

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

TOM HERON OF SAX.

A STORY OF REVIVAL TIMES.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

CHAPTER IX.—THE PRISONERS AT YORK.

"**I** TELL thee I'll stand it no longer. I wish with all my heart every Methodist amongst them was drowned in the bottom of the sea. They come to a place and turn it into a very hell upon earth, and then they go off elsewhere to do the like there," and Tom Heron wound up his anathema by some terrible oaths and words of blasphemy, which made even Luke Crowder shudder as he stood.

Tom had strong motive for this sudden outburst of fury. For the past three days his mother had been stretched upon her pallet bed in the dark cottage, falling every six hours or thereabouts into a perfect frenzy of terror and agony, screaming out that the devil was about to carry her away, and shrieking for the "Methodists" to come and save her. Her brother-in-law Samson had been invaluable at this time, and had done something towards soothing the wild paroxysms of what appeared like demoniacal possession; but when he had sent for Mr. Latham to see if he could be of any assistance to the poor creature, she had fallen into a worse fury than ever, raving at and cursing the clergyman and all such as he, vituperating them with every evil epithet she could call up, and bidding him begone before she tore his eyes out. Then she fell once more to crying out for some holy man, by which she meant one of the Methodist preachers; and so matters went on hour after hour and day after day, till Tom's patience and temper were alike exhausted, and he was resolved at all costs to take himself off from his miserable home.

His uncle had once said something to him about the advisability of trying to get some one to come to his mother—one of these Methodists for whom she was always crying out; but with a great oath Tom had declared that he would break the head of the first of them who dared to cross the threshold of his home. Moreover it was openly announced in Sax that Madam was deeply displeased at the way in which its inhabitants had flocked to hear Whitefield, and that the first of them who took any open step, either in joining themselves to the Methodists or in inviting one of them to enter the village on any pretext whatever, would be promptly ejected from his cottage, and be forced to take up his abode elsewhere.

Tom was more utterly wretched and reckless during those days than he remembered ever being in his life before. Drink, swear, and game as he would, he could not get out of his head those terrible words of doom which one day he knew must be pronounced against him, when he

should rise and stand before that awful judgment throne, and be bidden to "Depart" from the face of God. In his dreams he saw, night after night, the hot red flames from the pit rising up to devour him, and would wake in a lather of heat and terror, often to hear from the adjoining room the voice of his mother screaming out in the same hopeless helpless terror. True, little Molly would creep sometimes to his side and whisper that there was a way of escape out of all the darkness, misery and terror; but she was only a timid child, and her comprehension greatly exceeded her power of expression. She had drunk in the teaching of the lady of Ernscliff, but she was not able to reproduce it; and though she managed to keep her serenity and faith amid these trying scenes, her witness was but the silent one of a child's faith, and produced no impression upon Tom.

He had worked like a fury at the forge all day. Samson had been frequently called off to the unhappy woman in the cottage hard by, but Tom had done double duty, and had felt as if he was venting some of the bitterness and wrath which he cherished against all the world as he struck with his sledge-hammer-blows the molten iron on the anvil, and watched the showers of sparks as they flew around him. There were times when those sparks recalled the fires of hell to his ardent but untrained imagination, and he would rush from the forge into the outer air gasping for breath, great beads of moisture standing on his brow. It was on such an occasion as this that he suddenly encountered Luke Crowder, and vented his restless trouble of spirit in wild denunciation of those whom he regarded as the main cause of all his disquietude.

"Ay, for sure they do a power of mischief," answered the publican's son readily enough, "why, 'twas only yesterday as our cousin from Leeds came over to see us, and he said as the Methodists were fair ruining his trade there. He had as good a business as any one in the town once, and now these preachers go stirring up the people and skeering them with hell fire and judgment, till they are afraid so much as to spend a sixpence with a neighbour, and do nothing but get together with their Bibles, and worry themselves half daft about saving their souls. Bless thee, Tom, if it takes such a power of trouble to get one's soul saved, I'd as lief go without one. I've no patience with such foolery."

"It's all a pack of lies!" cried Tom, his eyes flashing ominously, "I tell thee, Luke, I've had a deal more than I can stand. I'm pretty

well desperate now. I'll go off for a bit somewhere and let it all blow over. Maybe when I come back things will be quieter again. Trust Madam to put all the foolery down as fast as it can be put."

It was not unusual for Tom to take himself off in unceremonious fashion from time to time when the roving fit came upon him. Luke was by no means surprised at the announcement: he only asked where his friend thought of going.

"I don't know, and I don't care—anywhere out of the way of these accursed Methodists. Happen, I'll walk the moors over and fill myself with air, and bathe in the lakes and see naught of men. Happen, I'll go to sea and sail round the world—I don't know what I'll do."

"If I was thee, I'd go to York," said Luke Crowder, "there'll be fine doings there next month."

"What doings?"

"Why don't thee know?—them Jacobite prisoners are to be executed: and it'll be a fine sight to see. Thee knows they cut them down only half dead and cuts out their false hearts and throws them on the fire. I'd go and see that, if I were thee, Tom. There'll be a power of fine folks there, and it'll make thee forget all these mad fools have been saying."

Tom's eyes brightened. There was something of the savage in him still, and he lived in an age where it was fashionable to delight in cruel and bloody spectacles. Moreover it was regarded as a proof of loyalty to the King to hate and hold up to reprobation the Jacobites and their cause: and it was still more commonly reported, amongst the ignorant and educated alike, that the Methodists were almost to a man Jacobites in disguise. So the idea of witnessing these executions appeared to Tom to partake somewhat of the nature of an act of vengeance, and his mind was quickly made up.

"I'll go; I'm glad thee told me, Luke. Will thee come with me?"

"Nay, nay, I'm none so fond of a long tramp these muddy days," answered Luke, who was too much wedded to the bar of his father's house of entertainment to care to stray far away, "thee can go, and tell us about it afterwards."

Samson Heron made no objection when he heard that Tom was going away for a time. The autumn was upon them, work was somewhat slacker than it had been. He had noticed all through the summer how restless and wild the youth had been, and he knew it would be useless to attempt the smallest remonstrance. Tom's home was certainly a wretched place, and it might do the lad good to leave it for a while. To Samson it certainly appeared as though there had come small good to Sax from the infusion of the Methodist element into the village.

Tom had a few adieux to pay, one of them being to the Dawsons of Sheepwold Farm. He had not been very assiduous in his attentions to Meg of late. The summer months are busy ones at a farm-house, and Janet Dawson worked like a trooper herself and expected her daughter to do the same. Moreover she was by no means encouraging to Tom when he did appear. She

looked upon him as a vessel of wrath; and although, from her point of view, he was hardly to be blamed for this, she was by no means sure that she approved him for her daughter, though she knew that her husband was not averse to the match, and was often heard to express it as his opinion that Tom Heron was a fine young fellow at heart, and that if he could be settled down with a good and thrifty wife in a comfortable home of his own, his friends and neighbours would scarce know him for the same when a twelvemonth had passed over his head.

Tom was received very cordially by Meg this bright autumn evening, as he strolled into the kitchen to find her alone there, laying the spotless white table for supper. The sharp tongue of the mother kept suitors and visitors alike at a distance, and it was something of an event for a neighbour to drop in to supper in a friendly way.

Tom asked after all the party, and heard for the first time with surprise that Nanny, the eldest daughter, had gone out to service.

"Why, I thought your father would have kept her at home, he was always so fond of her; and there always seemed plenty for everybody to do up here."

Meg looked cautiously round the kitchen, and came a step nearer.

"Don't speak of it before mother—but Nanny took up with Methodist notions. Father has got them, thee knows, and he talked a bit to her: but the real harm, as mother calls it, was done when she went to stay with some cousins of ours not so very far away. She was there six weeks, I think, and she came back a Methodist all over. You know what mother is. Well, there was no peace in the house after that, and the end of it was that Nanny went to service. She was always handy with her needle and clever with her fingers, and she got the place of lady's maid to Mrs. Irene Fortescue, and she's with her still and very happy, she says. Mother was glad enough to send her there. She said that in Madam's house she would soon get all the nonsense knocked out of her."

"I wonder Madam would have her."

