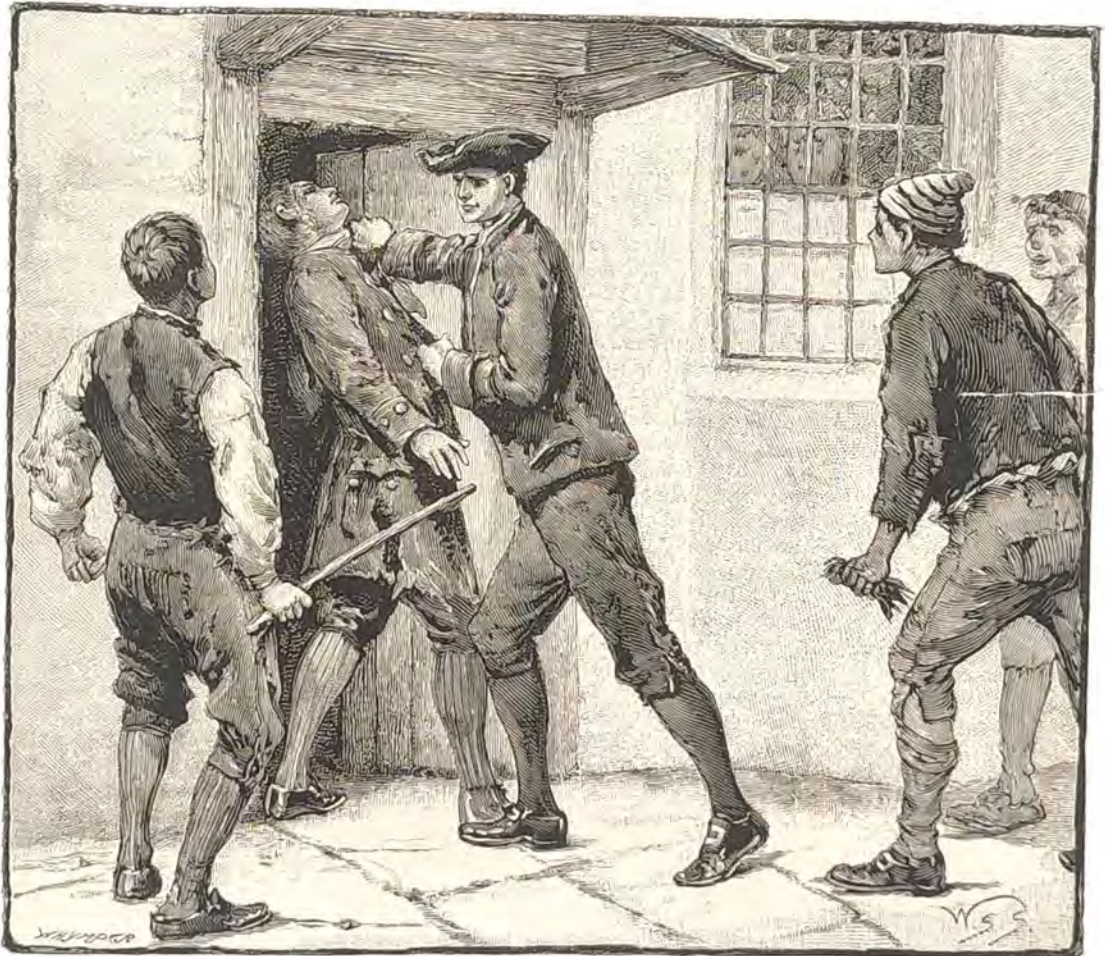


THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.



TOM PUSHED HIM HEADLONG THROUGH THE CROWD, AND IN AT THE DOOR OF THE INN.

CHAPTER III.—AN INTERRUPTED PREACHING.

THE market-place of Hownston presented an animated spectacle, for it was Sunday afternoon and the hour was drawing near when the expected preaching was to take place, and it seemed as if the whole town had gathered together to be present at the unwonted exhibition.

The town of Hownston possessed a divided
No. 1960.—NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

population, half agricultural and half collier. Of late years there had been some coal-pits opened in the neighbourhood, and since that time a separate population had grown up around them which differed greatly from the rustic people who had hitherto dwelt in and around the town. The colliers were a ruder, rougher, more energetic race, and it was among them that the work of the Methodist revivalists had commenced. Ignorant and half savage as these

PRICE ONE PENNY.

men were, they had listened with eager avidity to the teaching of the preachers who had come amongst them. John Wesley and George Whitefield had made their first great successes in districts inhabited by colliers or miners, and although Hownston had not been visited amongst the first years of their itinerating rounds over the country, some of the followers of the great leaders of the movement had lately appeared there. The excitement was all the greater from the fact that knowledge of the character and extent of the work was becoming more general, and exciting interest and remark even among the lowest of the people.

The rustic class looked upon the movement with considerably less of interest, and with more distrust. Old ways were good enough for them, and their slower wits and plodding minds shrank from the rousing which was congenial to their sooty neighbours. So that amongst the individuals of the gathering crowd there was considerable difference of opinion as to the nature of the entertainment in store for them, some being simply curious, some eager, and others hostile to the innovation of street preaching. Amongst the colliers even, there were many hundreds who were bitterly opposed to the preachers and their work. Men who rebuked swearing and reprov'd drunkenness, who permitted in their followers no indulgence, and caused them to be so changed that their own friends scarce knew them again, could not fail to arouse bitter animosity in the minds of their fellows. John Nelson, who was to preach to-day, was, as it were, one of themselves—a working man—a stone-mason, converted through the influence of the Methodists, and become one of their followers. The very men who flocked to hear him were half of them disposed to despise him for his lowly birth, and went as much to scoff as to listen: and when it was whispered that the young gentlemen from near by were going to make sport for the crowd gathered to hear the preaching, it was plain that in case of a riot public opinion would be against rather than for the preacher.

Many were the admiring glances turned upon a little knot of men standing together in a dim archway belonging to the stables of the chief inn of the town. There was the Captain, in his gold-laced scarlet coat and cocked hat, and by his side, the slim and handsome young man, his cousin, heir to one of the finest properties in the county, leaning against the wall in a negligently graceful attitude, and looking with a supercilious smile at the crowd of eager listeners flocking into the square. With these two fine young gentlemen were about half-a-dozen stout fellows who looked as if they might be game-keepers, and who were certainly not residents in the town. One of these men was, however, tolerably well known by sight in Hownston, and it was whispered about from one to another that if Tom Heron had come there to "bait the preacher," Mr. Nelson would have small chance of a hearing that day.

Three o'clock approached and the crowd had grown very dense. Suppressed excitement began to show itself in the gestures of the people, and

in the expression of their faces. At last the cry was raised—"He is coming—the preacher is coming"—and there was immediately a surging movement in the crowd which made it appear for the moment like a tossing sea of heads.

Tom Heron, who had all this while been leaning against the wall in silence, neither joining in the jests of his comrades nor appearing greatly interested in what went on about him, suddenly raised himself and looked about him. His great height enabled him to see over the heads of the crowd, and he observed how the people gave way right and left to admit the passage through their ranks of a tall and broad-shouldered man, who walked fearlessly through the press, which closed upon him till his exit was effectually barred, and took up his station upon the steps of the cross which occupied a commanding place in the open square.

A deep silence fell upon the crowd, the silence of expectation and curiosity. The preacher looked round upon his congregation and gave out a hymn, which appeared to be well-known to a certain section of his audience. Tom could not catch the words, save one here and there, but there was something impressive in the sound of a multitude of human voices raised thus in unison, and all singing together with their full power. He himself joined in, hardly knowing he did so, articulating no words, but joining his deep bass to the chorus, and feeling a north-countryman's pleasure in the rolling volume of musical sound. But all the while he kept a heedful eye upon the tall form of the minister. Tom Heron had resolved to distinguish himself to-day. He had been brought here by the gentry to show the stuff of which he was made, and he meant to leave his mark behind him. He had heard enough about the canting Methodists to welcome with joy this opportunity of putting one of them to silence. He had heard stories of other men who had gone forth to strike down a preacher, and who had ended by becoming converts. Such a thing as that appeared to Tom to be an act of absolute lunacy. He did not know how to express his contempt for a man who could be such a poltroon and turn-coat. For his own part Tom did not know what it was to be touched or impressed by any kind of teaching. Words were to him the feeblest of weapons. He would waste no words upon the preacher. He would simply hurl him down from his pedestal and silence him once and for all. He eyed with satisfaction the stalwart frame of Nelson. Such a man as that would be an antagonist worth meeting. The muscles of a stone-mason ought to be almost as well seasoned as those of a blacksmith. He hoped the gentlemen would let him manage the offending preacher. He wanted no assistance in dealing with him.

