

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.



THIS DINNER-HOUR WAS GENERALLY SPENT IN THIS FASHION.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE GREAT PREACHER.

NELSON, the preacher and stone-mason, was working by day in a marble-worker's yard in Hownstown, giving his evening hours and his Sundays to the instruction of such as chose to come to him privately, or to gather at selected spots to hear him preach. His discourses were generally delivered in the pit-village beyond the town, where he was eagerly listened to by the sooty colliers. There was no preaching

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in the market-place upon the Sunday which was spent by Mary and Irene at the Rectory: and it was plain to all who knew her that Irene was distinctly disappointed at this, as she had set her heart on hearing him.

Both Athol and Mary, though from different causes, were a little uneasy about their companion just now. Irene had always been silent and reserved to the world, but never before had she shut herself up from Mary's sympathy, as she appeared to be doing now. That she had some-

PRICE ONE PENNY.

thing upon her mind no one could doubt. She could scarce be persuaded to stir abroad, and spent long hours shut up in her room declining any manner of companionship. She resolutely refused to accept any of the invitations issued to her by friends, and quite affronted her aunt by her unwonted persistence, which in those days was very unusual in the young, when their elders had expressed a wish as to their movements. Athol's tact and good nature tided over many little difficulties, but in secret she would shrug her shoulders, and lament to Mary that her cousin was turning Methodist as fast as she could, wondering how she had got hold of the notion, and who could be keeping her instructed in all the phases of the new craze. When, however, Athol declared one day that she meant to visit the marble yard, and have herself a look at the stone-mason, and perhaps exchange a word or two with him, Irene suddenly brightened up, and asked leave to be of the party. Miss Fortescue had some business to transact with the master-mason with regard to some family tombstones and tablets; and she made no objection when she heard that the three girls all desired to accompany her. Mrs. Bridget was a large-minded woman, and did not regard these poor preachers as monsters, although she was not without an orthodox and not altogether unreasonable distrust of some of their teaching. She was not without curiosity herself with regard to the man of whom she had heard so much, and when the ladies entered the yard at the hour when the men had just paused from their task to eat their dinner, it was very easy to see which amongst them was the preacher, for one or two persons had gathered round him, and he was speaking to them and answering their questions, Bible in hand. His dinner-hour was generally spent in this fashion, his habits being most ascetic and abstemious.

One of the persons standing round the stone-mason was a gentleman in clerical garb, whose face was not unknown to Athol and her aunt. It was he who was doing the chief part of the speaking; and as the ladies approached, the rougher men moved away, sitting down to their own meal, and leaving Nelson to finish his argument with the parson in peace. Mrs. Bridget moved across to the building to do her errand, but the three girls lingered within ear-shot of the preacher, listening to what he was saying.

It was the clergyman who was speaking when they stopped first, "Yes, yes," he said, "I know your doctrine, for I have heard you preach; but I do not like you; you lay a wrong foundation for salvation. Do you think that the blood of another man will save me?"

"Sir, St. Paul saith, 'Other foundation can no man lay but Jesus Christ:' but you say that is a wrong foundation. Upon what terms do you expect to be saved?"

"By good works."

"Then, sir, you will be the first that goes to heaven that way. But suppose you did get there, what would you do then?"

"Why, what do others do there?"

"They sing, 'Glory to God that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever, that was slain

and hath redeemed us by His blood.' But your song will be, 'Glory be to myself: for I have quickened my own soul, and qualified myself for heaven! Oh, sir, what a scandalous song that will be, it will make a discord in heaven.'"

The clergyman frowned and stood looking thoughtfully upon the ground, after which he said quietly:

"My good man, all the Lord requires of us is to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God."

"Do you expect to stand or fall by that Scripture?"

"I do."

"Then, sir, you are lost for ever. I appeal to your conscience, if you have so walked, doing perfect justice to all men, offending none, using perfect mercy to all, using house, wealth, lands, all for the glory of God. If you have used any one talent not to the glory of God, you have robbed Him."

"But there is repentance," he said quickly.

"Not for you: for you are to be saved for doing justly, for loving mercy, and walking humbly with God: if you come short of these duties you must be damned."

"Why, man, if this is your doctrine," exclaimed the clergyman, "no wonder men are driven to despair."

"Ay, sir, of despair of saving themselves, that they may come to Christ to be saved."

By this time several idlers had come into the yard, partly no doubt to see something of the mason and hear his words. The girls moved away out of the little group. Irene's eyes were shining strangely: but upon Athol's face there was a look akin to contempt and restive impatience.

"Certainly he does not lack for impudent assurance," she said.

"Oh, Athol," cried Irene with unwonted heat, "he spoke only words of truth. He is a holy man, one of the saints of God."

"Then preserve me henceforth from all such saints," cried Athol, flippantly, "for their mission in life seems to be to damn the whole world but their few selves."

"No; only those who will not trust in the crucified Saviour—and what does the Church teach but that?"

Athol put her hands to her ears, begging for mercy. She had had enough: then, turning to Mary, she begged to know her view of Nelson's doctrine. Mary smiled a little, and her words were thoughtfully spoken.

"I should better have liked it had he answered somewhat differently: had he pointed out that good works, acts of mercy and justice, and a humble walk with God, are the natural outcome of faith in Christ, and are not to be spoken of with scorn, albeit the faith must come first. Faith, and faith by itself, will save our souls—no Christian can doubt that; but are we who bear Christ's holy name to be content with that? Methinks, sometimes, these good men, in their zeal to save the souls of men, are somewhat prone—unconsciously to themselves—to make them think that that is all that is demanded of them.

But how much do we hear of growth in grace, of the perfecting of the saints, of the fruits of the Spirit? The Scripture is full of such words. True, Mr. Wesley speaks much of a 'sinless perfection,'—but rather, or so I have heard, as if it were to be a thing at once attained upon accepting in faith the atoning Blood of Christ. To me it seems as though no holiness may be obtained save through a constant and earnest struggle, and a slow growth in the grace of God—the going on unto perfection, which is the aim and object of the Christian warfare, but which must be the ceaseless struggle of a lifetime, and may never be attained too fully whilst we wear the garment of the frail flesh."

"I like better," said Irene, very softly, "to feel that Christ has done all for me; to trust everything to Him; to look to Him alone, and to my own sinful deeds in no whit for justification."

"I too would look ever to Christ as the one Atoner, the one Reconciler; but I would show my love and my faith by striving to do His will. The same Spirit inspired the words: 'Faith without works is dead,' as inspired the teachings upon faith to which we cling. I think it is just this—God's ways are very wide, are very full of blessings, very full of promises. We must strive to take all His words, all His ways, and see how the same Spirit breathes and lives in all. Instead of telling those who think not quite as we do that they are wrong—that they will be damned, let us examine and see if they are not holding some portion of the same truth as guides us, and try to show them how these two truths are not opposed the one to the other, but are only parts of a great whole. If we put together the words we have heard to-day from two good men, is there any contradiction in them? I trow not. One says: 'Look to Christ's atoning blood and be saved by faith,'—the other: 'Walk in justice and mercy, and humbly with God, and so be saved.' Why should there be opposition in these two things? Is not one the outcome of the other? Why treat them as though they were two opposite doctrines? If men would but strive to weld together, instead of tearing and rending, how different the world and its outlook would be."

Atol laughed carelessly.

"I think it's more amusing when they go down each other's throats. I am glad I have heard Nelson teach openly that men will be eternally damned for striving to be just and merciful and walking humbly with God. I shall have less compunction when I hear of the baiting of the preachers, which did seem, perhaps, carrying things too far. I shall know, in future, that they richly deserve what they get. I have no patience with such narrow-minded bigotry."

Atol's frank words were but the echo of what was being spoken and thought all over the neighbourhood just at this juncture. Hownston and Sax, which had hitherto been passed by during the revival times, had now become involved in the general vortex of changing and aroused thought, and the disturbance affected all sections of the people.

The excitement was intensified by the approaching visit of the great preacher, Whitefield, who, it

was said, was coming north very shortly, and would preach a sermon upon the common, half way between Hownston and the village of Sax, upon a certain day; hoping thus to be the means of drawing numbers to hear him who had never had the opportunity before, and of paving the way for the more organised working of the society which followed upon first arousings.

Sax was all in a tumult. Sleepy and easy-going by habit, its people had been aroused to an unwonted excitement of late. Madam's known and pronounced hatred to Methodism, Mr. Latham's sermon, Tom Heron's exploit at Hownston, had all contributed in various degrees to awaken public interest, and now little was talked of in the place but the coming of Whitefield, and speculation as to who would go to hear him, and whether those who did so would stand in peril of Madam's displeasure. To offend Madam was no light thing in Sax. True, the Squire was master, and was a just and kind-hearted man, and might be trusted to stand between his tenants and their offended lady to a certain extent. He would scarcely be likely to eject from their homes persons who had been tempted to go and hear the great preacher. At the same time it was whispered abroad that Madam was absolutely resolved to have no Methodists or dissenters of any kind in Sax; and that if any of those persons who went to the preaching embraced the "new doctrines," then she would use her influence with her husband to the very uttermost to get those persons ejected from the estate. And there was a feeling that what Madam purposed to do, she generally contrived to accomplish, however unlikely success appeared at the outset.

Tom had returned to his work at the forge, after an interval spent in wild dissipation, in which he had flattered himself that awakening conscience had been finally laid to rest. His uncle had received him with the silent gravity to which he was well used. Samson had long ceased to reason with, or rebuke his lawless nephew. All he was able to do was to keep his place at the forge always open for him when he came back after one of his outbreaks, and to give him ample employment for his iron thews and sinews when he was in the humour for work. Owing to this reticence, he had never estranged himself from the wild youth; and such feeling as Tom bore his uncle was of friendly good-will and respect.

Samson Heron, though he had roundly rebuked Luke Crowder for preaching violence against the Methodists, was a staunch churchman, and a most regular attendant at all the Sunday services. He had little to say about the revival, save that he did not hold with new-fangled doctrines, and that they of Sax, who had Mr. Latham to teach them, had no need to go wandering over the country in search of doctrines that seemed to throw folks into fits and convulsions, and make them fitter for the madhouse than for their own homes. Glegg, the clerk and sexton, hobbled up to the forge many times in the course of the week to exchange opinions with the blacksmith; and it was he who brought the news at last that the day and hour of Whitefield's preaching had actually been fixed.

"He be a-cooming, Samson," said the little man, leaning over the door, and nodding to the two Herons who were at work within the forge.

"He be a-cooming next week, and holds his preaching at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. I've bin thinking of it over, neighbour, about going myself to hear him. It goes agin the grain of me, as one might say: but, again, if all the women folk go off, as like they will, and come home with a pack of tales in their mouths, each one longer than the last—why, one might wish one had bin there oneself only to be able to show them up for silly fools to believe such a pack o'rubbish. What do you think about it, Samson? You and I shan't get no harm—we know a deal too much to be led away by fine words."

"Well, I hadn't no thought of going myself," answered Samson, "I say as Mr. Latham is a good enough preacher for me: and I like my sermons decent-like in a church on Sunday: but I'm none so set against any man if he tries to do good. Be'st going thyself, neighbour?"

"My wife's a-going," answered Glegg, "I knowed she would. I've told her till I'm tired o'telling that it's not for women to go gadding off after new doctrine. If a woman don't understand a thing she's to ask her husband at home—St. Paul says so his own self; and my missis has peculiar advantages, as one might say, having a husband who does understand sound doctrine. But, law bless you! she don't care for St. Paul no more nor she does for me. She'll go, and I think I'd better go too, else she'll come home with such tales as'll make me long to take the rod to her. I shan't tell her I'm going: but I thought as you and I might go quiet like together, and hear it for ourselves. If my missis should be taken with a fit, as like enough she may, being that foolish and easy led, it 'ud be a good thing for me to be handy there. I think she'd come to her senses quicker if she was to hear my voice a-speaking to her."

Samson rubbed his chin reflectively, whilst Tom stood with his hammer in his hand, listening to every word, a gleam in his eyes that might betoken either interest or ferocity.

"Well, I've no women folk to go after, and I don't care much about it. But trade'll be slack that afternoon, I doubt not, so I'll go with thee, if thee wishes. They say he's a man to hear, and that he's a clergyman too, though he don't seem much like one. Tom, lad, thee's let the fire out, but never mind to-night. Thee can go home now. We've done our day's work."

Tom threw down his hammer and departed. He knew that his uncle seldom cared to talk of religion in any form before him, fearing an outbreak of blasphemous vituperation such as was only too common with him. He was too well used to being looked upon as the black sheep of the parish to heed much what was thought of him: but somehow to-day the dismissal seemed to sting him. He was interested in what the two men were saying; he could not help being interested in what was so exciting the village mind. Besides, had not some of his comrades resolved to get up a regular attack upon any

travelling preacher who should visit these parts? He wanted to know all he could upon the matter.

But he was too proud to stay after being sent away, and he strode off to his own miserable home. His mother had been of late more riotous and drunken than ever. Had it not been that the revival question was occupying all minds, it is likely there might have come a remonstrance from the great house, and a warning that the woman must either behave more decently or leave the cottage. Jenny Heron had received such warnings before. Probably, had it not been for the respect in which Samson was held, and the favour shown to Tom by the young men of the Fortescue family, the woman would have been turned away from the place long ago.

She was out when Tom came in, but blind Molly stood in the doorway, her sightless eyes lit up with eager expectation: and as soon as she heard the familiar step swinging along the road, she ran forward in the uncertain fashion of the blind, and holding out her hand, cried eagerly:

"Tom, Tom, be that thee? Oh, Tom, I have wanted thee so badly. Tom, hast heard the news in all folks' mouths? Mr. Whitefield is coming, he is coming very soon. Oh, Tom, I do so long to hear him. Will thee take me to hear him, when he does? Mother says as she shall go: but I daren't go with her; she forgets me; she might happen leave me in the crowd: but with thee I would feel safe. Oh, Tom, dear Tom, I do so want to go. Please say that thou wilt let me go with thee?"

Tom hesitated and looked considerably taken aback. True, he had had some thoughts of being present himself, but rather with a view of creating a disturbance as on another occasion. His comrades would expect it of him, and he was partially pledged. All the same, there came over him at moments qualms of distaste and disgust at himself. He was none so proud of the first attempt in that line, which had won him glory in Sax, and had caused even Madam to smile upon him as she rolled past one day in her grand carriage. He had heard of riots in other places where it had seemed to him that the men assaulted had come off better than their adversaries; and Tom was able to appreciate a moral victory even where force had appeared for the moment to triumph. He knew that Nelson had had the best of it in Hownston that Sunday afternoon. What if he were to instigate a futile attack upon Mr. Whitefield, and become a laughing-stock instead of a hero? Whitefield's congregation would muster by thousands. Would the thousands who had assembled to hear him speak submit to have him silenced by a handful of village bullies? Probably not, although they might by no means number themselves as his followers. Tom did not care to be baulked of anything attempted, neither did he wish to forego the sermon, being conscious of a great curiosity where these Methodists were concerned. Perhaps Molly's eager request would suffice to help him out of a difficulty. If he took her, he could not be expected to leave her in the crowd to fight the preacher. His kindness to the blind child was sufficiently known to explain his presence at the

sermon if she had begged to be taken. On the whole, Tom decided that to go as Molly's escort would be the best possible thing for him; and at last, upon the day appointed, he stood as one of a vast packed crowd, listening in dead silence to the trumpet-like voice of the great preacher, as it rolled over the heads of the multitude, carrying its message of peace or terror to the beating hearts in that attentive crowd.

Of Whitefield's marvellous eloquence, and his power of swaying the feelings and the minds of his hearers, too much is known to need repetition here. But such eloquence and passion was a revelation to Tom Heron, and as he stood with Molly's hand clasped fast in his, he seemed to see the great white throne set in heaven—to behold the Judge upon that throne—the Judge from whose face the earth and heavens fled away—and to see himself one of that multitude of sinners—the dead, both small and great, who were coming up one by one to hear their doom. He felt himself brought up to the Judge. He saw the Book of Life opened and his name looked for in those pages. He seemed to hear a voice saying, "There is no Tom Heron in this book"; and the great drops stood upon his brow, as the preacher, who had been drawing this scene so vividly to his hearers that almost every one felt as Tom was feeling now, turned round upon the people, throwing out his hands with a most telling gesture, as he cried in terrible accents—

"Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, into

the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

At that moment a woman near at hand was seized with violent convulsions. Tom, looking over the heads of the people, saw in the distorted face the features of his own mother; and still clasping Molly's hand in his, he fought his way through the crowd, and bade those standing round bring her away quietly, where he could better see to her state. Thus it came about that neither he, nor the miserable woman whose nature he had inherited in no small measure, nor the little child eagerly seeking after truth, ever heard the great preacher's wonderful picture of the Redemption which alone can save humanity from the wrathful judgment of God. Tom went home with a sullen despair at heart—he was lost to all eternity—he knew it and accepted it as his fate. His mother, when her convulsions subsided and she could be transported home, lay moaning and shivering on her pallet bed, sometimes breaking out into wild shrieks and vowing that she saw the devil coming in to carry her away; and whilst Molly crouched sobbing and trembling by the fire, and Samson alone dared to remain beside the unhappy woman, Tom rushed out into the summer night, vowing with all the fervour of his nature that he would never, never go near one of those terrible Methodists again. If he had to be punished in the next world, at least he would get what enjoyment there was to be had in this whilst it lasted.

FRUITS FROM SPAIN.

IN a recent article on the progress of Reformation in the Spanish peninsula, it was our duty to refer to the small advance made by Protestantism compared with the large efforts for spreading the gospel. The reports are certainly often of too sanguine a tone, and many of the labourers might become discouraged and disappointed. It is most gratifying when glimpses are seen, in quite unlooked-for ways, of fruits of so much toil, and evidences that the good seed is not scattered in vain. In the following case we have an illustration of the text of the epistle of St. James (the patron saint of Spain), "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." May He come, in plentiful showers of Divine grace!

A German pastor, of the Reformed German church, in Philadelphia, in the United States, was laid aside by an affection of the throat, and fears were entertained of pulmonary disease also. Being loved by his people, who were anxious, if not for his life, at least for his usefulness in the ministry, they did what is common in America, in all the churches; they raised a subscription to

send him to Europe for change of climate, and for consulting the best physicians.

One of the medical men who had attended the late Emperor Frederick saw this pastor, and advised him to pass a winter in Sardinia. The climate there wrought complete recovery, and he was able to go back to America, to preach the gospel as before. He first, however, made a tour through Spain, after a visit to the coast of Africa and Algiers. In Oran he found a small evangelical congregation; and one of the most zealous and enlightened of the members was a shoemaker from Spain who had found Christ, through little tracts and publications received while he was still in Spain before going to Oran. His wife was also a true believer: and this is the account of her conversion, as narrated by the American traveller to Mr. Fliedner of Madrid.

The wife of the shoemaker was much concerned to find that her husband no longer went to Mass at the Roman Catholic church. After much remonstrance, she went to the priest to tell her trouble, and to request him to try to bring her husband to his right mind. The husband went with his wife to see the priest by appointment. They were received courteously; but, finding that the shoemaker quoted Scripture in defending his

opinion, the priest tried to persuade him to give up reading the Bible, alleging that the laity could not understand what was written for the clergy, as the lips of the priest only could keep knowledge in things of eternal life.

"That is strange," said the man, "for the Apostle Paul told the Colossians to send his epistle to the church in Laodicea; and also to read the epistle sent to that church." The priest then began to argue about various doctrines of the Church of Rome, but the man knew his Bible so well that he was able to reply on all points. The priest became angry; while the man remained calm, which the more enraged the priest. At last, losing control of his temper, he denounced the man as a heretic who was on the way to hell, and ordered him to quit the house. He made a sign to the wife to remain, in order to give her some advice, very probably to try to get

possession of the book which taught her such error. But the wife, instead of remaining with the vicar, took her husband's arm, and said boldly, "No, no, sir, I will not stay; I wanted you to convince my husband that he was in error, but now he has convinced me: I am persuaded that he has the word of God on his side, and I will also hold to God's word along with my husband."

So they went away, and now live in happiness and in peace as evangelical Christians.

Mr. Flidner in telling this true story, says that "we print and distribute in Spain every year, by the kind help of the Religious Tract Society, hundreds of thousands of little books and Scripture leaflets, and it is a great joy and encouragement when, as in this case, a visible proof of the blessing of God is granted to us."

A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS;¹

OR, COUNTRY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN.

AMONG recent editions of standard works, an interesting little book has lately made its appearance.

Many and loyal as are the lovers of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, it is known to comparatively few that we owe the *Country Rhymes for Children*, which is now presented to us in the quaint guise it wore for the boys and girls of two centuries ago, to Bunyan's pen. Indeed a good deal of mystery has until now hung round the book. It has suffered more than one change of title, puzzling to bibliographers, who found it difficult to reconcile the conflicting claims of *Meditations on Seventy-four Things*, advertised by Bunyan's publishers, with the *Country Rhymes for Boys and Girls*, or with the *Divine Emblems* (long familiar to disciples of the Bedford tinker), which, not to speak of its omission in contemporary catalogues, failed to establish its plea, since it contained only forty-nine meditations.

The matter could only be satisfactorily settled by an examination of the original edition issued in 1686, two years before Bunyan's death; but, eagerly as the little book was sought for, it baffled all efforts to trace it, until by one of those curious turns of fortune's wheel which sometimes reward the book-lover, a copy, after passing through various adventures on both sides of the Atlantic, has at last found a final haven in the British Museum.

Here, then, we have reproduced for us an exact facsimile of the sober brown book, with

the rude typography, the uncut leaves and stout, serviceable binding as it was passed from hand to hand and read in the family circle two hundred years ago. In our own carelessly lavish times, when hundreds of pens are busy preparing holiday fare for young readers, and almost every day sees the birth of a new story, we fear this homely little volume with its obtrusively pointed morals would find but scant grace in the eyes of youths and maidens: and indeed it is the children of a larger growth who will most graciously welcome this new and complete version of the *Divine Emblems* so happily rediscovered.

"Rhymes," Bunyan is careful to call his rugged verse; and in a century that saw the closing years of the greatest poet of all time, that knew Milton and lesser singers, such as Ben Jonson, John Donne, Herrick, George Herbert, Cowley and Dryden, we may not grant him the laurel crown; nor does he need it, since he will live by his immortal prose when many who penned far subtler and sweeter verse are forgotten. But if they have little grace or smoothness, the *Rhymes* have a rough-hewn strength that admirably serves their end and makes every word tell; one comes, too, upon queer quips and surprises which remind one of Quarles, who died when Bunyan was a lad of sixteen, but whose *Emblems* may have helped to suggest this later effort; and here and there is a quaint and gracious turn that might have fallen from the pen that wrote *The Temple*.

The author's intention in setting out upon this enterprise is expressed sufficiently and with no little humour in the poetical preface: but before we quote the opening lines we may notice

¹ "A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children," by John Bunyan. A facsimile of the unique first edition, published in 1686, deposited in the British Museum.—Elliot Stock.

passingly the curious alphabets, the lists of vowels and consonants, of Christian names, "to learn children to spell aright their names," of figures and numeral letters, upon which we first alight before we arrive at the *Rhymes*.

One can scarcely imagine an author of Bunyan's standing in our own more sophisticated age stooping to such a babyish task, but he who created for us *Mercy*, *James*, *Matthew*, and sad *Miss Much-Afraid*, who showed such an understanding sympathy in dealing with the young and the weak, was great enough to be very simple too, and to think it no shame to help stumbling feet on the uphill path of learning: and doubtless in those days when aids to education were far fewer, this abbreviated horn-book set the daily task for many a little scholar.

"I shall forbear to add more," says the good Bunyan, when he writes the last of his numerals, "being persuaded this is enough" for little children to prepare themselves for Psalter or Bible."

When the pupil has learned to string words together he is thus addressed.

Courteous Reader,

The title-page will show, if there thou look,
Who are the proper Subjects of this Book.
They'r Boys and Girls of all Sorts and Degrees,
From those of Age, to children on the Knees.
Thus comprehensive am I in my Notions;
They tempt me to it by their childish Motions.
We now have Boys with Beards, and Girls that be
Big as old Women, wanting Gravity.

* * * * *
Our Bearded Men, do act like Beardless Boys;
Our Women please themselves with childish Toys.

* * * * *
Wherefore, good Reader, that I save them may,
I now with them, the very Dottril play,
And since at Gravity they make a Tush,
My very Beard I cast behind the Bush.
And like a Fool stand fing'ring of their Toys;
And all to show them they are Girls and Boys.

* * * * *
If this description applies to any of us, we may perhaps not without profit turn the leaves and investigate a little further.

The book opens with a paraphrase of the Ten Commandments. This is followed by *The Awakened Child's Lamentation*, in which the Rev. Dr. Brown, Bunyan's best interpreter, thinks we may trace some autobiographic interest. Bunyan has himself described his mental conflicts, the dreams and visions that oppressed him in his childhood, with the haunting sense of sin that clung to him; and it needs no stretch of imagination to suppose that his thoughts went back to his own troubled youth when he penned this touching *mea culpa* of a sensitive conscience.