"You see Madam knows nothing about her servants herself, and the housekeeper is a friend both of father and mother. She thought well of Nanny, and told her that all she had to do was to keep her place and be quiet, and nobody would trouble her. She was glad enough to go, and there she is; and though I miss her sadly, it's better to have her gone than to have all that quarrelling and bickering—one grew fair sickened with it day after day."

Tom's face darkened. It was the same story, he said to himself, everywhere! Wherever these Methodists went they sowed seeds of misery and discord. Houses were divided, children alienated from their parents, lives rendered utterly and hopelessly miserable, and all for some new-fangled, mystic doctrine which only seemed to contain elements of reason whilst it was being set before the people by its own advocates. For his own part he would shake off the very dust from his feet against these men, and dismiss their words and warnings from his mind.

He had gone up to the farm with a lingering idea of returning by the field-path which led close to Ernscliff, animated by a half formed hope that he might by chance catch a glimpse of the sweet face of Mistress Mary as he passed: but with this harder, harsher mood upon him he resolved to abandon that hope. Janet Dawson always acted upon him as an irritant. He left her house in an embittered frame of mind. He thought that she ought to treat him differently, since he too so cordially hated her foes the Methodists. But she was just as stern and harsh in her judgment of him as before; and, as usual, he shortened his visit and escaped in an uneasy and irritable frame of mind. He was distinctly resolved on one thing—with religion in any of its forms he would have nothing whatever to do. There was no possible means of finding out where the truth lay, and religion appeared to him little better than denunciation—every sect condemning the whole of the world save an elect few to eternal damnation: and, Tom said to himself, as he swung homewards in the dewy autumnal moonlight, that if he had to perish everlastingly in the end, he would at least try to get all the amusement and pleasure out of life that it afforded.

Early upon the following morning Tom left his home and started for a solitary ramble amongst the moors, preparatory to going to York. He took leave only of little Molly, who clung to him passionately but did not beg him to stay. She knew that he was unhappy, and she felt herself quite unequal to the task of comforting him, but she loved him with such a loyal and faithful love that she was certain he would learn happiness some day, as she, in her simple, childish fashion, had learned it from the lips of the Lady of Ernscliff.

Tom had hitherto been fond of the wild moors and their grand solitariness: but for some unknown reason he could not endure the loneliness now. He had fled away from his village because life among his comrades there seemed unendurable, and yet he found that it was still more unbearable to be face to face with silent nature.

The early autumn tints of the north were upon the trees. The heat, which had lasted far through the summer and autumn, was giving place to a crisp sharpness that was invigorating, and yet seemed to tell of coming change and decay. Everything reminded him of death stealing slowly, slowly onwards, veiled for a time, but ever stealthily approaching; and sometimes the horror of the thought almost drove him mad. Why had he been born into a world where only death was certain and sure? What right had God—if there were a God—to send him into the world to live there a few short and joyless years, and then to doom him to eternal misery and woe? Janet Dawson had told him he had been so doomed from all eternity, and the thought caused his heart to swell with a deep and impotent hatred against the God who had made him only to damn him. True, the Methodists, according to some, pointed out a way of escape from the eternal fire, but it appeared to Tom to

be a way hopelessly closed to such as himself. He had never understood what repentance was—he knew nothing of the hope that those preachers held out. He remembered the graphic pictures drawn of hell fire, of the white judgment throne: but the words he might once have heard of the merciful love of a dying Saviour had fallen upon deaf ears. Even had he attended, Tom would not have believed that the love could be for such as he was. He knew the evil of his life, the blackness of his heart. He had heard again and again that no sinner could approach unto God, therefore he was convinced that if there were truth in any of the doctrines preached, he was a lost soul; and in reckless hardihood he alternately strove to cast belief and memory to the winds, or to swear with many blasphemous oaths that he did not care if he did die eternally—he would make the most of the life that was his to do with as he would.

But solitude he could not stand, and very soon he found himself in the gay city of York. Just now it was gayer than ever. There had been a great ball there recently, in honour of (though long after) the victory of Culloden, and now the city was all agog to witness the execution of the criminals, who had been long incarcerated in the castle, and were to be speedily brought out to their doom.

Tom took up his quarters in an old-fashioned public-house of no very reputable character, situated in Pound Lane. He was a man who soon made friends, and as he was an excellent pugilist, understood cock-fighting and bull-baiting in all its details, and had money in his pocket more than sufficient for his needs, he rapidly became a popular character in the house; and in days and nights of rioting and pleasure he speedily forgot the haunting uneasiness of his lonely moments, and was, as he termed it, "himself again."

The first batch of political prisoners was executed upon the first day in November, and the second on the Saturday following. Tom was there with his boon companions on both occasions, and witnessed the horrible scene with that stolid curiosity and sense of fascination that is so inexplicable and yet so inseparable from human nature in its ruder phase of development. The prisoners were drawn on sledges from the Castle to the Tyburn of York, and there the ceremony was carried out in all its barbarity.

Tom stood it upon the first occasion without flinching, but sometimes in the night the horror of the thing would come back upon him, and he vowed he would not go near the place again. Yet when the following Saturday arrived, and his companions took it for granted that he would make one of their party, he was ashamed to draw back, and fortified himself with strong drink for the scene he would again have to witness. "Why should he care, when nobody else did?" he asked himself fiercely. He did not know what a powerful imagination he possessed as compared with his comrades, nor what a weapon that could become for his own distress and punishment. All the time as he moved along to the Tyburn he was saying to himself:—

"It might have been myself. I was all for

fighting for him when I saw Prince Charles riding through the streets of Derby so gaily and so proud. Suppose it had been I—led out to die that death! Suppose it had been I?”

His nerves were all vibrating with emotion as he stood in the crowd that gloomy day. Hard living and more drinking than he was accustomed to had unbinged his faculties, and rendered him the prey of every wild and fevered thought. He had come so to identify himself with the prisoners who were that day to die, as he stood shivering in the expectant crowd, that by the time the sledges appeared, and he saw upon one a tall dark-eyed muscular young fellow not unlike himself, he could scarce restrain a cry of horror, for he felt in very truth as if he himself were about to meet his doom.

Walking beside the black-haired prisoner was a quiet-looking, sandy-haired man, who appeared to be conversing very earnestly with the condemned. Tom, whose faculties were entirely engrossed by this one man, took note of this fact, whilst almost immediately it became known to the crowd, and a scornful hooting laugh arose.

“There be the Methodists—at their old game—always after the prisoners! What good does he think he’ll do un now?”

And then Tom understood that the meek-looking little man was a Methodist, and that he was trying to comfort the soul of the condemned man, and to cheer him through the coming ordeal.

A strange wave as of personal gratitude swept over Tom as he stood there. He had identified himself so completely with this one prisoner that, to his over-excited imagination, it seemed as though the Methodist preacher had come to him in his hour of dire need. With parted lips and straining eyes he gazed upon the haggard face of the condemned, and saw it illuminated by a strange smile that had an element of triumph.

The crowd was breathlessly watching the executioner: but Tom’s eyes were immovably fixed upon this last pair. All at once he saw them move. The prisoner bent the knee and bowed his head. The other man laid a hand upon it and his lips moved. Then he stood aside and the young man arose, shook back his head and firmly mounted the scaffold steps. Tom saw his face more clearly than ever, and there was no fear upon it, no defiance, no sorrow. His eyes were shining as though he had had a glimpse of something beyond. Tom gazed at him for a moment in mute amaze, and then turned his head away. A few moments of breathless silence, and then the words of the executioner:—

“Gentlemen, behold the heart of the last traitor!”

A wild cheer answered this announcement: but Tom’s voice, was silent. Shuddering and sick at heart, he pushed his way through the crowd, striving to shake off his companions, which was easy enough to do, and only pausing when he found himself in a quiet side-street, away from the hideous sights and sounds which he felt would haunt him to his dying day.

“It might have been me,” he was saying to himself over and over again, “and if it had been, where should I be now?”

