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice.' Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice, then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district."

This remarkable connexion between different classes of animals has recently received a striking practical illustration in a neighbouring country, from which we may gather a useful hint for ourselves. Partly from revenge, partly from gluttony, France has destroyed all her small birds, and the consequence is that the insects, relieved from this check upon their increase, now swarm over the land, devour the harvests, and threaten—if the birds are still kept under a ban—to prove as destructive as a flight of locusts, and to leave not a green leaf in the country. The French have a notion that the birds make sad havoc in their orchards and fields, and that, as the little warblers are very savoury morsels when well cooked, it is better to eat them than to allow them to eat the fruit and grain. Thus the snare, the gun, and the spit, have driven the small birds from France. The spring has been robbed of the cuckoo, the summer of the swallow, even the sacred robin redbreast has not been spared, "for," says Buffon, "this affectionate little songster is eaten with bread crumbs." Eat a robin? One can understand now that it was a Frenchman who said that with a certain piquante sauce a man could eat his nearest, dearest relative.

So the birds have been put down, but the kindly fruits of the earth, which mankind at such pains to rear, are exposed to the assaults of an enemy infinitely more formidable, insidious, irresistible, barely visible to the naked eye, and in number as the sands upon the sea shore. "Against such enemies man is powerless. His genius may enable him to follow the course of the planets, to penetrate mountains, or steer a ship against a storm, he can kill or bend to his will the monsters of the forests, but in presence of these myriads of insects which, from every point of the horizon, settle upon his fields, cultivated with so much care, his strength is sheer weakness. His eye is not sharp enough to discern many of them, his hand too slow to catch them. And even were he to annihilate them by millions, they would re appear by milliards. From above, from below, from right to left, they come in legions innumerable, without relapse. In this invincible army which advances to the conquest of the labour of man, each member has its month, its day, its season, its tree, its plant, each knows its own battle-ground, and never mistakes its post."*

Ehrenberg has remarked of the *infusoria*, of which 41,000 millions go to a cubic inch, but which form important strata in the globe we stand upon, that, "inferior as they are in their individual energy to lions and elephants, they are in their united influences far more important than all those animals." And in the case of the insects which are now devastating the fields and vineyards of France, it is to union that they owe their strength, and from their minuteness that they derive their impunity. The fecundity of these insects is appalling. In a single *phlæotribus*, which is so fatal to the olive, a naturalist counted 2000 eggs. The cockroach deposits from 70 to 100 eggs at a time, and these are soon transformed into white worms, which for two or three years live exclusively upon the roots of the most valuable vegetables. The weevil produces from 70 to 80 eggs, which, laid in so many grains of corn, become larvæ that eat them all up. Thus a single weevil destroys a whole ear of corn. The appetite of insects is astounding. Sir [illegible]

* Report of French Commissioners

sects are endowed with an appetite so keen, and a digestion so rapid, that they eat incessantly throughout the whole of their lives With them to live is to eat, to be born is to sit down to table, as if they never quit it till they die "Their existence," says one writer, "is a feast without a change of plates, or a pause between the courses Morning, noon, and night their mouths are full and an endless procession of favourite food gratifies the unwearied palate They know not the name of meals Breakfast commenced with infancy, and their only after dinner nap is a passage to another state of existence" One may imagine therefore, what havoc these industrious little gluttons can accomplish among the crops Against such an enemy man unassisted must have succumbed long ago and vegetation would have disappeared from the face of the earth In His wisdom and mercy, however, God has provided a remedy Everywhere in the great scheme of nature the bane will always be found to have its corresponding antidote, if man would but search intelligently for it As good old George Herbert says —

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of In every path,
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan
Oh, mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him

To resist the invasion of the insects God gave man a powerful and faithful ally in the bird An official inquiry into this subject has lately taken place in France, and an interesting report has been produced For the birds of prey which live mostly upon the small insect eating birds the reporter has nothing to say He gives up these malefactors for the decoration of the barn door. The sparrow hawk is certainly a bad character In the nest of one has been found as many as fifteen young pheasants, four young partridges, five chickens, and half a dozen small birds of the hedgerow, all in a fresh state, and recently killed The kestrel and honey buzzard, however, do good service in destroying each some 6000 mice annually, and the rook and harvest crow are truly the farmer's friends, ridding the fields of the destructive wire worm.

Then there are the birds that live partly on grain and partly on insects, who do at least as much good in devouring the latter as to entitle them, by way of wages, to an allowance of the former Among these the sparrow has a shocking bad character, as a most impudent little thief It may be one of the prejudices of the city, where we see few other birds, but I must own to a kindly feeling for the sparrow. There is such a jollity and good humour about his impudence, and if he does help himself to what "isn't his'n," he does it in such a frank, unabashed, confident manner, that one cannot be angry with him His twittering is not very melodious certainly, but still it strikes pleasantly on the ear amidst the shuffling of feet and roll of vehicles in the dusty, bustling city streets Much more can be said for the sparrow, however. To quote from the French report — "According to the opinion of many, this bird ought to stand much higher than he is reputed. In fact, it is stated that, a price having been set upon his head in Hungary and in Baden, this intelligent exile left those countries, but it was soon discovered that he alone could manfully contend against the cockroaches and the thousand winged insects of the lowlands, and the very men who offered a price for his destruction offered a still higher price to introduce him again into the country It was a double expense—the ordinary punishment of hasty measures Frederick the Great had also declared war against the sparrows, which did not respect his favourite fruit, the cherry. Naturally, the sparrows could not pretend to resist the conqueror of Austria, and they emigrated, but after two years not only were there no more cherries, but scarcely any other sort of fruit—the caterpillars ate them all up and the great king, victor on so many fields of battle was happy to sign peace at the cost of a few cherries with the reconciliated sparrows Moreover, M Florent Prévost has shown that, according to circumstances insects form at least one half—often in a much larger proportion—the food of the sparrow It is exclusively with insects that this bird feeds its young brood Behold a remarkable instance at Paris, where, nevertheless, the fragments of our own food provide abundant aliment for the sparrow, two of those birds having made their nest on a terrace of the Rue Vivienne, the upper wings of the cockroaches thrown out of the nest were collected, they numbered 1460 Thus 700 cockroaches were destroyed to feed one single brood"

It must, no doubt, have occurred to the owl, being a meditative and philosophic bird, as becomes the pet of Minerva, that it is not only a thankless but a dangerous mission to do good to man Here has the owl been acting as a most efficient night constable for the farmer when he is snug abed, apprehending all sorts of thieves and burglars, and only asking to be allowed to eat them in peace for his pains and the reward he gets is persecution and abuse Nevertheless, he carries out the blessed maxim, "Do good to them that spitefully use you" "Agriculturists" says the report, "ought to bless them, for, ten times better than the best cats, and without threatening the larder like them, the birds of this order wage a determined war against rats and mice, so detrimental to stacked corn, or grain in barns, and destroy in the fields hosts of field mice, moles, and dormice, which, without these night hunters, would become an intolerable scourge" White of Selborne says that a pair of barn owls destroy at least 150 little nibblers every day What cat could do the like? These birds also destroy numbers of mischievous moths and night insects. Surely, after reading these facts, the farmer will chime in with the words of the old madrigal —

"Of all the brave birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree"

Then come the little birds that feed on insects only, the swallows, nightingales, thrushes, larks, red breasts, wrens, "who all vie with each other in rendering us inappreciable services, as gratuitous as they are badly rewarded, because their value is not properly estimated" Surely these birds deserve protection, as not only useful but ornamental. Elegant in form, and beautiful in plumage, many of them are also endowed with rich powers of

melody, and give forth some of the sweetest notes in the great orchestra of nature In regard to these we have not the same cause to blame ourselves as the French We may be thankful that we still hear the chirping in the hedge rows and the twittering among the trees, the rich plaintive music of the nightingale, the "rain of melody" which the lark showers from the blinding sky, as "singing still it soars, and soaring ever singeth' There is one practice, however, for which we deserve reproof, and that is, bird nesting, one of the most cowardly and frivolous, as it is one of the most cruel pastimes of the country side It should be discouraged everywhere as wicked and unmanly

The moral of the state of things which now prevails in France is obvious enough Both birds and insects have their appointed uses, like all other creatures, in the scheme of nature, and a war of extermination against either would bring about its own revenge What appears to be a bane in one case is an antidote for some worse evil, which would be aggravated beyond endurance by the removal of the check We must be cautious how we disturb that balance of power which prevails throughout creation, and which was appointed for our good by Him who feedeth the ravens when they cry, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow can fall to the ground

J HAMILTON FYFE

THE VIGIL OF RIZPAH

A LONELY watcher on the mountain height,
There with her dead a solemn tryst to keep,
Communing silently with anguish deep,
Yet patient, strong in Love's unturning might,
The morn's red day beam found her, and the night
Bathed her in gentle dews, yet might not steep
The pulse of agony in gentler sleep,
Soft stealing o'er that mourner's aching sight,
There, while the long and summer sun rode high,
No cry of bird awoke the solitude,
When darkness fell, no savage thing and rude
To mar the spell of holy grief drew nigh,—
She watched, till heaven with kind and pitying eye
With reconciling tears their dust bedewed!

H. A.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON

CHAPTER XVIII —IN THE HIGHLANDS

In due time Kate visited her friends at Ardmore But I shall not chronicle the commonplace every day life of the visit Yet I must do the M'Dougals the justice to acknowledge that they tried to make it as agreeable as possible to their fair guest, each in his or her own way, and all probably for the same object. The days were varied by drives and calls to the Stewarts on this side, the M Luchlans on that, and to the Campbells on all sides There were several successful pic nics to a glen a hill top or island, with the usual productions of cold meat, discussed in the usual uncomfortable positions There were dinner parties, also, dotted round the circle of their acquaintances, with the addition of staying all night in some cases, and one day more in others until all the songs of the ladies and gentlemen, and the whole current talk of the day seemed well nigh exhausted Kate went through all this with a fair amount of enjoyment She interpreted all the kindness shown to her with the boundless charity of her own heart, and never thought of subjecting it to any curious analysis

But her great delight was in the scenery of that West Highland country Italy has its gorgeous beauty and luxurious splendour It is a magnificent volume of poetry, history, and art superb within and without, read by the light of golden sunsets Switzerland is the most perfect combination of beauty and grandeur, from its uplands—with grass more green and closely shaven than in an English park, umbrageous with orchards, musical with rivulets, tinkling with the bells of wandering cattle, and flocks of goats, social with picturesque villages gathered round the chapel spires—all beautiful, beyond words to describe!—up, and up, beyond the green pasture lands, to the bare rocks and ridges, and the mighty cataracts of ice, until the eye rests on the endless peaks of alabaster snow, clear and sharp in the intense blue of the cloudless sky which crown the whole with awful grandeur! Norway, too, has its peculiar glory of fiords worming their way like black water snakes among gigantic mountains, whose sides are covered by primeval forests They descend from untrodden summits, are broken by stupendous precipices, and lose themselves in the fathomless caves that wash their base But the scenery of the Western Highlands has a distinctive character of its own It is not beauty, in spite of its knolls of larch and oak copse that fringe the mountain lochs and the innumerable bights and bays of pearly sand Nor is it grandeur, although there is a wonderful vastness in the far stretching landscapes of ocean meeting the sky, and of hills beyond hills, in endless ridges, mingling afar with "gorgeous cloudland." But in the sombre colouring of its mountains, in the silence of its untrodden valleys, in the extent of its bleak moors, undulating and vanishing in the far distance, in the sweep of its rocky corries, in the shifting mists and clouds that hang over its dark precipices; in the wild traditions which, ghost-like, float around its ancient keeps and live in the tales of its inhabitants, there is a glory and a sadness, not depressing, but most affecting to the imagination, suggestive of a period of romance and song of clanships and feudal attachments, which, banished from the rest of Europe, took refuge and lingered long in those rocky fastnesses but have at last for ever "passed away on their dun wings from Morven"

It was Kate's delight to wander by the narrow sheep walks until she reached the breezy heather, and to sit among the ruins of old *shielings* in an oasis of emerald green grass created long ago by the cultivation of human beings but now encroached upon and bordered by crimson heath Near at hand is a clear, cold spring that sings on its way as it did when the shielings were blythe with songs of herds and milkmaids, and the sheep took possession of the hills and drove the cattle with their attendants to the lower valleys

"You sit there like a statue," said Jane to Kate one day when they met on such a spot as I have described, "all my news about the ball seems thrown away upon you What *are* you looking at?"

Kate started as from a reverie, and said,—

"I beg your pardon, Jane I was not looking at anything in particular, but everything seems looking at me, and taking possession of me, like some mysterious presence, which one feels, rather than sees, in a dream What a glorious landscape! Is it not so, is it not?"

"Sad? How so Are you unhappy, Kate? Do tell me, dear," asked Jane with some curiosity

"Unhappy?" replied Kate, "the very reverse! The sadness that comes from such glory and beauty as this is not unhappiness, but pure and blessed enjoyment But do, dear, repeat what you were saying to me, when I interrupted you"

"Oh, I was going to tell you about the ball we had at Inverary the week before you came, but it is really of no consequence Besides, you never cared about balls, and I suppose the good people of Greenock think them very sinful"

"Oh, as to that," replied Kate, "they are, I think, like a thousand other things in this world, evil or innocent according as people use them For myself, I like a family dance with a few friends well enough I fancy it is natural to every one to dance, and that in the lives of most people 'there is a time to dance' But what are called balls were always to me a dreadful weariness of flesh and spirit, and, in spite of the music and motion, the very essence of twaddle and drawl So far, they were a sin to *me* But, Jane, dear, do look at the colouring on those hills, and at the gleam on yonder sea! I wish for nothing to make all perfect but a piper to play to me on that rock"

"A piper!" exclaimed Jane, laughing heartily; "a piper of all beings, and of all things. Do you mean that you would like a reel to dance to?"

"Oh, shocking! you a Highlander? I don't believe it! The bagpipe is fit only for the grand, old patriarch, just as an organ is fit only for sacred music; and when well played it is the only music

that harmonises with this scenery, and with the music of its winds, its waves, and streams I declare I could cry when I hear it! It is to me an utterably sad, like a wail, an agony for the dead, a lament for the olden time, and for the old people who have passed, or are passing away"

"Well done, Kate!" exclaimed Jane, "most poetical and romantic, on my word! I always told you how that sort of thing was your weakness I had no idea you were so fond of the Highlands But I love you the better for it Now, Kate, tell me, just between ourselves," continued Jane, in a very confidential voice But her sentence was interrupted by a shrill dog call, and the sudden appearance, round a neighbouring knoll, of M'Dougal with his gun, and a couple of pointers "There is Duncan, I declare!" said Jane, "I wish he would leave us alone But, after all, we must not deny him, poor young man, the happiness of being with us," she added, laughing Duncan soon joined the ladies, and, sending his gun and dogs home with the keeper, sat down beside them, glad to have this unexpected opportunity of walking home with Kate Ever since she had come to Ardmore his attentions were marked, his manner most guarded and respectful towards her, and every art which he possessed of making himself agreeable was put in practice With the perfect self possession of a man not loving, but admiring to the utmost of his nature, anxious to be loved, or rather to be admired, at all events to possess, he arranged and carried out his little plans of conquest with remarkable skill He watched Kate's disposition, perceived her tastes, and did everything to gratify both Kate, judging of him by her own true and honest nature, and having heard his praises for years from Jane, was, to some extent, impressed by him She recognised him at first as a kind young man, with an agreeable person and manners, above the ordinary run of people whom she met, and one whom, if she did not love, she could at least, in the meantime, like Yet the more she penetrated into his inner spirit, revealed in moments when the most prudent are off their guard, and when those who act a part are at a loss to know what part to act, the less she felt in sympathy with him He seemed to knock only at the outer gate of her spirit, or to walk merely in the court of the Gentiles

When he joined the ladies, on the day I speak of, Jane, as it taking up the thread of her conversation with Kate, said—"I had no idea, Duncan, Kate was such an Highlander I wish you only heard her grand speech a few minutes ago about scenery and bagpipes"

"Nonsense, Jane!" said Kate, with slight irritation "Why allude to my trumpery? It was only meant for ourselves"

"Let me just light this cigar, ladies," said Duncan, "I won't come near you, and then I shall be able, with satisfaction and repose, to hear Miss Campbell's speech, especially if it is in praise of the Highlands"

"The Highlands," said Kate, "require no speech from any one, far less from me, they speak for themselves"

"After all," replied the Laird, rising and looking round him, "it is a noble thing to be a Highland proprietor Just look at this same property of mine It begins at yonder point of Ard, goes along the coast, on and on to that bold headland, and away far up Glenconnan, until it meets the wood which you see in the distance, beyond that grey rock I have a right to be proud! Eh?" he inquired, with a smile, turning to Kate, as if in fun, but his lordship had a purpose in his geography

"Do you know," remarked Kate, "I never felt how small our Scotch lards were—pardon me for saying so—until I went across the border I was amazed, when travelling with Miss Duncombe through the south of England, to see what princely houses, and parks, and fortunes, were possessed by persons of whom we never hear, but any one of whom could buy up our small properties by the sackful The English possess a wonderful and grand aristocracy in their landed gentry"

"And yet, Miss Campbell, when I go to London and sport my Highland dress," said Duncan, 'and allow myself to be recognised as a chief,—I don't allege the fact, of course, but don't contradict it—too knowing by a half for that'—you would be amazed how I cut out those rich big wigs in the estimation of some of the romantic old dowagers and young ladies They look on me as a sort of Rob Roy, or Prince Charlie, a Walter Scott, or Highland novel sort of fellow Ha! ha! ha! I do assure you the Londoners are so easily humbugged that I laugh in my sleeve, and tell such romantic stories of family traditions and second sight, and battles of the clans, that you would scream at the absurdity of it if you heard me, and then heard the ladies say, 'How interesting!' Of course our incomes as lards are small, that's the mischief, since those commercial rascals swindled us out of our kelp But emigration will cure that in time, and free us of the people, and sheep farming, with large rents from south country farmers, will make up for our losses"

"You don't mean to say that you could turn away those people?" asked Kate, with astonishment

"What people do you mean?" inquired M'Dougal

"I mean such people as I have met in Glenconnan—your small tenants there!"

"Every man Jack of them! A set of lazy wretches! Why should I be bored and troubled with gathering rent from thirty or forty tenants, if I can get as much rent from one man, and perhaps a great deal more?"

"But you will thereby lose the privilege, Captain M'Dougal, the noble talent given you of making thirty or forty families happy instead of one In my life I never met such people!—such real gentlemen and ladies, so sensible and polite; so much at their ease, yet so modest, so hospitable, and yet so poor!"

"And so lazy!" said Duncan; "whereas in the colonies, where I have seen them, they get on splendidly, and make first-rate settlers"

"How does it happen that their laziness vanishes there?" asked Kate.

"Because in the colonies they can always better their condition by industry"

"But why, not help them to better their condi-

tion at home? Why not encourage them, and give them a stimulus to labour?"

"Because, Miss Campbell, it would be a confounded bore, and after all it would not pay," replied M'Dougal, lazily puffing his cigar, and evidently more interested in Kate's face, all beaming with feeling and sweetness, than he was in the discussion of the question which she had started.

"But surely, surely," she continued, "money is not the chief end of man. What is it worth except for what it brings to us, and can money ever get for us anything more valuable than the power of increasing the happiness of our fellow beings, and through them of our own? Is there any property equal to human hearts?"

"Your humble servant, Miss Campbell!" said Duncan, bowing and smiling. "But what on earth, fair lady, has that argument of yours to do with rent? You know, it is the first maxim in human nature, 'Every man for himself.' It would be unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that I should sacrifice an increased rent to increase the happiness of Tom, Dick, and Harry, or, to be more correct, of Donald, Dugald, or Duncan, and, therefore, go they must for their own sakes fully more than for mine."

"I can't argue," said Kate, "but my whole soul tells me that this system of sacrificing everything to the god, Money, is an idolatry that must perish. If I were old M'Donald, I would preach a sermon against the lairds and in favour of the people."

"Might I ask your text, fair preacher?" inquired Duncan, with an admiring smile.

"Why," said Kate, "the text is the only thing about it I am certain would be good, and the one I would choose rings in my ears when I hear of the overturning of houses, the emptying of glens, and the banishing of families who have inhabited them for generations, and to whom every rock and stream is a part of their very selves."

"But the text, the text, my lady!"

"My text would be," said Kate, "'Is not a man better than a sheep?'"

"Bravo!" said M'Dougal, "though, by the way, I don't think, *entre nous*, it is in the Bible. But, be that as it may, the day you ascend the pulpit I shall promise you such an attentive audience as M'Donald never had. I myself will go to church to patronize you, and I'll wager Red Peter won't snore for once in his life!"

"But," chimed in Jane, "those people you admire so much are so filthy—Faugh!"

"Come, come, Miss Jane," said Kate, smiling, "don't you join the laird against me."

"Aha!" said Jane, "I think I have put my finger on the black spot."

"Oh, it is very easy for you, with Floxy to attend you, to mend your clothes, and put them on, to dress your hair, and deck you every day, to be always at your call to bring you this, and to fold you that, so that you never know what care or trouble is,—it is easy, I say, for you or me to call these people filthy! There is Mrs M'Callum, for instance, whom we visited the other day, a comely, respectable Christian woman, with sense and feeling, but with six children, her cottage a miserable hut without grate or chimney, peat reek within, misery without, a wet undrained soil around, her husband, as you heard her say, never being able to earn more than ten or twelve shillings weekly, yet you expect her, forsooth, to be *so* neat, *so* tidy, *so* orderly—to feed and clothe herself, her husband, and family, and without help from any one but little Mary! How can she do all this or the tenth part of it? I declare my brain would get crazed in such a position!"

"Well then, my fair Cos, I say turn them off, therefore, and send them elsewhere."

"Well then, Captain, rather I say build better houses for them, such as you give your highly respectable pigs, get tiles and drain their land, help to educate their children, the girls especially, so as to fit them for service, and I'll back Mrs M'Callum for doing her part, and that she will turn out boys and girls, more beautiful and precious than all the sheep that ever grazed from the days of Nabal till now! But why should I be tempted, said Kate, laughing, "into this long argument about your duties, when I ought to attend to my own?"

"Pon my honour you should go to Parliament!" said Duncan, with his white teeth shining, "you would carry any vote against the Lords—for of course you are a Radical—especially if you tossed your beautiful curls in that way. Splendid, I say! But, nevertheless, all your fine theories, fair lady, have the old objection to them that they won't *pay*."

"You are just as bad as Floxy, Kate," said Jane, "with her raving about Morag."

"Ah, the little beauty!" said Duncan, "I won't turn *her* off, depend upon it. She is the greatest ornament of the place, even the proud and stately Mrs Shillabeer not excepted. Have you made Morag's acquaintance, lady Catherine?" inquired Duncan.

"Of course I have, Floxy introduced me to her the second day after I arrived here," replied Kate, "and Morag is just a specimen of what those poor huts can produce—a sweet, fascinating creature, and with a nature most gentle and loveable, modest and refined. Old Roric himself is also to me a perfect poem in his patriarchal simplicity."

"If Morag was in London," remarked Duncan, thoughtfully, "she would sell for any price—I mean," he said, recovering himself, and evidently confused by expressing his thoughts in such language, "that if she was educated, many a rich man would be proud to marry her. It is seldom one sees such a beauty. But it is time to be home," he said, looking at his watch, "but, fair Cos, I thank you for your lecture, it has quite interested me."

"No quizzing, please, Captain, it was all your own fault," said Kate, "you provoked me to it."

"Depend upon it, I will provoke you as soon as possible to give another, and I will sit at your feet like a Highland child, and to show you that I have already learned one lesson, like a good boy, I promise not to turn your friends off without consulting you, therefore let the argument rest for the present."

"I wish you would forget your purse, and open your heart, and then any further consultation would be unnecessary," said Kate; "and upon it, that which is right is always in the run that which is profitable in the truest sense

the word. You recollect, Jane, Miss Duncombe's lesson on the gain of our life from losing it?"

But this was a lesson which Jane had forgotten, and Duncan had never learned, so Kate, pondering it in her heart, took a last look of the landscape, and descended with her friends to dinner.

Her last day at Ardmore soon came. She went alone to visit her friends among the cottars in Glenconnan, with peculiar interest. On her return she skirted the higher pasture lands of the glen, until she found a quiet nook among the rocks. It was early in the day, for she had resolved to have some quiet hours of enjoyment by herself among the hills, ere returning to the Greenock streets for the winter. It was seldom she took a book with her at such times, for Nature afforded her more readings than she could exhaust. But somehow on this occasion she had a volume which she devoured with deepest interest, for it was to her as a prophet interpreting the language addressed to her spirit by the outer world of sense, and the volume, moreover, had sundry pleasant associations connected with it, as it had been sent to her by Ned. It was Wordsworth's "Excursion," which Curly had given his friend on the shore of the sounding sea.

CHAP. XIX.—DUNCAN AND DOUGAL.

Some time after Kate's return to Greenock her mother one forenoon tapped at her bed-room door and immediately entered. Kate was writing in a window recess. Her mother had a letter in her hand, and a peculiar smile on her face, neither circumstance, however attracting Kate's attention. But she was fully roused to the fact that something more than usual had occurred, when her mother kissed her cheek, and placing her hand fondly on her shoulder, looked into her face.

Now Mrs. Campbell never had been in the habit of *fondling* her daughter. She had governed her, corrected her, advised her, guarded her, and did her "all manner of justice" and was always kind, with an every-day transparent, crystallized kindness, but none of the freedom and openness of hearty, confiding love existed between them. Kate would have been horrified if any one, even her own heart, had hinted that she did not love her mother. But in truth she had never experienced that blessed fellowship, in which love and reverence become one, when the mother is lost in the beloved friend, and the friend exalted in the beloved mother.

Accordingly, when Mrs. Campbell manifested this unusual manner, Kate looked up, and asked with wonder, "What in the world is it, mother?"

"Guess if you can!" said Mrs. Campbell, with the same benign smile.

"How can I?" said Kate, "has the 'William Pitt' arrived?"

"The 'William Pitt,' child! what a stupid idea! Something has happened which concerns yourself—something that will delight you, and make you proud and happy, as I hope—listen"—and the mother put her eager lips to Kate's listening ear, and said, in low but marked accents, "A proposal from Duncan Ardmore!" and kissing Kate again, she thrust the letter into her hand, and hurriedly left the room.

There is not a moment in a woman's life more solemnly affecting to her than that in which she receives her first proposal of marriage. Whether she accepts of it or not, it is a great event in her life. She feels that another's happiness as well as her own may be at stake, and apart from every other circumstance, the mere fact, that there exists another person who proposes to share his whole future with her while life lasts, in the closest of all human relationships, is itself a most memorable event in her history—awakening new and strangely contending thoughts, and demanding a decision which makes her realize the importance of her existence as she never did before. Kate's first impulse was to laugh heartily, then to cry as heartily, but she thought it best in the meanwhile to do neither, but to open and read the letter. It was an immense relief to her to find that it was addressed by Mrs. M'Dougal to her mother, and was intended merely as a feeler of feelings, and to pave the way for a proposed visit by Duncan when it was quite convenient to receive him at the Glen. It was meant, in short, to ascertain if possible how far Kate encouraged his suit. It declared, moreover, that many circumstances—Mrs. M'Dougal knew not how urgent some of these were!—made it desirable for him to sell out, now that he had got his company, and that henceforth he would live at Ardmore. Nothing could have been gone about in a more orderly manner, or with more immaculate propriety, than the whole affair was by the acute Mrs. M'Dougal. She even hinted that money, were it at Kate's disposal (well did she know, what Kate knew not, how good her prospects were!) was no consideration to her, etc. Kate breathed more freely as she finished the letter.

Then came various speculations which in such circumstances were surely natural and excusable. Oh, yes, Kate, think about it! You could be happy from home, your father would miss you, indeed, when the time came for reading the newspapers, and when a party had to be entertained, so would your mother at many times, but they would nevertheless rejoice in the marriage, and be sadly disappointed if it did not take place, and Ardmore was a comfortable house in a lovely land, and you would do so much good, Kate, to those tenants, and then this constant bother about being married would be over, and Duncan is in your opinion an unexceptionable man in character, is he not? quite—with more than ordinary cultivation when compared to most whom you have met? yes—and if he were your husband— Here Kate's speculations came to a dead stand-still, as if she had reached a deep chasm, which she was unable to cross. She then followed a bye path that led her to the sea shore—and then she saw a ship, and crossing the sea she entered it, and a sunburnt face all smiles and love welcomed her, and said—

"Kate, dear, may I come in now?" asked Mrs. Campbell, as she slowly opened the door. Kate's dream and speculations vanished as she replied, "Surely, mother!"

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Campbell, rubbing her hands, as she glided into the room, after closing

the door and putting in the bolt—the Achnabeg brooch assuming twice its usual size—"well, my dear?" and she sat down nearly opposite Kate

"This is not a proposal," replied Kate, smiling, and slightly flushed, "and it can keep cold"

Mrs Campbell was silent for a moment, her summing enthusiasm somewhat chilled by the idea of keeping such a document cold "It comes of course, Kate, to the same thing as a proposal, and you know I must say something in reply to Mrs M'Dougal It would be unpolite, rude, not to do so, and that immediately"

"Had you not better simply tell her that you had handed the letter to me, and that when you received a reply it would be communicated?

"But surely, Kate you can give a satisfactory reply now? so far, at least as to encourage Duncan? As you *must* say something, you may surely say *that*?"

"Why, mother, if I *must* say something now I must say, No

"Kate, dear, don't be foolish Why *do* you speak so? I am aware that it is a very serious matter for you, and not less so for myself and for your dear father for I'm sure we —(here Mrs Campbell took out her pocket handkerchief and blew her nose, wiping both her eyes)—"I'm sure we have your happiness at heart—your happiness only Now you never, never, had such an offer as this and are not likely to receive such an offer again and then she went on at a steady pace expatiating on the Ardmores, telling how long this had been the subject of her thoughts and of her prayers (a phrase, Mrs Campbell not a fact?)—and how she and her husband had set their hearts on it—and what a wonderful Providence it was (being agreeable to Mrs Campbell!)—and hints were thrown out of how lonely Kate would be if her parents were to die! —(and tears moistened these words) But an idea here suddenly flashed on Mrs Campbell which made her pause in her discourse—was it possible that Kate entertained any other object of affection? And then a series of Greenock aristocrats—men right well to do in life—albeit wanting in the pure chieftain blood which trickled through M'Dougal's veins—passed in procession before her thoughts, with sundry things, once forgotten but now recalled, which kind friends had told her in confidence, regarding the admiration of Mr A or Mr B for Kate But Kate astonished her mother 'that these stories were all nonsense, probably little Miss M'Gregor's inventions" Mrs Campbell was relieved, and soon ended her discourse with the practical question with which she had commenced it—"What shall we say to Mrs M'Dougal?'

"What *can* I say but what I have already said, dear mother? I like Duncan well enough, very much perhaps, in a way, but that is not love? And if I do not love him, nor see any hope at present of loving him, how can I encourage him?"

"Love," remarked Mrs Campbell with a slight cough, and looking out of the window, "is no doubt desirable, if one could always have it when required, but it is not essential to happiness I have been young like yourself, Kate, and of course I have known all those feelings (she never did!), and they are all very well and natural when young, but they pass away, however, and are forgotten, while a sensible, judicious husband and domestic comforts remain Love is mere girl's talk"

"It is to me, mother, a woman's reality I have no fear of being what is called an old maid, I don't covet money, I could work for my bread, I could live in a garret, so long as I did my duty and respected myself, I could live in peace anywhere, but to marry a man I did not love, soberly, calmly, decidedly, so as to peril my life on him, that to me would be *impossible!* I should sooner die!"

"What then am I to say to Mrs M'Dougal?" continued Mrs Campbell "Really, Kate, it is too bad of you to put me in this awkward position, I must say!

'My dear mother again I ask you, what can I say? I tell you I *don't* love Duncan M'Dougal at present—*that* I can say and therefore will not marry him and as I am not at all sure that I shall ever love him how can I encourage him? If his mother sends him here, and he comes here, and you receive him as a relation, I can of course have no objection to that I shall be to him as I have ever been I can be no more and will be no more to him unless I love him I cannot force love If it comes it comes!'

Mrs Campbell bitterly disappointed and whirling a key in her hand, said nothing, yet not wishing to pull her thread too strongly lest it should break she remarked "Well Kate I will give him an invitation, and tell him that we shall all be glad to see him I suppose you have no objection to that?'

'None, mother," said Kate "He deserves this at least for his kindness to me"

Kate buried her face in her hands as her mother left the room and had her first vision of confused and troubled life She saw a family storm gathering—began to lose confidence in her own judgment—and she thought, and thought with flushed face and tearful eye, until her head throbbed with a racking, nervous headache But after walking up and down the room she remained some minutes in silence, and then, with a calm countenance, resumed the letter she had been writing to Miss Duncombe, but added a longer postscript than was at first intended

Carney duly received from his wife as much information as she deemed it prudent to impart regarding his daughter's prospects, for Mrs. Campbell was the head of the house, even as he was head of the business The campaign which promised to end at last so prosperously in the conquest of Duncan had been hitherto conducted solely by Mrs Campbell She assumed that it was in her department, like sewing or cooking But the time had come when it was both necessary and expedient to reveal to Carney the general results of her scheming He would be surprised—such was the substance of her communication to him when alone—to hear the news, and glad, no doubt—though she confessed that the thought of this alliance had more than once crossed her own mind—but she would do nothing, of course, without consulting him (Oh, Mrs. Campbell!) Kate, poor thing, felt very deeply; but this was natural, and by and by all would go on smoothly. It was a mere question of time, etc. Carney was standing before the fire, looking Mrs-

self, like a large turkey cock with outspread tail in the sun's rays, and he gobbled out his satisfaction in his own peculiar way. He cordially admitted that it was a highly honourable connexion, he did not, indeed, know much about the young man, but his father he knew well, and a most worthy man, both prudent and saving was he, and a better mother than Mrs. M'Dougal could not be.

"But, Ann," said Carney in conclusion, "don't bother the lassie. Young women are often queer and thrawn. Kate is like her neighbours in that respect, and prouder than most, so ca' canny, woman, ca' canny—very canny, I tell you, or the thread will snap in your hand, aj, even in yours Ann, and then—whew! away goes Kate, or Duncan! so ca canny! It's a kind of discreet fishing."

CHAPTER XX.—NED TAKING SOUNDINGS.

But what has become of Ned? Alas! is it not hard that he should be pacing the quarter deck or holding on to the weather rigging with a thick dreadnought coat buttoned up to his throat and dripping with rain and spray, his sou'wester tied under his chin, and his voice hoarse issuing commands, as the "William Pitt" ploughs under close reefed top sails, through briny seas, onward to port—is this not in truth a hardship while M'Dougal has all the talk with Kate to himself, on the hall side or round the fireside of Ardmore? But does Ned ever think of Kate? Ask rather if she does not lie deep deep down in his heart, night and day, like a pearl beneath the waves. Do not, however, trouble the manly skipper, by inquiring to whom he alludes, when he sometimes says to himself, as his vessel bowls along before a quarter wind, "Cheer up, messmate! the lassie is at the end of the tow rope. I have seen worse ships than myself come to land. Bah! you never did, you fool! So don't flatter yourself. Give up looking out for holding ground in that harbour!"

Need I say that while his passionate attachment to his father and mother made him devote almost all the time at his disposal between each voyage to visiting them, yet, nevertheless, some time was necessarily given to the fair one at the Glen? Oh, what a flutter of heart—what longing—what anxiety—what confusion did he experience!—But why should I tell how a man in love feels when going to see his sweetheart?

After each returning voyage he called at the Glen—"half daft," as we say in Scotland, and he chatted, read, and sang with Kate, and took supper with the family—for supper was the meal to which Carney attached most importance. But while his heart was always rolling about his throat, he looked so calm and quiet, that Mrs. Campbell never suspected his real feelings. Dare I say *never*? For dark thoughts did occasionally cross her mind of the possibility of *that* cousinship ending in something more serious. Yet, after all, she thought the idea was as absurd, as it would be to suspect Carney of a robbery, or Mrs. M'Dougal, Ardmore, of going on the stage. Did Kate herself ever discover, or suspect, Ned's feeling towards her? Away with all hypocrisy! She did, she felt that he loved her. She saw it in his eye, in his mood, in his words, in his songs, in his whole manner, even as the electricity in the atmosphere is perceived by those who are at the moment susceptible of such subtile influence. Never was her love to him brought home as a reality, until she read Mrs. M'Dougal's letter. And the more she saw the military captain drawing near to her as her intended husband, the more she saw with sorrow Ned departing from her as one who could not—(Oh, father and mother! Oh, selfish pride! Oh, society thou tyrant!)—*dared* not occupy that position. And so she felt often as in a night mare, in which a power that seemed irresistible compelled her to be the wife of M'Dougal, while an opposite power separated her more and more from Ned to whom she could not speak her heart out, nor he to her, yet with whom she felt as if bound up for life, or, alas! for death.

The only time in which Ned ever approached to any revelation of his feelings, was one evening—a time of day always more dangerous for lovers than morning!—when chatting together alone in the window of the drawing room at the Glen.

"How *do* you, Captain Ned, employ your time now at sea? I mean your idle time?" inquired Kate as she sewed some worsted work, and looked occasionally into Ned's face. "And, by the way, Miss Kate, I am not prepared to say that there was not much more feeling in those looks of mine taking, thy mouth into account, than the occasion necessarily demanded."

"How can you fair lady Kate, suppose it possible that I should have any *idle* time? To tell the truth, between looking after the men—"

"Now, pardon my interruption in asking you whether any good seems to come from your attempts to make those poor, rough, salt water fellows better? Do they attend to what you say? Do they *feel*, in short, and are they humanized? You know what I mean."

"I understand you perfectly," replied Ned. "As to what I have done for the men, it is, without any humbug, very little. But I really cannot help doing it. I like the fellows. Besides, it is my duty. But you have asked me a question, to reply to which fully would look so like cant, and mouthing about one's own doings, as if they were anything uncommon, that I really feel ashamed to attempt it. Yet it does help me not a little to find any one, especially you—ah! you may smile sceptically, but it is truth I speak, I say it encourages me far more than you can comprehend, when I think you really care about those poor fellows—wild, rough, thoughtless, impulsive, uneducated, but yet human beings, with hearts and souls like you and me, and much more easily impressed than people imagine. As for their gratitude! it has pained me often to receive it in return for such common, every day kindness. But you know it is a right good thing for one's-self to have some persons to take care of, and, ever since I was a child, my dear old dad inspired me with a love of the sea and of sailors."

"Of all gifts bestowed on us from above," said Kate, putting down her work, and speaking as if to herself, "I should say that helping human beings to become better and happier is the greatest."

"How it rejoices my heart, Kate, to hear you speak so! for on shipboard one does feel so lonely, with no person to talk to about what most interests them, until at last they begin to doubt whether any other being thinks or believes as they do themselves There is a strange loneliness in the sea-life which land people cannot understand"

"But you have books, and poetry too? Oh, by the way, I forgot to return you that dehcious volume of Wordsworth I shall get it now," said Kate

"Please, not now!" replied Ned, hurriedly, as if afraid that the interview would break up "Have you had time to read it?"

"I read it in the most favourable circumstances when at Ardmore during autumn—such a lovely neighbourhood, and such nooks among the hills, just created for reading those quiet, human, thoughtful poems'

The mention of Ardmore was not agreeable to Ned

"I had forgot that visit" he remarked, "as I don't know the people Was it pleasant to you?"

"Extremely so Mrs M'Dougal was most kind, my old school companion, Jane, equally so, and her only brother, the Captain, all attention to us both, so that the time passed most pleasantly And Floxy! how odd that I never mentioned her, and she so handsome, and really a singularly attractive creature She always speaks of you as if you were a relation, from your connexion with her uncle"

"Poor Tom!" said Ned, "what a strange dream that story seems now! and how wonderful too, that his niece should yet link the boatswain and myself together"

"Talking of poetry," she said, "what has become of your old friend Curly?—the lad who gave you Wordsworth?"

"I heard from him yesterday He is an enthusiastic physician with no practice, who lives in a garret, greedily gathering up, day and night, such knowledge upon all subjects, especially those connected with his profession, as few provincial practitioners possess The result is that he has become sceptical about all drugs, and, indeed, about everything, I fear, in Church and State But he is too truthful, dear old Curly, to believe in anything false"

"Does he still dabble in poetry?" asked Kate

"Devours it," said Ned "I have been charmed with a volume which he sent me lately by a Mr Coleridge—a translation from a German play, called Wallenstein—with some other poems that have quite turned my head—especially the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Geneviève' Oh such poems! Here is the volume," added Ned, taking it out of his pocket and handing it to Kate

"I must do my work, Captain, so please let me hear your favourite passage"

Oh, Ned, thou cunning man, yet without cunning! was it for this thou didst bring the book? Thy trembling voice betrays thee—take heed—keep the volume between thine eyes and hers—there now—read.

And so Ned read aloud the well-known scene between Max and Octavio, in the first Act of "The death of Wallenstein," ending with the words—

"There's nothing here, there's nothing at all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures"

When he finished the passage, he feared to look at Kate, as if he had expressed his own wants and longings too palpably

"Take this volume," he said to Kate, "and please read 'Geneviève' yourself, for I cannot do it justice" Then, changing the subject, he remarked that Curly, *alias* Dr Morris, was to be in Greenock in a few days on his way to visit one of the towns where cholera had broken out, and that he would if permitted, introduce his old friend to his fair cousin

"I shall be delighted," replied Kate, "to make his acquaintance But why should he endanger his life by going amidst that awful cholera? It makes me shudder to think of the mysterious scourge"

"Curly goes because he ought to learn how to save life Every man of course is bound to risk his own life continually in the discharge of duty, for what great gain ever came without loss? Yet, after all, I believe four fifths of those who are scared, or fancy they are scared I have seen much of it in the East Indies, and have helped to cure several"

"By what means, pray?"

'My good lady, let us not enter on the question God grant it may never come here! If it does, be assured a good conscience and cheerful mind are among the best preservatives against it But I must bid good night at present, as I have some business to transact" And so they parted, to meet soon again in very different circumstances

CHAPTER XXI.—MOIAG.

It was early in spring Duncan M'Dougal had left Ardmore for Greenock to pay his addresses in person to Kate The death of his old uncle, the retired East Indian Physician, who lived at Cheltenham, did not retard his suit by any sorrow, but made it more promising by his succession to a fortune of several thousand pounds "Wasn't it lucky!" he remarked to his sister Jane, "happening at such a moment He was a good old fellow, my uncle, but, of course, he must have died some of these days, and to have died just at the nick of time, when I require every iron to be put in the fire, in order to gain the beauty!—now, Jane, isn't it jolly! or very providential, as the parsons say" Thus full of hope in his heart, and full of money in his purse, the Captain packed up his things, whistling, "Duncan Gray cam' here to woo," and started for Greenock.

Accounts were in due time received of his safe arrival, with a most satisfactory report of his gracious reception by the family. Kate, he said, was a perfect Venus, her old mother his staunch friend, and her father as clay in his hands. He had met (was added in a P S) a Captain Fleming at supper, who inquired kindly for Floxy. Was he the sailor fellow, he asked, about whom Jane had told him some story in which a brother or friend of Floxy's was involved! He had only a confused

remembrance of the thing. He, however, congratulated Miss Shillabeer on having such a smart admirer, and wished her further success in her conquest.

One evening, after the receipt of this letter, Floxy was occupied in making a dress for Jane, which she intended soon to wear at a party where her devoted admirer, Colin Duncaple, was to be present. Jane being at the time full of matrimonial plans, and her heart soft from matrimonial hopes, thought it only kind to Floxy to inform her confidentially about the object of her brother Duncan's visit to Greenock. She expected Floxy to give way to a burst of obedient and sympathizing enthusiasm, becoming to her as a dependant of the family, and expressive of the gratitude which she owed her mistress, and she was therefore surprised and annoyed by the steady manner in which the maid threaded her needle, remarking quietly, "So I supposed."

"Supposed! 'Pon my word, Shillabeer, you are cool! How could you *suppose* anything of the kind?"

"By no second sight, I assure you, Miss M'Dougal, but just as one supposes that a shepherd's dog when he barks in the hill is in pursuit of sheep, or that a hawk, when it is seen fluttering over a field, is in pursuit of mice or small birds."

"So you suppose Duncan to be a dog or a hawk?" said Jane, more piqued than ever.

"I never said so, Miss M'Dougal, but only that one may suppose many things without being actually informed about them."

"Then I am at liberty to *suppose*," continued Jane, harping peevishly on the word, "that you do not share the family satisfaction about the match, I thought you liked Kate."

"I love her as my own soul," replied Floxy.

"Oh, then, perhaps you don't think my brother a good enough match for her?"

"Really, Miss M'Dougal, you are too severe pressing me with such questions. I can only say that whatever can affect your happiness, or Miss Campbell's, cannot be indifferent to me. In the meantime, please, ma'am, try on this dress, and I will be much disappointed," she added, smiling, "if it does not make its wearer more attractive than ever to one I could name, but I dare not *suppose* anything more, in case I get into your bad graces," and thus Jane was led into another current of thought, much more agreeable to herself, and to Floxy, who by degrees soothed her into momentary forgetfulness of every one but herself and young Duncaple.

How ignorant are we of what is passing in another's heart! There are times when we can no more discover its inner history by any visible sign, than we can the history of a family from the light we see burning at midnight in a window of their home!

Floxy was most unhappy. Everything seemed an oppression to her heart. People, in spite of their smiles and kind words, moved as automatons around her. The air seemed dead, the winds sang dreary among the leafless trees. The sea waves beat heavily and sullenly on the shore. The world appeared a churchyard with persons like ghosts gliding through it. What ailed her? It was Morag. The girl had been for months estranged from her, and when they met, she was not the same Morag, but cast down, heartless, and unhappy. When she visited her, the cottage door was more than once kept shut, at times even when there was no doubt of Morag being within. Yet there was no one to whom she could speak freely about the girl. Her inquiries would have been misunderstood, and everything of which she could complain was so indefinite, that complaint seemed unreasonable. Floxy thus felt like one who had been gazing on a rural landscape that had gradually become dim and indistinct from cloud and mist. She mourned the loss of the beautiful vision in silence, but earnestly hoped that sunshine might soon again visit it. In the meantime all was clouded in their friendship. The lessons she had been wont to teach Morag had long ago been given up, from this or that excuse by her pupil for non-attendance. Rebuke were coldly or pettishly received. The old fondling child like expressions of love had vanished. To make this alienation still more perplexing, Morag had been absent for some weeks, and old Rorie could give no further explanation of her absence than that his daughter had gone "to visit her granny at Craigdhu." Floxy started at her own suspicions, as if she had seen a murderer.

But one night Floxy was surprised by a message conveyed to her with great secrecy by one of the female servants to the effect that Morag had come home very ill the night before, that the Doctor pronounced her case to be hopeless, and that she particularly wished to see Miss Shillabeer immediately, but no one was to know about it. "You understan', you understan'," said the girl, nodding her head mysteriously.

"I understand nothing, Nelly," said Floxy, "but feel only something that wrings my heart. What *do* you mean? Oh, tell me! Dying? Morag *dying*, did you say?" But Nelly only again shook her head, and nodding slowly, as she looked over her shoulder, passed through the nearest door to the kitchen.

Floxy, left to herself, lost not a moment in putting on her bonnet with trembling hands and with sick heart, then rushed out of the house to pursue the well-known path to the old fisherman's hut. The night was in harmony with her spirits. The full moon was speeding fast in the stormy chase, now hurrying across a field of blue, again gleaming through a misty veil, and then plunging into sombre shadow. A low mournful wind sang through the trees, and the moan of the distant waves heralded a coming storm. Floxy passed across the lawn, through the fir wood, over the low hill with its scattered boulders, down into the birchwood along the shore, until she emerged on the green spot near the sea on which the fisherman's cottage stood, and, at that moment, gleamed white in the moonlight. With beating heart she approached the door, and passing the little window, saw at a glance that there were several persons within. The well-known horse of the Doctor was cropping the grass with the bridle fastened to the stirrup. Floxy's tap was responded to by a woman from one of the hamlets, who no sooner recognised the visitor than she retreated to the apartment, saying, "The English

laddy frae the big house" Floxy followed her, but was met in the narrow passage by the kind hearted Doctor—the most constant, self sacrificing, and least rewarded philanthropist in the parish—with whom she returned to the outside of the cottage, eagerly inquiring—

"What is wrong, Doctor? Oh, tell me, is there danger?"

The Doctor whispered a few words in her ear

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Floxy, staggering back with a feeling of faintness at her heart, and covering her face with her hands, "Is my horrible dream a reality?" She then asked, 'Is there any hope, Doctor? a ray even?'

"There is no hope as far as I can see—none, and my heart is sore for the poor ignorant lassie, and she so bonnie! And then her lonely old father, one of the best men in the parish, who has seen six coffins go out at that door since I remember Hegho! Miss Shillabeer, this is a sad world!"

Floxy heard his words as in a dream She made no further remark, but entering the cottage, went at once to the bed, where she discerned a figure beneath the blankets, with the face in shadow and a white arm exposed, and kneeling down, she seized the hot clammy hand, clasping it with her own, and pressing it to her cheek as she buried her face in the bed clothes Morag lifted her head from the pillow, bending forward, she passed her other hand over Floxy's face, and whispered, 'My darling, are you come?'

After a great effort at self command but without daring to lift her face, Floxy replied, 'Yes, my darling, I am come'

No one else spoke

A single feeble light and flickering fire hardly penetrated the shadowy darkness of the dwelling But one form was revealed to those who could look around, and that was old Rorie, sitting on a low stool near the peat fire that glowed on the floor, with his face buried in his hands, and motionless as a stone on the shore covered with weeping sea weed

"Miss Floxy," said Morag, in a whisper, bringing her head nearer the spot where the hands were that held her own, until her bright eyes—now brighter than ever, and shining with a feverish lustre—met the weeping eyes of her friend "Miss Floxy, I'm going away to night—and—and—oh, dear, I canna speak' but I love you, and don't be angry with me, for I canna help loving you, my dear, dear, though you canna love me now"

"Morag, my own Morag," said Floxy, "I love you with all my heart God be with you! God pity you! God bless you! I cannot help you or I would, with my life's blood But no human being can do it"

"Pity me, dear, I have no peace," and her chest heaved at every sentence. "I have prayed, I have prayed in the woods and on the shore. I have cried, I have cried, my heart can greet no more. For oh, me! Ochone! Ochone! O my God!" and she turned away her face, while her hand grasped Floxy's with convulsive energy

"My own Morag, remember what I told you so often about Jesus Christ He can save the worst, —you and me and all, if we go to him, and He is beside you. Think of the good Shepherd who died for his sheep, who went to seek the *lost* sheep, and was glad when he found it. He is mighty to save my Morag"

"But not me—not me I'm too bad—too bad; but I know *He's* good—the best. And, Floxy, do you think I'm too sinful to expect that—?"

She paused, as if struggling with her thoughts and defective language

"To expect what, dear?" asked Floxy gently.

"To expect that He'll not send me where—where—the bad folk would be burning him, for I could not bear that, it would break my heart"

"Oh! Morag, speak to your Saviour, tell him everything and confess everything, excuse nothing, and ask his forgiveness, and he will give it, he will give it, dear, and save you from all sin, and bring you to himself"

'God be thanked!" said Morag, "for should he not forgive me he may forgive *him* for all he has done, and that's some comfort"

"Forgive who, Morag?"

The girl hid her face

"Never mind just now I canna name him"

"O my God!" she said, after a short silence, and looking up—"for Christ's sake

"Who are you praying for, my own Morag?"

"For my father, yonder," she replied 'I'm feared he'll never get over this I have killed him too'

The old man caught his name, though it was mentioned in a whisper, and suddenly rising from his seat, he approached the bed, and said, "*Mhorag a chuit* is there anything you would like that I can give you? I wish you would just try and eat something, it would do you good, my lamb I have got some fine fresh fish You used to like them I'll get some ready'

She looked at him with a smile of love, and he at her Then the old man sat down in a recess, and took up a fish in his hand, to prepare it, as he had often done since his wife died, for himself and his only daughter, the pride of his heart But as he saw opposite to him a small body covered by a white cloth on a table in a dark corner, it sent the flow of blood anew to his face The fish dropped from his trembling hands, and they who dared to look at the old man would have seen him wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his ragged fisherman's jacket, though every sound of grief was suppressed that could reach the ear of the dying girl

The silence was again broken by Morag whispering in a voice still more tremulous and weak, "Miss Floxy, my dear, thanks to God you came to see me I have more comfort Jesus died for sinners—for me" and after a pause she added, "For *him*' Then looking long and fondly at Floxy, she said, "I gathered some nuts for you at the end of the year, but did not like to give them. Will you take them with you? It is all I can give you, my dear darling, before I go away" And her damp hands again squeezed those of Floxy, who could not utter a word Yet fearing lest she might be selfishly indulging her own feelings at the expense of the poor sufferer, she rose, and bending over Morag, whispered, "Have you anything more to say?"

"O yes, yes, but—I canna say it—but mind I forgive *him*, and I hope God will, but tell—tell him

to repent, as he shall answer to God when we meet again."

A few choking half-articulate words of mutual blessing, and Bloxy tore herself away, and sat as in the old fisherman, who seized her hand. She thought she was once more a child, sitting beside her uncle Martin in the old cottage at Torquay.

A venerable looking man had in the meantime noiselessly entered the small room. It was Sandy Cameron, schoolmaster and catechist, one of those men who are often selected, for their piety and knowledge of the Scriptures, by the ministers of large Highland parishes, to instruct the peasantry from house to house, and also to visit the sick and pray with them. Sandy sat down, and knowing the power of Christian song, he selected the 103d Psalm, and reading two verses in each, they sang them. The doctor sat beside the bed, the old fisherman with reverential calm put on his spectacles and followed the psalm in his book. The low solemn melody arose from voices trembling with grief. Then a short Gaelic prayer was offered up by old Sandy. When he ceased all was silent again for a few minutes—then a sudden movement was made by the doctor, and a few hurried words spoken—then a gathering of the people round the bed—and then every female, who knew one who heard it could ever forget, as the old man fell prostrate with out-stretched arms over his dead daughter.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE CRISIS PAST.

Ned was speeding rapidly and sweet dame Peace in the old cottage before communion, another outward bound voyage in the William Pitt. Those evenings when most years the man formed one of the small party round the fire, and Mrs Fleming knit apparently the same identical stocking through which her wrath had glanced with Ned at her knee, twenty years ago, and the Captain talked over the exploits stories of the old wars, and Bobby laugh in the shining brass kettle, and put it on the hob of the open stove, with her finger ey till it did boil at Ned's behest, entered and seated—these evenings I say were to calm, sheltered, blessed harbours of refuge in which Ned would willingly have anchored for life. There was in them a domestic simplicity, and a sunshine of purity, truth, and love which were to him as a holy religion of the heart. He was the more touched by such a vision of unchanged quiet, from his own thoughts being now stirred as they had never been. Kate possessed him. She was a constant undersong in his heart, yet one that sounded more like a farewell lament than a glad welcome. An emotion which in a less degree would have been a happiness, had become a pain from its intensity.

There was one person only in the burgh whom Ned could call his companion and friend, and that was Dr Morris, the Curly of schoolboy memory. He saw him daily, strolled with him through their old haunts, sat up many hours with him after the inmates of the cottage were asleep, and every day each advanced further and further by a series of affectionate zig-zags, into the citadel of the other's secret being.

Immediately before Ned's departure they both visited the sea-shore, to sit down and talk once more, on the spot where they had parted so long before. Everything was changed but nature. Yet what is nature, what is her life, her beauty, her pathos, her joy, or glory, without the moulding and creating spirit of man? And so she too seemed changed to them. The sounding sea, the sunbeams that played upon it from behind the canopy of cloudy, the distant sail,—all had a different meaning to them both from what they had in other days when the future was all, and the past was nothing.

They both sat down beside the rock, and on the very spot where Curly had promised to pray for Ned. Each by the instinct of sympathy interpreted the other's feelings.

'Ah Ned," said Curly, with a sigh, "I never long to that day, nor my promise, so long as I remained here. Would God one could only keep alive those fresh feelings, and unclouded, unhampering beliefs of early youth! But the toil, the tear and wear of commonplace existence, fill the sanctuary with so much dust that it gets dark."

"I did never forget that day, Curly. But you cannot know what strength it gave me, and how it kept my heart up in my rough life, which would have been all dark except for the early sunshine of the past, that always more or less shone ahead. But you are a wiser man, Curly, than I then thought you would have been. How is that?"

It is difficult to explain that fact to any one, even to myself. I found health, want of money, want of friends, I found myself rather a solitary mortal. I took to study, to books, and next to those subjects most strictly bearing on my own profession as theology became a passion. Then came what Wordsworth calls "obstinate questionings," which I could not answer. Dalrymple and Company did not help me. I became bitterly disappointed with the teaching I heard from the pulpit, as it did not *feed* me, my old ideal of life was demoted by the sort of people I met, there was a narrowness, a self-satisfied pride, a want of truthfulness and of sympathy and of humanity, about them which made me recoil upon myself, until, can you believe it, I became sceptical."

'Of what, Curly? Not surely of the Bible?"

'Well, dear Ned, I fear to say so aloud, or even to my own heart. It was possibly more about men whom I could not trust, and about myself, whom I could trust least of all."

"I was never tempted by scepticism," replied Ned, after a moment's silence, "my life was perhaps too practical and full of danger for that, and, to tell the truth, I cannot understand the feeling. I or if I did not believe what Paul or John said, not to speak of the Saviour, I would neither believe myself nor any one else, and I cannot come to *that* yet! Fancy me not believing the word of even my old father! And although, Curly, you know I feel it very difficult to *speak* about those holy things, as I fear too much talk is apt to become mere talk only, yet I must confess that, as far as my personal experience goes, I have always found the Bible true. I never steered by that compass without finding the course come right."

"Is that the case, old fellow? God bless you, Ned! It does me more good than a thousand ser-

mons to find any man like you without cant or humbug, who truly believes How little did your father or mother think that they were my most convincing preachers on the evidences of Christianity when I was most troubled!'

"How was that? You don't mean to say that the old couple argued with you?"

"I am thankful to say that they did not, or perhaps they would not have convinced me as they did But *their* Christianity, their pure, loving, truthful, God fearing lives which I constantly saw, as their friend—thanks to you—*that* was a proof of Christianity I never could, and never wished to disprove"

'But, Curly," said Ned, "you don t mean to say that you doubt Jesus Christ?"