This *Lamentation*, strictly speaking, scarcely falls under the head of a Simile; but in the rhymes that succeed it there is no mistaking the purport of the writer. He is at no loss for a subject, he does not beat about the bush or go out

of his way in search of fantastic comparisons: the egg that makes part of his meal, the candle that lights him to bed, all the common out-door sights and sounds, the rising of the sun, the fish in the stream, the swallow, the bee, the mole, the voice of the cuckoo—each gives his vivid fancy a theme, each serves to adorn a tale and point a moral which is by no means left to the imagination of the reader, but is plainly set forth for his edification. This for example:—

Upon the Bee.

THE Bee goes out and Hony home doth bring;
And some who seek that Hony find a sting.
Now would'st thou have that Hony and be free
From stinging; in the first place kill the Bee.

COMPARISON.

This Bee an emblem truly is of sin,
Whose Sweet unto a many death hath been.
Now would'st have Sweet from sin, and yet not dye?
Do thou it in the first place mortifie.

Certain of the *Emblems* remind one that Bunyan was familiar with town-life; such as that on *The Post-boy*, whose "stages are for him fixt," who "has a Horn to sound, that none may let him in his haste," and that upon *A Ring of bells*, a reminiscence, perhaps, of the carillon whose music may have penetrated his prison walls in Bedford goal, or of the Elstow belfry where in boyhood he had helped to set the brazen tongues swinging, so that they seemed "to sing, or talk or speak"—

When Ringers handle them with Art and Skill,
They then the ears of their Observers fill,
With such brave Notes, they ting and tang so well
As to out strip all with their ding, dong, Bell.

The comparison beginning:—

"These Bells are like the Powers of my Soul;"

is too long to quote, but is well sustained and ingeniously wrought out. The greater part of the *Emblems* concern themselves, however, as we have said, with the homely sights and sounds of country life; and here and there is betrayed a love of the beautiful in nature, an observant appreciation of her goings, more rare in those days than in these. A moment ago we denied the author of the *Rhymes* the name of poet, but is there not a spark of the divine fire in lines such as these:—

"She's clothed with the Sun, crown'd with twelve
Stars,
The spotted Moon her Footstool he hath made."

One of the *Rhymes* in especial is so charming that space must be found to quote it in full. It is headed with a quaint bar of music in a forgotten clef, showing that it was intended for a child's song, and the words have a simple lilt in

THE APPLE TREE

A comely sight indeed it is
to see
a world of Blossoms on an
apple tree
Yet far more comely would
this tree appear
If all its dainty blooms
young apples were -

Upon the Snail

She goes but softly but she
goeth sure
She stumblleth not as
stronger creatures do

Ch. Whymper

them that might not unfitly be matched with melody.

Of the Child with the Bird at the Bush.

My little Bird, how canst thou sit;
And sing amidst so many Thorns!
Let me but hold upon thee get;
My love with Honour thee adorns.
Thou art at present little worth;
Five farthings none will give for thee.
But prethee little Bird come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.
'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to day,
To morrow Birds will have a Storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My Bosom then shall keep thee warm.
Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering,
At day's thy dangers great by Kites,
How canst thou then sit there and sing?
Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis Worms and Trash which thou dost eat;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.
I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,
And Sugar-plumbs, if them thou crave;
I'll cover thee with finest Silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.
My Father's Palace shall be thine,
Yea in it thou shalt sit and sing;
My little Bird if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy Spring.
I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court;
Unthought of Musick thou shalt play;
And all that thither do resort,
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.
I'll keep thee safe from Cat and Cur,
No manner o' harm shall come to thee;
Yea, I will be thy Succourer,
My Bosom shall thy Cabin be.
But lo, behold the Bird is gone;
These Charmings would not make her yield;
The Child's left at the Bush alone,
The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

This is charmingly simple and child-like, and was doubtless a favourite with the little seventeenth century folk for whom it was written. The moral, too, is within reach of a young comprehension and is not over-strained or too fantastic, as we are here and there tempted to think it where Bunyan lets his vivacious fancy run away with him.

Elsewhere it is the quaintness and the homely humour that chiefly strike us, as in this:—

Man's like a Candle in a Candlestick,
Made up of Tallow, and a little Wick.

Or this—a little severe, perhaps, on Wordsworth's "Darling of the Spring":—

Of the Cuckow.

Thou Booby, say'st thou nothing but *Cuckow*?
The *Robin* and the *Wren* can thee out do.

They to us play throw their little throats,
Not one, but sundry pretty taking Notes,
But thou hast *Fellows*, some like thee can do
Little but suck our Eggs, and sing *Cuckow*.

But whether he is quaint or sprightly, or merely didactic, Bunyan never for a moment loses sight of the object he has in view. With intense zeal and heart-searching faithfulness he would lead the children, as he led his Pilgrims on their immortal journey, with faces ever set towards the Celestial Country; and, if by a homely parable he can catch and fix their wandering fancies, and raise and inspire them to the contemplation of heavenly truths, he desires no more.

A cold, critical taste may object to certain extravagances of language; but Bunyan's aim, as he has himself told us, was not to write polished periods. That would be, indeed, to overshoot the mark; it might set the little ones star-gazing, but it would never touch their hearts. So it is as their playmate that he

would them entice,
To mount their Thoughts from what are childish Toys,
To Heav'n, for that's prepar'd for Girls and Boys.

But another evidence, this, of his sound common-sense, for

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

He wrote for a less sophisticated age, an age when there were no Board schools, when that dangerous thing, a little learning, had not puffed up young critics. The boys and girls of two centuries ago, brought up on more Lenten fare, doubtless accepted the literary food provided for them with the thankfulness that comes of being kept on a spare diet. One likes to think that the little book, written so shortly before the great and good man laid down his pen, found a warm place in many a young affection, and was conned often, learned by heart, morals and all, and its rugged wisdom translated into the life.

We of another generation may think its teaching out of date, for we are restive now, and like the moral—if moral there must be—to be insinuated, inferred, rather than plainly set forth; but it is the good old-fashioned teaching of the *Bible*—of *Holy Living and Dying*, of *De Imitatione Christi*, of *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, of *Pascal's Thoughts*, of *Keble's Christian Year*—of all the books that for ages have helped to make the common people wise unto salvation; and we despise such instruction at our peril.

Lovers, at least, of the *Pilgrim*—and what a wide and over-increasing band they are! will welcome this little volume in its new-old dress, and give it honoured house-room on their shelves.

"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE following papers were not written for publication. They were read at a gathering of Sunday-school teachers and their friends. It is thought that from their simple, practical character they may be acceptable to a wider circle. In all that concerns life, mothers must always have a place of influence and experience. It was suggested that none could more fitly help teachers, and hence the papers which follow, which all bear the impress of the home upon them.

"BY LOVE SERVE ONE ANOTHER."

THERE is just one thought which I wish to express, and that is best contained in the words, "By love serve one another."

Every one may serve. How? That is the question.

Some may say they can do nothing, but I think there is something that each one may do, and that no one else can do so well. The thing is, to find out what that something is, and then to be willing to do it.

We may first of all take it for granted that education, general learning and accomplishments, are most valuable gifts, which should be used to the utmost of our powers; but besides these, there are qualifications and dispositions which are equally gifts of God, to be used for Him, which may be natural to us, or which we can cultivate, but all of which may be used for God's glory.

For instance, we may serve by a *cheerful disposition*. Solomon has said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;" and if we could more frequently bear in mind the words of the hymn,

Looking upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces,

the world would be far brighter than it is. Some have this disposition naturally. If we have it, it is for us thankfully to use it. If we have it not, surely we can cultivate it, until it shall become part of our being.

We may also serve by a *sympathetic spirit*.

We are all constantly in need of sympathy; and yet, are we not too apt to leave the expression of it towards one another for the time of sickness or great sorrow? If we could bear one another on our thoughts more frequently, we should find that we had many opportunities of sympathising. We so often miss these opportunities—we excuse ourselves by saying we are too busy. But this sympathy may be expressed simply by a pressure of the hand, a smile, or just a word of encouragement. In this way, we should often be enabled, though perhaps unconsciously, to turn the current of another's thoughts, and by lifting them up to a brighter and happier mood, be really doing God's work. What we want is:

A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

We must take care that this sympathy is not shown only to those whom we call our friends; it should be to all with whom we come in contact, especially the inmates of our own homes, and those connected with us here. If this were the case, our work in the church would be much fuller and richer than it is.

We must be on the look-out for these opportunities, and pray each day that God will open our eyes to see them. Shall we not hereafter look back, and think, how much more we might have done, had our minds been set upon this? May our daily prayer be—"Lord, give me light. Oh let me not miss the opportunity of doing good to-day, because I did not ask to be shown." Let us remember, too, that if we cannot do much for those about us, or ourselves undertake active Christian work, we yet can always sympathise with, and pray for the workers.