He could not stand still, the tumult of his mind drove him on and on. He did not know in what direction he moved, and so, perhaps, it was scarcely to be wondered at that he should find himself at last in the open space where the scaffold stood. The crowd had partially melted, but in one corner a smaller group had gathered, and Tom, looking vacantly round him, saw that the centre of this assembly was the small sandy-haired man, who had stood beside him (so it seemed to him at least) in the hour of his direst need. Dashing his hand across his eyes to try and clear his faculties, Tom drew near to listen, and as he did so he heard these words:—

“And, oh think, my friends; think and take it home to your hearts; if the death of this poor mortal body is such a fearful and terrible thing, what will the death of the immortal soul be like?—the death that never kills—the death that never dies? Oh, hear and heed and repent, I beseech you, dear brothers: for the day will as assuredly come to you, as to our brothers who have gone from us to-day—the day and the hour of death. Take heed that ye be found walking in meekness, and faith, and righteousness, that the death of the body be not likewise the death of the soul!”



A PATRIARCH OF MISSIONS.

IN 1799—the same year which witnessed the foundation of the Religious Tract Society—a life began in Edinburgh, which was associated with most of the religious and benevolent movements of the present century. The Rev. G. D. Cullen was in early life connected with the Haldanes, and their successors, whose labours were so greatly blessed in this and other lands. Having finished his University career at Glasgow, under the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw and the Rev. Greville Ewing, Mr. Cullen was ordained pastor of a Congregational Church in Leith. One of his helpers there was the Rev. W. Swan, his brother-in-law, previously well-known as a missionary and traveller in Russia and Siberia; and one of his deacons was the late Sir George Harvey, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Dr. Lindsay Alexander was admitted to the fellowship of the Church under Mr. Cullen’s ministry. In 1857 he resigned his charge, and thenceforth took active part in many Congregational and other affairs. He was Secretary of the Theological Hall, and for fifty years managed the affairs of the Congregational Ministers’ Widows’ Fund. His labours were not confined to his own denomination. Of the Leith Sailors’ Home, the Edinburgh City Mission, Ragged and Industrial Schools, and the National Bible Society of Scotland he was a director. But his chief delight was in missionary enterprises, and he was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Medical Society, a new and successful movement in foreign missions. He attended the meeting in the house of the late Dr. Abercrombie, in 1841, when that Society was founded; and he remained the sole survivor of the original band, seldom absent from the Board meetings, and living till within a few weeks of the jubilee celebration of that Society. The glory of God and the good of men occupied his chief thoughts through his long career of usefulness; and his memory will be held in lasting honour. He died on October 1st, 1891, aged 92.

THOUGHTS AND BY-THOUGHTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," "GLEANINGS AFTER HARVEST," ETC.

"LETHE."

IN the old Greek story there was said to be a place called "Hades," or the Unseen Land.

In this, as everybody knows, was Tartarus, or the place of punishment for the wicked; and Elysium, or the place of happiness for the heroic:

Who—they fabled—trouble ended, in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

And through these Elysian fields there meandered a calm and peaceful river, called "Lethe," or the River of Forgetfulness. There the happy spirits, released from the burden of the flesh, might drink. And straightway those waters of Oblivion would "rase out" from the brain all troubles written there, and bring, to the toils and turmoils of the past, such a "sweet oblivious antidote," that the very remembrance of them should be forgotten. No sad memories of the old weary earth-life were to rise, pale spectres from the dead Past, with haunting trouble in their familiar eyes. "Sorrow vanquished; labour ended." Yes; and, by means of the water of forgetfulness, every trace of them on the mind washed away.

"A consummation," some might say:—"a consummation devoutly to be wished!" How welcome, those lethargic waters! The old weary worries, failures, disappointments; the rankling unkindnesses; the wrongs received, aye, and still worse, the wrongs inflicted; bitter memories of neglected opportunities, of occasions let pass; the dismal array of sins and shortcomings; the slips, the falls; the harm done by these, to self, and, worst of all, to others; how blessed the waters of Lethe, flowing in the Quiet Land! Unavailing regrets wearing the soul no longer; self-reproach silenced:

Silenced, too, the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And the dirge from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears.

How grateful the long draught of oblivion, in the calm Elysian fields!

There seems something of this feeling, in the choice, by the patriarch Joseph, of a name for his first-born son.

Joseph called the name of the first-born, Manasseh (that is, "Forgetting"),

For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my Father's house.

All my Father's house? We cannot restrain a thought of wonder and of disappointment, at finding not even excepted the fond old Father, from whose life the deep shadow would have been lifted by a word from his living darling, whom he mourned as dead. For some reason,

however, not recorded, that word was not sent, although access to Egypt was easy enough. And now that Joseph had found a new home in the land of Egypt, and was exalted and honoured there, he seems to have found relief in putting aside, altogether, the bitter past. The petty persecutions, and even fierce hate, of his jealous brethren; the selling into slavery, and then the false accusation which cast him into prison, where

The iron entered into his soul,
Until the time came that his cause was known:
The word of the Lord tried him;
The prince of the people let him go free.

It was all past, now; and now, let the remembrance of it depart! Let a new era commence with the gift to him, in the land of his adoption, of a first-born; and, to mark this, let the child's name be called "Manasseh," that is, "Forgetting." The waters of Lethe seemed as a refreshment to the Patriarch's tired mind.

But there is, really, no truth in the old Greek myth. There is no draught of the water of Oblivion awaiting the souls in the Unseen Land. Rather must we, when we pass from the body, drink of the water of Remembrance of the Past. And, in truth, distinct and clear will that past stand out before the mind, at the Great Day of doom. The books will be opened, and one of these will be God's Book of Remembrance, and one of them will be our own. And from the writing of these books each will be judged; yea, each will pronounce self-judgment on the ground of the record written there. And, even for the saved, would not, then, a draught of the forgetful River be welcome? Records connected with shame, and with guilt and unfaithfulness! Sin pardoned, indeed, but that can never be undone, nor the dire consequences of it made as though they had not been!

No blotting out a page of the Book of life,
No chance of writing it again.

Cowardice and meanness; the base act; the craven word; denial, in our weak hour, of our Lord, and the bitter self-upbraiding that followed this. To forget all, and to begin all again, with the sin and sorrow of the past forgotten, and as though it never had been;—how sweet the waters of Lethe, even for the happy souls, in the Quiet Land!

And yet, on deeper thought, we are sure that, were it offered, they would refuse the oblivious draught. For, with the drinking it, all must go, the good days of the past, with the bad; the blue days with the days of gloom; with the evil days,

the days of rejoicing too; the sunlight and the calm, together with the hoistings of the storm.

Yes, assuredly there is much in life here, that we should grieve utterly to forget: much that we dearly love to remember. Much that we shall delight to call to mind in the Better Land—the old loves, the glad days. Successes, some, if there were failures many; victories, a few, amid the record of defeats. Aye, the old loves, the loves of childhood, of youth, of age.

We lived and loved together, through many changing years;

We shared each other's gladness; we wept each other's tears.

Nor would we part with the remembrance of these things, nor let the story of our life, with its events and its persons of the drama,—this strange eventful history—be to us as though it never had been. Parents and children to meet, as though strangers; brother and sister, husband and wife, with no tender links of the past to make them more to each other than those who meet for the first time—there are many, assuredly, who would not wish that this should be. When brothers, long parted, meet, even here, is not the dearest talk that which has, for its subject, the past; and do not the fondest memories cling to the days of the old home? That agony, when each helped the other; that gladness, in which both shared; that triumph, in which the exultation was mutual; who, at that happy meeting in the secure Home, would wipe out the remembrance of these things, and leave the past, a blank? "*How they'll greet us!*" we say, now, of our friends, "far away." How dreary the thought of meeting, after all, with unrecognising eyes!

And then the ways of God to us, all through life here—the guiding hand, the over-ruling providence, the Father's ever-developing purpose; His ever watchful care. "This, like the coloured thread which is imbedded in every Navy-rope, great or small," ran, we shall see, through every event and episode, great or small, of our life's story. To trace this, to marvel, and to adore, this will form part of the delighted occupation of the eternal years. We should shun the Lethe-draught that should wash all this from our remembrance.

Then the lessons of bitter or of sweet experience: would we part with these, and have lived life here, and undergone life's wholesome discipline, in vain? The success, that lured us on to higher nobility; the failure and disappointment that, as cold water to hissing iron, steeled and strengthened the soft metal of character; would we forfeit the gain of these, and forego their usufruct? Life, here, is a training, or, as it were, the modelling of the clay, under the Potter's hand, to vessels of beauty and honour. Could we wish to have undergone in vain all that careful moulding and fashioning, and that the delicate and beautiful working of the Artificer should, when completed, be reduced to a blank? Or, having "risen on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things," would we willingly be set on the old level, after mere "labour in vain"?

Life's lessons were hard to learn, and the failures many, and the chastisements painful, and attainment difficult. Would we have all, that we so hardly won, lost in a moment; and the mind sponged, as a slate when the lesson is over? The ten pounds that our one pound gained, would we have all taken from our keeping? nor recognize, amid the bales laid up in Heaven, that stored treasure that is peculiarly our own? The crown prepared for the brow of "him that overcometh,"—how meaningless and without value, if, from the blank mind, all memory of past contests had departed! How useless the harp in the hands of him in whose remembrance remained no story, and in whose heart therefore, was found no song!

No song: No. The waters of Lethe that washed away the remembrance of sin, would also have washed away the remembrance of the Saviour. How should they strike their harps for gladness of redemption, who had forgotten Bethlehem and Gethsemane, and retained, of Calvary, no vision in the mind? How take part in the heavenly antiphons:—

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"

—Perplexed fingers would wander over dull harps, as Heaven awaited our response:—

"Worthy the Lamb?"—Ah, how reply?
What hath He done for us?

The old, old, story would have faded from the mind. The wondrous Birth; the amazing Death: the glorious Resurrection and Ascension of the Lord:—the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the record of His patient striving with us; of His giving words to our inarticulate groanings; of His nearness in our need, and comforting in our grief:—the care and love of our Father in Heaven; His providence, His protection, His tender compassion, and loving-kindness;—all would be gone from the mind, more entirely than a dream when one awaketh. Would we willingly part with these remembrances? Would the Virgin Mary be willing to forget that she bore Him; St. John, that his head lay in His bosom? Nay, it seems to me that *to have sinned* will have at least *this* dearness,—that it gave us *Him*, to be our *Saviour*. God brings good out of evil; and who knows whether, as unfallen beings, we could have been ever so utterly one with Him, as the redeemed are with the Redeemer? He would have created us. Yes. But He would not have *died* for us. That intensity of adoration could never have sprung from unfallen lips:—"*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood!*"

Oh, must we not condone the sin of the First Adam, that gave to us the dearness of the Second?

And who, that loves Him, would forget? What, drink the waters of Lethe, and let Him, forthwith, be no more to us, peculiarly, than He is to the unfallen and unredeemed¹ hosts of the Highest? No. The endurance of the memory

¹ If this be. See Colossians i. 20.

of our sins, will be less intolerable than would be the passing from remembrance of our Saviour.

There are pains and pleasures in memory. There is even, they say, a "joy of grief." We sometimes hug a sad remembrance to us, until we learn to almost love it and could ill spare it, even as a mother's heart yearns over her sickly child. I do not think that we would willingly part, in the great To be, with our sad reminiscences. Why do we constantly, here, call them up, the sadnesses of life, from the grave of the Past, if we would wholly be without them? Sadnesses are born to us, of which yet we have no desire to call the name, "Manassch," that is, "Forgetting." And, in the Land of perfect bliss, may not

A rapture's crown of rapture be remembering sadder things?

Animals remember. But it is the prerogative of man to *call back* to remembrance at his will. Here, only imperfectly, partially. There, perfectly, entirely. Ah, let us take heed, now, what stores we are laying up for reminiscence, then!

One ghastly reminiscence, it is inconceivable could ever be a joy. For one memory, the Lethe-waters would be, surely, eagerly welcomed. The memory of harm, possibly eternal harm, done to

others, may be—to our nearest and dearest. To have injured a soul everlastingly. To have been the instrument of an immortal creature's ruin. There is *hell* in the thought! How endure, even if saved, such remembrances as these? We must leave this problem for God's solving. This, with many another.

But of this we are assured. There are no Lethe-waters, for either lost, or saved, in the world to come. We shall remember, in the Better Land. Old feuds, but with no unkindness; the right seen and owned on both sides. Old ties, broken, shall re-unite. Old loves, that had, we thought, died out, shall revive in the flood of memory's return. Old hopes we shall recall, that God fulfilled, in disappointing; old failures, that in God's plan for us we see to have been successes; dreams that did but foreshadow reality; desert mirages, for which God has given us the true Canaan.

We shall remember, in the Better Land.

But there will be memories and memories. Of some, there must be a pungent ache in the sweetness. Not alike can be the reminiscences of a St. Paul, of a St. John,—and that of the *just saved* rebel. There is warning, as well as comfort, in the thought,—We shall remember, in the Better Land.

Wilderness !

Canticles viii. 5.

A N eager heart, a busy life
Crowded with anxious care;
A life that is so full of work
It has no time for prayer—
A "Wilderness" where earth-born growths
Shut out the light and air.

A slothful heart, an aimless life,
That dreams the hours away;
A heart that does not care to work
And does not dare to pray—
A "Wilderness" of dim desires
Most desolate and grey.

A careless heart, a thoughtless life,
A mirage bright and fair
Of silver wave and palm-tree shade
Mocking the desert glare—
A "Wilderness" for all the gleam
Of fancied waters there.

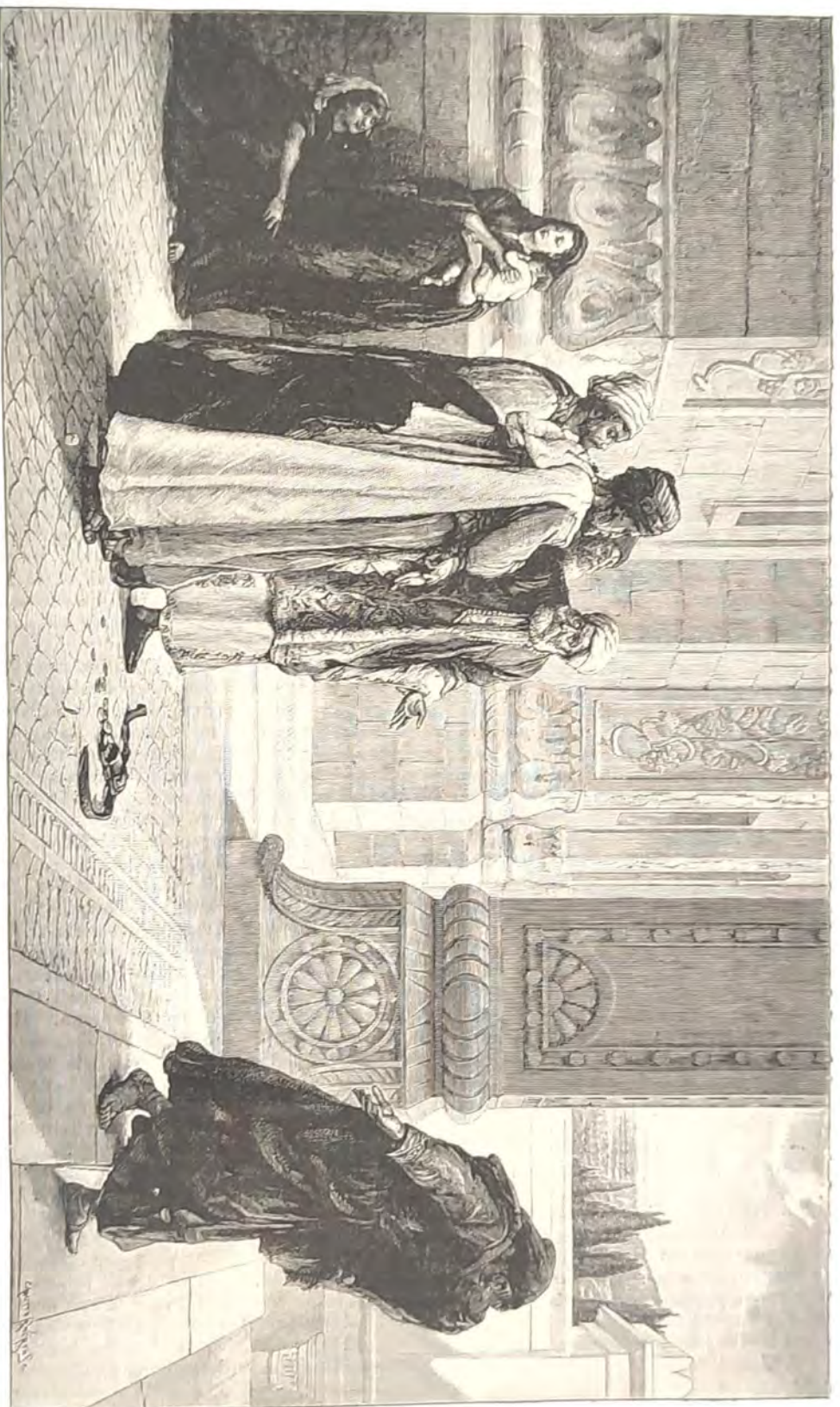
A smitten heart, a frozen life,
Where reigns some tyrant woe,
Where bitter thoughts have chilled the soil
Till nothing more can grow—
A "Wilderness" most black and bare
Beneath its veil of snow.

A gloomy life, a fossil heart
Deep buried in the past;
A life that's spent in looking back
On hours fled all too fast—
A "Wilderness" all thick with tombs
Of joys that could not last.

No desert like the heart of man
At strife with death and sin;
No summer drought so fierce and dry
As that which reigns therein:
No wilderness so parched and bare
As that which lies within.

Each heart must have its wilderness
Where dread disease is rife;
And One alone can lead us forth,
Safe through the din and strife:
His heart a water'd garden is
Where grows the Tree of Life.

'Tis He alone can lead us forth,
The way He only knows,
And every heart that leans on Him
Will taste a sweet repose—
For He can make the wilderness
To blossom as the rose.



By permission,]

JUDAS.

[From the Picture by Frank W. W. Topham, in the Royal Academy, 1891.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

A STUDY.

I HAVE betrayed innocent blood." The hour when those words were spoken was one of the most tragical in the history of our race. The confession gleams for an instant from the background of a crime at whose baseness all mankind has shuddered. Yet there was a value in the avowal of which he who made it little dreamed. It was the one declaration that filled up the measure of testimony to the one pure and perfect life. Judas had reached the point when he had every motive to disparage, if not to accuse his Lord. Had the traitorous disciple been able to point to one flaw in His character, one spot upon His life, one defect in His highest claims, he must, in self-vindication, have now reported it. The knowledge that there was no such blemish gave bitterness to his despair. It was Satan again declaring through his chosen instrument: "I know Thee who Thou art—the Holy One of God!"

Very striking is the combination of phrases by which, in terse and terrible simplicity, the crime and its perpetrator are described in Scripture. "It had been good for that man if he had not been born." "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" "He was a thief, and had the bag, and took away what was put therein." "Satan entered into him." "That he might go to his own place." It is observable that these and similar phrases are chiefly from the Fourth Gospel, as if to mark the peculiar abhorrence in which the beloved disciple held the memory of such a traitor. Yet, on the other hand, there is a gracious dignity in the record of the very crime. It has often been noted that the word employed by the evangelists for "betrayed," is calm and without passion. "Delivered up," is always the expression, save in one place, where St. Luke uses the word for "traitor."¹ The fact was enough: no need to add to its enormity by one bitter word! Take again the address of our Lord to Judas, as recorded alone by St. Matthew; how sublime in its self-restraint! "Friend, do that for which thou art come."² Not that there was here any expression of "friendship" in its deeper sense. There was in the word no echo of the tender utterance, "I have called you friends." The phrase was one of ordinary courteous greeting: as in the parables: "Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny?" "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" In its calmness and gentleness, the appeal did but repeat the words already uttered

in "the upper room,"—so mysterious to the rest of the disciples—"That thou doest, do quickly." They reveal to us the intensity of longing, the passion of earnestness, with which the Saviour looked forward to the consummation of His work: "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!"

In estimating the whole character of the betrayer, it may be that the obvious and popular view is correct; that he was from the first a covetous, false-hearted pretender, a professed follower of Christ and associate of the disciples only for his own gain; in the end delivering the Master to His enemies, not only from motives of greed, but with a vindictiveness aroused by the reproof in the house of Martha of Bethany.¹ Yet the definition of character and motive is rarely thus simple; we have to allow for cross-currents and conflicting tendencies; and in this case there are certain facts and intimations which suggest a much more complex character than that of a mere vulgar impostor.

Judas "had the bag." From association, the words have come to bear a sinister meaning. Yet, in truth, they indicate a certain amount of honour accorded to him. To be appointed the treasurer of the little company was a mark of confidence and esteem. He was at least recognised as a good business man, and in that capacity was trusted. Down to the time of the Last Supper, no one suspected him of treachery. The pathetic: *Lord, is it I?* was interrupted by no suspicious innuendo: *Lord, is it he?* The great painters, in depicting Judas, have generally failed. Had his aspect been that of pinched miserliness, or of sleek hypocrisy, or of scowling malignity, he would scarcely have been appointed to his honourable post. We must think of him as an honest-looking, sensible man. His temptation and his fall came to him, as to others, through his best qualities. His business aptitudes, rightly directed, would have given him signal usefulness among the Twelve: perverted, these very endowments became his ruin.

Jesus Himself knew Judas "from the beginning,"² and yet selected him. The choice was in mercy. There was yet time to check the disciple's evil tendencies; and his character might have developed into strength and nobleness. Never was there such an opportunity as was now given to him! Not only was he placed beneath the influence of Christ's own character and teaching, but there were, all through that Divine ministry, special appeals, directed against his besetting sin, which might well have sunk into his heart. "A man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth"; "Take heed, and beware of covetousness." "It is easier for a

¹ Luke vi. 16.

² See the Revised Version of Matthew xxvi. 50; following the most approved reading of the passage; and differing slightly from the ordinary text, which makes the words a question: Friend, wherefore art thou come?

¹ John xii. 4-8.

² John vi. 64.

camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Such words as these become most significant and solemn when we think of Judas as listening to them. Jesus uttered them, knowing what was in the heart of His disciple. They were the last appeals of love to a heart where the world and self were becoming supreme.

No doubt, the master-sin of covetousness was complicated in the mind of Judas with other motives, arising out of his very belief in Jesus as the Messiah. We know that the disciples generally were, for a time, infected by the spirit of self-seeking. In view of the anticipated kingdom, while their patriotism delighted to dwell upon the coming glories of Israel, they had an eye at the same time to their own advantage. It was not Judas but Peter who asked the question, "What shall we have then?" not Judas but the sons of Zebedee who desired the chief places beside Messiah's throne. Such ambitions, in these instances, were gradually overpowered by more spiritual conceptions. We think of Judas, however, as mastered by these carnal ideas. To the end, he thought only of the outward sovereignty, with the honour and the wealth accruing. It is possible that, according to the view of his character elaborated by Archbishop Whately,¹ his betrayal of Jesus was part of a scheme to force the Saviour to declare Himself publicly, and seize upon the kingdom. For Judas knew his Master to be possessed of miraculous power, and may well have believed that this power would assert itself in the hour of extremity. The "twelve legions of angels" would be at hand to rescue their King. The great revolution would be wrought; and Judas, with the rest of the disciples would "sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." Be it remembered that, according to the most probable interpretation of the word *Iscairiot*, Judas was a native of a town in the south of Judæa,² and therefore the only one of the Twelve who belonged to the royal tribe. The rest were Galileans: he, like Jesus Himself, was of the lineage of Judah, and may, therefore, have expected some place of special honour in His kingdom. At any rate, there would be no harm in putting Jesus in the dilemma of having to surrender to His foes, or of revealing His power over them. In the latter case, Judas would partake the triumph; in the former, he would at least be sure of his thirty shekels.

No doubt, in this reading of the traitor's motives, there is a certain amount of speculation. But we are expressly told by one evangelist that it was when Judas saw that Christ was condemned, that wild despair took possession of his soul. That condemnation, then, was *unexpected*. Judas had plainly anticipated the possibility of some other issue to his conspiracy with the chief priests. What could this issue be? Anything save that which had really happened, the deliverance of Jesus into the power of the Roman authorities. The suicide, then, told of more than

the awakening of conscience; it betokened a sudden and a terrible disappointment.

It should perhaps be noticed, as bearing upon the completeness of the history, that Archbishop Whately identifies with Judas the "other disciple," "known unto the high priest," who followed Jesus with Simon Peter to the high priest's court.¹ The general view is that this was the beloved disciple John, who here, as elsewhere, with characteristic modesty, suppresses his own name. Whately's theory, on the other hand, is that Judas, after his treason, eagerly anxious to see the result, followed the procession from Gethsemane to the priest's court, whither he brought in Simon Peter. The other disciples had forsaken Jesus and had fled. Peter's courage failed, as we know, when he was brought face to face with our Lord's Jewish enemies, and he thrice denied his Master. When he went out to weep, Judas lingered in the throng, proceeding afterwards to the Prætorium; and it was not until the sentence of Pilate destroyed the hope of Christ's deliverance, that the traitorous disciple was driven to despair. The view is coherent and interesting: it has also the further advantage of accounting for what else would appear unexplained, the mention of the "other disciple." It is, however, difficult to believe that, after the scene in the Garden, St. Peter would have allowed himself to be brought into any friendly relations with Judas; and hardly possible to think that St. John, after telling the story of the Betrayal, would thus calmly speak of Judas as "another disciple." The ordinary view, therefore, that the evangelist is here speaking of himself as an eye-witness of the scene, appears on the whole the more probable. The other evangelists say nothing of any second disciple, only that Peter "followed afar off."²

The tragedy deepens to its close. How far baffled ambition wrought with the agony of conscience to induce the traitor's despair, we may not be able to tell: in any case, he could not face the consequence of his own deed:

I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on't again I dare not.—*Macbeth*.

"He went away and hanged himself." A certain dread mystery hangs over the circumstances of his suicide. The Apostle Peter (or the Evangelist Luke in a parenthetical explanation of the apostle's speech³) describes the death of Judas as the result of a fall "headlong." The two accounts are probably to be combined (as by supposing a fall from the breaking branch of a tree), but in the absence of more minute information, we cannot particularise the several incidents of the catastrophe: still less explain how the one evangelist relates that Akeldama was the purchase of the priests, the other that it was bought by Judas himself. Most probably, as the priests refused the money for the treasury, their use of it was attributed to Judas, so that the field was

¹ See "Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith," 1839; Disc. 3, and Note.

² Kerieth. See Joshua xv. 25. The prefix *Is* represents the Hebrew *ish*: "man of."

³ John xviii. 15, 16.

² Matt. xxvi. 58; Mark xiv. 54; Luke xxii. 54. The omission of St. John's name in all three cases, supposing him to have been "the other disciple," is certainly striking.

³ Acts i. 18, 19.

reckoned as his; while it was also the place of his suicide. These are the admissible expedients of harmonists: while here, as in other instances, if we knew all the circumstances of the case, we should at once see how the accounts, taken from different points of view, concur in one consistent whole.

The teaching is for all ages;—trusted discipleship ending in the basest treachery: signal gifts for usefulness perverted into instruments of the soul's undoing; and, above all, the power of greed

to overcome and destroy the spiritual in man. The mournfulness of the story is that Judas does not stand alone. There is a worse and a better in every professed disciple: and the worse may be triumphing, even while at the Lord's table¹ the disciple is in apparent fellowship with Him. Judas himself was one of those who, in seeming simplicity, and trusted by his fellow-disciples to that hour, joined in the questioning, "*Is it I?*" The beginning was love of the world: the end was the betrayal of the Lord.

S. G. G

A BRIEF MINISTRY AMONG THE BLACK-SPUR SPLITTERS.

I.

IT was not without hesitation and anxiety, natural enough in a young and inexperienced clergyman, that I accepted the Vicar-general's offer of the ministerial oversight of a very extensive parochial district in a remote part of the Diocese of Melbourne, including within its ill-defined boundaries, "the Black-Spur range of mountains." There a number of reputedly half-civilised, half-savage splitters lived and laboured throughout the year, in the very heart of the great forest, whose solitary silence was only broken by the ringing sound of the woodman's axe, or the pistol-like crack of the bullock-driver's whip.

My "parish" was somewhat larger in extent than one of the Midland counties of England. It comprised a large acreage of vineyards, and farms, three villages, or small townships, six or seven miles distant from each other, and a Black Protectorate with schools attached.

This extensive charge possessed only one church, situated at L—, my headquarters. This little church, capable of accommodating from eighty to a hundred worshippers, had been erected a few months before my appointment. It stood upon a piece of rising ground commanding the township, and overlooking a couple of flourishing vineyards. In this church I held morning service every Sunday.

My afternoon service was conducted at H—, seven miles distant, in the court house, a weather-board, and shingle-roofed edifice rudely furnished with a desk and a few forms. Among my congregation here were the superintendent of the Black Protectorate, situated a couple of miles distant. Mrs. H—, the superintendent's wife, had successfully trained a choir of black boys and girls with remarkably good voices: and these, under her skilful leadership, very efficiently supplied our church music, even essaying to chant the Psalms and sing an anthem on more special occasions.

My third service was held at F—, a hamlet about six miles from H—, in the direction of "the Black-Spur range," three miles beyond

F—, on the road to Maryville. The only available place there, in which service could be conducted, was a very primitive slab and shingle-roofed building or "shanty," only accommodating some twenty or thirty worshippers. At the most, not more than half-a-dozen splitters from the Black-Spur attended the service. Accordingly, I resolved to institute week-day services, of as simple and hearty a kind as I could devise, in one of the houses of the splitters, and to vary these cottage services frequently by imparting catechetical instruction to the children, and through them to their parents who were quite as ignorant of gospel truth as their offspring.

The men were said to be wild, reckless fellows, and the women little, if at all, better. The prospect was, therefore, far from encouraging. I soon came to the conclusion that if my efforts were to be productive of any good results, I must win my way to the confidence of these rough and untutored children of the forest. That they regarded the clergy as an effeminate, useless class, was very evident. Indeed, my Black-Spur parishioners made no scruple about freely expressing their sentiments on the subject. Sentiments, be it understood, based upon neither knowledge nor experience, inasmuch as these back-woodsmen had rarely if ever seen a specimen of the clerical tribe. Much, I reflected, would depend on first impressions. Leaving my horse at F— one morning shortly after my settlement in the district as its minister, I walked up the zig-zag admirably engineered road leading to the "Black-Spur," and thence on to Gipp's land.

The scenery on this road, is, in its way, unsurpassed by anything I have ever seen in either hemisphere. The trees are veritable giants of

¹ The question is often asked, whether Judas actually partook of the Lord's Supper. From the first three Gospels (especially Luke xxii. 19-22) it would almost appear that he did so; but John (xiii. 26-30) represents Judas as having gone out immediately after "the sop." Now this was *before* the participation of the bread and wine. The institution of the Eucharist must therefore be placed between John xiii. 30 and 31; and Luke's order must be slightly transposed (ver. 21 before 17-20).

the forest, towering up to a height of from two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty feet, and sending up their gigantic stems straight as arrows for over two hundred feet before branching out far aloft. The tropical growth at the base of these giants is rich, varied, and profuse; a wealth of dense luxuriant foliage, intermingled with many coloured flowering shrubs and plants, among which the sweetly-scented native honey-suckle, and the purple-blossomed sarsaparilla are conspicuous. On the left side of the road proceeding up the mountains, runs the rapid "Watt's river," a mountain stream of pure crystal water, babbling tunefully over its ferny, rocky bed. The traveller can hear the murmur of the river softened by its leafy screen, and thus only becomes aware of its proximity, since, except here and there where the tortuous road crosses the stream by a rustic bridge, the fern trees and the other umbrageous shrubs, and plentiful undergrowth, completely screen it from view. But leave the high road, and strike boldly into the mazy jungle to your left, penetrating the tangled copse, and struggling through the fibrous undergrowth, and avoiding being tripped up, or strangled by the trailing rope-like native vine dependent from the trees, hanging here in treacherous loops, and there in twisted, fantastic coils to which the honeysuckle or clematis has clung and twisted itself into fairy wreaths of thirty or forty feet in length, exhaling sweet odours—and you are at once transported into fairy land. And now the river is fully revealed to your view, with the sweeping fronds of the graceful fern-trees dipping themselves softly in the cool water as it flows swiftly over rock and boulder clothed, with ferny mosses of a vivid green over-arched by wreathed and intertwined creepers.

The Black-Spur splitters' habitations were situated about half a mile off the main road in the bush. A narrow but well-beaten track led to the clusters of cottages. On either side of the road for a distance of two or three hundred yards above and below the path, piles of "split stuff," as it was termed, consisting of shingles for roofing purposes, and weather-boards, with palings for dwelling-houses and fences, plainly indicated my proximity to the splitters' field of operation.

The "split-stuff" was usually carried from the "stump," where it had been prepared, to the road-side and built up in stacks for removal by the purchasers, many of whom came from considerable distances. The woodsmen informed me that they had no difficulty in disposing of the products of their labours. On the contrary, orders frequently came in in too great numbers,

and for a quantity of material far beyond their ability to supply at short notice.

It is not every gigantic tree that will split, or "run out," as the men observed to me. Many a likely-looking, "messmate gum" might be seen chipped to test its quality and left with the mark of rejection upon it to proclaim its inferiority. I did not venture to give expression to the thought, but felt, nevertheless, none the less thankful that at least two out of every three of those majestic trees would escape the axe and cross-cut saw.

Arrived at the hamlet, which comprised about a dozen houses, I visited each in turn. Most of these dwellings contained the wives and families



"WHAT IS LIVING WATER, SIR?"

of the splitters engaged in their domestic duties, a few were bachelors' quarters, occupied by two or three men, one of whom kept house, acting as cook and housekeeper for his companions.

I called first at George H—'s house, George being the acknowledged head of the splitting community. A scrap of garden containing a few vegetables and flowers distinguished his dwelling from the other habitations. His wife received me civilly, if somewhat awkwardly. Her little daughter Jeanie, a child of ten or twelve, regarded me with evident interest and curiosity. She was a lovely child with deep blue, expressive eyes, fringed with long lashes, a sunny complexion, bright golden hair falling over her shoulders in natural ringlets, and a lithe, graceful figure.

Feeling rather thirsty after my long ride, and

the three miles of up-hill walk, I asked for a drink of water. The good woman told Jeanie to go for some fresh to the spring, a short distance off. I begged for permission to accompany the little maiden, offering to carry her cans, which she shyly allowed me to do.

The well was situated under an overhanging rock, from which the native clematis drooped until it almost kissed the water beneath. Tall fern trees afforded a grateful shade. Seating myself on a moss-covered stone, I drank the pure deliciously cold water with delight.

Jeanie appeared amused at my expressions of admiration and pleasure. What was so novel and attractive to me, was, I suppose, quite familiar and common-place to one born and nurtured among these fairy scenes. And a fairy, indeed, she might well be taken to be, as she sat with unconscious grace swaying herself to and fro gently on a natural swing formed by a native vine hanging invitingly between two huge gum trees, and wreathed around with deep green leaves and sweetly-scented white and purple blossoms. How I longed to possess the art and to have at hand the materials for a sketch of the scene, and of the pretty maiden swinging thus beneath the fern trees and the giant gums!

"Jeanie," I said presently, "have you a Bible, and do you read it? You have no school, I think, nearer than F——, have you?"

"Oh! yes, sir," she replied, "I have a Bible; it was given me by a kind lady who came up this way more than a year ago, and I read it too, very often. I like best to read about Jesus, near the end of the book, you know, sir. Mother taught me to read and write a little. I have never been to school, but I am going soon, father says, as I am getting big enough to take care of myself on the road."

"Well, then, Jeanie, do you remember when Jesus, tired and thirsty sat by a well, and a woman came to draw water?"

"Oh! yes," she broke in, "and Jesus asked for a drink, just like you did, you know, and Jesus said He would give her living water, what is living water, sir?"

"Water, Jeanie, like that stream down there—always running—never still and stagnant like those water holes down on the parched plains, miles away from here, shallow pools which dry up in the scorching heat of the sun, where there is no deep shade like you have here on the Black-Spur. But Jesus did not mean river-water, or spring-water, Jeanie. He meant that He was able and willing to give the woman of Samaria something that would last her for ever, and make her holy and happy, and like Himself, good and pure and loving and true. And, Jeanie, that is what He will give you, too, if you will only ask Him."

Jeanie sat on her flower-wreathed swing, silent and thoughtful for a moment, then suddenly sprang from her swing, bounded to the well and filled her buckets, which I insisted upon carrying for her up to the cottage.

Her mother was very gracious and profuse in her apologies for the trouble, she said, her little girl had given me. On my assuring her,

however, that I had insisted on carrying the buckets, notwithstanding Jeanie's remonstrances, she smiled pleasantly; and I felt that I had succeeded in winning over the wife and daughter of the most influential man in the little community. This was a hopeful beginning at any rate.



Things New and Old.



DOWNWARD DRIFT IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM.—Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, whose Biblical learning and sound judgment all acknowledge, has given the following warning in a Charge to the clergy of his diocese on "the new criticism":—"I have felt, and most deeply felt, the dangers, especially to the young, of accepting theories, ingenious and even fascinating as they may appear to be, of the origin and composition of the Old Testament, which careful investigation may show to be irreconcilable with the teaching of Christ. In the case of all such theories, and, indeed, of the analytical view generally, it has been my care to point out whence they originate, and what they ultimately involve. They originate in most cases from a readiness, if not to deny, yet assuredly to minimise, the supernatural; and by the inevitable drift of consequences they commonly end in some form of spiritual paralysis, some enduring inability to lay hold of the life eternal. This downward drift and ultimate issue may easily be traced. If the theory is not reconcilable with the teaching of Christ, and is fairly felt to be so, then the temptation to believe in a possible ignorance on the part of our Lord becomes in many minds irresistible, and the way is paved for a belief in the possibility, not only of His ignorance, but even of His fallibility—and so, by dreadful inference, in the possibility of our hope in Him, here and hereafter, being found to be vain and illusory."

WHO WROTE THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS?—In Dr. John Owen's preliminary Exercitations to his Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews the question of the authorship is very ably and fully discussed. He gives very good reasons why the Apostle Paul would not obtrude his name in addressing his prejudiced countrymen, and he confirms by other good reasons why the general voice of the Church, especially in early times, ascribed to him the authorship. As to Apollos, who has been by some taken to be the penman of the epistle, because it answers somewhat to his received character, Dr. Owen says: "It is said that he was an eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures, fervent in spirit, and one that mightily convinced the Jews out of the Scripture itself (Acts xviii. 24, 28), all which things appear throughout this whole discourse. But this conjecture hath no countenance from antiquity, no mention being made of any epistle written by Apollos, or of anything else, so that he is not reckoned by Hierome amongst the ecclesiastical writers. Nor is he reported by Clement, Origen, or Eusebius to have been by any esteemed the author of the epistle. However, I confess somewhat of moment might have been apprehended in the observation mentioned, if the excellences ascribed unto Apollos had been peculiar unto him; yea, had they not all of them been found in St. Paul, and that in a manner and degree more eminent than in the other. But this being so, the ground of this conjecture is taken from under it."

WHAT GEORGE LENTON GAVE UP.

CHAPTER I.



"H, mother, mother!" said George Lenton, bursting into the room where his mother was sitting, "I've found a place! Hanson and Greenwood want a boy in their office, and I've been and asked about it. They are afraid I am hardly old enough for them; but they have put my name down, and they say that they will send for me if they want me. I hope they will; I hope if they will take me, you and father will let me go."

This was said almost in a breath, for George was greatly excited.

Alexander Lenton, George's father, had been a clerk in a merchant's office in Woolborough; but he had been compelled to give up his situation on account of ill health, and for three months past he had scarcely left the house, except when the weather was especially soft and fine. He was asthmatic and consumptive, and there was no likelihood that he would ever go to work again. Indeed, though like nearly all consumptive people, he was always hopeful about himself. It was evident that his life was a very uncertain one, and there were those who said that he might die at any time.

Mrs. Lenton, a clever, sensible woman, had seen for a year or two past what was coming; and with a brave heart, but without expressing her fears either to her husband or anybody else, she had resolved to make what preparation she could for the evil day.

She had been trained for a teacher, and in that capacity before her marriage she had been very successful. After a good deal of consideration she proposed to her husband that she should open a school. As it was, she said, she was teaching her own little girls, and she might as well have others to educate along with them. Then, too, without being covetous, it might be well for them, if they could, to lay a little by; and if they did not need it for themselves it would be useful for their children.

Her husband was very unwilling that she should do this; and there was no need for it, he said, so long as he could work. Mrs. Lenton, however, pressed her point, and at length he gave way.

It is no easy matter to establish a school, especially when it is known that the head of it has been for a long time out of the way of teaching; and to this Mrs. Lenton's experience furnished no exception. She succeeded eventually, but it was after a hard struggle; and meanwhile, especially during her husband's long illness, she was in great straits. Things which were very needful had to be done without, and when money came in, there were often three or four ways of expending it, each equally pressing. She tried to keep her anxieties from both her husband and her children as much as possible; but she soon found that in regard to George concealment was out of the question.

Although Mrs. Lenton had conducted George's education up to a certain point, the time came when he must be placed under the more vigorous hand of a master, and accordingly he was sent to the Grammar School. George succeeded well, scarcely ever failing to keep at the head of

every one of his classes, and to carry off the best prizes. He had set his heart, moreover, on winning the first prize given in the school, a gold medal—valuable in itself, but still more valuable as representing so great a success. Boys at school talk about these things with one another a long time beforehand, and George's schoolfellows had told him that he would be sure to get the gold medal, if only he stayed at school long enough. He would have to do so, however, for at least two, and, perhaps, for three years longer, since it was quite beyond the reach of any but boys in the first class.

Of course George's father and mother knew what was thus in his heart, although he said very little about it. The thing was so far off that he scarcely liked to speak of it; and besides he always spoke very modestly about anything which concerned himself. It is almost needless to say that they secretly sympathised with his aspirations and hopes. They looked even far beyond the gold medal. If he won it, he would be almost sure to gain an exhibition in one of the universities, there being two such exhibitions at the disposal of the governors of the school; and if he succeeded in that who could tell what might follow?

To Mr. Lenton's bitter disappointment, and George's also, these visions all melted into thin air.

One day, when the summer holidays were nearly over, George found his mother with her tears falling on a paper which lay before her on the table. It was his school bill for books which had been supplied to him during the previous term; and the fees for instruction during the coming term, according to the custom of the school, had to be paid in advance; and his mother did not see where the money was to come from.

George saw at a glance what was the matter; but just then he said nothing. His heart, indeed, was too full for words. Going to the bookcase, he took down a book, for which he had gone into the room, and went away. Rushing upstairs to his bedroom, he threw himself on his bed, weeping bitterly.

"But there is no use in this," he said to himself by-and-by. "Crying won't mend matters; something will have to be done. There is nothing else for it. I shall have to leave school and go to work, and earn something; and I will."

Then there rose before him the school, his classes, his masters, his classmates, the gold medal which had glittered so long before his view, and the university. It was a hard struggle to give all up. But he had made up his mind that it would be the right thing for him to do, and he would talk to his mother about it at once.

That evening after his sisters had gone to bed, and his mother and he were by themselves, George told her what he had been thinking, and asked her what she thought about it.

"You know, mother," he said, "if I go to work, there will be so much less to pay for me, and I shall be earning something. It may not be much at first, but it will increase."

"Well, George," replied his mother, "I should be very sorry for you to leave school. You are only fourteen, and besides it would be such a giving up of all our plans. Let us think about it, and hear what father says."

So just then nothing was settled.

It so happened however, that the next morning George was sent on a errand into the town, and as he went along one of the principal streets, he met Frank Oldfield, a former schoolfellow, who had gone into business in a cloth warehouse. George and Frank were special friends, and George had said to Frank that he should like to get such a place as his. Remembering this, Frank stopped him and said—

"I say George, there's a lad wanted at Hanson and Greenwood's. They sent a fellow away yesterday, and they are sure to want somebody instead of him. But you had better lose no time, for there will be lots inquiring about the place. That's their warehouse; you may as well go in at once, and ask for Mr. Greenwood, he manages those things."

Acting on the impulse of the moment, George entered the warehouse, and, as it fortunately happened, the first person he met was Mr. Greenwood.

"Now, my boy, what is it you want?" asked Mr. Greenwood.

"If you please, sir," said George, taking off his hat, "I want to see Mr. Greenwood."

"Well, I am Mr. Greenwood. What have you to say to me?"

"I heard, sir," replied George, "that you wanted a boy in your office, and I came to ask if I would do for you."

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Greenwood, "it was only yesterday afternoon that we sent Martin away. How ever did you get to know about it?"

George told him how he had just met Frank Oldfield in the street, and that he had heard of it from him.

"Then," said Mr. Greenwood, "you have come in on your own account without consulting anybody?"

"Except Frank Oldfield, sir," replied George.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Greenwood, a little amused; "but that does not count for much. I mean, you have not spoken to your father and mother about it. What would they say, think you?"

George hesitated a little, remembering that nothing had been settled about his leaving school and going to work, but at length he said, "I think, sir, if you would take me, they would be willing."

"How old are you?" asked Mr. Greenwood.

"Fourteen, sir," replied George.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Greenwood, "you are too young for us. The young man who has left us was eighteen, and we should not care to have one a great deal younger."

"Please, sir," said George, "if you would try me I would do my best; and," he added, "you know, sir, I shall get older."

Mr. Greenwood liked George's looks and manners, and in the course of a few minutes' further talk he elicited from him the main points of the story we have narrated. He then took down his address, and said he would send for him if he wanted to see him again.

The next day Mr. Greenwood accidentally met the headmaster of the Grammar School, and, being well acquainted with him, he stopped and asked him about George.

Mr. Potter expressed both surprise and regret when he heard that George was likely to leave the school, and spoke very highly of him, both as to his abilities and his character. Mr. Greenwood was so well pleased with what Mr. Potter told him that he sent a message to George, requesting him to call the following morning, accompanied, if convenient, by one of his parents.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. VIII.

Isaiah saw the seraphim; how many wings had they?
How many years did Ahaz reign who sadly went astray?
How many lambs did princes bring on dedication day?
How many years did Aeneas lie upon a bed of pain?
And when Siloam's tower fell, how many then were slain?
How many thousand men drew sword in Jeroboam's reign?
How many lepers quite forgot to praise the healing hand?
When Asahel died, how many men were mis-led from David's band?
How old was Abraham when God said: "I give thee all the land"?
How many virgins went to meet the bridegroom in the night?
Count, in the new Jerusalem, the pearly gates of light:
How many years was Samson judge before he lost his sight?

And now set down, in groups of three, these numbers side by side,

But only four initials, then, among them all divide;

One to each line, each number there beginning with the same,

And all the four interpreting Siloam's Hebrew name.

L. T.

NO. IX.

1. The father of the strongest man.
2. The name by which the oldest ship of which we read is called.
3. A disciple who believed in Christ's resurrection on the evidence of his senses.
4. A convert of St. Paul, whose mother and grandmother are mentioned in an epistle.
5. A king of Tyre who was "a lover of David."
6. The name of a cave connected with the fortunes of David.
7. A liquor miraculously provided by Christ.

Put together the initial letters of each word,

And you have the name of a man who wrote about our Lord.

W. C.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE EXERCISES.

BIBLE STORY.

NO. I.—p. 48.—1 Kings xvii. 8-16.

"And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying": Ezekiel xxi. 1. "Arise"; Jonah i. 2. Sarepta and Sidon; Luke iv. 26. "Behold"; 1 Kings xviii. 44. Widow; Ruth i. 3. "Sustain"; Psa. lv. 22. "He arose and went to Zarephath"—Gate; Neh. ii. 13, 14, 15; iii. 1, etc. 1 Sam. iv. 18. 2 Sam. xviii. 33. Gathering sticks; Acts xxviii. 3. "Fetch"; 1 Sam. xxvi. 22. John iv. 7. "Bring me"; 2 Kings ii. 20. "I pray thee"; 1 Sam. xv. 25. "A morsel of bread"; 1 Sam. ii. 36. "In thine hand"; Ex. iv. 2. "As the Lord thy God liveth"; 1 Kings xviii. 10. Cake and meal; Gen. xviii. 6. Oil; James v. 14. Barrel; 1 Kings xviii. 33, 34. Cruse; 2 Kings ii. 20. Dress; 2 Sam. xii. 4. Son, death; 2 Kings viii. 3-8. Elijah, "Fear not"; Luke ii. 10. Matt. xxviii. 5. A cake; Hosea vii. 8. "Thus saith the Lord"; 1 Kings xx. 13, 14, etc. "Until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth"—Rain; