

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.



AT THE RED DRAGON.

CHAPTER VI.—THE VILLAGE HERO.

“IT is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come.”

These were the words which fell upon the expectant ears of the congregation gathered together in the little old church at Sax, upon a bright Sunday in May—a congregation unusually large and most unusually attentive; for had it not been rumoured abroad that Mr. Latham was about to preach a sermon against the

No. 1963.—DECEMBER 12, 1891.

Methodists and their revivalist work, and was it not the duty of every good churchman, and even of every person in the village to go and hear the discourse? The more so as Madam from the great house was said to have commanded that such a sermon should be preached, and was present herself with her whole household.

Strange to say Tom Heron was also there. It was seldom indeed that he entered the doors of the church. His Sundays were habitually spent in riotous amusement, in drinking, dicing, and too often in fighting; but he had heard at the Red Dragon of the attack to be made upon the preacher whose discourse he had interrupted, and he was resolved for once to be there to hear.

PRICE ONE PENNY

The temporary impression produced upon Tom by the words and the deportment of Nelson had been entirely obliterated from his mind by the sensation produced upon his village associates by the news of his exploit in the market-place of Hownston. Tom had come back to Sax to find himself famous. The tale was in everyone's mouth—grossly exaggerated of course; he was reported to have knocked the preacher down—to have engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with him—to have led a charge against Nelson and his followers which had ended in a pitched battle. There was no end to the versions of the story in circulation, the only point of agreement being that Tom had been the hero of the affair; and accordingly he had been treated, sought after, and made much of to an extent which had gone far to turn his head. Even Madam at the great house had sent him a crown piece as a mark of her approbation; and he had not done a stroke of work the whole week, but had spent almost the whole of his time at the Red Dragon, indulging for once in a regular drinking bout, not that he particularly enjoyed this particular form of amusement, but because it helped him best to forget some of the words of the preacher, which had a tiresome way of forcing themselves into his mind without any volition on his part, just at the time he most wished to forget them.

Once during the course of the week he had seen the Lady of Ernscliff ride by on her pony, as he had been lounging outside the door of the public house, swearing lustily over a game of bowls that he and his comrades were playing on the strip of green between the bridge and the public house. He had not seen her approach, but turning round with some foul words in his mouth, he met her grave, sorrowful gaze fixed full upon him, and the words died away in silence, whilst an unwonted flush of shame dyed his swarthy cheek. He pulled off his cap with a shamefaced salutation, and Mrs. Mary bent her head, saying in a very low tone as she passed:

"I am sorry, Tom—very sorry to see you here, and in such company. I am afraid now that what I hear of last Sunday may be too true. I never would have willingly believed that Tom Heron could be a coward."

The young blacksmith started as if he had been stung. Had a man spoken that word to him he would have answered for it by feeling the strength of the sledge-hammer hand; but Mary Ernscliff passed on her way unmolested, leaving Tom standing in the road with heaving chest and flashing eyes. The sting of her words lay in his own consciousness of their truth. Others had praised and lauded him to the skies, so that Tom had almost forgotten his own faint misgivings on the subject; but there had been moments when he had felt that it had been the work of a coward to attack an unresisting man, and practically set a savage crowd upon him, even though afterwards he had turned the protector of his intended victim. Mrs. Mary had most likely heard the wild versions of the story—she would never know but that he had knocked the preacher down and trampled him in the dust, and all but kicked the life out of him. Hitherto

Tom had rather gloried in these rumours, and he had never contradicted them, for they salved over his feeling of incipient shame at having relented in the moment of his triumph. He was glad that none of his comrades knew that he had really fought to get the preacher safely through the crowd: how they would have gibed and jeered him if they had been aware of this! Now he almost wished that they had known—or at least that Mrs. Mary could hear of it. Glegg, the sexton, was very great upon the feelings of the gentry, and how they hated these Methodist disturbers of the peace; but some instinct told Tom that the ladies of Ernscliff would never hold with a brutal attack upon any man who came to teach the people in the name of God. Then, as has before been said, Mary Ernscliff, little as he saw of her, was the one star and sun in the darkened firmament of this strange young life—the one being whom Tom Heron thoroughly revered and looked up to. He loved his afflicted little sister, but it was with the love of pity—the love of the strong for the weak. Mrs. Mary was to him as some angelic being in another sphere, to be regarded as a thing apart—almost as a deity. There would pass weeks and even months of his life when he might never even think of her; but the feeling of worship was lying latent all the while, and some chance encounter would stir it into fresh life. As he stood looking after her down the road he remembered the words he had heard her speak to blind Molly, not yet a week old. She prayed for him—she had said so—and this was how she had found him, and she thought him a coward. Flinging down his bowl with a barely restrained oath—oh, how terribly ready were the evil words to spring to his lips!—he strode gloomily away; and presently made his way to his own home, and taking his little sister out into the meadows by the river, he made her tell him of her lady's words to her, and listened to her artless prattle with a heavy shadow on his brow.

That had all happened on Saturday evening, and Sunday found Tom for once in church, eager to hear the discourse which, as all the world was saying, would show up the follies, the papistical errors, the hypocrisy and wickedness of these Methodist ranters, and which he hoped would lay at rest these incomprehensible sensations of gnawing anxiety and uneasiness which he had suffered from more or less persistently for the whole of the past week. There was a strong feeling in the village that Mr. Latham, although only a poor curate, and of small repute from a worldly stand-point, was a clever man and a good one, and Tom felt that if only he could hear him launching anathemas at the heads of these new preachers, he should feel relieved once and for all from the burden of heavy-heartedness so unwonted and unwelcome to him. Wherefore he resolved to listen with attention, and as his intelligence was considerable, though his education was very imperfect, he was not afraid of not being able to follow the drift of the discourse.

As the words of the text fell upon the ears of the silent congregation he saw that a little flutter went round the church. Madam, in the

curtained parlour which was called by courtesy a pew, drew the curtain a little farther back, and settled her lace mantle about her shoulders with an air of attentive satisfaction. Mrs. Irone's face was full of interest, and the Squire leaned forward with his eyes full upon the preacher. From where he stood, far back in the crowded church, Tom could not see the ladies of Ernsoliff; he wished he could. But he had brought Molly with him to hear the sermon, and he was obliged to remain beside her all the while. Then the young man turned his eyes towards the pale, thin face of the preacher, illuminated by the strange light which from time to time irradiated from his countenance when he was much moved, and concentrated all his attention upon the sermon.

"We are met together to-day, my brethren, to consider a very solemn subject—the subject of 'Offences,' or 'stumbling-blocks' put in the way of others. And first of all let us pause a moment to consider what is meant by that term. In its broadest sense it might be applied to hindrances of every kind, but it also may have a more restricted and particular application, and it is in this restricted sense in which I propose to-day to bring it to your consideration. . . . We are told by our Blessed Lord Himself that it must needs be that offences will come—what offences? Offences to 'His little ones;' as we are told in the corresponding passage in St. Matthew's gospel: 'It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.' In St. Luke's gospel, from which our text is taken, this warning follows immediately upon the parable of Dives and Lazarus—follows those most solemn words—'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.'

"Turning once again to St. Matthew's gospel, we find closely following the solemn warning on the subject of offences these words in reference to arbitration in disputes: 'And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it to the church, but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be to thee as an heathen man and a publican.'

"My brethren, it appears to me, after careful study of these two passages and their context in both places where this solemn warning occurs, that our Saviour had in His mind when uttering them—amongst many other forms doubtless of hindrance to His little ones—that form which comes to them through false teachers and incompetent preachers. His little ones are surely His flock—those countless thousands of Christian people—Christians of all denominations, who call upon His Holy Name, and look to His atonement as their salvation. This flock is to be fed, but by whom? It is this point which I wish for a moment to ask your careful consideration.