'I won t lie against my soul by daring to say so!' said Curly, rising and speaking with rather an excited voice "No, Ned, I do believe Him, and, in spite of all, I hope by his long suffering goodness, that I believe in him Yes! I believe all he said, and all his apostles said Yes! I ll pawl my soul on his truth"

"If that boat of the gospel sinks," remarked Ned, "there's no other I know of can float'

"I believe you, Ned! No philosophy will weather the storm in which the dear old Bible sinks But confound men and women!—pardon the words—yet I say again, confound men who profess to represent truly His word, his teaching, and his life, but yet who talk, and live, and act in such a way that a man is tempted to think of them as one with the Bible and Christianity, and so to get scared and massacre the whole thing! But give me your honest hand fast, old Ned On my word, it brings more life to me than all the metaphysics I ever read, for there s life in it I wish I were a sailor, or rather I wish I were you, or, to be sober I wish I were always with you, just to feel that there is one whom I can trust out and out,' and he grasped his friend s hand and said, with a better smile,—"Hang scepticism! It has flattered my head, but it does not suit the heart Yet you see that it has not taken a great hold of either. But what made me pour out all my nonsense to trouble you!'

'You should marry, Curly," said Ned, "that would help to give rest to your head and heart"

"Of course I should, so should everybody'

"Why then don t you?"

"Pray, Captain, why don't you?"

"There you have me, Dr Morris"

Then rose a something to Ned s heart! What was it? Picking a stone up, he cast it into the sea, and said, "Curly, I m in love"

"I wish you were," replied Curly "But I don't believe you"

"Well, you are a sceptic, to be sure! How am I to convince you?"

"By showing me your sweetheart, with yourself, in her society. Then I shall judge for myself"

"I am ready to give you the required proof"

"Where and when?"

"When you go with me to Greenock on Wednesday."

"Now, are you serious, Ned?"

"Intensely so—miserably so—out and out so!—Yes, drowned in love a hundred fathoms deep, and to no living person have I said what I now say"

"Then I shall joke no more about it," remarked Curly, "for of all serious and solemn things to a man, next to religion, I hold being in love is the most serious"

I having told him the outline of his love story.

"Any hope, old chap?'

"None, Curly! so far as I can see I understand that she is engaged, and I go to meet my doom"

'You don t! you know you don't, the thought would kill your love"

"I assure it might kill, but not love"

"Oh nonsense! I ll wager she is not engaged. Don t tell me, the hope keeps alive your love. You hope in spite of you Depend upon it, your doom is not to be an ancient mariner—

> 'Long wiry hair and brown,
> As the ribbed sea sand,

looking out like that mysterious hero, for marriage guests to tell your story to, with your old sweetheart like an albatross round your neck! Ha! ha! excuse my hilarity but I cannot help it Cheer up old sweetheart! you and she will both be snug in port yet But again I must be serious Tell me what do you mean to do?'

"Curly, I will tell you, that as far as I know myself, I mean if possible, at such a crisis, to steer the course which my dear old father and mother gave me long ago and which never yet led me wrong—I mean come what may, to trust in God and to do the right'

'Then is sure as there is a night, it will come right

'But not perhaps, as I would wish it to come, yet come it must if I or *it* to wish it to do'

'It is not easy to act on such a principle, so trying to flesh and blood'

'Yet, Curly, it is after all, the simplest For we sailors know that if we have a good chart, it is safer steering by it in darkness than trusting one s own eyes'

"From my heart—from my whole heart—I wish you success! Would that I had such hopes as yours, dark though they seem to be! Oh for a true woman to love and by her to be loved! But I shan t get into the heroics again Yet let me say to you, Ned, that most of the girls here are such a simpering silly, empty, dancing flirting, chattering, gew gaw set of creatures that I would as soon marry a humming bird or parroquet as any of them"

"Too hard, Curly! But why are you such an abusive sceptic!'

"I am a truthful critic, I do assure you And I maintain that our girls in the burgh give one the impression that they consider all thought, all literature, all solid education and sober sense, to be stupid and unattractive, and that balls, parties, and clatter clatter, were all that was required to make them good wives and good companions If your girl, Ned"—

"*My* girl, you villain, like one of those! You shall see her on Wednesday, then say so, if you dare! In the meantime, let us up anchor and run for it to port, or my old father will polish his tug

gold watch to nothing looking at the hour, and wondering what has kept us But of course, not a word Curly, about what I have been saying Remember, I have no hope, but I wished to get some peace by telling you everything"

'Do you remember the ship I pointed out to you when we last met here'

"I do, perfectly"

"Then," said Curly, "look yonder, there are two ships sailing in sunshine!"

"Yes, they represent Kate and Captain —— I cannot mention the fellow's name!" said Ned

'I can" replied Curly, "it is Captain Flamm"

"Don't torture me, Curly! March! Home!"

CHAPTER XXIII.—AN UNINVITED VISITOR

While Ned and Curly prolonged their conversation in the cottage beyond midnight, and Foxy was returning through the woods with hurried steps and a heart wrung with anguish, and the Captain was smoking and drinking brandy and water with Peter M'Donald in the Jamaica Hotel of Greenock—Kate was penning a letter which she had received from Miss Duncombe in reply to the one which she had written when interrupted on a memorable occasion by her mother.

After some preliminary matter Miss Duncombe came at last to the consideration of Kate's P.S., which was subjected of most letters written by ladies contained the most important intelligence. She thus wrote—

'Though you do not ask my advice, yet dear Kate I am disposed to take the liberty of an old maid in offering it unasked—a course in general very hazardous But in all such cases how difficult it is that all to see things as others see them, so as to judge justly and advise wisely! My idea is that where common sense and sound principle are possessed as they are, I think without flattery (which you I am well I hate) possessed by you—these with higher aid direct only an instinct along a path sufficiently clear and safe for all practical purposes but if these are wanting what can advice do? It is like putting upon short-sighted or blind eyes! I have myself seen very absurd, yet still very serious, illustrations of this want of sense among my old pupils One of these, whom I shall call Jemima—for I won't mention real names—was captivated by the mere good looks and fascinating manners of a young man I shall name Noodles She thought that an ardent admiration for his person was love to himself They married Now Noodles had nothing but his looks to commend him, and so Jemima, and her little nursery, Noodledom, have become a heavy burden, from their poverty, upon her family, who thus suffer for her tastes Another of my old pupils, as if to avoid the evil of poverty, married a coarse minded vulgar rich man—and she possesses, accordingly, the wealth which was courted, but she possesses nothing more Two other girls accepted husbands, the one, a young clergyman, the other, a young barrister, because they had excellent characters, but the clergyman cannot preach or get a living, and the lawyer cannot speak or get a brief, and the characters don't support the family! What more rules could suffice to guide the selection of such ladies? But I must confess that I have often wondered how contented many are who *ought*, judging from my own feelings, to be unhappy They don't seem, somehow, to have the capacity of being very happy or very unhappy They jog along, some satisfied if they can only feed their children with bread and butter, and others, if they can feed their vanity with silks and satins I presume each person, unless when grossly deceived or consciously deceiving, really gets what he seeks, and is consequently more contented than *we* would have anticipated But I am discoursing about marriage in general, and forgetting you, my love Well, dear, this affair is a trial service one to you, and requires God's grace, as well as common sense, to enable you to act rightly—for after all, to know the right and follow it is the only difficulty, and not anticipated consequences I notice what you say about the strong wishes of your father and mother A solemn thought verily! Yet we must follow Christ *always*, not father nor mother, and in following what is *right* we follow Him But, oh! let us have a care lest we mistake our own shadow for the Saviour, or our own self will for self sacrifice. This advice I do give—never marry a man whom you do not thoroughly respect and therefore do not truly love Money or the means of support is of course a most important consideration, which none but fools will despise But I fancy no man whom you could respect would be so selfish as to induce you to share your deepest affections with him first, knowing that you must share *poverty* with him afterwards Yet it is a great struggle to sacrifice one's feelings to principle' Were I by your side, I might possibly convince you that I am not writing to you as one who though *an old maid*, has been ignorant of such struggles But dear I whisper one little suspicion' If I am wrong don't scold me, *I don't think you are in love*' There, now! If my suspicion is well founded, my long letter is unnecessary, and if not, perhaps my letter is in vain!

Miss Duncombe added a postscript, of course, to her letter "You told me nothing about Foxy' I had a letter from her, rather mysterious, but expressing great unhappiness about some rustic beauty, for whom she has contracted an enthusiastic affection, but who had disappeared for a time I often tremble for Foxy's wild impetuous nature But she has noble elements of character, if these were only more under control My dear old mother used to apply to her the tinkers' proverb, saying, that she would either 'make a spoon or spoil a horn' I regret now that I was tempted by her great cleverness to *teach* her so much and to *educate* her so little I ought to have given her fewer books, or, at all events, I should have *trained* and disciplined her more to occupy the humble sphere for which she is apparently destined by her circumstances She wishes either to come back to me, or to be with you. But I don't know why, tell me about her"

Shortly after Kate received this letter a dinner party had been summoned to meet at the Glen, in honour of Captain M'Dougal Few provincial towns could assemble better society round a dinner-table than the busy little merchant town of Greenock, and the élite of its shipowners and West

India merchants were to be present on this occasion

There was a tacit understanding among the guests as to the position held by the Captain in Carney's family He was recognised as Kate's "intended,' and Mrs Campbell accordingly received, with serene satisfaction, the confidential congratulations of the old ladies who smiled and nodded and whispered and smiled again, as they sipped their tea beside her on the sofa in the drawing room after dinner No one somehow, presumed to congratulate Kate, who had a singular power of being retired and dignified without being in the least degree haughty or rude

The Captain acted his part with marvellous propriety and tact Never did his clothes fit him more perfectly, never did his teeth shine with greater whiteness, never did a more constant smile of quiet power and self satisfaction ever rest on his features He hung over Kate at the piano, turning the leaves of her music while she played or sang and ever and anon looking into her face with some approving or admiring sentiment such as no lady could be displeased with 'Young Ardmore was at once cordially accepted into the very bosom of all the connexions and friends of the family

But any one of that party who possessed the power of discernment would have failed to discover in spite of Kate's frank manner and kindness to the Captain that indescribable *something* which pervades the look and the whole manner of one in love and which the most watchful self conscious ness cannot conceal

Now that same night was destined according to Mrs Campbell's plans to see her daughter's fate settled for life Her complicated arrangements had been day after day slowly but surely driving her daughter and Ardmore into a corner where they must meet alone face to face and yes or 'no be uttered by Kate Either words speedily uttered, but its consequences are not so speedily ended!

Kate had made every attempt to escape from this position She had craved delay, and indeed was under the impression that delay had been granted and that Duncan was to return home for the present just as he was with hope or no hope as he himself pleased to indulge in either emotion But her mother, fearing the effects of such cold procrastination, anxious to bring matters to a close, believing that the presence of favourable circumstances was all that was necessary to secure a satisfactory result, and having lavished every attention on Kate along with every possible advice during sundry private interviews, she had at last taken upon her to inform the Captain that after the party was broken up she would manage to give him and Kate a quiet and undisturbed interview in the drawing room

As the time drew near, and carriage after carriage drove off, and the last man departed, Duncan, full of excitement, resolved to take a quiet walk in the shrubbery, and thus afford Mrs Campbell an opportunity of spreading her nets, a matter in which old Carney had to be consulted, in order to get him quietly to bed with his rum punch. Impelled by habit more than by prudent consideration, the Captain smoked his cigar. But his mind was excited, and this was his usual relief in such circumstances.

As he paced along at a little distance from the house, under the shade of the laurels, where his cigar, glowing like a fire fly, marked the spot he occupied —he saw the figure of a woman with hurried step advance to the door and ring the bell, and after a minute or so pass within The said woman had asked if Miss Campbell was disengaged? The servant, lifting up the light, and seeing the face and dress of one whom she never doubted to be duly replied,—

'Yes, Miss Campbell is disengaged but"—

"I know it is an intimely hour I have most important business however, with her Tell her—but it is all you place is worth my girl if you tell any one else'—tell her that Miss Floxy wishes to see her *immediately* '

"Miss who? '

"Floxy '

But this conversation did not reach the ears of the meditative Captain, although it had more to do with him than he suspected

The servant disappeared but quickly returned requesting her unknown and mysterious caller to 'come up As Floxy ascended the staircase Mrs Campbell was coming down They both stopped and gazed into each other's faces Mrs Campbell with an expression of mingled fear wonder, and curiosity at the unexpected apparition asked, "Who is this? It cannot be!"

'Shall I beer from Ardmore said Floxy

'Shall I beer' exclaimed Mrs Campbell stretching out her hand to welcome her 'in the name of wonder what party is here at this time of night

'Important business said Floxy dryly

'Any one ill Any one dead? Come upstairs What what is it continued Mrs Campbell as she returned towards the drawing room

Kate was at her bedroom door and running to Floxy, warmly greeted her, asking similar questions

'Miss Campbell she replied in a suppressed tone of voice as I have met you in time I shall speak to her alone but don't be alarmed, Miss M Dougal and her mother are both quite well You will know why I am here before I leave to night

Mrs Campbell led Floxy into the drawing room shut the door, sat down on the sofa, motioned Floxy to be seated opposite to her on a chair and asked, 'What *can* it be '"

"Mrs Campbell" said Floxy, after composing herself yet speaking with a trembling voice, "I owe all I possess, and all I am, to your daughter, along with Miss M Dougal and Miss Duncombe I wish to return some portion of the debt of gratitude which I owe to Miss Campbell Nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty could bring me here to night"

"In heaven's name, what is it? Out with it!" said Mrs Campbell impatiently

"I understand, ma'am," continued Floxy, "that you intend giving your daughter in marriage to Captain M'Dougal"

A pause

"Go on, go on, pray," said Mrs. Campbell, waving her hand impatiently

"Presuming it to be so," continued Floxy, "I have come to say that he is a wicked wretch."

Mrs Campbell looked at Floxy as on a mad woman and quietly asked, "What *do* you mean, woman? Have a care what you say here, to me, remember!"

"I mean what I say Please only to hear my sad story, and you will not be astonished at my having used such language to describe him" And Floxy, with an awful impressiveness, told the story of Morag As she proceeded, Mrs Campbell, to her amazement, became more and more composed, and when Floxy ended with a vehement burst, saying "*That* is the man to whom, ma'am, in your ignorance, but in your ignorance only, you would have consigned for life the happiness of your beautiful and noble girl!"

Mrs Campbell loosing her cap strings, and throwing them over her shoulder with nervous energy, replied with suppressed wrath, "'Pon my word! really Shillabeer, you have taken a great deal upon you to come here on such an errand! *You*, for sooth! I wonder what servant girls will come to! This is a high farce indeed! Pray what right have *you* to know what gentlemen may do? What right have you, indeed, to meddle with any business that does not belong to you? Not but that I may regret as far as that girl—what's her name?—who died is concerned—

"For heaven's sake," said Floxy her face flushed and her eyes flashing, "don't disgust me, Mrs Campbell!"

"*You* disgust *you*! Are you mad? *I* disgust *you*!"

"Not me but rather that woman's nature, Mrs Campbell common to us both," said Floxy, unmoved "Heavens! would you bury your daughter—that sweet dear girl—in such a sepulchre of rottenness and dead men's bones? *You*, a woman! a lady! a Christian wife and mother! You cannot, I know you cannot! Let your heart speak, and you *dare* not!"

"Go out of the house instantly!" said Mrs Campbell, rising, in wrath, and ringing the bell violently

But at that moment Kate entered the room in evident confusion and perplexity

"I can stand this mystery and noise of words no longer," she said, "what is it, Floxy? I command you to tell me!"

Poor Floxy rushed across the room, and, throwing herself upon her, burst into convulsive sobbing "Oh, dear friend," she cried, "best of friends—noble, good soul, pity me, forgive me, I cannot help it, it was laid on me"

"Be calm, Floxy, what—what is it?"

"Ask your mother," replied Floxy, then she added in a calmer and even stern voice "But before the Pure and Holy One who made us, I conjure you, whom I love as my own soul, never marry that man M'Dougal! He is vile!" she added, as if grinding her teeth, "he is vile, and by his lies, his arts, his deviltry, he has murdered Morag!" And Floxy rushed past Kate, hurried down stairs, meeting the servant who was hurrying up, and departed, shutting the door behind her

She immediately encountered M'Dougal Her first inclination was to fly anywhere, if only to escape out of his sight. But they met; and as she stood before him her feet did not seem to touch the earth on which they trod

"Hollo!" he shouted, coming close up to her, "who the deuce are you?"

"Floxy," was the only reply She immediately added, in a calm but hollow voice, "Captain M'Dougal, Morag is dead!"

"Morag is dead? Well, Miss Shillabeer, is that all you have to say? What under heaven puts you here just now? and at this hour of the night? Is there anything wrong at Ardmore?"

"Morag is dead!" she repeated in the same stern voice

"Now look here, my fine woman," said M'Dougal, speaking low but fierce "I see what *you* are after, I have long suspected you You think yourself mighty clever, but perhaps you have got your match in me You insolent, proud jade! how dare you come here with all your infernal gossip? Little would make me"—

"Back, sir!" said Floxy, "you know how heartily I have ever despised you, and how well *I* understand your character But never did I abhor you as I do now!" And she seemed, as she spoke to tower up before M'Dougal's eye in the dim light "You are a villain and a murderer! The curse of the childless is on you! and though I could not save one victim from your fangs, I hope I have saved another from your foul embrace Yonder girl," she said, pointing to the upper window, "shall never be thine, as sure as a God of justice and love reigns!"

M'Dougal, hoarse with passion, again attempted to interrupt her with a wild oath

"Silence!" she said, "you *shall* hear me! With her last breath she forgave you, with her last breath she prayed for you, and with her last breath she commanded you to repent, and to prepare to meet her before the judgment seat of God! I leave with you that legacy of the murdered Morag!" And before M'Dougal could reply, and while the front door was opened, and his name called by Mrs Campbell, Floxy had vanished out of the little gate into the public road, and from the echo of her steps she seemed to run from the house

That midnight the cry was heard in many a dwelling throughout the town, and next morning it was reported, with under breath, and anxious look, from home to home—*the cholera has come!*

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN UNEXPECTED TURN.

The news which Ned and his friend Dr Morris heard, when they reached the Greenock quay, was all about the cholera Those only who can remember the first outbreak of that disease in Scotland, can realise the mysterious awe and terror it so generally inspired Apart from all false and unworthy feelings occasioned by the visitation, great self possession, moral courage, and faith in God were required by any man, who, realising the calamity, could yet maintain a peaceful spirit amidst the general excitement produced by the daily intelligence of those who in the morning were flourishing, and at evening were cut down and had vanished away.

There was among all classes a sense of insecurity arising from utter ignorance, either as to the laws which regulated the transmission or cure of the disease, that powerfully affected the imagination The most exaggerated reports increased the fear, which often swelled into a panic But never was there more devotion displayed by all classes in the discharge of their duties The ministers of religion, too, were not behind in activity, but silenced in every parish the false and ungenerous opinions, sometimes entertained by vulgar minds, of their unwillingness to visit cases of dangerous sickness Wherever their services could avail they were present with words of cheer and with labours of love

No sooner had Ned and his friend entered Mrs M'Kelvie's lodgings, where Ned always "put up" than his landlady, after expressing her delight in having him again in the house, especially when accompanied by a doctor, said, "Miss Carmill, that's auld Carney's dochter, has been twice asking for you this very day, and has left a note'

Ned eagerly seized it, and read these few lines —"Captain M'Dougal, Ardmore, has been seized with that fearful cholera I send you the address of his lodgings I hope Dr Morris is with you, but whether he is or not, I beseech you to go and see him You told me that you had some experience of this dreadful disease and I know you have no fear Go for his sake for my sake go and help him without delay' He had a friend with him, a Mr M'Donald who left this morning under pretence of bringing Mrs M'Dougal here but I believe from cowardly fear Go, and come and tell me, as soon as possible, how he is Yours sincerely does not sail, papa tells me, till the day after to morrow —Yours, &c'

Ned put the note carefully into his pocket book and joining Morris in the little parlour, said to him, "Curly, I have just received a note from *her*, you know, and she tells me that M'Dougal, her intended is ill with cholera, and asks you and me to visit him and help him Come along then, old shipmate, and let us, by God's help, try what we can do to save *him* who is dear to *her*'

Morris looked at his friend for a moment with a most loving expression, as he replied, "Let us go, I possess no cure, nor do I believe in any, but we shall help nature to battle with the enemy, and, if possible, to overcome it'

"I have seen many cases in India," said Ned, "and the only thing I ever saw do any good was administering as much soda water to the patient as he could drink, and some brandy occasionally to keep up his strength"

"I dare say it is as good as anything else, or as useless But it is much if we can only make him trust us, and believe that we can be of service to him. So speak hopefully The mind has more to do with killing or curing, than is dreamt of in our philosophy"

And so they both went out to visit the suffering M'Dougal, telling Mrs M'Kelvie not to be alarmed if their business should detain them until morning.

It is unnecessary to narrate the history of that long night; how they both were welcomed by their patient, how he snatched hope,—half his cure, from their looks and words,—how they treated him,—Ned with his powerful arms, and Morris with his ingenious contrivances, how they laboured all night, and cheered him amidst his sufferings from body and also from mind, for he thought his last hour was come—and how Ned tried, in a human sympathizing manner, and when fitting opportunities were given, to administer relief to his soul, which from half-uttered confessions and fears, seemed to be in great misery All this must be imagined, not described

Ned dropped a most comforting note from time to time to Kate assuring her that though it was a very bad case there was no cause for despair, as Captain M'Dougal had a good constitution, etc etc, until on the afternoon of the next day he had the satisfaction of pronouncing him to all appearance out of danger promising however that, agreeably to her request he would see her in the evening, and report personally

It is difficult to analyse the feelings with which Ned anticipated his approaching interview with Kate The William Pitt' was ready for sea In a few hours he should again be pursuing his course as the waste of waters, but the light which had so long shone upon him was then to be extinguished for ever, and the ideal being who had been with him, day and night, for years was now to become the wife of a Highland Lord He had often resolved at all times to trust God but a real crisis in his life had come, and could he trust Him now? Could he as a child, resign himself into his Father's hands and say, Let it be as thou wilt? Could he yield himself to God?

Such were the questions which in a confused, yet sufficiently practical form, suggested themselves to him He had no desire to avoid them But never was he so conscious of his weakness Faith he began to think had been hitherto more a fancy than a reality to him and in his inmost soul he felt that he could *not* meekly submit to the loss of Kate, but that he would become heartless and reckless Yet this feeling in its turn, brought a sense of shame—of ingratitude —of moral turpitude, to his soul Perplexed, pained, almost agonized, he left his lodgings without being able to impart his thoughts to Curly even He wandered along the quays It was a lovely evening, deepening into night Gleams of glory and golden touches from the setting sun, lingered in the clouds that stretched in bars across the Argyleshire hills Soon the moon rose, and every mast and rope of the shipping stood out in relief against the clear sky The sea beat with gentle ripple upon the pier Voices and cries came from boats and ships in the harbour The long past—his home, his parents, his early teaching, his school boy days, the "John," Jamaica, Tom Revel,—all, all came before him, yet how long had *she* mingled with all! Could he resign *her* if it was God's will? *That* was his battle, and he fought it, though the struggle was fierce All alone he looked up to the sky His eye rested on the pole star as on an old friend It scintillated there as fixedly and calmly as when he had watched during many an anxious and inquiring hour of his sea-life. Its very silence and unchangeable-

seen amidst all the changes and noises in the weary life of man, came to him as a revelation of a living One beyond the stars Why should he not trust Him who maintained the heavens in order and beauty, and who was his Father? Why not confide in that God who had been all his life so bountiful to him? Why not let Him choose his portion for him? Was He not wiser and more loving than all? Was he not safe in His hands? Might not His kindness be shown in withholding as well as in giving? "I shall trust Him!" cried Ned "I shall! Come what may, I shall! Give or take, my God, as seemeth good to thee!" Then fell a great weight off his heart, and a sense of strength and freedom possessed his soul "Now," he said, "I am prepared, I think, for the worst that can happen, if not, then I feel assured that *He* will prepare me"

He then proceeded to the Glen "Can Miss Campbell see Captain Fleming?" he asked the servant, and was informed that she was ordered to show him up immediately, giving time only to old Carney and his wife to get out of the way, as they were terrified lest they should come into personal contact with one who had been attending a cholera case, assumed by them to be contagious Kate had no such fears

The absence of the old people was an immense relief to Ned How to speak to Kate alone had been a problem that was thus unexpectedly and satisfactorily solved He was shown into the drawing room, where he was soon joined by Kate, who, with peculiar cordiality, and with sundry ardent expressions of gratitude, received him, and heard from him a full account of M'Dougal's illness

"I am so glad, so thankful," she said, "for his own sake, and for his mother and sister's sake How much we all owe to you, Captain Ned, and to Dr Morris!"

"No thanks, please," replied Ned "He bore it like a man, and was on the whole wonderfully composed At first he was unhappy, but as his chances of recovery increased, so did his hopes rise with them And now, for *your* sake, Miss Kate, I rejoice to think he is out of danger"

"Ned, you cannot know what good you have done by helping to preserve that life"

What? Was Ned not aware that he was preserving the life of Kate's husband!

After some further conversation, the time came when Ned had to leave He had noticed an agitation of manner, a nervousness, a want of repose in Kate which he had never seen before But poor M'Dougal's circumstances satisfactorily explained these unusual appearances

But can Ned now say farewell for ever? He cannot yet Give him a few minutes to compose himself The internal struggle is not quite over He quickly rose to depart, but as quickly sat down again

"You sail to-morrow, Ned?" remarked Kate, with saddened voice

"Yes, I believe I do"

Ned was still battling with some strong emotion, dreadful to him, though he was outwardly calm, and under firm self control At last he spoke without looking at Kate, but bent forward, and looking at the carpet—

"Kate," he said, "I am to sail to-morrow. We may never meet again"

A pause

"Oh, don't pain yourself by any explanations to me I don't ask them, and do not assume any right to receive them But one thing I must, I shall," he said, rising and pacing the room with noiseless step, "I shall get quit of Kate!" he continued, coming near her, "never, never did I presume to tell you how for years I have loved you, or how I have looked you up in my heart from the first time I saw you Look at this" And he took out a note, blackened from the time it had been kept—"there is an old note of yours, I received long ago,—so long that you cannot remember having written it I have carried it in my pocket, and read it a thousand times There is nothing in it, but it was your own writing, and it had your name You will smile at my folly, but I know you too well to believe that you can smile with derision on any evidence of love—deep, sincere, respectful, devoted—from any human being" He turned away to conceal his suppressed emotion

But poor Kate was in no mood for smiling She sat with her hands covering her face, while low sobs heaved her bosom

"Kate, I beseech you, pardon my selfish intrusion I only wished—have I done anything wrong?"

"O Ned, dear, don't break my heart, I only am to blame"

Her words vibrated through his heart—to hear her call him Ned, *dear*, as she had never done before But it only convinced him the more that his case was desperate

"This is cruel unmanly of me!" he exclaimed, "yet I thank you for the comfort you have permitted me to have in getting my heart out once and for ever Give me your hand Kate!" and he took hers "I know you won't forget me, and if you ever wish one friend on earth who will stand by you and yours in fair or foul, through life and in death— But I cannot trust myself to say more, your own heart must speak for me" He still kept her hand, while her other was pressed with her handkerchief to her eyes "Farewell," he said, as his hot tears fell on it, and kisses impressed it "Farewell—once more farewell! God bless you and Ann! May he prove worthy of you! Farewell, my first, my last, my only love" And he turned away to leave the room

"If you allude to Captain M'Dougal," said Kate, still with covered eyes, "I am not to be married to him, never!"

Ned stood motionless as a statue, astonished, silent, from contending and overwhelming feelings Not a word was spoken for a moment on either side

"What have I done!" he murmured Then falling on his knees beside the sofa, he seized her hand again with a strong grasp, and said, "Kate, is it impossible!—can it be!—God have mercy on me, I hardly know what to say!" And he had his sunburnt face in the shawl which fell from her shoulders Kate rose up, and threw her arms round his neck, and Ned knew that she was his own for ever.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

(*To be concluded in next Number.*)

ONLY A SWEEP.

A COMMON BALLAD

Low and common and poor they were,
Raggedly living up a court,
Breathing a thick and tainted air,
With drunkenness for sport.

He was only a common sweep,
Black with his honest working grime,
In dirt and ignorance lying deep,
But free from vice and crime.

Both were youthful, and she was fair
For a dweller in such a place;
No comb confined her unkempt hair,
Which hung about her face.

Leaning against the gin-shop wall,
In the cool of the summer's eve,
'Twas sweet to turn their backs on all,
And the stifling court to leave.

He looked and loved—she looked and thought:
Was she throwing herself away?
They've got ambition up a court,
Though it seldom holds its sway.

Another voice had caught her ear,
With a gayer form to the eye,
A jaunty man, with a drunken leer,
In a faded street hard by.

She said within, "Joe's but a sweep,
While the other is quite the gent.;"
And so she lulled her heart to sleep,
As to the other she went.

Her married life was smooth enough
While her face never lost its bloom,
Till children wore it coarse and rough,
Crowding their little room.

Her husband—brutal—idle—gay—
Then deserted her like a thief,
Left her to starve, or beg her way
With a load of care and grief

But God is kind, his will be done!
For he comforts the young and old,
He gathered her children, one by one,
And herself into the fold

He left one out—a little girl—
Who for weeks did nothing but weep,
And took no food from the workhouse churl.
Was this to try the Sweep?

Poor grimy Joe, though changed and worn,
Had never forgotten his love
He took the child to his home forlorn,
A gift from God above

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

MEADFOOT AND THE STARFISH.

BY PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F R S

Brilliantly and fervidly the sun blazed down on the laughing earth on the morning of what, in my early days, used to be designated the "glorious" first of June, as I wandered through fields, and over downs, and along the edges of turf crowned cliffs, partly to see a remarkable chasm in the limestone on Daddy hole Plain, near Torquay, partly to search for the yellow horn poppy, a fine, and not common plant, which, I had been told, grew thereabout, and was now in blossom, and partly to see what might be picked up in the way of marine natural history among the sea washed rocks at the base of the precipice

An hour's stroll, which produced nothing that I care to mention now, brought me to the plain, an elevated down, in which, near the seaward edge, I came suddenly on the yawning chasm A great strip of the limestone margin had slipped, separating from the main body, and essaying its descent upon the far beach below It had, however, been arrested in its course, and thus remained in its integrity,—barring some clefts and fissures,—but leaving between it and the mainland a great gulf, some thirty feet wide, and about sixty deep on the average The sides descending perpendicularly, resembled rugged walls of the hard grey limestone, a resemblance heightened by the stratification which is here quite horizontal, like courses of cyclopean masonry Grey and black and orange coloured lichens gave their many tints to the harsh stone, and ferns and herbaceous plants threw out their luxuriant tufts of various shades of green from every crevice Young ash trees, bird sown, springing from the debris at the bottom, had reared their heads of graceful pinnate foliage almost to the level of the walls, where the ivy, in its deep, dark, glossy verdure, draped the edges, and hung down in profuse festoons In the intervals between, the margins were bright with the white rock rose, the cheerful yellow lotus, and several kinds of stone crop in fullest bloom As I stand, gazing down, a blackbird, with shrill, clamorous scream, rushes up from the obscurity, and at the same moment a couple of butterflies—the pretty tawny, black chequered sort which collectors call the "Wall"—rush out from some hanging herbage, and perform playful evolutions in the midst, their forms and colours seen in fine relief against the dark back ground of the chasm White rumped martins shoot to and fro through the narrow fissure, snapping up the humming gnats and minute beetles that are playing on the wing.

I walk along the margin, getting new and changing peeps of the depths, till I reach the southern extremity, where a rough, broken, zigzag sort of stair promises access I essay it, pressing through the briery bushes, occasionally making some awfully long steps, and finding my heavy vasculum somewhat embarrassing, till, after some scrambling and slipping, I find myself at the bottom

A feeling of solemn awe crept over me as I stood between those rugged walls, in the bowels of the living rock It was so still and silent that the sound of my walking stick set down on the ringing blocks of stone fell startlingly on the ear I look up to the huge buttresses and angular groins of stone projecting into and narrowing the space, and admire the pellucid greenness of the out springing ferns seen against the slender line of bright sky Threading my path among the fallen masses, I make my way to the other end, and manage to climb out by a devious fissure upon the sloping side of the sea face, all strewn, and almost covered, with heaps of shattered fragments These give place to broken but verdure clad ground, where the pretty white rock rose (*Helianthemum polifolium*), a somewhat rare plant in England, is growing in abundance, forming large cushions of neat hoary foliage, studded with hundreds of the delicate snowy blossoms, the crowd of stamens making a pretty centre of bright golden yellow to each I go down on hands and knees, and labour to secure some roots for the rock work of my garden Nothing seems easier than to get them up out of this shaly loose stuff, but really it proves a trial of skill and patience The surface fragments are soon scraped away, then you come to larger blocks imbedded in the clay, the long taproots run in between these masses, which have to be worked out but the more one digs, the farther seem to penetrate these interminable roots. However, I managed to secure a few fair specimens unmarred, selecting chiefly young plants, as being more likely to survive, and boxed them up in the vasculum

While I am thus engaged, a cuckoo calls in startling proximity It is evidently in a bushy hollow just below a knoll on which I am kneeling I wish to get a peep at the bird, for, familiar as is the cuckoo's voice to our ears, a near glimpse of his person is by no means a common thing. I cautiously crawl over the knoll, the well-known call comes up again—"cuckoo!" singularly distinct. As I gaze, the bird suddenly spreads its blue wings just beneath my feet, and shoots away, calling vociferously as it flies, the sound becoming more and more faint and mellowed, till the bird reaches a distant wooded

hill I never before had an opportunity of seeing a cuckoo to the same advantage, it is always an interesting bird to my mind, and its elegant shape, and beautiful though sober colouring, were well set off under the favouring circumstances

I sat down to rest on the brow of the steep seaward slope The sea lay in its vast expanse, magnificently spread out below and before and around,—"like a molten looking glass" Hope's Nose, on the left, bordered the view Perry Head, stretching far out into the bright plain, like a vast break water, was on the right The ships and small craft coasters, fishing smacks, yachts, and pleasure skiffs, were speckling the glittering bay with their white sails creeping along under the light air which blew in soft gushes off the land A couple of war steamers, black and huge, with their grim rows of grinning teeth, were at anchor off the Head—

> "Like leviathans afloat,
> Lay their bulwarks on the brine"

A shingle beach, merging into some rugged, weed clad points of rock, stretched along at my feet, from which the sibilant whisperings of the ripple came up to the ear, and two or three rocky islets, rising in black repose out of the glistening sheen, served as a foil to the murrory brightness of the water

Charming it was to sit and gaze on the lovely scene The exertion of walking and collecting had given just enough of fatigue to the muscular system, to make the *dolce far niente* a luxury Under the shadow of a great angular block I reclined enjoying the beauty and exhilaration of the sunlight, while relieved from its oppression Most rich and glorious was the flood of light that bathed every object in the unclouded blaze of that summer noon How full and deep the shadows, how broad the lights on such a broken coast as this! How rich and lovely the colouring of golden furze, and purple sheeted heath expanded sea and vaulted sky! How soothing the warblings of the merry birds coming up from the earth on every side, and coming down from the beaming sky, where the dazzled eye vainly seeks the soaring songster!

But up, and to work again As yet I have seen no trace of the horn poppy, though it was seen plentifully in blossom hereabout a day or two ago I roam to and fro along the irregular slope towards Meadfoot, searching the different levels Yonder is the fennel growing profusely Ha! my informant told me that I should find the *Glaucum* near the fennel Encouraged, I go down to the spot More fennel! numerous tufts spring out of the rocky soil, the vegetation, in its smooth, green stems, and arching feathery foliage, somewhat reminding me of the noble bamboo crowns that I have admired in the tropics, of course, in miniature Still no *Glaucum*! I peer about, and espy a scarped footpath, partly broken away I remember my friend mentioned this in his description of the locality I jump down, and in a moment see plenty of the desired plant growing on the outer edge of the path, and below it scores of specimens display their angularly rigid, deeply cut, and greyish white foliage, their large and rather showy yellow flowers, and their long horn like seed capsules. I find their deep roots even harder to extract than those of the cistus, at least in a condition which yields any hope of their surviving the transplanting, but by selecting the youngest specimens I did succeed in boxing two or three, and satisfactorily effected the transfer

Thus two out of my three prescribed *desiderata* were achieved, there remained the search for marine animals in the rock pools, and under the stones I was by this time not very far from the shore level, and presently stood on the beach The tide was not in the most favourable condition, and though the rocky points that ran out into the sea hereabout were broken enough, they did not evince much tendency to form hollows and basins capable of retaining the sea water when the tide had receded from their level But the crevices between the blocks were well fringed with red and purple sea weeds which waved elegantly as the gentle waves lifted them up and down The palmate *Rhodomenia*, sometimes called *dulse*, and eaten by the poor people on the northern coasts both of Scotland and Ireland, was abundant, forming fine masses of broad, somewhat leathery, smooth leaves, irregularly cut and split, of rich deep red The *Chondrus crispus*, which, when dried and bleached, is sold in chemists' shops, under the name of "Carrageen Moss," was also numerous growing in stiff, divaricating tufts of a deep purple brown hue, each narrow, strap like leaf terminated by tips of the most glowing, steel-blue lustre while under water,—a beauty which, however utterly vanishes as soon as you remove it from its submersion Along the edges of the narrower fissures, between the stone blocks, grew soft, plumose tufts of the winged *Delesseria*, a plant of very lovely colour, belonging to a genus, every species of which is beautiful It is composed of very narrow leaves each composed of a mid rib, and a slender wing of membrane bordering it on each side, each is very much divided in the same plane, and thus the whole constitutes a thick, bushy tuft of a few inches in height Viewed in the water, its hue is a dark brownish red, but when looked at with the light behind, as in a glass of sea water, the leaves are of a rich, light carmine And far down in these crevices, deep under water, I could discern the large, sinuated broad leaves of the most splendid of our native Algæ, the sanguine *Delesseria* This is a far finer species than the other, though formed on the same model; a well grown leaf is sometimes eight inches in length, and nearly three inches in breadth, consisting of a thick, firm mid rib, with regular nervures spreading on each side, on which is stretched a delicately membranous leaf of the richest transparent crimson, finer than the finest cambric, most elegantly frilled or puckered all along the edges. This very fine species is not uncommon all along the coast hereabouts, but is never seen except at the lowest level of the tide, where it grows often in considerable quantity, large leafy tufts springing out of the basal angles of the perpendicular masses of rock, or in permanent tide pools hollowed in the rock itself. It will not bear exposure to the air with impunity, as many of our sea-weeds will, for if left uncovered but a short period, a quarter of an hour or even less, the delicate rose-crimson membrane becomes defiled with large

blotches of a dull orange colour, which show that its texture is irrecoverably injured, decomposition having already set in. The disease inevitably spreads, and in spite of all care the orange spots decay, and soon slough away, leaving only the mid rib, which gradually decays in like manner.

I tenderly lift the drooping fronds of the *Rhodomenia*, and the first thing I see is a huge five finger, clinging to the rock with four of its thick fleshy arms, while the fifth is raised into the free water, its tip recurved, and its scores of pellucid sucker feet stretching and slowly waving in all directions, as if exploring for some new resting place, or searching around for some object of appetite. It is much too big to be carried home as an aquarium pet, but as there seems little else to be obtained in this condition of the tide, I determine to spend a half hour in gaining a closer acquaintance with it here. So I seize it, and dragging it from its many footed hold of the rock by main violence, not without amputation of some of the suckers, which will tear apart sooner than relinquish their grasp, I bear it away in triumph, seeking a convenient theatre for the display of its powers and performances.

Here is a little basin, chiselled by frost and wave combined out of the rough rock: it is half full of clear water, left by the retiring tide; but seems tenantless so far as animal life is concerned, though two or three dwarfed and stunted *Algæ* are growing from its edge, and dipping their frond tips into the water. Into this I drop my captive; nothing daunted he sinks like a stone to the bottom, alighting on his back, and there he lies sprawling, with the suckers protruding to their utmost, doubtless seeking to realize the conditions of his new wherein abouts. Soon one or two of the arms begin to curve their extremities under, so that the suckers can touch the rocky bottom, then the curvature rapidly increases, and at length the whole creature sluggishly turns over, and he is all right again, *quod erat faciendum*.

It is the common Starfish, Crossfish, or Five finger of the fishermen of various parts of our coast: the *Urasier* or *Asteracanthias rubens* of zoologists, the most familiar example we possess of the class *Echinodermata*. It is, withal, one of our largest species, for it sometimes reaches a diameter of more than a foot, with the rays nearly two inches wide. It has a somewhat coarse appearance, for though the colours are often gay,—red, orange, yellow, or purple above, and pale straw yellow or cream white beneath,—yet the surface is usually blotched in a scaly or leprous manner, and the semi crustaceous texture of the skin, something between leather and shell, effectually precludes the idea of personal beauty. Still it is a very curious subject, and as I mark it gliding smoothly, and with a moderate rapidity, over the unevenness of the rocky bottom, and notice the mechanism by which its progression is effected, I see at once that I have before me one of the great types of animal locomotion, a series of contrivances by which a given end—that of voluntary change of place, is accomplished—which are quite *sui generis*, —admirable in their adaptation to the prescribed end, but totally unlike the arrangements by which the same object is attained in higher forms of life.

Thus is worth studying in detail. Here we have one of the multitudinous results of infinite Wisdom and almighty Power combined in creation. The problem is to endow with the faculty of voluntary locomotion a sentient creature which has no internal skeleton, and no limbs. It is solved in many ways in the invertebrate classes, and this is one example.

Each of the five thick and bluntly pointed arms, or rays, of this star like animal, is seen to be indented on its under side by a rather wide and deep furrow, which extends from the hollow in the centre, where the mouth is seated, throughout its length, to the point. Along the floor of this groove we should see in the dead and dried animal four rows of minute perforations running lengthwise. We cannot discern them directly during the living activity of the Starfish, because the crowding sucker feet conceal them. Each of these suckers is a tube of delicate membrane, a continuation of the common skin, and its interior accurately corresponds with one of these perforations in the skeleton. The tip of the tube is expanded into a broad circular flat disk, which retains its form owing to its being strengthened by an internal horizontal plate of calcareous gloss which has a broad hole in its centre. The use of this you will presently discover.

If we were to dissect this animal, we should find on the interior surface of the semi crustaceous integument of the arm a little globular bag of similar transparent membrane on each aperture, which opens into the cavity of the globe, just as on the outer side it opens into the tube. Thus there is a free intercommunication between the globose sac on the inside and the sucker tube on the outside through the tiny perforation in the crust. The interior is filled with a clear fluid, scarcely differing in its nature from sea water. The globular sac within and the tube without are both composed of highly contractile tissue under the control of the animal will.

We must bear in mind that we have been considering only a solitary example of these structures, but there are hundreds of them all the exact counterparts of each other, wielded at the same moment by the Starfish. Thus the power exerted,—feeble in each isolated case, becomes very great in its accumulation, and when the animal has brought a dozen or twenty of its suckers out, and having stretched them forward to the utmost towards a certain point, has firmly attached each, and begins to pull upon them, relaxing at the same moment those which have been attached behind, the whole body, heavy as it seems, is easily dragged up toward the point of resistance. The action is just analogous to that by which a ship's crew, having carried out a couple of anchors a head, tighten the cables, and, by means of the windlass, warp up the vessel to the anchor's place. The Starfish's progression is a constant succession of such warpings, with the advantage of a large number of anchors and cables to work upon at the same time.

Thus I have got a good half hour's entertainment and instruction out of my captive, and now, leaving him to comfort himself in his rock pool, till the quickly rising tide covers him once more, I wend my pleasant way homeward in the cool of the after-

ALEXANDRIA AND ITS CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

It is particularly interesting to trace the progress of Christianity in the great cities of the ancient world At Antioch the "disciples" were first called Christians It was not till the spirit of the new faith had penetrated to the large centres of population in Antioch, in Ephesus, in Corinth, in Rome, and in Alexandria, that it began to show itself a world power Hitherto it had seemed but the outburst of a new sectarian spirit among the Jews, notorious for their party divisions and bitterness The apostles themselves were but half conscious of the world wide message of which they were the bearers "Beginning at Jerusalem," the Holy Land remained to them the imagination not only the centre of their activity, but the natural bounds of it That they were vessels to bear the name of Jesus to "Kings and Gentiles," as well as to "the children of Israel" was but dimly if at all recognised by them The thought of Peter before his visit to Cornelius, "Not so, Lord, for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean," was the thought of all of them But from the time that Barnabas was sent forth, "that he should go as far as Antioch" and especially after "he had found Saul at Tarsus, and brought him to Antioch," a new epoch commenced for the Church It fairly burst the cerements of Judaism in which it had hitherto for a while—in which to the last it somewhat hid itself to the reverent and loving, yet intensely practical mind of St James It soared far beyond the circle of the older Monotheism, and showed itself to be at once a new doctrine, and a new life from heaven, sent for the renewal of the world at large —possessing a subtle power of adaptation to all human hearts, and a might of victory over human corruptions, such as no other faith had ever manifested It needed contact with the great centres of Gentile intelligence and culture to develop this marvellous power—this all reaching and all subduing prudence It needed the spiritual genius of a St Paul, and the eloquent enthusiasm of an Apollos, not, indeed, as elements of strength—for in this respect it needed no human increment—but as materials of conquest, before it could prove all its fitness for transforming and unfolding the great world of human thought and life

Of all these cities Alexandria was, in some respects the most remarkable, and it was destined to afford the most signal display of the contact of Christianity with the general forces of human intelligence that had hitherto ruled the Gentile world Here the earliest and most marked and influential school of Christian thought sprung up. Antioch ultimately proved its rival In the city where Paul and Barnabas first boldly confronted the Gentile mind, a great school of Theology was also destined to arise and to find itself, in its freer and less dogmatic spirit, in frequent antagonism with the later Alexandrian school of the fourth century But—long before this period—Alexandria had reared a race of Christian philosophers and scholars, whose mode of thought was perfectly peculiar, as their position was peculiar—whose writings show, more expressively than any others, the effect of Christianity upon the higher intelligence and philosophy of ancient civilisation In Ephesus and Corinth the gospel encountered the corrupt forms of Greek art, and while it repelled them, no doubt also took some modifying influence from them In Rome it met the practical spirit of law and government and while it rebelled in earnest isolation against its proud and condescending sway, it yet rapidly learned its capacity of organization, and its love of discipline and order Hierarchism sprung quite naturally from the bosom of Imperialism But in Alexandria, more than anywhere it met the spirit of speculation Here the religious sentiment was not utterly dead—lost either in a degraded and luxurious art, or in a tyrannic, material authority Men still thought of the Divine, and speculated regarding it, of however little practical account the speculation may have been What remained of Platonism—or at least what served to recall it—what was living in the old Zoroastrian theology—what speculative capacity had sprung from the decay of Judaism all centred here The consequence was that Alexandria remained alone of all cities of the time a work house of human thought Even where speculation sprang up elsewhere, it had been in contact with Egypt The torch had been kindled, or at least quickened at the Alexandrian altar The spirit of inquiry, earnest if not original, daring, if not pure, still burned here and here, therefore, it was, after the apostolic age that Christianity first took the colour of thought, and became a subject of searching inquiry and reflection The Apostolic Fathers, —Ignatius, Polycarp Clement of Rome,—scarcely venture to argue, they are purely didactic and practical, but in Clemens of Alexandria the argumentative and reflective spirit is everywhere apparent Christianity is with him no longer an apostolic tradition, nor a series of precepts but a *Gnosis*—a truth apprehended in the light of reason as well as delivered by apostolic authority The "perfect" Christian, in the early Alexandrian view, was the "Gnostic," or the man who not merely owned his faith, but who could render a reason for it, who could understand and expound its principles, and their relation to the ancient systems of thought, and especially to the various expressions of the Gnosis, "falsely so called," which prevailed so widely at that time

The prevalence of this false Gnosis was in fact the simple explanation of the rise of a Christian Gnosis In all ages—in the earliest as in the latest—heresy has been the parent of theology. New expressions of Christian doctrine, and more systematic explanations of it, have sprung from the attacks of the unbelieving, or the corruptions of the seducing Now Alexandria, as we saw in a former paper, was the great home of Gnosticism in its wildest and most daring forms of assault upon historical Christianity In it flourished both Basilides and Valentinus; in this commingling centre of dying philosophies and vanishing superstitions, sprung up those strange theories of a higher

and lower world, and of a Saviour son descending for the redemption of the latter, which so absurdly mimicked and sought to undermine the simple truth of the Gospel, and here, accordingly, as a natural consequence, sprung up the first school of Christian Theology. Here, earlier than elsewhere, arose a series of teachers whose aim it was not merely to explain Christianity, nor yet to defend it against such immoral and blasphemous aspersions as the Apologists did, but further to set it forth and vindicate it as a higher truth of reason as well as of revelation—as in fact the only genuine philosophy.

Alexandria was the *second* city in the Roman empire, it ranked immediately after Rome itself. The population numbered about 600,000, and while it thus rivalled in size, it also rivalled in its combined manufacturing and commercial activity, a Manchester and Liverpool in one. 'Its sailors were the best, and its clipper ships noted for the fastest passages across the Mediterranean. Most of the tropical produce consumed in Europe passed through its port, and the surplus corn of the fertile valleys was one of the chief sources of supply to Rome. Its factories, chiefly of glass, linen and papyrus, employed, like ours, persons of every sex and age, and industrial occupations had been invented even for the blind. So active and regular was its industry, that during the great riots that occurred from time to time, a merchant or manufacturer found the stoppage of his business a much greater calamity than the destruction of his house and property. But its situation differed from that of our great towns, and this peculiarity exercised an important influence on its people. Standing on a narrow peninsula on the western verge of the fertile land of Egypt, the vast population was very closely pent, and had to find its pleasure and gratify its passions within the narrow limits of its own city. No cheap trips, or even country walks refreshed Alexandrian artisans with a sight of nature and a few hours of freedom. They had free theatres and circus, free gymnasia, and we believe free libraries; they had magnificent temples, and could gaze every day on the most beautiful forms of art, probably the Crystal Palace is nothing to the Serapeum." With such advantages of commerce and art, however, there was little moral civilisation. Like the population of Rome, that of Alexandria took its chief delight in the bloody contests of the Circus, and the representation of the most immoral dramas. They were especially given to tumult, and had their secret organizations and leaders of misrule, who were constantly stirring the angry passions of the multitude, and fomenting the social and trade animosities, till they broke out into open insurrection. Every now and then a tremendous riot, such as that in which, in a later time, Hypatia lost her life, testified to the conflict of the seething elements, and gave them a temporary relief.

There were three main ingredients in the population, each clearly marked and standing aloof from the others. "The lowest and most numerous was the native Egyptian—a quick witted and quick tempered race, delighting in practical jokes, very facetious in remark and repartee, violent and passionate, and being also superstitious, ready to be roused into a fury by any slight offered to their religion. In fact they were an Irish like mob; and bore to the other sections of the population much the same relation as the Irish do to the English or native Americans in Liverpool or New York. Their religion subsisted in all its ancient splendour, still exhibiting a symbolic worship of which few now recollected the spiritual meaning. The approach to their temples was through spacious quadrangles surrounded with colonnades of lofty pillars planted within with avenues of palm trees, the back wall of the cloister painted in fresco, and inlaid with foreign marbles. The temple itself shone with gold and silver vessels, set with precious stones from India and Ethiopia, while the *Sanctum* was concealed by hangings of gold embroidery. If the visitor asked to see the god of the temple, an attendant led him with a solemn look and, intoning a hymn of praise in the Egyptian tongue, lifted up a corner of the veil, and showed him, lying on a couch of purple, a snake, a cat, or a crocodile." The Jews were, next to the Egyptians, the most numerous section of the population. They had been planted in the city since its origin, they had imported thither their religion, their peculiar manners and festivals, but they had utterly lost their native language, and while they still looked to Jerusalem as the centre of their faith, they had, in fact, established in Alexandria a new and most influential centre of religious influence. It was from this new centre that the characteristic principles of their faith spread throughout the world, and served to prepare the way for the gospel. In contact with the spirit of Greek philosophy, the law of Moses became divested of all national narrowness and sectarian application, and stood forth in the teaching of Philo and his associates as a sublime philosophy of Theism.

Philo himself is singularly interesting and important character in the history of Thought. He was the contemporary of our Lord, and his doctrine, in contrast with that of the gospels, serves, as it were, to show the utmost stretch of the human intellect, working upon the highest materials, in comparison with the living and simple majesty of the Divine truth which came down from heaven. He was a firm believer in the unity, the personality, and providence of God, which it was the mission of the Jews everywhere to proclaim to the world. He held to these cardinal principles of religion not as speculations, but as facts grounded on historical revelation. They were clearly present to his faith, and did not merely, as with the highest thinkers of Greece and Rome, float in mystic vagueness before his philosophical imagination. But then, while he apprehends these principles with such distinctness, his faith fails to vitalize them, while conceiving so clearly of the Divine existence, he could not conceive of the Divine acting directly upon the world, or coming into contact with it. And when he called in the Word, or Reason—the Logos of God—as the mediating agent between the Divine in its absolute grandeur, and the worldly or finite, it was still only as an abstraction or *mediation in thought* that he regarded it. He could say, with St John, or at least there would have been nothing strange to him in his words "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word

was God," that "all things were made through him," but he had no idea of the Word as a living person, still less as an incarnated person. The Word made flesh, God, as a *true God and a Saviour*, as dwelling among us, and blessing us by His life, and healing us by His death, and redeeming us from iniquity, and purifying us to Himself, a people zealous of good works—all this was unintelligible to him. The Logos was to him 'merely the mind of God, belonging to him as our minds to us, as the receptacle of his thoughts and designs.' It was God, contemplated not in His nature, as He is, but as already acting upon finite material things—*Θεὸς λόγος ἤδη κοσμοποιούμενος*.* Contemporary as Philo was with our Lord, there is no reason to think that he knew anything of Christianity. In his own philosophy of Judaism, there is no room for it, and nowhere does he give any hint of its existence. It is not unlikely, however, that many of the Hellenic Jews as Stephen, Apollos, and others, had been influenced by his teaching. Apollos is described as a 'few of Alexandria mighty in the Scriptures,' and he could scarcely have grown up in this centre of new Hebrew culture without intercourse with its great representative, and without being affected by his doctrine. The Jews had their synagogues in all parts of the city, where they constantly met for prayer and exposition of the Scriptures on the Sabbath. Philo, in his genius and power of speculation, was no doubt singular among them, yet his writings must be held as exhibiting their general system of faith and worship.

In addition to the Jews and native Egyptians, and as the governing power of both, the Greeks formed a large proportion of the inhabitants of Alexandria. They regarded themselves with pride as the descendants of Alexander a Macedonians. They claimed the superiority, not only in race, but in intellect and civilisation, and taking them as a whole, they were probably entitled to it. Their worship, as in their own land, was the worship of the beautiful in nature and art. They had no lack of the sentiment of reverence, as St Paul acknowledges in Athens, but the sentiment clung mainly to the outward and visible, it wanted depth and comprehension. It recognised a deity in every separate form of life—in every shape of harmony and beauty, it was ready to worship at many shrines and to raise altars *To the Unknown God!* but it failed to recognise the Unknown as the one and living ground of all things—the God that made the world and all things therein, the Lord of heaven and earth, dwelling not in temples made with hands, whose offspring they and Jew and Egyptian alike were.

Such, then, was Alexandria—such the character of its population. As to how or when exactly Christianity found a footing in it we have no information. Tradition connects St Mark with it as the founder and first bishop of the Christian Church, and Barnabas also is supposed to have terminated his apostolic career in it. The so called Epistle of Barnabas is undoubtedly a production of some Alexandrian Christian in the end of the first or beginning of the second century, and while the character of the Epistle, and the lack of sufficient external evidence forbids our regarding it as a genuine production of the apostle, yet the fact of his name being connected with it may be fairly considered as proof that the Alexandrian Church acknowledged special obligations to him, and were proud of owning him as their representative.

It is not, however, till the middle of the second century that we find a genuine Christian literature springing up in Alexandria, and then it is, as we have said, a Christian philosophy as well as literature. It could not be otherwise. In such a mart of intellectual as well as of commercial exchange, it was necessary that the Christian Church should be able to take its place not only as a practical institution, but as a rational idea, setting forth the highest knowledge of God, and the highest type of humanity. It was necessary, especially, that, where Judaism had developed its most abstract doctrine, and Greek subtlety and Oriental daring together, had forged those singular perversions of Christian truth which the various Gnostical systems—all the production of Alexandria—represent, that the Christian youth should be instructed in the most lofty principles of their faith, and led to see their perfection and reasonableness as an interpretation not only of Scripture, but of the universal phenomena of nature and life. Nothing less than this was the aim of the Christian school of Alexandria—to construct and proclaim "a true world philosophy," and there are those who believe that it accomplished this great task more successfully than any other school has ever done.

Of the first teacher of this school—Pantænus—we unfortunately know little save the name. But he lives in his pupil and successor, Clemens, who is its most distinct, and in some respects its most interesting representative. Origen is no doubt a greater name, but he stands in his very greatness by himself and demands a separate sketch, while the ecclesiastical contests of his life make him somewhat of a party man. Clemens is peculiarly the Christian philosopher and doctor of Alexandria.

The main principles of his doctrine connect themselves immediately with the state of opinion we have been describing. Their relation to Philo and to the Gnostic teachers may be equally traced. As with them the Logos, or the mediating power of the Divine, is the central thought—so with him. But whereas to Philo this mediating power is nothing but an abstraction—a subjective reflection, as it were, of God, with Clemens, as with St John, it is an objective manifestation, it is the Lord made flesh and dwelling among us, and showing forth His glory, "as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Whereas with the Gnostics, again, the Logos or Lord was merely one of many manifestations of the Supreme—an Æon among an endless series of Æons, descending from the Infinite, and redeeming the earthly not by self sacrifice, but by mere power or conquest, with Clemens and the Christian school of Alexandria the Lord was the one and only expression of the Infinite, the "brightness of the Father's glory," appearing in human

* *North British Review*, August 1855.—From an interesting article in which, on "Alexandrian Christianity," we have been indebted in the preparation of this paper.

form, and offering Himself as a sacrifice for a "sweet smelling savour" unto God for the redemption of the whole world. Against both he held clearly to the moral unity of the Divine and human in Christ the Lord, who hath reconciled man with God by His Cross and "made both one and broken down the middle wall of partition" *between estranged of the Divine and human spirit in Christ*, who hath healed their alienation, and unveiled their original kindred under all the corruptions which had obscured and degraded the latter, is the key to the Christian philosophy of Alexandria. Thus was the true doctrine of Christian theism which set forth equally against the deism of Philo, and the Pantheism of the Gnostics. It preserved what was good, and rejected what was false in either. It recognised the absolute character of the Infinite, as dwelling in "light which is inaccessible and full of glory, which no man can approach unto,' and yet, so far from separating God from man in incommunicable grandeur, it exhibited Him as a "God near at hand and not afar off," in whom we live and move, and have our being. "The Divine Logos the Christ, Clemens says, in his *Exhortation to the Greeks*, "was the cause of our being and of our well being also, for He was in God and now this Logos himself appears to men the only being that ever partook of both natures as well that of God as of man, to be the cause of all good to us. From Him we learn to live virtuously by Him we are conducted to eternal life. Again, 'The Logos who gave life in the beginning at Creation, now appears as a Teacher in order that He may, as God, give us eternal life.' 'Our helper and Saviour, the Lord also is one. Your Olympian Jupiter, the image of an image, is the vain work of Attic hands, but the true image of God is his Logos, the genuine son of the Eternal Mind the Divine Reason, the light given forth by the primal Light of all things and man is the image of the Logos—*for the reason in him is soul which we are told is made in the image of God, and of rational spirit and feeling resembling the Divine*."