Let us as parents bear this especially in mind, with regard to our children, how much influence we may gain over them by exercising this spirit of sympathy. We want to bring ourselves down to them, and enter into their troubles and worries, and to show them that we take an interest in their enjoyments also. Do not let us allow the children to imagine that we are too busy to think of their games and their daily pleasures. We may, perhaps, often be able after a game of play to give them a word of advice which will have more effect than a long lecture at another time, just because they feel we are in sympathy with them.

The same thing, of course, may be said of Sunday school teaching. If the teachers would only be interested in their scholars' daily life, they would exercise a greater power over them in their religious life. When taking a class of boys, I made it a rule to begin by asking each boy about the past week—their homes and such-like things. I used to ask how the cricket was going on? The day-school was also touched upon. It saved the tiresome whispering; they knew their teacher was interested in what interested them. We always had three or four minutes' talk over the events of the past week; and there was many an opportunity for pointing a little lesson on what had happened.

Then we may also serve, by cultivating a *charitable mind*. This may be called the key-note of the whole subject, for where we have love in our hearts, all these ways of showing it become easy. For instance, if we could remember, before going to call upon our friends, the fifth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the First of Corinthians, those whom we visit would be the better, and the happier, for our coming; but which of us follows out entirely the teaching of these words: "Seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil"?

In conclusion. We cannot give what we do not possess. We cannot "serve one another by love," unless the "love of Christ constraineth us." All can be done if Christ dwell in our hearts. "Thine is the power" is not to be disputed; the trouble is, we are not trustful enough of that power. We do not expect enough—as St. James says: "We have not because we ask not." We call ourselves Christians, we are happy in the thought that Christ has said, He will dwell within us, but do we sufficiently realise what this means, or how much it may mean?

Shall we not ask God to give us more of His Holy Spirit, and a clear understanding of what He is ready and willing to do for us? If we each take this upon ourselves, the

influence will flow from one to the other, and our coming year will be rich with blessing.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
In working, or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

M. K.

THE BIBLE FOR THE CHILDREN

We have probably all heard of children who read the Bible because they loved it, and this has made us seriously ask ourselves whether our children could truthfully give the same reason for their reading of it. We long for them to prize it above all other books; to the best of our ability we teach them to do so, and some of the elder ones believe that they do love it; but yet how we yearn for them to know something of the rapture of the Psalmist when he wrote: "Oh! how love I Thy law!"

Have we parents realized that in this, as in so many other matters connected with our children, the power lies largely in our own hands; and that, while they are quite young it is possible, perhaps in the majority of cases, to make them love almost anything we choose?

If I myself really love the Bible so much that my children become convinced it must be my favourite book, and not one to be used on Sunday and at prayer-time only, it will be strange indeed if they do not desire to know more of that which interests mother so much.

It is natural that a Bible story in the simple language, for example, of the "Peep of Day" should be more attractive to the little ones than the same story read in Bible language would be, because to them the latter must sometimes be unintelligible. Many parts of the Bible are as simple as anything can be, but other parts are difficult. We must remember that the Bible is our greatest literary masterpiece as well as God's message to us; and we can no more expect young children to be attracted to some of its passages as they stand, than we can expect them to delight in Milton's "Paradise Lost."

But in this very fact lies a danger for us parents. In our anxiety to make the Bible interesting to young minds, we are, some of us, perhaps apt to give way to a little self-indulgence by depending exclusively on books such as we have named. We rejoice, perhaps, that our children should have Bible stories so attractively put; but at the same time are ready to congratulate ourselves on our success in shirking a somewhat troublesome duty. Let us take care that, as far as in us lies, the child shall have no wish to put any book before the Bible in its affections.

Not that the books referred to are of no value—God be thanked for them! there are circumstances in which they are simply invaluable. But our desire is that, if possible, the precious sacred stories with which the Bible abounds should be associated in the child's mind with the very same book that mother reads and loves, and with no other. Will not this end be best attained by reading, whenever we can, the Bible stories to the little ones from the Bible direct, translating into child language as we go along, and omitting what is quite beyond the child's comprehension? Having been urged to give an illustration, I need not apologise for doing so.

THE FEEDING OF THE FIVE THOUSAND.

(Read from the Bible to a little child.)

Once, when Jesus had been talking to the people by the Sea of Galilee, He and His disciples were all very tired, and Jesus thought the disciples needed a rest. So He said, "Let us get into a ship and go across to the other side."

The Sea of Galilee is so small that we should call it a lake. So they went across. As soon as they got to the other side, they found that the people had managed to get there first; they were so anxious to hear more of the wonderful words of Jesus that they went as quickly as they possibly could along the shore round the head of the lake. When Jesus saw the crowds of people, He never once thought how tired He was, but He was so sorry for them that He began at once to tell them more of the good news which He had brought from heaven. When it was getting late in the afternoon, the disciples came to their Master, and said, "Do you not think the people had better go home? it is getting late and there is nothing to eat here. They must be hungry, for they have had nothing to eat all day." Of course the disciples never thought that Jesus could feed them. He said to them, "You give them something to eat." They said, "How can we possibly do that? just see how many people there are; we have not enough to give them each even a very little to eat." You know the disciples were quite poor men, so they had not much money to buy food with.

Then Jesus said, "How many loaves of bread have you?" I don't think they had any, but Andrew remembered seeing that a boy in the crowd was carrying five barley loaves, and two little fishes: perhaps he had brought them to sell, as people sell things in a crowd now. Next Jesus told His disciples to arrange all the people in rows on the grass, sitting on the hillside. When they were all ready, the boy gave the bread and fish to Jesus, and what do you think He did with it? First He thanked God for it, then He broke the five loaves up into pieces; it was easy to break them, because they were in the shape of a kind of flat cake.

These pieces Jesus gave to His disciples, and they went along each row and gave some bread and some fish to each person, and Jesus made it enough for them all. There were five thousand people, and every one had as much as ever he or she could eat. You may think how wonderful it was, because even after that, the disciples gathered up all the little pieces that were left, and there were twelve baskets full of them. How delighted that boy must have been to think that Jesus used his bread and his fish to work such a miracle! I should think he never forgot Jesus after that.

If this seems childish, please remember that we are just now thinking of the Bible as a child's book; and many of us can interpret it in this way if we will but take the pains. Doubtless there are many who do so, and who know the value of the living voice as thus used. That this is one way of winning children's love for the Bible the following anecdote goes to prove. A governess was once giving a Bible lesson to her pupils, in the course of which she had occasion to tell in her own words a story from the Bible. At the end, one little girl sprang from her seat, clapping her hands, and exclaiming, "Oh! how delightful! it is quite as good as a fairy tale!"

If some shrink from the course suggested, as presenting too great difficulties for them, they will feel amply rewarded for any effort they may make by the request which they will often have: "Mother! do let us have a little bit of Bible!"

And here one word upon learning the Bible by rote. It is not possible to overrate the importance of committing portions of it to memory. No passage should be learnt by rote which has not first been made perfectly intelligible.

It is desirable, too, that where possible the child's favourite passages should be those selected.

It is not safe to rely upon children's asking the meaning of that which they do not understand. Either it does not occur to them to do so, or they dread receiving an explanation which may weary them by its length, or, worse still,

which may confuse them by its want of clearness. Let us study to answer their questions as shortly and as clearly as possible, and avoid the fatal mistake of thinking that because the child has asked the meaning of a word he wants to hear a sermon.

A. H.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

THE subject I have chosen on which to say a few words is Children's Prayers: Children's Prayers in the Home, and Children's Prayers in the Sunday School.

Speaking generally, do we sufficiently realise the importance of this subject? We pray for the children, as fathers and mothers; as Sunday-school teachers, both privately and together, we pray for them.

Do we consider enough how we may get them to pray for themselves? I think we might do more in this way in the home. We should see that the children's prayers are less formal than they sometimes are. There is always the danger of their looking upon their prayers somewhat in the light of a charm, or something that they are good for doing. We may perhaps have heard a mother or a nurse say to a little child when rising from its knees, "That's a good child." What could be more fatal to its understanding what true prayer is!

Then, I think, we cannot be too careful in seeing that these prayers of the children are very reverent; that the child should feel, while kneeling at its mother's or its nurse's knee, that its attention is wholly given to it; and also that there is during the time, no noisy distraction in the room caused by the other children. It is well, I think, to encourage the children, from the very first, to say part of their prayer in their own words, that they may get into the habit of thanking God just for what they feel most grateful for, and of asking Him for what they most want. Let us help them to bring all their little trials and difficulties to Him, that their prayers may be heartfelt, and if they prefer to have a silent minute for this, let it be so. A short form of prayer repeated as part of the devotion is no doubt useful, but let us see to it that it is a form which expresses the child's feelings, not one into the spirit of which it cannot enter. For instance, take the following verse, which has sometimes been used as a child's prayer—

"Lord, how my childhood runs to waste;

My sins, how great their sum!

Oh, give me pardon for the past,

And strength for days to come."

Young children cannot thoroughly grasp the meaning of such words. We cannot expect a little child to feel the full burden of sin, as many an elder person must; let us be careful, however, to teach it the habit of asking God's forgiveness for any naughty action done during the day, that it may learn to realise the truth which we all teach our children, that "God knows everything."

Then do we value our children's prayers enough, or make sufficient use of them? If a great sorrow comes to the family, all are urged to pray, but do we encourage our children to pray about ordinary matters? If we have a difficulty to encounter in our own lives, a hard and difficult day's work, something that we dread perhaps, would it not be a help to us if we could conquer that shyness which some of us are so apt to feel over such matters, and if even without saying what our trouble was, we asked our children, our elder ones, at any rate, to pray for us specially? And if afterwards we were able to tell them that the difficulty was surmounted, better perhaps than we expected, would it not

be a great encouragement to the children, and a great lesson to them in the power of prayer? "Pray God, bless father and mother," would have a real meaning then. And could not we ask them to pray for our Christian work? They are busy at school, and cannot perhaps help us in any way but by prayer, but why not in that way? If all the teachers were to ask their children to pray for the Sunday school every Sunday morning, would there not be more blessing, and would not the teachers themselves be encouraged and strengthened in their work?

Then there is the grace before meals. I have thought lately that this would have much more meaning to us and to the children, if the form was more frequently varied. What should we think, if, when we were in the habit of doing a daily kindness to a friend, that friend were always to thank us year after year in the same words? Yet we thank the Lord for His daily benefits perhaps three times a day in the same stereotyped phrase, till the children at any rate do not, I fear, attach much meaning to it.

In a recent number of the "Parents' Review," the Bishop of Wakefield, when writing on this subject, children's prayers, says:—"Let me urge upon parents the enormous importance of this subject. I cannot exaggerate that importance. Until there is real prayer there is not the first foundation of the Christian life. As James Montgomery says, 'Prayer is the Christian's vital breath'; that is, the soul can no more live without prayer than the body without breathing. Oh, parents, do teach your little ones to be real with God. He does not ask them to be long on their knees, but He does ask for real prayer, and not sham prayer. It is a terrible thing to offer shams to the God of Truth; and the prayer uttered by the lips but not spoken by the heart, is a sham prayer. God help us all to be more real in prayer ourselves, and then we shall know better how to teach our children to pray."

In regard to the second part of the subject—the prayers of the children in the Sunday school—the question to consider is, How we may get their attention to this matter? As an occasional teacher only, I have always felt, when taking a class, that this inattention to prayer was the greatest difficulty to contend with. Could we not bring the matter before the children in a more definite manner? I would suggest that a teacher should encourage the members of his or her class to thoughtfulness on this by getting them to find one or two texts about prayer during the week. These might be written out on a card which the teacher would provide. Another week, more might be found and written on the same card or on another. In this way the study of the Bible would be encouraged; while at the same time the children would, it is hoped, be impressed with the importance and the privilege of prayer. I think also that occasionally a few words of reminder spoken solemnly to the children from the desk just before the opening or closing prayer would be helpful; and would it not be possible to introduce sometimes a short sentence in which all could join, such as, "Lord Jesus, be with us, and bless us this afternoon?"

One cannot fail to notice that many of the children in the school do not attempt to pray at all. They spend the time in looking about them, if indeed they do not, by whispering and fidgeting, distract the attention of the rest. As teachers we must take notice of this with the individual children. While wishing by bowed head and closed eyes to give them an example of reverence in prayer, it is also our duty to see that the children are attentive. Perhaps just a word whispered in the ear before the prayer begins, or a word or two after the class is over, may help the child to think. If we could get the children to pray for themselves, child life in our Homes, and in the Sunday school, would indeed be rich with joy and blessing.

L. C.

DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER IV.



CERTAINLY Jill was very restless that morning, the morning of Christmas Eve. Backwards and forwards to the door she went; and Dorothy, who was tying up her presents for the next day, was quite tired of opening it for her. And then, no sooner was she out, than she wanted to come in again. And then, she would sit shivering beside Dorothy, giving pitiful little whines from time to time.

"What do you want, Jilly, dear?" she asked. "I'm much too busy to take you out just now. You must be a patient, good dog, and, perhaps, after I've done all my presents up, I'll take you for a run. We'll go and see my Christmas tree!" with a little sigh.

But Jill was not to be put off with vague promises. She shivered still more, and the whines grew into yaps; and then she ran to the window, and barked loudly. What was the matter with her this morning, a dog who generally spent the greater part of her day sleeping a smiling sleep before the fire, except when Dorothy went out?

"Well, I suppose you *must* come out, or you won't be satisfied," said Dorothy in despair.

It was just such another morning as yesterday's had been; cold, sunny, and sparkling. Jill put up her stump of a tail, and dashed off in the direction of the Christmas tree. She was out of sight in a moment.

To look at her, no one would have thought Dorothy had heard eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve strike on the house-clocks last night. Her eyes were as bright as ever: the spectacles, catching and sending off flashes of light from the sun that shone down on the Christmas-world, looked like stars on her forehead; and the plump, sturdy figure that ran down the avenue after Jill was the very picture of health and jollity. Yet, though all that she had seen and heard last night seemed to her a dream, a bewildering dream, too, she had noticed that her mother and Aunt Margaret were both sadder and more silent than usual; though they talked to her brightly about the presents which she was to give away on the morrow. Her Grandfather was not so well; Dorothy got very red when she heard this, for she had told no one of her being with him in the library.

"Does crying make people ill sometimes?" she had asked timidly.

"It hurts delicate people to cry: why do you ask, Dorothy?"

She had hung her head in reply, and Mrs. Bingley and her cousin exchanged glances. They had found Mr. Thornhill in tears the evening before, and he had let them comfort him! No wonder, then, that they dreaded what might come next.

Though she was running as fast as she could to the spot where she had shed many bitter tears, they were far from Dorothy's eyes now, as she followed Jill. Across the grass, crunching its crystals under her feet, she went; her cheeks

getting rosier, and the "love-locks," as Aunt Margaret called them, which Jane longed always to put into curl-papers, dancing on either side of them.

"Hulloa, little woman, don't run over me," said a man's voice.

Dorothy stopped short—no, it couldn't be—it was—the same voice, the same "gentleman" who had helped them out of their difficulty with the gate the day before! And there was Jill—naughty Jill—jumping up, and licking the hands of the burglar!

"I hope you didn't lose any of your parcels, eh, Dorothy?" he said pleasantly.

"How do you know my name's Dorothy, when you're a burglar?" she asked quickly, looking at him over her spectacles, in a wise way.

The strange man laughed, and patted Jill.

"Who said I was a burglar?" he asked, with a smile that was, somehow, catching.

"Why, everybody said so; and they were looking for you all over the house last night. Jane thought you were a gentleman, but Nannie said gentlemen didn't hang about people's gates in the dark—and, besides, you've made friends with Jill, and Nannie says burglars always make friends with the dog. So, you see, you must be one!"

The strange man looked very grave; so grave that Dorothy began to feel frightened. What would he do to her?

"I'm not a burglar, Dorothy," he said presently, with a smile, "whatever I am. Now tell me how old you are, and why you wear those big spectacles."

"But you *must* be a burglar, or you wouldn't know my name," persisted Dorothy. "I heard Nannie tell Jane that they always found out about people."

"Do you think I look like a burglar, eh, Dorothy?"

"Jane said you didn't—but how did you know my name?"

The strange man laughed again.

"Tell me why you wear those goggles," he said.

"Why, that's just what Grandfather calls them!" cried Dorothy. "Only, he can't see them. Jane says bad eyes must be in the family, because Grandfather's blind."

The strange man put out his hands, and gave a cry.

"Blind—my father blind—oh, poor old father! and all alone!"

"He's not alone, he's got Mother, and Aunt Margaret, and me, and lots of people," said Dorothy, stoutly; "and he isn't your father, because you're the burglar."

"Tell me about him, Dorothy, about them all"—said the strange man, taking both her hands in his.

She looked up quickly into his face; there was no smile there. It was deadly pale, and his mouth was quivering. There was something in his face that was not strange to her, somehow; and though he held her hands so tightly that he almost hurt her, she was not frightened now. A light came into her eyes; she got very red; could it be—oh, if it should be—Uncle Hugh!

"Are you Uncle Hugh?" she asked, trembling all over.

Something like a smile came over the strange man's face, as he said:

"What do you know about Uncle Hugh?"

"Oh! Grandfather wants you so much, and Mother, and Aunt Margaret," she cried; "and your room's been waiting

for you for years and years, and you've never come! Are you *really* come now, and will you never go away from Grandfather again?"

"Child, are you sure he wants me back?"

"Yes, he does! I know he does!" cried Dorothy. "Oh, Uncle Hugh, it is you—I must tell him directly!"

She was off before he could stop her; nor could he have followed her, for he was trembling all over.

"Blind—oh, poor old father! blind!"

Back over the grass-crystals she went like the wind; into the library—forgetful of quiet. Mr. Thornhill was sitting by the fire—thinking, always the same sad thoughts.

"He's come, Uncle Hugh's come back, Grandfather!" she cried, seizing his hand; "Come to him, do!"

Sorrow has been known to do to death; joy, never.

* * * * *

"I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before Thee"

No one who saw Squire Thornhill come into church that Christmas morning, would have recognised in him the hard, stern man, who had come there year after year. His face was scarcely less beaming now than Dorothy's—Dorothy, who had kept as close to Uncle Hugh, ever since she had found him beside her Christmas tree, as taking care of her Grandfather would allow. Ah! what might *not* have happened had she had her wish about the little tree! And when, after an altogether unprecedented amount of energy in the psalms and hymns, on the part of both choir and organist, the text of the sermon fell upon their ears, there were few dry eyes in the old church, as Squire Thornhill turned his sightless ones to his son, with a look on his face such as those who had known them both in weal and woe had never seen before: "To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; and to guide our feet into the way of peace . . . A little child shall lead them."

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Dorothy's Christmas tree has grown past all recognition now. Under its shade, on the grass where the ice-crystals sparkled that happy morning, is a tiny tombstone, with these words:

JILL: A FAITHFUL DOG
AND FRIEND.

MARCIA TYNDALE.



A Christmas Carol.

A LOWLY Babe is born to-day!
Rejoice! Rejoice!
Ye angels, raise your brightest lay!
Rejoice! Rejoice!
'Tis Jesus Christ, Redeemer, King;
Let heaven and earth with praises ring—
Rejoice! Rejoice!

To earth a Royal Child is given—
Sing praise! Sing praise!
Th' Eternal Son has come from heaven—
Sing praise! Sing praise!
The Lamb of God, from ages slain,
To bring us back to God again—
Sing praise! Sing praise!

Behold! the Man with grief acquaint;
Behold! Behold!
And yet without sin's awful taint—
Behold! Behold!
A Pattern for our daily life,
To show us how to win the strife—
Behold! Behold!

He hangs upon the Cross of wood—
Believe! Believe!
Forgiving, thoughtful, patient, good—
Believe! Believe!
He died, a Substitute for thee,
From guilt of sin to set us free—
Believe! Believe!

He rose a Victor from the grave—
Adore! Adore!
To Death the death-blow Jesus gave—
Adore! Adore!
He passed triumphant up to heaven;
The promised Spirit has been given—
Adore! Adore!

The Son of Man will come again—
Hope on! Hope on!
Will come upon this earth to reign—
Hope on! Hope on!
His sign will flash across the sky;
Lift up your heads! Redemption's nigh!
Hope on! Hope on!

We praise Thee, Saviour, gone above;
We joyful sing!
And unto Thee our hearts' deep love
Rejoicing bring!
In faith we saw Thee crucified,
And hopeful wait Thine Advent-Tide,
Returning King.

JOHN P. HOBSON, M.A.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.

1. What our Lord says men ought always to do and not to faint.
2. What St. Paul says the Christian must do, if he would obtain the prize.
3. One of the remedies used by the Good Samaritan in relieving the wounded traveller.
4. The legacy which Jesus left to His Church.
5. That which is called "the anchor of the soul."
6. One of the passions of which the wise man asks, "Who is able to stand before it?"
7. What Jesus said should not be made "an house of merchandise."

The initials of each word in order place,
And a great office of Christ you trace.

W. G.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Missionary outlook in CHINA is still overcast. The situation continues to be grave, calling for the most earnest prayer on the part of the Christian church. Dr. Gracey, in a calmly-reasoned paper in the *Missionary Review of the World*, goes once again into the question of the origin of the riots. He refers to the large number of soldiers pensioned from the time of the Taiping rebellion, who, not needing to work for a living, are free to foment and encourage difficulties. He says these men "became a restless community, wandering over the country, and loafing at the opium den—that unit of all the organized vice and devilry of China, and to some extent the political unit too of the masses, as against all order as well as against the party in power in the Government." How this opium business stares us again and again in the face! Another factor, Dr. Gracey continues, "is the secret societies of China." The existence of these, he thinks, has been too much overlooked. With a semi-religious basis, many of them form a most serious obstacle to continued peace and prosperity. Mr. Hudson Taylor, who is at the present time in Shanghai, and is of course in communication with many of the affected parts, accepts the view set forth by the *Times* correspondent in the following passage: "On the whole, therefore, though in the present extremely sensitive and anxious condition of the Europeans in China we shall probably hear many alarming rumours from that country, it is probable that the worst of the outbreak is over, and that Europeans have nothing further to fear for their lives."

Mr. TAYLOR has seen no reason to delay the sending out of more missionaries. In a recent letter he writes:—"I referred to the sisters leaving Ta-ku-t'ang, and mentioned that, subsequent to their doing so, the local official was unable to restrain the soldiers from doing a little looting. After a short stay in Kiu-kiang, the sisters went back again, and fortunately found that very little damage had been done. The report that I mentioned about the burning of the Mission premises at Wu-ch'en was also incorrect, as was a similar report, which found its way into the daily papers, that our premises at Sha-shi had been burnt. Through God's goodness we have been kept in peace in all our stations, and the proclamations that have been put out prohibiting rioting have done good, and helped our brethren in Kiang-si, at Chang-shu, near Ling-kiang Fu, and in a small town near to Kan-chau, so that they have succeeded in renting premises."

Dr. GRIFFITH JOHN, of the London Mission, Hankow, is, notwithstanding all the troubles, full of gladness at the prospect of the opening of Hunan to the Gospel in consequence of the Imperial Edict now posted everywhere in the province. He describes this as a "noble province" and the people as "comparatively brave, manly and straightforward." But they knew their powers, and are in consequence "proud, exclusive, and anti-foreign to a degree extraordinary even in China." Dr. John concludes: "I have never ceased to pray for the opening of Hunan, and my heart is full of joy and thankfulness at the prospect of seeing my prayer answered. The opening of Hunan will tell powerfully on the whole Empire, and especially on the temper of the people in all the surrounding region. It will also greatly further the missionary enterprise in China. We have a number of Hunan men among our converts, and they are, taking them all in all, the finest specimens we can boast of. Missionary work in Hunan will move apace when once the province is thrown open. Should the province be opened up in the immediate future you must not expect me to wait till I receive instructions from home before entering in. I shall feel it to be my duty to go and take possession at once. Our Hunan converts are the very men we shall need as helpers, and we shall have no difficulty in manning Yoh-Chow, Siang-tan, and Chang-teh at once."

In reference to the call of the London Missionary Society for one hundred new missionaries during the next four years,

and for an additional 25,000*l.* of income, Dr. John says:—"You are taking a bold step with regard to the hundred more missionaries which you propose to send into heathen lands within the next four years. I glory in your faith, and believe that God will honour it. There is nothing too hard for the Lord. Had we been walking more by faith and less by sight in the past we should have seen greater things. Your faith and courage will stimulate your missionaries all the world over."

ONE of the most successful mission centres in China is that at Amoy. From the parent station a number of native churches have sprung, and the missionaries are among the most devoted men. A *Dalziel* telegram contains the following disquieting news: "An epidemic of cholera is reported from Amoy. Hundreds have died, including a number of English and American missionaries. The Chinese were dying by hundreds. Coffins are being brought from the interior, the local supply not being equal to the requirements. There were signs of mourning on nearly every doorstep. In the villages the people, instead of taking preventive measures, spent their time in worshipping the 'God of Sickness and Death,' and a great deal of money was being spent in burning sacrifices and acting plays to appease this terrible deity."

THE Religious Tract Society, which has now used 204 languages, dialects or characters for publication work, has added one more to the long list. The Rev. John Batchelor, of the Church Missionary Society, Hakodate, Japan (said to be the only foreigner who understands the language), has made a request for help to issue something for the Ainu of Japan. This aboriginal tribe speaks a language which goes by the name *Ainu*, and Mr. Batchelor has reduced it to writing. In the first instance, a very humble beginning will be made, and some illustrated sheets and pictures with letterpress descriptions will be issued.

