

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.



RACHEL'S TOMB NEAR BETHLEHEM.

MANY people go to the Holy Land, and many more would go there but for the great expense of the journey. As ordinarily undertaken, the journey to Jerusalem is very expensive, and it is also very disappointing by reason of the haste with which the traveller is hustled from one place to another. Twenty minutes for seeing the Dead Sea is a frequent allowance, and the time for visiting other places is doled out in the same parsimonious fashion. This is the system of the dragoman: and most people travel in charge of one of these chartered conductors, being afraid to trust themselves to the mercies of natives whose language they cannot speak.

The writer of these "Wanderings" travelled all through the Holy Land without a dragoman. She went where she liked and stayed as long as she liked, therefore she saw more than most travellers see. There is yet another way in which she differs from most travellers in the Holy Land: she is, emphatically, a poor pilgrim, and accomplishes her many wanderings on an income that would hardly suffice to live on at home with more than the minimum of comfort. As these letters form the simple record of how she lived day after day, and where she went, and how she travelled, they may help the reader to understand how much may be accomplished on a very slender income. This journey through the Holy Land was merely the appendix, as it were, of a still more difficult undertaking, namely, a journey through the Northern Sahara which had just been brought to a successful conclusion, and the record of which, under the title of "The Chronicles of the Sid," may now be read in the "Leisure Hour."

I.

I HAD seen the land of their bondage, I would now see their Promised Land—lost after centuries of possession, but to which after weary years of bitterest exile their hearts faithfully turn in the hope and promise of repossession.

But I need not go there by the long and toilsome way the Israelites went: I would simply "take up my carriages and go to Jerusalem." My "carriages," indeed, were scarcely more cumbersome than those of the Disciples alluded to, and consisted of a large hand-sack arranged in form of saddlebags, a palm-leaf lunch-basket, and a portfolio containing the necessary materials for flower-painting. With only these insignificant impedimenta I had traversed Algeria from east to west and from west to east, had been up and down in the Sahara, in Egypt, and in Nubia; and I beg to assure the peripatetic world, that the full enjoyment of travel is known only to those who have become able to discard trunks and tents, servants and luxuries, and to find independence, liberation from irritating daily cares, and immunity from thieves and *exploiteurs*, in restricting their luggage to such dimensions that it may be carried on the shoulders of a man or the back of a beast. And to those who are not rich I would say for their consolation, what almost none of them will however believe, that limitation of wants is better than extension of income; since the former lessens care, while the latter inevitably increases it.

As the monotonous country through which the train from Cairo passes offers no good reason for keeping the eyes open, I closed mine in peaceful slumber until we reached the town of Zagazig, where we changed train for Ismailia on the Suez canal.

Reaching that place in the latter part of the night, it seemed not worth while to seek an hotel, and I composed myself to sleep in the waiting-room of the station. At dawn I shook myself awake, and looked around for some one to accompany me to the landing-stage, distant an eighth of a mile perhaps.

I saw only a lad of fourteen or fifteen years, and he would carry my luggage for four piastres—tenpence. After getting out of sight of the station, he looked all about and seeing no one, and believing me to be in his power, he said, "I will go no farther unless you pay me six piastres."

"Put down the luggage then."

"But what will you do?"

"Put it down, I say."

He did so, and with the strength of indignation, and the desire to give my bold lad a lesson that might perhaps be of service to future travellers, I threw over my shoulder the saddlebags, took in my hands the other two parcels, and walked off, to the amazed disappointment of young Greedy. On the Suez Canal I made the pleasant acquaintance of Professor and Mrs. George of the University of California, whose agreeable conversation made the hours pass as minutes until we reached Port Said and embarked on a

Mediterranean boat for Jaffa. I shall have occasion to speak of them later on.

Two German young ladies who were seeing off a respectable-looking woman asked me to have a kind thought for this person, their old nurse, who was not accustomed to travel, and had never been on the sea. When they found I would stop some time in Jerusalem they told me about the Sisters of Zion, in whose school they had been educated, begged me to call on them, charged me with messages of love and gratitude, and gave me a card of introduction that procured me an agreeable hour with the good sisters, who were delighted to hear of their former pupils.

When we were fairly under weigh, I settled the old servant as well as circumstances permitted, and as Neptune is seldom favourably disposed towards me, I sought my cabin.

We reached our port in the morning of a day so windy as to make our debarcation a thing to be remembered.

How can I fitly describe this terrible landing at Jaffa? Sandbanks forbid a steamer to approach the shore, she must anchor in the roads a half mile distant, and sometimes in rough weather it is impossible to discharge passengers. A gentleman told me that he was once obliged to go on with his family and household goods to Beyrout and bring them by land from there to Jerusalem, with much hardship and great expense.

The last boat before this, was forced to carry her eighty passengers on to Haifa, a nearer port than Beyrout.

I did not neglect to look after the poor old servant, whom I found in woeful plight. She had been sea-sick, she had been tossed hither and thither, she had been thrown from her improvised bed among the baggage against the corner of a chest, getting a bad bruise on the face. I bathed it and court-plastered it; I brought her a cup of hot coffee and comforted her as well as I could, poor soul, and stayed by her in the dreadful trial of being got into one of the row-boats that ply between ship and shore.

Having brought my trifling luggage on deck, I ran back for a parcel, and returning a moment later, behold, my umbrella was gone! The steward said, "Ah, it is snatched up by some one of those thievish Arabs who crowd on board to get a job, and it's not the least use trying to recover it. One must keep his eyes on his baggage every minute."

I remained a long time watching the singular and exciting scene as the boats with immense difficulty, and often after many fruitless attempts, secured each its complement of goods and men. Seizing the moment when after much coquetting a friendly wave heaved the boat against the steamer's side, two sure-eyed sailors drop a cask, or bag, or man, into the boat, or rather into the outstretched arms of two equally sure-eyed men below. Not a moment too late must it be, for sometimes the boat rolls quickly back from the ship as if conscious of having committed a misdemeanour.

Sometimes, but rarely, the miscalculation of an instant, or an unexpected vicious lurch on the part of the boat, causes the plunge of a package into the sea. It has happened too, that a

nervous woman, appalled by the angry waves and tossing boat, away below, has at the critical moment refused to let herself fall from the four strong arms that held her, into the four strong arms awaiting her, and clutching at a rope or a rail or any near object, has risked or met a catastrophe.

I suppose it was to quiet our fears and inspire us with courage that the bystanders told us of a lady who was so badly hurt that they feared for her life, and of another, who, renewing for an instant her clutch just as she was let drop, was a moment too late in falling, and somehow missing the arms as the boat swerved off, fell across the gunwale and broke her back. If one can cast out fear and yield oneself utterly, there is no danger; but a weak woman may be excused

willingly pay the extortionate price demanded by my landlord for a seat in the carriage which was to go from the hotel next morning, and in which I should be the only passenger. Had he not asked me ten-pence for a little cup of milk, and other things in proportion? No, I would look further. Strolling through the town I asked my way of a kind-faced little man in the doorway of a little workshop. Then I asked for a glass of water, and then I asked about the best way of getting to Jerusalem, at the same time naming the price asked by my host.

"Oh, that is tourist price, we common folks do not pay that, we go in another fashion."

"Then will you kindly put me in the way of going in your fashion?" He would; and after a little more on that subject, we fell a talking



INSIDE THE REEF OF ROCKS AT JAFFA.

if in such an ordeal her courage and self-control fail. It is like the moment before a tooth is drawn, only there is much more at stake.

At last "we all got safe to land" and safe through the custom-house; and I would go through it all again, if so I might again see Palestine.

There is little in Jaffa to detain one, and a day sufficed me. It is finely situated, and is beautiful as seen from the sea. The site of the house of Simon the Tanner is pointed out, and some old walls are shown as the remains of the house of Tabitha; but their claim is discredited by all intelligent Bible students. The surrounding country, though superficially sandy, is at a very slight depth exceedingly fertile, with plenty of water available. The orange culture, begun fifty years ago, has had a very considerable extension, and forms one of the charms, as well as the chief source of wealth of the place.

I would go leisurely to Jerusalem. I would not

about the country and the government, this last named impersonality as usual faring badly at their hands.

As I shall have occasion to speak more of this by-and-by, I leave it now.

The little man directed me to an inn-keeper.

"Tell him," he said, "to send you to Jerusalem as we go, and for the price we pay."

I found the inn-keeper without any difficulty, stated my wish, and he said it was quite practicable. Then we also dropped easily into conversation about various things. Indeed, I always find that most persons are as willing to answer inquiries kindly put in regard to their country, as I am glad to make them.

When at last I rose, saying: "Then you can help me?" he replied cordially, "I can and I will." He accompanied me to the right place, from which the plainer, cheaper vehicles of the common people started, spoke a little with one of the men, engaged me a seat for the next day at a

very moderate price, then with friendly wishes went his way, and I went mine.