In his writing entitled "The Pedagogue,' Clemens also speaks largely of the Logos. He is the Pædagogue or Nutor, not merely the hortatory Word calling us to salvation, but the remedial Word healing us, and saving us from our sins. We will look in vain, indeed, in Clemens for any clearly expressed and definite notion of atonement. The idea of mediation, and of Christ being the only Mediator, is everywhere implied, and he holds firmly to this central principle, but he was not led from his speculative position to analyse the subject in detail, or to elaborate any theory of the atonement. It is the moral aspect of Christ's character that appears most prominently in his writings—Christ as teacher, as guide, as physician. He is our Saviour "because He hath taught us how to escape from the dominion of shameful lusts, and blameworthy incontinence, and fiery passions, the sick need a physician, the wandering a guide, the blind a leader, the thirsty a draught from the water of life, the dead need life, the sheep a shepherd, and the children a schoolmaster,—and all these things are to be found in Christ."

It deserves to be further noticed how entirely moral is the character of Clemens' teaching as to more special doctrines. There is in his writings no trace of the Sacerdotalism which before this even can be traced in the epistles of Ignatius, and which was already developing itself under the influence of Roman conceptions in the North African mind, as the writings of Cyprian were, ere long, abundantly to show. The sacraments with him are not ritual, but moral acts. Baptism, *preceded by instruction and faith*, is the new birth of the soul. He hesitates not to call it *regeneration*, because the later notions, which have been mixed up with the rite as applied to infants, did not occur to his mind. As the deliberate act of the adult catechumen who had long been preparing himself for solemn initiation into the church, it was, in the highest sense, a new birth—a transition in which all old things of heathenism passed away, and all things became new. Equally, and even more unequivocally, the sacrament of the body and blood of the Lord was, in its essence, a spiritual act by which the soul entered into communion with its Lord. When he said 'I ate my flesh, and drank my blood' He spake through *symbols*, He meant to denote the nutritive character of faith "through which the Church as a living being is fed and increased in growth."

It may thus be seen that the Christian school of Alexandria—the first school of Christian theology—has strong claims upon our respect. The question whether in all points its doctrines represent a sound exposition of Christian truth, is a different question. We may acknowledge that they fall short of this and yet not feel our respect lessened for noble teachers who in circumstances so different from ours and amidst a complication of speculative and moral difficulties which at least rival ours, maintained so steadfastly the great principles of the faith. He who does not find it in his heart to admire the good and true, although not exactly seen from his point of view, or clothed in his forms of speech, is not worthy of entering the great kingdom of heaven. The very meaning of the present life around him must be hid from him as he grows with a stolid dogmatism on its varied expressions. Still more will the past and its lessons be shut to him—a blind gallery hung round with expressive portraits and great scenes, not one of which he can see, through the dimness of superstition or the mists of bigotry with which he invests them. "Alexandrian Christianity' has been made with some in our day a watchword of heresy—a name to conjure theological spectres with, and fright the humble minded. This is not of the spirit of faith and of reverence, but of the spirit of unbelief and ignorance. It is impossible for any right hearted student to look back into the "shadow" of that early age

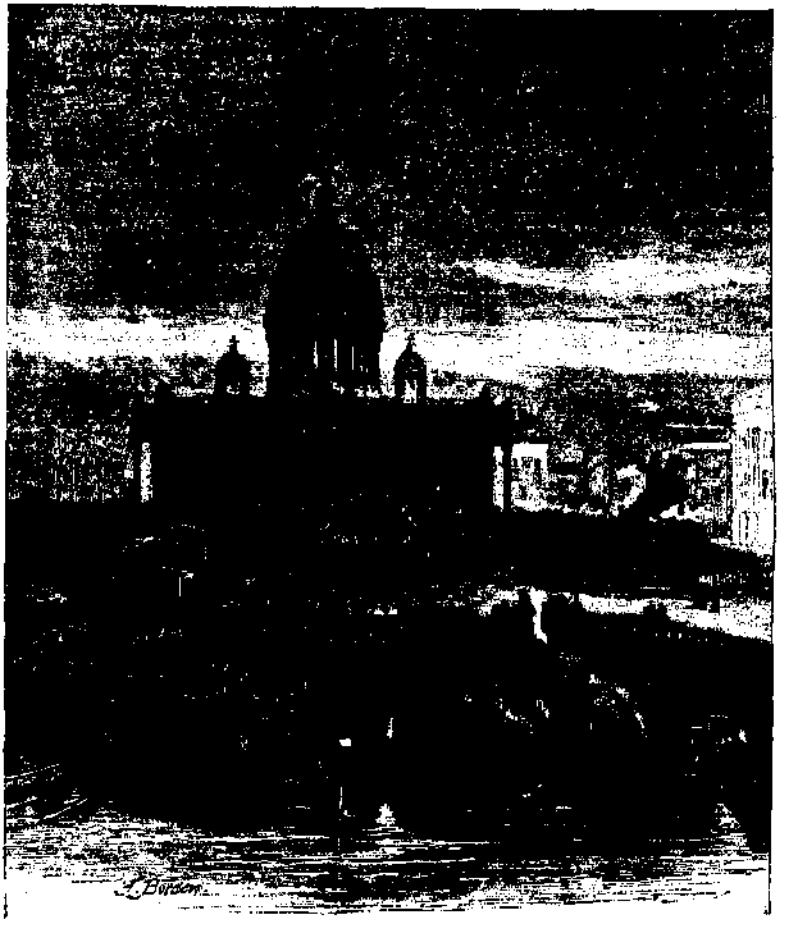
> "That keeps the key of all the creeds,"

without feeling above everything that it was a Divine truth, as well as a heroic faith, which sustained these teachers, and that whatever exception we may take—in the same right of free inquiry which they exercised—to any of their doctrines, yet that they claim ever to be spoken of with respectful and affectionate admiration.

JOHN TULLOCH.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS.

BY C. ORISCHINSKY, ST. PETERSBURGH.



St. Isaac's Church—where the Liberation was Proclaimed.

EVERY one had been long looking for the great event, but looking for its occurrence at some more distant day. Unpleasant rumours were ever afloat; and it was ever being alleged that new and insuperable difficulties had arisen, in consequence of which the final settlement of the matter must be indefinitely postponed. True, many had heard that the printing-presses of the government were at work night and day throwing off hundreds of thousands of the long-looked-for proclamation; but it was felt that these rumours might be baseless reports, such as are in constant circulation in a populous city. Contrary to what is usually the case, in this instance the secret of government was perfectly preserved. It was expedient that it should be so; the occasion was extraordinary. At first the populace—at least the populace in the metropolis—seemed to receive the intelligence of the intended repeal of the law establishing serfdom with deep interest; but afterwards, as year after year passed away, and nothing was done, the interest lost much of its intensity amongst the multitude, who could have no idea of the complicated interests involved in the settlement of the matter. Many being accustomed for long and tedious years to see to-day pass away like yesterday, and to-morrow like to-day without bringing any change; they had even ceased to believe in the possibility

of so great a change being effected in the condition of the people But at length, on the 5th day of the month of March, in the year 1861, an event occurred which will make this year so memorable in Russia, that millions of her people will date from it as the epoch commencing a new era in the history of the nation. On this 5th day of March, which happened to be the last day of the carnival, at early morning prayers, a small body of worshippers, sons of toil who, even in those days of revelry, had not forsaken the temple of God, were privileged to be amongst the first to learn that the set time had come, and on that very day would their freedom be proclaimed

At the conclusion of the service, the priest advancing amongst them, said,—"Ye Orthodox! Come again to church to-day, and after mass I will read in your hearing the Imperial Edict, which will fill your hearts with joy—joy such as your fathers and your fathers' fathers did not even dare to dream of! Come, then, yet again to the temple of God, and honour this day by a quiet and sober gladness, not giving yourselves up to that revelry unhappily so common on these holy days in which the church is already commencing the services of Lent"

The hearts of the more quick witted of the hearers beat high on hearing this inspiriting announcement, others scarcely knew what these things meant, but all talking with subdued tones among themselves went to their several homes, each one bearing to their kindred these the glad tidings of great joy, which were still involved in a veil of mystery, intensifying the interest they created The same announcement was doubtless made in all the churches of the metropolis, and the joyful intelligence, passing from mouth to mouth, was speedily diffused through the dwellings of the rich and the poor alike, reaching at once the garret and the cellar, and filling with gladness the hearts of all who hear it,—as when on the Thursday in Passion Week, in accordance with Russian usage, every one carries from the church to his home a lighted taper, with which are lighted thousands of lamps and candles, lighting up at once the sleeping chambers of the rich and the smoky hut, the crowded attic, the dark damp cellar of the poor,—everywhere, in short, where there was one of the orthodox carefully preserving the holy customs of the olden times

Long before the commencement of the service, the people had begun to assemble in the church Some were sitting in the porch, others within the church on benches in the recesses, but there was little speaking Most sat in silence, others quietly communicated to each other their views and feelings, but deep thought was manifest on every countenance.

The worship commenced. In all the service there was something unusually solemn Whether it was that the priests were affected by the great announcement they were called to make to the people, or whether it only seemed so because the heart of the worshipper was in a state of expectancy of something great, it would be difficult to say, but so it was In the holy words pronounced by the priest and the deacon, there was something unusually and profoundly affecting, and in the singing of the choir there was something unusually solemn; and the people seemed to pray with greater fervour than ever before There were two lads standing beside me, who kept prostrating themselves unceasingly, and to me it seemed manifest that their honest faces spoke their prayer,—an ardent prayer for freedom addressed to Him who purchased the freedom of every man by the shedding of his blood The service being finished, three priests and a deacon, in their resplendent robes, came out from the holy place and stood before the golden gates The deacon then stepped forward with paper in hand, and the multitude rolled on towards the balustrade of the altar, which kept them aloof from the dais, on which the clergy stood.

I was in the very middle of the crowd; but, to my surprise, I saw nothing of that pressing and squeezing generally witnessed in such circumstances This arose, I suppose, from every one fearing to lose the opening words of the decree Before the reading began the silence was such, that one felt as if he could hear the beating of his neighbour's heart

I unintentionally turned round What a scene presented itself all around me! Thousands of most varied faces—faces of old and young—faces of males and females—faces of parties worn out with hard labour—and faces of parties full of strength and vigour of manhood, but faces mostly kind and mild in their expression, expressed in their diversified features one and the same feeling of the most profound attention. The clergy, in their richly decorated robes, stood before the open gates of the holy place, like messengers of peace and joy from heaven Within the altar screen, where a certain air of mystery is induced by the exclusion of the worshippers, the candles on the altar were seen burning, quietly and joyously, brightly illuminating the saving cross and the holy gospel—those first announcements of salvation and freedom, and on the altar was seen the figure of the Saviour coming forth from the tomb, having burst the bands of death. It is not in vain that He spreads out his hands, His hands marked with wounds through which He was affixed to the cross, spread out as if bestowing His blessing on the liberated people. Where, in any heathen land, could such a peaceful, holy solemnity be possible? During the reading of the decree, which lasted nearly half-an hour, not a rustle, not a cough, not a moving of a boot heel on the marble pavement of the church even broke the silence. Long must it be since any oration or discourse has called forth such intensified attention Nor need we wonder What could be more eloquent than the announcement of freedom proclaimed from the steps of the Christian altar, before the open gates of salvation, and that at once to TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS of men!

But though the silence was unbroken during the reading of the decree, so soon as the deacon had pronounced these concluding words, so full of meaning—"Sign thyself, O Christian nation! with the sign of the cross; and together with us, call for the blessing of God upon thy risen labour," a broad, rushing wave seemed to roll through the church as a thousand hands made the sign of the liberating cross; and the chains of slavery fell to the ground, never to be again replaced. It was a

great, a holy, a truly Christian moment in the life of the Russian people

The deacon having finished reading, the concluding word, the signature of the Czar, "Alexander,' loudly resounded through the arches of the church, and loudly was the name re-echoed by the hearts of the hearers .In that blessed name was proclaimed the freedom of twenty three millions of men' That name has thrown back into the irrevocable past serfdom with all its barbarous accompaniments, it has opened the gate of freedom to the future descendants of millions, it has divided the history of Russia into two eras What must the Emperor have felt in writing that all completing, all confirming word'

When the reading of the decree was over a solemn thanksgiving service began I was myself so deeply moved by what I had seen and heard that I could no longer observe the manifestation of feeling in others Our Russian peasant, moreover, is not disposed to give outward manifestation of his deep spiritual emotion Often expressing himself with great vivacity about a mere trifling matter, he becomes still and silent when a deep, strong feeling lays hold of his heart, the lively signs of passion then pass from his countenance, and he becomes serious and quiet, and the deeper and stronger the feeling the more completely is it hidden in the heart of a Russian, like a wise housekeeper, he shuts up and conceals the most precious and leaves only the more trifling ordinary possessions in sight, and thus nothing was to be seen but that these good people looked unusually solemn and that they prayed with much greater fervency than is their wont

Beside me there stood a tall and strong built old man, and with him a boy of about twelve years of age, apparently the son, or it may be, the grandson of the old man both were in sheepskin *shoobes* The face of the old man was grave and thoughtful, the fine frank face of the boy was radiant with joy, while his hands, which were strong and unusually developed for his years, thoroughly engrained with black showed that it was only on a holiday he could look outside his blacksmith's shop, and rejoice in God's light At the commencement of the thanksgiving service, both the old man and the boy prostrated themselves several times, and after this the serious look of the old man became changed somewhat, he looked down on the boy with remarkable tenderness, and passed his wrinkled and horny hand over the head of the child I could see that the hand was trembling, nor is it difficult to conceive of what was expressed by the involuntary movement'

On leaving the church I heard, as I passed through the crowd, several short and unconnected exclamations such as these —"Glory be to God' we have lived to see the day at last' God grant many happy years to our father the Czar'" "He has kept his word the word of the Czar never fails!" "He has remembered us! now we must pray, and pray earnestly to God'" Such were the shouts and remarks heard from the crowd "Ay! but did you hear, *Two years yet?*" said a young tyroschuk or sledge-driver to his companion. "And how or why should it be otherwise?" was the ready reply. "You would have it all done out of hand at once, would you' Why, you yourself take some three hours simply to harness your horse' '

In the street, a young lad, a workman in some factory, apparently the worse of liquor, attempted to call out 'Hurrah'" but immediately there was heard on all sides of him such reproofs as these —"What are you giving tongue for there "Why are you bawling, you drunken fellow ' "Oh, the wretch' to get muddled on *this day!* Such were the reproofs showered on him from all sides, and his attempts at a noisy demonstration completely failed "What are you snapping it' he growled between his teeth, and as if thoroughly ashamed of himself, he staggered off home

The sun was shining brightly, and the warm breath of spring was in the air On leaving the church I had all the feelings of an Easter morning I hastened home to congratulate my family on the liberation of the serfs Such greetings were borne from the churches into many a home by thousands of Russians, and in a few days the joyful tidings spread over the whole of the Russian land—from the Niemen to the Ural and from the White to the Black Sea! In the chronicles of Russia there is not recorded a brighter & more Christian day' God bless the author of this great joy and gladness to the Russian people—the author of this truly Christian triumph, in achievement of which Russians and mankind at large may ever be proud'

Never, in former years did the latter days of the carnival pass so quietly and soberly as on this memorable occasion To the surprise of everyone, scarcely was a drunken man to be seen on the streets, while on the same day last year one could not take a step without meeting some noisy, tipsy crowd

On the following morning a friend of mine, a foreigner, called on me, and the conversation naturally turned on the event of the day "You Russians," said he, 'are a strange people' An event so important, one for which you have been waiting apparently with great impatience, has at length broken upon you and there was not the slightest *demonstration*' Yesterday, I drove about the town the whole day expecting to see something extraordinary, but there was nothing ' 'Oh, yes," said I, there was a demonstration, only you did not remark it' "Where' How' What sort of a one'" "A very original one certainly," was my reply "Yesterday, the last day of the carnival, usually a day of revelry and drunkenness, the gin shops were empty, and the churches were full' They say the spirit dealers are greatly disconcerted by the publication of the decree on such a day, and I myself heard one of them reckoning up the enormous profits he had expected to make on the day of the publication and telling bitterly how completely he had been disappointed!" "Do you know," said my friend, continuing the conversation, "I could not help thinking, yesterday, that, while with you this truly great work has been accomplished quietly and without disturbance, on the other side of the globe a great empire has fallen to pieces, and a bloody struggle is commencing in connexion with the same question,—that of slavery and freedom.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

AN UNPUBLISHED PAPER FROM THE EARLY WRITINGS OF THE LATE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

There is a cheerfulness which is the result as well as the sign of a happy constitution and wholesome condition of the mind. When the various parts of the inward man are fulfilling their offices well, and each yielding to the other its due respect, the affections fixed where they should be, upon father and mother, wife and husband, children and faithful friends; the understanding employing itself in piloting the course of an honest life, and finding bread for those whom we are bound to provide for; the appetites of the body and mind kept in due subordination by the master will, and the will taking counsel of the conscience, and the conscience enlightened by the best means of information;—when thus the organs of the soul are fulfilling each its proper office, the result is cheerfulness of mind, as surely as health is the result when the organs of the body are fulfilling each its proper office. And when we are not cheerful we may infer that there is something wrong in the economy of the soul, as surely as when we are out of health or spirits we conclude that there is something diseased about our bodily frame. Cheerfulness of mind, therefore, ought to be more desired than health of body, which is valuable chiefly as it contributes to the former. It is a condition of the soul much recommended in Scripture. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world; and it is said of the first disciples, That they did eat their bread with gladness and singleness of heart.

There is a state of soul still higher than this, which it is desirable to reach, and which cannot be attained but through a constant communion with God, and indwelling Spirit of truth and holiness. This is the state of blessedness or joy—the joy in the Holy Ghost, the joy in believing, the blessedness of those whose sins are forgiven and whose iniquity is pardoned, and which St. Paul commends as the constant condition of a believer: Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice. This is higher than the former, because it is established upon a sure foundation, and can at no time be disturbed. Cheerfulness of mind, like health of body, is liable to continual derangement from the disturbance of the inward balance of the mind, the invasion of outward accidents, the visitations of providence, and a thousand other causes. For the mind of man is more widely spread over the earth than the ocean, and is liable to as many troubles and commotions as the surface of the ocean. His interests, his loves, his envies, his hopes, his desires, his schemes, his opinions, and whatever else he holds dear, are everywhere out at sea and liable to be injured, cut off from him and altogether wrecked. Whence he resembles some of those marine animals which, in order to obtain their food, or have their enjoyment, spread out on every side long feelers, by each of which they are liable to be molested and wounded. Therefore cheerfulness being possessed wanteth to be secured, and having no security trembleth continually, and hath continually good reason to tremble. This security she can only obtain by the revelation of the gospel of peace, which translates our affection to things seen and temporal; removes our treasures to heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves break not through to steal; delivers us from our fears by the assurance of God's forgiveness in Christ; gives us faith in his providence, assurance of his love, peace of conscience; turneth every adverse event into a benefit, every loss into a gain, and so, building us up in things unseen, delivers us from the fluctuation of things seen, and thus the transient bloom of cheerfulness becomes like the bloom of the immortal amaranth, and its cloudy, stormy day becomes serene and eternal like the days of heaven. And thus it becomes blessedness or Christian joy.

These two conditions of the soul, cheerfulness and joy, are not wont to express themselves by laughter, but by a constant serenity of countenance, and sweetness of manner, and presence of mind. Those who are blessed with these are meek, calm, and composed; a mild light beameth from their eye, and innocent truth dwelleth between their lips, and charity hath its seat in their heart. There is exhilaration in their presence, and in their speech there are the sweet tones of a harmonious soul, and contentment is within their house, and they tread the earth with the firmness and dignity of those who are conscious of possessing it, and keeping it under, and they mingle with men like those who see God continually, and have the light of His countenance cast upon their path. But their exuberance of soul overfloweth not in laughter, for when they are merry they sing psalms. When they are full of spirits they waste them not in lively company, but carry their excess to bless the wants of the house of sorrow and mourning. They seek not riot and wassail to quench the light of their soul in an after-season of darkness, but they carry their light into places which are already dark to enlighten and cheer them. Like the sun, who shooteth from himself joy and gladness everywhere, silently and sweetly, yet feeleth no exhaustion, neither needeth to repair his strength, they dispense from their blessed souls comfort to the miserable, counsel to the ignorant, reassurance to the doubting, hope to the disconsolate, and help to the forlorn. And thus they overflow not for themselves but for others; are not selfish in their enjoyments, which they know come not from themselves, but are charitable, dispensing the gift to others in that measure in which they have received the gift.

Laughter is the expression of another kind of joy and mirth than those described above, else it would not have been consigned to woe by our Lord, of whom it is recorded, that He was never known to laugh, and hardly ever seen to smile. Of Plato, the prince of heathen philosophers, the s[illegible] is reported. And remarkable it is, that among the various moods of the soul which the Scriptures move, that to which laughter answers is [illegible]

ever moved. Laughter is the expression generally of sensual joy The fulness of wine makes us laugh, and afterwards we rue both the laugh and the wine which produced it Exuberance of animal spirits makes us always ready to laugh Folly is full of laughter A jest expects a laugh for its meed Malice triumphs over its foe with a bitter misery And there is a fiendish laugh over our own enemy They pointed the finger of scorn and derision against our Lord Oft they laughed him to scorn And all the prophets were objects of derision, and all the apostles in their turn And when Christ was dying for the world, they wagged their heads at Him and mocked and derided Oh! and every martyr hath died amidst the laughter of many people And even the ancient philosophers who had in them any truth or virtue, were laughed out of countenance upon the theatre, and afterwards had hemlock to drink, and they laugh at religion still in their laugh loving comedy, they swear and laugh in the same breath It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of laughter For the house of laughter is generally the house of debauchery, or the house of lies, or the house of folly, or the house of iniquity And there is sorrow in it, as the wise man saith, Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful Nay, as he saith again, Sorrow is better than laughter I said of laughter, It is mad, and of mirth, What doth it? As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool! Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep!

How true this saying of our Lord is, any who can rightly speak of human life may well and easily discover Of the young men who enter into your service as apprentices, who are destined to a good, honest, and happy condition of life, those who laugh gaily along their courses, and who love to escape from the serious and grave into the light and jovial view of every matter, he who takes to the church, or to the theatre, to the serious or the gay companies of life, I leave you that are experienced in life to answer whether sooner or later the one class cometh not to mourn and weep Of the men whom you meet upon the streets, who are the most miserable objects of their kind, training for the prison, or the hulks, or the gallows?—those who are laughing and deriding, mocking and making mirth of all they meet If I were called upon to fix upon the most miserable class of this community who had most mourning and weeping, I would seek it amongst those who lived by laughter-making, the comic actors, the showmen, the stage-exhibitors, and other ministers to the laughter of the vulgar When I look back upon my youthful companions and fix upon the most merry and laughter loving, I find that they came soon to be overtaken of black melancholy and ruin if they forsook not their volatile moods Let every man make the same reflection, and he shall haply find the same to have been his own experience. It is told of one, that, overwhelmed with comfortless melancholy, he went to a physician for his counsel, who recommended first one cure, and was answered by the patient, That I have tried in vain, and another cure, That also I have tried, and another, That also I have tried in vain. Why, then, said he, if nothing else will do, go to-night and see the mimic who hath for weeks been setting the whole theatre in a roar That also I have tried, for I myself am the mimic who make the laughter at the price of this terrible comfortless horror from which you cannot deliver me Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep! Never did our Lord utter a truer saying, which, without any reference to a future world, is so fatally realised in this Inquire into the history of all hypochondriacs, miserable spectres of their former selves, and you shall find them to have been laughter lovers Inquire into all ruined gamesters, who have not a smile even in their happiest moments, and in whose countenance you can see nothing but sinister guilt and deep, dark desperation, and you shall find they served out their spirits in the court of laughter Inquire into ruined maidens, and you shall find that the tide of levity bore them on the quick sands Go the round of those that mourn and weep, and are desolate, and you shall find the greater part of them to have sailed down the stream in a gilded bark amidst soft and sulken joys like the Roman general and the Egyptian queen, whose history and end doth very happily illustrate the maxim of our Lord She lived in luxury, giving herself to the successive conquerors of the world, to revel it with them in unexampled luxury and she died by a viper's tooth at length The viper, which with desperate hand she laid upon her fair bosom to consume her life, doth happily, indeed, represent the snaky writhings of remorse which possess the souls of the laughter loving, and the black poison which it insinuated into her veins to poison the stream of life, doth well denote the black and moody humour which gathers in the breast of those who devote their youth to mirth

If we examine into the reasons of this great truth, that much laughter, which is the bacchanalian state of the mind, brings on in the end dejection, and sadness, and misery, as sure as much drunkenness, which is the bacchanalian state of the body, brings on hollow emaciation, ruin of estate, and an untimely and dishonourable end, we shall find that the reasons are manifold

Mirth and laughter, and the song and the dance, and the feast and the wine cup, with all the jovial glee which circulates around the festive board, are only proper to the soul at those seasons when she is filled with extraordinary gladness, and should wait until these seasons arrive, in order to be partaken of wholesomely and well, but by artificial means to make an artificial excitement of the spirits, is violently to change the law and order of our nature, and to force it to that to which it is not willingly inclined Gladness cometh not often to the soul in her present habitation, circumvented as she is with many enemies, against whom her common calling is to keep the field and hold herself in a defensive and offensive attitude, oftener to weep and lament her overthrows than to triumph in her conquests. To the diligent soul the Lord sendeth days of gladness to sweeten and cheer it, for which our laughter and merry making should be reserved. For, as Solomon saith, There is a time to laugh, and a time to dance, and, When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongues with singing. So judge I that, when God sendeth us

good occurrences of His providence, we will slay the fatted calf, and call upon our household to make merry with songs and dancing And when He sendeth us visitations of grace, we will rejoice and dance with spiritual joy, as David did when he brought up the Ark of the Covenant to Jerusalem But without such high calls and occasions without such inward swellings of the soul, and tumultuous uprisings of the spirit within us to make mirth and laughter is to belie nature and misuse the ordinance of God It is a false glare, which doth but show the darkness and deepen the gloom It is to wear out and dissipate the oil of gladness, so that when gladness cometh we have no light of joy within our souls, and look upon it with baleful eyes It is not to figure but a truth that those who make these artificial merriments night after night, have no taste for natural mirth and are gloomy and morose until the revels of the table or the lights of the saloon bring them to life again Nature is worsted by art, artificial fire is stolen, but not from heaven to quicken the pulse of life, and the pulse of life runs on with feverish speed, and the strength of man is prostrated in a few brief years and old age comes over the heart when life should be yet in its prime And not only is he even made shipwreck of but the world is made shipwreck of not only the spiritual man quenched but the animal man quenched by such unseasonable and intemperate merry makings

Man was made for labour under the sun and to eat his bread in the sweat of his face and care and anxiety of one kind or another is the sad condition of the present life and gravity becometh him well and staid truth, and careful forethought and constant watchfulness, and he who thus doth occupy his soul with his soul's concern making the best of whatever befals and establishing himself firmly against the storm as it comes sweeping, tearing on, that man shall weather the storm, at any weather it and come at length into the fair haven, and will enjoy what he hath diligently reaped

The merry harvest cometh not till after the laborious spring and the careful summer, and not until the harvest is brought home doth the farmer call upon the young men and young maidens to rejoice The joyful vintage cometh not till after the planting and the pruning season We seek not the flowery buds nor the juicy fruits at the root of the tree, but wait patiently till it hath sprung up and put forth its branches, and stood the blasts of the changeful elements So youth is not the season to be merry, the strength of youth is not given to be wasted in merriment, the animal spirits of youth are not given for laughter and folly, neither is youth the season of sadness, nor is the strength and buoyancy of youth to be consumed with ascetic restraints, but youth is the spring season of life, to be employed in industrious cultivation of the soil, in schemes which are to reach through the whole year of human life, through the whole period of human existence, and the buoyant spirits and heat of youth are given by the Creator, that it may cheerfully undertake the works of a long life, cultivate the soil, sow the seed, meditate the great design of life, and gather from every quarter the means and instruments for bringing it to a happy issue Therefore let the young men abstain from laughter and laughter loving companies, and join themselves to grey haired experience, and to grave wisdom, and contented cheerfulness, and domestic scenes, not to amusements, but to engagements, not to feasts, but to counsels, not to levity, but to gravity, not to gaiety, but to sobriety and seriousness, not to self indulgence, but to self denial

When laughter and mirth are sought before their time, and as it were forced out of season, it is most frequently at the expense of truth, and accustoms the soul to delight in the various forms of falsehood instead of the forms of simple truth And when this hath taken effect the soul is poisoned, for falsehood is the poison of the soul There is a falsehood in the very endeavour to excite gladness by wine and song and festivity when no gladness is present And an honest mind should shrink from the hypocrisy as much as it would from making tears, and affecting sorrow when no sorrow is present

The same is true of the laugh which is excited in the theatre by comic acts, for if you will read those laughing scenes with cool consideration, you shall find they are deep enough for tears, and oft times too deep for tears The discords of a husband and a wife the jealousy of the one and the coquetry of the other to laugh at these is to laugh at broken hearts and ruined families, at helpless children at the seductions of daughters and the headlong ruin of sons for they spring from these distresses and discords of husband and wife with which the dissipated comedy writer makes dissipated fools of all who laugh at his superficial view of domestic life Laugh out of countenance they say, the follies of the age So you may put out a fire by pouring oil or spirits upon the flames The same laugh that laughed out of countenance the follies of the age, will laugh them into countenance again and laugh out of countenance all its virtues For virtue can be made ridiculous as easily as vice And truly to my mind the one is as fit a subject for ridicule as the other Nay, virtue can stand a laugh, but vice cries imperiously for gravity and tears, just as health can bear rough handling, but disease calleth for care and remedies So it is with jests and humour with fun and drollery, of every kind —they contain either a shallow or a false view of the subject which they treat, generally both And he who yieldeth himself to their entertainment, is partaker in their falsehood There is no more frequent subject of laughter than the drunkman who reels along the street, but think of his wife and children, and desolate home, and his ruined soul, and he will become a subject for help and prayer And such is the rage to make a joke of everything, that I perceive they are wont to turn the shameful and shocking scenes of the police court into an entertainment When will they stop at length? will they make executions also into a jest, and lead the people to roar and laugh when they see a fellow creature die? They will laugh until the end come, and their latter end will change their mood for evermore They laugh now, but here after they shall mourn and weep There is a grave side and there is a ridiculous side of everything, and of every person and of every event. Those

who habitually regard the former become grave serious, and sedate, men of wisdom and counsel and affairs, true hearted, sound headed cheerful and contented Those who habitually regard the latter, become light airy, and fantastical trifling, unsteady, and foolish, false at heart incapable of relishing truth unsteady and unfortunate, full of risks troubled in conscience distrustful of all men moody, melancholy, mad, and good for nothing As you value your souls peace here and hereafter regard the true and grave side of all things, and when a showman exhibits the other side to the laughter loving mob, laugh not give him not the meed of a laugh take no part with his folly and if he raise the laugh against you also let him do so Rather than want it he will raise it against himself, against the mother that bore him against his Creator against his Redeemer and will not be cured until the arch mocker make him pay back all the laughs which he took in life at his expense I say I ought not Come not into their secret Shun their false and scornful haunts Rather keep to the other side where the house of mourning is and weep with them that weep Weep for the distress of the afflicted Weep over them over sinfulness Weep over the follies of the world and the fate of the unregenerate world Yea, weep for those very men who are loudly raising the laugh at thy expense, because, alas! it is at the expense of their own souls

Do I therefore advise you to be churlish? no, but to be wise, to be gloomy? no, but to be cheerful to be melancholy? no but to be joyful Wait awhile we shall see who grow melancholy, gloomy, and churlish Oh, no, I commend cheerfulness, joyfulness and wisdom and show you the way to them to be through truth and righteousness, piety and duty in which if you will abide you shall reap such harvest of contentment and be well provided for the winter of life, and for the morning of the resurrection and the everlasting year He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves along with him They that sow in tears shall reap in joy Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them I will cause them to walk by the rivers of waters in a straight way wherein they shall not stumble Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance both young men and old together, for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them and make them rejoice with their sorrow and I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness, and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness saith the Lord

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA

BY THE LATE W A PUSHMAN *

The regions of Equatorial Western Africa is one of the most interesting portions of that vast mysterious land whose recesses are rapidly opening their dark doors and exciting so much interest among scientific philanthropic, and Christian men This field, extending from the famed Niger 500 miles north, to the scarcely less noted Congo about the same distance south of the equator, was until about twenty years ago, but little known to the civilised world The piratical slave trader had for nearly two centuries frequented the coast and mouths of the rivers, for the purpose of prosecuting his nefarious traffic and more recently legitimate commerce had gained a footing at certain points but no herald of the Cross had ever landed upon those shores, and no ray of gospel light had penetrated the darkness which had for ages enveloped them The people walked in darkness, and their dwelling places were in the land of the shadow of death

In the spring of 1842, the Mission of the American Board, which had been located at Cape Palmas, the southern point of Liberia, during eight years, was removed to the banks of the Gaboon, a large river from eight to ten miles in width, that rises in the highlands about 150 miles from the coast, and flows into the Atlantic Ocean a few miles north of the equator This position was selected for the commencement of the mission as a central point of a vast heathen territory there being at the time no missionary station between the Gold Coast on the north and South Africa a distance constituting nearly 3000 miles, while the whole continent eastward to the Indian Ocean was unexplored Theories The design of the mission was first to become firmly established on the banks of the Gaboon and its numerous tributaries and then ascend the highlands plant the standard of the Cross upon their elevated and possibly healthful summits and afterwards extend a line of stations across the continent or at least till they should meet with the English missionaries who with Dr Krapf were advancing from the eastern coast From this central equatorial line of moral light houses, it was believed that heavenly light and saving influences would radiate to enlighten, bless, and save the benighted millions who people the interior Although our most sanguine anticipations respecting the success of this glorious enterprise have not been fully realized, yet, when we take into account the difficulties that had to be encountered at first, arising from the climate, the social, mental, and moral degradation of the people, and afterwards from foreign influence, as commerce increased and intemperance and other evils prevailed, together with the limited number of labourers, and supply of means at our disposal, the progress of the work has been encouraging, and the success as great as could have been reasonably expected But a few particulars respecting the country, its inhabitants, their social and moral condition, with the instru-

* I have much pleasure in giving a place to this paper, which supplies authentic information on a part of the world of which little is known, and that little of a very uncertain character The writer is a resident missionary in the gorilla country.—Ed.

mentalities that have been used for their improvement, and the success with which those means have been attended, may not be uninteresting to the philanthropists and Christians of Britain, who have long felt so deep an interest in Africa, and have made such great sacrifices for the welfare of her benighted, oppressed, and deeply afflicted children.

The equatorial regions of Africa were found to be, instead of, as had generally been supposed, only a land of torrid suns, burning sands, and pestilential jungles, a goodly land, possessing much fertile soil capable of growing most of the common tropical productions, including cotton, in rank profusion, with many valuable animal, mineral and vegetable natural resources. Elephants were numerous in the forests, and their tusks still continue to be an important article of commerce. The Gorilla was found on the south side of the river, and some thirteen or fourteen years ago was first brought to notice by Dr Wilson, one of our missionaries, and soon after we owned a live young one, which ran about the station, and we have frequently purchased from the natives full grown ones, within twelve hours after their being killed in the forest, for about one pound's worth of goods. These we dissected and forwarded to colleges and museums in the United States. The legitimate commerce, which was then considerable, has been rapidly increasing, and when Christian civilisation shall have fully developed the inexhaustible resources of the country, will become immensely valuable. The climate was found to be as salubrious as at any other point on the coast, and the medium temperature about five degrees less during the year than at places farther north. There were two seasons alternately wet and dry, and the days and nights were, with slight variation, equal all the year round. There was much beautiful natural scenery, and the perpetual summer, gaudy flowers, and beautiful birds, etc., often reminded us of the language of the missionary poet,

> "Though every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile!"

The improvements in the country have not materially affected the climate, nor can a high state of cultivation accomplish much in this respect, for the large amount of low marshy land on the coast, together with the rapid and rank growth of vegetation, which alternately grows up and dies, produce a miasmatic atmosphere which is uncongenial to the constitution of the European, but experience is every year throwing new light upon the best mode of avoiding these deleterious influences, and of treating diseases which they cause. My experience of almost twenty years, enables me to state, with much confidence, that with temperance and care, and the prophylactic use of quinine, fevers of a malignant type may, in most cases, be avoided, and comfortable health enjoyed for several years, and when the depressing influences of the climate require a change, after a time a return is not attended with any considerable hazard. The mortality among European residents and missionaries is now much less than formerly.

At the time the mission at Gaboon was commenced, there were three principal tribes occupying the banks of the river, and its tributaries, as well as the adjacent country. The first in order was the Mpongwe, a remnant of a once powerful tribe who came to the seaboard less than a century before. They had made some little advancement in civilisation, and were superior to any tribe in the vicinity. The next above the Mpongwes was the Shékanis tribe, less numerous and important than the former, and beyond them were the Bakalais, a large tribe more recently from the highlands, and located upon the sources of the river and in the surrounding country. The Pangwes or Fans, a cannibal tribe then inhabiting the highlands and their western slopes, were just beginning to be heard of in their western migration towards the coast. They have since come in close contact and are to some extent intermingled with the other three, and differ from them not materially, excepting that from their long residence in more elevated regions, they are a shade lighter in complexion, are more independent and warlike, and are a finer physical specimen of the African. They are also cannibals to some extent, but I am inclined to think their taste for human flesh and blood was originally obtained by a spirit of revenge upon their enemies, and is now mainly gratified on persons accused of some crime or witchcraft, and prisoners taken in war. The old men and warriors eat human flesh, but women and children do not taste it.

The labours of the Mission have been principally devoted to these four tribes, with some incidental efforts among several of the neighbouring nations. Although deplorably ignorant and desperately depraved, we found these people not deficient in intellectual capacity, but possessed of shrewdness and lively imaginations, excessively fond of music, and perhaps as susceptible of mental and moral improvement as any other people similarly situated.

They resided in small towns and villages, inhabiting frail tenements constructed of the bamboo, with thatched roofs and clay floors, and but few of the comforts and conveniences of life. They possessed flocks of sheep and goats, and domestic fowls, and their forests abounded with game and their rivers with fish. There was no division of land, the soil being held by the people in common, each family appropriating such places as they chose for gardens near their towns, and for plantations in the forests at a distance, where the women, assisted by slaves, cultivated on a small scale sweet potatoes, yams, corn, cassada, ground nuts, and plantains and bananas, for their subsistence, while the men were engaged in trade, for which they have a passion, or in hunting, fishing, and war.

There, as in all unevangelised countries, the females were considered as inferiors, and were treated as little better than slaves, usually bearing the burdens and performing the drudgery of life, while their husbands indulged in indolence and ease.

They had little worthy of the name of government, though different forms existed. The Mpongwe tribe were divided into four political communities, each of which was presided over by a king who possessed the name, with but few of the prerogatives of royalty, and with but limited influence and power. Among the other tribes a system of head men or chiefs prevailed, each village

having its head man, whose authority was not absolute It was confined to his own people, excepting in a few instances, where, in consequence of superior shrewdness or bravery, his authority was extended over several towns, and his opinion consulted in important matters

There were no large communities nor populous towns, such as are found in the interior to the northward, and no bond of union cemented the scattered tribes There was but little well regulated justice, right being ascribed to might, and often to envy, avarice, and revenge

Their petty wars were numerous and conducted in a barbarous manner, with guns spears, and bows and arrows The combatants naturally timid, seldom fought in the open field, but generally lay in wait and secretly attacked, or, in the stillness of night, rushed upon their defenceless enemies

Domestic slavery almost universally prevailed and was a prominent characteristic of their social degradation, though it existed in a modified form and probably owed its origin and perpetuity to the foreign slave trade, that monstrous system of piracy which had desolated all those regions for nearly two hundred years Upon one of the islands in the Gaboon were found four large cannon which were left there by the Dutch or Portuguese traders soon after the African coast was first discovered and from that time, the horrid work of robbing Africa of her children had been prosecuted by the different nations of Christendom

Many of the old men remembered the time when London ships received their human cargoes at Gaboon, and exhibited certificates from captains and supercargoes in whose service they had acted as factors The celebrated John Newton was at one time engaged in the traffic here

At the time we commenced our labours at Gaboon, there were several Portuguese and Spanish slave factories on the south side of the river and the desolating influences of the trade were everywhere visible Our first station was located on the site of an old barracoon, and by the natives named *Baraka* in consequence This traffic, so long continued, had been the great scourge of equatorial Africa, and its blighting influence was one of the most formidable difficulties that the gospel encountered It had to a great extent, lessened in the native mind the value of human life, and rendered property and liberty insecure, and life in constant jeopardy It had transformed originally friendly tribes to hostile foes, whose delight it was to prey upon and make merchandise of each other In order to obtain the white man's guns, powder, tobacco, and rum, a native would sense and sell his fellow, and even in some instances his own wife and offspring The victor of to day might to morrow become the victim, and be borne away in chains to the slave factory, where the white trader was gathering his cargo of human bodies and souls In this manner large portions of Africa have been made a battle-field, a scene of carnage and bloodshed, of misery and human suffering without a parallel in the history of the world, and wave after wave of population, as they descended from the interior to the coast, were swallowed up in this vortex of human woe,

Polygamy was another characteristic of the social degradation of the people, and prevailed among all of these tribes Usually a man's influence in the community depended materially upon the number of his wives They were often betrothed in infancy or childhood by the payment of a dowry to the parents and the number was only limited by the ability of the husbands to pay for them The results of this system were a deplorable state of morals mutual distrust and jealousies, and but little conjugal fidelity or affection, and an almost total parental neglect of children

Although the intellectual and social condition of these tribes was truly wretched their moral state was still more deplorable We did not find such well organized systems of idolatrous worship as are common among the more enlightened heathen of the East but we found systems of gross and cruel superstition, as deeply rooted and as difficult to eradicate as the more gorgeous systems of the Hindoo or Chinese Indeed, superstitions the most absurd and cruel seemed to form a part of their mental constitution and they clung to them with the most obstinate tenacity Destitute of any correct knowledge of God left to the dim light of nature and benighted unassisted reason, feeling the need of some object of worship, or protection from the ills of life and fears of the future, they formed gods agreeable to their own dark imaginations and corrupt desires They saw in nature the evidences of some unseen and powerful cause which controls the universe, and they assigned it to Fetichism These Fetiches, agreeably to their imaginations, assumed some tangible form as the beak or claw of a bird, a sacred shell or an image carved from wood or ivory —something that they could see attach to their persons or suspend from their dwellings, and consult at pleasure In those fetiches or gregrees they reposed implicit confidence, believing them competent to preserve their lives or restore them from illness, give them fruitful seasons and plentiful harvests, success in trade protection from enemies, and defence in war The infant of days had one or more attached to its person and was early taught to regard it as a guardian divinity, and the aged, tottering with trembling steps to the tomb, regarded them with fear and reverence

They also generally worshipped the spirits of their ancestors and departed friends, who, they supposed, were still able to bestow benefits upon them Every better house had a room consecrated to these spirits, where were images to represent them Here they were accustomed to resort with offerings and prayers, and most of the towns had a temple dedicated to some former head man or king at whose shrine the people sought protection in times of difficulty and danger

Demonology, or the worship of evil spirits, through fear, in order to appease their anger, and escape from their evil influence, was also common among all of the tribes in equatorial Africa In most of the towns and villages there were little bamboo-houses or temples, in which were loathsome objects of worship, representative of the devil, to which they rendered homage As the Christian who worships the High and Holy One is assimilated to him in character, so these deluded worshippers of demons sank down almost to a level

with, and were assimilated in character and disposition to, the objects they worshipped

Possessing no knowledge of God or of an overruling Providence, every appearance in nature and event in providence, which was beyond their comprehension, they assigned to witchcraft—a supernatural evil influence of which they supposed some persons to be possessed

Ordinarily sickness and death were believed to be caused by this invisible influence In case of death the fetich man was consulted some one or more persons were accused and arrested, and if they pleaded not guilty, they were subjected to certain cruel ordeals which were entirely under the control of the Inquisitor When pronounced guilty and this was commonly the verdict, the poor victim was executed in some barbarous manner by drowning, beheading, or burning For almost every natural death that occurred, one or more innocent victim was offered up on the altars of superstition, a living comment upon the inspired declaration, 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty' Yes where God and his providence are unknown, darkness and moral death prevail the people walk in darkness, are held in chains of ignorance, superstition, and sin, and over them the prince of darkness wields his cruel blood stained sceptre The instinctive dread of annihilation, common to man and the aspirations of the soul after immortality, led even these benighted Ethiopians to adopt some idea of a future state of existence Some believe in the transmigration of souls, that after the death of the body the spirit enters into some person or animal, good or bad as the character of the person may have been while inhabiting the body But the more common idea was, that the disembodied spirit abode in the house where it had formerly resided or wandered in the dense forests and caverns, cognisant of what was passing among men, and in various ways mingling with them, and influencing their conduct and destinies Hence clothing, cooking utensils, food and drink were often buried with the dead, and sometimes a booth was erected over the grave, under which a table was spread, and supplied with certain articles of food and drink for the spirit's use Paganism casts no light into the dark tomb, and inspires no cheerful hopes beyond its portals, hence their deathbed scenes and funeral orgies were characterised by hopeless grief and frantic wailings, painful to witness The doctrine of the resurrection of the dead was unknown to them, and, when first revealed, was most unwelcome They banished from their minds the thought of death as much as possible, and seldom alluded to it in common conversation At first, when introduced in sermons, it caused expressions of dissatisfaction through the congregation They were of the earth earthly, and all their desires and hopes were centred here, where they wished to live for ever, and believed they should do so, unless their lives were cut short by the potent spell of witchcraft, or some other supernatural cause

Living without any correct knowledge of God, in social wretchedness and mental and moral darkness, they died without hope, and with dread and gloomy forebodings entered the unseen and to them unknown world In this manner successive generations had lived and passed away, having made no advancement toward moral reformation, but rather waxing worse, and sinking lower and still lower in spiritual degradation Paganism possesses no reforming element Over all its wide domains moral darkness and spiritual death reign, but the gospel has omnipotent power to open blind eyes enlighten benighted minds, and relieve sin burdened consciences, it is adequate to all the wants of fallen human nature, and susceptible of elevating to intelligence and virtue to happiness and heaven, the most degraded of the race 'It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth' But adds the apostle, 'How shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard' And how shall they hear without a preacher' And how shall they preach except they be sent'"—thus developing the divinely appointed plan of salvation for the heathen The missionary must be sent to preach, the people hear, believe, and call upon the name of the Lord, in order to be saved

Almost twenty years have passed since our first missionary station was established at Baraka, on the ruins as I said of an old slave factory, where, during many years before, had been bought and sold the bodies and souls of men It is situated upon an eminence a little distance from the river's bank, on the north side and about eight or ten miles from its mouth It overlooks the native towns below, and presents a fine view of the river for twenty miles, and of the ocean The opposite shore is seen dimly about eight miles distant The principal anchorage for commercial vessels is near, and the foreign trading factories are in the towns near the landings The missionaries were welcomed by the Mpongwe people, and efforts for their temporal and spiritual good were commenced. Their language was unwritten and unknown to foreigners, and the first thing to be done was to acquire and reduce it to grammatical rules This was soon accomplished, and it was found to be a remarkable language, characterised by copiousness, euphony, and almost indefinite flexibility It is philosophical in its structure, having fewer exceptions to its general rules and principles than most other even highly cultivated languages. A printing press was established, from which has issued many thousand pages of

tracts, school books, and translations of Scripture in this language, and in it the gospel has from the first been preached, and the songs of Zion sung Boarding and day schools were established at Baraka, for youth of both sexes, and were gradually extended to other and distant towns and villages In these schools several hundred pupils representing as many as eight or ten different tribes, have received instruction, some of them obtaining a good common education both in English and Mpongwe

The language of the Shēkame tribe, so nearly resembling the Mpongwe, was not acquired, but that of the third tribe from the coast viz, the Bakalai, was learned and reduced to writing and into it also considerable translations have been made The advantages of Christian education have also to some extent been afforded to the children of both these tribes The language of the Pangwe or Fan cannibal tribe, has been partially reduced to writing, and a few of their children have been brought into schools But while the work of reducing to writing native languages, and translating into them the Scriptures, together with educational efforts for the rising generation have not been neglected, preaching the gospel to the people in their native tongues, in public and private, in the chapel and by the wayside, and native villages, in the course of itinerating tours, has been the *main* work of the mission, to which all other labours have been incidental and auxiliary

In this work, notwithstanding numerous difficulties arising from ignorance and depravity, there has been much, as I have said, to strengthen our faith and encourage our hopes At first, multitudes were attracted to the places of worship from novelty, and they often expressed surprise and admiration at the wonderful truths which they heard Afterwards, many who were influenced by more serious motives, gave respectful and earnest attention, and a few began to inquire what they must do to be saved A Christian church was organized, and from time to time additions were made to the number of believers, some of whom beautifully exemplified our holy religion in their lives, and a few its sustaining and victorious power in death After about two years of labour among the people, very marked changes and improvements were visible The Sabbath was generally, at least externally, observed, confidence in old superstitions was sensibly diminished, and many of their fetiches and idols were consigned to the river or to the flames Intemperance began to decrease, and the slave trade through various instrumentalities declined, and soon after was discontinued in the region. The people were rapidly adopting European costume and modes of civilized life, and bade fair to become a Christian people at no distant period; when political difficulties, connected with the establishment of a foreign protectorate, the rapid increase of commerce, and the commencement of a Jesuit mission, etc, diverted attention, and for a time seriously retarded and even threatened the existence of the good work which had been so auspiciously begun From that period onward the work progressed with various degrees of success, amid mingled trials and encouragements Other stations and out stations were established interior ward, and explorations were made, with the hope of finding more healthful locations farther removed from the diverting and unfavourable influences of the coast Eight years since a station was located at Nūnge nūnge a small island at the junction of the Bākwē and Nkūmi, two of the chief sources of the Gaboon, about seventy five miles from its mouth At this point three tribes viz, the Shēkames, Bakalais, and cannibal Pangwes met, with conflicting interests, jealous of each other, and each striving for the supremacy A state of petty warfare existed almost constantly, and perfect anarchy prevailed but in little more than two years during which the writer was located there, the gospel wrought wonders among those rude barbarians in reconciling the discordant elements, and causing peace and tranquility where before the fiercest passions had raged A temporary station was commenced among the Pangwes, near the first range of mountains, for the purpose of acquiring their language, and securing their confidence and acquaintance, preparatory to further explorations and evangelizing efforts on and beyond the highlands, which had so long been visible from Nūnēnūnge, beckoning us onward and upward to what we considered to be the promised land of Ethiopia At this juncture, the sudden death of one who, with apostolic zeal, was engaged in this pioneer work, and the failure of health of other labourers, checked the progress of the mission in its course to the "regions beyond, and for a time confined its efforts to the field already occupied And more recently, a lack of men and means has prevented any considerable advance, but in the meantime the truth is taking a deeper root in the minds and hearts of the people. A native agency is being raised up, the work of translating the Scriptures is progressing, and the way is preparing for future and more extensive aggressions upon Satan's kingdom in the vast interior The influence of the mission has been felt more or less extensively for about one hundred miles in the interior, on both sides of the equator, and for a considerable distance along the coast, where preaching tours and explorations have been made *

* In the work of exploring these regions, the mission has been aided recently to some extent by M Du Chaillu, and other French as well as English and American re-

About ten years ago, another American mission, closely allied to ours, under the patronage of the Presbyterian Board, was established on the island of Corisco, about forty miles north of Gaboon. Its labours have been attended with most cheering results. It has encountered less formidable obstacles than those with which the Gaboon Mission has had to contend, and if not molested by the persecuting power of Popery, represented locally by the Spanish Government, which professes to have a claim to the island, it may be expected at no distant day to evangelise not only the limited population of the island, but also to plant the standard of the Cross upon the banks of the Muni and upon the highlands beyond, which have repeatedly been visited by two of the missionaries.

The Gaboon is now, and has been for years, a French colony, and recently it has become a large naval station, where often six or eight war steamers may be seen at anchor at one time. A French Catholic mission, with a bishop, several priests and sisters of charity, exists near this station, but its influence, somewhat limited, has never directly interfered with our labours, or hindered the progress of our work; and, in justice to the present Government of France, I will add that religious toleration exists, and no opposition to our evangelizing efforts is offered. The missionaries

View from the Gaboon.

sustain friendly relations with official gentlemen, both military and naval, from whom of late they have received many favours and kind attentions. The system of free emigration, as it was termed, which for a time was carried on here, has been suspended, and there is no slave trading in the vicinity, unless perhaps a few are smuggled over from the south side of the river, and from Cape Lopez, in large boats, to the islands of St Thomas and Princes. Civilisation is gaining ground in all this region, and the most absurd and cruel superstitious practices are disappearing, but I regret to be compelled to admit, that domestic slavery, which with advancing civilisation becomes more valuable, intemperance (the natural fruit of increasing commerce), and polygamy are still common. Under these and other destructive influences the decrease of population is quite apparent.

residents at Gaboon, and in the vicinity. The gentleman named we have long familiarly and favourably known. About ten or twelve years since he took lessons in English from members of the mission, and afterwards resided for months at a time at our different stations, from which he started on hunting excursions into the surrounding forests, and just before he last sailed for the United States, he passed a considerable time with us at Baraka. While we had no reason to doubt his general integrity, yet from his well known enthusiastic French nature and sanguine temperament, we were prepared to receive from him a narrative tinted with the *couleur de rose*, and with over-estimated distances.

Notwithstanding this decrease, however, the remaining population are more hopeful than was the generation now passing away The gospel, the only remedy for these and all other destructive evils, is gradually but surely permeating the public mind, and will increase in power until its victories over paganism shall be universal

Of the susceptibility of the equatorial Africans to social, mental, and moral improvement, and even a state of high Christian civilisation, I have no doubt, and that the gospel will spread more rapidly in the future, as native agents are raised up and engaged in the work, I am equally confident

Thus far the work has been mostly preparatory, removing obstructions, preparing the ground and sowing the seed, the first fruits of which are beginning to appear,—some harbingers of a future glorious harvest that will be garnered Let the philanthropists and Christians of Britain and America continue to discharge the debt which they owe to Africa's sable millions, and their labours will not be in vain, but will be rewarded with the Divine blessing by seeing that dark continent illumined and its benighted and oppressed children disenthralled from physical and spiritual bondage, and elevated to that position in the scale of being for which they were designed by their Creator

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CONSISTENCY

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

We have heard a great deal (of late especially) about consistency and inconsistency, as the chief subjects of praise and censure, without any apparent thought of the very different things understood by each of those terms

1st A person is often reckoned wanting in consistency whenever he alters his course of proceeding, his language, his opinion, etc , *in conformity with a change of circumstances*, or, at least, such a censure is often pronounced decidedly and at once without ascertaining, or even inquiring, whether there is, or is *not*, such a change of circumstances as may call for that alteration

Such is the inconsistency of passing a law, and afterwards repealing it when no longer needful, of making war, and afterwards peace, of wearing a great coat in wet weather, and not in dry, etc , of thinking well or ill of a man according to his conduct, etc

2d A man is reckoned inconsistent for changing his conduct opinion, etc , when circumstances remain *the same*, in short, for *altering his mind*, as when, having been vicious, he reforms, or the contrary, when, having thought well or ill of a man, he finds, or thinks, himself *mistaken*, when, having advocated any measure (as the sinking fund), he comes to the conclusion* that he was erroneous in so doing, etc , in short, when he acknowledges himself to be wiser to day than he was yesterday.

In this case some fault or error is implied, either first or last , an all wise and perfect Being cannot, therefore, undergo any such change , and the Church of Rome, consequently, or any church or individual that is resolved never to acknowledge being in error, will never confess a change of this kind.

3d. A man is strictly and properly called inconsistent whose opinions or practices are at *any one time* in variance with each other , in short, who holds *at once*, a proposition and its contradictory , *e g*, who incurs a great expense in feasting or equipage with a view to the display of carelessness about money, yet exposes himself to ridicule through stinginess in the conduct of those very things, who censures and abhors intolerance, yet practises it towards others , who preaches and believes the truth, and the importance of revealed religion, yet acts as if it were a string of nursery fables, etc

It is plain that this kind of inconsistency (if, in conformity with public usage we are to apply the word to all three) is to be carefully avoided by a rational person , though, from the frailty of our common nature, we must expect to be occupied all our lives long in plucking up every root of the weed , for in fact every deviation from duty in one whose *plan of life* is to do his duty, must be, so far as it goes, an instance of this inconsistency For the same who said, ' Thou shalt not commit adultery," said also, " Thou shalt not steal "

[But an inconsistency of this kind is often attributed to one not guilty of it by those who cannot enter into his views , *e g*, to hate the sin, and love the sinner,—to disapprove a religion, yet to oppose its suppression by forcible means,—to think an object desirable, yet deprecate the purchase of it at an exorbitant price, etc , are often regarded as instances of inconsistency]

As for the second kind of inconsistency, if any one changes from truth to error, or from good to evil, it would be more rational to condemn him on *that* ground, than on the ground of his having *changed*, because this seems to exempt from the censure those who do *not* change, and to involve in it all who do If a man turn papist, and you

* As Lord Grenville did

censure him for *changing*, that seems to imply that a *papist bred* is *not* to be censured if he remain in that faith but is, if he turn Protestant, if you censure the *erroneousness* of his faith, you are proceeding on right grounds And if any person is very much addicted to changing his plans and opinions on slight grounds, it would be more precise to characterise him as *fickle* and unsteady than as inconsistent because this latter term tends to confound one fault with another, viz, with that of holding two inconsistent opinions *at once*

This last which (as had been said) it is the business of a wise man to guard against, exists, in a wonderful degree in those who are most in dread of inconsistency They hold a variety of opinions of which they make it a merit never to give up one, though utterly at variance with each other and adopted and allowed to have a place together in the same mind, from a misty and indistinct apprehension which allowed their discrepancy to *pass* unnoticed It is the very discipline of the mind by which we advance towards clearness of conceptions, to be perpetually comparing our opinions together in order to detect inconsistency and rejecting those which appear ill founded or modifying so as to reconcile with each other, such notions as appear agreeable to truth A feeble, or ill cultivated mind may be compared to a room nearly darkened, in which the most inveterate enemies may lodge together without recognising each other and consequently without quarrelling the improvement of such a mind is like bringing a *light* into such a room, which immediately shows who are friends and who are foes, sets them upon fighting, and the stronger turn out the weaker And as he who is resolved that none of his guests should be expelled, must take care to leave them all in the dusk, so, one who is so in love with consistency as to resolve at all events to part with none of his opinions, carefully excludes light from his mind lest he should be compelled to perceive their incompatibility with each other

As for the first kind of (so called) inconsistency a man may or may not be mistaken as to the grounds of his judgment, but if he believes his opinions or measures to be agreeable to the change of circumstances, he is at any rate not to be taxed with inconsistency If I wear my great coat when I expect rain, and leave it off when I expect fair weather, the rain may come and convict me of a *mistake* in my calculations, but not of *inconsistency*, in any rational sense of the word

This first kind of change then is what *must* be continually practised by every one who is not in a *sane*, the second *ought* to be practised by every one who is not *infallible*, the third kind of inconsistency (though no one probably is wholly exempt from it) ought to be sedulously avoided But even here it would be better to censure a man not for the inconsistency of his notions with each other, but for the erroneousness of those which *are* erroneous, for herein lies the *fault*, since it is conceivable that a person's opinions might be all perfectly consistent with each other, and all wrong, which would be far enough from improving the case

And as I would have no one censured for inconsistency (because when there is ground for censure, some better reason for it may always be assigned), so I would have no one *praised* for consistency If a man does not pay his debts this year, he is to be blamed not because he paid them last year, but because he has not done now what he ought, and an honest man pays his debts this year, not because he paid them last year, but because it is right Consistency in short, is a thing which a man of sense should always *wish* for, but never *aim* at He should wish for it, because he should wish that his views and measures should be always *right* and if so, they must be always consistent But he should never aim at it, because what he should aim at is to be right, whether he was so formerly or not

So great is the popular admiration for consistency that I do not wonder some act with a view to it, but I do wonder that any should be unwise enough to confess as much It must always be a bad reason to give If a principle or measure is right *that* surely is reason enough for supporting it if *wrong* surely your being in the wrong yesterday is a bad reason for being wrong to day

There would be no hardship in restricting from all exercise of power,—all share in deliberation of any kind,—every one who should avow, or who should not solemnly renounce the principle of acting with a view to consistency It at once stultifies his own decisions, for, one who is not *exempt from error*, which no fallible mortal can be, can only preserve perfect consistency in one of two ways, 1*st*, By being too stupid ever to detect his errors, or, *secondly*, By being too obstinate, even when he does perceive them, to acknowledge his mistake and retract Now it can be no hardship, that a man who, by his own showing, is incurably stupid, or incurably obstinate, or both, should have no voice in any deliberation.