"We see throughout God's dealings with us in the world's history, that it is His way to appoint different men to different functions. And He has shown us from very early times that He resents it when men assume to themselves functions not appointed by Him. Korah, Dathan,

and Abiram were Levites, separated for the special service of God: but they desired a higher office. They said, quoting God's own words, as it were against Himself: 'Are not all the congregation holy,' set apart from the world?—and we know the fate that fell upon them. Was that lesson recorded for Jews alone? I do not believe that any warning in the Holy Book is restricted to any one nation. All are for the consideration and admonition of the whole human race. Let us look again at Saul, at Jeroboam, who offered sacrifices when called to no priestly function; what fate, what retribution fell upon them? They were called to one high office—yet, not content with that, they took upon themselves another, became the author of an offence, and suffered accordingly. . . .

"Passing from the Old Testament to the New, we still find the same lesson set before us, namely that God divides to us His gifts severally, and bids us use them to His glory. Some He has made apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers. These are severally representatives of the church—its recognised ministry—appointed for the work of God. Thus again we hear of bishops, of elders and deacons, each with his own separate office and functions, according to his gifts, conferred upon him by God Himself. . . ."

Tom's attention here began to stray. He felt certain that very soon these self set-up Methodists were going to "catch it hot": but listening was hard work to him, and he could not help being amused at the self-satisfied expression of Madam's face, as she leaned back in her chair, and gently fanned herself, looking round on the people about her, as though she considered herself really the originator of the discourse which was to culminate in a fierce denunciation of her special foes. Tom rather looked forward to hearing this himself, but plainly the sermon was going to be a pretty long one, and he could take up the thread later on.

But the next thing that attracted his straying attention was the fact that Madam was sitting erect with an angry flush upon her face and a baleful light in the eyes she had fixed upon Mr. Latham's face. This made Tom turn his attention once more to the preacher, and then he quickly understood the cause of the great lady's discomfiture.

"My brethren, we have seen how offences have come to the little ones of the flock through the action of those who take upon them offices to which they are not called by God, who make themselves guides—blind leaders of the blind, false prophets, hirelings in the flock, leading them astray and fleeing from them in the hour of danger. But there is another and a very solemn converse to this picture, and one which it behoves us most seriously to lay to heart. There is another class of offences, and woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! What are the little ones to do when their recognised shepherds fail them? when those who are bound by their vows to feed and tend them trample the pasture down, and foul the water with their feet? Or, to speak in plain language a plain and awful truth,

what is to happen when the church herself, in the persons of her appointed ministers, becomes unfaithful to her calling? Brethren, this thing has happened before, it may be it is happening even now. Yet though we are unfaithful to God He is faithful, He is true. He will not leave us comfortless. In some form or other He will most certainly come to us. Let us see in times of old how He worked. In the days of Eli the Word of the Lord was 'precious'—scarce—hardly to be heard. There was a high priest truly, but one who could not even rule his own house, one to whom the Lord would not reveal Himself. What does He do? He puts before the priest a woman praying in anguish for a boon from the Lord, and the priest, having lost the God-given power of discernment which by right belonged to his office, rebukes her, calls her mad, drunken, unfit to be before the Lord. But God hears that prayer—God sends her her heart's desire. A son is born to her, and though that son be not of the priestly line, He is ordained by God Himself to do the work which the anointed priest has failed to do. . . .

"Brethren, it comes to this, God has His appointed ways and ordinances, and if, owing to the frailty and unfaithfulness of man, these ordinances have become corrupt, have ceased to be what they were meant to be, channels of grace and blessing, God will pass them by and put power upon those whom He has chosen. God will feed His flock; He will not leave His children without bread. If the shepherds prove unfaithful, He will provide others. And, oh, my brethren, it behoves us solemnly to ask ourselves by whom it is that the offence cometh: for woe unto the man by whom the offence cometh; it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were cast into the depth of the sea, than that he should prove a hindrance to one of these little ones. And, again, 'He that is not with Me is against Me; he that gathereth not with us scattereth.' Let us not, in our lawful love for God's ordinances, forget that they were appointed by Him to do a certain work, a means to an end, not that end itself. Let us love, cherish and revere them, then they will be living ordinances, not dead forms: but if through our unfaithfulness they lose their life, if instead of their being channels of divine grace they become stumbling-blocks in the path of the little ones, and God see fit for a time to pass them by, and act without them, let us beware how we fight against Him in contemning and resisting what may be a God-appointed means to the restoration and cleansing of the order of His church. That, my brethren, would be an offence—a terrible offence, for which some day we shall have to give account. Let us in these difficult times walk warily, looking ever upward to the God of Light and Love, asking His counsel in every difficulty, seeking His glory in all, and above all things waiting in patient and confident hope for that most glorious and blessed day when He shall descend with a shout to call His own—and His first-fruits shall be gathered to Him in the air, the quick and the dead together. Let us so be watching and hoping that we be not found warring and fighting with

each other, rending the unity of His church, but with our hearts and hopes firmly fixed above, ready in heart and soul and spirit, as faithful servants waiting for the coming of their Lord."

There was much excitement at the Red Dragon that night when the village wits were gathered in the parlour together, to know what was meant by the sermon, and whether it had been an attack upon or a defence of the Methodists. Redcap, the coachman of Rookwood, reported that Madam was hugely incensed, and had sent word for Mr. Latham to come instantly to her: but that he had been engaged in teaching a class of hobbledehoy lads at his own quarters, and had sent a message of respectful excuse which had farther enraged her. The Squire, on the other hand, had said it was a fine sermon, and that he would not have the parson bullied for having preached it, whilst Mrs. Irene had called it beautiful, and had openly expressed her opinion that it was a great pity, and seemed quite wrong to talk as if Methodists were enemies. It would be much better to forget that they differed about some things, and remember only that they all loved the same Lord.

But this way of looking at the question was as incomprehensible to the village folks as it appeared to be to Madam herself. To them the Established Church of the land was one thing, and Methodism, now just taking form as a Society of itself, another, and the two of necessity opposed the one to the other.

"It were ten thousand pities as parson didn't stop short when he'd got half way," said Glegg, shaking his head over his pint of beer and drawing the long clay reflectively from his lips. "It were a fine sermon up to that—why when he spoke of them men as the ground swallowed up, and the fire came down and burnt up, I made sure he was a-goin' on to say as that same thing was sure to happen one of these days to them Methodists. He missed a point there—that he did. He might have called down judgment upon them then and there."

"But the judgment wouldn't have come," broke in Tom, who was listening with attention to all that passed, but whose blunt common-sense could not quite swallow Glegg's bombastic words, albeit the old man was looked upon in the light of a great theologian, principally from the fact that he pretty well knew the psalter by heart.

The sexton waved his hand with a lofty air of contempt.

"Young man, a sermon is a sermon, and a sermon wants its points. It don't matter whether they come true or no. I doubt if we ever expect a sermon to be true: but it wants to have its points. I say as parson missed a point there. It's them points as all folks say makes that Methodist Whitefield such a powerful man. Why I've heard tell as he makes folks almost see the fire coming down from heaven to burn up the chaff; and if parson had known what a sermon should be, he'd have persuaded folks in Sax that the Methodists would be all burnt up like Korah and his company. That would have been a point, a real point, and would likely have scared away

all the silly women of the place from running to hear these preachers, as they like enough will do now. Women are silly, it calls them 'silly women' in the Bible, and we all know as St. Paul didn't have no opinion of them at all. We shall have our women folk all running off to hear Mr. Whitefield when he comes, and folks say he won't be long now. Now, if parson had but known how to make a point, he'd have so skeered them that not one of them would have dared to go anigh him."

"Is Mr. Whitefield coming?" asked Tom eagerly—he scarce knew why he felt that sudden throb within him as he heard the news.

"Ay, so folks say. In their canting way they say that there has been a door opened to them amongst those low collier fellows round Hownston. Them new notions is always took up by women, and the worst kind of men; poor ignorant things who know no better, though some of them might, having had advantages. Now there's my own wife, I can instruct her all she needs: but only last night she said as she had a kind of a fancy to hear Mr. Whitefield herself, if he came this way. It don't surprise me that the

first woman was so easy persuaded by the serpent. Why, bless you, they're that full of perversity and curiosity, as there's no taking them no-how."