In the early fresh morning I set off. Though not smart, the carriage was sufficiently comfortable. I was sheltered from the sun, I had a good view, and the passengers were plain, civil-spoken men. One was an Arab, in a dress such as was probably worn by his countrymen in old Bible times.

"Why do you Europeans change the style of your dress so often?" an Arab once asked me. "When you have a good and comfortable fashion why do you not keep it?"

And I could not answer him.

With the man next me I had much interesting conversation. He went all the way to Jerusalem, twelve or thirteen hours; for they prefer to measure distance by hours rather than by miles, as is common in many other countries. He thought that with a half-way honest government there would be a more ready investment of capital, that the whole region around Jaffa would then become richly productive, and that irrigation would render fertile much land that now is valueless. Jaffa already possesses about 350 orange orchards of from 2000 to 3000 trees each, the fruit of which is highly esteemed, and is exported to Egypt, Turkey and Europe.

The plain of Sharon, stretching far along the coast northward, is, like the country around Jaffa, sandy on the surface, but rich below, with plenty of water that, by simple and inexpensive means, might be easily distributed. Irrigation could soon make this whole plain of Sharon again blossom as the rose. Many hopeful hearts feel the

time near when the word of the Lord shall be fulfilled. "Sharon shall be a fold of flocks, and the Valley of Achor a place for the herd to lie down in, for My people that have sought Me." It is thought that a good port for Jaffa could be made a little way to the north, and doubtless the railway already finished from Jaffa to Jerusalem will be followed by others; for the stream of travel and of immigration is constantly increasing.

But will not they who love the Palestine of the old Past feel a tender regret in exchanging the present modes of travel for the smoky, noisy iron horse, and the rapid diligence? Doubtless, multitudes of tourists will be glad thus to avoid much delay and fatigue; but there does exist a type of traveller who loves to go leisurely, reconstructing mentally that Past, eating and sleeping like the common people, and living as far as possible their life, the life pictured in the Old and New Testaments—a life that as yet remains nearly what it was thousands of years ago.

This aspect of Palestine life is not for those who love to go to first-class hotels and to have everything on the journey arranged by the dragoon, with an army of baggage mules to convey tents, folding-beds, folding-chairs, folding-tables, mattresses, crockery, dainty food, and all that is necessary to make them elegantly comfortable.

Whirled along by rail, and crowded into diligences, I for one could never have seen and felt Palestine as I did: never have brought away the delightful pictures of the daily life of the common people, that now fill so large a place in my mental gallery.

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DAWSONS OF SHEEPWOLD FARM.

THE preacher and Tom stood looking one at the other, the former with a smile upon his face, the latter with a strange expression of mingled surprise, contempt, and respect, and in his whole aspect an air of defiance and mistrust that was not to be mistaken. He seemed as if half afraid that Nelson would try and convert him upon the spot, and to be resolved to resist any such attempt.

The landlady had brought the wine, but Nelson did not touch it. He offered it instead to Tom, saying with a smile:

"I think, my friend, that you need it more than I. You had a hard struggle to bring me safe in here, and I thank you for your good offices with all my heart."

Tom did not altogether relish this way of looking at the matter. He said with his customary interlarding of oaths:

"It was I who pulled you off the cross, to stop your noise. We good folks of Howneton want

no Methodist ranters and canters. We have our own parsons if we care to hear them—which is not often. If thou carest about a sound skin, I'd advise thee to go thy way without troubling us farther."

"Sound skin or not, I must be about my Master's business—be that what it may," answered Nelson. "Tell me, young man, dost thou live in this place? I have found work here which will keep me for some few weeks, and I would gladly see more of thee."

Tom's reply was couched in terms that would have daunted most men, but Nelson was used to rough ways and hard words.

"My friend," he said, "I think that thou art one of those of whom men say their bark is worse than their bite. But think of this, sometimes, young man, that God will call us to account for every idle word we speak, and for every occasion in which we take His name in vain. 'Swear not at all,' said our blessed Saviour. Surely if He

hung and suffered on the cross for us, it is not for us to add to His sufferings and crucify Him afresh by speaking evil of Him, and blaspheming the name of His Father."

"Sir, you speak truth," said a voice at the far end of the room, and both Tom and Nelson turned suddenly. A door had opened unnoticed by them, and a man had entered who was well-known to the young blacksmith, though a stranger to the preacher. He was dressed in garments which plainly showed him to be a farmer in well-to-do circumstances, and he came forward with outstretched hands, and gave Nelson a warm grip as he said:

"That was a powerful sermon you gave us, good sir. I am sorry, indeed, that this evil loon interrupted you before you had done. I hope that you will come again, and finish in peace."

"I trust, good sir," answered Nelson, "to have many opportunities of addressing the people of this town. But speak not harshly of this youth, I pray you, for he was but set on, I doubt not by others, who love not to hear the word of life. I saw the young gentleman and his companions, and knew right well that he was but a tool in their hands. For my own part, I thank him heartily: for but for his good offices and protection it might have gone hardly with me in yon angry crowd. It was he who piloted me safely in hither, wherefore speak not harshly of him, I pray you."

"Well, I am glad to hear it of him," answered the farmer, turning to give Tom a searching look, "for I have known the lad from a boy upwards, and little enough good I have known of him either. But he comes of a bad stock on one side, and what's bred in the bone—we all know the rest."

A dark flush rose in Tom's face, but he was used to this kind of criticism, and did not really resent it. He liked Farmer Dawson as much as it was in his nature to like anyone, and he had been paying a sort of rude court to one of his daughters of late, hardly knowing how far he was serious in his attentions. Sometimes when his home became almost intolerable he would vow that he would marry and set up for himself, and rescue little Molly from her mother's clutches: but again he would reflect that a wife might be a clog and a fetter upon his freedom, and he would keep away from Sheepwold Farm for weeks together. Nelson glanced from one face to the other, and said with the kindly smile irradiating his homely features:

"Nay, call him not ill names, good friend. Methinks there is the making in him of a grand servant of Christ. It may be that some day the Lord will touch his heart, and he will be as a brand plucked from the burning. There is all the soldier stuff in him, I doubt not, and better at the first is a bitter foe than a lukewarm friend—as saith the Scriptures—'Because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of My mouth.'"

This sort of talk was so strange to Tom that he listened with a species of fascination. His heart was in no way touched, but his interest and curiosity were aroused. There was something about the personality of Nelson that attracted him in spite of himself. If the man had not been a preacher and a Methodist he would have liked

well enough to have made friends with him; as it was, he held aloof with a sort of sullen mistrust. Nevertheless, he was not indisposed to listen whilst Nelson and the farmer talked together of certain points of doctrine upon which the latter wished to be enlightened. It was little more intelligible than Greek to him, but he stood leaning against the door, and watched the animated face of the preacher with some attention, measuring him physically as well as he was able, and wishing that he had had the chance of standing up against him in a fair fight and seeing which of the two was the better man. Why would he not fight?—Tom wondered—he did not look afraid, he did not appear to be daunted, even when in danger of being stoned or flung into the river. A man who was not a coward, who was bold in face of danger, and could hold his own in argument with the Rector (who was counted the most learned man in Hownston), was certainly an enigma to Tom. If not afraid, why did he not fight? It would have pleased the people and made him into a hero at once. And why was it that Tom himself had felt so strongly impelled to save him from the fury of the mob? How should he explain his own conduct to the gentlemen afterwards? Would they laugh and jeer at him? He could not tell—the ways of the gentry were never quite to be reckoned upon. He had done their bidding, he had effectually stopped the preaching. Perhaps his subsequent conduct would be permitted to pass without comment. Still Tom had no especial wish to face his former comrades just now.

Whilst the farmer and Nelson were still deep in talk the door at the far end of the room opened once again, and Jos the farmer's son came in, cautiously shutting the door behind him. He looked surprised at seeing Tom in such company, and gave him a nod indicative of friendly goodwill, but he spoke to his father only.

"The mare is in the gig, father, and I thought I would come and tell thee that the crowd is collecting again, saying they will have the minister and duck him in the horse-pond, or put him under the pump. I thought, maybe, if he came out with us they might let him go his way in peace; but if we stay longer they may gather more and more."

"I will go out to them," said Nelson putting on his hat, and standing up smilingly. "Poor creatures! they know no better—and those who should teach them aright do but hound them on. For this is their hour and the power of darkness—but God's hand is over His own. He hath many times ere this closed the mouths of the lions. I doubt not it will be the same now."

"We will all go together, sir," said Farmer Dawson. "Tom, my boy, if thou be half the lad I take thee for, with all thy shortcomings, thou wilt go with us and see us through the crowd, if there be one. I will take thee back with me, if thou wilt go. Thou art but a stranger at Sheepwold Farm now. Meg will have a welcome for thee—and if it be as this man of God says, and that thou did'st save him from harm and bring him safely within these walls, I will forget that thou did'st first pull him down

and put an end to his discourse. Thou art doubtless led away of others. But I think thy heart is in the right place."