'OLD FAMILIES'

THERE are few things pertaining to the flesh of which men in this country are more proud than that of being members of 'an old family.' Many a worthy tradesman who has passed with great credit through all the stages of message boy, shop boy, salesman, traveller, partner, fortunate speculator, until realizing a fortune he at last becomes a *land* or "country gentleman," with a large mansion house, park, porter's lodge, livery servants and, in purple and fine linen, fares sumptuously every day, who, nevertheless feels these things avail him nothing so long as there sits at his gate the humbling Mordecai of being 'an upstart' and not a member of an "old family." He desires therefore, above all things, to be connected even by an almost invisible thread with some such authentic piece of antiquity. He would willingly give a large sum for a drop of ancient blood and bitterly feels that money cannot purchase it.

The "*real* old family," again, is proud of its heraldry. It boasts of its long ancestry. 'Our family came over with William the Conqueror' is generally the boast, and extreme limit, of their illegal origin, and even that is very mythical. Albert the "family pictures of large stupid looking gentlemen with wigs, ladies in stiff brocade, or one or two dames representing knights in armour which are exhibited in the hall or drawing room. For as old Sir Thomas Browne says, "Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years, generations pass while some trees stand, and *old families last not three oaks!*"

The Jews are an exception! Moses the old clothesman, has an ancestry which puts the purest and most ancient stock of the House of Peers to shame. Where was 'the blood of all the Howards' or of the Plantagenets when the ancestors of "*old Cle*" were defying Pharaoh or combating Sennacherib?

I was forcibly reminded of this on one occasion when standing beside a learned Jew in the Royal Museum in Berlin, and looking at the fine antique statue of Julius Cæsar at the end of the room I happened to remark to my friend, "Is it not strange to look at the intellectual features of that 'hooked nosed fellow of Rome,' as Falstaff calls him and to think of his triumphant march northward and his conquest of Britain, when our ancestors were roving barbarians, painting themselves with ochre and exhibiting all the brutality and ill manners of New Zealand savages?" "*Our ancestors!*" exclaimed my Jewish friend looking at me with disdain. 'Pray, speak for your own, who I have no doubt were sufficiently savage. But I assume they were singing the psalms of David and worshipping God as members of his true Church on earth centuries before Julius Cæsar was born!' I bowed my head and felt that both I and the antique statue were of yesterday, when compared to the old blood which flowed in the veins and flushed in the face of my eloquent friend!

Beautifully has Dr Harris said of the Jews "As the modern traveller surveys the remains of the arch of Titus at Rome, he feels bewildered in endeavouring to realize the distant date of its erection, and yet it commemorates only the last of a long series of Jewish dispersions. You read of the fragments of antiquity dug up from the ruins of Babylon and your mind is carried still farther back than by the Roman arch, but the Jew possibly formed that Babylonian brick, and imprinted on it those arrow headed characters. The pyramids of Egypt take your imagination still farther back the Jew not improbably helped to build the oldest of them. Enter the most ancient of the royal tombs at Thebes, and mark the national physiognomies painted on the walls, you recognise that of the Jew, unaltered to the present day. Time was young when the Lord said to Abram, 'I will make of thee a great nation!'"

A strong faith has never ceased to exist among the great rabbis of the Jews, and in the coming of a day when the once noble, but now fallen race, shall have their own again, and be no longer despised and trodden down by Gentile upstarts. What an undying hope in the restoration of a kingdom in Israel, is expressed—what indomitable pride and ambition, which the sorrows of eighteen centuries have not crushed, is confessed—in the commentary of an old Jew, upon the promise made by God to Abram. 'I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth!' "Yes," he says, "as the dust of the earth, *which for a time, all men tread under foot, but which, nevertheless, in the end, covers all men once for all!*"

HENRY LLOYD.

THE DOGS CAME AND LICKED HIS SORES

(See Illustration in front.)

The name of Lazarus (a peculiar form of the Hebrew Eleazar) is one of the deepest and most heartfelt interest to the Christian reader. The brother of Mary and Martha was singularly honoured by the friendship of Jesus, who, in raising him from the tomb after death had reigned for four days, displayed so great an exercise of miraculous power, that the Sanhedrim, while plotting the death of the Saviour, contemplated the destruction of him also whom he had restored to life. So signal an act of divine interposition astounded even the stony hearted Pharisees, who when told by the converted Jews what Jesus had done, assembled together—"Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone all men will believe on him."—John xi. 47, 48. "But the chief priests consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death."—John xii. 10. We need not marvel that when the Saviour's followers saw that "Jesus wept" on the death of Lazarus they should have said among themselves,—"Behold how he loved him!"

But beautiful exceedingly is also that portion of Scripture in which the name of another Lazarus is introduced by our divine instructor,—speaking in parables,—and where the lowlier creatures manifest themselves under a much less ferocious aspect than when they executed the dreadful judgment denounced by Elijah the Tishbite against the painted Jezebel.

"These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs (*parables*): but the time cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but I shall show you plainly of the Father. At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God. I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father. His disciples said unto him, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb. Now are we sure that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask thee: by this we believe that thou camest forth from God. Jesus answered them, Do ye now believe? Behold, the hour cometh, yea is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me. These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—John xvi.

THE WAKER, THE DREAMER, AND THE SLEEPER

Forthenfels, when talking of Holland as the land of inundations, often commit great mistakes. They think that those inundations are caused by the North Sea breaking in upon our villages and towns, but we may be thankful that this is an error, for what would be left of poor Holland if it were true? You may be sure, if it were so, that the writer of this paper would be as little able to speak to you about the dykes now, as the contemporaries of Noah are able to give a description of the ark. The fearful inundations of which you so often hear, are caused by the river Rhine, which flows from Germany through the southern districts of Holland into the ocean. As to the sea, thank God, we have been safe from it for centuries! Providence has protected our country against its furious neighbour by a natural bulwark of sand hills or downs, which run along the Dutch coast, and are high enough to prevent the raging and foaming tide from entering our fields. These sand hills extend as far north as the village of Petten, which the reader will easily find on the map, if he allow his eyes to run along the Dutch shore in a northern direction. North of Petten, however, the sand hills suddenly terminate, and the whole of the remaining coast, from Petten on to the Helder, which is the northernmost point of the mainland of Holland, is, over an extension of nine miles, unprotected by any natural monument. Here, in former ages, the furious element used to have full play, running up its high storm beaten tides all over the district, sweeping away whatever might oppose its irresistible course, inundating considerable portions of the coast, and leaving the country in a state of utter desolation. The Zuyderzee, which ten centuries ago was only a small inland lake, is now a large estuary of the North Sea of sixty or seventy miles diameter, thus showing the fearful effect of the numerous inundations of which this portion of the low lands has been the scene. The village of Petten—which, it is said, dates from the times of Willibrord, who preached the gospel here at the close of the seventh century—was several times swept away, and the inhabitants were compelled, from time to time, to retire, and to build their houses more landward, so much so that the foundations of old Petten are lying buried under the boiling waves, at a considerable distance from the present village.

As early as the year 1413, our forefathers at length began to try to put a stop to the devouring power of the sea, by fencing in the whole coast, from Petten down to the Helder, with three rows of piles. This enterprise, however, proved unsatisfactory, and the gigantic task was then undertaken of raising three dykes of clay and earth,

which on their backs were broad enough to allow two carriages to pass abreast. These dykes were afterwards made broader and higher still, so that they have formed a sufficient bulwark since, and delivered the country from the miseries of an inundation for upwards of three centuries.

Numerous villages and towns have risen behind the shelter of that admirable battlement; and at present this portion of North Holland is one of the most thriving districts, covered with fertile meadows, intersected with fertilising canals, and teeming with well-to-do farms, in which the industrious hands of thousands of people mould those round-shaped red-coloured cheeses, which are carried to the east and the west, and form a tit-bit at the meals of many an English household. Of this abundantly productive district, the clean and picturesque town of Alkmar, a place of some ten thousand inhabitants, is the chief staple mart. From it not less than 4000 tons of cheese are exported annually, and on market-days there is a bustle and liveliness in it scarcely equalled by any other town in the kingdom. When looking at these busy crowds, one can hardly realize the idea that all those lives, together with the lives of tens of thousands who populate the country places, entirely depend, humanly speaking, upon three narrow stripes of heaped-up clay and mud, that stand between them and the bottomless abyss. And yet nothing short of that is true. It is said that the top of the spire of Alkmar is on a level with the back of the Waker-dyke.

The *Waker* is the chief and foremost of the three Hondsbosschen-dykes. It stands close to the sea, and runs from Petten to Kamperdown, near the Helder. It is called the Waker because it never has a moment's rest, since it is both day and night in combat with its enemy the sea. As the soldier who stands on guard in front of the enemy never allows his eyes a moment's sleep, so this dyke is continually on the watch against its treacherous and powerful adversary. And as a soldier, it is well protected with an impenetrable shield and harness. Its side, sloping off towards the sea, is paved all over with large granite-blocks, on which the boiling breakers spend their furious violence in vain.

South from the Waker extends the second dyke. Being sheltered by its companion, and being less accessible to the attacks of the enemy, it may take its nap, and indulge a loose slumber; hence its name, *the Dreamer*.

The third dyke, which lies more landward still, only serves as a reserve in the event of the other two giving way. It is permitted fully to take its rest, since its services have not once been required, for upwards of three centuries. Of course it has got into the habit of sleeping away day and night, so that it rightly bears the name of *Sleeper*.

Thus Holland's shore is shielded against the freaks of its restless and overhanging neighbour. Yet, notwithstanding the alertness of the Waker, and the readiness of the Dreamer and Sleeper to be on the *qui vive* at the first sign of alarm, Holland sometimes has been in greater danger than its waking, dreaming, and sleeping population were aware of. The strongest and most fearful ally of the sea, in its war against the land, is the north-west wind, which dashes the foaming waves in a vertical direction against the dyke. Still the dyke is elevated enough to keep its head above the swelling tide. But when it so happens that a hurricane blows from the north-west at the same time as the spring-tide raises the sea above its usual height, then a most critical moment comes for North Holland. The furious element swollen to an alarming pitch, and lashed up by the raging storm, throws all its violence upon the quivering Waker, and rising from minute to minute, threatens to rush over it at length, and make an easy prey of the other dykes. The same calamity is to be expected if the waves, in their restless dashing and beating, succeed in washing out one of the granite blocks. No time is to be lost then in covering that open spot with a framework of twisted twigs and coarse canvas, for if such a place is left unprotected, the waves in a moment wheel and whirl away the uncovered clay and mud, and a hole is formed through which the pressing element dashes down with all the vehemence of its fury. We may thank God, however, that such critical moments are very rare in the history of our country. It is true, often a north-west storm beats our shore, and every month the spring-tides return at their due time. But it seldom happens that tide and storm come together, and that the latter then rises to such a degree of violence as to deserve the name of a hurricane or tornado.

But exactly a century ago, the untoward conjunction of the elements which Holland has to fear did take place. One November evening of the year 1761, the dyke-master had reached Alkmar, on his way to Amsterdam. All was right when he left, but now a strong gale was blowing from the north-west, and increasing in fury every minute. It was the time of spring-tide. He thought of the Waker. He looked up to the sky. Its aspect was fearful. It was six o'clock. At seven the stage-coach started for Amsterdam. Was he to go? The urgency of his visit was great, but he knew there was nobody at the dyke to control the labourers. One moment sufficed to make up his mind. He returned with all speed to his post on the Waker.

And when he reached, what a scene presented itself! the storm had risen to a hurricane, and the labourers, nearly two hundred in number, were on the dyke in utter confusion. They had already

'And the two men knelt in the sentinel of the Dyke at night, and raised their hearts in prayer

need up their whole store of hurdles and canvas, and had done little or nothing to check the inroads of their relentless foe, although it was still some hours from high water What an hour this was in the history of a nation! The master saw there was not a moment to be lost in procuring fresh stores, and immediately hurried off in search of them He procured three waggons, and within an hour or so he was on his way back with heavy loads When he appeared with his wagons, a loud cheer sounded through the roaring of the storm and the thunder of the waves

Here is the master God be praised! Come, cheer up, men! All right now!"

The master placed every one at his post, and distributed the hurdles and the canvas A glorious battle now commenced, the battle of man that handful of dust, against the furious ocean Thick darkness was around, not thick enough, however to prevent the sharp eyes of the men from discovering where a stone block was washed out of the embankment But frightfully terrific were the sounds, the bellowing and roaring of the raging wind and the bouncing and thundering of the foaming, swelling tide against the quivering dyke With indefatigable speed the master flew to and fro along the line of men giving his orders inciting their courage, and stirring their energy With every half hour the hurricane increased in violence and the waves in fury And the tide was to rise more and more till midnight It was now eleven Nearly all the second supply of hurdles and canvas was used up, and still the fury of the foaming waves increased

About half past eleven a loud cry was heard from the centre 'Help! great God! four stones out at once!" In a moment the master was at the spot

'Where is it?"

'Here, down here!" cried ten voices

The master flung a rope round his waist, and so did four of the men Forty hands kept the ends of the ropes and the five men, with the remaining hurdles and canvas, glided down the sloping side of the dyke The raging waves buffeted them violently, and tossed them up and down, bruising their limbs and faces against the stones But notwithstanding, in a short time, the hole was closed, and the men drawn up

Cries for help were now issuing from all quarters

"Is there any more canvas?" shouted the master speeding along the line

"All gone! all gone!" was the unvarying answer

"Off with your coats, and use them for canvas!" shouted the master, throwing off his own

There they stood, half undressed, in the rage of the November storm, dripping with the foam of the lashing waves

It was a quarter to twelve Only half an inch now, and the water will rush over the dyke, and not a living person will be left in North Holland

Soon the coats were all used up There was no hope now but in God

"Now, men, we can do no more! Down on your knees, and wrestle with God!" shouted the the master

And two hundred men, most of them heads of families, knelt down on the summit of the shaking trembling dyke, by the roaring of the storm and the thunder of the waves, and lifted up their hearts and hands to Him who only could say to the waves "be still," and to the wind "be quiet"

And the people in Alkman were dancing and singing, and drinking and cursing, and they knew not that there was but a quarter of an inch between them and death! Neither did the thousands and tens of thousands in the country who were sleeping in their beds—the babies and the women, and the sick ones—know how critical was their fate!

God heard the prayer of those men strange to say, and yet not strange, the very moment their voices pierced through the howling of the storm heavenward, the waters began to fall, and the storm abated!

That night there was a message proclaimed to the wakers, the dreamers, and the sleepers of all succeeding generations

J DE LIEFDE

SCHOLA CRUCIS, SCHOLA LUCIS

BENEATH Thy cross I stand,
Jesus, my Saviour, turn and look on me!
Oh! who are these that one on either hand
Are crucified with Thee?

The one that turns away
With sullen, scoffing lip, and one whose eyes
Close o'er the words, "Yet shalt thou be this day
With me in Paradise"

Here would I fain behold
This twofold mystery, Love's battle won,
Its warfare ended and its ransom told,
Its conquest but begun!

I say not to Thee now,
Come from the cross and then will I believe,
Oh, lift me up to Thee, and teach me how
To love and how to grieve

I tracked Thy footsteps long,
For where Thou wert there would Thy servant be;
But now methought the silence, now the throng,
Would part me still from Thee

I sought Thee 'mid the leaves,
I found Thee on the dry and blasted tree;
I saw Thee not until I saw the thieves
There crucified with Thee!

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN NOVEMBER

First Sunday.

THE MANNER OF THE DIVINE WORKING

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven.—Matt. xiii. 33.

There is an evident connexion between the different parables recorded in this chapter, and it is probably on account of this connexion that they are here brought together, and represented in one view. They all relate to one great subject, the kingdom of God, and to one quality or attribute of that kingdom, that it is not completed or perfected as soon as it begins to exist, but goes on from less to more, grows, after the manner of life from small, almost insensible beginnings but reaches a vast magnitude, attains in the end an astonishing greatness. We must not imagine however, that these parables are identical because of their close resemblance. The point which the Grain of Mustard Seed sets forth, is the contrast between the beginning of the kingdom of heaven and its consummation, the apparent insignificance of the one, the undeniable grandeur of the other. The point of *this* parable, the Leaven, is the *insensible progress* of the kingdom of God. As our Lord had spoken elsewhere, Mark iv. 26, "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." These changes are unquestionable, our senses testify their reality, but cannot observe or mark their actual progress. This we admit, not because we are able to see it, but only by comparison, after considerable intervals of time. So we can neither see nor hear the leaven run through the mass of meal, any more than we can see or "hear the grass grow." Yet we presently discern that it has grown, that the whole mass is leavened.

It tends to satisfy us that something is a Divine work, when we perceive that it is analogous to other works which are unquestionably Divine. The character which this parable assigns to the kingdom of God, is analogous to all his proceedings in the kingdom of Nature and of Providence. And this fact, as we shall afterwards see, is full of useful instruction and of necessary warning for us.

We see that in nature all things go forth in slow, steady, and often insensible progression. The earthquake, the hurricane, the flood,—these present themselves to our minds as exceptions to the common way of the Divine working in the world, and accordingly their effects also are unlike the common effects of his operation, for these are immediately salutary and preservative, tending assiduously to protect, multiply, and comfort; whereas those others, though ultimately they conduce to the same results, are in their immediate consequences, destructive and frightful.

In nature all growth is gradual, and, to our apprehension, very slow. The mightiest tree is the product of a small seed, and is the work of ages. Wide valleys so ample that nations may inhabit them are scooped out by the gradual action of water, which also carries down the mightiest mountain masses and deposits them in the bottom of the sea, thus preparing insensibly new islands and continents for the reception of future inhabitants. Those mighty masses of water which cover the greater part of the globe, and the volume and momentum of which far transcend human thought, how gently they sway from east to west and back again following the course of the sun and the moon, and their sublime movements are quiet as a summer brook we hear not deep calling unto deep. The year, too, glides round with stealthy changes. We are not plunged at once from the glory of summer into the dark horrors of frost and snow. the summer sighs out its life among the bright days of autumn, and leaves us not without many lingering glances, bequeathing to us also the rich legacy of the harvest. The day sinks gradually into night, the shades of our evenings always steal upon us, as if careful not suddenly to alarm us with the thought of night, and as it departs, so it comes. the light of the sun, to which the path of the just is likened strikes not upon us with a blinding glare, but "it shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

How beautifully, but how slowly, does the man grow up out of the youth and the boy! Nor does his mind any more than his body, acquire strength and maturity, but in the course of long years. How insensibly his understanding increases! his knowledge is gathered, his experience enlarged! how slowly his conscience is awakened and acquires its perceptions and its authority! It is by use, and exercise, and time, not by intuition, that his "senses are taught to discern both good and evil."

Growth is no less characteristic of our mental faculties than of our corporeal powers, and of our moral no less than of our intellectual capacities. We do not expect any one to be an expert mechanic, a skilful merchant, a learned lawyer, an accomplished physician, a profound scholar, a statesman worthy to be intrusted with the affairs of a people, or, in general, a really wise man in the things of this world, in a day, a month, or a year. We possess ten thousand unquestionable proofs that such acquaintance are not to be reached but through diligent application during long years; and some-

times they are to be learnt only by the patient industry of a life.

We may well expect that the same mode of operation, which so prevails among the other works of God, will be found to obtain in his kingdom of grace, which is his highest, his divinest work. As in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we observe, that, however diverse the several species may be in some respects, and though they be infinitely varied in their details, so as to adapt their organs to the varying conditions of their existence, they yet present such general resemblances, amid all this variety, as show that they are all referable to one idea, are after all but so many copies of one type, the workmanship of one and the same Almighty hand, diversified forms of one and the same infinite thought. So we may confidently expect that the Divine operation in that field of his works, which is peculiarly his kingdom, will not depart from the analogy which we remark everywhere else, but will correspond with his other works, while it goes beyond them, and that when so many other things in the world resemble it, the kingdom of God also will be "like unto leaven." If what pretended to be the kingdom of God, had an opposite character, we should have good reason to suspect that its pretensions were false.

Second Sunday.

LITTLE DUTIES

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven." MATT. xiii. 33.

In some cases, no doubt, the kingdom of God commences so suddenly, and with such a revulsion of feeling, and produces so marked changes of outward conduct, that, it may be said, contrary to the general rule, "to come with observation." A man like the Apostle Paul, a Jewish zealot, bred up in hatred of all religious innovation, and in active hostility to the pretensions of Jesus of Nazareth in particular, against whose disciples he had actively carried on an unrelenting persecution, whose career also was arrested by a sensible miracle—such a history cannot furnish a rule which must apply even to persons who have been brought up from infancy in reverence of that name which Saul of Tarsus was educated to abhor. The revulsion of feeling, of conviction, of conduct, which was inevitable in his case, should not therefore be considered as a rule for all others. We cannot be affected by a familiar thought as we are by one which is new to our bosom. Our old thoughts may, indeed, become our new convictions, and influence our life, as all convictions must ever do, but not with the same liveliness of emotion, or with such paroxysms of fear and hope, as if they had been new thoughts as well as new convictions. There are multitudes of the best people whose Christian graces were excited, for anything we can know, with the dawn of reason itself, and who, therefore, can no more condescend upon the date of their conversion than upon the period when those virtuous feelings and habits commenced which now appear parts of themselves. In such cases—and they are so numerous as perhaps to form the rule among really sincere Christians everywhere—the kingdom of God has been as leaven, which gradually and silently has leavened the whole lump. Like the grass, it has grown imperceptibly, so that though a man watch night and day he shall not see it grow.

But, in whatever circumstances this divine life may be first awakened within us, it is natural, and indispensable that it extend and expand itself continually more and more, till it embrace our whole nature, all we do, speak, think, intend, feel, and are. We must not satisfy ourselves with the opinion, the hope, or even the most positive assurance, that the kingdom of God is come within us, and that we are new creatures, born again of the ever living Word. This great privilege, if we enjoy it, is not the end, but only the beginning of our Christian history. In the spiritual, as in the outward world, we are born that we may live, and learn, act, and enjoy. We are children not that we may remain perpetually in infantile ignorance and weakness, but may grow to the stature of perfect men that we may go forward and not linger for ever at the gate of life. The Father of spirits bestows upon us the first blessing that we may be capable of greater and greater without measure, not that the first should be the last, or that we should rest satisfied with that one token of his mercy and grace. It is not enough that we have faith, which is the first of divine graces. Our duty, and our safety, and our peace, all demand that we add to faith, virtue, temperance, patience, godliness, the love of the brethren, and the love of all men. For He who has begotten us again by the seed of the Word has created us unto good works, "which he has prepared that we should walk in them." There is no one so wise, holy, or perfect, that he can afford to rest satisfied with his present state and character, or to dispense with watchfulness, diligence, and godly fear. Even Paul accounts not himself "to have attained," or to be "already perfect." Still he must "reach forward," and "strive toward the mark." "Lest I be a castaway."—if such a thought may even hang upon the horizon of his mind, surely it may sometimes overshadow ours, and sober the hue of our too glaring self-confidence. If we will search we shall assuredly find that the leaven has still something to do within us, that there yet remain some corners of our mind and life which it has not pervaded or even perhaps reached.

This should teach us, among many other useful lessons, the folly of our waiting for some extraordinary interposition, whereby wonderful, almost miraculous, impressions may be made upon our mind and character; as if some one great wave

must come and throw us up into security at once, out of the ocean of sin in which we are wallowing and perishing We see, however, that such wonderful things very seldom happen They who are constantly depending upon lucky turns in the wheel of fortune, are commonly desperate people, and reckless spendthrifts Miracles and marvels are in their very nature, the exceptions, not the rule Generally, men grow very good or very bad not in a moment, or by a single leap, but gradually, by little and little Their amazing height of wisdom and goodness, or their fearful depth of folly and degradation, are the results of a long history, they exemplify the law of growth How carefully, then, should we watch this growth in ourselves and in those whom both duty and affection teach us to care for!

Very wise and needful is that common maxim, which bids us take care of our *pence*, because our *pounds* will take care of themselves No less prudent is it in us to attend to little duties and little sins, as we esteem them, for our life the most of it is made of up such A grand occasion seldom occurs, the important actions of our life, and its severe trials, are few and far between But small affairs, like the smaller coin are perpetually passing through our hands in this currency the general business of our spiritual life is transacted It, therefore, much concerns us to mark how the little duties are done how the petty annoyances are borne by us Is it our study to perform, and to bear even these trifles to the glory of God? to make even these, almost insensible steps so many ascents on the great ladder which reaches from earth to heaven? Though singly they appear almost no thing, yet their number makes up for their minuteness multiplied, they yield the grand total of life

It is by insensible degrees that men grow thoroughly selfish, thoroughly worldly and carnal their evil nature becomes mature and obstinate and masterful by time and habitual indulgence By degrees no less insensible, the Divine Spirit within us matures, and subdues our evil, gains a complete possession, and an undisputed supremacy in our hearts, till every high thought comes under subjection to the mind and law of Christ

Religious people, at least, are generally persuaded that our greater duties, and especially the acts of worship and devotion, should be performed in a serious and holy manner, and should be consecrated to the glory of God It is not so easy to make us feel that even our commonest acts, and those that seem to partake least of a spiritual character are also capable of being sanctified by holy intention, and a regard to Him upon whose bounty we are fed Yet we must even "eat and drink to the glory of God" In sitting at our meals, conversing with our families and friends, entertaining these or being entertained by them, pursuing our studies, or attending to our business, buying and selling working toiling running in our various callings however humble we are yet doing that by which we may serve 'him that made us, and has redeemed us with the precious blood of Christ his Son' Of the righteous man it is written, that not only "shall he bring forth his fruit in his season, but "even his leaf shall not wither" Which one of the Rabbins thus expounds —Not only shall his graver actions be righteous and good but even his indifferent actions his casual words his very relaxation and merriment, shall have in them a spirit of goodness "This leaven shall leaven the whole lump"

Third Sunday.

HABITS

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven —MATT xiii 33

THIS is God's way of proceeding in all his works, from the lowest to the highest sudden starts, fitful impulses, are characteristic of the ignorance, folly, and weakness of man For man is constantly taken by surprise, events catch him on his way, which he did not know were lurking there, and so he makes up for his sloth or blindness, by violent and sudden efforts, he does ill in a day the work of years But the great Master never ceases working, therefore he never hastes He begins at the right moment, and at the right moment all is complete and ready Occasionally, indeed, a catastrophe appears to be needful in the moral as in the physical world, but this, like vengeance, is God's strange work.

"A flaming desolation there,
Flames before the Thunderer's way,
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of thy day"*

The gradual, and almost insensible manner in which things proceed in this world, is pregnant with so many advantages, that even we can discern in it, without difficulty, the evident traces of Divine wisdom and goodness Yet, like all other good things in the present state, it is not without a certain mixture and shade of evil With its manifold blessings, it brings also some considerable dangers, and some of our strongest temptations And thus is the general character of all things here below, they are, at least, to our minds not unhinged with some imperfection The riches of their goodness appear as if charged with certain taxes, which we must pay for the possession of them, but even this again tends to generate a higher good, to raise our thoughts and aspirations to that other world, when "that which is perfect shall have come, and that which is in part shall have passed away," and when our wealth shall pay no tribute, for we shall be kings, reigning with Christ our Lord.

Habit is one of the most remarkable results and exemplifications of that great law which we have been considering It is indeed one of the most

* Goethe, "Song of the Archangels"

noteworthy facts in the constitution of man; and not of man only, but of all animals; if, indeed, it do not descend lower than even the animal kingdom.

It is not, perhaps, easy to give a scientific definition of *Habit;* nor is it necessary, since we all know familiarly, at least in a general way, what it is; and this not only by observation, but by our own experience. We feel that it is something inseparably connected at once with our external, our intellectual, and our spiritual condition; or rather, that it is the determining circumstance in all. We are good or bad, wise or foolish, weak or strong, not because of any single act indicating goodness or badness, wisdom or folly, feebleness or power; but according as our *habits* manifest the one or the other. For an act may be an exception to the character, an excrescence upon the man; but the habit is the character of the individual in that regard; the sum of his habits is the man himself.

In a popular way, we may describe habit to be—a facility of doing, a tendency to do anything, resulting from having frequently done it. It is the gross sum of insignificant acts: like those stupendous masses of rock which have been gradually formed of the soft bodies of very minute creatures, but now, accumulated in enormous masses, and indurated by time, they form the very pillars of the world, strong as iron, hard as adamant.

It follows from this, that the chief importance of the single act arises from its contributing to the formation of a habit. Whatever other consequences it may have, this is generally its most momentous consequence, so far as the character of the agent is concerned. For every time an act is done, the greater continually becomes the likelihood that it will be done again. It is more probable that that which has been done three times, shall be repeated a fourth time, than it was that after the second repetition a third would occur. Which may suggest to us a valuable rule; namely, that we should consider single actions, whether of ourselves or of others, not simply in relation to their direct and immediate effects, but chiefly to their reflex influence in those habits which they contribute to form or to strengthen. When some impropriety, some act of vice or sin has been committed by ourselves or others, we are too apt to satisfy ourselves with the thought, "It is after all a small matter. What great harm has it done?" forgetting not only that the immediate damage which actions may appear to do, is a most fallacious criterion of their culpability; but, which is the chief question, What kind of person will such actions repeated leave the doer? What sort of man would the youth become, if such acts should grow into habits? In dealing with the young, and in dealing with ourselves, let us keep this perpetually before us. A single falsehood may be thought to be no mighty affair; a single act of intemperance, of deceit, of selfishness or hard heartedness; but you start at the thought of your child becoming a hard-hearted or selfish man, a liar or a drunkard; yet what shall make him so, but the repetition of these single acts? You yourself have done the act, but you abhor the character: only do it again and again, and you are become what you abhor. To forget God in some single instance may appear nothing; to receive some great mercy without gratitude to him; to live one day without any reverent or loving thought of that beneficent Power in whom we live and move and have our being; to retire one night to rest without prayer, the acknowledgment of his mercies, the confession of our sins, without committing our bodies and souls to him who sustains us in life, as well during our unconscious as in our waking hours; to neglect this once or twice, it being late, and we being fatigued with our business or our pleasures, our studies or our dissipations,—What is that? God is not a hard master. To omit our devotions sometimes in the morning, also, it being late, we having indulged too long in sleep, being therefore somewhat hurried, and having urgent business of importance awaiting us, what is it in such circumstances to go forth without our devotions? In cases like these, surely God will easily pardon us, will mercifully, or rather, as we may say, equitably consider our peculiar necessity. Men who shudder at the thought of living without God in the world, and dying without hope, who feel that it is true death so to live, and the only real misery and ruin so to die,—is it not sad that they should so easily permit themselves to go along the road which has that fearful termination? that they should contentedly glide down the stream which so soon will bury itself in that bottomless abyss? With reckless indifference, we permit the leaven of evil to work and spread, and we start at the last in despair, to find that the whole is leavened.

Fourth Sunday.

WARNINGS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven."—Matt. xiii. 33.

The importance of single acts may be further impressed upon us, if we reflect that a single act may be, and sometimes is, the turning-point of a person's history. One instance of indulgence, or of self-restraint, may determine the character which hesitates and fluctuates between these two; as a single grain suffices to turn the oscillating balance; or as a streamlet running along the ridge of a country, as if it could not decide into which of the valleys that he on either side it should descend, may have its course finally determined by some paltry rock or single boulder which it meets in its way; so one temptation, yielded to or resisted, may give the soul its final direction toward salvation or destruction; from henceforth the man shall turn no more, but shall go steadily forward

to life or death. Indeed, in every character in which the course has not been determinedly shaped from the very beginning, there must be some crisis at which the ultimate course is finally taken, at which habit is so fairly established as to become the undoubted, if not also the undisputed master. One may think of this terrible danger when one hears—as we sometimes may—two or three more resolute voices urging some hesitating or reluctant companion to accompany them to a place where they may partake of the liquid fire. In such cases the single compliance or refusal may prove the ultimate safety or final ruin of the tempted individual. This moment he wavers, but he may never waver again. On the next occasion he will probably yield without an effort, or resist without hesitation or difficulty. How easy is it, how natural it seems, to repeat sins which have been once committed! The citadel being lost, why defend the outworks? So plausibly reason our sloth and our treacherous lusts, those deadliest of our enemies, because they are within, and wear the mask, and speak the language of friends and allies.

It becomes us also to reflect how formidable habits are when once they are fairly established, and how difficult even the strongest wills urged by the most powerful motives have found it to subdue and root out an evil habit. For habit, according to the proverb, is a second nature, and it would appear sometimes to be even more unmanageable than the first. Sufficiently arduous is it to contend against our bad passions, evil inclinations, unruly appetites even when they stand alone and fight in their own strength, but how much more formidable do they become when time is granted them, and opportunity and means to fortify themselves behind the strong rampart of habit! If we find it hard enough to cope with those adversaries, hand to hand on the open plain, how can we expect to vanquish them when thus defended and strengthened?

The quiet and stealthy way in which this advantage over us is gained, constitutes our greatest danger. If the existence of an evil habit were a sudden event, it would forcibly arrest our attention and deeply alarm our fears. We should leap to our feet the moment we felt the touch of the enemy, and should summon up all the strength that fear could give us to crush the deadly reptile. But all goes on so smoothly that there never appears any particular occasion for alarm, no reason for anxiety at any time more than at any other time. Things are no worse to-day than they were yesterday, this week, this month than last, even the lapse of a year, perhaps, has made no very alarming change for the worse: thus our apprehensions are lulled, and the destroyer gains time to wrap our members in his deadly folds, till at last, when he begins "to bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder," we cry out, in the helplessness of despair, "The sorrows of death have compassed me about, and the pains of hell have taken hold upon me."

The victim of this misery is himself almost always the most insensible to what is going on, and the last impressed with his danger: after all about him have taken the alarm, he persists, and often perishes, in his unbelief, whereas faith, if he would believe, might make him whole. So the family of a sick man sometimes cannot see what is too visible to all other eyes, for *they* stand too near to the object, *they* are too constantly present, and their wishes and hopes obscure their vision. What reason have we, even the best of us, to exercise watchfulness and godly fear, being surrounded with such enemies and exposed to such dangers!

On the other hand, we may receive comfort from reflecting, that if we be faithful, our great danger will become a chief means of safety, and our greatest obstacle a mighty aid. Habits of righteousness and holiness should be even more powerful than those of an opposite character, being fortified by the authority of God, the approbation of conscience and the influence of the Spirit. Then obedience shall become our joy, and to serve God our perfect freedom—we shall be conquerors, yea, more than conquerors through him who loved us, and who by teaching us to love him, renders all things possible: so that with St Paul we may say, I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.

The mercy of God has indeed, not left us to our own poor efforts. And from on high is promised us, divine strength, if we will ask it. This is true, blessed be God, it is true! But let us not imagine that the work of the Spirit of God in our hearts supersedes this habitual vigilance and this painful strife. Rather it implies and necessitates both. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, so that a determined contest is involved in the very nature of the case.

We are not exempted from service "in the army of the Lord of hosts,' because Christ is the captain of salvation: but rather, this is the very reason why we must 'endure hardness as good soldiers,' and study to please Him who has called us, with him and through him, to "fight the good fight of faith." And it is given us as a reason why we should work out our own salvation, and that with fear and trembling, that God worketh in us, both to will and to do the things that please him. Let us bless our God and Father that, in this fearful strife upon which such issues hang, we are not left without active and tender sympathy, as well as more direct and powerful aid, for Christ, our elder brother, was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin, and "in that he suffered, and was tempted, he is able also to succour us when we are tempted. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need."

ROBERT LEE.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

ILLUSTRATED AND APPLIED

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D D

CHAP XI—DUTY TO THE POOR

AN Arab possessed a horse so famous far and near for its beauty, gentleness, and matchless speed, that he had many tempting offers to part with her He refused them all, and, in particular, the repeated solicitations of one who offered an enormous price One day, as, with head wrapped in mantle and lance at rest, he was pressing homewards through the burning desert, his horse suddenly started and there, right across the path lay a poor traveller—alive, for he groaned, but exhausted, and apparently at the point of death Like the good Samaritan—for, though fierce, these wild Bedouins have savage virtues, are hospitable and friendly—he dismounted, and finding the unfortunate traveller unable to walk or even to stand, set him in his own saddle No sooner done than, as if the vigour of the steed had been imparted to its rider the bowed and languid form became instantly erect, the horse, suddenly wheeled round, sprang off to the stroke, and a laugh of triumph revealed the trick The man who had offered him an enormous price for the horse was on her back Assuming the guise of distress he had taken advantage of the other's generous feelings, to steal what he could not buy The injured man did not curse him, nor, fortified by the stoicism which the Mohammedan belief in fate imparts, merely bow his head to the misfortune He soared above it to a height of moral grandeur which few reach Calling on the other to halt, he said that he had one favour to ask, it was this, that he would never tell how he had won the horse, because, were that known, it might hinder some from receiving help in circumstances of danger not feigned, but real—and so doom the unfortunate to perish It is but justice to human nature to add—what indeed shows that fine feelings may be dormant in the worst of men—that the other was so touched by the unselfishness and nobility of this appeal, that he relented, and riding up to the man he had wronged gave him back his horse

Human nature is a plant that, unchanged by climate, colour, or circumstances, presents the same characters, and bears the same fruit, amid the smoke of crowded cities as in the lonely desert And this appeal of the Arab, in the advantage so often taken of our kindness, in the bad persons on whom it is bestowed, and the bad uses to which it is turned, touches what forms the greatest obstruction to the flow of charity, and our ready, literal obedience to the precept—"Deal out thy bread to the hungry, if thou seest the naked, clothe him, and bring the poor that are cast out into thy house" But because others do ill, is no reason why we should cease to do well The case is one to which the apostle's words are specially appropriate, "Be not weary in well doing This leads us to remark—

That the abuse of our charity should never dry up our hearts—Who is David, and who is the son of Jesse? so Nabal replied to David's appeal for help, at the time he and his men were hiding in the wilderness of Paran—adding by way of reason, this reproach to refusal, 'There be many servants now a days that break away every man from his master' Perhaps there were The earthquake that casts towers and castles to the ground, brings vile reptiles out of it, the storm that sinks the noblest ships, throws sea weeds and *wrack* upon the shore, and the political convulsions of Nabal's time, producing corresponding effects, had very probably thrown the dregs of society, like scum, to the surface, and relaxing the bonds of order set loose bands of marauders on the land These supplied the sordid churl with an excuse for refusing David, and so does the abuse of our charity those who seek to throw over their covetousness the cloak of some decent pretext There is never abused, their excuse but the sound of a hollow heart, the rattle that a withered kernel makes within its shell I do not now address myself to these, beyond reminding them of the solemn awful, warning words, "Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire"

But there are many who feel for the poor They would gladly relieve their wants They are pained to see these wretched mothers, and yet more wretched children, but having found their charity often misapplied and thrown away on the unworthy and ungrateful, they are afraid to give, and not seldom tempted, on discovering how they have been imposed upon, to say in their haste as David did in his, All men are liars! But if charity often fails in its object, so do other things The sun shines on many a fair blossom that never turns into fruit, and the clouds pour

their bounties on fields that yield no harvest But to leave figures for facts Education, as well as charity, often fails it is but a small proportion of children that become ripe scholars Moral training fails, how many parents, besides David, have had their hearts wounded and torn by wicked children! The labours of husbandry fail, it is but a proportion of the seed that springs, and a still less proportion that, reaching maturity, in golden sheaves rewards the farmer's toil Physic fails, disease is rife, and patients die in spite of it Even the pulpit fails, but what preacher thinks of abandoning it, because many of his sermons do not, and, nay, like abused charity do positive harm—hardening those they fail to soften, and making people as indifferent to the most solemn things as a busy sexton to the mouldering remnants of mortality, the skulls he tosses out of the grave

Man is answerable for duty, but not for results And as with faith in a promised blessing, we are always to preach, in season and out of season, to sow beside all waters, you are never to cease your charities Let not the cold ingratitude of other hearts freeze your own benignity! Abuse of mercies! Who met so much of this as our blessed Lord? Yet the fountains of his heart were ever full and till that heart was broken, never ceased to flow His miracles yielded no adequate return, not out of thousands to whose limbs they had given vigour, whose tongues they had loosed, on whose blind eyes they had poured light, brought one so much as one, to cry, Crucify him not Yet his works of beneficence were like a river that breaking over every obstacle, and in its ample flood, burying the stones that would impede its course, widens as it runs, and is largest at the beach where it is lost in the sea So let it be with our sympathies and charities! May our hearts, with advancing age, grow less sour and more sweet, less hard and more tender, like downy peach or golden apples that open to its fall

Our charity should be discriminating—Discriminating, first, as to its objects. The "household of the faith" have a prior claim on Christians "If thy brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food"—thy brother, thy sister, these tender expressions apply to them in a holy and peculiar sense Next come others, and last, but not to be omitted, our enemies We never rise so high above ourselves, and so near to God as in yielding obedience to these wonderful divine words—If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head

Careful discrimination is required also both in what we give, and how we give. This is implied in the words, Blessed is the man that *considereth* the poor, and is brought out fully by those who turned these psalms into rhyme—

"Blessed is he that *wisely* doth
The poor man's case consider"

This is true of public charity—The poor man's case has not been always wisely considered Very much the reverse. Listen, for example, to this description of the old Poor laws of England "The pauper was led to think that the Government had undertaken to repeal the ordinary laws of nature, that children should not suffer for the misconduct of their parents, nor the wife for that of her husband, and that no one should lose the means of subsistence whatever might be his indolence, prodigality, or vice They offered food to the idle and impunity to the profligate" And out of those convents that swarm with lazy monks and idle nuns, where shall we find more questionable, and, in many of their results, more pernicious charities than the splendid hospital that rise around our city? These, not like its old walls, a defence, are monuments of the folly, if not of the vanity of their founders There they stand, tempting parents to cast on cold officials the loving burden which God lays on a father's back and in a mother's bosom Moses might never have been the man he was unless he had been nursed by his own mother How many celebrated men have owed their greatness and their goodness to a mother's training! What is the law of nature? God has committed children to the care of their parents, and the care of parents to their children, and the charity that interferes with the law of Providence is the parent of evils far greater than it cures In Scotland, the people once were poor, but not mean and if our country men were provided for pride and poverty, it was the pride of such a feeling as made sons and daughters work late and early, walk in sober grey, and live on the hardest fare to keep a venerable and venerated parent off the poors' roll For the aged man or mother there was always a corner, and that the warmest, in the cottage, where one whose infancy they had nursed, tenderly watched their declining years Within these homes, sacred to filial piety, I have seen a lovely counterpart to the scene without, where the ivy which once found support in old wall or hollow tree, now, embracing, supports it in its turn, and covers its hoar decay with a graceful and glossy mantle. Honour to the humblest home whose thatch covers a parent's head; where daily toil is cheerfully borne to obey the precept that finds an echo in our hearts, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!"

Discrimination as to whom, and what, and how we give, is also necessary in the distribution of private charity —St. Giles, the patron saint of our city, in devout imitation of Him who made himself poor to make us rich, is said to have sold all his property for the benefit of the poor,—to feed the hungry and clothe the naked And what were the result if any of us should blindly follow his example, and pour our fortunes into the lap of the parish that bears the old saint's name? What good would it do the haggard men and women that there and elsewhere swarm so foul and thick from this rocky castle to yonder silent palace? We should make ourselves poor, but, alas! not them rich They owe their poverty to intemperance and improvidence, and a stream of money turned on them being less like water poured on a sand bed than oil on raging flames, would but increase their wretchedness, and feed the vices that have hung them in rags "It came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom," but now a days rags are more frequently than otherwise the devil's livery

The love of drink is "the root of all evil" In an obscure and wretched close you have lighted on a decent and devout widow, with no comfort by her dying bed but a cup of water Happy to find such a person there as a flower blooming in the desert, you hasten to minister to her necessities, these words of Jesus sounding in your ears, —"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of them, ye did it unto me" But the wine given to touch dying lips a wretched daughter turns to another purpose, so one day, when engaged in prayer, the opening of a door, thick and strange mutterings, a reeling step, the noise of one falling, induce you to open your eyes—and there, before you, on the same bed, lies a dying mother and a dead drunk child You have often climbed the stair to read and pray by the bed of a woman who talks religiously, and whose sickly husband, and pale, ill fed, ill clad children, have drawn out your bounty. Circumstances occur to excite suspicion,—suspicions darken, deepen; and one day, from beneath a pillow, on which her head and God's Word lie, you drag the evil to light,—draw out the drunkard's bottle. Away, high up in a garret room, you find a young man, sinking under a slow decline, and shivering beneath a thin, threadbare coverlet, in the cold that blows keen through patched and broken window. You try to raise his thoughts to the Saviour and the house of many mansions; and leave to send warm coverings for his emaciated form Before your return that wretched apartment has seen a terrible struggle. Turning a deaf ear to his pitiful cries, unmoved by the tears on his hectic cheek, his father and mother have pulled the blankets from his body; and sold them for drink. I speak what I know; what my own eyes have seen, and ears have heard. These are examples of the difficulties that beset the feet of charity, and teach the necessity of discrimination, if we would not increase the evils we attempt to alleviate.

Nor is that all. What we bestow on idleness or on vice is so much taken from the worthy poor. They have the first claim on what we can spare; and to throw away our means on others is to defraud the widow, the orphan, and poor, innocent, suffering children. It is therefore, our duty to meet improvidence and intemperance sternly—no doubt with Christian pity, but that mingled with the indignation due to those who are not so much robbing us, as they are wickedly plundering the worthy poor There are such,—many worthy poor We should seek them out, and it should be our happiness to contribute to their relief Let us care for souls which are better than gold that perisheth, the blessing of them that are ready to perish—a character such as this, which, at once the painter and the subject, has left us in this likeness of himself the most beautiful portrait of man, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, when the eye saw me, it gave witness of me I was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and him that had none to help him The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy"

Charity brings its reward—first in this world —While there is no class more tender hearted than physicians, I have observed that people who live amid their comforts, and are seldom brought into relationship with suffering, are apt to grow selfish In such circumstances our nature, like a single tree that stands out in the open field, grows dwarfed and gnarled Indeed, just as without sin the character of God had not been fully developed, nor shone forth full orbed—merciful, and gracious, as well as great and holy, it is difficult to see how without the presence of suffering, helplessness, and poverty, our nature could have been brought out in some of its most attractive aspects Sympathy with suffering, as well as our sense of what is right and wrong, separates us by an immeasurable distance from the lower animals It presents one of the truest and noblest characteristics of humanity The pampered dog never turns a piteous eye on some lean, and hungry, and houseless fellow, but growling at his approach, and rushing open mouthed to the assault, drives him from the door. It is fellow feeling, not mere feeling that raises a man above a beast It is that which allies us to the angels who take a lively interest in mundane affairs, and, watching the struggle between good and evil, fill heaven with joy as often as the battle goes for Christ, and a sinner

is saved And those gentle sympathies and kindly feelings which the abodes of poverty awaken, are means whereby the Spirit of God softens us—moulding the plastic heart into the likeness of that blessed Saviour who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and of that blessed God who is 'very pitiful and of great mercy"

The hammer and the iron are both hardened by the same stroke So is the heart that, denying pity, does a cruel thing, and the heart that denied suffers it But acts of kindness improve the *morale* both of him who gives, and of him who gets In deed, it is both a sad and a lightsome thing to visit the dwellings of the poor It clears our sky of vapours We return more contented and happy, much stouter to endure the petty troubles of our own lot—seeing how comfortable our circumstances are compared with those of others and how many would be glad to exchange condition and cup with us

Next to peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, there is no higher happiness on earth than lies in making others happy, nor is man ever so gracious and God like as when shedding brightness and blessings around him There is no flower in any parterre so beautiful as the roses that grow on an orphan's cheek, no sunshine like the smile of a happy face, no sound of woman's voice or lute or harp of sweetest strings so full of music as the singing of a widow's heart, no jewel on queenly brows so brilliant as the tear in eyes we have lighted with gratitude and joy Yes—it is more blessed to give than to receive, and those beautiful lines apply as well to charity as to mercy—

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath It is twice blessed
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes"

Charity brings its reward in another world—Some of the greatest masters have given us pictures of the Last Judgment, placing Him whom they had often painted dying on his cross amid a crowd of enemies, high above another crowd—crowned and seated on a great white throne Around him are the host of heaven, and stretching away into distant space are the hosts of heaven, his angel train Before him is the world, a vast assembly where, all on one level, stand kings and beggars, priests and people, the master and his slave, men and women, childhood and old age Their attire, or some other expedient of the painter's, reveals what had been their condition, their place, and the passions on their faces, what it is Here on the right hand, some are on their knees, adoring—some forms stretch upward with eager arms—some strike golden harps—some are waving palms of victory, but all, with their eyes fixed on Jesus, look as if they had never sinned nor sorrowed God has wiped away all tears from all eyes, and their beautiful faces, so serene, so pure, so radiant with heavenly joy, inspire the wish, as we gaze on the picture, Their place be mine! may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!

Between these and those on the left, what a contrast! how great a gulf! Despair, horror, agony are depicted in their looks, driven downward by armed angels, they fall headlong into the hell that opens its fiery mouth to receive them, while above their wail we seem to hear the words of Jesus, as, waving them away, he says, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" These pictures, though often studied as mere works of art, are great sermons Like Jonah on the streets of Nineveh, they might arrest the feet of busy crowds, as they cry from the walls where they hung, Remember that thou must die, and after death the judgment

The picture on which I would fix your eyes, is one of Christ's own painting It sets before us not so much the scene as the ground of the last judgment The multitude are parted into two great classes—at the close of the day to be for ever parted "These"—I quote our Lord's own words, the *everlasting* is not mine but His—"these," proving that no stern prophet ever spake such awful truths as the Saviour's own gentle lips,—"these going away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal" Momentous verdicts! changeless destinies! On what pivot do they turn? on this feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visits to the sick and to the prisoner in his lonely cell The tree is known by its fruit Unhappy trees on which Christ, coming to seek such fruit, finds none! I am not saying that we are not to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, or that there is no importance in creeds, or difference between churches, or that if people are sincere it is of no consequence what they believe, or that there is any other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus I have no hope but his cross. I may give all my goods to feed the poor, and my body to be burned, yet if I have not love, it profiteth me nothing Still our Lord exalts charity to the poor into a test of piety—of living, saving faith. Identifying himself with them, he says, "Inasmuch as ye did or did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did or did it not to me!" David returned to Saul, bringing the giant's head, the spies came back to Moses, loaded with grapes from Eshcol; Jesus ascended to his Father, bearing in his hand the soul of the thief, blood won trophy of his victory, one has said that Wilberforce went up to God, taking with him the broken fetters of eight hundred thousand slaves What proofs of true piety shall we carry to heaven? What works will follow us? Shall widows and orphans, the wretched and the ragged, coming from homes which our bounty has blessed, and our prayers have sanctified, though not our saviours—"for there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus"—be our witnesses? May their testimony, that the same mind was in us that was in Christ, call down on us this gracious, approving sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON.

CHAP XXV —THE BEGINNING OF THE END

THE reader is probably now disposed to ask a number of questions which, like many, are easily put, but may not be convenient to answer He may inquire, for example, how Mrs Campbell received the intelligence of the rejection of M'Dougal by her daughter, with her most unexpected acceptance of Ned Fleming? What said the bewildered Carney about the captain of the "William Pitt," of whom he was so proud, and to whom he had hitherto been so attached? What said Mrs M'Dougal and Jane in their long letters upon the engrossing subject? What became of Floxy? What was that long conversation with Ned in Mrs M'Kelvie's, when she discovered that she—Tom Revel's niece—had been the principal instrument in bringing about a union, the thoughts of which had never crossed her mind? How did the dear old Captain and his wife feel when they received Ned's letter? How did they pass that joyful evening in the cottage with old Freeman, and where are their speeches on that occasion reported? Why did M Dougal join his regiment, and not sell out? By what conceivable process could Ned be ever welcomed as Mrs Campbell's son in law? Now, reader, had I only time it is quite possible that satisfactory replies might be given to these pertinent questions But—

> "The year is waning to its wane,
> The day is dawning west west
> Loud rives the torrent and the rain
> And dark the cloud comes over the shaw

And so neither "time nor tide" permit of my telling you all you might reasonably wish to know, and all I should have much satisfaction in narrating about my old friends, whose story in all its phases is vividly before my mind's eye But my readers are, I daresay, thankful for the restrictions imposed by time upon the continuance of the narrative

"I am to understand, then," says the reader, "that, like all novels, the story ends with the marriage of Kate and Ned, and that they lived long and happy, etc?" Now, good reader, you assume without any proof, so far as I know, that this is 'a novel,' and you further assume that it must have a certain end? Why so If I presumed to write so ambitious, and, in the opinion of not a few, so doubtful a production as "a novel," the probability is, that I, who am utterly unfit for such an artistic work, might, if attempting mere fiction, depict human life on paper such as those who, like myself, walk along in the jog trot of every day life, never see it to be in fact

I am aware, therefore, that according to all the rules of novel writing, Ned should now be married, as the Americans say, "right off," amidst music and sunshine But the fact, as I have hinted, was otherwise in real life Nor need we be surprised at this

For, to write seriously when the thoughts are serious, human life is an *education*, a training up from right beliefs to right habits, and from right habits to right beliefs, and that by discipline administered in manifold wisdom by a living Person, ever varied and readjusted by Him to meet the changing circumstances of men, both without and within And therefore just in proportion to the conscious subjection of any person to this discipline, and his willingness to be taught, may the lesson given him be more trying to flesh and blood, more "mysterious" as the phrase is, than that which is given to another who will not open his ear to instruction nor regard the hand that is stretched out, but who "sets at nought all the counsel," and "will have none of the reproof,' and who consequently is permitted most righteously to "eat of his own ways, and to be filled with his own devices" The fact, therefore, need not seem strange to us, that noble and beautiful characters, whose personal and family life are so harmonious with the good and true, should often be subjected to trials and sufferings from which the heartless and selfish are exempted Teaching is vain where there is no disposition to be taught Gold, not clay, is purified by fire On the other hand, there are apparent losses which are real gains, painful amputations which secure health, and a more liberal bestowal of good in a higher form, by the taking away of good in a lower form Men crave for happiness from what 'happens" but God promises peace, happen what may and bestows it often through unhappiness, so that in the midst of sorrowing there is rejoicing To be made possessors moreover of the purest virtues —of patience, meekness, faith, and the like—through the knowledge of a Father, is our most glorious possession, by whatever labour or suffering it can be obtained And, therefore, I do not wonder that Ned and Kate were soon called to endure trial But I must return to life as it is, and tell the rest of my story as briefly as possible

Ned sailed immediately after his engagement with Kate Never had he such a peculiar voyage The winds seemed to baffle his return to port, although his old logs recorded as many days of strong and adverse storms The weeks appeared longer than they used to do He thought the "William Pitt" had lost her sailing powers But in spite of all this he never was so happy never did he and the crew get on better never did they acknowledge more gratefully in the forecastle the kindness and consideration of the Captain There was a life and heart in his meetings with them during divine service on board, which kept us all very "all hands alive" The boys were taught daily by him to read and write, and, from his patience towards them, made rapid progress, while his new boatswain, Buckie,—who had lately joined the ship, after having been long sailing out of London in the East India trade,—seemed devoted to Captain Fleming, whom he boasted of having known since boyhood, and who was always declared by him to be "the tip topest, as a man and seaman, he had ever known" Buckie, the old foe, had become long ago attached to Ned, who having been the means of humanising the boy, was now rewarded by having the man under his command, as a first-rate, steady, brave sailor, and a most reliable link between the Captain and the crew

It was after Ned's return that he was suddenly

cast into greater depths of sorrow than he had ever before endured. He had not been as yet received at the Glen by Mrs Campbell. Curney had held out to him his parental hand with unreserved good will, and he often told some of his old friends, in confidence, "that Fleming was a gentleman born, a gentleman bred, the son of an officer of whom his country might be proud, that M'Dougal was too much of a puppy for his taste, though he never liked to say so, that he preferred an honest seaman to him, that the lassie, his daughter, liked him and could judge for herself but that Mrs Campbell, who had her own feelings, was too proud to give in." Curney had written to the same effect to the old Captain but Mrs Campbell had never acknowledged the letter which, in her warm affection, Ned's mother had written to her. In these uncomfortable circumstances it was difficult for Ned to have frequent and easy intercourse with Kate. But when the 'William Pitt' entered harbour, Curney, with a really loving wish to please his daughter, and with a becoming wish perhaps to tease his wife, or to show his own independence, went one morning into Kate's room, saying, "Look here, lassie," and he winked to her, the wink accompanied by a smile, made up of affection and fun, "if you are very good to your old dad, I will give you a treat to-day."

"No bribe is required to make me good to you, dear father," said Kate, fondling the old man, to whom she clung, with almost new affection from his kindness to her during her late isolation and domestic trials.

Curney taking her pretty chin between his finger and thumb, and bringing his large, red face close to hers, like a full moon looking into a clear fountain, said, "What think you, Kitty, of coming to my office to-day and shaking hands with an old friend of mine, the Captain of the 'William Pitt'?"

Kate's face flushed into scarlet, the fountain was full of light, and her heart throbbed like water bubbling from it. Throwing her arms about her father's neck, and concealing her confusion, she murmured in his ear, "Thank God for your goodness, and that you are not cold to me! Never, never, can I forget it!"

Curney got soft about the eyes—an unusual event, which made him feel ashamed. So, with a short cough and chuckling laugh, he said, "Come to the office at two o'clock, my bonnie lassie."

What were Ned's thoughts and feelings when he met those two friends so unexpectedly in the office, and when Curney left him and Kate alone to talk over whatever they pleased!

It was arranged by Curney that they should visit the ship. They did so, and when Ned saw Kate in the cabin, the reality hardly seemed more a presence to him than the dream of past years.

When they both appeared on the quarter deck, Kate was gazing up at the rigging, in which the men were busy making all fast. Strange to say, she had only been once before on board of a ship.

"I hope, Ned, that you never go up those dizzy masts, or out to the end of those yards in a storm," remarked Kate with a playful smile.

Ned, laughing at her ignorance of sea life, replied, "Of course I do. What! do you forget the scene with poor Tom Revel? The fact is that I must go up now, as I have to give some orders about a top mast we sprung. I see they are bungling it, as the mate has gone on shore, and the boatswain is working in the hold."

"I beseech you!" interposed Kate, more seriously, "don't begin to climb in my presence—now Ned—I shall get sick and dizzy looking at you."

"Ha! ha! ha! what would the 'Pitt' come to if you were always on board! I must go, Kate, but pray keep your eye on the compass, on the shore, or on the deck, or on," he whispered, "your new ring, till I come in a few seconds, for I see I must go aloft."

Kate accompanied him into the waist of the ship, where, getting confused with the bustle on board, she sat down until Ned could join her. In a few minutes, amidst a cry of alarm from the decks and from the sailors aloft, a body fell with terrible crash on the deck, rebounded, and rolled past her. A sailor, who was not killed however had fallen from the yards. The conviction seized Kate's excited imagination that it was Ned, and with a loud scream she fell prostrate on the deck. In a moment Ned and her father, who both had witnessed the scene, were at her side, and lifted up her apparently lifeless form.

I shall not pain my readers by attempting to describe the occurrences of the weeks that followed—how she awoke from her swoon but, oh, horrors! with a mind that seemed lost for ever, how the shock caused the delirium of a brain fever, and life and reason reeled, and for many a day, the horrible alternatives were presented of death, with all its desolation of life with lunacy. I remember only one picture described by Curly, who, from love to Ned, had come to Greenock to attend Kate. "Never," he said, "in my whole practice did I behold a spectacle more touching than on a stormy night when her danger had reached a climax, she seized Ned's rough hand, and prayed fervently for his return from sea!" I shall never forget the sight of those two faces."

Ned never shed a tear. From the first moment he raised her up, his calmness was terrible to look on, and singularly affecting from the tenderness of his manner. Not an expression of alarm or grief escaped his lips. His wound was too deep for that. Every thought seemed to be occupied about others, chiefly about the father and mother of his beloved, next to herself the one great object of his earthly life. He only asked, in low and humble tones, to be permitted to sleep at the Glen in order to watch beside her. Some of the servants alleged that his bed was never disturbed, and that if he slept, it must have been in his chair or on the floor. The first time he gave way to tears was one night when in his room alone, and sitting beside the fire, Curly crept in, and embracing him, said, "Dear old Ned, I have now, for the first time, I am thankful to say, great hopes of ultimate, and, perhaps, of speedy recovery, thank God!"

Kate recovered slowly, but surely, until, at last, in an evening ever remembered in the family, she was laid on the sofa in the drawing room, and Ned sat beside her, as he once had done on another night memorable in their lives. And then,

as weeks passed—for I need not say the "William Pitt" found another commander for her next voyage—and the old hues of health returned, with strength and beauty, more than one person who had stood around that sick bed, felt that the God of love and peace had been with them, imparting to them all, in His own marvellous way, lessons of love, forbearance, gentleness and forgiveness,—lessons which could not have been taught by a milder discipline

This affliction had been the means of producing a great change in Mrs Campbell She never had come before into close heart contact with sorrow But that sick room by day and night —the looks and the sufferings of her daughter, with her own alternations of hope and fear, had drawn forth the best part of her nature, which, like some soil shaded by circumstances from sun and rain, had hitherto remained hard, dry, and unproductive Affliction prepared it to receive seed that promised to spring up into life everlasting As remarkable effects had been produced in her feelings towards others Kate in her delirium had cried passionately for Flory, and nothing but some such demand coming from a daughter when at the gates of death, could have induced her mother to admit Flory to her presence The old lady's heart was softened and won when she saw the unwearied, unselfish devotion of the girl, how she accepted of every work laid upon her, and ministered so gently, so lovingly to her benefactress and was ever so considerate, kind, and obedient to Miss Campbell, even expressing her deep regret, if in love to Kate, she had so far forgot herself as to have appeared disrespectful on a previous occasion And Ned? The old Achnabay blood proved to be in Mrs Campbell's case "thicker than water" and began to warm her heart to her cousin His sweet temper his calm deep grief, his pleading looks for her sympathy, all helped, in spite of her pride, to bind her to Ned To these influences for good, we must add an influence, which told in the same direction, but more from the bad side of her nature Impertinent almost abusive, letters were written by the M'Dougals to herself, and Kate, and even to old Carney, before Kate's accident while only one tolerably kind note had been received from Jane since it occurred but without any apology for the past Yet why should we be so unjust as to stereotype human character as if it could not be changed and improved? Why should we in our own vanity and pride assume that, though we can become better, other people must always remain the same? There is One to whom all souls are dear, whose love, in its patience is incomprehensible, and who can soften and subdue the old as well as the young, and refresh with his dew the aged thorn as well as the blade of grass So had it been through this sorrow with Mrs Campbell But whether Ardmore House had become less selfish I know not

Other blessings were bestowed through that sick-bed Carney became a better and wiser man. He never thought, he said, so much before of practical Christianity His opinions of its ministers, too, were raised since Mr M'Kinlay had attended Kate Carney began to think that, after all, some of them at least believed what they preached, and that religion was not a mere respectability and propriety, not a thing necessary chiefly to keep the masses in order The gospel he discovered had to do with himself, and was full of direction, strength, comfort, peace, for him and his

But to Kate and Ned themselves, who were more immediately visited by this sorrow, its effects were indeed twice blessed Neil received his betrothed as from the grave and as a gift again bestowed by God He felt that he required this baptism of fire His life on the whole had been hitherto one of great evenness The highest summit of his ambition had at last been reached and the greatest treasure earth could give to him had been obtained And now he acknowledged how good it was for him to have been afflicted! If a cloud had covered his sun it but enabled him the better to look up to the sky He was taught the lesson of lessons more deeply that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," whatever these things may be and that his "life must necessarily be but a vain and unnatural life in the knowledge and love of the eternal God, who in his experience was found to be all sufficient in the hour of greatest need His faith having thus been tried had come forth as gold but his love for Kate became only more deep and real because more in harmony with the tenth of things They were both brought nearer to God and therefore nearer to each other For this sickness had also produced in Kate's inner life results if possible still more marked It did not lessen her joy, but only changed its character It cast a sober colouring over all things, and helped to produce a chastened, holy feeling, as if she had been out of the world, and returned after having seen heavenly realities The old forms of thought became instinct with spiritual life old truths more full of truth while old duties grew into new privileges She became decided in yielding herself to God to be his for ever Besides this, she and Neil had been made to appreciate more keenly than ever the love that shone in other human hearts, and of which they had received such touching proofs in many self denying labours when, during those weeks of intense anxiety, friends and acquaintances so tenderly carried their burden Without this blessed experience their own mutual love might have ended in subtle selfishness The wall which shut themselves in as sufficient for each other, might soon have shut their neighbours out But as it happened, love overturned the wall of self, and never let it be built again, and so during life their greatest riches were gathered by giving even as they had received

CHAPTER XXVI —THE END

The old Captain was reading the newspapers, while his wife was sewing on the opposite side of the lamp He had diligently perused every column in silence, for it was dangerous to interrupt him while engaged in mastering the weekly despatch But at length the constant rustling and frequent turning of its large pages, with the coughs which accompanied the operation, intimated to Mrs Fleming that every item of intelligence had been gleaned, down to the prices of sugars and molasses It was now safer for her to drop a remark with the hope of being heard.

"Poor Neddy," she began—

These words, at this moment especially, had power to make the Captain put the newspaper on his knee, and look through his large spectacles at Mrs Fleming.

'Poor Neddy," said Mrs Fleming, "will have commenced his voyage by this time."

"I have carefully considered that point," replied the Captain, "and have come to the conclusion since six o'clock, that as the wind has been blowing pretty stiff, both yesterday and to-day, up channel, the probability, if not certainty, is, that the 'William Pitt' has not yet left her anchorage at the foot of the bank." Then taking out his large watch, like a sundial, he added, "If my conjecture is right, we shall have a letter from him by this night's steamer—the puffer should be in by this time—unless, indeed, she is blown up, which I wonder has not happened to the smoking apparatus long before now. By the way, I will just step down to the quay and if the boat does not arrive soon, I shall get Freeman to bring us the letter when it arrives."

"Oh, Edward, dear, take care of your throat! Hap it well," advised Mrs Fleming.

"I have always told you, Mary, that my throat was a wonder half a century ago. You might as well talk of a speaking trumpet getting a sore throat. But to please you I shall wrap a shawl round it." This was always done indeed to keep the throat seasoned by Babby; and on every occasion, the process gave rise to the same series of jokes on the part of the Captain about the necessity of Babby getting a ladder in order to reach up to his figure-head. When the Captain returned from the steamer with the expected letter, all the plans concocted with Freeman between the pier and the cottage, as to the most striking manner of communicating to Mrs Fleming the intelligence of Ned's engagement, which it contained, utterly broke down. His excitement was too obvious, his gladness too manifest in his laugh and looks, to attempt further concealment of the good news, more especially as Freeman, who accompanied the Captain home, had revealed the secret to Babby in the kitchen, and both were standing laughing outside of the parlour door, anxious to share Mrs Fleming's surprise and joy. That joy was very real. She was not given to many words, but possessed of many thoughts, and these, when they deeply stirred her, rose more in silence upwards, than spread in much utterance around. The old Captain blew his nose, as he was wont to do when he wished to relieve a fulness about his eyes. He gently clapped the shoulders of his wife, who, though her head was bent down, while her seam lay on her knee, was quiet and serene as a May morning. The Captain, interpreting her feelings by his own, said, "Mary, my love, don't be agitated, be quiet and composed. We have every reason to be thankful."

His wife looked up to his face, remarking, "I am overpowered only by a sense of that goodness which has now blessed our dear boy, and crowned his and our lives."

When Babby and Freeman heard the talk thus assume such a grave tone, they quietly shut the parlour door, which was not opened until Ned's letter was read by father and mother alone.

"Mem," said Babby that same night to her mistress, "this beats a', in my humble opinion, that ever happened in our day! Dinna tell me that Ned's lass is no a' that's gude, that maun be, in coorse. You laddie wadna put on an auld, bad coloured sark—for he was unco proud, in his ain way, ye ken—nor ever put on his claes wi'oot fechtin wi' them till a' the stoor was oot o' them, and d'ye think, Mem, that he wad marry a woman that wasna bonnie, trig, and decent? I'll answer for't, No! no him!"

"But it's Miss Campbell, Babby, whom he is to marry!"

'Camill, or no Camill," said Babby, as if the fact interfered with her inferences, "I ken whaever she is that she'll be a gude, sponsible woman, and fit to manage a house. For, my word, I can tell you Mem that my laddie was nane o' yer starved, ill brought up, puir thin skinned creatura, that didna care what they ate, or how they got it, like ane of Paddie Murphies thin pigs that gang grumph, grumphin ower their dunner in their trough, and dinna heed what's under their snoots. My word! he was ower gentel for that! He was unco particular that his meals were set doon respectable and nice like as ye wye directed. He couldna bide thin parritch! And d'ye think that he wad marry a fushionless tuppy, wi' nothing but curls and flounces and falderals, skelpin a' day on and o thae—what d'ye ca them?—pianos forty instruments—but no fit to gie directions about cookin a wee bit hot dunner? Na, na! It's a richt ye'll hae, wi my bonnie bairn. I'm no a bit feard for him. But mind ye, Mem, I dinna intend for a' that to sleep the nicht, just wi joy thinking about him, and she added, coming close up to Mrs Fleming whispering as if telling a secret, "and praying for him, in my ain auld fashioned way."

The course of events made it necessary that his marriage day should be fixed. This could not be done without knowing when the old captain and his wife could come to Greenock, for come they must to take part in the ceremony. The Captain begged Ned, in the letter replying to the invitation, that as a particular favour since the marriage was to take place in October it might be upon the 21st of that month, at four in the afternoon. There were important reasons for this proposal, which the Captain assured his son would afterwards be satisfactorily explained. Circumstances made the day suggested by the Captain convenient for all parties in Greenock.

Ned, with the cordial consent of his friends at the Glen, sent a loving letter of invitation to Freeman to "be present at the launch." The old man was elated by the compliment, and not less so was the Captain. Freeman at first pretended, that though it was "just like the dear boy," as he always called Ned, "to remember him," yet that it was "not in his way to accept the invitation," he was "not accustomed to that sort of navigation," "he was better in a gale of wind than rigged out with bunting,' and he did not give his consent until assured by the Captain, that if, for no other reason than to keep himself and Mrs Fleming company in the vile steamer, he must be one of the party. Freeman, who loved Ned as if he were

a child of his own, thus finding his modest objections removed, immediately ordered "a new rig," in which navy buttons shone like stars in a cloudless sky of blue

I do not attempt to describe the marriage The reader must picture to himself the usual routine of such ceremonies, the whirl of equipages to the Glen, the announcement of couple after couple in gay attire, and full of smiles, as they glided into the drawing room, the flutter, followed by the solemn silence, as the lovely bride—truly most lovely—was led into the room by Carney, until the bridegroom, backed by Dr Morris as "best man," and the bride, with her encircling bridesmaids stood before Mr M Kinlay Those details are all to be found by the curious in an old Greenock newspaper An account is also there given of the wondrous number of flags which decked the ships in harbour, with the firing of cannon that under the direction of Buckie, blazed from the "William Pitt," followed by the grand banquet, at Carney's expense, to the crew, who cheered lustily one part of the day, and feasted sumptuously further on in the evening Nor should the fact be omitted that the crew in a body marched to the Glen and to the astonishment of the old shipmasters, presented Ned with a present—the last that sailors might be supposed to select of a large bible and Psalm book, and Kate with a gold ring, ornamented by a heart and anchor Buckie's speech on the occasion was "short and appropriate" "Captain Fleming," he said "this here Bible is from all hands—aunt it, my lads" A general murmur and suppressed cheer served as an 'Amen,' and served also to give Buckie time to bite the Shifting his tobacco in his mouth for a last effort, and looking at the bible, and then at Ned he said, with a smile, full of the memory of the olden time "I knows better than most how your honour liked it in the 'John,' as well as in the 'Pitt' and we all likes it now, thanks to your honour! Here's the book Long Life! Give three cheers, lads"

"Mind your eye about the ring," said the crew, checking Buckie as his hat was beginning to move round his head Buckie, confused, took the ring out of his pocket

"It was stowed away under hatches!" he exclaimed—a general titter—"But here it is, and—Now, Captain Fleming," continued Buckie, handing it to Ned, as he stuck his speech, "you must pay out, for I'm hove short! Long life, anyhow, to you and her! May your log lines run out three score and ten knots afore the glass is finished! Now, lads, for it" and most lustily did the crew respond to the invitation

The marriage ceremony must not be considered by any reader as wanting in solemnity and dignity, because it took place, according to the custom of Scotland, in a private house I profoundly respect all ecclesiastical usages, whatever their form may be, which, from a sense of Christian propriety, early teaching, or old associations, are fitted to express or deepen in those who practise them, a truer Christian feeling But let no one who is a stranger to our religious customs, do us the injustice of supposing that there is any want of solemnity or of reverence in a marriage which takes place before the "Church in the house" only, when none are present but relations and old friends, each and all of whom have a peculiar interest in the union thus solemnized To the Scotch Presbyterian there is no more sacred edifice than the walls which circumscribe his "home"

The joy of Ned and Kate was great, but not less so because sobered by their journey to this earthly paradise through the valley and *shadow* of death. To those trials the minister touchingly alluded in his prayer

A little episode took place in an anteroom, immediately after the marriage, and before the bride and bridegroom, according to custom, departed on their marriage trip Ned took his father and mother aside to say a few words before entering this new period of his life What he said when trying to express his sense of all he owed to them, and what those two most loving parents said in return, I will not repeat in public But ere they parted, Ned produced an old pocket book, out of which he took a small bit of paper and said to his father,—

'Have I dishonoured *that*?' It was the signal order with Nelson's signature which Ned had received the night he left home for the first time The old man took the paper from his son's hand, and putting on his spectacles, looked at it

'My dear Ned,' he replied "you could not have done my old heart more good than by letting me see his signature at this moment' Then grasping his son's hand, went on to say, "And you *have*—you *have*—my boy, done your duty! And now I will tell you why I asked you to be married to day On this day, Ned!' and as he spoke he lowered his voice and coming close to his son, put his hand fondly on his shoulder — on this day, Ned, was fought the glorious battle of Trafalgar! Now, my boy, think of that! and about this very hour," and the Captain looked at his watch, "twenty minutes to five, the immortal Nelson died But before dying, he said as an admiral what you may also say, by God's grace as a man, 'I have done my duty!' The Captain turned his back to depart After recovering himself a little, he once more addressed Ned This was one of my great battle days, and it has been respected, indeed, and nobly kept! What a victory we have won! I reckon is as proud as I am I won't see you again before you go, but I need not ask you and yours to visit us at the old cottage I think,' continued the Captain in a grave tone of voice, "that Bobby will expect it!"

"We have both, father, arranged to visit you as soon as we return from our little tour" And then Ned was left for a minute alone with his mother and the love of years was expressed in a few words between them

The scene between old Carney, his wife, and daughter, in another room, was no less full of peace Fewer words were perhaps spoken, but much true love was shown As Mrs Campbell hung round Kate's neck ere she bade farewell, she said little, but that little was life to her daughter "Kate beloved, forget and forgive all the past, but let us never forget the mercy of God, who is better than us all"

"Bless you, bless you, my own dear lassie," said Carney, putting £100 into Kate's hand, "that's for your journey! Oh, come back to us soon!"

There were two other persons at that marriage, who had also a few parting words to deliver The one was Dr Morris As he shook his old friend by the hand, he said, "My prophecy is fulfilled! I see the two ships sailing in sunshine!"

The other person was Floxy, who did not separate herself from the group of servants near the door But her hands had dressed Kate for the marriage, and after it for the journey, and as bride and bridegroom were passing through the crowd in the lobby to the carriage, she whispered to Ned, "The mercy of Tom Revel blesses you both!"

When the carriage drove off under showers of old shoes and slippers, the acknowledged witnesses on such occasions of bachelor days for ever over then amidst the loud voices that loudly cheered the departure, one voice was still the loudest as of old, above the storm, and that was Freemans, the old boatswain

In a few weeks the inmates of the small cottage received with joy their old son and their new daughter I pass without comment the history of their reception by the Captain and his wife But what an era that night was in the life of Babby! "There she is!" said Ned, as he introduced his wife to her, shortly after their arrival Babby seemed awe struck by her beauty, and gazed in silence on both her visitors with eyes that orbed themselves beyond even their extraordinary limits when under the influence of strong emotion She was dressed out in her Sunday clothes no circumstance in her previous history except her old master's marriage having ever created such a revolution in her ordinary week day attire One object of this demonstration may have been to exhibit the new gown and cap presented by those now before her, full of smiles and happiness Presuming at last to take each by the hand she said with a solemnity unusual to her, 'The God o' yer fathers keep you, my braw bairns! If an auld body's prayers will do you nae good they canna do you harm, and ye hae mine for the heart! May ye be like yer forebears, and I canna wish you to be better than the two bon the house" Now that the ice was thawed, Babby was herself again "Eh! I was glad," she exclaimed, "that ye wer'na married by Dalrymple! Tho' he 's nane in the people like a bull, yet when the body is crinkin' wi' yo, he cheeps, cheeps, like a chuted paddock, and as for his sermons they're just like a dog's tail, the langer the smaller! It 's a' richt noo, howsomever, wi' ye baith But ye dinna ken, my young laddy, what a storm' laddie yer guidman was! It 's nae that kens him! for him and me were just uncommon thick Did he tell you hoo he lost my cat on the island langsyne" And hoo the cat loupit to me, and kent me, for she was an auld fariant cratur, by ordinar'? Did he tell you what a job I had to get hame" And what a fricht the laddie gied us a' wi' his rowing and sailing, for ye ken I never could bide the sea! But, my certes, he has brought a braw cargo hame wi' him at last! And, eh! pity me, did he tell you aboot the nicht—ha! ha! ha!—sma a day' when he purtended that he was daft Jock! But I manna put him in mind o' his auld joking ways He mann be douce noo, ye ken But I'm real proud he has gotten ane that will look after his sacks and claes, for he was a terrible cratur for rowing them at his play But," in a lower voice, "there's the auld Captain crying for ye to gan ben! Gang awa fast, gang ben, and I'll put off my braw gown, and get the tea ready Oh, blessings on ye! blessings on ye! there 's no me a couple in the hale shire"

With many kind words from Kate, and a few from Ned that stirred up old memories, and threatened to call forth another speech from Babby, they retreated to the parlour, and that evening the cottage seemed crowned with joy and blessing Never did fuller hearts than theirs bow together before a family altar! As Mrs Fleming bade good night to Ned, she whispered in his ear, "We have lived to see the *end* of the Lord, that He is very pitiful and of tender mercy! Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him"

There remains for me but to record very briefly some of the events of later years

Our readers will be prepared to hear that Jane and Colin have long reigned at Dunraple over a numerous household Family distresses in the loss of two of her children by scarlet fever, opened up a correspondence with Kate, which restored their old friendship but they rarely met

What became of Curly and Floxy? A full reply to this question would involve a long story But the reader if he wishes to know the end there of must inquire at a most comfortable mansion in a flourishing suburb of Liverpool to which any one will direct him if he asks for the house of Dr Morris There is not a suffering family in the district who will not speak the praises of him and of his wife Should an old bed ridden sailor be among them, his eye will grow brighter as he mentions the name of Mrs Morris

The reader will soon suspect the reason which induced Curly and Floxy to make Liverpool their home

From the day on which Floxy left Ardmore, no communication had taken place between her and its inhabitants But when that episode in her life began to live in her memory like a dream she received a letter from the Doctor, whom she had met at Morag's death bed and who was an old college friend of her husband's, enclosing a Scotch ballad, that came to her like thistle down, wafted by the breeze from the highland glen, vividly recalling the scene in which it had grown The author of the ballad was a young Scotch shepherd, who had formed a passionate admiration for Morag, but which he never had an opportunity of expressing, until his hopes, and with them his health, had been destroyed by what had befallen her

'I never knew a finer lad," wrote the doctor, "than Willie Scott He was one of many tender souls who 'never told their love,' but kept it in their heart until it became a morbid possession. It seemed such a relief to him to speak to me in his last days about Morag In his own simple language he said, 'Oh, sir, I canna tell you what a big hole she made in my heart! Everything good through it, and naething wad rest in't' Scott gave me the song I send you, which he used to sing to himself among the hills, to the old air, 'Blythe, blythe and merry was she.' I believe 'May' is the Scotch name for Morag or Marion. I thought you would like to have this

memento of the past, and that my friend, Morus, who I know is a bit of a poet himself, might be pleased with the ballad Poor Willie Scott! Alas! how many are the sad results of evil! It is easy to fire off the cannon ball, but when it flies on its course who can arrest or recal it, and who can tell the numbers it may kill!"

The ballad was as follows —

My little May was like a lintie
Glintin' 'mang the flowers o' spring,
Like a lintie she was cantie,
Like a lintie she could sing —
Singing milking in the gloaming,
Singing herding in the morn,
Singing through the bracken roaming,
Singing shearing yellow corn!
O the bonnie dell and dingle,
O the bonnie bracken glen,
O the bonnie bleezin' ingle,
O the bonnie but and ben!

Ilka body smiled that met her,
Nane were glad that said farewell
Never was a blyther, better,
Bonnier bairn frae croon to heel!
O the bonnie dell and dingle,
O the bonnie bracken glen,
O the bonnie bleezin' ingle
O the bonnie but and ben!

(*Slow*) Blaw wintry winds, blaw cauld and coarse,
Drive the sleet and drift the snaw,
May is sleeping she was weary,
For her heart was broke in twa!
O wae the dell and dingle,
O wae the bracken glen,
O wae aboot the ingle,
Wae's me both but and ben!

Time passed and Cranney died and was followed two years afterwards by his wife The property, which was large both in money and in shipping, was inherited by his daughter and Ned. Ned retired from the sea, and became a partner in a large shipping house in Liverpool, where he went to reside, and where his name became familiar as a most modest, active and generous friend of sailors, in whatever could advance their temporal or spiritual good A great portion of his summer months was regularly spent each year with his wife and children, in a cottage beside his early home Little Edward and Mary Hanning with other sweet buds from the same nest renewed the youth of their grandfather and grandmother Many a battle day was again enjoyed in days of yore, ere the long night closed over that happy home

Years have come and gone! But now the shades of evening are at last settling and night around the humble actors in our life drama In the deepening twilight, I discern two persons sitting in silence in a green churchyard near the old Tolbooth, and sloping to the sea whose hoarse waves alone break the profound repose of the sequestered and solemn resting place They have just stood some hours in cordial upgush of affectionate words, the love and reverence of him who erected it to his father and mother and both are motionless as the keepers over whom they together bow their heads in silent prayer and pass to God their Father, whose mercy and love they had all so richly enjoyed!

Then the night fell but the stars came forth one by one, full of light and glory in the peaceful sky

And there — where so many of God's children are sleeping until the breaking of that happy morn when all shall wake and be reunited in their Father's home there — where death and life are reconciled in Him who "is the resurrection and the life" there — with peace on earth blending with peace in heaven — there we part from "The Old Lieutenant and his Son"

NORMAN MACLEOD

MEDICAL ODDS AND ENDS

THE CONCLUDING LAY SERMON TO WORKING PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAB AND HIS FRIENDS"

My dear Friends,—We are going to ring in now, and end our course I will be sorry and glad and you will be the same We are this about everything, it is the proportion that settles it I am, upon the whole, as we say, sorry and I dare say on the whole you are not glad I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again

My text is, "That his way may be known upon earth, his saving health to all nations" You will find it in that perfect little psalm, the 67th But before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say,—you all remember him, his keen eye and voice, his white hair, and his grave, earnest, penetrating look, and you should remember and possess his Canongate Sermon to you —"The Bible, what it is, and what it does,"—well, he used to say, let us *recapitulate* a little. It is a long and rather little word, but it is the only one that we have He made it longer, but not less alive, by turning it into "a few recapitulatory remarks" What ground then have we travelled over? *First*, Our duties to and about the Doctor, to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to, and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these, if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others *Second*, The Doctor's duties to us He should be able and willing to cure us That is what he is there for He should be sincere, attentive, and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third*, Your duties to your children, to the wee Wilhe Winkies and the little wifies that

come toddlin' hame It is your duty to *mind* them It is a capital Scotch use of this word they are to be in your mind, you are to exercise your understanding about them, to give them simple food, to keep goodies and trash, and raw peas and whisky, away from their tender mouths and stomachs, to give them that never-ending meal of good air, night and day, which is truly food and fire to them and you, to *be* good before as well as to them, to speak and require the truth in love that is a wonderful expression isn't it —the truth in love, that, if acted on by us all, would bring the millennium next week, to be plain and honest with them never *speaman* their minds from you You are all sorry, you mothers, when you have to spank their mouths, it is a dreadful business that to both parties but there is a spanking of the affections still more dreadful, and that need never be, no, never, neither in this world nor in that which is to come Dr Waugh of London, used to say to bereaved mothers, Rachels weeping for their children and refusing to be comforted, for their simplest of all reasons because they were not afraid giving them God's words of comfort clapping them on the shoulders and fixing his mild deep eyes on them (those who remember those eyes and no one else, will know what they could mean) My woman your bairn is where it will have two fathers, but never but one mother '

You should also when the time comes explain to your children what about their own health and the ways of the world they ought to know and for the want of the timely knowledge of which many a life and character has been lost Show them, moreover the value you put upon health, by caring for your own

Do your best to get your sons well married, and soon By well married, I mean that they should be married old fashionedly, for love, and marry what deserves to be loved, as well as what is lovely I confess I think falling in love is the best way to begin, but then the moment you fall, you should get up and look about you, and see how the land lies and whether it is as goodly as it looks I don't like walking into love, or being carried into love, or, above all, being sold or selling yourself into it, which after all, is not it And by soon, I mean as soon as they are keeping themselves, for a wife—such a wife as alone I mean is the right to a young man than no wife, and is his best companion

Then for your duties to yourselves See that you make yourself do what is *immediately* just to your body, feed it when it is really hungry let it sleep when it, not its master, desires sleep, make it happy, poor hard working fellow! and give it a gambol when it wants it and deserves it, and as long as it can execute it Dancing is just the music of the feet, and the gladness of the young legs, and is well called the poetry of motion It is like all other natural pleasures, given to be used, and to be not abused, either by yourself or by those who don't like it, and don't enjoy your doing it—shabby dogs these, beware of them! And if this is done, it is a good and a grace, as well as pleasure, and satisfies some good end of our being, and in its own way glorifies our Maker Did you ever see anything in this world more beautiful than the lambs running races and dancing round the big stones of the field, and does not your heart get young when you hear,—

> "Here we go by jingo ring,
> Jingo ring, jingo ring,
> Here we go by jingo ring,
> About the merry ma tanrie "

This is just a dance in honour of old Jingo, measured movements arising from and giving happiness We have no right to keep ourselves or others from natural pleasures, and we are all too apt to interfere with and judge harshly the pleasures of others, hence we who are stiff and given to other pleasures, and who, now that we are old, know the many wickednesses of the world, are too apt to put the vices of the jaded, empty old heart, like a dark and ghastly fire burnt out into the feet and the eyes, and the heart and the head of the young I remember a story of a good old Antiburgher minister It was in the days when dancing was held to be a great sin, and to be dealt with by the session Jessie, a bonnie and good, and blithe young woman a great favourite of the ministers, had been guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding She was summoned before the session to be "dealt with —the grim old fellows sternly concentrating their eyes upon her, as she stood trembling in her striped short gown and her pretty bare feet The Doctor, who was one of divinity, and a deep thinker, gently eyeing her and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman, were ye dancin'?"

"Yes sobbed Jessie

"Ye mann ean promise never to dance again, Jessie?"

"I will, sir, I will promise," with a curtsey

"Now, what were ye thinking o, Jessie when ye were dancin tell us truly,' said an old elder, who had been a rounder in youth

'Nae ill, sir,' sobbed out the dear little woman

"Then, Jessie, my woman, aye dance," cried the delighted Doctor

And so say I, to the extent, that so long as our younggudsthink 'nae ill,' they may dance their own and their feet's fills and so on with all the round of the sunshine and flowers God has thrown on and along the path of his children

Emily, your duty to your own bodies to preserve them to make, or rather let—for they are made so to go—their wheels go sweetly, to keep the *cords* firm round the old board, neither to over nor under work our bodies and to listen to their teaching and their requests, their cries of pain and sorrow, and to keep them as well as your souls unspotted from the world If you want to know a good book on Physiology, or the Laws of Health and of Life, get Dr Combe's *Physiology*, and let all you mothers get his delightful *Management of Infancy* You will love him for his motherly words You will almost think he might have worn petticoats, —for tenderness he might, but in mind and will and eye he was every inch a man It is now long since he wrote, but I have seen nothing so good since, he is so intelligent, so reverent, so full of the solemnity, the sacredness, the beauty and joy of life, and its work, so full of sympathy for suffering, himself not ignorant of such evil,—for the latter half of his life was a daily, hourly struggle

with death, fighting the destroyer from within with the weapons of life, his brain and his conscience It is very little physiology that you require, so that it is physiology, and is suitable for your need I can't say I like our common people, or, indeed, what we call our ladies and gentlemen, poking curiously into all the ins and outs of our bodies as a general accomplishment, and something to talk of No, I don't like it I would rather they chose some other *étude* But let them get enough to give them awe and love, light and help, guidance and foresight Then, with good sense and good senses, humility, and a thought of a hereafter, in this world as well as in the next, will make us able to doctor ourselves, —especially to act in the *preventive* sense, which is your main region of power for good—as in this mortal world we have any reason to expect And let us keep our hearts young, and they will keep our legs and our arms the same For we know now that hearts are kept going by having strong, pure lively blood, if bad blood goes into the heart it gets angry, and shows this by beating at our breasts, and frightening us and sometimes it dies of sheer anger and disgust, if its blood is poor or poisoned, thin and white 'He may dee but he'll never grow auld,' said a canty old wife of her old minister, whose cheek was ruddy like an apple

Run for the Doctor, don't saunter to him, or go in by the bye as an old elder of my father's did when his house was on fire He was a perfect Christian gentleman, and lived more in the next world than in this as you will soon see One winter night he slipt gently into his neighbour's cottage, and found James Somerville reading aloud by the blaze of the light coal, he leant over the chair, and waited till James closed the book when he said, "By the bye, I am thinkin' my house is on fire" and out he and they all ran, in time to see the auld biggin full in with a glorious blaze So it is too often when that earthly house of ours—our cottage, our tabernacle —is getting on fire One moment your finger would put out what in an hour all the waters of Clyde would be too late for If the Doctor is needed, the sooner the better If he is not, he can tell you so, and you can rejoice that he had a need less journey, and pay him all the more thankfully So run early and at once How many deaths—how many lives of suffering and incapacity—may be spared by being in time 'being a day in two sooner With children this is especially the case, and with working men in the full prime of life A mustard plaster, a leech, a pill, fifteen drops of Ipecacuanha wine, a bran poultice, a lunt or a stitch in time, may do all and at once, when a red hot iron, a basonful of blood, all the wisdom of our art, and all the energy of the Doctor, all your tenderness and care are in vain Many a child's life is saved by an emetic at night, who would be lost in twelve hours So send in time, it is just to your child or the patient, and to your self, it is just to your Doctor, for I assure you we Doctors are often sorry, and angry enough, when we find we are too late It affronts us and our powers, besides affronting life and all its meanings, and Him who gives it And we really *enjoy* curing; it is like running and winning a race—like hunting and finding and killing our game And then remember to go to the Doctor early in the day, as well as in the disease I always like my patients to send and say that they would like the Doctor "to call before he goes out!" This is like an Irish message, you will say, but there is "sense" in it. Fancy a Doctor being sent for, just as he is in bed, to see some one, and on going he finds they had been thinking of sending in the morning, and that he has to run neck and neck with death, with the odds all against him

I now wind up with some other odds and ends I give you them as an old wife would empty her pockets—such wallets they used to be!—in no regular order, here a bit of string now a bit of gingerbread now an apple now a bunch of keys, now an old almanac, now three *bawbees* and a bad shilling, a "wheen buttons, all marrowless a thimble and maybe at the very bottom a 'gould guinea

Shoes.—It is amazing the misery the people of civilisation endure in and from their shoes Nobody is cross, as they should be comfortable at once in them, they hope in the 'em, run and after much agony and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet, so that the mighty kneb of the leg may adjust himself and be at ease For my part, if I were rich, I would advertise for a clean white young man whose foot was exactly my size, and I would make him wear my shoes till I could put them on, and not know I was in them Why is all this? Why do you see every man's and woman's foot so out of all shape? Why are there corns, with their miseries and maledictions? why the virulence and unreasonableness of those that are 'soft' Why do our nails grow in and have sometimes to be torn violently off? Why are shoes so dear?

All because the makers and users of shoes have not common sense, and common reverence for God and his works enough to study the shape and motions of that wonderful pivot on which we turn and progress Because Fashion—that demon that I wish I saw dressed in her own crinoline, in bad shoes, a mans old hat and trailing petticoats, and with her (for she must be a *her*) waist well nipt by a cricket of nails with the points inmost, and any other of the small tormants mischiefs, and absurdities she destroys and makes fools of us with, —whom, I say, I wish I saw drummed and hissed, blazing and shrieking, out of the world, because this contemptable slave, which dominates over her makers, says the shoe must be elegant, must be so and so and the beautiful living foot must be crushed into it, and human nature must limp along Princes Street, and through life natty and wretched

It makes me angry when I think of all this Now, do you want to know how to put your feet into new shoes, and yourself into a new world? go and buy from Edmonston and Douglas sixpence worth of sense, in *Why the Shoe Pinches*, you will, if you get your shoemaker to do as it bids you, go on your ways rejoicing, no more knobby, half-dislocated big toes, no more secret pairings, and slashings desperate, in order to get on that pair of exquisite boots or shoes.

Then there is the *Infirmary*. Nothing I like

better than to see subscriptions to this admirable house of help and comfort to the poor, advertised as from the quarrymen of Craigleith, from Mr Millar, the brassfounders men, from Peebleshire, from the utmost Orkneys, and from those big, human mastiffs, the navvies. And yet we doctors are often met by the most absurd and obstinate objections by domestic servants in town, and by country people, to going there. This prejudice is lessening, but it is still great. "Oh, I cannot go into the Infirmary. I would rather die!" Would you indeed? Not you or it so the sooner the better. They have an notion that they are experimented on and slain by the surgeons, neglected and poisoned by the nurses, etc., etc. Such utter nonsense! I know well about the inner life and work of at least one Infirmary, and of that noble old Minto House now at one, and I would rather infinitely, were I servant, prentice boy, or shopman, a porter, or student, and anywhere but in a house of my own, and even then go straight to the Infirmary than lie up a-bed off the kitchen or on the top of the coal bunker, or in a dark hole in the lobby or in a double bedded room. The food, the bedding, the physicians, the surgeons, the clerks, the dressers, the medicines, the wine and porter—and they don't scrimp these when necessary—the beds, the lobby, the baths, are all good, are all better far than one man in ten thousand can command in his own house. Send with a grateful heart and a fearless to the Infirmary, and your mistress can come in and sit beside you, and her doctor and yours will look in and single you out with his smile and word, and cheer you, and the ward by a kindly joke, and you will come out well cured, and having seen much to do you good for life. I never knew any one who was once in, afraid of going back, they know better.

There is nothing in human nature finer than the devotion and courage of medical men to their hospital and charitable duties. It is to them a great moral discipline, not that they don't get good solid good to themselves. Why shouldn't they? Nobody does good without getting it, it is a law of the government of God. But I say it our medical men are not kind and skilful and attentive to their hospital patients, because this is to make them famous, or even because through this they are to get knowledge and fame, they get all this, and it is their only and their great reward, but they are in the main disinterested men. Honesty is the best policy, but as Dr Whately in his shrill way, says, 'that man is not honest who is so for this reason,' and so with the doctors and their patients. And I am glad to say for my profession, few of them take this second hand line of duty.

Beards.—I am for beards out and out, because I think the Maker of the beard was and is. This is reason enough, but there are many others. The misery of shaving, its expense, its consumption of time—a very corporation existing for no other purpose but to shave mankind. Campbell, the poet, who had always a bad razor, I suppose, said was late of rising, said he believed the man of civilisation who lived to be sixty had suffered more pain in littles every day in shaving, than a woman with a large family had from her lyings in. This would be hard to prove, but it is a process that never gets pleasanter by practice, and then the waste of time and temper,—the ughness of being ill or unshaven. Now, we can easily see advantages in it, the masculine gender is intended to be more out of doors, and more in all weathers than the smooth chinned ones, and this protects him and his Adam's apple from harm. It acts as the best of all respirators to the mason and the east wind. Besides, it is a glory, and it must be delightful to have and to stroke a natural beard, not one like bean stalks or a bottle brush, but such a beard as Abraham's or Abd el Kader's. It is the beginning ever to cut, that makes all the difference. I have a theory, that no hair of the heathen beard should ever be cut, or needs it any more than the eyebrows or eyelashes. The finest head of hair I know is one which was never cut. It is not too long, it is soft and thick. It is not where to stop growing is in the end of the native untouched hair. If you cut it off the poor hair does not know when to stop, and if our eyebrows are so cut, they might be made to hang over our eyes, and be wrought into veils. Besides, think of the waste of substance of the body in having every morning and encouraging an endless succession of crops! Well then I go in for the beards of the next generation the unshorn beings whose beards will be swinging when we are away, but of course they must be clean. But how are we to sup our porridge and kail? Try it when young when there is just a shadowy down on the upper lip and no more, but they will do all this 'elegantly' even. Nature is slow and gentle in her teaching even the accomplishment of the spoon. And as for women's hair, don't plaster it with scented and sour grease or with any grease, it has an oil of its own. And don't tie up your hair tight, and make it like a cap of iron over your skull. And why are your ears covered? You hear all the worse, and they are not the cleaner. Besides, the ear is beautiful in itself, and plays its own part in the concert of the features. Go back to the curls, some of you, and try in everything to dress as it becomes you, and as you become, not as that fine lady, or even your own Bibbie or Grizy chooses to dress, it may be becomingly to her. Why shouldn't we even in dress be more ourselves than somebody or everybody else?

I had a word about *Teeth*. Don't get young children's teeth drawn. At least, let this be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad health and bad food, and much sugar. I can't say I am a great advocate for the common people going in for tooth-brushes. No, they are not necessary in full health. The healthy man's teeth clean themselves, and so does his skin. A good dose of Gregory often puts away the toothache. It is a great thing, however, to get them early stuffed, if they need it, that really keeps them and your temper whole. For appearance' sake merely, I hate false teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is not a matter to dogmatise about. I never was, I think, deceived by either false hair, or false teeth, or false eyes, or false cheeks, for there are in the high—I don't call it the great—world, plumpers for making the cheeks

round, as well as a certain dust for making them bloom. But you and I don't enjoy such advantages

Rheumatism is peculiarly a disease of the working man One old physician said its only cure was patience and flannel. Another said six weeks But I think good flannel and no drunkenness (observe, I don't say no drinking, though very nearly so) are its best preventives It is a curious thing the way in which cold gives rheumatism Suppose a man is heated and gets cooled, not being very well at any rate, and is sitting or sleeping in a draught, the exposed part is chilled, the pores of its skin, which are always exuding and exhaling waste from the body, contract and shut in this bad stuff, it—this is my theory—not getting out is taken up by a blunder of the deluded absorbents, who are always prowling about for something and it is returned back to the centre, and finds its way into the blood and poisons it affecting the heart, and carrying bad money but chimes, but fat, bad capital all over the body, making nerves, lungs, everything unhappy and angry This vitiated blood arrives by and bye at the origin of its mischief, the chilled shoulder, and here it wreaks its vengeance, and in doing so does some general good at local expense It gives pain it produces a certain inflammation of its own, and if it is not got rid of by the skin and other ways it may possibly kill by the rage the body gets in, and the heart, or it may inflame the ill used heart itself, and then either kill, or give the patient a life of suffering and peril The medicines we give act not only by detecting this poison of blood which like yeast, leavens all in its neighbourhood, but by sending it out of the body like a culprit

Incarnation —One word for this Never neglect it, get it done within two months after birth and see that it is well done, and get all your neighbours to do it

Infectious Diseases —Keep out of their way, kill them by fresh air and cleanliness, defy them by cheerfulness, good food (*better* food than usual, in such epidemics as cholera), good sleep, and a good conscience

When in the midst of and waiting on those who are under the scourge of an epidemic, be as little very close to the patient as you can, and don't inhale his or her breath or exhalations when you can help it be rather in the current to than from him Be very cleanly in putting away all excretions at once, and quite away, go frequently into the fresh air, and don't sleep in your day clothes Do what the Doctor bids you, don't crowd round your dying friend, you are *stealing* his life in taking his air, and you are quietly killing yourself This is one of the worst and most unmanageable of our Scottish habits, and many a time have I cleared the room of all but one, and dared them to enter it

Then you should, in such things as small pox, as indeed in everything, carry out the Divine injunction, "*Whatsoever* ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them" Don't send for the minister to pray with and over the body of a patient in fever or delirium, or a child dying of small pox or malignant scarlet fever, tell him, by all means, and let him pray with you, and for your child. Prayers, you know, are like gravitation, or the light of heaven, they will go from whatever place they are uttered, and if they are real prayers, they go straight and home to the centre, the focus of all things, and you know that poor fellow with the crust of typhus on his lips, and its nonsense on his tongue—that child tossing in misery, not knowing even its own mother—what can they know, what head can they give to the prayer of the minister? He may do all the good he can, the most good maybe, when, like Moses on the hill side, in the battle with Amalek, he uplifts his hands quiet No! a word spoken by your minister to himself and his God, a single sigh for mercy to Him who is Mercy, a cry of hope, of despair of self opening into trust in Him, may save that child's life when an angel might pour forth in vain his burning imploring words into the dull, or wild ears of the sufferer, in the vain hope of getting *him* to pray I never would allow my father to go to typhus cases and I do not think they do it anything by it I have seen him wrung in the dark of his room from his knees and I knew whose case he had been laying at the footstool

And now, my dear friends I find I have exhausted our time and never yet got to the sermon —and its text—"*That the ways of God* —what is it? it is his design in setting you here, it is the road he wishes you to walk in it is his providence in your manifest as in the world's mightiest things, it is his will expressed in his works and word and in your own soul it is his salvation *That it "may be known* that the understandings of his intelligent responsible mortal and immortal creatures should be directed to it to study and (as far as we ever can or need) to understand that which, in its fulness, passes all understanding, that it may be known *on the earth* here in this very room, this very minute, not as to many preachers and performers do to be known only in the next world, each who, looking at the stars stumble at their own door and it may be smoor their own child besides despising, upputting and extinguishing their own lantern No! the next world is only to be reached through this, and our road through this our wilderness is not safe unless on the far beyond the rocks shining the lighthouse on the other side of the dark river that has no bridge Then "*his saving health*" his health—whose?—God's —his soundness, the wholeness, the perfectness that is done in and from him—health of body, of heart, and brain, health to the finger ends, health for eternity as well as time "*Saving*," we need to be saved, and we are sensible this is much, and God's health can save us that is more When a man or woman is fainting from loss of blood, we sometimes try to save them, when all but gone by transfusing the warm rich blood of another into their veins Now this is what God, through his Son, desires to do, to transfuse his blood, himself, through his Son, who is himself, into us, diseased and weak "*And*" refers to his health being "*known*," recognised, accepted, used, "*among all nations*," not among the U P's, or the Frees, or the Rondurians, or the Baptists, or the New Jerusalem people—nor to us in the Canongate, or in Edinburgh, or even in old Scotland, but "among all nations," then, and only then, will the people praise thee, O God, will all the people praise

thee. Then, and then only, will the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, will bless us. God will bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

And now, my dear and patient friends, we must say good-night. You have been very attentive, and it has been a great pleasure to me as we went on to preach to you. We came to understand one another. You saw through my jokes, and that they were not always nothing but jokes. You bore with my solemnities, because I am not altogether solemn; and so good-night, and God bless you, and may you, as Don Quixote, on his deathbed, says to Sancho, May you have your eyes closed by the soft fingers of your great granddhildren But no, I must shake hands with you, and kiss the bairns—why shouldn't I? if their mouths are clean and their breath sweet? As for you, *Ailie*, you are wearying for the child; and he is tumbling and fretting in his cradle, and wearying for you; good bye, and away you go on your milky way. I wish I could (unseen) see you two enjoying each other And good-night, my bonnie *wee wyfie*; you are sleepy, and you must be up to make your father's porridge; and *Master William Winkie*, will you be still for one moment while I address you? Well, Master William, *wamble* not off your mother's lap, neither rattle in your excruciating way in an airn jeug wi' an airn spoon, no more crawing like a cock or skirlin' like a kea-in-what. I had much more to say to you, sir, but you will not bide still, off with you, and a blessing with you.

Good-night, *Hugh Clelland*, the best smith of any amiddy; with your bowly back, your huge arms, your big heavy brows and eyebrows, your clear eye and warm unforgetting heart. And you, *John Noble*, let me grip your horny hand, and count the queer knots made by the perpetual mell. I used, when I was a Willie Winkie, and woe, to think that you were born with them Never mind, you were born for them, and of old you handled the trowel well, and built to the plumb. *James Bertram*, your loom is at a discount, but many's the happy day I have watched you and your shuttle, and the interweaving treddles, and all the mysteries of setting the "wab" You are looking well, and though not the least of an ass, you might play Bottom most substantially yet.

Rob Rough, you smell of rosin, and your look is stern, nevertheless, or all the rather give me your hand. What a grip! You have been the most sceptical of all my hearers; you like to try everything, and you hold fast only what you consider good; and then, on your *crepida* or stool, you have your own think about everything human and divine, as you smite down errors on the lapstane, and "yerk" your arguments with a well-rosined bagle; throw your window open for yourself as well as for your blackbird; and make your shoes not to pinch. I present you, sir, with a copy of the book of the wise Switzer.

And nimble *Pullars*, the clothier of the race, and quick as your needle, strong as your corduroys, I bid you good-night. May you and the cooper be like him of Fogo, each a better man than his father; and you, *Mungo*, the mole-catcher, and *Tod Laurie*, and *Sir William* the cadger, and all the other odd people, I shake your fists twice, for I like your line. I often wish I had been a mole-catcher, with a brown velveteen, or (fine touch of tailorie fancy!) a moleskin coat,—not that I dislike moles, I once ate the fore-quarter of one, having stewed it in a Florence flask, some forty years ago, and liked it; but I like the killing of them, and the country bye-ways, and the regularly irregular life, and the importance of my trade.

And good-night to you all, you women folks. *Marion Graham*, the milkwoman; *Tibbie Mack*, the single servant; *Jenny Muir*, the sempstress; *Mother Johnston*, the howdie, thou consequential Mrs. Gamp, presiding at the gates of life; and you in the corner there, *Nancy Cairns*, grey-haired, meek and old, with your crimped mutch as white as snow; the shepherd's widow, the now childless mother, you are stepping home to your bein and lonely room, where your cat is now ravelling a' her thrums, wondering where "she" is.

Good-night to you all, big and little, young and old; and go home to your bedside, there is Some One waiting there for you, and His Son is here ready to take you to Him. Yes, He is waiting for every one of you, and you have only to say, Father, I have sinned—make me—and He sees you a great way off. But to reverse the parable. It is the first-born, your elder brother, who is at your side, and leads you to your Father, and says, "I have paid his debt;" that Son who is ever with him, whose is all that He hath.

I need not say more. You know what I mean You know who is waiting, and you know who it is who stands beside you having the likeness of the Son of Man. Good-night! The night cometh in which neither you nor I can work—may we work while it is day; whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work or device in the grave, whither we are all of us hastening; and when the night is spent, may we all enter on a healthful, a happy, an everlasting to-morrow!

JOHN BROWN.

THE TWO STREAMS.

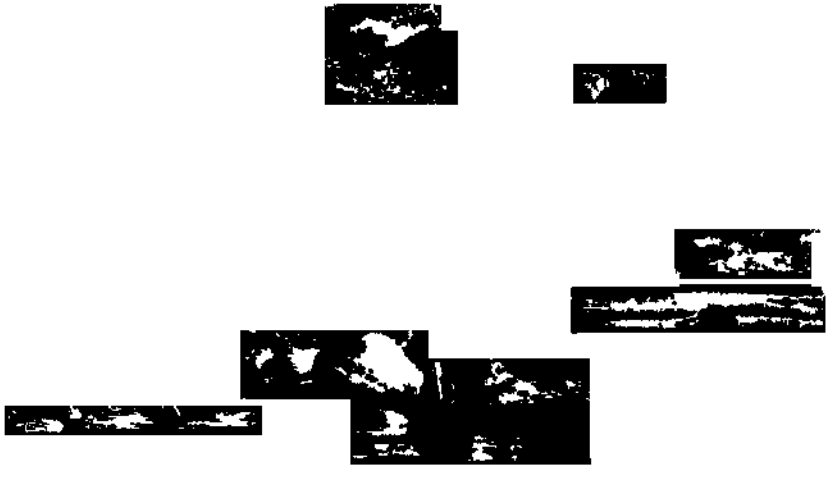
Yes, they are bright and sparkling in their flow,
The sunlight dances on their crystal tide;
Those streams to drink of which ye stoop so low,
To track whose course ye wander far and wide;
But hear ye not the solemn warning strain?
"Who of these waters drinks shall thirst again!"

"True, we *have* tasted;" so you make reply,
And thirst has followed, burning thirst too sure;
But these delicious springs still tempt the eye,
And seem to well from sources fresh and pure;
Another draught will, doubtless, still our pain,
Nor, having drained it, shall we thirst again!

Stoop, then, and quaff the swift, delusive wave,
Of earthly pleasure, honour, love, once more;
It gives the transient ease before it gave,
It leaves the quenchless want it left before;
The truth is proved, so often heard in vain—
"Who of these waters drinks shall thirst again"

Oh, aching hearts! so restless in your woe,
As draught on draught from wave on wave is tried;
The streams that quench have not their source below,
Each is not mirrored in their healing tide;
Will ye not seek them, taught by want and pain,
And seeking find, and never thirst again!

L C C.



OF PAST SUFFERINGS.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

It seems at first sight pretty obvious, that to grieve for past sufferings (so far as past), is to torment one's self most absurdly And, indeed, I don't think men are very apt to do so in respect of their *own*, but it is very often done in the case of the sufferings of one's friends Past evils, indeed, do very often afford a reasonable ground of affliction, but then it is from their liability to *recur*, or to lead to some *other* evil A past fit of the gout may be regarded as a present evil, since it indicates a gouty constitution But it is remarkable that there are no past evils whatever that people are so apt to grieve about as those which are the most utterly past, viz, the sufferings of the *deceased*. One of the most anxious inquiries respecting a departed friend is, "whether he died easily," nothing is so consolatory to the survivors as to learn that he suffered little, and if he died in great agony, it excites their sympathy more than the case of one who is *living* in agony. And yet all this is pure imagination, and all our affliction in such a case is the result of confusion of thought. To be sure I wish to die easily, because I wish to live easily, of which that is a part, but if there be any amount of suffering from disease reserved for me, I care not whether it takes place in the disease of which I die, or in any other. Of the two, indeed, perhaps the former would be rather preferable, because in the other case, I might be annoyed by the memory of that particular suffering whose *recurrence* I might fear. And I feel just the same towards my friends as towards myself, I wish them an easy life, and of course an easy death, as a part of it but it is idle to grieve in their case or my own, for any past suffering, which cannot recur, or have left any ill effects behind it;

and of this number must be the sufferings of such of them as are dead. It is a folly to shiver for last year's snow.

But when we reflect on the excruciating tortures of a dying man which we have witnessed or heard of, our sympathy is excited by the operation of conception (*for it is conception, not perception*, that we have of anything not in actual present existence), and our recollection of the distinction of past, present and future, becomes confused so that we thus feel real pain for an unreal suffering, just as we sometimes do on reading or seeing a tragedy. But then people reply, 'Oh the sufferings detailed in a tragedy are fictitious but these are real.' No, they are not they *were* real (and so perhaps if you come to that were Icarus, for the tale *may* be a true one), but they *are* not, that which is past *has* existed, but *does* not *now* exist in the *present time*, it is as unreal as a pure fiction. There is a great difference, indeed, between the two cases, one really *was*, the other never was, but they are so far alike, that neither of them is. If my house were burnt down it would be true indeed that there *was* a house there but I can no more live in it than in Aladdin's palace which never was. The bread which I ate a year ago and the ambrosia of Homer's gods are both equally non-existent at this moment, I may make either of them an object of thought, and I may think very truly, that the one did exist, and the other not, and that *either* bread is provided for me today, and ambrosia never did exist, but still I could not subsist on the bread which was consumed a year ago, any more than on ambrosia. Why then should I grieve now at anything which has now no existence? There *was* good reason for my grieving at my friend's sufferings at the time, because they *were* not past but actually existing but that is no reason why I should grieve now. Present and past makes all the difference. And thus I think most people perceive clearly enough in their own case. A man who has had a leg cut off does not, I think in general grieve over the pain of the operation unless he has any suspicion that he may again suffer amputation, and even in that case it is the thought of the future, of which the past presents so lively a picture, that gives him the pain.

But in the case of others there are two causes that make the difference.—1*st*, In our own case we have a very distinct view of the difference between the past and the present, because we have a *perception* of the latter, and only a *conception* of the former, whereas in the case of another's sufferings we have *only* a conception of each, so that we do not so readily draw the line. It may be said, that of the future also we have only a conception, and in truth it often happens that the unthinking are occupied almost exclusively with the present, but those who use their understanding are taught by that that their conceptions of the future, if correct, will be succeeded by perceptions, that though the things which are to befall them are not real now, they *will* be so and therefore are just objects of pursuit or avoidance, while the same understanding teaches, that past evils, so far as they have left no results, are, to us, the same as if they had never been, except, indeed, that many even derive pleasure from thinking of them in contrast with present ease. 2*d*, Though reason would teach us the same in respect of the past sufferings of a friend, we are less apt to listen to the lesson, from our attaching a kind of *merit* to tender heartedness towards a friend, while it is regarded as no merit, but rather a reproach, to feel very keenly for ourselves. All which is very right only it should not blind us to the real state of the case, and lead us to sympathize with those who are, at the very moment we are grieving for them, perfectly free from the affliction.

To all this I have been answered, "Oh, you are for altering the nature of man, nothing can be more *natural* than this kind of sympathy, and you might as well pretend that one ought not to feel pain." Certainly the weaknesses of our nature are a part of our nature and imagination is a part of the human mind as well as reason, but if every thing that is natural is to be vindicated on that ground what folly may not? To go no further, it is undeniably natural to feel real and acute pain at a tragedy or mournful tale, but I do not admire the wisdom of him who gives way to this and does not, when the pain predominates, recall his feelings and rouse himself by the recollection that it is all unreal. As for the latter part of the objection it is quite possible, for to pretend that pain is no evil is not to follow the dictates of the understanding which does not at all teach us to deny that we feel but in the present case, the understanding *does* teach us that what we grieve for has no real existence at the present moment. Reason does not teach us that a man who was burnt alive SHOULD no pain, but it does tell us that he *suffers* none now, and that if we grieve for him it is through a confused conception, which gives no distinct view of the past and the present.

I believe the reason why the sufferings of the death bed affect people so much more than any other, is because in any other case there is at least the hope of a kind of *compensation* resulting from the enjoyment of subsequent health and comfort in this life, which in a man's *last* illness, of course, cannot be. This is a fanciful ground of affliction, however, even in a heathen, and it is utterly unchristian. On the whole, I think we have enough real pains and troubles in life, without tormenting ourselves with imaginary ones.

FACTS FROM A SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE RAGGED SCHOOL.

It not unfrequently happens that when a new moral agency of reformation and social progress is started, the friends and abettors of the novel movement become over sanguine, and not only expect too much themselves, but lead the public to look for greater success than can be accomplished When John Pounds, of Portsmouth, began to call ragged children together for discipline, sympathy, and instruction, he inaugurated a new era in the history of the outcast It was new work in a mine that had either always been looked upon as hopeless, or if it had been tried was generally abandoned in despair The philanthropic cobbler's notion took with the social reformers, and ragged schools grew rapidly and spread themselves into a *national organization* It was believed by many that now at last the social panacea had been discovered, and strong hopes were entertained of a speedy cure of most of the virulent social diseases which had so long demoralized and destroyed the lowest sections of the British population Who need be surprised at these very sanguine hopes? Had not the vast amount of crime in the country filled many minds with terror? Had not many people begun to lose all faith in the old established means of moral health? Were there not many who, from sheer despair, began to believe that the crimes and vices of the land could never be very greatly reduced? What wonder, then that men rushed to the ragged school as to a forlorn hope? Ragged schools have been tested by the experience of several years, and what about the results of the moral experiment? Some are grievously disappointed, and because the agency has not accomplished all that could be desired it has been by some pronounced utopian and a failure We, however are not inclined to be disheartened Certainly there has been a heavy expenditure both of money and labour, and we rejoice to believe that the good which has been accomplished is, on the whole, commensurate with the means which have been employed for its securance No one can carefully read the facts contained in the Reports of different ragged schools without having the heart gladdened Society has not been thoroughly regenerated, the slums have not been turned into gardens of Paradise jails have not been emptied, nor have the poor Laws been rendered unnecessary, but hundreds of young people have been snatched from ruin, and turned into the walks of industry and integrity, and the difficulties of the fallen poor have been revealed in a manner so appalling as to bring only one relief with the revelation—a hope that we at length know the worst The strong fabric of vice has been considerably shaken, and the exploring expeditions made in connexion with ragged schools have shown society where its great difficulties lie, and what those difficulties are Instead of fretting because more good has not been done, let us rather be thankful that we have been able to accomplish anything in circumstances where entire failure would have been little or no disgrace The subjects of ragged schools are so saturated with evils, their surroundings are so obstructive to industry and virtue, and their encouragements and inducements to struggle out of their fate are so few and feeble, that it is matter of grateful astonishment when, by desperate effort and indomitable perseverance they pass through the lazar house of sin into a sphere of moral health and industry Human progress is exceedingly slow work, even under the most auspicious circumstances "Let patience have her perfect work" with the degraded criminal classes and the results will show that we do not and cannot labour in vain Under the most favourable conditions human improvement can only be effected at the cost of a great outlay, and such being the case we ought not to be hopelessly dissatisfied by a minimum of good, obtained from a source out of which it would seem almost impossible that any good could ever come

Ragged schools have not been at work long enough to enable us to strike the complete balance sheet of their merits They manipulate young and raw material, and we must wait until these youths have ripened into age before we can fully decide and not even then can the account be completely and finally closed because it will take another generation or two before the general influences of ragged schools can culminate into a permanent result among the classes for whose benefit the ragged schools were started

Before passing to the immediate subject of the article we may say a word or two on the general question of social progress among the lowest classes If we rightly understand the object of modern philanthropic enterprise it is this—to make the criminal and degraded section of the people *healthy, industrious moral and religious* To put the question on its lowest ground we may safely affirm that if we cannot create and establish habits of industry integrity and health the case is utterly hopeless and the attempt at reformation and progress can never succeed But by no one agency can these objects be brought about, not by one infallible specific but by the united action which does battle with all the demons of the social state must the good end be won

True religion in the purifying and elevating character of its influences true religion in the grandeur of its prospects and in the overwhelming force and energy of its native power must have its full share of regard and work in ragged schools There is more power in eternal considerations to move the degraded soul to right living, than can be found in any other incitement We mean neither the religion of cant nor of dogmas, but the religion of love, and purity, and peace, the religion which translates its truth into facts of human life, and reproduces itself in healthy and progressive living

There are many things in the moral life of South Staffordshire which need a careful scrutiny, and would well repay an investigation, but though our pen longs to sketch the collier and his mining life, we must forbear, and leave the blast furnace and certain "*big boats*" for another essay

The ragged school teacher who furnished us with the following facts is a religious man. He is deep in Christian experiences and spiritual-

ism, but he is certainly no bigot His whole soul is bent on doing good, and every hour that he can spare is consecrated to the good of others Mr A has rendered long, valuable, and unostentatious services to the lowest classes of the people in the town in which he resides, and though his work is sometimes dangerous and often loath some he still perseveres, and will in all probability keep to the work for which God has specially fitted him to the end of his days Having accompanied Mr A in his labours, and often chatted with him about his work, we discovered that he had a fund of facts which were too good to be lost After much persuasion he consented to supply the follow ing interesting incidents They may be received as specimen cases or representative facts If the reader will carefully study the incidents, they will teach him many things worth knowing He will see the terrible difficulties against which some youths have to struggle, and he will also see that the gospel of the grace of God can purify the vilest spirit, and heal and save the most recreant sinners

We now proceed to give Mr A s narrative in the first person My first visit to the ragged school was in the autumn of 1849 I offered my services as a teacher, and they were accepted I had not been connected with the school very long before I discovered that the class of young people who were intended to be benefited by our labours, did not avail themselves of our instructions, in fact they were lounging outside the school, and never came into it A large group of the lowest and worst frequently assembled at a corner of the street near the school I tried hard to make their acquaintance, and ingratiate myself into their favour, and in the course of a few months I succeeded in getting about fifteen of the worst class to attend our school Their ages varied from sixteen to eighteen and each had a name besides the one given to him in baptism I would give some of the nicknames as specimens, but it might be attended with some inconveniences to myself Suffice it to say, that each cognomen of slang was singularly appropriate to the individual, as hitting off exactly his most marked characteristic The school as semibled two evenings per week, and always closed with a short address and prayer

No 1 was a lad about eighteen years old He had been burned on the side of his face and neck, the marks of which were very plain When I first knew him he had neither hat nor cap, and his hair had long been a stranger to a comb He wore neither coat nor jacket, and his remnant of a shirt was about big enough to fit a lad half his size His trousers came a very little way below his knees, and the bottoms of them were irregular and rent His shoes were of full men's size, and well nailed On the whole, No 1 had just the appear ance of what is called in this neighbourhood an "idle rodney" On his first entrance into the school, he tumbled over two or three that were in his way, made straight for the fire place, popped his head up the chimney, sat down upon the grate, and dangled his legs about with as much gusto as if he had been seated on a throne Our superintendent looked on, but not a muscle of his face moved, while I, unable to contain myself, was obliged to join the boys in a very long, hearty roar of laughter Now came the question, "What ever shall we do with this audacious 'rodney'" Our superintendent was for showing him the door at once, but I undertook the charge of him, and introduced him to my class of roughs My first business was to find out the lad s home, and to obtain some knowledge of his general and private habits I am sorry to say that the lad s grotesque appearance and wicked conduct were in exact correspondence with his social surroundings and home life He had no father, but was chiefly supported by his poor, old, and afflicted mother, and to the lad s disgrace it must be added that he frequently beat his mother very severely when she displeased him

For the first few months the roughs gave us a world of trouble, and taxed our forbearance to the uttermost The games and tricks those rascals played in the school no one would believe For instance one evening during prayer I thought I felt something immediately before my face, and on opening my eyes, to my amazement, I beheld No 1 coolly making a peregrination of the school, walk ing on his hands, and kicking his legs about in the air, in a manner most ludicrous However, I stuck to him, and ultimately succeeded in getting him to attend the school regularly His character began steadily to improve, and as soon as he could read, he was so much impressed with the 15th chapter of St John s Gospel, that he would have it read almost every time the school opened He became regular in attending to his employment, and in six months he saved, by great perseverance, as much money as bought a good black suit of clothes With his new suit he began regularly to attend a place of worship and though it is not for me to say that his heart has been thoroughly re generated by the Holy Spirit of God, every one who knows him is struck with his altered life For some time past he has been very dutiful to his aged mother He is now a pledged teetotaller, an industrious, steady young man, and earning an honest living

No 2 was a lad about eighteen years old He was very cleanly in his person He was a great favourite with his companions, and above most of them for quickness and intelligence He was very generous, and always glad to help his companions out of a dangerous scrape, which he frequently did very cleverly He could not be induced to work for his living, though he regularly attended the ragged school, and frequently seemed very serious and thoughtful One evening No 2 seemed much impressed, and offered to give out the hymn, but whilst doing so his feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears Several of the other boys wept very much, and one of them said when we were kneeling down, "Now, Mr A., pray a good un for him" But notwithstanding these hopeful symptoms he continued his bad habits, pilfering especially It was a favourite saying of his, "I am in the know how of how to get out of a scrape" He managed to get along and escape the law for a very long time, but at last his "know how" failed him He was caught, and condemned to penal servitude for six years. He occasionally writes to me, and bitterly regrets that he did not take the good advice which was given to him.

No 3 was a lad of good natural dispositions, and about seventeen years of age He had a step father who was very unkind to him, and his mother was not much better He was quite willing to work, and soon after joining the school he obtained a regular situation He commenced attending a place of worship, and gave good evidence of a genuine work of grace upon his soul The master for whom he worked spoke in very high terms of his altered and consistent conduct At this time a gentleman happened to offer me a Bible for the best boy in my class, and as Bob was without a Bible I recommended him for the present The holy book was given to him, and I verily believe he prized it as he prized his life At length disheartening difficulties and bitter trials began to thicken round poor Bob's path His consistent life was a tacit rebuke of the shameful conduct of his parents, and they began to persecute him They used every means in their power to keep Bob from school and from a place of worship Often they refused to provide him with a clean shirt, and often they hid his clothes For some time Bob struggled sorrowfully and bravely against the strong tide that had set in against him, but a trial awaited him under which the poor lad's heart completely broke down His step father, in one of his drunken sprees, took Bob's much loved Bible to the pawn shop, and spent the money in drink The news soon spread in the court where they lived, and before the lad could get into the house at night he was apprised of the fact "Oh, Bob, your Bible's gone, your father has sold it, and got drunk with the money!" exclaimed the neighbours, as Bob entered the court in the evening At first the poor lad was bewildered and speechless, but on recovering himself a little he entered the house, where he was met with curses by his drunken father Bob asked for his Bible, and when he found that it was gone, he lost the command of his temper Angry words followed, Bob was knocked down by his father, and the sad affair ended in a severe fight between the unnatural father and his much injured son. Bob was taunted with having struck his father, and so completely were his spirits broken that he never rallied again. He left his home, gave up all efforts to be good, and wandered about as an outcast from society A long time after his sad misfortune I found him, one Sabbath evening, sitting on a pig stye wall, almost famishing with hunger I begged and prayed of him to try again, but all my entreaties were in vain He had lost all hope, and it really appeared to me that Bob's heavy and sickening troubles had impaired his intellect

No 4 was a young man of about nineteen years of age, short thick neck, and full of assurance and impudence. As far as I could make out, he seemed only to live for two things, one was his pipe which he had in his mouth from morning till night, the other object of his life was to comb and brush and decorate his most beautiful head of black hair His proud swaggering manner, and his beautiful black hair, made the other "rodneys" jealous, and provoked them not a little, more especially so as some of them never combed their hair from one month's end to another. One evening, as the lads were writing by candle light, a very queer scene occurred, which shed considerable light over the black hair jealousy. A mischievous fellow snuffed a candle with his fingers, and slyly placed the burning snuff on the head of the beautiful black hair In a moment there was a blaze a foot high In consternation I jumped upon the desk, and hardly knowing where the blaze came from, I found myself squeezing the fellow's head with a thick pocket handkerchief What ever could have caused the sudden conflagration? It might be the fire of genius bursting from his brain, but I guessed it wasn't! What a scene then followed, to be sure! The enraged No 4 looked on the ashes of his glory with a worse temper than Samson looked upon his shorn locks, and the smell of the burning hair was anything but incense to his vanity No 4 guessed who had done it, and squared up his fists determined to fight in revenge for his lost honour I managed to keep them from fighting, but it was with infinite difficulty, and it was quite as great a task to keep myself from laughing as it was to keep them from fighting I tried a long time to convince them that it was their duty to forgive injuries, and after referring them to the example of the Saviour, I at length succeeded in inducing them to shake hands, and let bygones be bygones Our stay in the school this evening was delayed by this scene considerably beyond the usual time After I had got them all out of the school, fastened the shutters and extinguished the lights I found to my surprise that I was locked up in the room, and the lads began shouting outside the room, "Devil fetch him, devil fetch him!" In time they grew tired of their joke, and let me out On the next school night the lad who had locked me in the school was himself locked up in Stafford jail, a circumstance which made considerable impression on the minds of some of the scholars, as they believed it was a sort of judgment on the delinquent

Of the many youths who passed through my class while I was connected with the ragged school, some turned out badly enough, but others of them were reclaimed and are doing well I can reckon about fifty of my scholars who got into good situations, are now respectable members of society, and those who now meet them in life would never suppose that they were once members of the roughs' fraternity I am sorry to say that one of my old scholars is a prize fighter, and some of them are pigeon flyers *

From 1854 to 1857 I had a class at the new ragged schools in which nothing very remarkable occurred until the autumn of 1857 At one of the evening services, in the autumn of 1857, several boys were deeply wrought upon by the Holy Spirit of God So deep were the convictions of many that they cried aloud for mercy One youth received the remission of his sins, and is at this day a very useful Sunday school teacher Another received the same blessing, and died a most peaceful death It would have done any one good to witness this lad's last hours He sent for all the boys belonging to his class, and made them promise to meet him in heaven Eight or nine of these boys

* An idle, expensive, and gambling practice to which some of the working men of South Staffordshire are much addicted

became very serious, and began to seek the Lord in earnest Their changed lives became the subject of much conversation and thoughtfulness through out the school, and we soon had the prospect of a glorious work of grace

At this time a little misunderstanding took place between me and one of the committee, which ended in my leaving the school The religious lads who were concerned in the affair also left

After leaving the new schools, we met in a lane for a few weeks, and then I hired a small building, and fitted it up for our use, and here it pleased God to bless us in a special manner, although our difficulties were many Our school fronted a narrow street in one of the lowest and most degraded parts of the town We entered the school by two high steps, and the door did not fit closely at the bottom The boys and girls outside frequently shouted under the door the most ludicrous things imaginable Take one instance It was Sunday evening we had sung the first hymn, and were in the act of kneeling down for prayer and as I was waiting for silence a shrill voice called out under the bottom of the badly fitting door 'Sally B your mother says her'll give it you, if you don't come and milk the ducks Well there was no praying to be done for some time after this—the whole school was tackled into grinning and laughter We had to pass through so many scenes of this kind, that we were often disheartened and cast down One big girl in particular, was a great trouble to me about this time She would not come into the school but lingered outside the whole evening in order to annoy us If ever I did look upon a girl's case as hopeless it was this One evening, happening to be a little behind time, I caught our female poet at the door, and drew her into the school, thinking I might as well have the annoyance within as without In the school she behaved much better than I expected, after commending her for her good behaviour, I invited her to attend the school regularly She came again, and in order to keep her right, I placed her in charge over some other scholars, and it was her duty to see that they behaved well She succeeded well as a monitor In about two months she became deeply concerned for the salvation of her soul, and eventually obtained peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ

I now began to avail myself of the assistance of some of the elder scholars, and by thus singling them out I had a better opportunity of noting their improvement The school consisted of one hundred regular attendants, male and female, and included almost every variety of character

Samuel, one of the scholars, was easily led in the right way, and became a great help to me After being at school a short time he learned several of our hymns The shop in which he worked employed a large number of hands, both male and female, and here Sam hummed over the tunes he had learned Some of his fellow operatives would say, "Halt, Sam Where did you get that tune from?" 'Oh, from the ragged school" "Sing it again Sam, and all of us try to do it," and in the course of a day or two, most of his shop mates would be able to sing the tune The master of this establishment told me he never knew a greater improvement than had taken place in his shop, for before Sam came they were always singing some lewd song, and now they were constantly singing hymns

John another scholar, gave the following account of himself at one of our tea meetings —"I was going along with some of the worst rodneys in the town one Sunday Some of them said, 'Now, Jack, where are you going?' 'Oh, to Mr A's school, for a spree Come with us' I then went and bought some nuts to throw the shells at the wenches All the time they were singing we was gaming, but when they began to pray for us poor chaps, all the gaming went out of me, so I thought I would hear what was said When the school was over one of the lads said, 'Jack, you had better give up sin and join we in trying to love and serve God' When he spoke to me I felt so queer, and I thought, Well, I will try to give up this game and that night for the first time in my life, I prayed to God to help me Now, I am happier than ever I was in my life, and have got a trifle in the bank"

In June 1860, a fresh boy came to the school He had a very nice silk handkerchief, which he proudly displayed, and waved it about very much, to the annoyance of the other scholars, who could not sport anything so good While we were at prayer, the fresh boy's smart handkerchief was stolen I inquired for it, but it was not forthcoming The school door was locked before prayer, and had not been opened since, so I knew the handkerchief must be in the room I tried first one means and then another, to get the boy who had stolen it to throw it under a form, or put it from him in some such way that I might find it, without knowing who had stolen the handkerchief in the first instance But all my schemes and persuasions failed, so I sent for a policeman He searched every boy, one by one, in a private room, and then passed them out of doors, until he came to the last, but no handkerchief could be find I then opened the school again, and after our little service, I said I should pray to God to trouble the boy's conscience who had taken the handkerchief On my way home from the school a boy touched me on the arm, and said, "Mr A, you need not pray about the handkerchief I have given it back to the owner" Before going into the room to be searched this boy very adroitly concealed the handkerchief in the lining of his cap, and as soon as he entered the search room he threw his cap, lining upwards, on a chair opposite the policeman When the officer had done with him, the young rogue picked up his cap, stared the policeman in the face, and walked out of the room with the utmost coolness

A few Sundays after the foregoing transaction, a number of young men and women (some of the worst characters in the town) came into the school, more out of curiosity than from a desire to learn One of these, J B, was a character of considerable notoriety As the saying is, he was up to anything and everything,—drinking, fighting, running, betting, bagatelle, bowls, in any and all of these he was expert and at home. J B was a good base singer, and a somewhat popular vocalist in some of the ale houses. Our singing seemed to please him, and he became a regular attendant at the school. The influence of the school began to tell upon him

for good, and our short and pointed addresses appeared to lodge some conviction in his mind. He became much attached to the school, and ultimately lost all relish for the ale houses, and for his old companions in sin. His old cronies teased and jeered him. "Why, Jack, are you going to be such a fool as to turn religious? Why, you won't hold it for a week. Well, we did not think you such a fool!" When Jack's persecutors found that these taunts could not turn him from his purpose, they pressed him to go with them to the races, the dance, and the singing saloon. But still Jack remained steadfast, and was more than ever wedded to our singing. Seeing that he had become very sober and thoughtful, I spoke pointedly to him about his soul. One Sunday evening I invited all who seriously intended to amend their lives to remain with me in the room after the school was dismissed. Jack was one who stayed. His heart was sad, he wept much, and then he opened his mind to me. We agreed to meet together at the throne of grace between the hours of one and two o'clock each day through the week. On the Monday, when J. B. had finished his dinner, he quietly went up stairs to pray. Now, his mother knew nothing about his state of mind, except that she thought him more serious than formerly. As John remained a long time up stairs, his mother thought he had stolen something, and was hiding it. After he was gone to work, she had a good search for what she supposed he had been hiding, but nothing could she find. On the Tuesday, John was still more serious, and again went up stairs; and now his mother felt certain all was not right, but did not like to ask him what was the matter. She made up her mind, that if he had not stolen something he had done worse, and she nervously expected the police. On Wednesday, John went up stairs with tears in his eyes. His mother could stand it no longer, so she took off her shoes, and crept quietly up stairs, to peep if she could see anything going on. She heard him talking, supposed he had let in some one through the window, and her worst fears were confirmed. She listened at the room door in breathless silence, and at length she heard her son crying to God for mercy, as if his heart would break. So deeply distressed was the young man about his soul, that his mother came to me to inquire if I thought God would have mercy and forgive her son, for if the Lord did not, she thought her son could not live. After about two weeks of mourning and prayer, John was enabled to obtain peace and rest, through believing in Jesus. John became a total abstainer, and I and his poor old mother had the pleasure of hearing him address the school on the subject, and well he did it too. Here is another "brand plucked out of the fire."

When Maria came to the ragged school she was on the very brink of ruin, and perhaps few girls ever had a narrower escape. She was very self willed, and had got the upper hand of the family at home. She would curse and swear, and deceive her parents. She had companions who her parents knew would lead her into evil, but they were disposed to let her take her own course. One Sunday evening, while we were holding a prayer meeting in the school, Maria was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ to the saving of her soul. What a change took place in her character and life! She was one of the scholars who had promised to engage in united private prayer, daily, between the hours of one and two o'clock. On one of these occasions she stayed upstairs much longer than usual. Her father went to the room to see if there was anything the matter, and he found her upon her knees, pleading with God. She was exceedingly blest that day in prayer and, like the apostle, scarcely knew at the time whether she was in the body or out of the body. She did not hear her father come into the room and until he touched her upon the shoulder she was not aware of his presence. Her father left her and went down stairs. Then the temptation came with great force for her to be ashamed of owning her religion, for thought she, "they have found me out and will tell everybody about it." But the words of the Saviour dispelled her fears. Mark viii. 38, 'Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels." Maria is still steadily and thoroughly religious, and doing well in the world.

Ann was another of the girls I had to deal with. She was of a free, easy, and lively turn of mind. She knew nothing of trouble and sorrow, at least not for long together, for she could cry one minute and laugh the next. The first time I saw her was when some boys were rolling her up and down the causeway in the street, she was then about twenty two years of age. I pushed the boys away and pulled her up, telling them how wrong it was to serve her so. Upon which one of them replied, "Mr A., her likes it." I invited her to school for the following Sunday evening, and never shall I forget her first appearance. She wore a light flounce dress, full six inches too long for her, and an odd bonnet with a large streaming feather in it, both of which she had purchased at a rag shop. On her entrance she was greeted by the whole school, which she took in good part. Although her behaviour was very fair, her presence seemed to check the seriousness which prevailed in the school immediately before she came. After school I took her aside, and pointed out to her, in the kindest manner I could, the inconsistency of her dress and appearance, and begged of her to make some improvement. The next Sunday I had the satisfaction of seeing that my suggestions were carried out, the dress had been shortened, and the feather was gone. On the following Sunday she wore a plain, dark shawl, and her appearance was greatly improved, but it was not an easy thing for Ann to get rid of her old companions. The lads often wanted to give her another roll in the street, and for a long time I had to look sharply after her. She felt the jeers of her old companions very much, and sometimes was so discouraged as to conclude that it was of no use for her to try to be good. She now began to pray to God for a new heart, and her conduct at home was so much improved, that her father came to me and declared he could not have believed it possible that so great a change could take place in her. She spent most of her time, when at home, in reading

and devotional exercises She worked in a shop with a number of other females, and they began to ridicule and persecute her She left the shop, obtained a situation as housemaid and kept it for two years She is now doing well

Margaret lived in a narrow entry, among some of the lowest characters in the town She resolutely determined to try and lead a better life, though it was hard work to do so at their house Two had been transported from her home and no member of the family, except herself, had the slightest regard for even the lowest kind of morality The real state of things will readily be surmised when I say, that different sexes occupied the same sleeping room, and yet the poor girl struggled on for goodness despite those terrible disadvantages It was with great difficulty she could get from home to attend the means of grace, for they dreaded her becoming religious One evening she came to the school with a very heavy heart just ready to give up in despair She told me all her troubles, and some of them were severe indeed, but great as all her earthly troubles were, they gave way to the greater trouble of a guilty conscience Ultimately she obtained deliverance from a guilty conscience, and ease to her troubled mind Now, Margaret was happy, and praised her forgiving God One evening when the school was closed, Margaret was very uneasy, and wept much I went to her and inquired the cause of her distress "Oh, Mr A," she said, "I shall get it to night My father said he'd verily kill me if I come here He nobbled before I came, and he said he'd thrash me when I went back" We prayed that God would take care of her, and change her father's heart All the way home the poor girl's prayer was, "Lord, have mercy upon my father, and grant he may not beat me when I get back to night" I sent another girl with her to listen outside if Margaret was beaten, but her father, on that occasion, refrained from blows As soon as she entered the house, he said, "Madam, you walk up stairs" She soon after obtained a place in service, is now a member of a Christian church, and doing well

In the autumn of 1860 one of our boys was taken very ill. He had been a member of the school for some time, and had given satisfactory indications of an amended life Having no parents or friends to look after him, he laboured under great disadvantages, and, during his illness, became dependant on the lads in the school He was removed to the hospital, where his affliction soon ended in death The boys who had been the friends of the deceased, both in health and sickness, would not leave his body to be neglected, they subscribed among themselves, and begged sufficient to bury him decently To improve the death of this poor boy—the first taken out of our number—six of the boys were to give each a short address on the Sabbath evening When the time arrived the school was crowded to suffocation, and there was a feeling of deep sorrow prevalent among us, the poor lad had no one else to mourn for him No 1 had invited the deceased to join the school, and told of the troubles their departed friend had gone through. His parents died when he was quite a child. At nine years old, he was put to work, and not half fed At ten years of age he ran away from his place, walked about fifteen miles into a strange town, and there obtained employment Many times the deceased had been almost lost for want of food, this had greatly weakened his constitution, and no doubt hastened his death While this lad was telling the sufferings of his departed friend, he fainted away No 2 said he looked upon heaven as a large house, and he thought that their dear friend who had lately gone from them had got into that house Now when any one is invited to a strange place, and asked to sit down, if they are not very intimate with the folks, they feel strange and sit down on the first chair they come to and nearest the door Now I think our friend is in the house if he is on that first chair But you know that when you are invited to visit people that you know well, you walk straight in, and up to the fire place, where it is most comfortable, and make yourself at home Our friend is gone to a strange place, but there is one there that he knows well He knows his saviour, and he will be very comfortable, and quite at home So I should like us all to know God and Jesus Christ so well there, that when we die we may go right up into the middle of heaven where Jesus is and where we can have the greatest happiness No 3 had worked at the same place with the deceased, and had noticed the difference in his conduct since he began to attend the ragged school All of them believed that the deceased had gone to heaven

The love and attention shown by these lads to their deceased friend in his trouble and sickness, gained the respect and praise of all who knew them and the circumstances This first death in our school made a solemn impression upon many of the scholars, who promised to amend their lives

Jane is a girl about twenty years of age, residing in a low neighbourhood Her father is a very unkind man, and a great drunkard Her brother has run away because of the father's cruel treatment, and Jane only stops to protect the life of her mother Cursing, drinking, and quarrelling, fill up the principal part of this man's life He will not allow them to go to a place of worship if he knows it, he uses disgusting language before his daughter, and has gone so far as to recommend her to a life of sin upon the streets, as the easiest way of getting a living Jane is a nice, clean looking girl, and having to work in a shop where many wicked young men are employed, she is constantly under temptation This poor girl strives hard to lead a godly life, and would leave her wretched home, and do well in service, but for the fear that the father might kill the mother One evening when at school Jane appeared much distressed The following conversation then took place between us

"Jane, you are in trouble?"

Jane—"Yes, I am"

"Is it about your soul?"

Jane—"It is, and it is of no use me trying to be good any longer I have tried a long while, but things get worse I shall be lost"

"But have you considered what it is to be lost?"

Jane—"Yes, I have, and I shall be lost, and my *father* will be the cause"

"Well, but Jane, we must pray for your father."

Jane —" It is of no use, Mr A , God has given him up "

" You cannot tell that, Jane While there is life, there is hope for your father , and if he was converted then he would try to make you happy, and to atone for all his past unkindness "

Jane —" No, Mr A , he would not He can't bear to see any one happy If he was in heaven he would try to make some bother he would quarrel with some one, or he would not stay there If he sees a cat lying comfortable, he gets up and kicks her. He can't be happy "

The week following this conversation, I visited the wicked father, and in conversation, he said — " Oh ! Mr A , wicked Allah's house has been nothing to mine , I have done everything that a wretch could do to make my family uncomfortable. I have taken their clothes while they have been in bed, and pawned them for drink I have put my poor wife upon the fire to burn her to death , and Jane is a good girl, and loves you and your school When I hear her pray to God, I think what a wretch I am "

HENRY W HOLLAND

THE STRANGE ORIGIN OF THE FRIESLAND CAP.

A LEGEND OF HOLLAND

I WAS sitting with a friend in the front parlour of the first inn of Heerenveen, a thriving market town of Friesland, eighteen miles south of Leeuwarden, the metropolis of that province of Holland The window, at which we had taken our place, allowed an uninterrupted view of the well-paved main road that forms the chief overland way of communication between the southern and northern provinces of the kingdom, while at the same time it afforded a view of the numerous inland crafts, which, with their slender masts and their merrily waving pennants, reminded us of the numerous canals with which this fertile province is intersected, and by which the inexhaustible productions of its ever verdant meadows are carried, via the Lemmer to Amsterdam, or via Harlingen, to the all devouring vortex— London

Variation of the Friesland Cap

After a little time our attention was turned from the lively out door scene before us to a company of ladies and gentlemen, who seated themselves at a window close to ours, and apparently were waiting for their conveyances They seemed to be out on a pleasure trip, and to belong to the class of well to do farmers, who are scattered through this luxuriant district in great numbers The peculiar and gorgeous head dress of the ladies attracted my particular attention. Both sides of their heads were totally covered with two broad gold plates, which were united by a somewhat narrower strip of the same metal. Another gold strip, of an elegant form, and set with precious little stones, passed slop-

angly from the right corner of their forehead down to the right corner of their left brow, so that nearly the whole of their forehead was covered with this splendid, glittering ornament On both temples a nicely carved gold rosette was attached to each of the gold plates that covered the head Through the rosette a gold pin was passed in a vertical direction, so that its head, which consisted of a group of minute diamonds, stuck out two inches above the rosette The whole of this costly ornament was covered with a cap or bonnet of fine, transparent, richly embroidered muslin, finishing behind in a wide broad strip which, in loose plaits, floated gracefully down to the shoulders I could not help admitting to myself, that this costly ornament though giving to the head the form of a gold ball under a muslin cover, yet greatly enhanced the beauty of the ladies, especially of those who enjoyed the privilege of having a fair complexion and high colour

I had scarcely time to examine the different parts of this conspicuous head cover accurately, when the company left the room Four narrow gigs, of a peculiar Frisian shape, handsomely painted and varnished and drawn by first rate spirited horses, were standing the one behind the other before the hotel In each of the gigs a lady and gentleman took their seats 'All right gentlemen, cried the landlord, and immediately the four conveyances started up the main road, the farmers sitting like kings on their thrones, and the white muslin strips of the ladies cheerfully waving up and down in the air

When this strange party was out of sight, I turned to my friend who, as a native of Friesland, was rather enjoying my surprise at the extraordinary head dresses of his countrywomen

"This head dress of your ladies," said I, "is a strong proof of the stability of your national character Fashion has altered the dresses of all the nations of Europe in every possible variety of shape and size, from the widest extension down to the narrowest enclosure, and vice versa, so much so, that the dresses of the women of different centuries, if put in juxtaposition, would form a contrast as great as there is between a wasp and a hedge hog Your ladies, on the contrary, keep on dressing as they did a thousand years ago I presume, at least, that their head dress dates from a period as early as the time of Charlemagne'

"You are right," replied my friend "Our woman, especially among the country people, stick so closely to their gold cap, that they almost seem to revere it with holy fear The young ladies in the towns, now a days, begin to adopt the Holland head dress, but you ought to hear what the elderly matrons and the farmers' wives say about that 'shocking degeneration,' and 'fearful apostasy' Perhaps a traditional religious feeling has something to do with the matter, though that feeling must be merely instinctive, for I am sure that most of our ladies are totally ignorant of the remarkable origin to which the Friesland cap is traced"

"I share their ignorance, I am sorry to say. To tell the truth, I have often thought about the origin of that peculiar head-dress, which seems to be exclusively limited to this country. Something extraordinary must have happened in the olden times to give rise to the introduction of such an remarkable costume I have consulted many an old writer about it, but hitherto all my investigations have been in vain I am glad to find that you can throw some light upon the matter"

"I cannot tell whether I shall be able to enlighten you or not," answered my friend "I only can tell you what I received some time ago from an acquaintance of mine, who is known as a great authority on Frisian antiquities, and who spends his life in collecting the various legends and traditions which are in circulation among the people If you have time and patience to hear the story which he told me, just come home with me, and I will read it to you I deemed the legend so interesting that I wrote it down from his lips I do not regret the trouble it cost me and I trust you will not regret the time you will put off in listening to it"

The proposal of my friend was too kind not to meet with my grateful consent Soon we found ourselves in his study, and taking a manuscript out of one of the drawers of his writing table, he read to me the following story —

One summer morning, of the year 698, a ship was seen landing on the shore of an island in the North Sea, not far from Denmark She contained a company of about forty men, most of whom had scarcely reached their twentieth year The happy, cheerful countenances of these youths greatly contrasted with the scanty cloths in which they were dressed They were, thirty in number rescued from the hardships of a cruel slavery, and, what was more still, from the darkness and misery of idolatry Their country was Denmark, a land which, in those days, was the theatre of all the calamities and atrocities which superstition and hatred inflict upon a people The thirty lads were sons of a Danish tribe, which was defeated in one of the numerous internecine wars that desolated that unhappy country Their parents were compelled to deliver them up as a tribute to the conquerors Nothing but the most barbarous servitude was then prospect then, but it pleased God, whom they neither knew nor worshipped, to show them the power of His grace No sooner was the hard yoke laid upon their youthful shoulders, than a stranger, accompanied by ten or twelve men, who seemed to be his servants, appeared in the midst of the conquering tribe It was Willibrord, the preacher of the gospel, the apostle of the Frisons His venerable appearance, and the kind, earnest words he spoke, inspired even the roughest warriors with awe, as if a higher being was among them. He came in the name of the only true and living God to invite them to His friendship and service He showed them the absurdity and misery of their present religion, and told them of the great deeds which the only Creator of heaven and earth had performed, to save lost sinners, to reconcile His enemies, and to establish a kingdom of peace and love among fallen men His words, though sweet as the dew that refreshes the parched soil, yet had no effect upon the rocky hearts of the rude children of the North. But the young slaves drank them in like streams of life from heaven. Their tender hearts, furrowed by the sharp plough of sorrow and misery,

were open to receive the seed of the gospel of consolation and redemption. Willibrord's heart rejoiced at the discovery of this effect of his word. He resolved to redeem them. Fortunately the sum required for their redemption did not exceed the amount of money which he and his companions had upon them. The ransom was paid, and the missionary, leading his new bought property to his vessel, left the Danish shore thanking his God for the precious treasure he was permitted to carry home.

The loveliest weather favoured their voyage. A little more wind would not have been unwelcome, for it took more than a fortnight to discover land. Willibrord and his companions availed themselves of this time to instruct their young friends more fully in the doctrine of the gospel. Their efforts were crowned with the most surprising effect. The young disciples proved worthy of their able teachers and joyfully professed Christ as the Son of the only true God and as their only Saviour. Like Peter at the house of Cornelius, struck with this evidence of the heart renewing operation of the Holy Ghost, Willibrord exclaimed: "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized?"

The island at which they landed bore in those days the name of Fositeland. Ubbo Emmius, in his book *de rebus Frisiæ*, relates that some old historians take it for Ameland, one of those small islands which hem the northern coast of Friesland. Emmius himself, however, and learned historians of later date, such as Neander and Gieseler, deem this out of the question, and think that Helgoland must have been the place. This much is certain, that the island was a portion of King Radbod's territory. It was called after the god Fosite, to whom it was consecrated. In the estimation of the Frisons, this was the holiest spot in the world. Every object on this island was considered as the special property of the deity. Holy was the fountain that, not far from the southern shore, poured out a permanent stream of pure water; holy was the oak wood which never touched by the axe, consisted of stems which could not be fathomed even by three men; holy were the stags which were browsing in the shade of these everlasting trees. The men who inhabited this hallowed place were all of them priests. They were divided into two classes, viz., sacrificers and warriors. The former attended the service of the deity, and communicated his oracles to the consulting visitors, the latter protected this sanctuary from the injuries of the profane.

All these particulars were unknown to Willibrord and his friends. They knew not even the name of the island. Struck with the lovely aspect which it presented to them, they joyfully jumped ashore, and proceeded to the charming fountain, whose crystalline streams purled at the foot of gigantic trees. The place seemed to be quite uninhabited, no path was to be discovered in the almost impenetrable wood, no footprints of human beings visible on the beach or on the mossy carpet that encircled the lovely well, and numerous stags, which often approached them, at a few yards' distance, evinced, as it seemed, that no hunter had as yet found his way to this solitary place.

Indeed, Heaven itself must have led them to arrive at this charming spot, than which no place in the world could be more suitable for the holy ceremony which Willibrord was anxious to perform. In holy devotion he knelt down with his friends at the brink of the rivulet that mixed its silver with the emerald of the sod. Thus having secured the blessing of the Spirit in fervent prayer, he summoned his young friends, openly and frankly, to give an account of the hope that was in them. With joy the young Christians confessed their Saviour, and thereupon stepping into the brook, were baptized in the name of the holy Trinity. A simple but joyful repast was arranged now. Soon a fire was lighted of the dry branches that were scattered through the wood in large quantities. A couple of stags were easily killed and roasted, and the happy company, thankful for the blessings, both heavenly and earthly so abundantly bestowed upon them, raised the wood of Fosite to echo the *Te Deum* of the Christian Church.

No sooner, however, had the last tone of the hymn died away in the forest, than the happy company saw themselves surrounded by a multitude of armed men, who with loud shrieks, shook their spears, and threatened instant death and destruction to every one of them. Fearless Willibrord advanced a few steps, and, in a firm voice, asked what the reason of their hostile conduct was. The venerable missionary could not help making a deep impression upon the minds of his assailers. They stopped their shouting, and one of them, a fine-looking man of middle age, who seemed to be their chief answered,—

"Woe to you, stranger! How dare you venture to profane the sacred well of our great god Fosite, and kill his holy stags! Do you not know that every one who, with unclean hands, touches the water of this holy fountain, and sheds the blood of those animals, must die?"

"I did not know that," replied Willibrord, nor was I aware that this is a holy well, and that those beasts are sacred."

"Kill him! kill him!" cried several voices, and a dozen swords glistened in the air.

"Take care!" cried the missionary. "You might repent your recklessness some day soon. Pepin Heristel will not leave my death unrevenged!"

"Pepin!" exclaimed the mob, "the great prince of the Franks?"

"I am his friend," continued the bishop. "Take me to your king Radbod. He knows me well."

The mob was silent, and their chief took two or three of them apart, with whom he conversed a few moments in a whispering voice. Then returning to the missionary, said—

"Stranger, your desire shall be fulfilled, but one of you must die, to atone for your transgression, and to calm the wrath of our god."

"Poor man!" cried the missionary, crossing his arms before his chest. "What a horrible god is yours! Does he crave the blood of innocent people? What injury is done to the water? Does it not run as clear and pure as ever? If any one is to die, let your god himself kill him! But I know he can't. He is dead. He has no power. He is a sheer nothing. I know a better God. He

is our God He is the living God, who hath created heaven and earth He hath framed you and me, and all of us, of the dust of the ground, and breathed into our nostrils the breath of life But we have sinned against him We have turned away from him Instead of loving and worshipping him, we have made graven images of wood and stone, and worshipped the creature instead of the Creator But he pitieth us Though he might kill us, and plunge us into hell, yet he hath no pleasure in our death He doth not crave the blood of his creatures, as your false gods do To save us from our sins, He hath sent into this world his only begotten Son Jesus Christ who hung on the cross, and died for our sins His blood hath flowed instead of ours, to atone for our sins But on the third day after his death he rose again out of the grave in majesty and glory He is now sitting in heaven at the right hand of God He hath sent me to you, to speak to you of his love He wishes you to come to him and to be saved from your sins He is the only Saviour of men Your gods cannot save you They have mouths, but they speak not, eyes have they, but they see not They are dead, wood and stone the work of men's hands But Jesus Christ is the living Saviour Believe on him! Come to him, and you shall be saved!'

In this way spoke the faithful witness of Christ, and the multitude listened with great attention He prayed inwardly that God might bless his words to their hearts and their solemn silence made him hope that his prayer was heard But on a sudden a tall man, with a wild countenance, clad in a rough bear skin, which scarcely covered his naked body, jumped to the middle of the open spot which was left between the missionary and the people, and drawing with his staff a circle round about himself in the ground, muttered a few words which nobody could understand, and accompanied with the most eccentric and wild gestures

"I shall not leave this place' he cried, "till a man is killed I am the mouth of Fosite He has spoken to me His wrath is burning He cannot drink any more His holy well is spoiled He is thirsty He wants blood to quench his thirst His holy stags are killed He is hungry Give him the flesh of his enemy, or he will devour all of us Kill a man! Let the lots be drawn I shall not leave this place till I see the blood of the wicked!"

No sooner had the wild priest shouted out these words, than the whole multitude drew their swords, and beating their shields, caused a noise like thunder

"The lots! the lots!" shouted a hundred voices "Gather the stones and draw the lots"

"You need not draw lots," cried Willibrord, proceeding towards the priest, who, leaning on his staff, looked round about with eyes like a tiger's "You need not draw lots Here I am Take me I have touched the water of the well I have killed the stags Take me, and let these go"

A deep silence followed these words of the missionary But on a sudden, a loud cry burst out from the baptized lads, who, with the quickness of light, surrounded him, some kneeling down to embrace his knees, and others taking hold his hands "Our father!" they cried, "our father! let us die! No! no! thou shalt not die! Let us die!"

However callous the hearts of the rough warriors were, yet they appeared touched with this affecting scene Still the wild priest kept unmoved in his circle, and cried, 'I shall not leave this spot till I see blood Draw the lots"

"The lots! the lots!" shouted the mob

Immediately a youth came forward, both his hands filled with white and coloured shells, which he had gathered on the shore The number of the Christians was counted It amounted to forty three Forty two white shells were put into a bag, and a black one added for the victim Each of the Christians drew a shell The black one was drawn by one of the Danish boys

Kill him! shouted the priest

Immediately two gigantic men seized the poor boy, and led him to an extraordinary massive oak, near the fountain which was considered as the special dwelling place of the deity Willibrord tried to follow him, but was prevented by twenty spears, which gleamed up at once, and formed an impenetrable wall

'My son, he cried, "rejoice! There is the crown of glory! Jesus is ready to receive thee

'Amen cried the youth, and kneeling down he bent his head, which, in the sight of the whole assembly soon rolled in the sand

Then the bishop, lifting up his hands to heaven, raised a tune And the astonished heathen heard the Christians sing their *Te Deum laudamus*, while the blood of their companion coloured the ground of Helgoland

The next day twenty small boats crossed from Helgoland to the nearest spot on the coast of Holstein They contained the Christian prisoners and their escort They all proceeded to Medemblik, which now is a town of about 2000 inhabitants, in the province of North Holland It was in those days the residence, or at least one of the chief abodes, of the Frison court The chief of the Helgoland tribe was resolved to send the bishop and his friends to Radbod, that he might decide as to their further destination

It is a long way from the northern coast of Holstein to Medemblik In our time, even with the aid of railways and steamboats, it would require a journey of three or four days In those days at least two months were required, for there were no roads They had to cut a passage through untrodden forests, and much time had to be spent in hunting game for provisions

Willibrord availed himself of the opportunity which this long journey offered to him, of speaking of God's love in Christ to his fellow travellers Every evening, when they were bivouacking round a large wood fire, he would preach to his companions, and tell them the stories of the gospel His heathenish conductors would listen with great attention, but none of them had the courage to adopt the new religion The chiefs and the priests threatened instant death to every one who ventured to forsake the religion of his fathers

There was one person, however, who showed an unmistakable interest in the venerable missionary's conversation. It was Fostedina, the chief's daughter, a fair maiden of eighteen She had

witnessed the martyr death of the young Dane, and heard the joyful hymn with which the Christians had glorified his departure to heaven. This scene, together with the words which flew from the lips of the venerable stranger made an indelible impression upon her heart. Had not the fear of her father, and the wild priest detained her, she certainly would have embraced that new and beautiful religion of love. She had long since felt disturbed in her heart. She often was afraid at the thought of death. She had often prayed to Foste, her patron, after whom she was called, but Foste had never given her peace. She doubted whether Foste could hear her at all. The venerable stranger had boldly declared that Foste was a dead deity—a sheer piece of wood, and she was much inclined to believe that the stranger was right. She now would sit down for hours and listen to the stories of the Word of God which the missionary told so eloquently. She learnt how the God of Israel in olden times had destroyed all the stone and wooden gods of the nations round about, and how he had led his people through seas and rivers, through deserts and wildernesses, and fed them with bread from heaven and quenched their thirst with water from the rock. She was exceedingly pleased with the story of Rahab the woman on the wall of Jericho who received the spies of Israel, and trusted in Jehovah more than in all the stone and wooden gods of her own nation. She heard that that mighty Jehovah had become a baby, a man, and healed the sick and the blind, and stilled the storm, and raised the dead, and that he had loved us so much as to die for our sins, and to rise from the grave to save us from death and hell. She heard all this, and she felt it *must* be true, there *could* not be another God but this God of love, and righteousness, of grace and holiness.

Fostedina kept her feelings concealed within her heart. Her father, Thuddobald, loved her as the apple of his eye, and she was attached to him with the tenderest affection which a daughter can feel for a parent. She knew how stubbornly he was opposed to the new religion, and she started at the thought of the horror which she would cause him if she told him the change that had taken place in her heart. Besides, she knew the unlimited power which the wild priest had among his tribe. If he suspected the least change in her opinions, she was sure that he would require all the Christians to be sacrificed before they reached Medemblik. So she made up her mind not to betray a jot of what had passed in her secret heart.

After a long and fatiguing journey, the company reached the residence of their king. Radbod received his subjects from the remote island with great kindness. He immediately ordered a splendid repast, at which all the grandees and nobles of his court should be present. The twenty nine young Danes were shut up in the chapel of Wodan, this being the only building large enough to accommodate such a large band of prisoners. Willibrord and his companions were left free. The king knew that they were the friends of the mighty Pepin, and he did not wish to be on bad terms with him, especially at the present time, when he was trying to bring about a marriage between Pepin's son, Grimoald, and his daughter, Theudesinde, by which he hoped to regain a considerable portion of his territory, which the Frank conqueror had taken from him in the last war, so he received the bishop and his friends with greater kindness than he, in other circumstances, would have shown them. As to the young Danes, however, he was resolved to deal severely with them, for there was a hatred between the Frisons and the Danes since the latter continually infested the Friesland coast with their pirate ships.

At the repast Radbod placed the chief, Theudo bald on his right hand, and the priest on his left. All the nobles and officers of the guard were seated round a large heavy oak table which bent under the weight of boiled and roasted animals, chiefly oxen, deer and boars. Huge stone jugs were placed on the floor, filled with beer. There were some jugs on the table filled with Rhenish wine, a beverage quite new to the Frisons and which their king had never been able to treat them with, until now that Pepin had sent him some barrels as a token of his friendship. Fostedina, too, was among the guests, indeed a distinguished place was appointed to her since she was the daughter of the Holgoland chief. She was sitting next to the priest while Theudesinde, Radbod's daughter, sat next to the chief. Fostedina was very unhappy, however. She never liked to be present at the rude and wild banquets of her tribe, and now that she had learnt better things from the gospel she was less inclined than ever. She wished herself with Willibrord and his friends who lodged in a room on the left wing of the king's castle. She was anxious about the future destination of the young Danes. She feared that the king had not much good in store for them. She prayed in her heart to Jesus, that he might protect those poor prisoners.

The guests were very merry. The new beverage from the Rhine was very much to their taste. Soon there was a noisy gaiety all over the whole assembly, and the king was not the least merry of them.

"Isn't there a minstrel hereabout?" cried Radbod putting down the heavy stone jug from which he had taken a deep draught. "Isn't there a minstrel to sing us a ballad? Where is Odo the bard, who sung that fine song of the slave and the lion the other day?"

"He is gone," answered the steward. "He started for Burgund last week, to sing at the wedding feast of the Frankish king's daughter."

"Let him be confounded!" cried the king in an angry voice. "Why didn't you keep him with us?"

"I offered him a large piece of amber, and two fine calves, besides four jugs of beer a day, but he would not take them. Perhaps somebody else, however, may take his place just now. I passed by the bishop's room an hour ago, and heard a fine voice singing a nice song with the harp. I am sure one of the bishop's people is a capital player."

"Go and fetch him!" cried the king. And a roar of applause rose from the company, which sounded through the hall like a thunder peal.

Soon the steward returned with the desired person. He was a young monk, and his southern complexion showed that he was of Spanish extraction. Fostedina knew him well. She had often

listened with pleasure to the hymns which he used to sing to the accompaniment of his harp, on many an evening when they were bivouacking in the forest

'Can you sing the ballad of the slave and the lion?' asked Radbod

'I suppose you mean the story of the slave Androclus, who was condemned to fight the lions in Rome, under the cruel emperor Nero,' answered the monk. "I know that story well, but I may not sing it That slave did not know the only true and living God But I know another story about a better man He worshipped the living God through Jesus Christ his Son and was thrown before the lions His name was Ignatius, the holy bishop of Antioch He was sentenced to death by the emperor Trajan and died for Christ at Rome under the claws of the lions But he died with joy and magnified his Saviour with his dying lips

"Sing that song! Sing that song!' cried the king And again a peal of loud applause like thunder filled the hall

The monk tuned his harp, and sang his song He sang of the purity and holiness of the martyr how he loved the Lord his Saviour and preached salvation in his name to sinners He pictured the wrath of the idolatrous priests against the Church of God and the love and meekness with which the Church responded to that hatred He sang of the courage with which Ignatius appeared before the cruel emperor when summoned to his tribunal and of the faithful profession which he witnessed in the sight of death He finally described the noble martyr standing in the circus of Rome, with a face beaming with holy joy, at the moment when the wild beasts were let loose upon him and fixed their claws in his flesh He closed with a hymn to the praise of Christ, in which he extolled the happiness and glory of the martyrs who died for the name of Jesus

While the monk sang this story with a clear, sonorous voice, he appeared quite enraptured himself, and the whole assembly kept profound silence, scarcely allowing themselves to draw a breath Involuntarily eyes swam in tears she almost envied the happy martyr who was counted worthy to bear a crown of glory dipped in his own blood There were two other eyes besides which could scarcely repress the tears that threatened to burst out from them They were the eyes of Adgillus, the king's son a fine, noble young man, who was sitting opposite his father He had heard the bishop Wulfram preach the gospel to his father, and his heart then had caught a spark of holy fire, which now was quickened again by the thrilling song of the monk But anger and wrath shone from the eyes of the priest Had not the king's presence checked him, he would have hurled his sword into the singer's breast And the rage which filled his bosom was not a little increased when he heard a voice whispering by his side, "Would to God that crown of glory pressed my head!"

It was Fowtedina's voice She had forgotten who was sitting next to her Burning with fury, the priest turned round He said nothing, but the horrible glare of his eyes convinced the maiden that he had heard the words which had escaped her lips.

There was a short pause after the monk had finished his song Radbod sat absorbed in deep thoughts He remembered that he had himself killed many a Christian His conscience began accusing him He felt uneasy, and had not the courage to look up There was a voice in his bosom which spoke "Thou art that cruel Trajan" There was another voice which whispered,—"Kill that monk, he is an annoyance to thee"

Suddenly the priest rose from his seat

"Cursed be that song!' he cried, "and cursed be the singer This is an insult done to our gods Hio, Wodan! Hio, Foste! Shame upon the God of the Christians! Our fathers never were Christians Our fathers are happy in the Walhalla with Wodan Long live Trajan the noble emperor He killed the apostates! he killed the Christians! Take your jugs ye men and heroes! Ye free men of Friesland take your jugs and drink Hurrah! hail to the gods of our fathers!'

It was as if a magic rod touched the whole congregation when the priest reminded them of their jugs The solemn silence was at once turned into a noisy confusion Every one grasped his jug and took a deep draught This was the thing the priest aimed at He now was sure of the victory

'Hio Wodan! Hio Foste!' roared the guests And Radbod, rejoicing at his being so quickly delivered of his remorse, merrily swung his jug over his head

'This is a fine story he cried "I am thankful to that minstrel He has brought me upon a fine idea Well have the same joke as the Roman emperor had We have twenty nine apostates in prison at present Let them come before us We will hear them, and if they won't abjure the God of the Christians, they shall fight the wolves'

The king beckoned the steward, and soon the twenty nine prisoners stood in his presence

"Danish dogs!' cried he, "you are sons of those wicked robbers who kill the people of Kennemerland, and steal the children from their mothers breast This is enough to make all of you guilty of death But in addition, you have forsaken the gods of your and our fathers and allowed yourselves to be baptized by the Christians I should be just if I ordered all of you to be burnt alive But I pity your youthful age. I am inclined to show you great mercy but upon one condition Curse this moment the God of the Christians, and bless our god Wodan If you fulfil this condition, I shall let you free, and send you back to your people, but if not, I shall throw you before the wolves, and give your flesh for meat to the dogs'

The eyes of the whole company were directed to the young prisoners They stood like roses in the morning dew, in their natural attire of innocence, simplicity, and youthful health They kept their blue eyes cast down in modest timidity, but when the king summoned them to curse their Saviour, several of them lifted up their eyes with manly boldness, and looked round about the assembly with an expression of noble indignation on their countenances

"What is your answer?' cried the king, after a short pause

a resolute spurt, proceeded one step, and, laying his hand upon his heart, said, with a clear voice,—"I do not know what my companions' answer will be, but, as to myself, I will serve Jesus Christ, the Son of the only true and living God"

"So will I! so will I!" cried many other voices

Some of the young men, however, kept silent

"Let them divide between themselves," cried the priest "Those of you who curse Christ, hold up your hands"

Eight young men slowly lifted up their right hands, covering their faces with the left

"Take the twenty one back to their prison" said the king, "the eight may instantly be liberated"

"Praised be the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost, the God of gods, and the Lord of lords!" cried the twenty one, while being led out of the hall

"Hallelujah! Amen!" cried the monk "Yours is the crown of glory"

"The crown of glory!" whispered Fostedina, and she covered her face with both her hands to hide the tears, which in abundant streams were flowing down her cheeks The priest again turned to her with flaming eyes But she rose and left the hall, and went to her room There she fell upon her knees and giving free vent to her emotions, she ejaculated amid sobs and tears, "O God, my God! help me! Make me faithful! Give me the crown of glory!"

"Thou shalt have that crown!" said a voice behind her, in a malicious tone

Fostedina started up from her knees The frightful priest stood by, looking at her with an expression of wrath, as if he had come to devour her She shivered like a lamb in the presence of a wolf

"Thou shalt have that crown!" repeated the priest, with an odious smile And before she was able to utter a word, he turned on his heel, and left the room

The next day a numerous band went out into the forest in pursuit of wolves and wild boars That same evening they returned with twelve wolves and three boars caught alive Meanwhile, hundreds of hands had been employed in driving poles into the soil to form a kind of large circus An elevated seat was erected for the king and his court The following day was appointed for the new and cruel spectacle

The sun set, and the evening spread its dark wings over the earth The young Danes knew that it was the last evening of their life They had heard the strokes of the hammers and axes resounding in their prison, which was a rough specious building of Gothic architecture It received no light but from eight narrow windows, the under frames of which were some fifteen feet above the floor The panes were not of glass but of horn, set in a cross work of lead The young martyrs were sitting on the ground, as there was not a single piece of furniture in the place except a small altar, behind which was a rough wooden idol They were sitting in the dark, but it was bright day light in their hearts They repeated to each other as many words of the Lord as they could remember from their teacher's instructions.

"I remember," said one of them, "our father told us of the first martyr, Stephen, that when dying he saw Jesus in his heavenly glory."

"Brothers," said another, "by this time tomorrow we shall all of us be in a better place than this We shall be with Christ in the heavenly Jerusalem"

"Let us not fear the wolves," said a third "They can only kill our bodies Our spirits shall ascend to the throne of the living God"

In this way the young Danes consoled and strengthened each other in their most holy faith but on a sudden they heard a slight noise outside the building Soon a rustling was heard above their heads at one of the windows Crack! crack! down fell the lead cross work, and a fresh breeze blew The young men listened eagerly It appeared to them as if some heavy object were thrown inside One or two of them groped in the dark in the direction of the sound They felt a ladder, from which a person descended into their abode

"Young men" whispered a voice, 'come save your lives, climb up this ladder you will find another one outside to get down By day we quickly as possible into the land of the Franks'

'Who are you?' asked one of the Danes

"Do not ask questions!' replied the voice "Make haste! May God protect you!"

The Danes obeyed With the greatest caution, and as noiselessly as possible they climbed up the ladder and soon found themselves in the open air Guided by the stars, they took their course towards the south God favoured their flight, they reached the territory of the Franks

The sun rose The massive oak door of the chapel of Wodin turned on its hinges, and in came Hallbold's steward He kept standing as if changed into a statue He could not believe his eyes He saw the place empty except that a woman was sitting on the altar He thought it was one of the goddesses and was about to fall prostrate on the floor But the woman beckoned him to approach, and said —

"Don't be afraid, Hedo It is I"

"What! Fostedina! The Helgoland chief's fair maiden," exclaimed the steward, approaching

"Yes," answered the girl, with a smile "The Danes are gone"

She pointed to the open window and the ladder The steward looked up with astonishment He at once understood the whole

"Unhappy girl," he exclaimed, "what have you done?"

"They are gone!" she exclaimed, in a joyful voice "They are safe Praised be God, the Lord of hosts!"

The steward gazed at the girl with an expression of compassion and admiration

"Unhappy girl!" he repeated, "how could you be so reckless! Do you want to be devoured by the wolves? The people will tear you to pieces"

"My life is in the hand of God," answered the girl, calmly "If He hath designed me for the crown of glory, I shall rejoice"

The steward again looked at her with indescribable amazement He had no words. He could not conceive how such a thing should ever come to

a weak girl's mind He pitied her She was so young so fair, so noble In a moment an idea crossed his mind

'Fly away!' he said, taking her by the hand "Fly from this place Go to your room Go to your bed I shall be silent as the grave Nobody shall know that it is you who have done it'

'No, Hedlo, good Hedlo, answered the girl "I will stay here Let the king let my father come, they ought to know that nobody but I am guilty If they don't know that they will accuse the bishop and his companions, and throw them to the wolves

In vain the good steward tried to persuade the noble girl He entreated, he besought he conjured her he knelt down before her All in vain She kept immovable

The sound of bugles was heard

'There they come! Fly!' entreated the steward

But it was too late One of the officers of the guard entered with a band of armed men They appeared thunder struck when they learned what had happened They took Fostedina to the king's castle

Radbod was just taking his morning meal with his son Adgillus the Helgoland chief the priest, and a few nobles of his court They were conversing about the cruel spectacle that was to take place to-day The officer of the guard entered Fright was expressed in his countenance In abrupt words he told the company what he had witnessed

'What! Great gods! My daughter!' exclaimed the chief rising from his seat

Radbod uttered a loud shriek and knocked the table with his fist till the jugs trembled The priest cast a look up at the officer as if he wanted to pierce him with his eyes Adgillus covered his face with his hands

'Let the cursed girl come in!' cried the king

Fostedina was brought in She approached with firm steps She looked at the king with an open countenance, but on seeing her father tears came into her eyes, and she caught hold of the table to keep herself standing

'Miserable girl!' cried the king "Have you helped the slaves out of their prison?"

'I have" replied the girl, in a calm voice

'Have you done it alone? Has nobody helped you?'

'Nobody,' answered the maiden "I have no accomplices'

'My child! My daughter!' cried the chief, in a voice full of emotion 'How could you do such a thing?'

'I pitied the young men, answered Fostedina "I abhor the cruelty with which twenty one innocent youths were to be killed

"Innocent!' exclaimed the chief "Do you call those apostates innocent?'

'Yes, I do," answered she "I believe that they are right, and that our gods are dead gods I believe that Jesus Christ is the everlasting Son of the only true and living God'

A shriek of horror resounded through the hall at this bold and open profession of the maiden There was a pause With an expression of unspeakable joy on her countenance, Fostedina stood in the midst of this scene of amazement, wrath, and confusion At length the priest rose

"We know enough" he said, "and I knew it yesterday This girl is the greatest apostate of all She envied the death of the Danes She called it a crown of glory She desired that crown for herself The evil spirit has perplexed her mind and driven her mad She wants to die I think we ought to consider deliberately what to do with her'

'I agree' said the king 'Take her to prison,' he added beckoning to the officer

Fostedina left the hall, surrounded by half a dozen armed men

'Theudebald,' said the king to the Helgoland chief "she is your daughter What is your opinion about her punishment?'

The chief was silent He covered his face with his hands

'She is my only child' he said 'Her mother is dead She was always my joy and my crown I am an unhappy man I wish I were dead If you throw her to the wolves I'll throw myself with her Life has no value to me without that beloved girl my Fostedina —my pleasure and delight

Tears came into the eyes of the robust warrior He withdrew to a remote corner of the hall to conceal the emotions of his heart

'You will never allow that fine girl to be devoured by the wolves, said Adgillus, in a soft voice to his father

'She is an apostate said the priest 'She has robbed our gods of their due sacrifice The wrath of Wodan will come upon us if we let her go She must die

"I really don't know what to do' said Radbod rubbing his forehead with his hand "She is a fine, noble girl, indeed I wish, he added looking askance at the priest "I wish we could satisfy our gods with fifty bullocks in her stead'

"Not with ten thousand exclaimed the priest "Our gods crave the blood of the girl Besides, the people will not be content They are prepared for the spectacle They want to see the wolf fight They will rise against you if you send them home without that'

'But we *cannot* give them a wolf fight' returned the king Where are the fighters?'

"True," replied the priest, "but then give up the girl If you spare her, the people will say that we have sent away the Danes"

There was a pause Both the king and the prince perceived that there was truth in what the priest said

'I cannot take a decision in this matter," said Radbod 'I must see my counsellors and the oldest of the people upon the subject Ay, steward!'

The steward entered and took his orders Meanwhile an increasing noise was heard outside It was the crowd of people flowing together from all parts of the neighbourhood to witness the fight A general murmur arose when the report reached them that the Danes were gone Crowds assembled before the king's castle, filling the air with their shouts and cries. The steward went out to order them to go to the sacred forest of Wodan, where

a *Witenagemot* i.e., a national council of all the free men should be held. Like the waves of the ocean in stormy weather, the multitude rushed away to the forest.

Nearly the whole day was occupied with this meeting. Under a three century oak were sitting the king, his prince, the priest, the Helgoland chief, the counsellors and eldest of the people. Round about them was an innumerable multitude, assembled under the green roof of trees, many of which had overshaded the ground for centuries. Fostedina was brought to the centre of an empty square that was left between the people and the council. There she stood seen by all, herself seeing Him who is invisible. A general silence prevailed when she was brought up. One could hear a leaf fall. Deep was the impression her appearance made even upon the rudest. It was as

if some angel appeared among them. How fair, how beautiful she is—even some old women could not help exclaiming.

The king rose from his seat.

"Ye free men of Friesland," he said, pointing with his hand to Fostedina, "this is the girl who has saved the Danes. We are met here to decide what we are to do with her."

A general murmur ran through the crowd. Some cries were heard—"To the wolves!"

A grey headed venerable old man, one of the eldest of the people, rose. He lifted up his spear towards heaven—

"She has insulted our gods," he cried, "the gods of our fathers. She ought to atone with her blood!"

"Our father has spoken wise words," said a priest. "She has robbed our gods of the blood which was promised them."

Several other priests rose after this, and spoke to the same effect. They all required her death. Then the Helgoland chief rose. He dashed his sword and shield on the ground with such vehemence that the forest echoed the noise.

"There lies my honour and glory," he said. "I am a wretched man. She is my only child. Her first breath was her mother's last. She always was the light of my eyes. But I leave her to you. Deal with her as it is right in your eyes. As to me, I shall not survive her long. My broken heart cannot be healed."

A feeling of compassion was legible upon all faces. A soft plaintive sound was whispered from mouth to mouth. The grey-headed old man who had spoken first, rose again, and said—

"For shame! Are you sheer women and children? Are you the offspring of the old Frisons? Did our fathers ever flinch from offering their children to the gods? I am an old man. I never saw those glorious days, but I remember my father telling me of them when I was a boy. He often told me how his own mother put her baby in a basket and burnt it alive for our great goddess Freya, who was so pleased with that token of veneration, that she promised our family wealth down to the tenth generation. And she has kept her promise hitherto. Many of you know that my father died in his hundred and sixteenth year. I am nearly fourscore and ten now. I killed a wild bear with my own hand yesterday. The gods bless those who abundantly worship them, but woe to the who withhold the blood which is due to the Allmighty! Wrath will surely come upon all of us if we despise the mighty one."

"To the wolves! To the wolves!" cried some voices, and a general murmur, sounding through the whole assembly, showed that the old man's speech met with general approbation.

Then Adgilus rose from his seat. He was a noble prince, and very much liked by the people because of his spirit and gallantry.

"I am a young man," he said; "and it becomes me not to speak against the old of days, whose heads a long experience has adorned with a white crown, and filled with wisdom. Still, when a man's life is concerned in a debate every one's voice ought to be heard. Our venerable old father told us just now, that in former days our fathers sometimes would kill their babies to please their gods. It appears, however, that the gods are not much pleased with such cruel sacrifices for they have not asked for them during the last hundred years. I don't see, indeed, what delight there may be in tasting the blood of innocent babies. Are the gods of our fathers wolves and tigers? Would any one of you like to drink the blood and to eat the flesh of a baby? I ask, would any one of you?"

"No, no! we would not!" cried many voices.

"I was sure of that," continued the prince. "I know you are not such blood thirsty people. The Frisons never dreaded to look their enemy in the face, and to make him pay for his insult with his blood. But no noble Frison ever desired or shed the blood of babies or women. The Frisons were always ready to shed their own blood for their babies and women."

"Yes, yes, true, true!" shouted a thousand voices. A general enthusiasm seized the assembly, all the spears and swords were lifted up, and the forest resounded with loud cheers.

"Well then," resumed the prince, "it is true that we don't desire the blood of babies and women, are we better than our gods? Are our gods worse than us? Are the Frisons free, noble men, and are their gods blood thirsty tigers? I don't desire the blood of that harmless girl. I am sure none of our gods desires it. Does any one of you? I ask you all, would any one of you desire to drink the blood of that harmless girl?"

"No, no! we don't!" cried the assembly in one voice. "We don't!"

"Well then, will you give your gods to drink what you don't like yourselves? I have always been proud of my being a Frison because no innocent blood ever stained the Frison name. But if you kill that little girl I leave the country at once. I will be a Frison no longer. I shall be ashamed of my Frison name, because every one will have a right to say to me, 'Thou art a member of that people who killed fatherless women!' If you throw her to the wolves, I'll go with her. I'll fight the wolves for her with my last sword!"

Here the prince held up his sword high in the air, and looked all over the congregation. No breath was heard. Every one looked at the noble young man with an ardent admiration.

"When my royal father lately my sister gave me this sword, he commanded me to swear that I should draw it for the protection of the weak, the innocent, and the defenceless. I'll keep my oath. Here I am. My God help me!"

With these words the noble prince leaped from the turf platform, and placed himself in the attitude of a protector before Lostedina, holding his drawn sword in his hand. Incredible was the impression which this act produced upon the congregation. The whole mass was transported with admiration. The applause never seemed to subside. The aged oaks re-echoed the oft-repeated shouts of the enchanted multitude.

At length the Helgoland priest rose, and, beckoning with his hand, succeeded in silencing the assembly.

"Our noble prince," he said, "has spoken a knightly word. Blessed is the people that can boast of such young men. He does not desire the blood of that girl, nor does any one of us. But young blood is often rash in judgment. This girl has insulted our gods. She has embraced the new religion. She has abandoned the religion of our fathers. That is a great crime. The law of the Frisons requires the death of every one."

"No death! No death!" cried a thousand voices, interrupting the priest. "The girl shall not die!"

The priest bit his lips. He turned pale from overwhelming anger. He saw that the people had made up their minds, that it was impossible to sacrifice the girl.

"Very well," he said, disguising his spite, "let her live. But it would not be right to let her go

unpunished. The gods require satisfaction The law requires justice This girl told me that she was desirous of a crown. 'I want a crown,' she said 'I want a crown of glory!' She then turned a Christian, and saved the Danes Well, then, let her have the crown she craved Here it is It is exactly such a one as the God of the churches wore"

With these words the priest produced a crown of thorns from under his cloak, and held it up on high

"That's right! That's right,' cried many voices "Crown her, crown her!"

Several aged men and priests now rose, and insisted upon the proposed punishment being inflicted The king also gave his consent It was resolved that Fastedina, the next day, should stand in the circus, from sunrise till sunset, wearing the crown of thorns, and then be banished from the country

She underwent her punishment with joy The sharp thorns painfully pierced her forehead and temples, and caused the blood to run down her cheeks, but she uttered not a single sigh The next day she left the country Willibrord and his friends accompanied her to the court of Pepin Herstal After that day Adgillus was not seen in Friesland He joined the army of the Franks, to fight the savage tribes who infested the boundaries of Gaul His prowess and gallantry filled the whole country with his fame Pepin appointed him commander in chief of his army in the south

Radbod did not survive the departure of his son very long. He died in 719 Adgillus succeeded to his father, under the title of Adgillus II, notwithstanding the strong opposition of the priests. The people desired him as their king, they loved the noble and gallant hero Nor had they any objection to acknowledging Fastedina as their queen Willibrord united them in the bonds of Christian marriage

The marks of the thorny crown were still visible on the queen's forehead and temples when, by the side of her royal consort, she entered the old city of Stavoren, then the first residence of the Frisian kings The people murmured at the sight of the scars which reminded them of the cruelty they had inflicted upon that noble head And on the morning of the great festival with which the inauguration of the new king was to be celebrated, twelve noble girls entered the queen's room and presented her with a golden crown of such a shape as was required to hide the effects of the crown of thorns Two golden plates covered her temples, while a splendid gold stirrup passed over her forehead and concealed the scars which it bore

The new head dress instead of detracting from the beauty of the queen greatly added to enhance it Gradually all the ladies of the court followed her example and soon it became the custom for every noble woman to wear such a golden head dress Fastedina, however never laid it aside when she would take her golden crown in her hand and say, It never can come up to the thorn one And looking up to heaven she would add, 'My God and my Lord, thou still hast a better crown in store for me!'

J DE HAAN

AMSTERDAM, Oct 1861

THE PARISH SCHOOL AND THE MAN-OF-WAR

AND HOW THEY BECAME ISLANDS

HAVE our readers ever heard of St Mark's Parish School, Windsor, or of "the wonderful work" spent once and again by its scholars on board the "Pembroke" man of war? Possibly some of them are familiar with the little books, in the pale green covers, in which Mr Hawtrey, of Eton, the great promoter and patron of the school, narrates its rise and progress, and gives so pleasant details of the visits to Her Majesty's good ship, the "Pembroke" All who have read them will agree with us that they are singularly pleasant books, and very instructive, especially the first of the series, although our enthusiasm may not quite equal that of the steward of the "Pembroke," who had read the "Story of the Work" at least twenty times, and had its edges fresh gilt, and put away in silver paper, in token of his high regard The account of the school is so suggestive, that whoever reads it cannot but wish that he had a copy to give to every schoolmaster of his acquaintance, and that the principles that have wrought so well in St Mark's were at work in ten thousand other places This at least has been our own feeling, and it is under the influence of it that we now sit down to write a short account of the school, and a shorter notice of the visits to the man-of-war; in doing which, we fain hope we may have the good fortune to achieve a double good,—first, by recommending the example to imitation, and second, by recommending the enterprise itself to assistance Don't get frightened, prudent reader in this latter particular, we shall be as modest (and that is not saying little) as Mr Hawtrey himself, we shall state what he has done, what he is doing, and what he is striving to accomplish, we shall leave it to yourself to draw all inferences

St Mark's school may perhaps be described in one word as something like Arnold's Rugby in humble life It is founded and conducted on the great principle of sympathy, the boys are made to feel that they are loved and cordially cared for, that the conductors of the school have a true and real desire for the welfare of every scholar Mr. Hawtrey is fond of quoting the words of Professor Stanley,—"Sympathy is the secret of power, no artificial self adaptation, no merely official or pastoral relation, has an influence equal to that which is produced by the consciousness of a human and personal affection in the mind of the teacher towards his scholars—of the general towards his soldiers—of the apostle towards his converts" The boys feel that they are rather directed, helped, and encouraged, than mastered, there has consequently sprung up, not only a most attached and

filial feeling towards the patron and the master of the school, but also a kindly, brotherly spirit among the scholars themselves; in fact, the establishment is more like a family than a school; its domestic character is strengthened by the scholars taking a meal together daily, and occasionally having tea in a quiet sylvan nook in the country; great pains are taken to deal truthfully with the boys, and to promote truthfulness among them; the master feels that to form a manly, open, generous Christian character is even more his business than to give instruction. The lesser aids to this great end are not overlooked, the power of music, for example, is thoroughly understood, and well is it turned to account; for promoting bodily health, care is taken to secure plenty of fresh air, bathing and swimming are practised, there is the cricket field too, and the lithographic press, and carpenters' tools, and so many other things, that it is next to impossible to understand how an old cottage of three or four little rooms could, for some years, have formed the centre of so varied operations. All accounts bear testimony to the remarkable success which has attended this school for the children of working men, small tradesmen, soldiers, and poor widows. The visits to the "Pembroke" form the culminating testimony in its favour, for what captain in Her Majesty's navy would have encumbered himself for a week at a time with a score or two of poor school boys on board his ship, had there not been something singularly good in their training? This, however, is but half the secret of the success of the visit to the "Pembroke." It turned out that the discipline of the man-of-war and that of the school were conducted on the very same principle; Captain Charlewood and Mr. Hawtrey had both lighted on the same key to the hearts and the obedience of their respective charges, the power of sympathy which made the school boys cheer so lustily for the one, was that which would have made every man and boy in the ship turn out cheerfully at midnight at the call of the other. So the crew of the ship and the boys of the school were like unknown brothers accidentally finding each other; and the "happy to meet, sorry to part" feeling that has ever since given such cordiality to their re-unions, was the welling up of the deep fountain of brotherhood, the token of what both owed to their nursing mother—Sympathy.

But it is time to go back to the beginning. The name of the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey has long been well known at Eton, more than one generation of Etonians owe to him their mathematical training. Upwards of twenty years ago, when the present Bishop of New Zealand was curate of Windsor, he erected a school-room, used on Sundays as a chapel, in the village of Dedworth, about three miles from Windsor. The services in the chapel were intrusted to Mr Hawtrey. The singing was atrocious; especially that of the charity children in a far-off gallery. While revolving on the steps possible for the cure of so great an evil, Mr. Hawtrey fell in with Hullah's *Manual*, and at Exeter Hall, had his mind opened to the capabilities of Hullah's system. He and his clerk at Dedworth then obtained leave to teach music from notes, after the regular school hours, to those of the Windsor national school-boys who showed a disposition to learn. By and by, the best of the class were formed into a choir, who accompanied him, Sunday by Sunday, to Dedworth. This continued for some years. There was an afternoon and an evening service, and as the distance from Windsor did not admit of their returning between services, Mr. Hawtrey and his boys used to take tea together, and, on summer evenings, they had their meal under the shade of trees in an orchard adjoining the chapel. The affectionate social character afterwards impressed on St. Mark's school had its origin in this almost accidental way. "This meal taken in common, the walk in the adjoining forest after the afternoon service, the seeking the primrose bank in the opening spring, or the bed of wild violets, the Sunday story-book read out as the party sat in a social circle on the new-mown hay, or gathered in the heat of summer, under the shade of the oak trees in the forest,—all this was doing its work. It was working into the boys' hearts a humanized, affectionate, family feeling, which has never gone out of the school. To this must doubtless be added the effect upon themselves of the music they practised and sang, still affectionately remembered by the inhabitants of the hamlet."

Ere long, Mr Hawtrey became the incumbent of a church in Windsor, and, about the same time, circumstances rendered it desirable that his singing boys should have a school of their own. Where was it to be? One of them remembered that there was a washerwoman's cottage, with a small drying-ground attached, at the junction of Goswell and Clewer Lane, which had been for some time vacant. The cottage was taken, and by a wonderful process of transformation, to a large extent executed by the boys themselves, it was converted into school premises. Even Mr. Darwin could hardly conceive more startling developments. A bath-room was fabricated out of a duck pond, and a dressing room was formed from the adjoining pig sty. A carpenter's shop and tool house was derived from a shed, and two of the cottage rooms developed into the apartments for the school. A master was got from the Training College, Chelsea, and nineteen boys, all of whom had been under humanizing influence for some time, enrolled themselves as scholars. The establishment became the parish or district school of St. Mark's. By and by the number of scholars was enlarged to fifty. From time to time it has undergone further increase; and an enthusiastic admirer of the school, who casually stumbled upon it, and wrote a graphic account of it in the *Times* of 2d December 1858, mentions 107 as the number of its pupils. The remarkable thing is, that notwithstanding the great size to which it has grown, the school still retains the domestic and affectionate character with which it started. The moral of the tale Mr. Hawtrey conceives to be this,—begin with a small number, get a good tone into the school, and the incomers will pick it up. Other persons will be disposed to believe that Mr. Hawtrey's personal superintendence and fatherly interest in the boys, seconded by the masters whom he has been fortunate in securing, have had no small share of influence in making the school what it is.

On the first day of the school, the master and his boys, after meeting in church at seven o'clock,

for morning service, walked together to the school, and at a quarter to eight sat down to breakfast The master's breakfast was laid on the table in the centre of the room, and the boys took their seats at tables ranged round the walls Each boy took out of his bag a slice of bread and butter, which he had brought from home, and a basin of milk and water, or of cocoa, was provided for each The same practice has continued ever since Mr Moseley, in one of his Reports, observes — 'I doubt not that this meal, eaten in common by the teacher and children, has contributed largely to the high moral tone of that remarkable school

The most perfect idea we can form of a school approaches to that of a well ordered family, and of the proper relation of the teacher and his scholars to that of a parent and his children It is difficult to conceive how this idea is to be realized unless they take their meals together' The kindly feeling of the boys towards one another (which has often been observed) has been greatly fostered by this interesting practice

The boys who form this school are from the ordinary labouring classes Of 228 boys who had passed through the school in 1857 41 were the sons of widows, 50 of labourers with wages from 12s to 15s, 22 of petty shopkeepers, 68 of mechanics 12 of soldiers, 17 of domestic servants 1 of a foreman, while only 17 belonged to a somewhat superior grade One French boy and one Italian had occurred among the scholars the latter was picked up by a kind English officer after the battle of the Alma, in a vineyard through which our army passed in the flank march to Balaclava The little boy had apparently lost all his kindred in the war, and after remaining with the army to England his protector brought him with him and finally he was placed at St Mark's parish school The average time spent at school is a little under four years The weekly fee is 4d 6d and 9d, according to the subjects taught, but the applications for admission are always more numerous than can be granted Mr Hawtrey says 'I have known a widow left to bring up a family of six children, nurse her baby with her left arm while she turned her mangle with the right for many a long hour into the night rather than take her boys from school And when so reduced as not to have a change of clothing for her children, she would sit up at night and mend, wash, and iron the clothes they had taken off, that they might be neat and tidy to school the next morning Of mothers widow, left with a family of five young children with no means of support but her own occasional charing, and a little parish relief, I inquired how it was she was able to keep her boys at school, she said, 'I hardly know how it is, but I must not keep them from school, *I want to give them what nobody can take from them*'"

The training of St Mark's school *is education* in the literal and true sense of the word, it is not cramming,—not pouring in, but drawing out It is education both of mind and body Mr Hawtrey has felt it to be very desirable that the minds of boys of the working class should be taught *to make great efforts*, and for this end, he has introduced Latin and Euclid among the studies of his school He conceives that though scholars acquire less of what is shown by such a process, they turn out more valuable and useful men They learn to think, they get the mastery of their own powers, their faculties are quickened All his experience, he tells us, goes to confirm his views on this point At the same time, he believes that the public at large will be more disposed to follow his advice on another branch, which has been cultivated with great diligence—learning music from notes Boys should begin at once, and the music lesson should come in as regularly as the ciphering or reading-lesson The boys should meet one evening every week for the practice of music, and this meeting should embrace those who have left the school It will form a pleasant bond of union among them, and it will prove in itself a source of great pleasure

We can but notice cursorily some of the plans in this school for the *physical* improvement of the boys First we mark in the inspector's report a brief but most important entry, 'ventilation good" The boys are not poisoned, stupified, asphyxied, with bad air Would we could say the same for even half the schools in the country' Then there is the bath The little duck pond has become a great institution Its sides have been raised, lined with concrete, and covered with a shed, and through the aid of a large copper and a pump, it has become a respectable bath room, where the boys bathe twice a week, gratify to their own heart's content the freshness and comfort of the school Further there is the cricket club, managed by the boys themselves and Mr Hawtrey strongly urges that besides regular hours on certain days, for cricketing, a whole day should occasionally be devoted to this sport, and the entire school should go off for a thorough hearty game The ringing merry laugh of the boys on such occasions, and the animated rushing and contesting to and fro, are things exciting to witness, and even to remember Swimming is another branch of their physical training The instance of its usefulness which Mr Hawtrey mentions is not the highest that might be yet to him it would be pleasant to receive the thanks of a soldier's mother, who came to tell him that her son's fortune was made, because when the colonel's horse fell into the water, as the regiment was embarking in the Crimea, her boy, who had learned to swim when at St Mark's, had jumped overboard and saved them We can but enumerate, as affording other sorts of physical employment, clothing, spade work, which does much service many ways, carpenters tools, wherewith the boys repair the premises, a paste pot, useful for fastening loose leaves, or pasting sheets on boards, the work of the bath room, pumping, the preparation of the tea, sweeping the school room, and keeping the yard in order There is no sign of stagnation in all this, and the interesting thing is, that these employments help, instead of hindering, the serious work of the school, and enable the boys to do their counting, or their grammar, or their Euclid, with clearer head and stouter heart.

No wonder though the boys trained under such a system turn out well. It is a practice of Mr. Hawtrey's to write to the several tradesmen or employers to whom the boys are apprenticed in business, inquiring how each is doing. Many of the answers are printed in his account of the

school, usually their testimony is favourable, especially to the character by the boys for truthfulness, honesty and industry

But what of the visit to the man of war? That certainly is too important a part of our history to be omitted or pushed into a corner. The way in which it came about was as remarkable as the visit itself, as we shall now proceed to show.

In the summer of 1858, Mr Hawtrey had invited a party of his scholars to spend a fortnight at the seaside at Lowestoft. During their stay, a man of war, the "Pembroke," sailed past and anchored at Yarmouth. Hearing that the captain's name was Chalkwood, and that visitors were allowed to go on board, Mr Hawtrey wrote to him, asking permission to bring his twenty boys to see the man of war. The captain received them kindly, showed them his cabin, and introduced them to ship his cat. The boys, in return, sung "The Bonie rowe," "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen." Taken with the appearance and the singing of the boys, and especially struck by their open, intelligent, pleasing look, Captain Chalkwood who by this time had learned something of the history of the school invited them to have dinner on his ship. All the wonders of the ship having been seen, dinner time arrived. I envy the feelings of the boys as they entered the dining room hung with flags, with everything beautifully arranged, and after a substantial repast on delicious beefsteaks, were treated to sweet wine, cake, and fruit, in grand variety spread out on a table covered with the most beautiful of linen! In addition to this, they had the honour to be sent ashore in the same manner by fourteen oars. Many of them had never seen the sea, nor a ship till their visit to Lowestoft. Then day in the Pembroke was like a day in a new world. And then the kindness of the captain and the officers and the crew—what could it mean? The captain told them "It is to show my sympathy with your patron, who is taking such pains to bring you up."

Invited by Captain Chalkwood pay a visit to Wood, says the school is kind enough to say that the day spent on board had done good to his men, who were interested in seeing the pleasant relation between the boys and their master, and ends by giving them an invitation to spend a week on board his ship when laid up next winter in the harbour at Harwich.

A week on board the man of war! What a flutter of wonder and delight passed at the announcement over the minds of the boys! Christmas week came and a happy party of eight and twenty (including the Russian boy) set off about three o'clock one dark morning to walk to the Slough Station, so as to reach London in time for the Parliamentary train to Harwich. They were received on board the ship with more than even the usual cordiality of a sailor's welcome, for somehow the frank, and warm hearted manner, for which sailors are proverbial, seemed to pervade the whole ship, from the highest officer to the humblest boy.

Great was the delight of the school-boys at all they saw on board. They were marvellously at their ease. Even the big guns did not terrify them. How could they, when, close beside them, Billy and Bobby, the two pet canaries, were hopping and fluttering and singing, as if their ship home had been the quietest and most peaceful nook in all England? Getting into bed, or rather into hammock, was a rare source of amusement. But for the kindness of a marine, and one or two others of the ship's company, who showed them how to arrange their blankets, and tucked them in, there might have been not a few rheumatic joints next morning. Great, too, was their interest in the arrangements of the ship. Each ingenious device for stowing away stores, each odd arrangement in the officers' cabins, was hailed as a great discovery, and the happy discoverer either rushed on the impulse of the moment to announce the wonderful fact to his comrades, or treasured it up until next meal time, when each boy told of all the wonders he had seen.

The employment and amusement of so large a party during the Christmas week was no easy task. Mr Hawtrey managed by providing one portion of the entertainment himself and by allowing the boys to take part in what had been provided and arranged by the ship's crew on other evenings. For this last, he, of course, was not directly responsible, and for our part, we honestly avow, that theatricals and late dancing do not appear to be the sort of recreations which are likely to benefit the children of a parish school. The magic lantern, with its sober lessons in astronomy, enlivened by "The Man and the Ass" the "Tale of the Tub," and "The Man eating the Rats" was very successful, and for Saturday evening it was highly appropriate that the views of the Holy Land should be accompanied by some remarks on the life of Jesus and similar topics, and thus the minds of the audience prepared for the sacred day of rest. The musical powers of the boys were an unfailing source of enjoyment. One night, they sung the whole of Handel's *Messiah*. It was probably the first time that the *Messiah* was ever sung on the quarter-deck of a man of war. It was sung with much solemnity of feeling and Mr Hawtrey prefaced each part with an explanation of the great truths which it embodied and the emotions it was designed to express. The sailors were deeply moved. Some of the hymns too, which the boys sung, were great favourites with the tars. A pin might have been heard drop during one of the hymns sung at the Sunday service,—"Nearer, my God, to thee." Another hymn that was very popular both with the officers and the crew, was the well known one beginning—"One there is above all others, O how he loves!" It very appropriately closed the Sunday evening service, on which occasion Mr Hawtrey had preached from the text, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." The sailors seemed to be much impressed, and it was said that the good effects of that day's service were apparent in their conduct during the week. When the time came to say farewell, Mr Hawtrey was presented with a written address from the men, in which they touchingly declared that words could not express their delight [illegible] sublime and holy thoughts which he had [illegible] in sowing in the breasts of many of the crew. "We are now about to part," they said, "and there is every one of us that may never meet you again, and may never have the happiness

of receiving a smile from your benevolent countenance in this world, but we hope and trust that we shall all meet you again in that happy home where all sorrows are at an end, where every weary traveller is at rest, then we shall all join in one hallelujah for ever and ever Our hearts are too full to say more May God bless you! May God bless you! Farewell! Farewell!

We have no room to describe the brilliant Christmas tree not the real sailor's knife which Captain Charlewood presented to each boy at parting not the magic sight when the men rushed to the rigging to fill the shrouds not the glorious cheer which burst from the whole ship as the boats began to "row" But we must find room for one thing which impressed every one of the boys very much —the singular kindness of the sailors all the time they were on board The marks of kindness were never ending A boy had but to cry out that he had lost a shirt or a pair of stockings when the whole stock of a good natured mess was forthwith at his disposal At leaving one little fellow lost or mislaid his cap, no sooner was this perceived, than off went the cap of a sailor and down it came spinning into the lap of the capless boy A feeling of true regard and affection for their younger brothers, filled the hearts of these honest seamen not less creditable to themselves than to the boys whose conduct drew it forth

Next year (Christmas 1859 60) a second visit was paid to the "Pembroke" of which the (privately) printed account lies before us But space is limited and we must leave this visit to the fancy of our readers We understand, through a friend (who writes to us that he visited the school a short time ago and found everything most vital and vigorous), that a third visit was paid to the ship in the beginning of the present year The ship and the school are now old friends and can join in singing of the days of "Auld lang syne"

But what is doing for the school buildings of St. Mark's? The school still meets in the widow's cottage, supplemented by two additional cottages, and for these premises Mr Hawtrey is responsible, as well as for other annual expenses, no small part of which we suspect he has to defray from his own pocket This is in no sense as it ought to be Buildings should be provided in which free and full scope may be given to a scheme which has worked so well and the institution may attain the rank and comfort of being self supporting To carry out the whole scheme a sum of £5000 is required About three fourths of that sum, we believe, have already been collected but Mr Hawtrey is an enemy to debt and is resolved not to venture into the morass till the whole sum be raised It is too often the way of the world to leave modest men in the lurch who hate making a fuss, and cannot beg But surely there are many who, as soon as it is made known to them that the permanence of an institution, conducted in the spirit we have described and effecting so much good, is endangered for want of a few hundred pounds will feel it at once a duty and a privilege to have a stone or two in the building that is to give it permanence

W G BLAIKIE.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS

(See Illustration)

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not" Matt xxiii 37

It is singular that the beautiful reference in this text to the now most frequent and familiar of all our household birds, should be almost the only one regarding it within the entire range of the Scriptures The others are those in which St Peter's denial of the Saviour is foretold, and where we are warned to be watchful, as knowing not "when the master of the house cometh at even or at midnight or at the cock crowing, or in the morning," —Mark xiii 35

Some learned Hebraists are of opinion that poultry were unknown to the ancient Jewish people, as they are not distinctly alluded to in the Old Testament It cannot, however, admit of a doubt that they were well known over many parts both of Europe and Asia, for several hundred years before the Christian era When Themistocles took the field to combat the Persians, he alluded, while haranguing his troops, to the invincible courage of the cock —"Observe with what intrepid valour he fights, inspired by no other motive than the love of victory, whereas you are to contend for your religion and your liberty, for your wives and children, and for the tombs of your ancestors" It was on this occasion, and after such an ornithological exordium, that the Athenians achieved one of the most immortable victories recorded in history According to Aelian, it was in commemoration of their signal success, and of the martial rage by which the courage of the soldiery had been roused, that they instituted those annual games of which cock fighting formed so conspicuous a feature. Themistocles died in the sixty fifth year of his age, and about the 449th year before the Christian era. He must consequently have been contemporary with Nehemiah, the sacred historian, and nearly so with Malachi, the last of the minor prophets. Now, the Old Testament history does not conclude till about fifty years after the death of Themistocles, from which it may be inferred, that if the later of the sacred writers do not mention poultry, it must have been from some other cause than their ignorance of the existence of these birds, for if the early Greek nations had received them prior to that period, either from Persia or the more south eastern countries of Asia, they could scarcely have remained unknown in the intermediate regions inhabited by the Jews.

That their subservience to the human race has been extremely ancient, may be inferred from the

fact, that no authentic traditionary traces now remain of their domestic introduction to any of the older families of the earth They seem to be one of those special requirements which, like the faithful and accommodating dog, may be said, although we know not either when or where, to have joined their fortunes with those of man, to have followed him in many of his wonderful and far spread migrations, and adapting their constitution with facility to the varied circumstances of clime and country which those migrations produced, to have in many instances lost nearly all resemblance to the source from which they sprung

It is a curious though now well known fact that when Captain Cook first visited the South Sea Islands, he found them well stocked with domestic poultry, and the more recent, as well as more ample narratives of the missionaries have confirmed the statements of the great navigator regarding the practice of cock fighting in Tahiti, and other islands of Polynesia Mr Ellis, for example describes the *Faa ti raamoa* or literally, the evening fighting among fowls, as the most ancient game of the Tahitians, and he further informs us, that, according to the tradition of the natives, poultry have existed in these islands as long as the people, —that they either came with the first colonists, or were produced by *Taaroa* contemporaneously with men Long before the first foreign vessel was seen off their shores, they were quite accustomed to the Christian practice of training and fighting cocks However, they never trimmed, as we do their gorgeous plumes, but were proud to see such beautiful and stately combatants with ample natural wings full feathered necks, and lengthened flowing tails

We need not dilate further on the history of these birds Many fanciful and superstitious feelings are still maintained regarding the domestic cock, and his nocturnal crowing, and even his more frequent and familiar morning salutation is supposed to dispel all spirits, whether of earth or air

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time

There are few things more beautiful than the fond affection of these devoted creatures for their young teaching in the blindness of instinctive love, a lesson to proud though cold humanity Who knows not (now divinely told) how the hen doth gather her brood beneath her wings, how she shelters them from the chill of the morning and the dews of night expanding her downy breast and feathery pinions, till she becomes a pulsous tabernacle a living temple of maternal love, beset with small protruding bills and bright but gentle eyes, how she will dare, with upraised ruffled plumes, the fiercest onset of the direst foe —the odious schoolboy with his threatening club the snarling cur dog with his ivory fangs the insidious weasel, creeping so serpent like through tangled herbage, or the bolder bird of prey, Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye descending swift and sure like thunder bolt from heaven What are each or all of these in direful array, with death itself to her at other times a fearful creature, but now pervaded by the deep intensity of mother love!

HE NEVER TOLD HIS LOVE"

Farewell, farewell! sweet maiden!
The word whose sound is pain,
From Thee lost all its bitterness,
Though Sorrow will remain
Deep as the troubled tenderness
With which the accents fell
Which bade me take of Hope and Thee
A long and last farewell!

Hard seemed it that each faltering word,
That made sad truth more clear,
But showed the Heart it had not erred
In holding thee so dear!
Though mine through many a silent year,
Hath breathed for Thee its vow,
Though Thou wert ever loved—yet never
More tenderly than *now*!

Farewell farewell! kind maiden!
We do not part in scorn,
To find thy Heart ungenerous,
My own had hardly borne
To know another owns its love,
Can only wake the prayer,
That His may give back wealth for wealth,
For all the treasure there!

And thine has been a worthy choice!
A happy lot be thine!
Blest with the Love that I had given
And gifts surpassing mine!
For Nature smiled upon His birth
With boons denied to me,
And I gave them all a dearer worth
In that they pleased *Thee*

I might have guessed, fair maiden!
That mine was not the art
The form to please a maiden's eye,
The speech that wins her heart!
But outward gifts seemed unto thee,
Even in thy radiant youth,
Of less account than honesty,
Less dear than simple truth!

Wert thou like others, I had thought,
'Strange would it seem that she
Should give her heart to one that nursed
Her childhood on his knee,"
But when I saw thy winning ways
And heard thy soft speech fall,
The ear that drank its tones forgot
That thou wert kind to all.

Small skill was mine, it now appears,
Small knowledge mine the while,
To read a gentle maiden's Heart,
To pierce its simple wile,

If *I* had owned its faintest throb,
Not thus wouldst thou have giv'n
The frank, the ready confidence,
The smile that made my heaven!

Yet grieve not Thou that harm hath chanced
Where least it was designed,
Be still as Thou hast ever been—
Ingenuous and kind,
Though now it pains thee 'mid the joy
That happier feelings wake
Within thy Heart, to know that mine
Hath suffered for thy sake!

Farewell, farewell! my dream is o'er,
Yet not with it departs
The image lastingly enshrined
Within my heart of hearts!
Fair form! pure spirit! trusting soul!
I need no deeper spell,
To bind my faith in lovely things,
Than to have loved thee well!

A. STERLING.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION

No one is likely to complain in our day of a lack of religious literature. It exists in every shape, cheap and dear, print and reprint, home and foreign, fly leaf and octavo, and with a truism to fill in the sentence, good and bad. There are sermons, from the shilling or sixpenny, or threepenny pamphlet, or, more powerful than all, the democratic penny of New Park Street, up to the bulky volume with the velvet paper and the mint mark of the university press. Nor are they any longer restricted to a sober divinity costume, but impose upon the unwary purchaser by their green and blue and red and gold and the newer mauve and magenta. The activities of religious life have almost created a literature for themselves within the last few years, the book shelves groan under missions to the navvies, to the streets, to cottage homes and ragged homes, to the dens of London and the poor of London, to the work houses, to the houseless, to the thieves. Then religious biography has kept full and even pace, and a hundred lives that would have been preserved only in the quiet precincts of their households are now flung out to the world for heavens or gutter as it may be. Even the novel has been seized and pressed into the service and becomes the organ of religious truth like a theatre turned into a church where the green room is the pulpit, but the change is too awkward yet for any real work of art been produced. Mr Conybeare's clever, chilling book, reads like *Ile Lelpw of Faith* dramatised, the minor stories are only saved by their religious character. Nor are the poor without their religious writers, and their magazines with cheery, well executed pictures and simple, faithful teaching. And the servant is thought for, and the child is as well off as the adult, for, to mention but one book, there are those charming sermons of Mr Clarke, which Dick or Mary will read the first time for the blue print, and many a time again for their naturalness, and childlike spirit, and truth, and beauty.

Yet looking at it thus is only seeing the fact on one side. Books will not pour out in floods unless there is some power of absorption in the mass of readers. The production, as far as it depends on the publisher, will be regulated by the sale. The most intellectual and gifted sermons of this century with the least appeal to popularity, have run through eight editions in as many years. It is bewildering to think of the columns of thousands that represent the circulation of such books as *The Missing Link*, *Doing and Suffering*, or *Monastery Children*. There is a vast reading as well as a vast printing of this literature. And it is pleasant to note that at the bottom this reading is sound and healthy, that if it sometimes falls into a popular trap, it seldom misses a good book. It cannot, indeed, be said that it will reject a bad book, for, when there is so miscellaneous a publication, almost any kind of writing will slip through, and when there are so many eager readers, almost anybody will write. But with a general rush into print, there is pretty sure to be also a general rush into oblivion, and though indiscretion does harm, and incapacity more harm, yet every year witnesses a higher, purer, more thoughtful and vigorous tone in our religious publications.

Two other departments of the same class of literature may be said to be equally well supplied. No progress has been more marked than that of the last few years in the higher religious criticism, no period has been more fruitful in works of profound religious thought. And any one may observe as the result, that a man brings to a religious subject more of his intellectual power than he would have thought necessary before. In what may be called, without offence, the grotesque or spasmodic department, there is also abundance, hymns which, to gain some present influence, not only abjure poetry but decorum, tracts, with titles that pain the Christian, and make the rest of the world sick, sermons, stuck over at intervals with odd bold extravagant singular sayings, like the almonds in a Christmas pudding—but the pudding all but in worth investigation, anecdotes that jingle curiously beside the solemn words of the Bible. *Scripture Night Lights* may be purchased in chandlers' boxes, and the dead walls inform us that the *Christian's Breakfast* costs threepence a month.

And yet notwithstanding the remarkable spread and popularity of religious books there is one region desert and, till recently, avoided with apparent mistrust. Books of a special devotional purpose are rare. A few may be found lingering in some ancient bookshop or in the dusty corner of an old fashioned library. Few readers ask for them, and when one appears in modern dress it is an event for the year. It may be that, once in existence, they have a permanent value, and do not need rapid multiplication. It may be that by their very structure they are of slow growth and cannot exactly be worked up to order. It may be that the practical tendency of our people and of the time, requires a practical literature, that as the power of leisure and quiet thought is being lost, devotional books, which demand both leisure and quiet, are passed by. There is much truth and much danger in this. Modern life requires the concentration of every energy, the strain of every nerve. It is overwhelmingly practical and competitive, a rush forward to snatch the greatest amount of result in the shortest amount of time. And what it is in itself, it is also in its religious aspect, full of business, projects, meetings, work, restless, excited, quivering all over with the sustained strain. It has little sympathy with the hours demanded for pious meditation, it is impatient of a book that requires silence and solitude that has no other reward than the composing and sweetening and strengthening of thought.

But it may be asked, is our literature not devotional? Unquestionably much of it has a devotional character, but this is only one among many characteristics as suitable. There is a want of so called books of devotion,—books in which the devotional element is supreme, which are adapted to the private necessities and interests of the soul, not touching upon its relation to the outer world, books which treat of what has been called in our day the inner life, and yet not so much treat of it

as adapt themselves to it. They are needed as a protest and defence against the over bustle that pervades all life, as a means of sustaining and heightening spiritual communion, as a means of power to spiritual thought, as a pleasure and refreshment to the soul, just as calm seas and stilly autumn woodlands refresh a wearied spirit There are some signs that a feeling of this kind is growing; signs that have showed themselves first among the poets. The reception and influence of Keble's *Christian Year* has been unmistakable, and that upon minds strongly opposed to his. In one of Mr. Stanley's charming home pictures of Arnold, we see him on Sunday evenings, after parts of Scripture have been repeated by the family, "himself repeating his favourite poems from the *Christian Year*, or his favourite passages from the Gospels." Trench's admirably edited hymns from the Latin, appealed only to a narrow circle of scholars, but they have not been without fruit in other ways And more recently three series of translations from the devotional lyrics of Germany, have become singular favourites with English readers Dr Upham's books have roused an interest in Madame Guyon, and skilfully turned it to that intimate spiritual thought which she represents Those hymns that Cowper wrote in the Guyon manner, grow less mystical, there are more to worship with George Herbert in his Temple; and even the Enchiridion has attracted a few enthusiastic students

It is noteworthy how much we owe to foreign influences even in this revival. The Hymn writers of Germany, the Quietists of France, the Latin poets of the middle ages, are reproduced, but no native literature springs up, unless in one direction, and there also the foreigners have the best of it. Diaries, books made up of brief thoughts, arranged under texts for the days of the year, are apparently in favour. Several have appeared within the last two years. It is a form in which devotional literature can be made most serviceable, and by which also it is likely to become most popular It involves no great demand upon the time, it provides a line of thought which may be easily kept up for the day, it would seem to be a form in which some of our religious writers could best convey their thoughts. Yet the most popular and the best is a translation of Bogatsky's and if Gossner's book, which holds a corresponding place in Prussia, had been translated, it would probably have ranked as high The rest stand a long distance off, and pretty nearly on a level with each other.

In Germany, where such books are more at home, they are of a higher order than with us, and it might be worth the trial to translate here as well as among the hymns. Two especially deserve attention, typical of the two standard classes of such year books. For there seem to be but two recognised modes of production

An established writer is laid hold of, his writings, including his letters and table-talk, are ransacked; certain sentences are shredded off here and there, and when the collection is complete, it is classified under 365 texts. The result depends on the judgment of the operator; it may be excellent or ludicrous, appropriate or inappropriate. It depends also on the character of the writer. It is not every mind that will bear being taken to shreds in that way; many are too tenacious and compact; many are commonplace when their sentences are set down out of connexion with the main thought

This is one mode; the other is original. Texts are chosen, and fragmentary remarks are written upon each. This is unquestionably the more difficult There are minds that will not break up into fragments, that, unless they get an entire octavo, fill a page, and page after page with platitudes. Those that are naturally fragmentary, like the great poets writers, may rise too high above the average reader, they may be philosophic, mystical, profound, but to the majority unintelligible, without more pains than that majority is disposed to bestow. Peculiar qualifications are essential, subtle discernment of spiritual states, clear experience of the heart, familiarity with spiritual struggle, acquaintance with men, simplicity, and the power of comprehending average minds But our books of this kind are almost all upon to Goethe's criticism on Wolf the improvisatore "He has the general sickness of the day—subjectivity I asked him to paint his return to Hamburg, and his poem no more deserved the name of *return to Hamburgh*, than to Meisenberg or Jena" What they say on one text is the same as on another It is the pure flow of their own feelings throughout, and the delicate shades of criticism, and the individuality of each text, are lost There is a standard receipt. pare down a few commonplace thoughts, drop in some odd stanzas of a hymn, sprinkle well with interjections, and serve up when cold.

Luther and Lobstein may serve as types of these two classes in their merits, and no doubt occasionally in their defects. There is more than one year-book drawn from the ample storehouse of the Reformer, but there is one peculiarly good selection, with the heartiest relish for every side of Luther's character, and with a keen discernment of the requirements of the book It is a treasury of Luther's best sayings, drawn up without any literary prudery, leaving his bold, free words and homely phrases and expressions of character as they were found, and so skilfully selected that each text has its comment, and all together form a work of the most earnest and thorough devotion. Some extracts taken at random will give the best notion of the book —

MATT. vi 9, 10.

"When God hallows His name in us, He sets us in His kingdom, and pours His grace into our hearts, whereby we have the beginnings of godliness When the same grace begins to do God's will, it finds a perverse Adam, and grace in the heart cries to God against this Adam, and saith, Thy will be done, for man finds himself heavily burdened with himself. Then when God hears the cry He cometh to the help of His beloved grace, and to establish His kingdom, and throws Himself, with all earnestness and power, upon the head-knave, this old Adam, does him all mischief, breaks down all his stateliness, despoils and blinds him. And this comes to pass when He sends us all kinds of sorrows and things contrary; and to this end serve evil tongues, evil faithless men, and when men are not enough, the devil also, so that our will is strangled with all its evil tenden-

cus and the will *of* God is done, and grace possess the kingdom, and praise and glory abide to God."

ROM. x. 4.

"The law saith, Thou hast sin. If I say *Yea*,—I am lost. If I say *No*,—I must have a strong ground whereon to stand, so that I can contradict the law, and hold my *No*. But how can I say *No*, if it is true and the Scripture testifieth, that I am born in sin? Whence shall I draw this *No*? Truly I shall not find it in my heart but in Christ (thence must I draw it) to turn unto the law and to say, See, He can say *No* to, must all law and He hath His ground, for He is pure and without sin. That *No*, moreover, He giveth me so that though I must say, looking on myself that I am a sinner, and can do nothing right, and feel nothing pure in me, but see the wrath of God, yet I can say this also that His righteousness is mine, and therefore I am no more in sin."

JAMES II. 17, 18.

"How many of those who praise the gospel would be ready to lose a farthing by it? There is not a peasant nor a townsman who for the gospel's sake, would sell his corn a penny cheaper, nay, but if he could make it a florin dearer he would rather. And so with every kind of trade and craft, for every one is busy how to cheat the people and cares only to scrape together and hoard and do evil. God grant the gospel to abide where it can!"

MATT. XXIII. 37.

"Look at the hen mother! There is not an other animal that cleaves so to its young. She changes her natural cry, she puts on a plaintive and querulous cry, she seeks the chicks, scrapes the clay for them, lures them to her side. If she finds anything she will not eat it, but gives it to her chicks. If the hawk is flying she cries loud, and calls them to her and spreads out her wings so readily, and lets them creep under and climb over her, no matter what she may suffer. It is a charming and tender picture. And so has Christ taken on Himself a plaintive voice, for us lamented and preached repentance. With His whole heart He shows every one his sin and woe, turns up the Scripture for us, lures us in to Him, gives us to eat, spreads His wings over us with all His rights, crowns and merits and grace, receives us with such welcome unto Himself, warms us with His natural heat, that is, with His Holy Spirit, who comes through Him alone, and fights for us against the devil."

GAL. III. 27.

"We are eager to hear that Christ is our garment, and that He mediates for us as His garment. But when Christ will purify His garment, we are unwilling to suffer. If we be His garment, so verily must we suffer Him to cleanse it. Therefore not a good sign when He sends much trial, and leaves nothing undone where His garment is. He cleanses with trials of every kind. If He does not cleanse, His garment is not there."

JOHN IV. 42.

"Therein is testified that they did not believe for the sake of man, but for the sake of the Word. There are many who believe for my sake, but those alone are the right believers who abide in the faith, although they heard that I denied and abjured it. These are they who never trouble themselves about any wicked, scandalous, abominable story they may hear of me, or of ours. For they believe not in Luther, but in Christ Himself. The Word has them, and they have the Word. Luther may be what he pleases, a booby or a saint. I myself also do not know Luther, and I will not know him, and I preach nothing of him, but of Christ. The devil may carry him off if he can, but if Christ abides with His peace, so do we abide also."

"A man of an unbelieving heart cannot do as much with a thousand florins as a man who trusts God with one."

"If we could only believe we should have no want. The Lord our God is a good goldsmith, who can make a hundred thousand florins out of one."

"Christ did not give himself for sins dreamt of or painted, but for very sins, not for small and petty, but for especially great and vile sins, not for one or two, but for all, not for conquered and effaced, but for unconquered, strong, and mighty sins."

"It must needs be that where Christ is there will be Judas, Pilate, Herod, Caiaphas, Annas, His cross also, or it is not the very Christ."

"Original sin is not *done*, like all other sins, but it *lives* and doth all other sins."

"Joy in sin is a devil, but joy with good, pious people in the fear of God, pleaseth God well."

"A sinner can do nothing more useful and better than die, for in life he profits neither God nor man, nor even himself."

"God greeteth all the world, but few thank Him."

"One word of Paul contains three orations of Cicero."

"Prayer is the Christian's handicraft."

"The Lord's prayer is the greatest martyr upon earth, seeing that every one plagues and misuses it."

Such extracts might be multiplied indefinitely, the book is not only full of truth but full of thought,—broad masculine, massive as the Reformer's face, and full of Luther. He is there in his grandest moments, and in the next page in undress. His free, careless, yet clear sentences, roll out unrestrained. His love of nature, his keen observation, his penetration of character, his home affections, his irony, his ringing, hearty laugh, his daring faith, his living sense of God, his love and wrath, his unshaken hold of truth, are all there. His devotion wells noiselessly up through every day's reading, and before the first week is over he is speaking to you as a friend.

M. Lobstein's book is in marked contrast to this. He was a French pastor in Basle, of whose life there is little to be written, for it was quiet and brief. What remains of it has been written in the hearts of his people. He published little, and that chiefly related to the maladies of the soul; and he died early, leaving some beautiful thoughts as the legacy of his last days and conflicts. He had a large knowledge

of the heart More than forty papers of his book are occupied with *ruses du cœur* He has a clear analysis, sharply defined sentences, orderly arrangement, great skill in using Scripture His words leave the impression of a mind more in heaven than on earth, he has a singular sensitiveness to the nice fluctuations of feeling in the soul, and, from evident conflict in himself, he has loving sympathy with others The book is subjective, but not in any extravagant degree, seldom so far as to drop the peculiar meaning of the text The tone is gentle and persuasive, the thoughts are fresh, the turn given to each day is practical, especially winning and helpful to those who are in trial either of mind or body I like the previous book, I shall let it speak for itself observing only that it would require a larger range of extract to illustrate its merits than I should feel warranted to claim

Heb xii 4

"Striving is not to everybody's taste, still less resisting unto blood We had rather promise than strive but hell as we know is paved with good intentions What is *resisting unto blood?* It is war to the death against *the deceitful lusts* and not waiting to strive till sin has blood up with it When you are only *drawn away and enticed* swiftly draw the sword, for *when lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death* There are three wrong ways of striving Some are too slow, and do not struggle against the little beginnings of sin Others do not strive against all their enemies To tolerate a single bad habit is to be lost The example of Judas warns us Others again, strive *with carnal weapons* They do not take to those that are *mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds* It is easy to see when a Christian is a *good soldier of Jesus Christ* A religious life, ruled by watchfulness and prayer, is healthy and strong On the other hand, he who is afraid to hurt his flesh, has something dead and indolent about him and inspires but little confidence Do not keep what weakens and undermines you Let the Lord come with the sword He will set you free He will show you the path of peace"

Psalm xviii 49

"There is an assurance which is effrontery, there is another which is faith You meet men who are imperturbable when others would tremble, be it the general of an army, or the dancer on a tight rope, it does not matter, their assurance comes from flesh and blood, not from Christian faith Self love, the hope of glory, spirit alone, can confer unheard of forces, but there is that which they cannot confer, even peace It is necessary to have been *justified by faith* to have *peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ* In the kingdom of God those are *weak* who are *strong*, those whose *body is already dead because the promise* David says, *I am a worm and not a man* It is the same David who speaks elsewhere of having *run through a troop*, and *leaped over a wall Thanks be unto God*, says St Paul, *which always causeth us to triumph in Christ* Only, wait till the troops come and the walls bar your way, by going before danger, by playing the martyr, by not waiting, in fact, in the vocation in which we are called, we may get terrible falls *The way of the Lord is strength to the upright*, but then it must be *the way of the Lord* You know, *there are ways which seem right*, and notwithstanding the *issue thereof is death* Be assured that it is God who has put you in the position where you are Then, certain of that, though *lions and adders were under your feet, set up your banner in the name of your God You will be more than conquerors through Him that loved you*"

Eph ii 14

"Why are there so many Christians who have no true peace? We must go to the sources of life to find the cause Leave aside people of the world in the vanity of life It is clear that vanity cannot give peace Do not let us speak of those Christians of the Church whose foundation is their dead works Routine no more gives peace than vanity Let us speak of those who are truly awakened Why are there so many Christians in whom there is really a work of God, and who, notwithstanding have no peace? For some, the reason is that they still *sow among thorns* They are disturbed but they cannot resolve to break with some special sin nor to be detached from this or that idol It is their *divided heart* which takes away their peace Others will draw peace from depths in themselves, they mix up strangely faith and their own righteousness the mystery of grace is still hidden from them Others, again build upon a peace which they have felt once, but which presently escapes them, they rest on what they experienced and because they no longer experience anything they no longer believe anything Others, again make their peace depend on the degree of their sanctification, when they see that they do not advance, or when they see others who pass them, they are saddened, and their sadness takes away their peace We would like to engrave in the heart of every one of them the words of the apostle *He is our peace* Our peace is not first of all a state, it is first of all a Person *It is Jesus Christ*, it is His bodily crucified that is *our peace* Seek your peace upon the cross, and no one will take it from you It is the great fact of Calvary which contains and proclaims your peace What comes from us can never serve as a foundation, *for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ* Once founded on the Rock of Ages, we no longer look to our nature It creates us daily perplexities, but it is for these same perplexities that Jesus Christ is come, that once for all we might look to Him, to His blood, to His righteousness, to His word, and to His promises There is the Christ who lives eternally, and *He is our peace*"

These extracts must close here, and this paper, to which it may only be added, that if our devotional literature is deficient, the remedy will not be found in mere translation from foreign prints. There must be a literature of our own But if *Christian Years* are to take any deep hold of the many Christians who unconsciously long for them, they must be of so high a stamp that we shall not be dependent on such as come to us from abroad.

W. F. STEVENSON.

INNOCENT ILLUSIONS

"I no declare," said Mrs Barker, as we drove home together from a round of morning calls, "I am more and more annoyed every day I live at the way in which people contrive to deceive themselves I here is poor Mrs Howson, as satisfied as possible with her unpromising family, quoting that weak gawky youth's opinions on any and every subject, and talking of the admiration those ungainly daughters of hers excite! Of course I would not have hurt her feelings but in a kind way, I felt it my duty to try and open her eyes as to their real pretensions Nothing distresses me so much as a case of self deception like this It is a sad world altogether! And Mrs Barker sighed

Mrs Barker is a distant relative of my own a well educated woman, of firm principle, shrewd intelligence, and easy fortune She has a pretty house in a pretty country a large circle of acquaintance, and both the means and the will to be useful in the parish But with all these elements of happiness Mrs Barker is not a happy woman at least her theoretical view of life is singularly gloomy and one sided She treats it as merely a painful probationary process, of which the best that can be said is that it is soon over Her favourite denomination for this wonderful world of ours is a 'vale of tears' How she is met without kind hearted men but to call it forth some positive calamity is needed Break your leg in Yon are sure of warm commiseration Fall into distressed circumstances and you stand a fair chance of practical help— you are then in your proper condition a sufferer in a world of woe, a mourner in a vale of tears

But if you fly so far in the face of Mrs Barker's theory as to be not only prosperous but habitually cheerful, not only to get on in the world but to take sunny views of life, you rouse her antagonism at once You are evidently under some illusion or other,—all the more dangerous because rose coloured She will do what she can to open your eyes to realities This is her special mission She is the sworn foe of all illusory brightness

Perhaps it is unnecessary to tell that Mrs Barker's mission is one not generally appreciated in the neighbourhood, neither among poor nor rich can she be called a popular person Her presence always seems to cloud social enjoyment People confine themselves while with her chiefly to subjects of a gloomy cast. By natural selection, accidents failures, derelictions of duty, the whole dark side of life, in short, gets presented to her notice Her familiar acquaintance keep their happiness as much as they can out of her sight It is only the unmitigated or the incurably obtuse who wittingly reveal their personal sources of gratification, their just complacencies, their darling hobbies to her unsympathizing scrutiny Poor Mrs Howson came under both these heads,—a simple, warm hearted woman, whose early lot had been one of painful trial, from her husband's brutality, but whose naturally sanguine temper had rallied as soon as the pressure was removed, she had but recently settled among us, so that this was Mrs Barker's first visit. Besides, Mrs Howson was one upon whose consciousness a counter-opinion of an unpleasant kind did not seem ever to impinge The broadest hint Mrs Barker could give as to the misleading influence of parental partiality, she treated as an indisputable but irrelevant generalization, smiled assent, and relaxed at once into her own complacent vein Her son's intellectual superiority, her daughter's personal charms, were settled points with her, and when once a belief is thoroughly worked into our nature, when we have assumed it to be incontrovertible, we are slow to detect attempts to controvert it It may be questioned whether the doubt of another ever originates our doubt, though it may do much to confirm At all events, Mrs. Howson was too perfectly persuaded in her own mind even to detect the drift of Mrs Barker's most opposite remarks

I ventured to lay this before my relative, and further to say a few words in favour of Mrs Howson's illusion "Why, I suggested, should you wish her to see her children as you and I see them I grant you that here appears an extreme case of partiality, but were it not for this, how cheerless the poor woman's lot would be! She has the bitter memory of her life's best years passed with a worthless and degraded man, she is left with small means, and he has a singularly unattractive family But for this cheerful illusion about them how would she hold up, and struggle on as bravely as she does? You would have her cheerful without the illusion"

"I beg your pardon, interrupted Mrs Barker, "I would have her to things as they are be reconciled to them and content to look beyond Mere present happiness is with me a very secondary consideration, indeed I generally observe it to be a snare You seem to think differently"

"I do, I do,' I burst forth, 'I think happiness the most important, the most sacred thing on earth I am not speaking of prosperity, but of that health, that very life of the soul, that condition of all energy which our heavenly Father has mercifully associated with every possible variety of outward circumstance, and when I see how tenderly by some special provision of temperament he has 'softened the world to the touch' of each one of us, flinging the fair hues of innocent illusion over the most arid existence, supplying us with hope and strength from sources no eye but our own is able to discern, I desire to reverence, not counteract, his design What! am I to admire the adaptation of a pachyderm to the encumstances of his daily lot and not to admire the efficient defence against mortification in a temperament like that of Mrs Howson' am I reverently to notice the variations wrought by life's conditions on plant and bird and beast, how the unused eyes and wings contract, and the fur thickens against the cold, and yet to cavil at and quarrel with any contrivance that fits the human back to its burden, with any merciful restriction of vision or aspiration, or any lessening of sensibility in others that I, not happening to need, have not come to share"

I might have run on further, but Mrs Barker would not hear me. Perhaps, however, there

may be others who lean a little to her theory of life, but are not so wedded to it as to refuse to listen to what may be said in favour of illusions, not only of such as by the very necessity of our constitution we all inherit, but even of certain special illusions, childish, comical, if you will, but deserving of our toleration, ay, and of our reverent toleration too, because they help to make our fellow creatures more patient, more cheerful, more loving, because they tend to increase human happiness

I look around our own neighbourhood There is poor Miss Tracy—but I retract the epithet the lady herself would not like it At all events, there is Miss Tracy quite alone in the world, the last descendant of a very old and once influential family, but left now with most restricted means, and as deaf as a post Her life looks a cheerless one, spent in those two dark rooms over the shop of the village, rooms redolent with the smell of cheese, brown soap, and shoe leather But there is something grandiose about Miss Tracy's bearing and tone which her external circumstances, however inharmonious, cannot for a moment dispel Her sense of family dignity triumphs over them all She is a Tracy, secure in her position and independent of her influence Her infirmity prevents her entering much into conversation with her neighbours, but she assumes up pretensions from us all, and receives us when we call with as much dignity as though she were still in her early home She feels it her duty to show every attention in her power to the clergyman and his wife in virtue of their position, though it is to be regretted that the Smiths are people of quite another class, she extends a finely graduated courtesy to the families of the doctor and the lawyer, and patronises the doctor's daughter—one of our most admired belles and leaders of fashion—a highly respectable young woman, who deserves to be married But when the Williamsons, millions are mutual acquaintances took Oaklands the finest place in our district, for the summer months and electrified the rest of us by their equipages and establishment, it was sublime to see Miss Tracy's unfaltering contempt She never thought it worth her while to glance towards the pew where Mrs Williamson shone and rustled, and as for calling upon them, she was almost offended at the proposition No one, she seemed had less pride than herself, witness the easy terms she was on with the professional people around, but proper social distinctions must be kept up She had no doubt the Williamsons were too sensible to expect to be visited by a Tracy And am I to be out of patience with the good old lady's illusion of consequence? Am I to wish her to discover that the Williamsons, on their part, have never heard of the Tracys, and that if a person so dressed had presented herself at Oaklands, that tremendous butler would, in all probability, have requested her to walk round to the second entrance Is it not enough that Miss Tracy should be poor, solitary, uncared for, with little actual power to influence any one's lot, am I to grudge her the imaginary dignity which stands between her and this painful consciousness, and to relegate her entirely to the highest sources of consolation? These she has, but which of us in our own case is content to be wholly dependent upon these; which of us does not ask for some present pleasantness as well?

Or again, to take a sadder illustration, there is Colonel Talbot who lost his only son a year ago—an unpromising young man we all thought him, idle, extravagant, a perpetual anxiety and vexation to his father's heart One used to hear of stormy scenes between them, for the Colonel was an arbitrary man, and young Talbot notoriously disrespectful and perverse. But now the father's heart is no longer pained by an accurate perception of his son's real character A sweet and soothing illusion replaces it Over his library chimney piece hangs a picture of the youth taken some years ago, with turned down collar and innocent, wondering eyes It is thus only that his father remembers him If you will but listen sympathizingly, the stern soldier will talk to you by the hour about his dear lost boy. He will tell you long stories of his simplicity and open heartedness how he would give away all his pocket money to a plausible beggar, how he loved his old nurse—never came back from school without a present for her, how his greatest delight had been to go out shooting or fishing with his father, how they two used to be boys together All the storm that had risen between them in later years, when the impulsive generosity of the lad had developed into the reckless prodigality of the young man all these are clean forgotten The Colonel will go down to his grave sorrowing for a dutiful and promising son—not sorrowing without hope Mrs. Barker I know, professes to wonder that no one is found to remind him that this son was only a source of anxiety and distress, and cannot be justly considered a loss—though his removal in the midst of his thoughtless career was doubtless a solemn thing, but I do not think that even she, confronted with that white haired mourner, could find in her heart to wish the tender sweetness of his illusion dispelled, or to regret that a rainbow has formed upon the heavy cloud, and cast some brightness on that early grave

And even for a darker grief than this conscientious parent can ever know—for that agony of late repentant love that tears the survivor's heart, when, looking on the meek face of the dead, he calls to mind bitter words, brutal deeds of his own which made those closed eyes weep those white lips quiver—even for such there is still a merciful provision made still one illusion possible, that this anguish turn not to utter despair Could he but call the neglected parent, the ill used wife back into life again—could he do this, oh, by what unspeakable tenderness, patience, reverent care, he would atone for the past! I called on Aaron Sipps—the roughest man we have in our parish—the third day after his wife's death That morning the coffin had been carried to the grave, the chill of death seemed still to hang about the desolate room They had quarrelled often enough, poor souls, in that room, but if Mary Sipps had a teasing tongue to her husband she never complained of him to others, and had been a good wife in the main; and now that he had lost her he seemed utterly broken down. There he sat, over a handful of mere ashes in the grate, the pipe between his lips gone out, and the trace of tears on

his grimy face, he sat silent some time, and then I ventured to say how sorry I was for him—how industrious poor Mary was. 'She was, she was,' he burst in, 'she was a power too good for me. I was a big brute to her at times that's what I was,' he groaned out, 'but if I had her back again she should walk over me, she should, and never a word I'd give her back again. She knows I would. I wonder where she is?' and he pointed his pipe to the bit of blue sky we saw through the broken window, "she knows it right well and that's the only bit of comfort I can get. Ay, Mary my poor wench, that thou dost, that thou dost' and covering his face with his hands he sobbed outright. I laid my hand silently on his shoulder and went away, half blaming myself for the thought that would occur to me—that mercifully did not occur to crush him into utter hopelessness—the thought that, could the old circumstances indeed return with them would return the old provocations, the old violence, the old wretchedness. Perhaps this illusion which is softening his heart is better for him just now than anything I could say.

One of the most pleasing illusions I know is that of good John Desborough, one of our large farmers, respecting the literary attainments of his younger sister, Charlotte. John himself has no more book learning than enables him to master his daily chapter and the Farmer's Chronicle, and over the latter he is often seen to nod. But Charlotte's little parlour is well lined with many of the best and newest publications of the day. Charlotte is fifteen years at least younger than her brother, deformed in person, and very delicate in health. And, oh, the pride of honest John's heart in her intellectual attainments! Charlotte has taught herself foreign tongues out of some of those books. Charlotte writes poetry. Not that he can make much of it indeed—he is such a plain sort of man himself, but he thinks all the better of it on that account, and fully believes that by such as me and to us, it will be found prime. He has made up his mind to have it published in a pretty green volume like some of those in Charlotte's book shelves—often rides over to our nearest town to see how it is getting on, and is mightily taken up with the sensation it will create. Now, as the rhymes are merely pretty but faint echoes of some of our second rate poetry, it is not probable that John's expectations will be realised. But he will buy up the best part of the edition himself, and at all events, fragile thing as it may seem, there is nothing fortunately that bears rough usage so well as a happy illusion. If the public proves itself not to be up to "our Charlotte's rhymes,' why, more shame for it, that is all. John will keep his faith in his fragile little sister's wonderful gifts all the same.

Akin to this illusion of his is that of the two Miss Dobsons about Martha, their younger sister by several years. Singularly hard featured themselves, and having early relinquished all claims to youth, they still call her a dear girl, and insist upon her wearing light pink and blue, bright colours being so becoming to the young. By what affectionate glamour they contrive to cast over Martha's features the semblance of youth, we, their friends and neighbours, cannot tell, to us it seems that four decades never left their impress more unmistakably than on that large high coloured face. Never mind, Martha is the youth of their home, the promise, the vague excitement of their lives. Miss Dobson and Miss Jemima will often shed tears over the prospect of the blank they will feel when she marries and leaves them, and yet, with a quite maternal inconsistency, they are always wishing for this. I know that their projected trip to Harrogate this autumn is a means to more than one end. "It will do our health good, my dear, I daresay,' said Miss Dobson to me the last time I saw her, "and it is only fair that young people should see a little of the world."

Nor do I easily quarrel with illusions of a less prepossessing kind. Matilda Vane's circumstances always strike me as the dreariest I know. Why should I wish for her the desert without the marriage? Living as she does on sufferance in a sister in law's house without fortune of her own, without beauty, talent, special occupation, dependent and made to feel it, snubbed by the spoiled children to whose whims she so good humouredly ministers, a sense of duty, a principle of resignation would enable her no doubt to endure her trials, but it is an illusion which wards off their painful pressure. Endowed with a constitutional self complacency it were hardly fair to call vanity, since it neither requires nor exacts any confirmation from others, and is strictly self supporting, she is always privately expecting some fairy tale catastrophe which will bring her deliverance. I am, I believe, the only one in her confidence. It is true that the deliverance has been looked for from several quarters whence it has not come, but her hope loses nothing of its buoyancy. The true prince will arrive at last. Will he? Looking dispassionately at the case one would say it was wildly improbable. Meanwhile the illusion sustains her cheerfulness and good temper under some provocations, let it last while it is needed.

And so I find it look where I may. Wherever outward circumstances appear peculiarly unpropitious, I am sure to discover peculiar compensation in the form of some pleasant illusion. There is provision thus made for securing to almost all a decided balance on the side of happiness. The poorest existence is richer than we think it. But indeed under any and every external condition, it has been truly said that, Human nature needs to be idealized, and an enlightened benevolence will be slow to quarrel with any individual instance of this need supplied.

And now, having written down all this, it occurs to me to wonder what my own illusions are. A fruitless wonder, for it is the essential condition of an illusion to be unsuspected. Whatever they are, no doubt like the illusions of other people they are very tenacious of life. And provided only that they be kindly, happy, hopeful, that they prompt me to effort or enlarge my sympathy, I would ask the friends that most clearly discern them rather to rejoice at than to regret their existence, and above all never to waste their energy in trying to dispel one of them.

ANN WAREHEDGE.

"HUGO—1845"

In a church yard in Warwickshire is a monumental stone in the form of a cross, simply inscribed, "Hugo —1845

A QUIET scene! here 'mid the stillness deep
The Living with the dead awhile might sleep,
Here, while the brooding day light dimly falls
Through flow'ring limes and verdurous beechen walls,
And faint upon the perfume laden breeze,
Rise dream like murmurings of summer bees,
And all that stirs above us and around,
Breathes of the smiling charm of Southern ground
We leave afar the turmoil and the strife—
The restless energy of common life,
And, soothed in heart, with chastened spirit yield
To the calm influence of God's quiet field
For here all worldly care and troubles cease!
No vexing mem'ry haunts the Court of Peace,
And gazing round upon its records fair
Of *all* the social virtues garnered there,
We pause awhile, and gravely smile to see
Stern Truth yield gentle place to charity!
All breathes of Home, and its familiar ties,
Its voice of love, and kindliest sympathies,
All proves, that e'en in death Affection still
Would shield the much loved name from thought of ill!

But see, upon the Cross erected high,
A stranger name arrests the wandering eye,
Hugo, a stranger name, no date, nor age
To trace the period of his pilgrimage,
Far from the mother-land that gave him birth,
His dust re mingled with its kindred earth,

Amid the LAND OF HOMES an alien, he
Met the dread summons to eternity!

Perhaps in some far-distant land, for him
The straining eye of tenderness grew dim;
Perhaps for him arose the nightly prayer,
The mother's brow a deeper shade might wear;
The constant thought, the daily anxious care,
Might sprinkle silvery tokens o'er her hair;
Brothers and sisters, too, a kindly band,
Might yearn to greet him from the stranger's land,
To kiss his brow and tenderly to clasp
The willing hand in home's endearing grasp,
And in the tones his childhood loved, to tell
Of change that Time had wrought since his farewell.
Or one perchance—we know not—he might be,
For whom this wide earth holds no sanctuary;
And through its many nations *he* might roam,
And find them all, alike, without a Home.

Hugo, farewell! what THOU hast been, to us
Must dark remain and still mysterious!
We know not if thy steps from childhood's day
Still constant kept the strait and narrow way;
Or did amidst the paths of error roam,
Still straying farther from a heavenly home,
Until our Shepherd's kind constraining hand
Drew thee in love towards the father-land!
We know it not;—we too must humbly say,
That we have gone within the wild astray,
We too must hope, through HIM, restored, forgiven,
To rest within the smile that lights up heaven!
There—there—the wand'rer need no longer roam,
The way-worn stranger finds a lasting home!
And Father's, Mother's fondness, all will prove
In Him that loves with more than Brother's love.

PARABLES.

I.—THE KEY AND THE PRISONERS.

THERE was once a man whose sons, owing to their folly, lost their liberty, and lingered in prison in a foreign land. Their father's heart could not know them to be in such need without determining to deliver them. He rose up and went into the far land, and after he had bound the jailer hand and foot, he threw the key through the grating, and said:—"Dear children, open the door, and return home with me. I will pardon all, and forgive your folly and disobedience." But it was a cold winter's morning, and the snow was falling. The sons sat down, looked at the key, and talked of its size, its form, and of the skill of the locksmith's craft. Some praised a state of freedom as the noblest and certainly the most indispensable gift. They talked of the joy and the pleasantness of the Father's house. Then the father cried, *The key is to open the door*, you have no time to lose. But they remained there looking at the key, and talking about it; and some of them, putting on a very wise face, supposed it could not possibly fit, it must be too small, and something must be filed off the wards on one side, and something must be added on the other. It was done; but behold the key would no longer fit! But they cried, "Now, indeed, we have made a real genuine fine key! How we have perfected it! Truly we are even more skilful than the original locksmith! What would his work have been without our improvement?" But the key would not fit, and the gate remained shut. Then the father spoke, and tears filled his eyes: "You don't wish to return! you love me not, and would rather remain in prison than obey me!" They answered. "Nothing is nobler, nothing more beautiful, nothing worthier of men, nothing is higher and holier than childlike love and reverence." Then replied the father earnestly and mournfully: "If you had truly loved me, you would have long since opened the door."

But some of them mocked and laughed, and said, "The key is indeed no key at all; and why should we need one? It is very pleasant here, and we are quite happy. Besides, true freedom is not to be found at home with our father. Are we not already free?"

II.—THE ARTIST OR THE FATHER.

I came into a hall, and saw in it beautiful paintings and noble sculptures, arranged in a tasteful and suggestive manner. And I said to myself, The hand of an artist has been at work here, how beautiful are the works of his brush and chisel, and how beautifully and thoughtfully has he grouped them together! And I thought on the subjects he had chosen, and considered the details of execution, and I began to make a picture in my mind of the artist's character, disposition, and cast of thought.

And I came into a small room, and saw a man with his wife and children sitting round a table. And I heard a little boy stammering, "Father," and clinging to the man's breast, and the wife called him by his name, and he was the joy and the sun of their heart.

And I thought, What will it help me to know God only as an artist, as *Him* who made mountains, and the sea, fields, and meadows, if I do not know Him as my Father, as my Husband, as *Him* who protects, liberates, guides, comforts me, is the sun of my heart and my portion for ever?

And I thought that for this reason Christ came, that we should no longer yearn after an unknown God, but pray to and live with our Father.

III.—THE CATHEDRAL AND THE MOUSE.

In the quiet twilight I stepped into a great and glorious cathedral; and I looked at the wonderful pillars, striving upwards to heaven, and my soul was lifted up to God. And I heard a rustling and nibbling noise, and saw a mouse running anxiously and greedily after some crumbs, that it might eat. It sees not the beauty of the house in which it lives, it knows not to whose honour it is built, it has no eye for the bold structure of its roof.

And thou, O man, be not such a grey, hungry, greedy mouse in the grand cathedral of this world in which thou livest, and which proclaims the glory of God.

ADOLPH SAPHIR.

OUR SUNDAY EVENINGS

IN DECEMBER.

First Sunday.

SENTIENT LIFE IN HEAVEN.

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body"—Phil. iii 21

The subject of our Sunday evening readings for the last month in the year, will be the nature of that life which those who believe in Jesus hope to share with himself in heaven It is obviously impossible to treat, in the short space necessarily allotted to me, a subject so vast and so profoundly interesting as this, except in the most cursory and superficial manner Yet I am induced to make the attempt, in order, if possible, to impress my readers with such ideas of our life in heaven as are more in accordance with the nature of man and the Word of God, than, I am inclined to think obtain among many sincere Christians who accordingly are deprived of encouragements in duty, comforts in sorrow and bright hopes to cheer them amid the world's darkness, which they might otherwise possess

Let us then meditate on the glorious supply which God has provided for filling up every part of this our complex nature in heaven

We shall consider on this evening the happiness which we shall derive through the glorified body, or from our *sentient nature*

Speaking of the materialism of heaven, Dr Chalmers truly says "The common imagination that many have of paradise on the other side of death is that of a lofty, aerial region where the inmates float on ether, or are mysteriously suspended upon nothing, where all the warm and felt accompaniments which give such an expression of strength, and life, and colour to our present habitation, are attenuated into a sort of spiritual element, that is meagre, and imperceptible, and wholly uninviting to the eye of mortals here below, where every vestige of materialism is done away with, and nothing left but certain unearthly scenes that have no power of allurement, and certain unearthly ecstasies with which it is impossible to sympathize" The sensitiveness with which many thus shrink from almost alluding to the physical element of enjoyment in heaven, because it is unworthy to be compared with the spiritual glory that is to be revealed, arises no doubt from the half suspicion that there is some necessary connexion between materialism and sin, thus forgetting that the body, and the outward world which ministers to it, are God's handiworks as well as the soul, and that it is He himself who has adjusted their relative workings And surely it is quite unnecessary to remind you at any length how exquisitely God has fashioned our physical frame, as the medium of communication with the outer material world. The nostrils inhale the sweet perfumes which scent the breezy air, and rise as incense from the flowers that cover the earth. By the eye the soul perceives the glories of the summer sky, and searches for its midnight stars, recognises splendour of colour, and beauty of form, gazes on the outspread landscape of fertile field, hoary mountain, stream, forest, ocean, and island, and contemplates that world of profounder interest still—the human countenance of beloved parent, child, or friend, strong with the power of elevated thought, sublime with the grandeur of moral character, or bright with all the sunshine of winning emotion The ear, too is the magic instrument which conveys to the soul all the varied harmonies of sound, from the choirs of spring, and the other innumerable minstrelsies of nature, as well as from the higher art of man, that soothe, elevate, and solemnize It is true, indeed, that there are grosser appetites of the body which many pervert so as to enslave the spirit, thus abusing by gluttony, drunkenness, and every form of sensuality, what God the merciful and wise has intrusted to man to be used for wise and merciful ends But even here there is already perceptible a marked difference between those appetites and the more refined tastes alluded to, inasmuch as the former are found in their abuse to be strictly speaking unnatural, and destructive of man's happiness, and even in their legitimate use they decay with advancing years, thus proving that the stamp of time is upon them as on things belonging to a temporary economy,—whereas such tastes as those that perceive the beautiful in nature or in art, for example, abide in old age with a youthful freshness, and more than a youthful keenness of discernment, and so afford a presumption that they are destined for immortality To the aged saint "the trees clap their hands, the little hills rejoice, and the mountains break forth into singing," and when the earth is empty of every other sentient pleasure, it is in the beauty of its sights and sounds, still full to him of the glory of his God!

And so must it be for ever! The glorified saint is not "unclothed" but "clothed upon" He inhabits "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" The future body is called a "spiritual body," to express, I presume its pure and immortal essence, for though it will be somehow related to the present body—as the risen is related to the sown grain which has perished through corruption—it must be changed into a new and higher form "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God!" "We shall all be changed" "He shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like to his own glorious body" It is in this new body, once sown in weakness, corruption, and mortality, but raised at length in power, incorruption, and immortality, no more to suffer and no more to die, that we shall tread upon the new earth,

gaze on the new heavens, and walk in the paradise of our God!

And who can tell what sources of refined enjoyment through the medium of the spiritual body, are in store for us, in God's great palace of art, with its endless mansions and endless displays of glory! Well may we say of such anticipated pleasures what Isaak Walton says of the singing of birds: "Lord, if thou hast provided such music for sinners on earth, what hast thou in store for thy saints in heaven!" For if this little spot of earth is full of scenes of loveliness to us inexhaustible if contemplating these, in a body buoyant with health and strength, we feel it is joy even to live and breathe, and if when in them all we see God the expression of praise rises even now to the lips "O Lord how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches!"—oh, what visions of glory may be spread before the wondering eye throughout the vast extent of the material universe comprehending those immense worlds which twinkle only in the field of the largest telescope and vanish into the far distance in endless succession! And what sounds may greet the ear from the as yet unheard music of those spheres while for aught we know other means of communication may be opened up to us, with objects ministering delight to new tastes and sources of sentient enjoyment discovered which do not exist here, or elude at least the perception of our present senses. Add to all this our deliverance from those physical evils and defects which are now the causes of so much pain, and clog so terribly the aspiring soul! For now affected are we by the slightest disorganization of our bodily frame! A disturbance in some of the finer parts of its machinery which no science can discover or rectify, a delicate fibre shadowed by a cloud passing over the sun, or a nerve chilled by a lowering of the temperature of the atmosphere, will toll on the most genial temper, relax the strongest intellect and dim the brightest imagination, while other physical causes, quite as mysterious, can make reason reel and lunacy become ascendant. The very infirmities of old age, the constant toil required to satisfy our cravings for food and raiment, the wounds and bruises it receives, and which agonise the body, and the deformity which so often disfigures it, cramping the spirit within a narrow and iron prison house these form a terrible deduction from that joy, which we are capable of deriving even now through the medium of our physical organisation. Such evils cannot be rectified now. They are the immediate, or more remote, consequences of man's iniquity, and under Christ belong to that education by which bodily suffering is made the means of disciplining the soul for immortality. But in the new heavens and the new earth, the body will no longer experience fatigue in labour, or be subject to hurtful influences from the elements, nor ever grow old, but be glorious and beautiful as the risen body of Jesus Christ! "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away. I wonder not indeed, that Paul should exclaim along with those who had the first fruits of the Spirit, 'Even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption that is, the *redemption of our body*.

With these bright hopes let us who are now alive seek to glorify God in the body which is to be glorified together with Christ. 'The body is for the Lord and the Lord for the body.' "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? 'Know ye not that your bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost?' If any man defile that temple him will God destroy." 'When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth. Let us honour the body as a holy thing, and beware how we put the chains of slavery upon it or from our selfishness expose it to hunger and nakedness. Let us endeavour even to make art that ministers to our sense of the beautiful, minister also to our sense of the true and good, and ever speak to us of God as seen in his works, or in "his ways among the children of men." And finally as we contemplate the body of a departed saint, let us behold it in the light of God's own revelation. Let the grave in which it lies no longer be associated only in our thoughts with the worm and corruption, and with all the sad memorials and revolting symbols of mortality. Let the voice of him who is the resurrection and the life, be heard in the breeze that bends the grass which waves over it, and his quickening energy be seen in the beauteous sun which shines upon it, and while we hear the cry, "dust to dust," let us remember that the "very dust to him is dear," and that when He appears in his glory, he will repair and rebuild that ruined temple, and fashion it in glory and in beauty like his own!

Second Sunday.

INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN HEAVEN

"For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things.—1 Cor. xiii. 9-11.

Let us consider the joy which God has provided for our *intellects* during our immortal life in heaven.

There are many dear saints of God who have little sympathy with those who associate happiness with the pursuit or possession of intellectual truth. These persons perhaps, have had themselves such weak intellectual capacities as made the acquisition of knowledge impossible for them beyond its simplest elements, or their minds have been stunted in early years from want of education, or in the providence of God they have been made "hewers of wood and drawers of water," rather than intellectual princes among the people. Yet let none of us who are so ignorant, and who as yet

think and speak like children, be discouraged by a conscious sense of our weak intellectual grasp and scanty information, but rather rejoice with Christ in the dispensation by which God reveals himself not to talent but to goodness, not to the giant intellect but to the babe like spirit —"I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes'

God has nevertheless made the acquisition of truth by the intellect a source of supreme delight You well know how every field in nature has been searched, and every quarter of the globe ransacked, and many days and nights of patient intellectual toil consumed by men who have endured incredible labour, supported by no other motive than their love of knowledge The immediate joy which is experienced by a great discoverer when a new fact or truth flashes on his mind is to others almost inconceivable We read that when Newton, after years of difficulty, was just about to step on the summit of that mountain from which he knew he was to hear such intellectual music as never before had sounded in the mind of man, and to catch a glimpse of the hitherto unseen glory of that new ocean of truth which he alone had reached, for

> 'He was the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea

his joy was so great that he was overcome by his emotions and wept' This passion of acquiring knowledge is not the least remarkable fact recorded of Solomon We are told that he spake of trees, and of beasts and of creeping things He himself says of God, He hath made things beautiful in time also he hath put it into man's heart to survey the world and to find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end 'When I applied mine heart to know wisdom and to see the business that is done upon the earth (for also there is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes) then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun, because though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it yea, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it There was in all this no doubt vanity and vexation of spirit,' for the attempt was vain to find satisfaction for the soul in the knowledge of things themselves apart from the knowledge of a personal God, or in any truth rather than in Him who is true And therefore many, perceiving how intellect is often allied to ungodliness, and fails of itself to insure either goodness or happiness, are disposed to refuse to it the high place which God has assigned to it in the soul, and to suspect the reality of the exalted delight which He has designed his saints and angels to enjoy in its exercise But while the deifiers of mere intellect are ever reminded that it alone cannot deify, but may be abused so as to demonize man, yet let those who slight it remember also that it is the head without whose inventive genius or directing skill the strong arms of labour would be idle Let the man of material wealth or material power recollect that it is the wealth of science and the power of mind, possessed perhaps by unknown and lonely students, who have all their lifetime been struggling to obtain their daily bread, and to snatch "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table,' which have created our manufactures, filled our warehouses, crossed our oceans, healed our diseases, and reared the fabric of law and government

And God, who has made the intellect the source of delight to the individual, and of good to society here, will surely perfect it hereafter Whatever its capacity may be, it shall then be filled to its utmost limit, and be characterized by a clearness, vigour, and precision, unknown here to the greatest thinkers All barriers to its progress shall be removed, which were occasioned here by the mortal body, the poor culture, the little time, the few opportunities the weak or sinful prejudices, so that the poorest saint will shine there as the sun in its strength! And with this increased power of knowing, how inconceivably increased must be our sources of knowledge, how boundless is the field which supplies them, how inexhaustible the treasures it contains, how unlimited the time for gathering them! how helpful the society that will sympathize with and join in our pursuits! No one surely imagines that we can obtain on entering heaven perfect knowledge at once —perfect, I mean, not in the sense of accuracy, but of fully possessing all that can be known This is possible for Deity only for it may be asserted with confidence that Gabriel knows more to day than he knew yesterday Nor is it difficult for us to conceive how throughout eternity, and revelling with freedom throughout God's universe, we may be occupied by the contemplation of new and endless displays of the inexhaustible wisdom and power of God in his works and see more and more into the life of all things, and continually read new volumes of that great book of nature and of truth, whose first letters we are now learning with difficulty to spell And could we ever succeed in gathering together the present treasures of all worlds, why may not new and varied creations for ever renew the universe and grander displays be made of the glory and majesty of the Creator Besides all this, must not the ways of God, as well as his works and the wonders of his moral government extending over all his creatures, and over all worlds and through out all ages, afford inexhaustible subjects where with to exercise the intellect of man' Is not every truth, too with which we are already acquainted, linked to another and a higher truth' And if so when shall we reach the end of that awful chain which is in the hand of God' But though for ever we shall thus dive deeper and deeper into the divine mind, never, never can we sound its unfathomable depths Though we shall ascend for ever from one intellectual height to another in the eternal range of thought, we shall approach yet never reach, that unseen throne on which is seated the *I Am*, the Comprehender of all truth, the Solver of all mysteries, but who himself, though known because loved as our Father, must ever be the Mystery incomprehensible'

From the few glimpses which we obtain in Scripture of angelic life, we may infer that the understanding of the works and ways of God forms no small part of it. We read of the sons of God crowding round the earth, and we hear those morning stars singing for joy, as they behold the commencement of this new theatre of wonders

added to those with which they were already acquainted I doubt not that these high intelligences watched with intensest interest the progress of the world's formation, and beheld order and beauty growing out of chaotic darkness and confusion, and during the incalculable ages of the past, before man himself appeared upon the scene, gazed with wonder on the successive creations of animal and vegetable life, whose remains we now see buried in their rocky sepulchres We know too the deeper interest which the angelic host have taken in this world since it became the abode of man They are acquainted with all its inhabitants and have seen the mystery of God's providence unfolding itself from age to age A great multitude of them hovered over the hills of Bethlehem at that great era when 'unto us a Child was born and unto us a Saviour was given who was Christ the Lord,' and in sympathy with God and man they ascribed 'Glory to God in the highest, because of the "peace" which was proclaimed to earth, and of the "good will" which was expressed towards man We know also how they have taken an active share under Jesus the King in advancing the affairs of his kingdom both by punishing the wicked and ministering to the heirs of salvation And to put it beyond a doubt that scope is given even here for the exercise of the intellect of the angels we are distinctly informed that all the marvellous history now proceeding in this world had a direct reference in its original design to their progressive education — 'for God created all things by Jesus Christ to the intent that now unto principalities and powers might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God' There are indeed things even here "which angels desire to look into!"

And though the Redeemed from earth are not revealed as being engaged in intellectual pursuits nevertheless, two of them have revisited the earth and appeared in the old land of their sojourning in visible form and bearing the names of Moses and Elias, so familiar to the church of God and have spoken in language intelligible to the children of men, and upon a subject of all the most absorbing in its interest to the church above and below—the decease which Christ was to accomplish at Jerusalem!

But I dare not dwell longer on this part of my subject, however inviting it may be Let me, in conclusion, implore of you to consecrate your intellects to His service and glorify Him in "soul and spirit" as well as in "body" Reverence *Truth* in every department, as it is the expression of the mind and will of God, and seek it in humility, and with a deep sense of your responsibility as to *how* you search and *what* you believe And surely it is an elevating and comforting thing to know, with reference to those who on earth were here adorned by God with high intellects cultivated with care and sanctified for their Master's service, who thirsted for truth, and relished its acquisition with peculiar delight—and the more so when it led them directly to him who is Truth itself, and enabled them the better to behold his glory,—that their powers are now finding ample field for their exercise and can orb themselves around without a limit Not therefore with sadness but with joy I can turn from beholding the dead unmeaning eye of the lifeless body through which the noble mind once shone with mild intellectual lustre, and contemplate rather the same mind rising over the everlasting hills amidst the fresh unsullied brightness of a new born day and advancing for ever without a cloud amidst the endless glories of the upper sky!

One other suggestion as to duty before I close Take a peculiarly tender, sympathizing, and thoughtful care of those who are deprived of the noble gift of intellect, and who in God's providence may be cast on your mercy Walk by faith towards them See them not as they are, but as they shall be Act as you would wish to have done when you meet them in that world of light where we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, and where even he who seems exceeding fierce shall sit at the feet of Jesus meek as a child, and in his right mind Thank God, 'there shall be no night *there*!'

Third Sunday.

FAULTLESS LIFE IN HEAVEN

'They are without fault before the throne of God' Rev xiv 5

Our joy in heaven will, above all, be derived from the perfection of our moral being We shall be "without fault before the throne of God" "He shall present us to himself without spot, or blemish, or wrinkle, or any such thing'

Truly and beautifully has Sir Thomas Browne said, "There is no felicity in what the world adores —that wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, and in whose defect the devils are unhappy—that dare I call happiness, whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name" Following out this thought, let us reverently inquire in what chiefly consists the joy of God? or what especially constitutes his glory? Now he is glorious in that creative mind by which things are made so wisely with reference to the end which each has to serve, and made so beautiful and grand in their sculptured forms and harmonious colours He surveys all his works, and rejoices in them as "very good" He is glorious also in that miracle of a wondrous providence by which without a miracle the wants of all the endless worlds of his creatures are supplied, and by which responsible persons also are created and trained to glorify and enjoy himself for ever But while perfection beams in every feature of the divine mind, his glory, his joy, is in his *character* Not his power, but the character which wields the power, not his wisdom, but that which his character accomplishes by it, not his majestic sovereignty, but his majestic

character which stamps his reign as one of right and therefore of might—commanding, irresistable! This is the glory which he made to pass before the eyes of Moses when upon the mount, which shone in the face of Jesus Christ the Holy One of God, and which fills the souls of the rapt seraphim when they cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory!" Thus God is happy and most blessed because he is "glorious in holiness," or, in one word, because his name is *Love*

And in what, moreover, does the happiness of the angels consist but in sharing this life of God? These bright ones, indeed, experience joy in contemplating his works of creation and redemption, and have been glad in acquiring truth throughout many ages, but the atmosphere which they breathe, the light in which they dwell, is love They are happy not merely in what they hear, or see, or know of the things of God but chiefly in what they are towards God himself They know Him, and this is life eternal!

And finally, it is in the defect of this in which devils are unhappy For Satan, as he "goes to and fro in the earth, and in walking up and down in it," may hear those sounds of loveliness which delight our ears, but they are no music to his jarring and discordant spirit, and he may behold those sights of loveliness which delight our eye, but he does so as the prowling lion who perceives no grandeur in the glorious mountains which echo to his savage roar Nor does the exercise of his subtle intellect afford Satan joy, because it is not in harmony with truth, nor with the God of truth, but is as a "wandering star, to which is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever" And therefore, though he is a king he is King of Darkness, and carries hell in his own bosom, whether he moves among the beauteous bowers of Eden, or dwells for days upon earth, in the wilderness, in the holy temple, or on the high mountain, with even God manifest in the flesh beside him He has no holiness, no love, and therefore no happiness

And thus does our joy depend on our fellowship with God in character Other things may be, this must be if we are to be happy Other things are required to give our joy fulness, this is essential to give it existence For the body may be deprived of all pleasurable sensation, and the intellect unable to grapple with the simplest problem, "in the day when the keepers of the house tremble, and those that look out at the windows are darkened, and the daughters of music are brought low," —yet the light of joy may still shine in the soul, so long as the mind can discern that "God is," and the heart feel that "God is love" Not, therefore, in the gratification of his sentient tastes, nor in the certainties of pure intellect, nor in science, which "can put forth its hand and feel from star to star," nor even in the exercise of that genius—so like His own creative power!—whose contrivances change the aspect of the world, and whose glorious flights can speed to airy regions "which no fowl knoweth nor the vulture's eye hath seen" not in those outer courts of God's great temple has the Father willed that his immortal children shall find their true life, but in the holy of holies only of his own immediate presence, and in the possession of the spirit of life and of love which is in his first born Son, Jesus Christ our Lord And this was the glory and joy which Jesus himself manifested on earth, when "he had no place to lay his head," and was "despised and rejected of men," and his "countenance was marred like no man's," when he carried his cross, and revealed to us that true life which he died to obtain, and rose from the dead to impart to us by his Spirit He did not come to teach us to become artists, orators, or men of mere intellectual cultivation, capable of creating a hero worship The race who built Nineveh and Thebes, or produced the artists and orators, the poets and historians, or the world conquerors of Greece and Rome, needed no such teaching as this But he came to reveal to men—who, whatever else they knew, did not know their Maker, but "changed the truth of God into a lie"—that eternal life which was with the Father, so that in its possession they might have fellowship with the Father, with the Son, and with one another, and in this way only have his own joy fulfilled in themselves He taught us to follow Him, "with all lowliness and meekness," and thus "to walk worthy of God who hath called us to his kingdom and glory!"

I have dwelt, perhaps, at unnecessary length upon this part of my subject, because I trust to all of you it is a Christian truism, that our moral nature can be satisfied only with God's likeness so is it now, so will it be for ever The sweet peace which the believer enjoys in God here, the elevating delight he experiences from contemplating his character, and saying, "My Father, let thy name be hallowed! let thy kingdom come! let thy will be done!"—his joy in the possession of the graces of the Christian life, are not foretastes only but earnests also, and pledges of the coming fulness—first fruits of the approaching harvest "We shall be like him!" O blessed consummation, before which everything else vanishes in comparison! Our souls cleansed from every stain of guilt, and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and washed too from all the pollution of sin with the waters of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, shall be "faultless," "not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing" The pure and holy God resting on us as his own work through his Son and Spirit, shall rejoice in that work as *perfect*, and every redeemed soul will be as a mirror in whose transparent depths the divine glory is seen reflected Oh, comforting and exalting thought, that the weakest and most imperfect yet true child of God, who possessed any real faith or real love, is thus at last "glorified together with Christ"—their confessions of sin for ever over; their sense of their own emptiness lost in a sense of Christ's fulness, their ardent longings for unsullied holiness gratified as no faith or foretaste here realised even feebly in their hours of most pious fervour! Should it not delight us to think of even one whom we have known and loved here really possessing such joy as this and ought we not to give united thanks to God for their happiness with God, even while we sorrow for their loss to ourselves during our earthly pilgrimage!

Fourth Sunday.

SOCIAL LIFE IN HEAVEN.

"But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant."—HEB. xii. 22-24.

MAN is a *social* as well as a sentient, intellectual, and moral being; and as such he will have joy in the presence of God in heaven. We are made for brotherhood. It was in reference to this original craving of the heart for society that God said of man when he came perfect from his hands, "It is not good for him to be alone." The fact of solitariness is indeed unknown in God's intelligent and moral universe. With reverence, I remark, that God has existed as Father, Son, and Spirit, three persons in the unity of the Godhead. We cannot indeed conceive of God, whose name is love, existing from eternity, without a person like himself as an object of His love. Certain it is, however, that for the creature to have joy in himself alone is impossible. Isolation would, in time, produce insanity. The heart will lavish its affection upon the lowest forms of animal creation, or upon ideal beings, rather than feed upon itself. But there can be no solitude to him who knows there is a God, nor who possesses any religion, for religion is love to God.

Now consider what ample resources heaven affords for the cultivation of the social affections among those of the highest intellect, taste, and moral worth in God's universe. "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant." Here we have summed up the society to which every saint is introduced in heaven.

We shall enjoy the society of the *angels*. We know about those holy beings, but we do not know them as yet. But how often does it happen to us in regard to our earthly friends, that those who are unknown to us in our early years even by name, become in our latter years indissolubly bound up with our joy! And thus the angels, whom on earth we have never seen, will, nevertheless, when the manhood of our being is reached, become our intimate friends and dear companions for ever. Let us not forget, however, that the angels know each saint on earth more intimately than the saints themselves are known by their nearest friends. For, "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" But this fact suggests another analogy between our social relationships with men and angels, viz.—that as earthly friends who have been acquainted with ourselves and our family history during the forgotten days of infancy, are met by us, in after years, not as strangers, but with feelings of sympathy and intimacy akin to those awakened by old kindred;—even so will the saint on reaching heaven find God's angels to be, not strangers, but old friends who have known all about him from the day of his birth until the hour of his death. It is true that these high and holy ones belong to a different order of beings from ourselves, and thus, we might be disposed to think, must prevent the possibility of their sympathizing with us. But let us remember that while in material forms there is no one common abiding type, by which, for example, the vegetable, beast, bird, or fish, are formed;—yet that it is quite otherwise with intellectual and moral beings, who are all necessarily made like God, and therefore like one another. And finally, though we might conjecture that beings possessed of such vast stores of knowledge, the accumulated wealth of ages, and of such high and glorious intellects, would necessarily repel our approaches by the awe they would inspire in a child of earth when with all his ignorance he enters heaven, yet let our confidence be restored by remembering the fact, that in them, as in the great Jehovah, all majesty and wisdom become attractive when combined with and directed by love. The love which enables us to cling to the Almighty and love Him as a Father, will enable us to meet the angels in peace, and to love them as brethren. And thus I am persuaded that a saint on earth, compassed about as he is with his many infirmities, would even now feel more "at home," so to speak, with angels, because of their perfect sympathizing love, than with many of his fellow-men, because of their remaining pride and selfishness!

But "just men made perfect" also form a part of the society above. Their number is daily increasing. Day by day unbroken columns are passing through the golden gates of the city, and God's elect are gathering from the four winds of heaven. There are no dead saints; all are alive unto God, and "we live together with them."

But instead of dwelling longer on this point, I remark in reference to this glorious society in general, that there shall be *perfect union* among all its members. That union shall not be one of sameness; *for* there can be no sameness either in the past history, or in the intellectual capacity of any of its members. How vast must be the difference for ever between the history of Gabriel, the thief on the cross, the apostle Paul, and the child who died yesterday! There is every reason to believe that each person shall retain his own individual features of mind, and peculiarities of character there as well as here. All the stars will shine in brilliancy, and sweep in orbits more or less wide around the great centre, but each "star differeth from another star in glory." Yet this want of sameness is what will produce the deepest harmony, such as one sees in the blending of different colours, or hears in the mingling of different notes. And I repeat it, the bond of this perfectness must be the same in heaven as on earth, love. For it is love which unites exalted rank to lowly place; knowledge to ignorance; and strength to weakness; thus bringing things

opposite into a harmonious whole See how the love which dwelt in "God manifest in the flesh," poured itself into the lowest depths of humanity, and met men far down to lift them high up, so that at the very moment, for instance, when Jesus was intensely conscious of his dignity, "knowing that he came from God and went to God," he showed how inseparable was true love from true grandeur, for "knowing" this, "he rose from supper and girded himself with a towel, and washed his disciples' feet!" And as Jesus in the might of the same Divine affection bridged over the gulf which separated man from himself and his Father, drawing the impure to him the Holy One that they might become holy, and the ignorant to him the All knowing that they might become truly wise,—so shall the same Divine love include within its vast embrace all in heaven, from God seated on the throne down through the burning ranks of cherubim and seraphim till it reaches the once weeping Magdalene, and the once sore stricken Lazarus, and the infant who has passed from the bosom of its mother to the bosom of its God! How glorious is the thought that the poorest saint here—the most ignorant, the most despised, the most solitary and unknown—shall not only admire and love, but be himself the object of admiration and of love on the part of the highest spirit there!

After what has been said, it is unnecessary to prove what I have assumed as so evidently true, I mean the future recognition of our Christian friends. It is almost as unreasonable to ask for proofs of this as for the probable recognition of friends in a different part of the country after having been separated from one another during a brief interval of time What! shall memory be obliterated, and shall we forget our own past histories, and therefore lose the sense of our personal identity, and be ignorant of all we have been and done as sinners, and of all we have received and done as redeemed men? or, knowing all this, shall we be prevented from communicating our histories to others? Shall beloved friends be there whom we have known and loved in Christ here, friends with whom we have held holy communion, with whom we have laboured and prayed for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and with whom we have eagerly watched for his second coming,—and shall we be unable throughout eternity, either to discover their existence or associate with them in the New Jerusalem? Are the apostles now ignorant of each other? Did Moses and Elias issue out of a darkness which mutually concealed them in heaven, and recognising one another for the first time amidst the light on Tabor's hill, did they then return into darkness again? Oh, what is there in the whole Word of God—what argument derived from our experience of the blessings of Christian fellowship—what in the character of God or his dealings with man—what in his promises of things to come laid up for those who love him—that could have suggested such strange, unworthy, false and dreary thoughts of the union, or rather dis-union, of friends in their Father's home! Tell me not that special affection to Christian brethren, from whatever causes it may arise, is inconsistent with unfeigned love to all, and with absorbing love to Jesus. It is not so here, and never can be so from the nature of holy love, and was not so in Christ's own case when he the Perfect One lived amongst us With supreme love to God, "he loved his church and gave himself for it," with love to his church he yet loved the disciples as "his own," while again within this circle one of these was specially *the* loved one; and beyond it "he loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus!" Tell me not that it is enough to know that our friends are in glory I know this now in regard to some of them as surely as I know anything beyond the grave; yet my heart yearns to meet them "with the Lord," and I bless him that he permits me to comfort myself with the hope of doing so Nor let it be alleged as an insuperable objection to all this anticipated happiness, that knowledge of the saved would imply knowledge of the lost, and that this would balance the pleasure we hope for, by the great pain which we, it is assumed, should thus be compelled to endure For even admitting that such knowledge would be possessed at all, which is very doubtful, or if possessed would give *pain*, which is more doubtful still,—yet surely at the worst this is a strange way of escaping pain from the knowledge that some are lost, by taking refuge in the ignorance of any being saved! I shall not prove this further, but express my joy in heartily believing that we shall resume our intercourse with every Christian friend

But I have not as yet spoken of one Friend there who will be the centre of that bright society —"Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant!" "I will take you to *myself*," is the blessed promise "We shall see him as he is," is the longed-for vision. "We shall be like him," is the hoped-for perfection. To know, to love, to be in all things like Jesus, and to hold communion with him for ever—what "an exceeding weight of glory!" Jesus will never be separated personally from his people; nor can they ever possibly separate their character, their joy, or their safety from his atoning death for them on earth, or his constant life for them in heaven It is the Lamb who shall lead them to living fountains of waters; and the Lamb upon the throne who shall still preside over them. The Lamb shall be the everlasting light of the New Jerusalem; and "worthy is the Lamb!" shall be its ceaseless song of praise. Beyond this I cannot go. In vain I endeavour to ascend in thought higher than "God manifest in the flesh," even to the Triune Jehovah who dwelleth in the unapproachable light of his own unchangeable perfections; and endeavour to catch a glimpse of that beatific vision which, though begun here in communion with God, is there enjoyed by "the spirits of just men made perfect," "according to his fulness," and therefore in a measure which to us passeth all understanding. But if any real spiritual intercourse with Jehovah is now "joy unspeakable;" if the hunger of the soul to possess more, fails often from its intensity to find utterance for its wants in words, what must it be to dwell in his presence in the full enjoyment of Himself for ever! There are saints who have experienced this blessedness upon earth to a degree which was almost too much for them to bear. And if men, sinful men, yea, dying men, can ever so feel within their

tabernacles of clay—what is the measure of that bliss which fills the souls of those redeemed ones at this moment in his presence, in perfectly knowing and enjoying God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

May the Lord give us all grace to love on earth such as we may hope to meet in heaven, and if we cannot as yet enjoy the communion of angels may we seek for, and enjoy, the communion of saints!

Fifth Sunday.

ACTIVE LIFE IN HEAVEN

'His servants shall serve him.'—Rev. xxii. 3.

It is unnecessary to do more than remind you how labour is essential here to our happiness. Rest from fatigue is indeed enjoyment, but idleness from want of occupation is punishment. Nor is this fact a part of our inheritance as sinners. Fatigue and pain of body from exertion may be so; but not exertion itself. Perfect and unfallen man, as I have already reminded you, was placed in the garden of Eden 'to dress and to keep it.' And this is what we would expect as the very appointment for a creature made after the image of him who is ever working, and who has imbued every portion of the universe with the spirit of activity. For nothing in the world of nature lives for itself alone, but contributes its portion of good to the welfare of the whole. And man, as he becomes more godlike improves more and more in the dispensation by which he is enabled to be a fellow-worker with his Father, and is glad in being able to give expression by word or deed to what he knows, loves, and admires, and also to make others sharers of the good and joy which he himself possesses.

And if all this holds true of man now, what reason have we for doubting that it shall hold true of man for ever? Why should this inherent love of action, and delightful source of enjoyment so refined and elevated be annihilated? and what shadow even of probability have we for supposing that the heaven revealed in Scripture is a world the occupations of whose inhabitants must for ever be confined to mere ecstatic contemplation?

This cannot be! Such a heaven has not been prepared for man. Arguing from analogy the presumption is that those mental and moral habits which have been acquired with so much difficulty and at so much expense in this present world will not be cast away as useless in the next, but find there such scope for their exercise as cannot possibly be afforded to them within their present limited sphere of action. But this presumption is immensely strengthened by what we know of the life of the angels, to which I have more than once alluded, as it bears so much upon the several topics discussed by us. These angels "excel in strength," and they "do his commandments, and hearken to the voice of his word." As 'ministers of his," they "do his pleasure." They are represented to us as ever actively employed as messengers of peace or of woe. They have destroyed armies and cities, delivered captives, comforted the disconsolate; and are represented as the future reapers of the earth's harvest. All this proves at least, that the sinless perfection and happiness of heaven, are not inconsistent with a life of busy labour, and that though God can dispense with the services of either men or angels, yet as they cannot be happy without rendering such services to him, he, in accordance with his untiring, ungrudging benevolence satisfies this desire of their nature as created by himself. Let it be remembered also that men have acquired a wider experience than angels even, by reason of that very sin which might be supposed to render them less fit for the exalted services of heaven. For the very storms and vicissitudes of earth have given a form and a strength to those "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord," that could not have been acquired amidst the sunny skies and balmy air of the heavenly paradise. The saints of God have learned lessons here of patience, endurance, self-denial, and faith, that could not have been learned there. Like old soldiers they have been trained by long campaigns and terrible combats with the enemy. On earth and not in heaven are Marthas and Marys with whom we can weep, and prodigals whom we can receive back, and saints in sickness in prison or in nakedness whom we can visit, soothe, and clothe. And therefore is earth a noble school by reason of its very sins and sorrows. It is called indeed in triumph, what employments can there be in heaven for saints? This question I cannot answer. The *how* employed, and *where* must be as yet mere conjecture. But who will be so bold as to deny that in the new heavens and in the new earth, there may be employment for even those powers—such as inventive genius—that might seem to be necessarily confined merely to this temporary scene? If we are through a bodily organization to be for ever united to matter, why may not science and art be called into exercise then as well as now, in order to make it minister to our wants or desires? And even as regards the noble creations of artistic genius, why should the supposition be deemed as unworthy of the most exalted and spiritual views of heaven, that man may for ever be a fellow-worker with the Divine artist who fills the universe with His own endless creations of beauty and magnificence? And can it be that our moral habits and Christian graces shall never be called into exercise in works and labours of love among orders of beings of whom as yet we know nothing? Countless worlds may be teeming with immense populations, and who knows but such worlds may be continually added to the great family of God? And if throughout the endless ages of eternity, or in any province of God's boundless empire, there should ever be found some responsible beings who are tempted to depart from God by the machinations of wicked men or evil spirits—permitted then it may be, as well as now, to use all their powers in the service of sin

and against the kingdom of God—and who being thus tempted shall require warning or support to retain them in their allegiance;—or if there be found others who are struggling in an existence, which, however glorious, demands patience, and fortitude, and faith in Jehovah;—if there are now in other worlds, or ever shall appear any persons who need such ministrations as can be afforded only by those educated in the wonderful school of Christ's Church;—then can I imagine how God's saints from earth may have glorious labours given them throughout eternity, which they alone, of all the creatures of God, will be able to accomplish, when every holy habit acquired here can be put to noble uses there. I can conceive patience needed to overcome difficulties; and faith to trust the living God amidst evolutions of his Providence that baffle the understanding, and indomitable courage, untiring zeal, gentle love, heavenly serenity and intense sympathy, yea, even the peculiar gifts and characteristics of each individual,—all having their appropriate and fitting work to do "Now *abideth* faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity" And what immense joy will be experienced in each saint thus finding an outlet for his love, and exercise for his knowledge, and full play for his every faculty, in that "house of many mansions," with all God's universe around and eternity before him! I borrow the language of the great and good Isaac Taylor, who has written so eloquently and convincingly on this subject—"There labour shall be without fatigue, ceaseless activity without the necessity of repose, high enterprise without disappointment, and mighty achievements which leave behind no weariness or decay,—where 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run, and not be weary, shall walk, and not faint'"

Let this thought teach us to labour in harmony with the will of God, so that we may never run counter to his wishes or his laws, but, both in the material and spiritual world, ever seek to be "fellow-workers" with himself.

Let it also comfort us when we see "such an one as Paul the aged," fall asleep after his day of toil and strengthen us to bow our heads in meekness when we hear of the young man full of zeal and ardour, apparently fully equipped for God's service, suddenly cut down; or the self-sacrificing missionary, who seems to have spent his strength in vain, perish with no one in the wilderness to give him *Christian* burial. Oh! think not that the work of the old saint who loved it so well, till the latest hour of his existence, is ended for ever; or that the labours of younger brethren so unfinished here, shall never be resumed hereafter, and that all this preparation of years has been a mere abortion—a mockery and delusion! Believe it not! No day of conscientious study for Christ's sake has been spent in vain; no habit of industry or self-denial acquired for Christ's sake has been acquired in vain; nor will the burning zeal to do something for him who died for them be ever put to shame. Soul, spirit, and body, will yet do their work for which they have been so exquisitely adapted, and so carefully trained. He who has been "faithful over a few things, shall be made ruler over many things,"—and "he who has been faithful over *a very little* shall have authority over ten cities!"

But I cannot conclude this subject without reminding you how this future life in heaven will be expressed in *praise*. What are the ordinary ideas entertained by many excellent Christians of this heavenly work, or the manner in which it is to be performed, would be painful to describe. But perhaps it is not too much to say that the heaven of many is little more than a grand, eternal act of worship by singing psalms of praise. No doubt the chief work of heaven is praise; for praise is but the necessary expression of love, admiration, joy! In what way this praise is to be expressed I know not whether in the spontaneous exercise of individual souls, "singing as they shine" with hymned voice, and fashioned instrument of golden harp or angelic trump; or only by the rapt gaze of a spirit absorbed in "still communion,"—and whether in heaven as on earth there may be great days of the Lord on which the sons of God, gathered from afar, will come specially before the exalted Redeemer, when their joy, uttered by outbursts of harmony, shall wake the amphitheatre of the skies with unpossessed hallelujahs—who can as yet tell! But it *must* be that each soul in heaven being for ever full of love, must for ever pour forth its praise. Every new sight of grandeur or of beauty—every new contrivance of the Creator's wisdom and power—will but prompt the beholder to praise the wondrous Creator. Every intellectual height reached in the infinite progress of the soul, onward and upward, must awe it into a profounder sense of the glory of the great Intelligence. Every active pursuit will swell the tide of gratitude and praise to Him the ceaseless worker, in whom all persons and things "live, move, and have their being,"—while the loving and holy soul, ever consciously dwelling in Him who is everywhere present, must derive from increasing knowledge of, and communion with, the infinite Jehovah, a source of exulting endless praise; and this praise which will be intensified by the sympathy and song of the great minds and great hearts of the "innumerable company of angels," and of "just men made perfect!" But if in that vocal temple any one song of praise shall, more than any other, issue *from* a deeper love, or express a deeper joy, it will be the song of the redeemed! That is a "new song" never heard before by the angels in the amplitudes of creation, and which the strange race of mankind alone can sing;—for there are peculiar notes of joy in that song which they alone can utter; and in their memories alone, can echo old
of sadness that have died away in the far di
And what shall be their feelings, what their
as they gaze backwards on the horrible kingdom of darkness from whose chains and dungeons they have been delivered; and trace all the mysterious steps by which their merciful and wise Saviour led them safely through danger, temptation, and trial, and through the valley of death, until he had them welcome with exceeding joy! What their feelings, what their song, as they look around and contemplate the new scene and the exalted society into which he has brought them, and meet the respon-

save gaze of radiant saints and of loving friends! What their feelings, and what their song, as they gaze forward, and with "far stretching views into eternity" see no limit to their "fulness of joy," knowing that nothing can lessen it, but that everything must increase it through eternal ages,—that the body can never more suffer pain or be weakened by decay,—that the intellect can never more be dimmed by age, nor marred by ignorance, that the spirit can never more be darkened by even a passing shadow from the body of sin,—that the will can never for a moment be mastered nor even biassed by temptation,—that the heart can never be chilled by unreturned kindness,—that the blessed society can never be diminished by death nor divided in spirit, but that along with saints and angels all God's works shall be seen, all his ways known, all his plans and purposes fulfilled, all his commands perfectly obeyed and Himself perfectly enjoyed for ever and ever! And then, at what might seem to be the very climax of their joy, to behold Jesus! And seeing Him to remember the lowly home in Bethlehem, the once humble artisan of Nazareth, and the sufferer "who was despised and rejected of men," "the man of sorrows who was acquainted with grief," and the tempted one, who for forty days was with the devil in the wilderness—beholding Jesus, to remember Gethsemane with its trembling hand and cup of agony,—the judgment hall and Calvary with their horrors of blood, of blasphemy and mystery of woe, and, beholding Jesus, to see all this history of immeasurable love not only recorded in the glory of every saint above, but embodied in the very person of that Saviour, and in that human form which was "wounded and bruised for our iniquities," and in that human soul that was sorrowful unto death in order that he might be able to pour into the hearts of lost and ruined men all the fulness of his own blessedness and joy! What shall be the feelings, what the song of the redeemed, as all this bursts on their enraptured gaze! Oh, blind discoursers are we of such ineffable glory! Children dreamers are we about this as yet unrevealed vision! What are all our thoughts but "fallings from us, vanishings" from "creatures walking among worlds not realised"

But let us pray more and more that the "God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto us the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him; the eyes of our understanding being enlightened, that we may *know* what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints," for though "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," yet "*God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit*"

CONCLUSION

May these few thoughts which have occupied us on the successive Sunday evenings of the last month of the year, strengthen us to enter the unknown and eternal future with a stronger faith and a deeper love towards him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and who hath gone to prepare a place for us, while he here prepares us for the place. May we all be led to examine ourselves carefully regarding our "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light." Do we believe in Jesus, through whose blood alone there is remission for the sins that are past? Are we reconciled to God, and at peace with him through faith in His love, manifested in *this*, that "He sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins," so that "we might live through him?" Do we honestly seek, through the Spirit given to all who believe in Christ, to realise more and more of that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord?" Do we endeavour so to live towards God and man that Jesus who is truth itself can say to us, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of your Lord?" Oh, let us not pass from one year without seeking mercy to pardon, nor enter another without seeking grace to help, so that if we die ere another year has ended, we shall be for ever with the Lord!

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever!"

NORMAN MACLEOD