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, as a result of her two years' travel among missionary states in the East, pleads for a great increase in the number of labourers. From Arabia she passed to India, then to Kashmir, and on to the devoted Moravian missionaries in Thibet. On reaching Persia, Mrs. Bishop became overpoweringly impressed with the "absolute need of increasing missionary effort a thousand-fold." "Just think," she exclaimed, "from Karachi to Bagdad, among the populous cities and villages of the Persian Gulf, of the Tigris and Euphrates, throughout Arabia, throughout south and south-west Persia not a missionary!"

The great autumn gatherings of the Christian churches in England have met as usual, and there have been special features attaching to each, which will leave their influence far and wide for many days. The Church Congress held its meetings at Rhyll, under the presidency of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and was attended by no less than 3250 members. On all hands is discernible a deep undercurrent of desire for a closer co-operation and sympathy in common work in the presence of the many forces which tend to disunite. It remains to be seen whether the present barriers which divide the visible Church of Christ will nevertheless allow of more united effort against the special evils of the time. The recognition that these evils are great, and must be earnestly fought, is, in some directions, certainly closing the ranks of the Christian army. In others, the tendency is to make wider the breach, and to emphasize the non-essential matters which divide. Referring to this, the *Guardian* says: "Lord Nelson's thoughtful paper traced, we think, the practicable limits of common action between Church and Nonconformity. In the neutral zone of philanthropy and social improvement, those who disagree may well learn in useful intercourse each other's weaknesses and strength, and train themselves to respect each other's principles." There are, already, many proofs existing of the perfect harmony which is possible in Christian and philanthropic

work undertaken by men of different ecclesiastical principles. Some of the noblest societies since the beginning of the century have been conducted on this common basis, and receive evident tokens of the Divine blessing. The Bishop of Manchester's words strike the right note: "Let us pray then, my brethren, that those godly dispositions may grow and increase in all the religious communions of our country; that as time goes on there may be among us less of jealousy and more of brotherly kindness, less of competition, and more of co-operation, less of criticism and more of sympathy, less of interest in the small differences which divide us, and more in the increase and welfare of that kingdom of God of which we all profess to be subjects. We are engaged together in a campaign against sin, ignorance, and unbelief."

As was expected, considerable interest attached to the papers read on the subject entitled "Criticism of Holy Scripture and the Church's gains thereby." The Rev. J. J. Lius, of Cambridge, well illustrated the frequent breaking down of the many theories so dogmatically put forth by some of the more recent assailants of the truth of Holy Scripture. Referring to the fact of the controversy having largely shifted its ground from the New to the Old Testament, he proceeds: "Beaten back on the field of the New Testament, the destructive criticism has betaken itself to the Old, and here the conflict is likely to rage far longer. We cannot appeal, in the case of the Old Testament, to the large body of contemporary or all but contemporary literature, by means of which, in the case of the New, we can bring our analytic critics to book; and therefore pure criticism, in the inquiry into the sources of the Old Testament, for the present, reigns supreme."

THE REV. PROFESSOR SANDAY concluded his paper thus: "I feel obliged to say that there were points in the paper read for Archdeacon Wilson to which I could not assent—points which exemplify my reasons for the line which I have just been taking. I do not think that the time for summing-up exactly as was done in this paper has yet come. I do deprecate taking as 'results' and 'conclusions' all that is sometimes so called. And it is for this very reason that I have commended the patient study of facts which seem remote, but are not really so remote as they seem."

In the discussion on the "Society System and its improvement," Mr. Eugene Stock, of the Church Missionary Society, made a vigorous protest against the idea promulgated by some of absorbing the great missionary and other societies into an organization under one vast ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and closed with this earnest appeal: "Criticism does not disturb us. But there is one thing that does disturb us, and that is the apathy of the Church as a whole to the tremendous obligations laid upon it. So long as the evangelisation of the world is regarded as merely one of a hundred objects to which it is the proper thing to subscribe; so long as the Lord's supreme commission is the last thing thought of or cared for by the majority of clergy and congregations; so long as our sons may go to India as servants of the Queen, but not as messengers of the King of kings; so long as our daughters may marry Bengal civilians or Australian merchants but not missionaries, still less go themselves with a woman's sympathy to their sisters in heathen darkness—so long there is far more pressing and important work to be done than the correction of the faults of our missionary societies. Let both clergy and laity wake up to their responsibilities, and realise that if they are Christ's faithful soldiers and servants, their first and highest duty is to extend His kingdom. Let them gird themselves to the task of winning back to His allegiance those now in conscious or unconscious rebellion against Him."

THE Baptist Union met at Manchester, presided over by a layman, Colonel Griffin, who, in an interesting review, called attention to the great expansion of Christian effort and missionary progress during the last forty years. He took as his starting-point the year of the first Exhibition in 1851, a year which was fondly hoped would look down upon a long vista of peace. This hope was disappointed, and yet with all the wars to distract and trouble, the Church of Christ had sought to be faithful to the parting command of the blessed Saviour—"Go ye into all the world." One striking illustration he gave of rapid progress in what had

been called the "Lone Star Mission," among the Telugus. Within a period of twelve years from the entrance of Dr. Clough upon the field, no less than ten thousand natives professed Christ. At the close of twenty-four years, Dr. Clough was able to affirm that of the first converts in that work only one had lapsed from his early profession of faith; many of them had died triumphant Christian deaths, four or five of them are still preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, and one of them has been instrumental in turning hundreds to Jesus Christ. Nor has the heavenly fire burned itself out. In the last quarter of last year over two thousand converts to Christianity were baptized.

THE meetings of the Congregational Union concluded the series of recent gatherings of the Christian Churches. They were held at Southport, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Brown, of Bedford, the biographer of Bunyan. Universal testimony is borne to the deeply spiritual tone of the whole proceedings. Many declared that such a season had never been spent in connection with the meetings which have now been held annually for sixty years. A long period of yearning for greater manifestations of the Holy Spirit, and earnest prayer for richer blessings and more extended usefulness was answered by oneness of heart. The key-note was struck in the opening sermon of the Rev. George S. Barrett of Norwich, whose subject was "The Burden of Souls." The preacher said: "Never were so many people actively engaged in works of benevolence and mercy, and in all this we rejoice; but this extraordinary compassion for the bodily suffering of men only makes me ask the more anxiously, is there the same concern for the sin and guilt of men? Are you Christian people who are ready with your help, ready with your sympathy, ready with your tears in any case of real distress—are you as ready with your sorrow for the deeper sickness of the soul? You may have wept as you have witnessed some sad spectacle of woe—have you ever wept in secret as you thought of those who 'are the enemies of the Cross of Christ, and whose end is destruction'? . . . Is it not a fact that some of the churches have settled down into a complacent contentment with their own religious privileges; that they have become churches of respectable people who are well-nigh deaf to the 'bitter cry' going up to heaven from the unsaved multitudes around them; that they are coming to look on the indifference, the godlessness, the drunkenness, the lust, which mocks the name of Christian England, as evils it is hopeless to expect utterly to destroy; that many professing Christians live a long life without ever speaking one word to save a soul."

A REMARKABLE testimony comes from a Russian gentleman, a government official, who is now lecturing in this country. Speaking of Russian social life, and referring to eating, drinking, and smoking customs, he says: "Drunkenness is common among all classes, the one exception to the rule being the Russian Stundists who abstain from alcohol and tobacco." And yet these same simple-minded Christians are harried and persecuted, and their leaders are banished. Some idea of the magnitude of Russian drinking habits may be gained from the Government estimate, from which it appears that 253,358,580 roubles is derived from spirits, while the total amount paid for public instruction is, only 22,287,507 roubles.

THE successor to Dr. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, is the Rev. Francis Paget, D.D., Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford. He is the second son of Sir James Paget the distinguished surgeon.

THE obituary of the month includes the names of the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, converted fifty years ago through the preaching of the Rev. Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, and who has been a Presbyterian missionary; the eminent Biblical scholar, Dr. F. H. A. Scrivener, Prebendary of Exeter and Vicar of Hendon, Middlesex, at the ripe age of seventy-eight; the Right. Hon. W. H. Smith, Leader of the House of Commons, who has left behind him a character for uprightness and common-sense; the Right. Hon. H. Cecil Raikes, Postmaster-General, whose name was well known in connection with various movements in the Church of England; and whose voice was heard not infrequently at the Church Congresses.