Farmer Dawson was always in two minds as to his own feelings towards Tom, sometimes vowing that he was a "good-for-nothing loon," and should never darken his doors again, at others relenting, and declaring that the lad was a fine lad, despite his wild ways, and was worth reclaiming from them if anybody had the patience to try and win him back. There was something about Tom that was undeniably attractive, and he had fewer enemies than one would have thought, knowing what an evil life he had led.

"I will go with you," said Tom, briefly, and he marched first to the door, the others following closely behind him.

There was a considerable concourse of people gathered about the inn; but the young gentlemen had disappeared, and there was no leader to organise an attack. The crowd fell back as the four men came out together. The Dawsons were well known and greatly respected, and there was a look on Tom Heron's face which warned men not to interfere with him, or even to ask him which side he was taking in this matter.

Nelson paused as he saw the gathered concourse, and then he said to those about him:

"Good friends, I had a message to give you to-day, and that message was interrupted. I think that I will now finish what I had to say to you. Will it please you to listen whilst I do so?" Not a voice was lifted in opposition. The astonished crowd parted right and left, and Nelson calmly and quietly resumed his station on the steps of the cross and took up the thread of his discourse just where he had dropped it. In perfect silence the crowd pressed round him to hear, and not a single stone was flung or shout raised all the while the sermon was being preached. The farmer, and his son, and Tom, who had mounted the gig, were penned there by the flocking people pressing round and about them; but they were in no haste to be gone. Jos held the mare, the farmer turned and drank in every word of the discourse, whilst Tom was divided between a reluctant interest and curiosity as to the nature of the preaching, and a sense of great wonder at the calm daring of the preacher, and at the extraordinary way in which, without the smallest show of violence, or display of physical strength, he had obtained such a perfect mastery over his hearers.

The mare at length grew fidgety. The preacher was winding up his discourse, the crowd had thinned a little, and the farmer commenced his homeward journey.

"I wish thy mother had been here, Jos," he said, with a deep breath as the cart bowled out of the town, and went jolting along the rough country road, "it was a powerful word we heard to-day. I would have liked for her to hear it."

"Mother does not hold with these people," said Jos, doubtfully, "I doubt she will be angry that we have gone. She took the rod to Steenie because he said he would like to hear the preacher."

Farmer Dawson looked just a shade uneasy, and Tom smiled to himself. The mistress of the farm was a Scotchwoman, and there was no denying the fact that she ruled her household with a rod of iron. Her husband never admitted that he stood in awe of her, and he held his own with a considerable amount of success; but, undoubtedly, she was the ruling spirit in the house, and although her floors, her furniture, her pots and pans were as spotless as scrubbing could make them, her dairy, her bread, her beer and cider the very best the country-side could boast, yet there were drawbacks to the peace of the prosperous household at Sheepwold Farm, and it was always a rather serious matter to take any overt step not approved by the mistress.

Tom would have got down as the gig drove hard by Sax, but the farmer bid him come and sup at the farm, and as there was like enough to be but poor cheer at home, the young man willingly consented. The road was now a mere winding lane and passed to the north-west of Ernscliff. Tom knew that his little blind sister would be up at the house there, having a Bible lesson from sweet Mrs. Mary, and drinking tea in the housekeeper's room afterwards. There were five little neglected girls in Sax who were thus favoured Sunday by Sunday. Tom wondered if, after supper, he might make bold to call and ask if Molly had gone home, and if not to take her back. Light and darkness were all alike to the blind child, and she sometimes lingered longer than the others. Sunday afternoon was perhaps the brightest spot for her in all the week, and Tom had come to feel a strange reverential admiration for the gentle lady who was the one friend and sympathiser of his little afflicted sister. He had sometimes been spoken to by her when in bad weather he had come for Molly, and, of course, he had often seen her riding or walking past the forge on her way through the village. If she spoke to him at all it was always kindly and sweetly, with that touch of grave remoteness which was at all times observable in her manner, and seemed to remove her from the common level of other women.

Only Tom himself knew how often he had been withheld from some deed of overt wickedness by the thought that Mrs. Mary would hear of it and be sorry, for Molly told him frankly how grieved the lady was over any piece of wickedness of which she heard. No one suspected this humanising and civilising sentiment in the young blacksmith's heart. That was his secret scarcely admitted even to himself.

The gig drove past the horse-shoe bend and up to the farm. As they neared the home-stead they saw that Janet Dawson was standing in the door-way watching the road, and it was her voice with its strong Scotch intonation which was the first sound to reach them as Jos drove quietly into the yard.

"Is it thus ye break the Sabbath day, John?" asked the inexorable wife as her husband descended and approached her. "I doubt not ye thought to deceive me, gadding off thus in the early morn. Hech, mon, but ye will have much to answer for ane day—taking the lad wi' ye

and all. I ken where the pair of ye has been. Ye have been listening to those false doctrines which Wesley is teaching his followers, to delude the world and tempt men to their destruction. It is an ill thing for ye to do."

"Nay, nay, wife, I only wish you had been there and the girls and all. We had a powerful preaching—was it not, Jos? Wife be not hard on the lad. I took him with me. He is of an age to think and judge for himself. And the man spake not a word bad or good, but what he had a text of the Bible to show for it. I would you had heard him. He would have convinced you, I verily believe."

"Convinced me? What need I of convincing? I know my Bible, I doubt not, as well as he!"

Whilst the husband and wife were hotly striving to convince each other of error—the worthy couple had not yet learnt how futile is argument upon such points—the sons and daughters had gathered about Tom and Jos, and were eagerly asking them for their account of the preaching. Jos was exalted into something of a hero at home for having been taken to this stronghold of Satan, and when they heard that Tom had actually been instrumental in stirring up a riot and in putting the preacher to silence, they looked at him with mingled awe and admiration. Meg, the younger daughter, to whom Tom was at times disposed to pay special attentions, looked at him with increased interest and favour. It was not that she especially admired him for what he had done, but for the boldness of the spirit which had actuated him. And she thought that her mother would be pleased to hear of his prowess, seeing that she so disapproved of the preacher and his words.

But there was no knowing how to take Janet Dawson. Although she had inveighed against the new doctrines with the whole force of her eloquence, yet she listened in grave displeasure to the story of Tom's prowess, as detailed for her benefit at supper, and turning with severity upon the young man she rated him soundly for his evil courses, his constant and inveterate Sabbath breaking, and his lack of reverence for holy things. Tom tried to suggest that she herself had shown that these new doctrines were of the devil and therefore not holy: but she sharply pulled him up by telling him that a vessel of wrath like himself was no judge upon such matters, and that no man, coming Bible in hand, and speaking in the name of God, was to be evilly entreated by such as he, be his doctrine what it might. Whereby an impartial listener might have judged that Janet Dawson was not altogether as harsh a woman as she tried to appear when falling foul of her husband for disobeying her wishes.

But Tom was perplexed and rendered both scornful and impatient. It seemed to him that amongst professed Christians there was nothing but strife, bickering, hard words and harsher thoughts, not for sinners alone, but for one another. No two people ever did appear to agree where religion was under discussion. Tom had meant to stop the evening, but he grew impatient and disgusted by the bickerings at the

table, and making an excuse of fetching Molly, he hurried away as soon as the six o'clock supper was over.

Ernscliff was but half a mile away as the crow flies, and Tom went straight across the field-path, which was but little longer. He was told as he passed through the stable-yard that his sister was in the garden—the wilderness shrubby-garden away by the river, and that he might go and look for her there. He willingly obeyed, feeling something of the peaceful stillness and calm which always seemed to be brooding over this place, and very soon he heard the sound of voices, which sound made him pull himself up short, wondering if he might not be intruding.

But as he stood still listening, he heard the familiar voice of the blind child talking with somebody and asking questions.

"Then they are not wicked men? Is it wicked to go and hear them?"

"No, dear, it is not wicked. They try to do good, and I think they often turn wicked men from their bad ways, and bring them nearer to God again."

"Tom has gone to-day to hear them," said the clear childish voice again, "O Mrs. Mary, do you think they will make him good?"

"My child, no man can do that." Tom's face contracted with pain. He thought the lady of Ernscliff meant that he was irreclaimable from thenceforth, but as she proceeded he felt that that had not been altogether her meaning, and he listened breathlessly. "It is the Spirit of God which alone can turn us to Him: and that good Spirit cannot enter our hearts unless we open them to Him and pray that He will. We have all fallen away from God our heavenly Father, and often our sins have grown and grown until we cannot see Him, or hear His voice calling us. Then it is that we must look to Jesus, to wash away our sins in His blood, so that the Holy Spirit may come into our hearts—for He cannot dwell there when they are all wicked and impure. These men of whom we hear so much are going about trying to make men repent and turn to God, and though they may often be men ignorant of much, and may not teach all that the Bible does, and that God would have His children know: yet they are truly His servants and ministers, and love Him and serve Him faithfully, and therefore we must respect them and listen reverently to them, and see the good that they do and not dwell only on their little mistakes as some people like to do. We must try to feel very glad that so many poor ignorant men are willing to listen to God's Word, and that their hearts are touched by the Holy Spirit. And we can pray that Tom's may be touched too, and that he may become a good man."