Once get Glegg on the subject of his wife, and there was no stopping him; the younger spirits of the place therefore left him to his especial cronies, and gathered together about Tom. Of the merits of the sermon, or of the respective merits of the Established Church *versus* so-called new opinions, they knew nothing and cared less. All they knew was that they had a hero in Tom, who would "stick at nothing," and who would be ready for any act of daring devilry, that could be devised. He was flushed with drink, elated by the adulation of his comrades, bitterly angry with himself for being haunted with feelings which were incomprehensible, and seemed utterly without cause. It was easy to goad him on to promise anything, and before the meeting broke up that night, it was fully understood that if any Methodist preacher, even though it were Mr. Whitefield himself dared to approach Sax, he should receive such a welcome from its hero as should effectually prevent him from repeating the experiment.

THE RELIGIONS OF INDIA

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR TEMPLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MERE, PH.D.

THE TEMPLE AT GWALIOR.

IT is a difficult task, with the scanty materials of coins and inscriptions at our disposal, to enumerate in chronological order the various dynasties that arose and passed away, the different principalities that were formed and dissolved in India between the commencement of the seventh and the close of the tenth century A.D.

The political events which must have taken place within this period, cannot be described with anything approaching clearness and distinction; and it is impossible to trace even the faint outlines of the religious evolution that changed the face of the country and the character of the people. In the beginning of the seventh century we see Buddhism flourishing in the capital, and under the patronage, of the most powerful prince of northern India; in the beginning of the eleventh, it has, to all outward appearance, vanished from the peninsula.

We possess a clear picture of the religious condition of the land in the year before 645 A.D., when a Chinese traveller passed through it; and again in the years after 1001 A.D., when a Mohamadan invader entered into the country; but the gap, or rather the gulf of time, that lies between, must be filled up by mere conjecture.

When we consider however the position which, at first, Brahmanism occupied in regard to Buddhism, and the traces which, afterwards, the

tenets of Buddha left on the system of the Brahmans, we can surmise what course the religious development must have taken. Buddha himself, the son of a Raja, a Kshatriya, a soldier by caste, was essentially a Hindoo. The mode of his life which was spent in the woods of Rajgir, under the fig-tree of Bodh Gaya, and afterwards with his disciples in travels, was that of "a holy man," to which the people were accustomed. At his time the Brahman system of religion, with its temples and priests, its rites and sacrifices, had arisen, and there existed already that difference, which strikes the modern beholder—between the *priests*—illiterate yet cunning, who served at the temple and made their service a means of livelihood, who nurtured the faith of the common people, especially of the women, and nourished themselves with the fat of their sacrifices—and the *devotees*, the pious few, who, withdrawing from the vain world into the solitude of the jungle, endeavoured by prayer, fasting, and meditation to purge their soul from earthly passions, so that their spirit, oblivious of the things of sight and sense, indifferent to the sensations of pain and pleasure, might return purified to the universal spirit of Brahma. Such were the men Bhagava, Alara and Udraka, in the wood near Rajgir, whom Buddha at first followed; such the five disciples in the Deer-park at Benares, whom he first secured.

Nor can we suppose the popular mind to have grasped the difference that exists in the dim regions of metaphysics between the *positive* bliss of absorption in the divine spirit, taught by Brahmans, and the *negative* felicity of Nirvana, of perfect extinction, substituted by Gautama. Buddha was not a reformer according to our ideas; his was not a return from priestly traditions, with which his faith had become overlaid, to the original source, the sacred volume of the Veds which taught that:—

In the beginning there was neither nought nor aught;
 . . . Neither sky nor atmosphere above;
 . . . Neither day nor night:
 Only the Existent One breathed calmly, self-contained,
 Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
 Of watery vapour . . . the only God
 Above the gods.¹

Buddha's system, though closely connected with those of other thinkers before him, marked an entirely new departure. The great movement which he brought about was a revolt against caste, against rites and sacrifices and the power of the priesthood; but it never effected a reformation, as we understand the term, even in the countries in which it became the religion of the state. The masses of the people never abandoned their belief in their old gods, nor ceased to worship at their altars. To them "the four great truths" regarding sorrow, its cause and its cure, must have appeared hard; and, we may add, the underlying conception, that "not to be" is better than "to be," must have seemed an unreal and unnatural proposition. "The noble eight-fold path," with its various moral duties, which we find in Asoka's edicts, seemed too narrow to a generation whose luxurious imagination and warm blood, fired by the sun of a southern clime, desired to find an expression and outlet in its religious observances.

The metaphysics of Buddhism did not gain a real hold on the mind of the people. They preferred the temple, built at the foot of the mountain, under the shade of a venerable mango grove, at the side of the spring mysteriously welling up from the earth, where the deity itself seemed present in the powers of nature—where there was "the molten image of the calf," the smell of the burnt sacrifice, the yellow-robed priest, the concourse of worshippers—where every human instinct, the most spiritual aspiration, as well as the lowest appetite of the flesh, could be gratified.

We obtain an idea of the relative position of the two religions at the beginning of the fifth century from a Chinese pilgrim, the records of whose travels have been preserved.

The journey extending over fifteen years, 399-414 A.D., which led the Buddhist monk, Fah-Hian, a native of northern China, with his four companions, through the desert of Gobi, and over the Hindu Kush into the Punjab, had been undertaken with the object of visiting the holy land, in which the Teacher had preached

"the law," and of obtaining copies of the sacred books in the places in which they had been originally published. Single-minded, zealous, a man of pious faith, the pilgrim had an eye merely for the state of his church in every country through which he passed; he regarded the Brahmans as heretics; he gives no information regarding their temples; his account is often valuable from what it leaves unsaid. It appears that in the Punjab, which had been the centre of Kanishka's kingdom, Buddhism was still flourishing, though "the gods" still ruled over the common people. It was reviving at Mathura, the modern Muttra, the cradle of the worship of Krishna.¹

Further down towards Agra, the mass of the people seemed more deeply imbued with the spirit of "the law:" "no one, except the Chandals, killed any living thing, or drank intoxicating drinks; there were neither shambles nor wine shops to be seen." But, on the other hand, in the kingdoms of Kanouj and Kosala, the modern province of Berar, the heretics had increased grievously; they had reduced the Buddhist monasteries to two; their outrageous attempt to destroy the Buddhist chapel had been prevented by storms of thunder and lightning, and their audacity in building a temple close to its walls, had been rebuked, as it was asserted, by the gods themselves, who one night seized the burning lamps of the temple and marched them in solemn procession into the chapel—such being one of the events which Fah-Hian recorded for the benefit of believers in the land of Han.

The pilgrim obtained the reward of his pious zeal and his energy. He made copies of the scriptures, collected relics, and visited the various hallowed places. Returning home by sea, and being overtaken by a tempest, he saved with difficulty his manuscripts, when the sailors threw the ballast of the vessel and the property of the passengers overboard; and his life also, when some Brahmans suggested that the Buddhist monk, the cause of the foul weather, should be cast into the angry sea. Fah-Hian escaped the spite of weather and of man, and reached alone, after dangers and adventures, Nankin, with his treasures, which were priceless to him, and which are of great value to us.

It is instructive to compare with his account that given by a countryman of his, who, two centuries later, passed over the same ground and has left us the last authentic description of the religious and political condition of India previous to the Muhammadan invasion. Compared with his humble predecessor, Hiouen-Thsang appears a man of honourable family, of learning and of great observation. His travels, 629-645 A.D., which extended from Bokhara and Samarkand to Assam, and thence along the eastern coast of the peninsula to its southern point, and along the western coast to Sindh and the Punjab, and which thus compassed the whole of the continent, contain much curious information. But the

¹ Translated by Sir Monier Williams. "Indian Wisdom," 1876.

¹ Quoted from J. T. Wheeler, to whose "History of India: Hindu, Buddhist and Brahmanical" (London, 1875), we are indebted for the following account.

pictures of the various countries which the learned traveller gives, tell all the same tale, that within the last two centuries, Brahmanism had been rising, and Buddhism sinking.

In the kingdom of Gandara, where Kanishka had reigned, stupas and monasteries lay in ruins, and the dagoba, relic-tower, more than 470 feet high at Peshawar, of graceful proportions, adorned with all manner of precious substance, which had charmed the eye of Fah-Hian, had fallen into a heap of rubbish, which stood barely 150 feet above the plain. On the other hand, there had arisen a multitude of temples which celebrated the worship of Shiva, whilst the common people in the Punjab prayed to "the spirits of heaven," the old Vedic deities. If turning towards the east, we may compare that part of the Ganges-valley, which lies between Kanouj and Patna, in which "the law" was first preached by Buddha, and first established as a state religion by Asoka—the kingdom of Magadha—to a fortress and main bulwark, then the distant provinces appear as the outlying forts, the foundations of which had been thoroughly sapped "by heresy." A dynasty which supported Brahmanism, ruled over Cashmere in the north. In the far east, in Assam, the Buddhist pilgrim found that the Brahman temples were numbered by hundreds, the worshippers by thousands.

Throughout his journey through Orissa and along the eastern coast, and his return voyage through Travancore and Malabar, the same scenes presented themselves to him: the monasteries deserted and frequently in ruins, were outnumbered by flourishing temples, frequented by swarms of heretics who went naked and rubbed themselves with ashes. The stronghold itself had suffered from their inroads. Kapilavastu, Nagar Khas, where Buddha was born, lay in ruins. At Pataliputra Patna, where the council was held, the traveller counted hundreds of broken-down monasteries, churches and towers. At Benares, sacred alike to Buddhists and Brahmans, the former had been banished to their monasteries in the Deer-park without; the latter were masters of the holy city and the temples within, washed by the Ganges. In acceptance of an invitation given him, Hiouen-Thsang took up his abode in the monastery of Nalanda. His description of this establishment, thirty-four miles south of Patna, founded in the first century, is of the greatest interest. Six successive kings had built here as many different viharas and surrounded them with a wall, which may be still traced, measuring 1600 feet in length and 400 feet in breadth. "In the different courts," he says, "the houses of the monks were each four stories in height. The pavilions had pillars ornamented with dragons, and beams resplendent with the colours of the rainbow."

There was no monastery equal to this in majesty or richness or height of construction. Devoting his time to study, the Chinese scholar became a thorough master of the Sanskrit language and learned in the Buddhist scriptures. His controversial powers were displayed in public disputations with a celebrated Brahman, who had challenged the monks to refute forty articles of

belief which he had fixed over the gates of the collegio, as well as with the brethren of another order. These disputations, preceded by religious services, and held in an assembly hall, in the presence of the king and his ministers, when certain articles of doctrine were impugned and defended, remind us of the *theses* placarded on the doors of churches at the time of Luther, and of the discussions, held in town halls and market places, between Protestants and Catholics.

The disputation between Buddhist and Brahman at Benares marks at once the rivalry that existed between the two religions, and the liberty which the tolerance or statecraft of the prince extended to either party in the expression of their opinions.

Another scene the ceremonies of which have a striking meaning, H. Thsang has also described, the festival of the expiation of the sins of the people, which was to take place according to the edicts of Asoka every five years. On that most holy place, where Ganges and Jumna meet, the Emperor of Kanouj had appeared with his two tributary kings; their armies encamped round about a plain, on which stood halls filled with gold and silver, with jewels, and vestments of silk; a hundred dining houses that could feast a thousand persons each, were erected in line like the shops of a bazaar.

On the first day a statue of Buddha was enthroned with great state; on the second day a statue of Vishnu was installed; on the third day an image of Shiva. At the same time the riches of the halls were distributed; on the first, the day of Buddha, the most precious things were scattered abroad, and the choicest dishes served up; but the largesses continued when the Hindoo gods were enthroned.

The gifts were given with an even hand to Buddhists and Brahmans and naked mendicants; till on the last day the emperor had exhausted his wealth; then, stripped of his robes and diadem, arrayed in the tattered garments of a beggar he cried out: "The care of riches has passed away; I have spent them in the field of happiness, and preserved them for ever."

The genuine devotion of the monarch to the laws of Buddha did not keep him from honouring the gods of the Hindoo, from conciliating a religious community which he was too wise or too weak to persecute; nor was it due to any other cause that the most honourable position was assigned to Buddha in preference to his rivals, Vishnu and Shiva.

When the protection of the state had been once withdrawn, the decline of Buddhism, which before 650 A.D. had been gradual, became extremely rapid. Harsha Vardhana of Kanouj, whose surname was Siladitya, 607-648 A.D., was the last Buddhist emperor after the heart of Asoka. He ruled over the Ganges valley; the king of Assam was allied, or rather subject to him; the king of the western Dekhan his son-in-law. His dominions, which consisted of many different principalities, were broken up after his death. New dynasties arose: the Tuars of Delhi, the Rahtors of Kanouj, and the Chandels of Mahoba, who believed, as we infer from coins and inscriptions, in the Brahmans.

WANDERINGS IN THE HOLY LAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.

II.



THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

TO go back to my starting-point. I passed the pleasant orange groves, traversed the plain of Sharon, caught the blue gleam of the Judæan hills, saw watch-towers and villages dotting the plain, and felt growing and glowing in my heart the happy sense of being in Palestine.

In two or three hours we reached Ramleh, where we stopped to rest the horses. I took this opportunity to visit the beautiful tower there. It is the minaret of a mosque that once stood on the spot, and tradition says that in the subterranean vaults beneath its ruins there are buried forty companions of the Prophet, martyrs to their faith, while another tradition says they are forty Christians. Mahometans and Christians are united in calling it the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, each side stoutly claiming them as their very own.

No one will grudge the one hundred and twenty steps that bring him to the summit of the tower of Ramleh, and to the glorious panorama he will thence behold.

Northward and southward stretch rich plains. On the east he sees the Judæan mountains, that will never look so lovely to him as from here, for they lose greatly on closer acquaintance. On the west the shining Mediterranean is the horizon line, while in the nearer neighbourhood lie towns and villages, fairest among which gleams white Lydda.

Orchards of various kinds of fruit, fertile soil, a mild and healthy climate, and a position between Jerusalem and Jaffa, on a railway connecting it with that seaport—all these indicate that in the new day that seems dawning, Ramleh may easily recover her ancient prosperity. God speed the hour!

On from there the way is less beautiful, but to the heart all is interesting. There are watch towers and olive trees, hills and valleys, springs of water, and streamlets, and beds without water (except after the rains), cactus hedges, and small villages, with their ever-present dungheaps, reminding one of Ireland. These are, however, turned to another use than that of fertilisers; they are carefully dried for fuel.

As a child I wondered over that passage in the Old Testament which has furnished more than one ignorant scorners with the occasion for a sneer—where the prophet bids the woman, "Bake me a cake with camel's dung." I could not then know that it is the only combustible in some parts of the desert, and a valuable fuel in many parts not desert.

As we approach our destination the country becomes more stony and sterile—even dreary. I know we are now in the desolate region that surrounds Jerusalem, and I watch with eager eyes. At last I perceive domes standing out against the clear evening sky. My heart beats faster, now I

catch a gleam of the white walls of the city, soon we are at the gate—I am in Jerusalem!

Have not books and travelled friends "prepared us to be disappointed?" Have we not read its woful history? All the same, we are disappointed; our first feeling is one of pain, our heart sinks within us, a cold mist seems to envelope and penetrate us, as, descending at the Jaffa gate, we pass slowly along.

Can this be Jerusalem, the cradle of such lofty aspirations and inspirations, the scene of such daring deeds of devoted courage, the centre of the love and longing of so many millions all along the ages? Alas, and alas! this is the Jerusalem that has been again and again besieged, pillaged, burnt, overthrown and rebuilt; until of the Jerusalem of the days of Christ, the Jerusalem over which He wept, nothing remains, and its ancient level lies many feet beneath the accumulations of ages upon which the modern city is built.

We go about in quarters that seem more European than Oriental, we see convents and consulates, hotels and hospitals; but also we see crooked streets, many of them dark, and most of them dirty, and this at any rate is Oriental. We go to the holy places, and meet impudent frauds and shameless impostures. We find Greek, Armenian and Latin Churches quarrelling for the possession or guardianship of the sacred spots, and Turkish soldiers stationed there to protect Christians (Heaven save the mark!) against each other during Easter week; we are asked to believe in most impossible things, and to pay for seeing the most impossible sights; all this and more, until we feel angry or broken-hearted, according to our temperament and our faith. Finally we give over grieving, give over demanding that which cannot be, and having got through with pay places and guides, and perhaps having fallen into association with some reverent and sympathetic souls who know

the city, we begin to study it in a slow, calm way. We find here a fountain, there a site, about which there can be no mistake, yonder a bit of veritable old foundation wall, and so forth and so on, until we begin to feel that it is good to be here.

So it befel with me, and the longer I stayed in Jerusalem the less was I disposed to leave it.

I had gone at first to the Franciscan Monastery



SCENE OUTSIDE OF THE CONVENT OF ELIJAH, NEAR BETHLEHEM.

(Italian) where not only Roman Catholic pilgrims but other travellers find accommodation—simple, but quite good enough for ordinary mortals.

"Are you a Catholic?" asked the Superior, when I was well inside the gate.

"No."

"Why, then, do you prefer to come here? Is it to save money?"

"Partly that," I frankly answered, "partly because I like to come into contact with the pilgrims of different nationality and different

ideas from my own, partly because I shall feel more at home with you than in a great hotel, and can with you learn many things in regard to the Jerusalem that you must know so well." He listened smiling, and said kindly, "In eight days we shall receive a large company of pilgrims, and shall need all our space. Until then you are welcome, and we will then help you to find another home. You need not pay any more than you please, nor anything at all unless you please."

"But I do not wish to ask charity," I insisted. "For the simple fare of the Pilgrim's Home I am glad to make a full return, and could not permit myself to do otherwise." So all went well.

Later on in our acquaintance the good man spoke to me seriously of my danger in not being "a Catholic."

"But if I sincerely strive to live according to the Divine laws, if I love God and my neighbour, and make that love practical in faithful service, putting my trust in Christ, may I not hope to be saved?"

Very decided, very earnest came the answer. "There can be but one true faith, one true Church, the Catholic, and out of it there is no salvation."

Logical conclusion if his premises be granted; but I am glad to say that I have heard, and more than once, quite other utterances from Roman Catholic lips.

At the pilgrims' table there was but one other person besides myself, but soon there came an Italian, a French abbé, and a French lady. We four went together to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or the Valley of the Kedron, the Vale of Hinnom, and to some places within the walls, with growing interest on my part.

In the course of our rambles I found many interesting flowers, especially a pretty species of *nicotianum*, growing upon old walls. While I painted it, the French lady and the abbé sat with me talking pleasantly, and looking over my portfolio. This French lady was merely an acquaintance of the hour, one whose name even I did not know. Afterwards I learned her story, and it shall be duly told in its proper place.

III.

I went to Bethlehem with the abbé and the Italian, a walk of two hours and a quarter. At the Franciscan monastery we were kindly received; and we visited, in the neighbourhood of the city, the grotto where the Virgin is said to have sought shelter before going to Egypt, the grotto where they say the shepherds were when the angels appeared to them, and the Field of Boaz.

From this field I painted a group of *silena* and *asperula*, by way of memorial, accompanying it by Mary Howitt's lines:

We come from the fields of Bethlehem,
Where reapers mow a one
Once bent unto the sickle's stroke,
With Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners standing there.

Three monasteries adjoin the church of Saint Mary, one Greek, one Armenian, one Latin or Roman Catholic, and each opens into the church, which is their joint property, and is very ancient.

There is a very bitter feeling among these sects. Even their hatred of the Jews is less keen than their hatred of each other. Father Filippo, at the Franciscan monastery here in Bethlehem, told me with much feeling a long story of the bad way in which "the Greeks" got possession of the church, and how, after being long excluded from it, the Latins, or Roman Catholics, were, about forty years ago, admitted to a share only of what was justly their right. I believe it had always of right belonged to the Latins, and it was by unfair means that the Greeks got it into their hands in the seventeenth century. It was Napoleon III. who obliged them to let the Latins share the church with them and the Armenians. Truly Christ is crucified afresh in the name and appearance of devotion to Him.

Every day travellers called at the monastery, asking leave to spread their lunch there, a privilege readily granted, and always recompensed by a little money, at least from those who may be called "secular" pilgrims. I do not think the two who went with me paid anything for their entertainment, nor do I suppose that the poorest of them in general do so. Here, as in the monastery in which I lodged at Jerusalem, there is no charge made to any one, but it is understood that the rich are expected not to accept their entertainment as charity. Meals are served at only the regular hours, so chance travellers do well to bring their food.

A lady belonging to an English party was so exhausted by riding, the only possible way of travelling here, as to be altogether unable to go farther without rest; so I took her to my room, where she lay for some hours, until the conductor came to say they must be going. Of course she saw nothing of Bethlehem, and the only recollection she has to carry away is the recollection of a bad headache.

The abbé and the Italian went on to other shrines; I staid to paint my flowers and to see a little more of the city and its suburbs. The country about is less stony and better cultivated than that around Jerusalem, and I thought the women more beautiful than in any other part of Palestine. I often talked with them and played with their children on the plateau where they congregated towards evening, and from which one overlooks a wide country, for, like Jerusalem, Bethlehem is built on a "high place." Our conversation was largely made up of smiles, gestures, signs and measurements, though we always found some words of some language in which to express our kindly feelings towards each other.

Three days is the understood limit of entertainment at the monastery, though, I think, they would not be strict with paying visitors. The man who had waited on me was so pleased with the money I left in his hand that he ran and got a handful of rosaries made of the stones of



ALF. COOK, LEEDS

REBECCA.

olives, which he insisted on my accepting as a present.

I went back to Jerusalem alone, giving myself plenty of time to enjoy the walk.

Some flowers along the way were new to me, more were already familiar. I have found a great similarity of flora all around the Mediterranean. Perhaps this distribution occurred when there was no Strait of Gibraltar and no so vast inland sea. I have heard that the Crusaders brought many Syrian flowers into Europe, even to England. I was surprised to see here, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem, a plant very similar to one I found in a stony part of the western Sahara, woody and branching with yellow flowers in abundance, but not a sign of leafage. Unob-servant persons told me that it never had any

found them as I walked alone from Bethlehem to Jerusalem.

IV.

When I returned to my Franciscan Monastery in Jerusalem, I found the Pilgrims' table well filled, but I was the only woman there. The French lady had gone. I enquired of the *abbé* if she was making the tour of Palestine, and he replied that she had not come for any such purpose, but in order to make herself a nun. She had already entered the Carmelite Convent on the Mount of Olives. Then he went on to tell me how she had come away from home without the knowledge of any of her family. Her confessor alone was party to her flight.

"On the journey here, she gave me her secret,"



CARMELITE CONVENT ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

leaves, but botanists say that in the spring it has a few radical leaves which soon fall away, and which the Arabs eat with relish. I never saw any of these leaves myself, nor from the woody nature of the stem would I have suspected their existence; but I have a dried specimen given me by an Algerian botanist, which shows these leaves.

From Bethlehem to Jerusalem! It is only a short walk of a few hours, but how much does it cover! From the birthplace of Christ to the scene of His death! I seemed to traverse the centuries as I passed along, indeed I may say that my steps threaded the pathway of Mankind. It is in such moments as these that I feel I am in the Holy Land, and not when visiting what are shown me as the Holy Places. No—the Holy Places of Palestine are in one's heart, it is there that they will be found. It was there that I

said the *abbé*, with a self-satisfied smile, "and one or two in this house know of her intention. It is a secret to every one else."

He seemed greatly pleased with the way she had managed her escape. I thought badly of it, and of her for doing such a thing. A few days later I passed the Carmelite Convent, and looking up, I wondered if a person like my quondam acquaintance would be always happy or contented behind those grim walls. She had the manners of a lady *dans le grand monde*, as they say; she was well educated, and she had travelled a good deal. There must be a startling change between her former life and the drear monotony of the Convent, where sunshine never falls, at least not morally even if it does so astronomically. The Carmelite nuns belong to a strict order, who live "cloistered," that is, they never leave their convent; and so I mused over my French lady

and thought of her silently walking down through the years to come in the grey, passionless life of a Carmelite nun. Then some bright streak of sunlight crossed my own path, or a child ran laughing by, and in the beauty of that sight I forgot her, and maybe I should never have thought again of her, if I had not been painfully reminded of her some months later in Florence. One day I received a letter.

"Mademoiselle," it began, "soon after coming out from the Sahara, you travelled with a lady of about thirty-five years of age, plainly dressed in black, with brown felt hat, short hair, and wearing spectacles. She has agreeable manners, and is very intelligent. You talked with her, and showed her your portfolio. It is very important that we communicate with her. Will you kindly tell us where you met her, how long you were with her, where she went on, leaving you, or any least thing in regard to her movements?"

The letter was signed with a name well known in French political life—a name, too, belonging to an ancient family. I could think of no one answering to that description. I had talked with many persons, had doubtless shown my portfolio to many, but, except on one excursion of three days, I had always been my own and only travelling companion. I ransacked my memory in vain, and answered that I could recollect no such person.

A second letter then came, which enclosed a photograph, and further stated that "she was French, and had embarked at Marseilles;" but as

in the five months since I "came out of the Desert" I had been travelling in Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and its islands, and in Italy, I did not know where to look for a person so little characterised as this one. However, I sat down to study the photograph, which for some time was that of an unknown person. But at last it flashed upon me that this was the Carmelite nun of the Mount of Olives, and little by little the face grew familiar.

I wrote all the little I knew of her, saying their friend was dead to them, as she had entered a convent of the strictest order, whose doors never opened outwards.

Once more they wrote: "It is indeed she whom we seek; it is most important that we communicate with her. Can you tell us the name of the young *abbé* who travelled with her; where he lives, where he was going from Jerusalem, and anything whatever that you can know about him?"

I could only give the address of the Superior of the monastery where I had lodged, who could perhaps pass a letter to their friend.

It has always been a puzzle to me how they learned about me. When I asked them, my unknown correspondents merely answered that they had got my address from Madame V—, of Geneva, but Madame V— knew absolutely nothing of them, except that they had written to her for my address. I shall never get a solution of the mystery, nor hear of any of them again, but often I think of that Carmelite nun and of the agonized friends seeking her in vain.

THE OPEN WINDOWS.

BY THE REV. G. OHLSON, BAC. ÈS LETTRES (UNIV. GALLIC), A.K.C.

"His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."—*Daniel* vi. 10.

THERE is a touch of simple pathos and human nature in the record of this familiar circumstance which awakens our sympathetic interest. The more simple and homely the action, the more is there about it of that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin." It is always pleasant to escape the limitations of our surroundings, and to look out upon some fair expanse of earth, or sea, or sky, which seems to lose itself at last in the Infinite beyond.

The open window assists our thoughts. As they take wing into the broad expanse, they gain freedom and enlargement; just as a bird imprisoned in a room flings itself with a thrill of song into the free air and the sunshine. It seems a very trivial incident, this open window, hardly worth recording, and yet it gives us a larger insight into the prophet's heart-life and experience than some of the more striking features of his history, his refusal of the king's meat, or his deliverance from the den of lions. There is something supremely touching in the sight of this pensive exile, seeking the quiet of his chamber for meditation and prayer, and

opening wide the windows, that he may look with longing gaze toward the Holy City of his fathers, and so feast himself on the glorious memories, and aspiring hopes, and all sweet imaginations of home and country. Sitting there, or kneeling, or looking wistfully out, his mind could spurn the limitations of space and time, and light up the melancholy present with joys and hopes reflected from the glories of the past. Far away to the west, even in her desolation, beautiful and holy, the city of Jerusalem would dawn upon his abstracted vision with all the reality of sight. He is worshipping in spirit, in the temple courts: his ear drinking in the now plaintive, now jubilant echoes of its minstrelsy, his eye following gladly the solemn procession of priest and Levite, or watching the rising cloud of fragrance from the golden altar, symbol of the prayers and aspirations that ascend from the world of sorrow to the world of rest. How far away does it all seem, and yet how near! What memories come thronging back, until the past becomes present, and the sorrows of exile are forgotten in the tender associations of home and

country. That window was the passage through which his mind escaped from bondage and degradation to freedom and happiness.

The favour, or displeasure of the Persian kings mattered but little to him. He could despise the idolatries, the jealousies, the envyings, the slanders, and hypocrisies of a servile and licentious court. All were forgotten in the ecstasy of that fair vision of the open window that looked toward Jerusalem. There was his spirit's home: there he could satisfy the lofty aspirations of a holy patriotism: there was the cradle of his race, the ancestral land of saints and heroes, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel; and if there was one longing uppermost in his mind, a longing which was not to be fulfilled, for Daniel was an old man now, it was surely that, to which the patriarch Jacob gave expression when he said, "Bury me with my fathers." It was not to be, but still the mind of the illustrious exile was cheered and encouraged by the inspiration of a good hope. He would indulge in many a fond prophetic anticipation of the time when his afflicted people would go back from their captivity and build their broken walls.

How he loved to picture to himself the day, though he might not live to see it, when along that road up which he had often gazed so wistfully, the redeemed of the Lord should return, and go up with singing unto Zion. Those grand old temple songs would break forth once again to the music of harps no longer mute upon the willows. He knew it must be so, since all the rays of prophetic light centered in Palestine. Jerusalem was once again to be the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great King in a sense far more glorious than had been hitherto known; for He whom prophecy had foretold, and type foreshadowed, and generations of righteous men had longed to see, was to reign from His Altar-throne, a king by the royalty of sorrow and suffering. These Messianic hopes and anticipations were the stay of the prophet's mind, and instead of being cast down, giving way to pining home-sickness, he looked out into the future with all its blended hues of suffering and triumph, and flung open his windows toward Jerusalem.

And now, methinks, I hear some gentle reader of these lines saying to him or herself, "All this may be very beautiful and touching, but how does it bear upon the hopes, the fears, the struggles, the anxieties, the joys, the sorrows of my daily life?" Just in this way, that we are all more or less rigorously held captive by the circumstances of our outward condition. Limitations, failures, disappointed hopes, frustrated purposes press us on every side, and keep us under continual strain. We have, it may be, to pull steadily at the oars of some irksome and unlovely duty, with the prospect that we shall lay them down only with our life. The horizon before us is bleak and barren, and there is no sky line of brightness, "as of a morning without clouds."

Or, reverse the picture: look into the lives and experience of those whose every desire is satisfied, and who have more than heart can wish. You

will find that every true, earnest, and aspiring soul feels that the actual condition of the present moment is not sufficient for its liberty, its aspiration, its spiritual health and Christian character. That it is impossible to live well, or happily, or wisely, unless one has the means of shaking off the limitations of the present, of rising to higher and wider elevations of spiritual uplifting, moments of soul-glow and sunrise, when the whole nature glows with an earnestness, and breadth of sympathy, and an impulse of high and pure aspiration, which are altogether independent of our earthly conditions and fellowships. The chamber of life with some of us may seem poor and straitened enough, but God has given us windows in it with a distant outlook upon brighter and fairer scenes. And these windows we must keep open, and sit at them, or kneel at them, and pray at them, forgetting the loneliness and weariness of Babylon's exile in the prospect of some fair Jerusalem of joy, and love, and faith.

First and foremost of those windowed outlooks with which God has so graciously endowed us, is that of Faith. Its look is ever upward; beyond the margin of sight and time, beyond the light of setting suns, it finds its home amid those divine realities which derive all their light and grandeur from the throne of God.

The prophet said that he "saw visions of God;" and if he did, it must have been through this window of faith, because through it eternal realities become as though they were present. As we look out, we may, like Daniel, in thought, annihilate space and time and hold close communion, oh! how close, with God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit our Sanctifier: and, although the grand realities of the future life are now veiled under transparent symbols, and sublime imagery of golden streets, and gates of pearl, and walls of jasper, and seven lamps burning before the throne, and foundations of precious stones—yet, these all are so many rays of glory shining through the window of faith into our darkened souls. Other windows through which we look out upon things fair and beautiful may become closed or dim; the more reason why we should keep steady and bright this blessed outlook of faith into things spiritual and eternal. Through it we must look up from our earthly chambers when darkened with pain and grief, and made lonesome by bereavement, chilled by disappointments, depressed with anxieties, burdened by difficulties which we have been powerless to prevent. And, through that window, "the breath of heaven, fresh blowing" will refresh the soul, and God's own angels shall descend in their silent way, without rustle of wing, or sound of footfall, to sing their songs to us in our loneliness, to brighten the dull aspects of life by the quiet gladness of their presences. They who comforted the Lord in His Gethsemane, will not fail their ministries of sympathy to His disciples in the hour of spiritual conflict. Let no clouds ever darken this window of faith: let it be kept bright and clean, an eye looking out into the realm of God's presence and purposes; and, as we gaze,

this earth will seem to fade away, and the kingdom of God and its peace become all in all.

There is another window through which the soul may look out upon the ideal and the fair; and that is the window of Hope. The natural attitude of the human soul is an expectant one. The healthy heart feels that it has not yet learned to enjoy its blessings to the full, nor yet received the best blessings that are meant for it. Hope is an important element in the Christian life. Faith determines the certainty of a thing, then Hope looks for it. Earthly hopes darken and fade, heavenly hopes grow brighter and stronger with time. Spiritual realities alone can be the objects of a sure and certain hope, because upon them the shadow of change and uncertainty never falls: they reflect the light of the uncreated Throne. Our earthly hopes, uncertain though they be, are the mainspring of duty, the stimulus of endeavour, the tonic of the mind. Life will go merrily on under the power of a sunbeam on a distant spot in the path. We can bear a disappointment if a new hope will but spring up in the place of the old one; and an earthly disappointment has often been the means of implanting in the mind some spiritual hope of higher and better things. We can bear adversity so long as there is hope of deliverance: we can suffer patiently in the expectation of a relief and of a soothing yet to come. We can "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Through the window of hope we see the breaking of a golden dawn upon the distant prospect: the narrow chamber of earthly circumstances, with all its irksome limitations, gives place to the spiritual, the ideal, and the fair, to better things, to sweeter possibilities which may become present realities under the transforming influence of Christian hope.

Then, there is the window of Memory. It may be that Daniel himself was not unmindful of this outlook into past scenes and associations. It is a mark of all such men of God that they treasured their past experience of God's dealings with them. They often derived comfort and support and encouragement from the visions which floated past this window of Memory. In

looking back upon our earthly life we get a truer sense of the proportions of things, and of their influence for good or evil upon our character. Besides, to those who have gone far on in life, the visions of memory look bright, and their recollection brings back tenderness of feeling, and much of the lost simplicity and purity of heart. True, we may look back into the past "with eyes full of heart-break," as we recall faces vanished now, and listen to the voices that have become distant music to the mind: still, in days of weariness and depression such memories will refresh our fainting spirits, like the odour of a bank of violets, fragrant with the hidden sweetness of the spring; and we shall bless God, as well for the trying experiences, as for the tender associations of the past. To be often at this window of Memory keeps the heart young amid the ageing and withering influences of the present. We must carry along with us all that we can of our young experiences, affections, and memories. Oh, that our young people could be persuaded to take care what memories they store up! Memories bright, pure, and good, so that when they look back upon them, it may be like looking out into the sunrise, carrying something of the morning's freshness throughout the whole day, making life at unity with itself, inspiring it with strength for duty, and calling out all its wealth of sweetness, purity, and affection.

How rich in instruction for us is the example of the great Hebrew exile, who retired always for meditation and prayer, "his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem." These windows of the soul which God has so graciously given us may let in truth and beauty from all sources into the chamber of life; so that we never need be pining, or complaining that life is so full of dulness and dreariness, cramped up within four walls of grinding duty. The windows are there, let us fling them open, and feast our minds upon the vision of some fair and dear Jerusalem. The vision will become a reality at last; and in the presence of God, and of Christ, and amid the company of Angels and Saints the once captive exile shall cease from his wanderings, and the weary shall enter into rest.

"I'm glad he knows."

"HE knows it was me, then,—wot hollered?"—

He moaned between spasms of pain.

"I did all I knowed on—to warn him—,"

He said, and then fainted again.

He lay on the hospital mattress,

A hue as of death on his face:

The surgeon stood by, but one glance of his eye

Told his skill was no use in the case.

'Twas a little, black-country bred urchin,

Who lived—well, one scarcely knew how—

He slept in pit-hovels or stables,

A bed, funds would rarely allow.

He rambled 'twixt village and hamlet

From dawn until late in the night;

The postman alone on his rounds better known,

And he not more cheerful a wight.

He'd run errands, get coal in, weed gardens,

Carry meals to the forgo or the pit,

Split firewood, pump water, blow bellows,

Or o'en help the nailers a bit.

He'd loiter round inns, and near stations,

For the odd chance of earning a "brown":

Evening papers he sold, and gent's horses he'd hold,

Or run for a cab from the town.

He had started out early that morning
For a town about four miles away,
Where his help with the market-folks promised
To ensure him a trifle of pay.
It was cold and quite dark when he started;
There had been a slight frost in the night,
And so thick was the mist, he his road nearly missed,
Twice or thrice in the faint morning light.

At length the way led to a summit
Free from fog, and then straight, and quite steep,
It fell for a mile toward the bottom,
Half its length hid in fog grey and deep.
With a whoop, like an Indian—or schoolboy—
He started full speed down the hill,
Enjoying the pace of a make-belief race,
With a zest a boy only could feel.

And he felt, as he plunged in the mist-cloud,
A joy that was something akin
To that felt by explorers, when leaving
The known track, their perils begin.
But a cry, not of joy, but of terror
Burst from him, then followed a groan,
And the lithe active frame lay stunned, bleeding
and lame,
Down a chasm some twenty feet thrown.

There had happened, what happens but rarely.
The mines underneath, giving way,
Had swallowed down nearly an acre
Of surface earth, limestone, and clay.
But of this the poor lad had no notion;
And when his dazed senses returned,
He could only recall the vague fright of the fall,
Its cause he but dimly discerned.

Realising at length his position,
He bravely attempted to climb:
But his broken limb hindered him sadly,
And dragged him back time after time.
But, at last, with persistence heroic,
He managed the roadway to gain:
And from its jagged ledge, crept into the hedge,
Worn out with exertion and pain.

But, hark! hoofs are swiftly approaching!
He peers through the mist up the hill—
Recognises the gig—knows the driver—
A gent from the Old Quarry Mill.
He had often befriended the youngster,
And, now that in peril he stood,
The boy, at a glance, saw that here he'd a chance
Himself grateful to prove—and he would.

And so, though each movement was torture,
He hobbled out into the lane,
And hollaed, and waved his hands wildly;
But his cries, 'mid the clatter, were vain.
At full speed came the horse, till right on him,
Then shyng, swerved round to the right,
Tore the gig from its wheels, and crushed 'neath
his heels,
The innocent cause of his fright.

The noise of the crash reached the village,
And willing hands, rendering prompt aid,
Found the man with a badly-sprained ankle,
The boy senseless—quite dead, they're afraid.

"Fetch a cab, car, or something—and quickly!"
Said the driver—"And get him away
To the hospital. My hurt may tarry,
But his life's fast ebbing away."

A hastily improvised stretcher:
A hurried but gentle advance:
A mile ride in the arms of his bearers:
And he woke from his pain-burdened trance.
His first question was as to the driver.
They answered him, "Only a sprain."
"An' he knows—it was me—wot hollered!" said he,
And smiled again, spite of his pain.

"Yes, he knew you, and so did *Another*;"
The hospital nurse whispered low,
"Jesus saw your brave deed, little fellow,
And was pleased you should follow Him so."
His eyes opened wide. "The Lord Jesus?—
I've heerd bits—about Him—afore—
An' yo' think—He'd be glad—'cos I hollered—like
mad—
To stop the kind gent—drivin' o'er?"

"Well!—I'm blest!—Now I wouldn't ha' thought
it!"
He murmured,—"Both on 'em—to know!—
Oh! my side!—But I'm glad—as I done it—"
His voice grew more feeble and low.
"He's on his last errand, poor beggar!"
Said the surgeon—more kind than he shows.
The pale lips moved once more, and the nurse,
bending o'er,
Caught the whisper, "I'm glad—as He knows."

"TOM BROWN."

DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER II.



APPLY, if the "sorrows of childhood" are keen, they are as quickly set aside, if not forgotten. There were no tears on Dorothy's spectacles that afternoon as she and Jane started for a big Christmas shopping in Westerton. Mrs. Siggs had given a ready consent to this; only impressing upon Jane that they should not be late in returning, as the gate leading into the high road, nearest to Westerton, would be locked before dark, and they would have to walk a long way round to the other.

But, 'twas long before the customers were suited to their mind;" and by the time they had seized the last parcel, it was quite dark. In the gaily-decorated shops, where the gas was lighted extra early that day, they had not noticed how quickly the short winter-day had closed in; and though they put their best foot foremost, it is not easy to get over the ground quickly when one's hands and arms are full of packages, great and small. These had a way of slipping down, too, which made frequent halts necessary, to arrange them safely; and when at last they reached the "upper gate," as it was called, not all Jane's shaking, and Dorothy's kicking would make it open to them. Surely, Mrs. Siggs would never have let it be locked before

they came home! Jane was almost in tears; but it was no good. Shake, rattle, and kick as they would, the gate would not yield.

"I wouldn't have believed it of her," cried Jane, angrily, "nasty, cross old thing! Never mind, Miss Dorothy, we must just walk on as fast as we can to the lower gate."

"Allow me to try," said a man's voice from the shadows; and a figure which had been watching them, came out into the starlight.

Jane gave a scream, and dropped her parcels; and while she was picking them up, the stranger had opened the gate for them. "It's a difficult gate to open, I know," he said—lifting his hat as they passed quickly inside, Jane "all of a tremble," as she afterwards described it—"good-night!"

It was a pleasant voice; and as she recovered herself, Jane responded, "Good-night, sir." There was no time to stop and wonder how a stranger could open a locked gate. That was to come afterwards; and there was Mrs. Siggs' wrath immediately before them.

But in her relief at their arrival that good lady forgot the scolding she had been preparing for so long. They were "chilled to the bone," as Jane expressed it; and it was not till the comforting influences of tea and hot-buttered toast had thawed them, that Jane began to look upon their struggles with the locked gate in the light of an adventure.

"I didn't think you could have let it be locked, before we was in," she concluded in an injured voice; "and if it hadn't been for that gentleman opening it, after I'd almost broke my hand over it, I don't know when we should have got back."

"If you'd a started home in right time, you'd have been able to open the gate yourself," said Mrs. Siggs severely, "gentleman, indeed! I'd like to know what kind of gentleman hangs about people's gates in the dark. Most like it was someone who'd no sort of business to be there, trying the handle."

"Well, I know a gentleman when he speaks, as well as any one," retorted Jane.

"Don't talk of strange men like that, Jane, and before the child, too," said Mrs. Siggs sharply. "It's more likely to be a burglar than any one else, hanging about the place like that."

"It's not very likely a burglar 'ud show himself to one of the family, is it now?" demanded Jane, who was unwilling to part with the romance of her adventure. Had not the "gentleman" taken off his hat to her, and would a burglar do that?

"That's neither here nor there, Jane; if you'd a come back in good time, you'd have managed the gate easy enough. Of course, it wasn't locked, and the man knew it as well as you did. It's as easy as easy, when you can see what you're doing."

"Why, I believe it was the same gentleman I saw when we went out of the gate first of all, Jane;" cried Dorothy, suddenly. "And he looked in at the gate, and stroked Jill through the bars, because I saw him do it, when I looked back to see if Jill was following us."

"There!" cried Mrs. Siggs, triumphantly, "I told you so! It's a burglar, as sure's my name's Betsy Siggs, hanging about the place, and making friends with the dog, too, gentleman, indeed!" Mrs. Siggs threw a world of scorn into her voice as she bustled off in great agitation.

Dorothy looked at Jane in amazement. All the colour had gone out of the girl's face, and she pushed her plate away from her.

"What's a burglar?" asked Dorothy, in a frightened voice.

"Oh, don't ask me," cried Jane, "I don't know, I'm glad to say. I shan't sleep a wink to-night; I know that! Who'd have thought it, now?"

"Why won't you sleep, Jane," said Dorothy, in much distress, "are you going to be ill?"

"Bless the child! no, of course not. Only, if burglars is about the house, and gets in, there won't be much sleep for any one."

Perhaps it did not strike Jane that burglars generally wait till people are asleep, before getting in. She declared herself unable to "touch another mouthful that night;" and it was with a grave face that Dorothy gathered up her parcels, and went slowly with them to the drawing-room.

There was no one there; not even Jill asleep in her wonted place; and after waiting for some minutes, she went to look for her mother. The library-door was ajar, and though she was passing it on tip-toe, Mr. Thornhill heard her, and called to her to come in. He was sitting by the fire, alone; and even Dorothy noticed how drawn and sad his face was.

"What's become of my double eyes all this time?" he asked kindly, as the child ran up to him. "I haven't seen her for days. What have you been doing with yourself, you and Jill?"

"Did you want me, grandfather?" said Dorothy, brightening. "Mother said you were to be kept perfectly quiet, but I could be that, couldn't I? Mayn't I stay with you now, if I'm quiet? there's nobody in the drawing-room." Dorothy felt she must say nothing about the burglar to her grandfather; it might frighten him. And as she told him all she had been doing that afternoon, she felt comforted; and somehow or other, what she had been planning for Christmas, came out too.

"I wish I knew why we mightn't have the Christmas Tree, grandfather," she said wistfully. "Jane says we could do it without any one's help, but Nannie only says no, and no one keeps Christmas here; and Jane says everybody does, and she doesn't see why we don't. And Nannie got quite angry when I asked her why we didn't, and said I was a very cruel little girl to want it. Didn't you keep Christmas, grandfather, when you were a little boy, and when mother and aunt Margaret, and——" Dorothy stopped short, and looked up quickly. She had all but said that name she was never to mention! Mr. Thornhill had covered his face with his hands, and a low groan came from his lips. The tears came to Dorothy's eyes; what had she done? Then he laid a hand, cold and trembling, on her head; and while she seized the other in her own plump warm ones, and kissed it, he tried to speak. "Why should the sins of the fathers be visited on the children," he said at last, in a strange voice. "I deserve no joy, but why should my sin darken your life as well as that of others? Oh, my boy, my boy! Come back and forgive me before I die!"

Dorothy was too frightened to speak; and as she sat holding his hand in the dim firelight, she heard him say over and over again, with those tearless sobs that go to one's heart:—

"My boy, my dear boy, come back and forgive me before I die." And then he grew calmer, and kissed her as he had never done before.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.—p. 16.—PLEIADES.—Job. xxviii. 31.

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|------|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. P | erfect | Jab i. 1. |
| 2. L | eviathan | Job xli. 1 |
| 3. E | ast | Job i. 3. |
| 4. I | ntegrity | Job ii. 3. |
| 5. A | ss | Job xxxix. 5. |
| 6. D | ays | Job vii. 6. |
| 7. E | liphaz | Job iv. 1. |
| 8. S | tars | Job xxxviii. 7 |