Whilst Tom thus mused, his opponent had been kneeling in prayer, but he now rose to his feet, and in a loud and clear voice gave out the words of the text from which he proposed to preach:

"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

A deep hush fell upon the crowd—every eye

was turned towards the preacher. Tom's dark, luminous eyes amongst the rest fixed themselves upon the homely face of John Nelson. A scornful sneer was upon the set lips of the young blacksmith. He wondered what manner of folly and madness would issue from the lips of the preacher. There had been times when Tom had been to church, and had heard sermons there. They had seemed to him dull enough, but they had been decently delivered by an accredited clergyman. What had working-men like himself to do with teaching and preaching and such matters? And then the voice of the preacher reached him clear and strong. It seemed to Tom as though the eyes of the speaker were fixed full upon his face—as though the hand pointed in his direction was pointed full at him, and at him alone.

"Man, thou art a sinner. When thou openest thy mouth thou speakest blasphemies against the God who made thee. When thou raisest thy hand it is to sin against thy Maker. Thou, a creature, darest to revile the Lord of Heaven and earth, to break His laws, to take His name in vain, to put Him to an open shame, and bring His wrath upon thee!"

It was not the words, it was the look of the man which arrested Tom's attention, the terrible earnestness with which he spoke these and other words of denunciation—drawing a graphic picture of the sins, the degradation, of the world and fallen humanity, and in plain and homely language bringing home to his hearers the blind sinfulness of their ways. Closely following upon this, he spoke of the wrath of God against the impenitent sinner, spoke of the awful holiness, purity, and unapproachableness of God: His everlasting and perfectly just wrath against sinners; the impossibility of His permitting any kind of unholiness in His presence; how that the whole world must perish everlastingly and without hope, perish in the fire that is never quenched, unless—unless some way can be found by which guilty, sin-stained sinners may be reconciled to God. Of hell and its terrors and torments the preacher spoke in no measured terms, faces grew pale as he proceeded, and one or two women sank to the earth half swooning.

"Come," said the Captain, his face darkening with scorn and anger, "we have stood enough of this, it is getting beyond patience. Billy, boy, go in amongst them and beat your drum—loud."

The little drummer-boy, who had been brought for the purpose, essayed to obey the command of the Captain: but he had been listening to the preacher, and his face was pale and scared. The Captain saw this and struck him a sharp blow over the shoulders, which sent the child off doing his best to drown the voice of the preacher by the bang and rattle of the drum; but Nelson's voice rose clear and strong above the noise, and though there was a sudden laugh amongst some of the men on the outskirts of the crowd, and a quick movement as if some amongst the number would gladly have silenced that terrible warning voice, the movement was not sufficiently general, and came to nothing, whilst a woman snatched the drum-sticks from the hands of little

Billy, and flung them over the heads of the crowd.

And again the voice of the preacher rolled forth—

"But, my brethren, God Himself—the God we have so grievously offended, has Himself made the way of escape for us, whereby we may be saved from hell fire, and become his children. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that every man who believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' Brethren, think of it—We have done everything human nature, fallen human nature, is capable of to anger God, and He gives to us the most precious gift of His Son to reconcile us again to Him. And what does He ask of us in return? Is it something hard? Is it something that forces us to give up home, friends, livelihood, anything we prize? Is it something which only the rich, the learned, the great ones of the earth can do? Are we poor men to be shut out for ever because we cannot hope to attain unto it? No, a thousand times No. There is only one thing asked of us—that we should believe, nothing else, nothing else. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved!' Oh, my brethren, what love is here, what wonderful, boundless love, what mercy, what tenderness for our helplessness, our poverty, our blindness. We have not to understand, we have not to bring costly offerings in our hands, we have not to study, to be wise, to be learned. We are invited to believe, to look at Christ hanging on His Cross, to say, as the poor father of the possessed child said, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.' 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' That is all, that is enough, we are asked to believe, and take the offered gift. Oh, why do we not all take it? Why do we not all take it now, here, this very instant? It is waiting for us. See the Lamb of God is here in the midst of us. It is He, He alone that taketh away the sins of the world. He is here in the very midst of us. He is stretching out His wounded hands over us, He is saying to us now, as He says every moment of His life, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest,' rest from the burden of sin, release from the dread dominion of Satan. Oh, my brothers, hark, listen, can you not hear Him speaking? Oh, listen and believe! Hang not back from His loving pleading. He is waiting now to welcome in some lost sheep to the fold. Oh, let Him not go empty away! Let Him not have to return mourning to His Father, and say, 'I have been there; I have heard My name proclaimed, but there was not one who would come to Me. They preferred to walk on into the fiery pit; they will not believe, they will not let Me save them.' Oh, my brothers, must Jesus go to His Father with that sad story?"

"I say, we have had about enough of this," said the Captain, "we shall have the people in raving frenzy next. Tom Heron, you had better put a stop to it. It is the rankest blasphemy I ever heard in my life, making up dramatic conversations between the persons of the Trinity. I cannot stand that."

Tom Heron needed no second bidding. He had been standing for some time with clenched

hands and quivering muscles, listening to every word the preacher spoke, carried away in spite of himself by the intense earnestness of the man, yet fighting desperately against the long-silent warnings of his own conscience, and longing to stop the flow of those words which seemed to pour into his soul like molten fire. What was it to him? Why should he care what these ranting Methodists said, when others who knew far better declared them to be liars and madmen? But Tom had the gift of imagination, and he could picture to himself the horrors of that everlasting fire, the undying worm; and he felt as though he would give anything for the power of silencing those terrible warnings. The moment had now come. He sprang forward with a shout of defiance and rage. So sudden was his rush through the packed crowd, that the people gave way before him, some falling, others being pushed aside, none resisting him, till the next moment he stood beside the preacher upon the steps of the cross, and had seized the unresisting figure tight in his arms. A roar arose from the crowd, half of indignation, half of sympathy. Many others were there besides Tom who longed to silence the warning voice, whilst many who had hung breathlessly upon the words cried shame upon any interruption of the proceedings.

"Hold un fast," "Away with him," "Duck him in the horsepond," "No, the river, fling un in the river," such were the shouts which arose on one side, whilst, on the other, there was a cry of, "Leave him alone—he is a man of God—shame on you, lads, to stop a preacher of the Word."

But in moments like these it is generally the voice of disorder and riot that prevails. And the turbulent members of the mob outnumbered in Hownston the more quiet and well-disposed. Tom's sudden assault was like the spark to the train of gunpowder. Excitement had been raised to a high pitch by the discourse of the preacher, now it seemed about to find a vent in the punishment of the bold messenger who had dared to tell the people of their sins and point out to them the deadly peril in which they stood.

Tom Heron soon found himself in the centre of a knot of fighting struggling men, all trying to gain possession of the person of the preacher. He knew not which were friends, and which were foes, and he himself kept a firm grasp of his captive, marvelling that he neither struggled nor swore, but remained quiet and passive in his clasp. Stones began to fly freely about. One hit Nelson on the temple drawing blood. There was a yell from the men nearest, and sticks and bludgeons began to be flourished round them.

"Dash out his brains, we want none of his jargon," cried a dozen voices; and Tom realised now that he and his prisoner were in the midst of those who were enemies to the latter and would show him scant mercy if they got him into their clutches. Now Tom had an Englishman's feeling for fair-play. He would gladly fight the minister himself single-handed; but he did not wish to have him torn in pieces by the crowd of fierce men who shouted and yelled round him.

"Leave him to me, lads; he and I will have it out together. Make a ring round us. We will

see who can argufy best with his fists, the stone-mason or the blacksmith."

Tom Heron was well known as the best pugilist in the neighbourhood, and a yell of delight went up from the crowd, who immediately formed a ring round the two men. Tom flung off his coat and bid the other do the same; but Nelson stood looking at him with a smile upon his face, down which the blood still trickled.

"Young man," he said, "I like you. I wish we had more like you with us. I like a man who has no fear, and who loves fair-play. But I cannot fight you. I serve a Master who calls Himself the Prince of peace. If you think that it will do you any good—or these poor creatures round us any good—to knock me down and beat out my life, I will grant you free leave to do it. If the sacrifice of my life will do good to any, I make it gladly. You shall be the judge of that. You were the one to pull me down. Have I done anything worthy of stripes or of death? If so give me over to these men and let me meet my reward at their hands."

Tom stood silent and aghast at this peculiar method of accepting a challenge. His arms dropped to his sides, and his square face clouded over ominously. He wished to fight, he did not wish to do injury or see injury done in cold blood. But what could be done with a man who refused to fight?

The crowd was less patient. The fury of the people would not stand delay. They had looked to see a sermon end in a stand-up fight, and they were not disposed to be balked of the sport of seeing Nelson mauled and thrown by their favourite champion Tom. Shouts and oaths and yells rose once again, and when Nelson turned round and openly rebuked those who blasphemed, there was a rush from some score of the strongest men there, and for a moment the preacher believed that his last hour had come.

But just as the enemy made this charge, Tom Heron sprang once more upon the preacher. He saw what would happen if he did not interpose, and the fighting fury was upon him, though suddenly he had resolved to defend, instead of assaulting, the stone-mason. Seeing that Tom had him again in his clutches, the crowd gave back, and Tom, with a whispered word in his captive's ear, pushed him headlong through the gaping crowd, and in at the door of the inn. He closed it behind them as they crossed the threshold, crying out as he did so, "You can leave him to me. I and the gentlemen will settle him now."

The room into which Tom and his captive were hustled was one which overlooked the market-place, and there sat the Rector himself, who had had the curiosity to come and see what passed, though he had taken no active share in the attempt to silence the voice of the preacher. As Nelson entered, torn as to the garments, bleeding from several small wounds, and breathless from the suddenness of this rush through the crowd, the clergyman rose, eyeing him curiously, and saying with a smile to Tom:

"So you have brought him here to a clerical court, have you, my good fellow? Well, perhaps,

you have done wisely: it is better to avoid violence whenever one can." Then, turning to the preacher, he entered into talk with him; asked him many things of his doctrine, speaking all the while very courteously and with a pleasant manner. Nelson, never backward in speech, waxed eloquent upon the favourite theme of instantaneous conversion and salvation, whereupon the Rector smilingly shook his head, and doubted such sudden springing up of the seed might betoken stony ground. Nelson looked thoughtful, and for a moment was silent, whereupon the Rector told him that he must be careful how he went about telling people that their sins were forgiven, for that he himself had not such consciousness of sudden forgiveness, and many notable divines with whom he had spoken believed that there was no such thing as real forgiveness of sin until the judgment day.

"Then, sir, what will become of their souls until then?" asked Nelson, "will they lie in heaven or hell?"

"My good sir, I do not profess to know the mysteries of the unseen world. I am content to know the dead are in the hands of God. That is enough for me."

"Well, but sir," urged Nelson, "if what you say be true, every time we use the prayers of the church we offer the sacrifice of fools, and mock God to His face: for this day you and all the congregation in my presence prayed God to forgive all your sins, negligence, and ignorances: and

you affirmed that God pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe the Gospel. If He do not, you are a false witness and a deceiver of the people, yea, and a contemner of the word of God—for St. Peter says, 'To Him give all the prophets witness, that whosoever believeth in Him doth receive forgiveness of their sins,' and St. Paul saith, 'By Him all that believe are justified.' Are justified, mark you, not shall be justified at the day of judgment. And St. John says, 'I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.'"

"Well, well, well," said the Rector smiling, "you have a good memory for the Scriptures, and you mean well, though I might find a few texts to puzzle you, if I tried."

"You may try, and welcome, sir, I wish to be put right, if I err."

"You have too good a memory for me, and, besides, I would not say that you are wrong, though I might say that you hold one side of a doctrine to the detriment of the other, though all you say may be true. Landlady, bring us a pint of wine, this good man has received some rough-handling in yon crowd. Good day to you, sir, I wish you well: but I do not wish you often in my parish, if this is a sample of the scenes your presence there provokes."

And with that the Rector nodded and moved away, leaving Tom and the preacher alone together.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERE, PH.D.

THE TOPE AT SARNATH.

THERE is perhaps no foreign religion which in modern times has made a deeper impression on educated and thoughtful men than Buddhism. Ever since the ancient literature of India has begun to be studied, the religion and the philosophy which some of its oldest books set forth, has laid hold on, has exercised, the imagination of thinkers and poets.

A strong likeness exists between the teaching found in Sanskrit volumes dating from the third century B.C. and the scientific system elaborated by a German philosopher of our century. The conclusions at which Schopenhauer arrives in his work, "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*," have been strangely anticipated by the royal mendicant, who lived and preached in the valley of the Ganges. Considering the close connection between thought and art, we are not surprised to find that in the last and, as some believe, most remarkable musical drama composed, Richard Wagner has embodied the same ideas, and in "*Parsifal*" has put a hero on the stage whose life, notwithstanding the entirely altered conditions in which it moves, is ruled by the principles of the

Indian teacher. When masters like Schopenhauer and Wagner lead the way, the crowd of smaller men follows; and generally speaking art and literature have been tinged, "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought," which has come from a far distant age and country. We frequently, without knowing, give expression to thoughts, and use idioms, which derive their origin from the same source. Unconsciously almost we are directing our attention towards the early Indian wisdom; and the manner in which "the criticism of life" Buddha had pronounced, appeals to the Western mind again, after the lapse of so many ages, and in so changed a state of civilisation, is in truth worthy of note.

We may perhaps be permitted to pass over the doings of theosophists; we have been unable to penetrate the mysteries of their doctrines, or to discover the connection between their esoteric wisdom and the teaching of Buddha, which is contained in the original accounts. But we must refer to, and draw upon, a work which has made the life of that teacher familiar to the English public, namely Sir Edwin Arnold's book, "*The*

Light of Asia." Later legends, with which the religious adoration of worshippers overlaid the likeness of their master, have been worked into this highly-coloured poem; and it is necessary to divest it of the gorgeous imagery borrowed from Hindoo mythology, to get at the real history.

EARLY LIFE OF BUDDHA.

Yet the simple narrative of Buddha's life has no need of embellishment; its simplicity is exquisitely lovely. He was born of the family of Gautama, of the Aryan tribe named the Sakyas, who had settled down near the borders of Nepal, some five hundred years B.C. His birth-place, Kapilavastu, has been identified as the village Nagar Khas situated on the Chandu Tal Lake. The name of his family was perpetuated by a principality, which existed till the fourteenth century, and by a line of Rajput chiefs who have to this day kept alive the appellation of Gautama. Of the various names by which he is called—Sakya-sinha "the lion of the tribe of Sakya," Bhagava "the blessed one," Dharmaraja "the king of righteousness"—the one given him as a child is Siddhartha "he who has accomplished his aim." The first-born of the family he was the heir to his father's estate and rule; he grew up, surrounded by all the comfort and rude splendour of an oriental court, when suddenly in his twenty-ninth year he abandoned all, wealth and power, even the love of a wife, to live a devotee in the wilderness.

A sudden and a profound change had been wrought in his mind by the sight of the sorrow and suffering which pervades all existence, by the spectacle of the merciless struggle for life, in all nature around him, beast preying on beast,

Everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death.¹

According to the ancient authorities it was the fourfold vision of

An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung, like a beast's hide to its fleshless bones;
of a sick man,

A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
of a corpse,

Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead;

and lastly, of a dignified hermit—which induced him to withdraw into the solitude, there to muse and ponder over the cause of all this suffering. He turned his steps towards Rajagriha, the capital of Magadha.

On the wooded hills, the offshoot of the Vindhya mountains, which closely surround the city, venerable Brahman hermits had settled down; Gautama joined their number. Rajagriha has been identified in the modern Rajgir in the district of Patna; the five hills that enclose the town are

mentioned in the old Indian epic poems; the importance of the place is attested by the ruins that are still existing, and the summit of the second hill is marked by a temple, as the place where the princely mendicant was wont to meditate.

The names of the teachers, Bhagava, Alara, and Udraka, whose system of Brahman wisdom Gautama tried to learn and to practise, have been preserved. The accounts of his discussions with them handed down to us illustrate the relationship of the old Hindoo religion and the new faith that was to be born. The former taught that penance was the means of conquering the weakness of nature and of gaining superhuman insight.

THE YEARS OF PENANCE.

Resolved to carry out to the full this tenet, Gautama withdrew further into the jungle of Uruvela, to a spot which lies six miles south of Gaya town. For six years did he, attended by a few disciples, give himself up to the severest form of penance, till he seemed wasted by fasting and weakness and "the anguish of thought," to a shadow. Whilst the fame of his piety spread far and wide, he himself was tortured by doubt, and he remained conscious of the futility of his efforts. At last one day when awaking from a swoon into which he had fallen—the consequence of his extreme abstinence—he despaired of any further profit from the course he had taken; he gave up all thought of self-mortification and began to taste again regular food. By this change he offended his disciples who now forsook him, in the hour of failure. Thus left alone in the wilderness, Gautama was next exposed to the attacks of the Prince of Evil and his wicked angels; the temptation-scene, depicted in the Buddhist accounts with great power, bears a likeness, not to that scene recorded in our Gospels, but—as has been pointed out¹—to the description in *Paradise Regained*, Bk. iv. "When the conflict began between the Saviour of the world and the Prince of Evil a thousand appalling meteors fell, . . . the very sun enveloped itself in darkness, and a host of headless spirits filled the air," says the Buddhist chronicler.

Some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at Thee their fiery darts, while Thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace—

thus continues the Christian poet. And both represent the temptation as the act by which redemption was obtained for mankind.

Doubts and darkness at length passed away; a new truth, like the evening-sun through clouds, broke upon the troubled mind; in its calm light, Gautama learned to see the causes of existence and of suffering, the cessation of sorrow, and the way that leads to perfect peace. Whilst seated under a pipal tree, "enlightenment" had come to him; he had become the Buddha.

The spot where this took place has been sacred to many generations of believers. There can be still traced at Bodh Gaya the vast ruins of a royal

¹ This quotation, as well as those following, is taken from "The Light of Asia."

¹ By Professor T. W. Rhys Davids, whose excellent account—given in "Non-Christian Religious Systems: Buddhism" (S.P.C.K.)—we have partly followed.

residence, built perhaps 250 B.C., as well as the walls of a small shrine marking the spot where the sage sat. Over these in more modern times a large temple was built; within its courtyard there flourishes still a pipal which is every year visited by thousands of pilgrims, an offshoot of the original tree. A branch of the latter was planted by Buddhist missionaries during the third century B.C. at the monastery Anuradhapura in Ceylon; its preservation, due to the piety of the monks, justifies the claim set up for it by devotees, that it is the oldest historical tree in the world. What the Cross has been to the Christians, that the sacred fig-tree has been to the Buddhists. Its venerable age and enormous size as well as its weakness, requiring artificial support for its stem and branches, make it appear a true likeness and symbol of their religion.

BUDDHA AS A TEACHER.

Having tried the efficacy of ceremonies and sacrifices, and having found them wanting, Buddha now set out upon, what was henceforth to be his life's work, namely, to make known to others his conviction, as the authorities put it, to "turn the wheel of the Law" and preach "the Kingdom of Righteousness." He turned his steps towards Benares, where his five former disciples were then living; in the cool of the evening he entered the Deer-park, which lies three and a half miles north of the city. They seeing him coming resolved to show him all outward marks of respect, but not to recognise as master one who had fallen from their standard of belief. Nothing daunted, Buddha propounded to them the fundamental truths of his system; "they were still," he exclaimed, "in the way of death where they must reap sorrow, whereas he had found the way of salvation; he had walked the noble eightfold path," which included not merely right speech and action, but also right belief, feeling and endeavour; he had observed the "four noble truths." These truths consisted in the recognition of the facts that birth, growth and death bring suffering with them,—that desire towards the things around us, the thirst (we might say, the instinct) of life, are the cause of sorrow—and that the conquest over, and the quenching of, this thirst are the cure of sorrow,—and that this cure leads on to perfect rest and bliss.

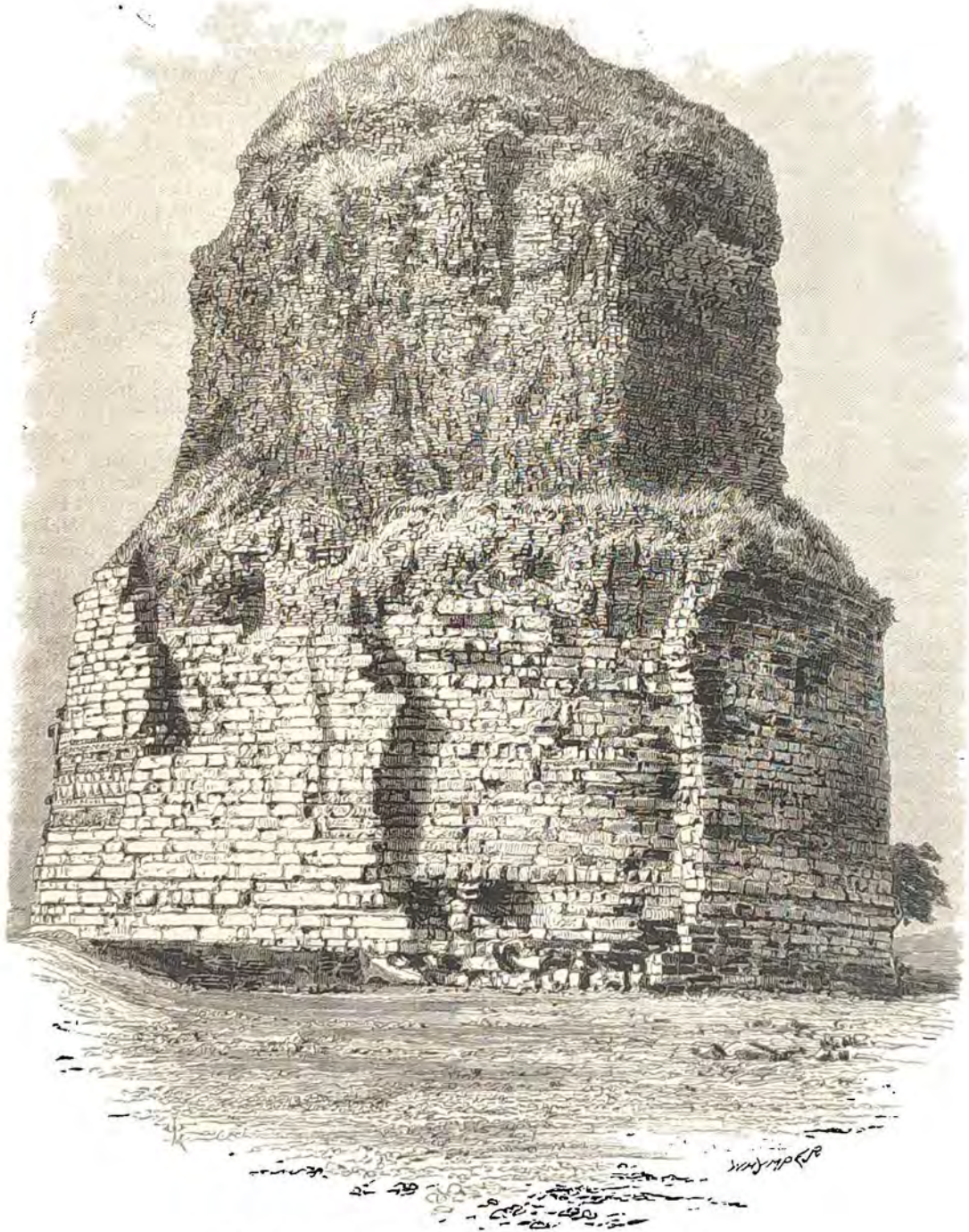
We have been obliged to touch upon the doctrine which Buddha on this occasion expounded for the first time. His exposition has been preserved in one of the Sutras; the later legendary accounts, which are not deficient in poetic beauty, prove how important in the estimate of believers was the scene enacted that summer evening in the Deer-park near Benares. "The evening was like a lovely maiden; her stars were the pearls upon her neck, the dark clouds her braided hair, the deepening space her flowing robe. . . To worship the Buddha, and hear the first preaching of the word, this lovely maiden came," says a Sinhalese record. At this place a fine wood still covers an area of about half a mile; the ground is strewn with ruins, the most ancient of which are of the same age as those dis-

covered at Bodh Gaya. The tower of Dhamek—an illustration of which we shall give—rivals almost in the belief of devout Buddhists, the blessedness of the sacred tree; the place in which their lord first preached is to them only less hallowed than the spot where he obtained enlightenment.

Nor were the words of Buddha spoken in vain. The hearers led by the aged Kondanya gave in their adhesion; three months after his arrival the teacher was able to gather sixty disciples in the wood, whom he charged to go forth in different directions to teach and preach. His own life served them as the best illustration of the injunctions he gave. He himself commenced travelling about from place to place; he continued this habit to the end of his life. Many are the detailed sermons, pithy sayings and miraculous events attributed to him. He combined the thought of a philosopher, the zeal of a missionary and the kindness of a philanthropist; nor were the gentle breeding and noble birth of the Rajput chief concealed beneath the yellow dust-stained robe of the recluse. Eight months each year did Buddha travel; four months, from June to October, he remained in one place, devoting himself to the instruction of his declared followers. His first movement appears to have been to retrace his steps and to revisit the scenes of his earlier mental struggles. The localities at Gaya, at Rajagriha, and at Sravasti (which has been identified as Sahet-Mahet in Oudh), are still marked by temples, or can at least be distinguished by vast ruins, that appear in the neighbourhood of modern habitations. An account is given of a visit which he next paid to his birth-place, Kapilavastu. There is something pathetic in the description of the mendicant, entering the streets with his alms-bowl, of his father's indignant reproach, of the meeting with his widowed wife and his child. It is a true saying that a prophet is not honoured in his own country; and the strongest evidence of the sincerity and the gentle strength of persuasion that lay in Buddha's character, is the fact that his father Siddhodana became an adherent, his son Rahula a member, of his order; that a number of his relatives and clansmen were enrolled on the lists; and that when Gautama established an order of female mendicants, his wife Yasodhara was one of the first to assume the robes of a nun.

THE DEATH OF BUDDHA.

The fragmentary accounts of the remainder of Buddha's life we may pass over; but the detailed description of his death deserves our attention. It was the forty-fourth year of his missionary life that he spent the rainy season at Sravasti; thence he returned to Rajagriha. In a cave on the side of the loftiest of the five hills that girdle the city, he assembled the mendicants. A schism which had been created in the order by his cousin Dewadatta led him to impress upon them most earnestly the necessity of union in obedience to his precepts. Then he set out on his last journey; travelling to the north, he crossed the Ganges, he reached Pava. The kindly hospitality shown him by a craftsman of



THE BUDDHIST TOPE AT SARNATH, BENARES.

low caste has been gratefully remembered; and a large mound of brick in the village of Padrauna (in the Gorakhpur district) commemorates the last halting-place of the Teacher. Starting thence towards Kusinagara, he reached with difficulty the grove outside the city; and feeling his end approaching, he uttered his last injunctions: "After I am dead, let the law and the rules be a teacher to you. Mendicants! I now impress upon you, the parts and powers of man must be dissolved; work out your salvation with diligence!"

Numerous monuments, three huge towers, a high pillar, a vast monastery, erected during the third century B.C. were evidences of the devotion and awe with which the scene of Buddha's death was regarded. To the south-west of the modern village of Kasia are seen to this day lofty mounds of solid brickwork, and a colossal statue of Buddha, which leave no doubt as to the identity of the place.

SOME POINTS OF CONTRAST.

A sketch, however hasty and imperfect, of the life of Buddha, cannot but remind us of the life of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. The picture of the Buddhist Church in Tibet, with its monasteries and convents, its churches and cathedrals, its worship of saints, angels, and of the virgin, its shaven priests, cardinals and its pope, its councils and sacred canon, seems so perfect a counterpart of the development of the Roman Church, that Buddhism and Christianity have been frequently compared by writers with one another, and even represented as rivals. But the outward appearance of likeness, although it may seem striking, should not deceive us as to the real difference that separates them. The two religions must not be compared, but contrasted. Gautama did denounce ceremonies and sacrifices, and preach the coming of a new kingdom; but the conception which he had of this kingdom is as different from the teaching of our Lord as night is from day.

To mention a few points only, the question as to the beginning of all things, the creation or else the eternal self-existence of the world, the Hindoo divine left undecided; it seemed to him "an enquiry that tended to no profit." Of practical value seemed to him the fact that the world of sight and sense is in a state of incessant change, that it is continually dying and being renewed, and passing through a series of revolutions, the beginning and the end of which he regarded as equally unknown. Man is but an assemblage of material qualities, thus taught the Hindoo sage, of sensations, abstract ideas, tendencies of mind and mental powers; and they pass away "like a mass of foam," like "a bubble dancing on the face of the water," "the uncertain mirage that appears in the sunshine," or "a spectre or magical illusion." The belief in a soul, or even in individuality, he denounced as a delusion and condemned as a heresy. The moral law he vindicated with the aid of the Hindoo doctrine of transmigration. According to this doctrine the being of a man or animal which dies, is reproduced in a material

state, which is in a higher or lesser degree degraded or painful, according to the *Karma*, the deserts and merit, in the previous existence. Thus without the faith in a God and in a soul is the belief in a retribution maintained. The *Karma* is regarded as the essence and being of man, which preserves—although "his parts and powers" are dissolved in death—his identity in a new birth; man is thus born again and again into this world; his existence is a chain of endless links.

This tenet is used to explain also the apparent injustice in the distribution of pleasure and pain in this world. The question which the disciples asked Jesus, "Rabbi, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he should be born blind?" would have been answered by Buddha: "In a former birth he sinned through lust of eye; but he loved to listen to the preaching of the Law, therefore doth he now hear my Word."

The doctrine which Buddha preached was deliverance from these bonds, this chain of existence. It was in the Deer-park at Benares that he first enunciated his "Four Noble Truths." Those events, he said, that cause and bring to a close individual existence, namely birth, disease and death,—and mark its separation from others, namely love, and hate and desire—are encompassed with pain and sorrow. The will to live, "that strong thirst, *Trishna*," which shows itself in the desire of a future existence, or in the love of the present world, is the root of all suffering and evil. This thirst must be quenched, this will mortified. "Who overcomes . . . sufferings fall off from him, like water drops from a lotus leaf." To accomplish this end, tread "the path" of a virtuous life, and make an end of sorrow! This is the path of the holy ones, of saints who have become free from desire for existence. In the most glowing colours he described the peace, the rest which they enjoy, "whose senses have become tranquil . . . who are free from pride, and the lust of the flesh and the lust of existence, and the defilement of ignorance. They remain like the broad earth, unrevoked: like the pillar of the city gate, unmoved; like the pellucid lake, unruffled. For such there are no more births. Their old *karma* is exhausted, no new *karma* is being produced. The cause of their existence being destroyed, and no new yearnings springing up within them, they, the wise, are extinguished like a lamp."

This frame and state of mind is *Nirvana*, the end and aim of the Buddhist gospel, this the deliverance from the bonds of existence; but this deliverance is as "the extinction of the lamp, never to be relighted."

We need but refer to the Christian doctrines, to the creation of the world in the past, the judgment to come, the kingdom of God worked out in the history of man, the value of each individual soul, the central doctrine of eternal life—we need but compare the love of Christ, with its atoning sacrifice, with the pity of Buddha—to see the world-wide difference between the religion founded on Hindoo systems and that to which from Moses downward the Law and the Prophets pointed, founded on the death and resurrection of Him who hath brought life and immortality to light.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

AND a good thing too! for if he had not done so, he never could have gone where I believe he has now gone—to the land of blessedness and peace.

But I must tell you all about it. Come away down some dark steps leading to a London kitchen. Don't be afraid. In visiting the poor I have sometimes been in places where I have thought, "Well, if I am murdered here, no one will ever know anything about it." But this is a pretty decent place, and the person I want to introduce you to, is a pretty decent old man.

Down in the kitchen are a mangle, a bed, a couple of chairs, and a little well-washed table; and there also is an old man, seventy-one years of age, with a head as white as snow. He has a pleasing expression of face, and a bright eye; and putting these and the mangle, and the clean table together, you need have no fear, though the place is dark enough.

But though there is no murder likely to go on in this kitchen, there is death there—and the death is in that poor man's soul.

"I don't think I'm a sinner," said our friend with the pleasant face and the grey beard, "I cannot remember any sin of which I have been guilty."

"Well, now, did you ever sin in your thought?" "No." "Nor in desire?" "No." "Nor yet tell a lie?" "No." "Nor feel angry?" "No; but I suppose if I kept an inventory of what I have done, I may call to mind something that may not be quite right, but it is so long since I did anything out of the way, that I cannot think I am a sinner; so that I could stand before God, at the judgment bar, and say 'I have never committed a sin.'"

"Now," said the old man's visitor, "let us read what it says in the Word of God,"—and he read him those words in 1 John i. 8-10: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His Word is not in us."

This bit of Scripture, which is plain enough in itself, the old man's visitor clinched by a couple of others (Rom. iii.) where it says that "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,"—and Psalm xxxii., where the blessing is to the man "whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered"—to the man "unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity; and in whose spirit there is no guile."

Now, as I have already told you, this old man was of a pleasant countenance and a kindly eye, and instead of being uncivil or rude when his visitor asked him if he would join him in a prayer for the gift of the Holy Spirit, down he

went upon his knees; and a good thing that was for him, as matters turned out.

He made one little mistake—he kept on his hat—but he did not mean it as a token of want of reverence—it was only ignorance. And better to pray ignorantly, but really, with one's hat on, than never to pray at all. The man who prays sincerely, though ignorantly, with his hat on, will soon learn to take his hat off.

Now, our worthy old friend must have known plainly enough that the Scripture, and the talk, and the prayer had all to do with him himself and his saying that he was quite free from sin; and many a man under those circumstances would, to say the least of it, have been very grumpy, and not bidden his visitor a particularly civil good-bye; but our old friend had not a bit of such bad manners about him: on the contrary, he thanked his visitor for having dropped in to see him; promised to pray to God for His teaching; and evidently desired to have more of what he had already had; for he asked his visitor to call again.

Well, his visitor did call—he was a man who was very fond of accepting such invitations: he would rather have been asked to "call again" on such an occasion as this, than be asked out to dinner; and in these calls he found out a good deal about our old friend. His life had been spent as a carpenter in Covent Garden Theatre; and would you believe it? though the old fellow said he had not committed any sins, his old wife had a different story to tell about him, for she let out that drunkenness had made him old before his time.

He used to say: "If I have only five minutes to think of dying, it will be enough."

He reminds me of that man who said he only wanted to have time to say three words, "Lord, have mercy," and he "would be all right." But that unhappy man never did have time to say that, for as he was going out of the public-house, he stumbled over the threshold, and was picked up dead.

Well, time passed on, and gradually new light began to come into this man's mind; and the new light shewed him a good many things which he did not know before. It says in the Scripture: "The entrance of Thy word giveth light" (Ps. cxix. 30), and the words did get into him; and showed him a good deal which he had never thought of: sins of one kind and another began to turn up; big sins and little sins (if there are such things)—sins of every colour and every shape; and done, here and there, and everywhere. Instead of there being none at all, there was such an awful lot of them, he did not know what to do with himself.

Our old friend's mind was a good bit changed, I can tell you; and he not only saw that he was

a sinner, but he wanted to know what he was to do with his sins. Such a sight and such a want often go together; for if a man does not do something with his sins, he feels pretty sure that his sins will do something with him; as assuredly they will.

He felt that he had need of a Saviour; and that Saviour he found in Christ; and He is the only One in whom a Saviour will ever be found.

At last, one day, he said, "My whole dependence is in the Lord Jesus Christ; I did not feel so when you first called upon me. I see now that I am a sinner. I hope to go to heaven because of what Jesus has done for me. If I had depended upon my work, which I should have done, but for you, I should have lost my soul; I have cause to bless God that you came to me. I will look only to Jesus. I thank you most gratefully for the pains you have taken with me."

In these, his last days, the old man used to say many things of interest, aye, and of use too. "I think now," he used to say "that the longest life is short enough to prepare for death. The whole soul ought to be given to God. All my hopes of heaven depend upon what Jesus has done for me. I think whilst I have time and sense I ought to spend them in thinking of Jesus." And, at last, the old man died, and left good hope in his death. There is no doubt he changed his mind about himself as not being a sinner; and about his not wanting a Saviour; and there is no doubt also that it was well for him that he did.

And now, this is the very thing which I want to say a few words about—how good it is for a man to change his mind, as this one did here.

How many there are, who if they are to be saved, must change their mind. They must change it about themselves—their notion that they are not sinners, or at any rate, not such as to deserve condemnation at the hands of God.

People have tremendous prejudices against changing their mind in this matter—they think it grand to stick out for what they once start with, or find themselves in.

But it is a very reasonable thing sometimes, and under some circumstances to change one's mind. One may get better information, one may see things in a new light—and in religion, when careless folk see things in the light of eternity, which to them is a very new light indeed, they often do change their minds—and that to their eternal gain.

There are a good many prejudices against, and hindrances to a man changing his mind, and acting on the change—no longer thinking that his soul is nothing; now making it everything—thinking "last" was good enough for it; now

thinking that for "last," he must put "first," the "first" is the place that it must have.

There is a man's natural pride—and his self-opinionatedness—these will be sure to make a disturbance: why to say you are right now is to say that you were wrong before; you don't mean to confess that you were a fool all the time past, do you? Ah, my friend, that is just the very thing I mean to do. I didn't know then what I know now: the foolishness would be in sticking to what would be my ruin if I held on to it."

"Then there's the disturbance, and the trouble."

Well, my friend, in pulling down an old house, there's dust flying about in all directions; and in building up a new one, there's noise here, and there, and everywhere. You should hear the commotion that there is in putting a sailing ship about; I couldn't make out what was happening when first I heard it—we might all have been going to the bottom. The ship's course was simply being changed.

Moreover: ever so much fear of others will come in when we are going to desert them, and start on a new path of our own. "What will So-and-so say?"

Well, Mr. So-and-so, you are only Mr. So-and-so after all, there are much bigger men than you, and what you say is not worth just two pence; and it is only so much breath after all. You're not the keeper of my mind, and if I change it I need not ask your leave; and what's more I don't intend to do so.

If you feel that the old mind was bad, and only the mind of a fool, then change it, no matter who may have anything to say, and what that something may be when it is said.

It is often, as I have said, a very reasonable thing to change one's mind.

Perhaps what we called "our mind" before, was no mind at all—it was just other people's ideas—what they thought, or it may have been just some floating notions of one's own, without any ground for them at all. Perhaps it was just the habit of our daily life, about which we did not think one way or another.

What I would say to you, my friend, is—Have a mind, and a right one, about the great and all-important concerns of your soul. Look into matters. Do not be afraid of any one. See whether your present state is the right one; your present way the one that will have a good ending. And if your heart tells you that these are not right—then turn clean round at once—your change of mind will warrant your giving up old bad friends and ways, and taking a decided stand for Christ. Do not be afraid to say "I've changed my mind;" do not be afraid of their saying, "He changed his mind."



MY OLD MINISTER.

WITH what a swift rush, with what a throb and a yearning, with what intense regret, does the heart at last go back to the old days and the old things, when all the golden hopes of life have turned to ashes! The old things then seem the best. We turn with intensity of yearning, with longing desire, with tender regret, to the days of our childhood. Standing upon the ashes of dead hopes, dead promises, dead resolutions, our whole being aching with buffeting and blows and the smart of disillusion, we turn in a paroxysm of grief and longing, and, shading our eyes with our hands, cast our bedimmed glance back along the pathway of the years. And lo! the sweet sunshine has fallen upon it. And the barren deserts have become smiling glades, and the hard ways pleasant, flower-bedecked meadows, all rosy in the strong, sweet light. Oh, that we were there once again! "The old things are best, dear friend," saith the heart then in tremulous whisper.

With what passionate tenderness does my memory rush back to that old home on that still hillside. Oh, old home, the light of heaven falls about you! I think I was nearer to God when, as a child, I was content to rest in your true steadfast bosom, than ever I have been since. And you, my old minister, now sleeping so peacefully under that sturdy old oak in the burying-ground of the little chapel, you seem to me the star of my life. You are not dead, you cannot be dead, while you yet speak so plainly. It is meet that the blackbird should sing above your grave; it is meet that the breeze should softly chant there as it kisses the summer leaves. For out of your dust have sprung flowers, out of your life went forth music, the melody of which will ever live in at least one heart.

He used to live, my old minister, in a small, grey farm-house, set in the centre of a group of poplar trees, on the lonely hill-top. The storm-clouds, driven by the mountain winds, swept past there with an angry rush in winter time. The birds sang there the livelong summer day. And through the clear, crisp air came up from the valley beneath the tremulous throb of Nature's very soul. He had grown strong, my old minister, on Nature's bosom. Here he lived forty years, summer and winter, rain and shine. Thirty-five years of these he lived alone; and no one ever saw his grief and mourning for that blue-eyed little woman who had made his life bright, and for that fair-haired child who was gathered as a lamb to the Father's bosom when the spring sunlight began to glance upon the land. No one ever saw his grief and mourning. He put them away in his strong, deep heart, and went on his quiet, lonely life.

From morn till eve the doves sang about that old farm-house,—*coo-hoo, coo-hoo!* I have never heard so many doves together. From morn till eve the tom-tits flitted from the tall, humming

poplars to the sycamore that proudly towered in the old-fashioned garden. That was Fairy-land to me. I was light and merry, then, as the very wind that blows. It was rare holiday to be allowed to go up to the minister's house, and watch him as he worked in his garden, or carted in his modest crop of hay, or milked his two cows. In his shiny, shabby coat, all corners and angles by reason of his gaunt body, in his soft felt hat with its wide brim, with his long white beard falling about his chest, and blown hither and thither by the mountain breezes, I used to think that he looked like a prophet of old, and I would listen, open-mouthed, while he talked of many wonderful things. By what mysterious divination could he tell that the rain was going to fall to-morrow? By what magic power could he, with eyes closed, so confidently state what kind of tree it was that rose above his head, simply by listening to the sound of the breeze among its branches? Did the breeze whisper to him the secret, or did the birds tell it to him, in some strange and wonderful language? How was it that the cows came running up at his call? How was it that after one low whistle from him the birds came flocking from the poplar trees to pick up his crumbs? Had he some weird and supernatural influence about him, like wizards in stories? Whistle as I would, the birds would never come to me!

How can I hope to describe in pale, weak words, this sturdy old figure, that stands out so rugged and grand in my memory, against the tender light of the past! His apparent contradictions in character, his brusqueness, his love and pity for all weak things, his fierce curses upon sin, upon lying, dishonesty, and slander, his tender pleadings with an erring son or daughter—who can hope to analyse or portray these lights and shades of character? He would thunder away on charity commencing at home, and the next day give his best coat off his back to a canting beggar on the roadside. He would preach for many Sundays after that in his old, shiny, workaday coat, and think nothing of it. He would hurl fierce invective at Morgan, the little country grocer who had got into difficulties through dishonest trading, and half an hour afterwards would gather together his little all, the savings of many weary months, and after throwing them on Morgan's parlour table, hurriedly stalk away. He would give poor, weak-minded James Edwards, the shepherd, into the charge of the aged, asthmatic police-constable (who spent all his time among his cabbages) because he, James, had struck his wife in a state of intoxication; and ten minutes later, when Mrs. Edwards came to him in tears, he would go and demand her husband out of custody. He was such a mixture of harshness and tenderness, of strength and weakness, that he mystified all who came in contact with him.

So pitiful was he over dumb creatures! I once

saw him weep over a robin that had been maimed by a hawk. I once saw him spend half an hour in restoring to life a half-drowned fly. I have never left a fly to drown since then.

The little old chapel stood four-square to all the winds that blew across the mountain ridge on which it was placed. Before its door stretched a living carpet of heather and gorse and green turf. Far below lay fold upon fold of undulating country—silent plantations where the dark firs solemnly linked arms in the gloom—great expanses of meadowland, smiling in the light of the sun—quiet farms and homesteads. All around, among the mountain bushes, peacefully browsed the sheep. The hares ran hither and thither. The linnets now and then twittered from the wall that marked the confines of the ash-wood.

Here, in the plain, square little pulpit that faced the door, our old minister Sunday after Sunday proclaimed the simple and undefiled gospel. He had for hearers the households of exactly seven families, in all some three-and-twenty people. This was his congregation, week in week out, from year to year. Griffith the farmer was the most important man amongst them, and he was as straight and plain with Griffith as he would have been with the poorest labourer amongst his people.

The bees hummed musically around the open door of the old chapel. The song of the birds floated in upon the breeze, and mingled with the monotone of the speaker, as he delivered in his own quaint, sturdy style his simple sermons. A child might have understood him. Some of his homely illustrations I shall never forget. It seems only yesterday when, as a boy of ten, I sat and listened to his discourse on the Kingdom of Heaven.

"You all know," he said, "that John Thomas has been 'moving house.'"

John Thomas gave a nod of acknowledgment.

"When I went to call on him in his new cottage, I observed that he had been obliged to saw two inches off the top of his eight-day clock, in order to make it fit in between the beams. Well, my friends, just as John Thomas had to fit that clock to his room, in like manner you must be fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven, before you can enter therein. The Kingdom of Heaven will never be altered to fit you."

He was humorous, too, in his way. An ancient, garrulous clock stood above the doorway of the chapel. Its stroke, in its resonance and clangour, was like the clashing of some great bell. It struck one day when the minister was in the midst of his sermon, and did not seem disposed to stop. With fiendish glee its clang and rattle echoed uproariously from one end of the building to the other. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen! And still it went on. The minister, whose lungs were not equal to the contest, thought it advisable to pause. The clock went on, exultant over its victory. It struck a hundred and fifteen times, and took seven minutes in which to do it—the minister patiently waiting meanwhile. "They say," he drily remarked, as he prepared to go on with his sermon, "they

say that the wiser is always the first to be silent in a dispute."

Ten shillings a week! Poor heart, this was his salary as minister of his little chapel! And so he struggled to pay his way by working his tiny farm. He never grumbled. He never owed any man. He was never in want of a shilling wherewith to help the poor.

And so he sleeps, now, beside wife and child, under the shade of the oak-tree in the burying-ground of the chapel where for so many years he faithfully ministered. The blackbird sings on among the leaves above. A simple wallflower grows on the grave.

H. D.

Things New and Old.

THE TESTIMONY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The following reminiscence of Sir Walter Scott will be of exceptional interest to many of our readers:—

"The late Dr. John Kennedy of Dingwall, was a delegate to the English Presbyterian Synod held in Liverpool in April, 1876. During his stay he was a guest in my house. His conversation was rich in Scottish story. One point of great interest I will give as nearly as I can in his own words:—

"I called on Dr. Macintosh Mackay at his house in Dunoon, a few months before his death. I was ushered into his library, and noticed a bookcase filled with Sir W. Scott's works in all the pomp of library edition and morocco binding. I said, 'You seem to be a great admirer of Sir Walter.' 'I am,' said Dr. Mackay. 'He was my dear friend on earth, and I hope to spend a happy eternity with him. You know he invited me to spend a few days with him before he went to Italy. I arrived on Saturday, and Sir Walter told me there would be service in the drawing-room the next morning. He asked me if I would preach on our Lord's Divinity, as there were some in his house who doubted it. Next day I preached as he requested. After service, Sir Walter asked me to go to the woods with him, and be his 'Sunday pony instead of poor Tom Purdie.' He was soon wearied, and sat down on the trunk of a tree. 'Ah, doctor,' he said, 'that is what I need—an atoning Saviour.' He struck the trunk of the tree with his hand as he said, 'I could cut this right hand off if it wrote against true Christians.' And so I bade farewell to my dear friend Sir Walter, and, as I said, I hope to pass a blessed eternity with him."

Such was Dr. Kennedy's story. Perhaps there may be still living friends of Dr. M. Mackay's who have heard it from his own lips."

SECOND CHILDHOOD.—We talk of second childhood as if it were to be pitied and prayed against. He is the wiser and the happier Christian who does not fear it, if it brings with it the love and trust of earlier years.—*R. Scott Burn.*

A FAITHFUL NURSE.—A correspondent in Scotland referring to our recent article on Dr. Tait, the late Archbishop

of Canterbury, in which allusion was made to his old nurse, says: "I thought it might interest you to have a copy of what is upon the monument erected by the Archbishop over the grave of the faithful servant, who is buried in the Old Caltou Burying Ground in Edinburgh. I therefore enclose a copy of the words taken from the stone by me to-day:"

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY

OF

BETTY MORTON

THE FAITHFUL NURSE OF THE FAMILY OF

CRAUFORD TAIT, ESQ:

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED

LONG AFTER HER DEATH

BY

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WHOSE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

SHE WATCHED WITH

A MOTHER'S CARE.

SHE DIED 1ST JANUARY, 1834

AGED 68.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION ON THE CONTINENT.—The Lord's-day Observance Society not long since issued a statement of facts to show what has been done on the continent within the last five years towards securing Sunday as a day of rest. We give the main facts a place in these pages as of permanent value, and for convenience of reference.

AUSTRIA.—A labour law protects women and minors from Sunday work, and makes the fiat of a minister of the Government necessary for any manufacturing operations on the Day of Rest. Postal deliveries are now limited to one. Sunday evening and Monday morning newspapers are prohibited, because of the Sunday work necessary for their production. Many shops are now closed.

BELGIUM.—A labour law has been passed to diminish Sunday work in factories. Work on the State railways has been very greatly reduced. The influence of the Protestant congregations has secured Sunday Rest largely in iron, coal and glass industries.

DENMARK.—A Sunday Rest law has been passed. Shops are closed at 9 A.M. for the day. Factories and workshops may not work between 9 A.M. and midnight. All employés have at least alternate Sundays off. Postal work is limited to one delivery. Tramcar work is considerably lessened.

FRANCE.—The work of the French League for Sunday Rest, which was founded at the International Paris Congress of 1889, has spread with great rapidity in many parts of the country. The closing of shops becomes more and more common. Railway, goods, and parcels offices have been closed at 10 A.M. or at noon, instead of at later hours. In the annual meeting of six railway companies further instalments of rest have been demanded, and in some cases secured. A labour law has passed, securing one day's rest in seven, but the Lord's-day is not necessarily the day of rest.

GERMANY.—A labour law protecting the Lord's-day has been passed. The second delivery of letters has been suppressed throughout the whole empire. Goods traffic is limited. Shops are now closed largely in Berlin and other cities and towns, and none may remain open more than five hours. Work is prohibited in mines, quarries, salt-pits, collieries, foundries, timber-yards, tile-yards, and factories

of all kinds. Sunday race meetings have incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, and are dying out.

HOLLAND.—One of the most influential newspapers has closed its offices on Sunday, in agreement with the general movement for Sunday Rest. Goods trains do not run, and parcels and goods are delivered only early in the morning. A law has been passed securing rest for women and minors in factories and workshops.

HUNGARY.—A law has been passed, generally the same as for Austria, both making the rest longer, *i.e.* from 6 P.M. on Saturday till midnight on Sunday.

NORWAY.—The hitherto unbroken toil on tramways has been reduced, and the larger proportion of men rest. Labour in factories and workshops is greatly diminished, and women and children are protected.

RUSSIA.—Here no marked progress has been made, but from all parts of the Empire petitions have been addressed to the Holy Synod, asking for the closing of all shops and factories on Sunday.

SWEDEN.—Movements here are of the same kind as in Norway and Denmark. Count A. Moltke, from Copenhagen makes the same hopeful reports for the three countries.

SWITZERLAND.—By a law which came into force on December 1, 1890: "Every servant of railway, steamer, tramway, and other locomotive companies, and the employés of the post-office, will have fifty-two days of rest in the year, of which seventeen must be Sundays. The day's work cannot be lengthened merely by the will of the employer, and in no case may exceed twelve hours, and at least one hour's rest must divide the work. No wage is to be deducted for the Rest Day. Any breach of the law is to be visited with a penalty of from fr. 500 to fr. 1000." This law is supplementary to others which secure to the workmen in factories, mills, and workshops their complete liberty on the Lord's-day, except in certain cases, for which the authorisation of the Federal Council is needed, and even then one Sunday in two must be free.

A railway is in course of construction, which connects Yverdon and St. Croix, in the Canton Vaud, which by its constitution is to be free from all Sunday traffic for at least twenty-five years. To obtain this privilege the promoters have cheerfully sacrificed all the money subventions to which they had a claim from the various parishes, the Canton, and the State.

"The Master Saith."

TOSSED to and fro by every fleeting wind,

Like fragile boats upon a restless sea;

Our anchor lost—before the storm we flee—

The harbour lights we seek in vain to find.

Thus in the storm of doubt the troubled mind,

By man's strange doctrine borne, dear Lord, from Thee,

Midst alien creeds, needs stronger faith to be

Near Thine own Light, which lighteth all mankind.

Then make the storm to cease by Thy strong Will.

Above the angry blasts of human strife

Those solemn words like mighty thunderings roll—

"The Master saith": and deep within the soul

God-given trust, new born from newer life,

To restless man makes answer, "Peace, be still."

A. V. MAGEE.

Bishopthorpe, York.

"FATHER JACK."

II.



ACK was a philosopher in his old-fashioned way. Had he been an educated man, I think he would have been a great philosopher. It is not many men, be they educated or not, who could look out upon a dark

prospect so calmly, and with so bright a face, as did Jack. He was a truer philosopher than any I have ever met,—in this respect, that he really believed in his philosophy. He did not say things for the sake of hearing them, and I suspect half the philosophers do that, if the

truth were known. When Jack went in for philosophy he really meant it. He had stock philosophic sentences for every difficulty; and he uttered them with so bright a face, and so confident a gleam in his grey eyes, that it was good to see him. He was terribly in earnest, was Jack. He never did things by halves. If he was engaged in holding a horse, he held the bridle hard—with both hands. He was equally in earnest with his philosophic quotations. He believed them from the bottom of his heart. If anybody had said to him that it was not likely he would be able to find the money for to-morrow's breakfast, Jack would promptly have answered, "I don't trouble about it, I don't. There's allus a silver linin' behind the cloud. Mother said as God don't let a sparrer fall to the ground. I don't trouble about it, I don't."

That was a favourite climax with Jack. He didn't trouble about it, he didn't. There are thousands of grown-up people who might take a lesson from Jack. He had learned what so few people can learn—to do his duty for the day, and leave the morrow to God.

But of a truth, the future did seem black when Jack turned round from his mother's grave to face the world, with two young brothers at his side. Had Jack lived in these days of great and noble charities he would have been searched out, and helped, and educated, by the good people who spend their lives in working in the slums of our great cities. But Jack is now a man, and this was years ago, when the slums were left to a great extent to fight for themselves. Jack didn't know how he was going to live, but he didn't trouble about it, he didn't. His mother, even up to the day preceding her death, had managed to do a little artificial flower making, which brought in a few shillings weekly, and now even this means of support would be gone. And upon what Jack could earn three people had to live! And yet he didn't trouble about it, he didn't. There was allus a silver linin' behind the cloud. Mother used to say, "Take care o' to-day, the morrers will take care o' themselves."

Jack had only just delivered himself of these words one snowy winter's morning, soon after his mother's death, and was manfully starting out to see what he could earn, when there came to him a friend in need, in the form of Mrs. Tuggs, from the "top landin'." Mrs. Tuggs was as kind-hearted as she was dirty, and that is saying a great deal.

"Look 'ere, little Jack Spriggins," she said. "It stands to reason as how you can't keep on this 'ere room. Where on earth be you agoin' to get hold of three and sixpence a week, just for a room! Now, look 'ere, I am rough and ready; but I says let us poor people help each other. There's just enough room for two more little ones in my little Willie's bed. It'll be a tight fit, but it'll keep them all the warmer. Well, let Ned and Tom come and sleep there, and you keep them in food. You are getting a big lad, and can shift for yourself."

And so it was settled. Ned and Tom went to stay with Mrs. Tuggs, and Jack, who felt quite like the father of a family, turned out as bread-winner, and "shifted for himself." That was a fortunate day for Jack altogether. He found another friend at the street corner near the court, as he went out to "look for a job." The other friend was Jem Maggs, with whom he had a bowing acquaintance. Jem, who was two or three years his senior, came up to him in quite a friendly manner. He did not waste time in formalities. He went straight to the point.

"I say, Jack, why don't you 'turn wheels?' You would make a copper or two now and then if you 'turned wheels.'"

Jack thought over it and shook his head.

"I don't know how," he said.

"I'll show you," replied Jem. And he there and then proceeded to give Jack a lesson in the wonderful science of "turning wheels" after omnibuses and tram-cars. And thus they tumbled together, master and pupil, until their faces glowed, and they felt as warm as any grand gentlemen in furs.

Jack decided to go in for the profession. And he practised every day after that in the court. He would learn the business properly before he performed in public—on that point he made up his mind. "Mother said as how it is in the Bible, whatever your hands find to do, you've got to do it with all your might." Jack pinned all his strong simple faith on whatever "mother said," and in aught that was "in the Bible." The world would be a better place if there were more people who followed Jack's example in this particular.

In a week, then, behold Jack come out in all the glory of "turning wheels" after omnibuses and tram-cars. The first day he made a penny in this way; the second he made two-pence; the third he made nothing. But Jack was now a man of many callings. He did not depend on "turning wheels" alone. He still held "losses," carried parcels, ran errands. In short, he established a little "odd job" business of his own. Some days he made as much as sixpence. He would then, as chancellor of the exchequer, carry over twopence or twopence ha'penny to the next day, when possibly he made nothing. All the time he slept where he could—now on doorsteps, now on the stairs of model dwellings, now in carts about the market-place. All the time, too, he faithfully observed a time-table which he had mentally mapped out for himself. He stuck like a leech to all his resolutions. "Mother said as your word ought to be as good as your bond."

If that time-table had been tabulated in correct style, it would have read something as follows:—Up at six. In the streets at six fifteen, seeing if anything can be

"picked up." Take breakfast to my brothers at eight. Take them to school at a quarter to nine. "Odd jobs," or "turning wheels" from nine till twelve thirty. Dinner to my brothers at one. Take them to school at a quarter to two. "Odd jobs" and "turning wheels" from two till four thirty. Tea to my brothers at five. (N.B. Make them do their home-lessons, and see that they don't run too much in the streets.) Odd jobs from eight till ten. My own meals when I can get them.

Regularly as clockwork Jack observed the first part of his time-table by going to Mrs. Tuggs's room at eight in the morning, taking—when he could get it—breakfast for Ned and Tom. "I had my breakfast early," he would say, putting on a careless air. Now it was a hot roll and nothing more. Now he was able to add a little delicacy, in the shape of a faggot, and it was good to see the childish delight with which he would watch Ned and Tom devouring it. Now it was nothing at all, and then Mrs. Tuggs would supply the breakfast on credit, at a halfpenny per head, and throw in a drink of weak tea in the bargain.

After breakfast, Jack would turn up his coat-sleeves (or what there was of them), walk Ned and Tom over to the tap, and proceed to scrub their faces vigorously with a piece of flannel which Mrs. Tuggs had given to him. "Cleanliness is nex' to godliness," he would say gravely, as he scrubbed. This over, he would comb their hair, and take them off to the free ragged schools.

"They mus' go to school," he solemnly announced. "They'll be no good if they don' learn suthin'."

This line of thought was generally followed up on the way to the school by a little homily. "Now, look 'ere, you two. I specks you to learn your 'five times table' to-day, and to say it right over to-night. You've got to learn, you 'ave. What's the good of goin', if you don' learn; mother used to say if a thing's worth doin', it's worth doin' well. You learn suthin', and then p'raps you'll be some good. Look at me. I ain't no good, I ain't, jes 'cos I've got no learnin'. I don't know any further than the 'six times table,' I don't. You'll soon beat me if you only stick at it. Begin at it at once, as soon as you gets there. Well begun's half done, it is."

SCRIPTURE EXERCISES.

A BIBLE STORY.

NO. I.

The first verse, with the exception of one word, is the same as Ezekiel xxi. 1. The next word is found in the second verse of the book of Jonah. Then follows a command concerning two cities mentioned by Jesus, and a word next occurs found in 1 Kings xviii. 44; then reference to a person who, in one respect, was like Naomi. A word is also mentioned to be found in Psalm lv. 22. The next verse records an act of obedience. A building is mentioned often named in Nehemiah; sudden death once occurred at a similar place, and, at another time, the most passionate grief. At this spot a person was employed in an occupation in which St. Paul once engaged. A request follows, a word being used found in 1 Sam. xxvi. 22. It is similar to one made by our Lord of a stranger. The next verse contains a sentence of twelve words; the first two are found in the same succession in 2 Kings ii. 20; the next three in 1 Sam. xv. 25; the next four in 1 Sam. ii. 36, and the last three in Exodus iv. 2. The next verse is a reply; six words of it are the same as those once used by Ahub's servant when speaking to a prophet; two catables are mentioned to be

found named in Gen. xviii. 6, also something named in the Epistle of James in connection with sickness, and something else which was once filled and emptied by some disappointed idolaters at the command of a prophet; also a little vessel which another prophet made use of when filled with salt. A word occurs in this verse which is found in Nathan's parable, and a relative of one of the persons is mentioned, who expected the same fate as did four men who suddenly grew very rich. The name of the hero of the story is given in the following verse; that of the other person is not mentioned throughout. He uses two words spoken by angels at the beginning and close of the life of Jesus, and then makes a further request about something mentioned in the seventh of Hosea. An expression follows very commonly found in the book containing this story, a promise is given for a limited time and a future blessing foretold. Something is mentioned which is first named in the Bible in connection with agricultural labour. The next verse records an act of faith and its reward, and a word occurs which is used in Acts xvi. 34, in the same sense. A lapse of time is mentioned, spoken of in the account of Paul's shipwreck. The last words describe the miraculous fulfilment of a promise.

NO. II.

1. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel.
2. Thou castest off fear and restrainest prayer before God.
3. The soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life.
4. Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem
5. Blessed art thou among women.

These verses now look out,
And something read about
Each speaker's name;
Two women here are seen;
Another long has been
Well-known to fame:
The rest are more obscure,
Yet still their names endure
For every age;
One blames a friend for sin;
The other find within
A gospel page.

Initials tell us what, at Jesus' birth,
Came down from God, a gracious gift to earth;
This same, when Jesus bade His last adieu,
He said in love, "I give and leave with you."

L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.

The first letter of each of the following answers will name a bird that is mentioned by Zechariah, when he says that he saw two women who had wings like this bird.

1. To what bird does David liken himself, when he watches and His alone?
2. What bird does Asaph call himself, when praying to God?
3. What bird does Job call himself brother to?
4. What bird does Solomon say will pluck out the eye of him that mocketh at his father?
5. What unclean bird's name in Hebrew is Aijah?