"Do you ever pray for Tom?" asked the blind child with wonder in her tone, and Tom listened with a strange breathlessness for the answer.

"Yes, dear, I pray for Tom too," answered the lady of Ernscliff: and Tom waited to hear no more, but stole silently away from the spot, and went home after all without his little sister.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR TEMPLES.

THE TOPE AT SARNATH—(*concluded*).

IT is characteristic of the Indian—so different from the Arab and the Hebrew—and of the manner in which he permits mythology to take the place of history, that the year in which Buddha died, or even the century in which he lived, cannot be fixed with any certainty. The Buddhist church in Southern India mentions 543 B.C. as the year in which her lord entered into Nirvāna; modern scholars have suggested the years 477 and 412 and even 368 B.C. If in this instance we take “the noble middle path,” we put Buddha’s life which extended over eighty years in the fifth—his death at the commencement of the fourth—century B.C. The lifetime of only two or three generations intervenes between this date and the arrival of Alexander the Great in India. In 326 the Macedonian conqueror stood in the Indus valley. When, after his death, his kingdom was divided amongst his generals and Seleukus had obtained possession of Babylon, 312, the latter endeavoured to recover the eastern provinces of the empire, which had been lost; he became involved in war with Candragupta, king of Magadha. The issue of the struggle was unfavourable to the Greek; the gift of five hundred elephants which he received, was not equivalent to the territory on either side of the Indus which he ceded to the Indian prince. The daring robber of low caste who after repeated reverses succeeded, 320, in making himself master of the kingdom of Magadha, and in dislodging the Greeks from the Indus, is well known to western writers under the name of Sandrocottus. His dominions passed undiminished to his son Bindusara and to his grandson Piyadasi, who is known under the name of Asoka. The reign of the latter has been fixed with a degree of certainty according to the rock-cut inscriptions, in which he mentions his Greek contemporaries, as extending from 270 to 234. The name of Asoka is honoured wherever the teaching of Gautama has spread; and the Buddhist church delights to venerate the memory of a king who was to her what Constantine was to the Christian communities. Converted in the tenth year of his reign—tradition alleges by a miracle—he promoted most zealously the interests of the new religion. He promulgated edicts in which he enjoined his subjects to observe the principles of morality, obedience, kindness, mercy towards the brute creation, indulgence to inferiors and reverence towards members of the Order. He planted trees along the high-roads, laid out gardens and built hospitals for men and animals. He established and endowed monasteries; an especial department was formed in his state for the preservation of the purity of religion.

A council, in 250, which lasted nine months

and at which one thousand elders took part, fixed the Order and settled the Canon, which is still the standard for the southern church.

Many of the monks, arisen from the council, went forth as missionaries into neighbouring countries; amongst the latter is named the land of the Greek king Antiochus (who ruled over Parthia and Bactria 262–247). Asoka sent moreover embassies to four Greek kings and “won from them a victory, not by the sword, but by religion.” His own son, Mahinda, who had entered the Order, visited, with a band of monks, Ceylon; he was followed by his sister Sanghamitta, who brought with her a branch of the Sacred Bo-tree. The rock-cut inscriptions, which are found near the village of Dhauli in Orissa, at Girnar in Guzerat, and at Kapur da Giri, near Peshawar (in which Asoka claims to rule also over South India and Ceylon), show the wide extent of his dominion.

The history of architecture in India commences with his reign; it is quite appropriate that the prince, who established the Buddhist church, first discarded the flimsy and perishable material of wood hitherto used for building, and employed the more solid and lasting stone. The earliest stone monuments still existing date from the third century B.C., and for the five or six centuries following all architecture that still remains was enlisted in the service of the church.

Besides cutting inscriptions in rock, in the twelfth and the thirteenth year of his reign, Asoka set up in the twenty-seventh year a number of pillars throughout his country, which made the doctrines of his faith known to his subjects. Of these pillars, *stambhas* or *lāts*, as they are called, only a few are still existing at Delhi and in Tirhoot, at Radhia and Mattiah. The most complete is that at Allahabad; it gives us an idea of what the hundreds of pillars that have disappeared, must have been. Its shaft, 33 feet long, 3 feet wide at the base, and 2 feet 2 inches wide at the summit, resembles the tapering stem of a pine tree. It bore a crowning ornament—a wheel, or perhaps the figure of an animal—which has disappeared. This pillar—which bears the inscriptions of Asoka (250 B.C.); of Samudra Gupta (380–400 A.D.) detailing the glories of his reign; of Jehangir the Mogul emperor (1605 A.D.) commemorating his accession, and which is now placed on a pedestal, designed by Captain Smith, in the English fort at Allahabad—illustrates the strange vicissitudes of Indian history.

Another class of monuments, which have come down to us from the third century, are the towers, *Stupas* or *Topes*, which commemorate an event or mark a spot, sacred to the followers of Buddha;

and the *Dagobas*, which contain relics of their lord, or of one of his saints. Relic worship commenced at an earlier age, and played an even larger part in the Buddhist than in the Christian church. Every Buddhist locality seemed sanctified by some "personal memorial" of the teacher, which had been worshipped—if tradition could be believed—ever since his death.

The intense devotion, and still more perhaps the strange tendency of the Indian mind, to introduce the colossal and grotesque elements of

at Bintonne, referred to above. "The original shrino was 12 cubits high; about 259 B.C. another dagoba was built, 30 cubits high, encasing the first; in 161 B.C. a third was erected, 80 cubits high, encasing the second." Such at least is the account given by Buddhist history.

Most of the topes examined in Afghanistan and the Punjab show signs of successive layers and deposits. In later times the destructive energy of Hindoo and Mohammedan alike was directed against these monuments. The quantity of stone they contained offered the villagers in the neigh-



SCULPTURE ON TOPE AT SARNATH.

mythology into its history, is shown by the statement, that when Buddha attained Nirvāna, eight kingdoms contended for, and divided, his mortal remains, and that Asoka erected 84,000 shrines or towers on sacred spots. The division appears to have been very minute. Bintonne, near Kandy in Ceylon possessed the breast-bone of Gautama; the pagoda, Shewe Dagon, at Rangoon, eight hairs from his head; one tooth of the saint gave Dantapura (the modern town of Puri) its name; another lies enshrined on the island of Salsette, in Bombay harbour; whilst a huge dagoba near Peshawar contained his begging-pot. Successive generations added to these structures. Fergusson, whose account we have followed, adduces as a characteristic example the dagoba

bourhood a convenient quarry; it is due to these causes that of the large number of topes comparatively few have remained. The most extensive group of these towers exists in the district of Bhilsa, in the kingdom of Bhopal. Twenty-five to thirty different ruins have been counted; the largest is the tope at Sanchi, the place—if the inference drawn from Buddhist chronicles be correct—where Devi, the wife of Asoka, the mother of Mahinda, received a visit from her son, when the latter started on his mission to Ceylon. Two smaller topes of the same group are dagobas; they contain relics, the one the relics of ten Buddhist teachers, who took part in the council held under Asoka, the other of two companions of Buddha. These towers were erected,

according to Fergusson, not earlier than 250 B.C., and not later than 79 A.D.

The religion of Buddha as a distinct faith has disappeared, in like manner its architectural remains have been, with few exceptions, swept away—in the Ganges valley. The greatest number of topes is found in districts now inhabited by Mohammedans, in the countries which lie between Cabul and the Indus. No less than thirty-seven have been counted round Jelalabad; they are smaller in circumference and taller in proportion to their breadth, than those at Bhilsa. Between twenty and thirty have thus far been discovered in the neighbourhood of Cabul. The most important group is that at Manikiala, in the Rawul Pindi District, Punjab. The remains of fifteen towers, of monasteries, of massive stone walls indicate the importance of this place as a religious centre. The topes were opened in 1830, and the years following, by the Generals Ventura and Court. Relics of value, gold coins, precious stones and pearls were discovered, as well as an inscription mentioning the name of Kanishka. Thus the date of one tower can be fixed with certainty, of the others with probability, as being in the reign of that king, who in the first century of our era ruled over a dominion comprising Upper India and Central Asia, and whose name rivals that of Asoka.

There are to the East of the Sutlej, in India proper, very few topes (apart from those at Bhilsa) which still present distinct architectural features. The best known of these is at Sarnath (see p. 40), that Deer-park in the neighbour-

hood of Benares, where Buddha first expounded the truth, "turned the wheel of the law" to his former disciples. On a mound of brick and stone ruins, half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, there are the remains of brick-towers and buildings; prominent amongst which is the great tower, as it is called, of Dhamek. In 1835 it was examined by General Cunningham, who gives its measurement as 109 feet 10 inches in height, 292 feet in circumference, 93 feet in diameter at its base. The lower part of the monument has eight projecting faces, each 21 feet 6 inches in width, with intervals of 15 feet between them. In each face, 24 feet above the ground, there is a niche five and a half feet in width and height. Each niche no doubt contained life-size statues of Buddha; the statues have disappeared, but the ornamentation has remained. It consists of a profusion of flowing foliage on each face, on either side of the niche; and of a triple band, 9 feet in depth, the upper and the lower of which represent lotus blossoms and flowers, while the middle contains geometrical designs, all of exquisite beauty, surrounding the whole tower. The upper part of the building remained unfinished; it was to have been encircled, most probably, with pilasters, and covered with a dome. Excavations brought to light an inscription—to judge from the characters, of the seventh century—containing the Buddhist profession of faith: "Of all things proceeding from cause, their causes hath the Buddha explained; (he) hath likewise explained the cause of the cessation of existence."

THE LATE WILLIAM HAIG MILLER.

FOR many years past, one of the familiar figures in the great highway which leads from the City of London proper to its northern suburbs, was that of a tall, grey-headed Scotch gentleman, unbent with advancing age, walking leisurely with the full stream of humanity, which rolls citywards every morning, and with it returning when the day was spent. His face was grave almost to sadness, and under the grey-tufted brows his eyes looked onwards with a preoccupied gaze. Occasionally, he lingered to turn over the odd volumes of a bookstall, or with a kindly smile stopped to speak to some little child-waif in its play. Altogether, Mr. W. Haig Miller was a notable individuality, to be missed now for ever from the pathways of that great city which for more than half a century had been his home.

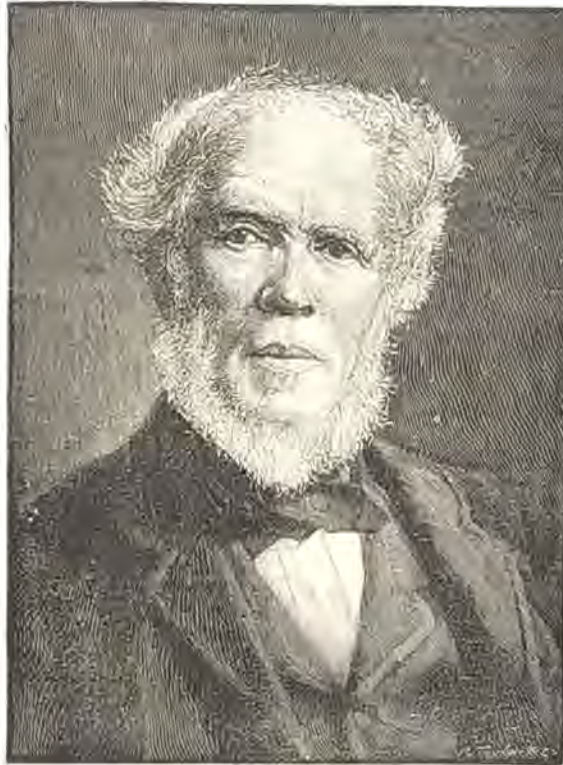
He was a native of the Scottish Athens, and in after life never lost his affection for old Edinburgh and the things which impressed his boyhood there. Like all his countrymen, he was much attached to the places famous in Scottish chronicles, and had a loyal admiration for that

great novelist who, in immortal pages of poetry and prose, has woven the history of his native land. "I mind me," he said, with evident gratification, "of once being in a crowd in Edinburgh as a boy, and my father lifting me up to see Sir Walter Scott as he passed on some public occasion which I have forgotten." A quiet, bookish lad, he made a favourable impression upon his tutors at the High School at Edinburgh where, however, discipline seemed to have been maintained after the manner of the good old days. "We well remember one day," he says in one of his books, "when at the public school at which we were educated, 'the tawse,' or Scottish substitute for the English rod, were first produced. We had—in order, we presume, that our master might more easily discover the bent of our characters—been allowed for a few days a considerable amount of license; but the production of the grim leathern strap, which was the school's instrument of punishment, produced a very salutary dread upon the mind. At the junior academy we had left, a bag of sugar comfits had been kept for the reward of well-doing young

pupils, so that we were thus early taught that pain and pleasure are the two pivots upon which human actions turn."

While he was still a youth, his father, who had been in business in Edinburgh, removed to London, and William Haig coming with him had his first taste of life in earnest. He worked hard, and after the death of his parents was left to fight the battle of life alone in the world. It was then he realised the utter lonesomeness of these crowded London streets. Happily, the companion of his boyhood followed him to the great city, and for some time these two young fatherless Scotchmen shared the fellowship of

man on this subject. In the preface of one of his works, written specially to help young minds in eclipse, he speaks of himself as "at one time involved in the mazes of scepticism, and having been mercifully extricated from them, he feels anxious to supply to others the clue by which he has been enabled, through Divine grace, to thread his way out of the devious and winding path into which he had strayed." The doubts which then assailed him he had fought down; he knew, therefore, the violence of that spiritual wrestle, and could the better guide and encourage others through struggle to victory. As so frequently happens, the decision for Christ was in his case



W Haig Miller

hard work and self-dependence. Providence, however, opened their way at the same time, for Mr. Miller obtained an appointment in one of the principal joint stock banks, in the same month, November, 1835, as his old friend, who still survives, entered the Civil Service.

After a brief experience of country banking, Mr. Miller returned to London and shortly afterwards—how and where is not recorded—the young man gave his heart to God and started upon a Christian career. Possibly the pious training of his old home in the North bore fruit then, certain it is that at this crisis he took a decision in the matter of personal religion, from which by the grace of God he never stepped back. He had in those years preceding his conversion known by experience the intellectual difficulties of a young

the beginning of intellectual advancement. The Sunday School class, the debating society, and opportunities of speaking in his Master's name at evangelistic services, aroused a new energy within him and focussed his powers to the attainment of a noble aim, that of living to the glory of God and the service of his fellowmen. Instead of spending his leisure in frivolous recreations, he devoted it to the delightful labour of literary work, which eventually led him to the conduct of the then two new magazines of the Religious Tract Society. He had previously declined a proposal to give his whole time to the general work of that Society, but for some time had devoted his evenings to it. Thus he had part in the preparation of the sixpenny "Monthly Volumes," once so popular. The "Leisure Hour"

first appeared in 1852, and two years later the *SUNDAY AT HOME*. To them he brought the stores of knowledge he had patiently acquired, the cultivated taste, and above all, the Christian purpose to which he had dedicated his days. His resignation in 1860, on the ground of ill-health, and in face of the advancing claims of the magazines, was received by the committee with "deep regret." In his later years the memories of his experience as editor, were ever a pleasant theme with him, and he would amuse his young literary friends with recollections of the "rills of rhyme which trickled from all parts into my editorial drawer." Long after his retirement from these special duties, he continued to contribute to these pages with undiminished interest and pleasure.

A literary man lives in his books, and this is an appropriate time and place to refer to those volumes in which his characteristics are most conspicuous. Passing over a trifling work called "The Magic Lantern," his first book was apparently published by Messrs. Macmillan, in 1843, entitled "The Three Questions," and after two editions this subsequently appeared from the presses of the Tract Society, under the new name of "The Problem of Life." To this work reference has already been made; in many respects, though the product of his less practised pen, it is quite equal to its successors. In it he tried, as so many of the best minds have tried, to present the unassailable evidences of the Christian religion in such a form, that the young man setting out in life with his baggage of doubts and questionings, may read and find a happy release. The enquiries suggested by it, "What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" guide the reader into researches after truth which lead him to the conclusion that in Christ alone can the problems of life be solved. The author in later years frequently called attention to the chapter in this book which argues the credibility of the Resurrection from a very original and convincing standpoint.

His next work, however, is the one by which, perhaps, he will be best known, for the "Mirage of Life" immediately became popular, and still, after forty years, maintains a wide circulation. It comprises a series of biographical cartoons, graphically shewing in the career of men and women distinguished in various walks of life how *vanitas vanitatum* ends the pitiful story of human ambition. The lesson is a sad but salutary one, needful to be learnt equally to-day, as when the writer in crisp and strenuous English first told us what a mere mirage life may be. The book is a useful antidote to that restless lust after high places which disfigures so many a promising career. Duty not popularity, honour not praise, the favour of God rather than the acclamation of the crowd, this is the better part which this book proffers to all.

For many years Mr. Miller used to shew his literary friends a box of MSS., the fruit of thousands of leisure hours. This eventually saw the light in 1872, as the "Culture of Pleasure," the most considerable work which ever left his pen. Many who did not personally know the author might have imagined that his mind was always pensive, and

that his views upon pleasure were of the strictly Puritanic character. The truth was that under that grave exterior he had a perennial fount of inward joy, and it was the sincere expression of his own heart, which he put on the title-page of his new work in those words of Dr. Payson, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being." The "Culture of Pleasure" is a noteworthy book, first for its wealth of anecdote—possibly over a thousand bestrew its pages—secondly, as a philosophical review of a wide and important subject, and thirdly, for the wise and inspiring thoughts which it expresses so felicitously. It is the ripe result of exhaustive study, and a wide and acute experience of human nature. Three other volumes only remain to be mentioned, "Life's Pleasure Garden," where in a more popular style the author again discusses his favourite theme of happiness, with an additional instalment of apt illustration from the lives of celebrated people; and the "Great Rest Giver," a series of brief and beautiful little essays, upholding Christ to all men as the one sufficient Prince of Peace and Happiness in their time of need. Both these appeared in serial form in the *SUNDAY AT HOME*; the proof sheets of the "Great Rest Giver" volume were corrected by the author during his last illness.

A third volume is "On the Bank's Threshold," which although characterised by the same copious anecdotal style deals with the somewhat prosaic aspects and details of that profession to which the author had given the daylight energies of his long life. He had previously written a little brochure called the *Currency Maze*, but urged by the desire to benefit primarily the young bank clerk, he recorded his personal experience and practical knowledge in the pages of this deeply interesting and valuable book. It is absolutely unique in that it proves that "banking undoubtedly has its entertaining as well as its dry side." Only such a man as Mr. Miller could have produced such a book as this.

Now with a few personal characteristics this record must close. While Mr. Miller achieved some reputation in the sphere of letters, his generous charity has left a grateful memory in the hearts of the poor. His giving was without publicity, and few who found his door in their necessity went empty away. In this and every good work he was blest with the co-operation of one of the best of wives, and no memorial of him ought to exclude a reference to the faithful helpmeet of his many years. She was a lady of gifts of mind and heart, taking her place by his side on the platform, and speaking with much effect on her part there of the blessing of a clean heart and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Their voices, so often lifted up in the cause of the sinful and suffering, in testimony to the goodness of God, in mission halls, drawing-room meetings and holiness conventions, will be remembered by thousands. Those who were privileged to know them in their home life can never forget the sweet spiritual converse, the bright sympathetic atmosphere of their fireside. Mr. Miller had an unrivalled fund of anecdote and as a capital *raconteur* his conversation was

always delightful. In prayer he was reverent and unceasing: his love for his Bible those who knew him best well knew. His mind was of a philosophical cast; his religious sympathies most catholic; his hand and heart always ready to help in every good work. Endowed with a keen sense of the beautiful in art he always counted it one of the privileges of his days of retirement that he could visit the galleries of historical and literary treasures. To stroll into a literary sale: to sit in the park with the latest book on his knee: to see the beauties of nature without hurry, and to enjoy the creations of genius at leisure, these he spoke of as the delights of a pensioned man. A long day of labour had earned for him an evening time of tranquil rest. With faculties undimmed he waited his end. The herald came,

as might have been desired, to summon the aged pair at almost the same hour. During the fluctuations of their last illness, it seemed just a question which of the two would enter first the gates. On Sunday, the 13th of September, Mrs. Miller answered her call, and the next day, after arranging her funeral, he too lay down for the last time on his couch. After some hours of unconsciousness he opened his eyes and whispered, "I think this must be death! Oh, what a joy it is to feel Christ so near!" Mr. Miller had reached his seventy-ninth year; and his wife had attained to eighty-nine. Amid a multitude of weeping poor they were together laid to rest. Surely in their case we may say they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

JESSE PAGE.

"FATHER JACK."

III.



THUS did the days pass on, and as regularly as they passed Jack took food to his brothers, vigorously washed their faces, combed their hair, escorted them to the school, gave them some sound, homely advice, plied them with several well-worn proverbs in support of his argument, and generally endeavoured to train them in the way they should go. "He's a reg'lar little Father Jack," exclaimed the admiring Mrs. Tuggs one day. Somebody heard her say it, and repeated it to somebody else. And "Father Jack" he came to be called. He used to laugh bashfully when he heard the name.

"I ain't no good, I ain't," he would say. "I only jes' manages to scrape along."

But he was proud of the title for all that, and would even quote it himself, with a certain air of comical, good-humoured authority. "Father Jack turns up again, like a bad penny," he would exclaim sometimes, in the mornings, as he burst into Mrs. Tuggs' room with his cheery face and bright smile. "Father Jack has brought you puttin' to eat once again," he would say to Ned and Tom as he handed them their breakfast. Or he would lay his hands kindly on their arms, on the way to school, as he endeavoured to instil into their minds some of his rough and ready moral lessons. "Allus tell the truth. It's sneaks as tells whoppers. Father Jack wouldn't like to catch you in a fib. Never min' if you gets a hidin', as long as you've told the truth. Ned, you go straight to the master, and say as it was you as broke that there window yesterday. Honest's the best policy. That's what mother used to say."

Dear, brave, honest little heart, how true and loyal it beat beneath his ragged waistcoat! How strong in its love, how unselfish in its devotion, how implicit in its faith, how steadfast in its purpose, how beautiful in its humility! "I ain't no good, I ain't." And yet, Jack, you were as

great a hero as any soldier that ever fought on a battlefield!

He never once complained—not once; not even when the bitter frost which came during that first winter bound the land in its iron grip, chilling poor wanderers to the very marrow, piercing with its cruel thrust the ragged clothes, and driving an agony of cold to the very heart's blood. He never complained, not even when he was sick with hunger and weariness, and drenched with the heavy rains that sometimes fell. He always went on the morrow, with the same cheery laugh, to see after "Father Jack's two little 'uns."

The winter passed; the summer came and made melody in the land; the winter came again; and still Jack went on, bright as ever, steadfast as ever in his purpose, full as ever of philosophic axioms, solicitous as ever for his brothers' comfort and welfare; and this was sufficient reward and satisfaction for his labours—that Ned and Tom had "never wanted for a crust," and that he, Jack, had even been able to "gi' them both a suit of second-han' clothes without beggin' for 'em."

Ah, little "Father Jack," when, under the shining stars, you lay among the straw, in the corner of the market cart, or huddled on a doorstep, you were nearer heaven than many of us have ever been, or ever will be! As you looked up at the orbs of yellow light that hung like golden globes in the placid sky, as you gazed into their calm, peaceful depths, with wide-open eyes, what were your thoughts, I wonder? The angels must have been near you then, Jack—even you in the ragged clothes, on the doorstep—lovingly sheltering you with their wings, guarding you very tenderly from all dangers, gazing upon your steadfast little eyes with ineffable love and gentle compassion. For, Jack, there was One before you Who had not where to lay His head, and He, from His home in heaven, would have seen you, I know, and have sent the angels down to you!

Jack always took his brothers to public worship on Sunday—both morning and evening. Month in, month out, he never failed to do this. He had promised so much to his mother when she lay nigh unto death. He would not have broken that promise for all the golden sovereigns that the world could hold. He would not even

have wished to break it. It was so keen a pleasure to him to steal reverently into the warm building holding his brothers' hands, instead of being forced to walk the cold streets in "search of a job." Only he was sometimes ashamed of his ragged clothes. He would glide as silently and quickly as possible into a dimly-lit pew, far back under the shadows of the gallery. He would go early, so that the worshippers might not see him, would remove his brothers' hats from their heads as they entered the porch, would carefully pile them up, with his own, under the seat, would place Ned and Tom on either side of him, and would sit there, speaking to them in an awed whisper, as the great bells chimed in the tower above, and the soft music of the organ stole athwart the arches of the old church. He would listen to the clergyman as he preached, with the wistful look of one who is striving to understand that which he fears is beyond his comprehension. And after the service was over, he would hurry out before the people had time to rise from their pews, and would devote the walk home to an attempt, for his brothers' behoof, to put into his own simple language such portions of the sermon as he could understand.

From small things may grow great ends. The streamlet widens into the river. The drops of rain make the shower. The grains of wheat make the harvest. From Jack's habit of attending church so regularly on Sunday sprang the one great event which caused the whole course of his life to change.

It was all due, in the first instance, to the verger at the church. He was a kindly-faced man, who had been appointed to the post soon after Jack's mother had died. And on the first Sunday morning after he had commenced duty, he looked around with a benevolent smile, when he saw three little men come in hand in hand and quietly steal to the back pew amongst the shadows. He watched them, with the same kindly gleam in his eyes, during the service. His interest increased when they came again and again. He soon began to look out for them. One day he spoke to them, and Jack, although he was confused and abashed at first, soon gained confidence, and told him in a jerky manner the whole of his brief life-story, while the bells chimed an accompaniment. Regularly thereafter, a threepenny bit was slipped into Jack's hand as he came into church in the morning.

But far more wonderful things came of it than that. One Sunday morning—it was in November, and a dense fog was hanging, like a great yellow pall, over the silent city—there was standing in the porch with the verger, when Jack and his brothers entered, one of the churchwardens. Jack never knew what transpired, but when he was leaving the church, the verger was the bearer of a mysterious message to him. He was to go to the shop of a Mr. Ledington, in a certain street, at ten o'clock on the following morning.

Jack's heart beat high with alternate hope and fear as he hurried away to tell Mrs. Tuggs. It could not be his ragged jacket—surely the gentleman was not going to tell him to stay away from church because of his ragged jacket! No; he did not believe that, for the gentleman had looked at him so kindly as he entered the church. Was he going to tell him not to "turn wheels" down that particular street any longer? Was he going to give him a "hoss" to hold or a parcel to carry? Jack hardly slept a wink that night as he lay curled up in a huge box in a timber-yard. So excited was he that he got up at five and began to walk about aimlessly. The minutes seemed to be hours. A whole day seemed to have passed before he presented himself carefully washed and combed at the large grocery establishment of Messrs. Ledington and Moore.

Jack looked round in awe at the great array of goods; the casks of sugar, the dazzling rows of bottles and many coloured packages, the hurrying attendants. He had never been inside such a great shop before. It seemed to him to be a wonderful and gorgeous palace, fit only for lords and dukes to walk into. He had stood there for fully five minutes, not daring to address one of the busy assistants, when there entered the gentleman whom he had seen talking to the verger in the porch of the church. He at once gave a smile of recognition as he saw Jack standing there, and placing his hand on his shoulder, led him towards the office at the other end of the shop. There he was joined almost immediately by his partner, a pleasant-looking gentleman, who looked at Jack, as he said afterwards, "as nice and slick as could be."

"And so your name is Jack?" said Mr. Ledington.

"Jack Spriggins, sir," replied Jack—"what they call Father Jack."

"And so you support your two brothers, do you, Jack? How do you do it?"

"Odd jobs, sir,—turnin' wheels, 'oldin' hosses, carryin' parcels," replied Jack with professional promptness.

And then they asked him many questions about himself, and led him on in such a friendly manner, that he began to talk quite naturally of his past life and his struggles for existence; and the two gentlemen laughed and nodded at each other quite good-humouredly as he trotted out his axioms and proverbs to his heart's content.

Jack did not know whether he was standing on his head or on his feet when he came out of the shop that morning. All he could say was, "Well, 'ere's a go! I've got to be erran' boy—eight bob a week—and a new suit of clothes gived me to start—an' the sitation is reg'lar as long as I likes to be steady! Eight bob a week! Well, 'ere's a go!"

And that is how Father Jack's great good fortune came to him. "All things comes to them as waits." They came to Jack at last, in the good providence of God, as the sweet sunshine will come upon a frost-bound land, touching up with light and warmth and song the cold dreary ways. "There is allus a silver linin' behind the cloud." Father Jack says so, and it must be right, for he has proved it. For him the cloud vanished before the shining prospect of eight bob a week and sitation reg'lar.

There is hardly any need to say that Father Jack worked as no errand boy had ever done before in that shop or in any other shop in the street. He was surely the merriest, cheeriest, readiest errand-boy that ever ran a message. He was as proud as proud could be, and felt more of a Father Jack than ever, when he was able to have a home of his own. The home consisted of one room next to that of Mrs. Tuggs, who "kep it tidy for 'em." It was a bare, dreary room at first, but, as I have said, it was luxury itself to Jack, compared with doorsteps and market-carts. Jack was forced to sleep on the floor for a time, but soon he was able to get together "bits o' furnitur"—now a small bed, and anon a chair,—and eventually became the proprietor of a real deal table. "Do yer duty to-day, and never trouble about to-morrer." Jack stuck to the golden rule with all his heart and soul and might, and prospered accordingly. At the end of the first year he was earning ten shillings weekly. At the end of the second he was earning fifteen. When he completed his fourth year he was a full-fledged grocer's assistant, and was able to apprentice his brothers to respectable trades. Still greater blessings came to him in his growing knowledge of the Saviour. He lived to be a prosperous man with a happy Christian home of his own. And he still liked to hear himself called "Father Jack."

HARRY DAVIES.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE withdrawal of the British East Africa Company from Uganda has caused something like dismay among those who have watched the pacification of that country. The Rev. Horace Waller, in a letter to the *Times*, was among the first to appeal to public opinion against "the grave resolution" which called Captain Lugard from the capital back to Dagoretti as the farthest outpost. "Captain Lugard reached Mwanga's capital at the end of last year after what was really a forced march. A man of consummate tact," says Mr. Waller, "trained on the battlefields of Burma, Afghanistan, and the Soudan, his arrival was in some respects like that of Gordon's at Khartoum. He found two large masses of Christians glaring at each other, the so-called Protestants and the Roman Catholics, and breathless after the fierce struggles which they had so long been engaged in. Looking over the heads of these he could see an exasperated body of mongrel coast Arabs, thwarted, but hopefully biding their time. In the extreme distance the Mahdi's vedettes were quartering the ground. Lugard instantly grasped the situation. He has an intense liking for the natives, and befriends them at all times by helping them against themselves. So he held them apart from each other's throats by the individual force of his character and presence, whilst his bodyguard entrenched his position in the middle of the town with a celerity which was equal to the hazardous occasion. Then came breathing time, and the ascendancy of one strong humane will over weakness and rascality of various hues. Captain Lugard has been able to report that the finest nation in Africa, after being rent with the disease of civil wars, now shows signs of returning health. By common consent he is recognised as their *deus ex machina*, but what will be his surprise when—just as Gordon was told to retire from Khartoum and leave the people to their fate—he in turn is bidden to forsake the people whom he has made his own." After instituting a Statute-book and several other reforms, Captain Lugard, when last heard from had marched out to rid the northern part of the kingdom of the rebel Mohammedan party, which is mainly composed of Arab slave-traders. It is the cost of transporting the necessary supplies from the coast which has determined the Company to withdraw for the present. Meanwhile a survey party is engaged on the line of railway to Lake Victoria, and there is reason to believe that the continued sovereignty of the British flag will still be recognised by the natives. So much has been achieved in Uganda under the most adverse circumstances that we cannot but hope some means will yet be found of surmounting this new difficulty. A letter from the Rev. G. K. Baskerville describes the eager demand of the people for the word of God:—

"It has been a pleasant task, book-selling; the people so eager, and dancing round you for joy that the books have at last arrived; they will die with joy, they say. Forty loads of ours have come altogether. Crowds flock here wanting to buy books, and until more come up from the Lake, we must refuse them. It is really piteous to hear the people asking for books, and we unable to supply them. One said, 'I will bring you a cow with calf for books.' My boy Marko, when I showed him St. Matthew in Luganda, said, 'I do want to buy one so very much.' I would gladly have given him one, but that only one hundred have come, and we are not even selling these. We shall give the Katikiro one, but the others are being kept for lending purposes. We could sell several thousands in a few days—I might say hours. Won't you send them to us? Prayer-books, too, we want. So few are in the country that even I am unable to do more than get the loan of one. I wish you could all have seen the intense joy of the people to-day. Thanks unending, some actually dancing and shouting for joy. Never, I think, although with a racking headache and swimming head, have I enjoyed such a day of pure joy before. Why I have over ten thousand shells deposited with me in case more books come up from the Lake. . . . The

people were slow to believe the books were finished, some even wept aloud, and we are hoping that more have come by these canoes. The more we get to know the people, the better can we see that Buganda Christianity is no mere nominal thing, but something vital, deep, and of the heart."

The situation in China still gives cause for grave anxiety. The power of the secret societies, to whose influence the recent disturbances were ascribed, is curiously evidenced by the facts given by Mr. Frederick Boyle in *Harper's Magazine*. It appears that the oldest and most important of them, the Tien-Ti-Hwey, includes millions of members, and that death may be the penalty of disobedience. A Chinaman who is said to be well acquainted with foreign countries, and to have been at one time connected with the Chinese diplomatic service, has lately issued in English, in Shanghai, a statement entitled "Defensio Populi ad Populos; or, the Modern Missionaries considered in relation to the Recent Riots." At the very outset he proclaims his object. It is to inquire whether the time has not come when foreign governments should be asked, in the common interest of Chinese and foreigners, to undertake, if not the entire withdrawal, at least some modification and control of the whole scheme of Foreign Missions as now carried out in China. His statement is of importance only as an indication of opinion. It was to be expected that, sooner or later, some such protest should be made, in view of the frequent arrival of new missionaries, and the appeals made to European Christians to send still larger reinforcements. Many details of persecution and outrage have been reported. Sometimes local causes explain them, sometimes political motive appears to be at the root. Some writers of experience think the present disaffection due to a desire to overthrow the Manchurian dynasty—that is, it is not directed simply against foreigners and missionaries. Writing of Shanghai, Mr. Hudson Taylor says: "Whereunto this thing will grow it is impossible to say." Not only are the European Powers combining to protect their interests, but the Americans have sent every available ship to the coasts of China. This demonstration holds the rioters in check, and every month gained makes the maintenance of peace more likely. The edict issued from Peking did not suffice to suppress disorder, but it is a document bearing testimony to Christianity which is of permanent interest. After reciting "that the missionary buildings at Wuhu, in Anhui, had been burnt down by rioters, and that missionary premises in the Tanyang district, in Kiangsu, and in the market town of Wusueh, in Hupeh, and at various other places were also in close succession similarly destroyed; and urging the importance of securing the apprehension of the rioters, and of taking timely and effectual precautions," it proceeds: "The right of foreign missionaries to promulgate their religions in China is provided for by treaty; and in decrees which were previously issued, the authorities of all the provinces were commanded to afford them protection as circumstances required. . . . The religions of the West have for their object the inculcation of peace and virtue, and though people become converts they still remain Chinese subjects, and continue to be amenable to the jurisdiction of the local authorities. . . . There is no reason why there should not be harmony between the ordinary people and the adherents of (foreign) religions, and the whole trouble arises from lawless ruffians fabricating baseless stories, and making an opportunity for creating a disturbance."

The scourge of famine which is affecting large districts in Russia, has not sufficed to break the persecuting spirit of those in authority. While the attention of Western Europe has been mainly fixed on the Jews, the unfortunate Stundists have been subjected to still severer restraints. A complete census of the Stundist population is to be taken, and they

will live under police supervision. "Persons suspected of being Stundists will be ineligible for any post or employment connected with the village administration and so-called local self-government, and will not be allowed to employ anybody belonging to the orthodox faith as domestic servants or otherwise." For some time past conspicuous Stundists have been liable to be sent to the Caucasus or Siberia. Many such cases have been reported. The *Christian World* has received intelligence that five Baptists and Stundist preachers have just arrived at Rostoff on the Don, with a company of ordinary criminals. "Two were forwarded to Kisliar, a little fever-stricken place near the Caspian shore, and three to Batoum, en route to a remote district of Transcaucasia. In the Caucasus alone there are at present over fifty banished Protestant preachers who have arrived there within the past eight months." The Holy Synod has received a proposal from the Bishop of Uman recommending that the children of Stundists should be torn away from their parents, baptized in the orthodox Russian faith, and placed under the tutelage of Russian orthodox clergymen. We are informed that in some cases already children have been taken from their homes. Nevertheless, we hear of the foundation of another sect in Russia, based on the ideas propounded by Count Tolstoi. It has taken root at Vushni Tolatchuk. The originator was a wealthy nobleman, and all the devotees up to the present are men and women of the higher sort of intelligence. The estate of the founder is worked by himself and his disciples, living the life of the ordinary peasantry, whose dress and habits they have adopted. When there is not enough work to do on their own lands they hire themselves out as labourers, or work for nothing amongst their neighbours, trying to inculcate their new doctrine. The theory is that the present state of the human race is so irretrievably corrupt that it is beyond all remedy, and that the best thing which can happen to mankind is to die out. Consequently they forbid marriage, or any form of union between the sexes.

POPE LEO has again shown himself in St. Peter's. Several thousands of French working men having made a pilgrimage to Rome, were addressed by him on the Social Question. His Holiness reiterated the ideas of his recent Encyclical Letter, gave them some excellent counsel as to thrift and the practical virtues, but urged that the settlement of the social difficulty lay within the realm of conscience as instructed by the church. The occasion was one of the most significant of recent years. The Pope, a few days later, celebrated mass in the presence of at least thirty thousand persons. The congregation consisted of French, Spanish, Hungarian, Polish, and other pilgrims, and large contingents of societies, both Italian and foreign, with a large number of other strangers, besides Romans. The Pope was loudly cheered as he was carried seated up the nave, blessing the people with a firm, unwavering gesture. At the elevation of the host, the tones of the famous silver trumpets rang out under the great dome. Since 1870 they have never been heard outside the Vatican precincts, and on this, as on similar occasions since that date, admission to the Basilica was by tickets, issued solely from the Vatican. On the termination of the mass, Leo XIII., having removed his tiara, stood alone at the altar to pronounce the benediction. His voice—clear, although feeble—was heard a long way down the building. Then cheers and cries of "Long live Leo XIII.!" broke out again as he was carried down the nave.

THE exhibition of the "Holy Coat" at Treves has maintained its interest to the last. Nearly two million persons passed through the cathedral to inspect it. More than a dozen cures are reported, and it is desirable, on scientific as well as religious grounds, that the circumstances of each case should be minutely examined. The ecclesiastical authorities intend to publish the reports of the doctors and other witnesses before and after contact.

In spheres remote from ecclesiastical influences we have some startling illustrations of the possibilities of belief. The mystic claim of Thomas Lake Harris, the founder of the "Brotherhood of the New Life," in California, to have re-incorporated "the potency and promise of psycho-physical immortality," may be left to the test of natural laws. Mrs. Besant's farewell address at the Hall of Science, in which

she accepts Theosophy in the place of Secularism, has attracted wide attention, chiefly from the fact that she endorses Madame Blavatzky's statement as to the Mahatma letters, and says that she has herself received letters in the same handwriting. Almost more marvellous than this is the manner in which many will give credence to such things who have never examined for themselves the claims of the Gospel narrative.

FROM France come tidings of "a preaching crusade," carried on by a number of French Protestant peasants, calling themselves Adventists, "who are itinerating in the Department of the Gard, and proclaiming to the people who flock to hear them, the approaching end of the world. They are ascetic in their habits, water drinkers, and walk bareheaded and with naked feet."

GENERAL BOOTH's voyage southward has awakened the most lively interest at every point. His expositions of his scheme have been enthusiastically received by all classes of people, and there seems reason to believe that he has established sympathetic relationships in the colonies, which will be of the greatest service in its development. His first meeting may be said to have been held on board the ship which took him from Southampton. Lord Carrington, who presided, gave an account of a visit which the Prince of Wales and himself made to the slums of St. Pancras, in the disguise of two sanitary officers. The welcome at the Cape struck a note which was maintained throughout the time of his stay there. Within the five weeks after his departure from England, he had travelled over six thousand miles by sea, and about two thousand miles in the Colony, "visiting six of its most important towns (including the Diamond Fields), and conducting some thirty-eight meetings, besides smaller gatherings, banquets and the like." His reception in Australia has been equally cordial. Meanwhile, attention has been again directed at home to the Social Scheme, which is being gradually translated into action. The weekly average of persons sleeping in the London shelters during the six months was 6432, or an aggregate of nearly 170,000, while the cheap meals supplied have averaged weekly 42,232, a total for six months of nearly 1,000,000. The first Bradford Food Depot and Shelter, just opened, accommodates 150 people, who each pay 4d. per night for supper, bed, bath, and breakfast. A Metropole, or poor man's hotel, is attached, containing forty beds, for which a nightly charge of 6d. is made. More buildings like these are about to be opened in various parts of London and the provinces. Yet at the Rhyl Church Congress, the Bishop of Bedford uttered strong warning against setting aside economical laws and neglecting the teachings of experience.

THE Budapest Mission which has completed its fifty years' labour is straitened for want of room and appeals to its friends for funds by which to provide increased accommodation for its schools. "The lot of the Jews in their dispersion is now engrossing the attention of the nations. Immigrants are not met in numbers here as in other cities such as Hamburg, but according to the census just published we have one hundred and twenty thousand Jews in our city already. Opportunity is given us of instructing many of the rising generation. Shall we not sow the seed bountifully and unweariedly in the hope of the joy of harvest?" "Having now," writes Mr. Moody, "the superintendence of eleven colporteurs, and a wide door being open for the circulation of the Scriptures and sound literature, I am anxious to obtain a Bible carriage for use in the city and country. My wish would be to have it so constructed that at any moment on the street or road it could be turned into a Bible-stand, and the books exposed for sale. It would be used for the sale of the Bible and instructive publications issued in the languages spoken in this polyglot land, Hungarian having the prominent place." Can any of our readers help in this project?

THE obituary of the month includes Bishop Caldwell, one of the ablest administrators in Southern India, and the first of Tamil scholars; the venerated Canon Carus, the friend and fellow-labourer of Charles Simeon; and the Rev. George Rogers, at the age of ninety-two, long the head of Mr. Spurgeon's Pastor's College, and in many ways a remarkable man.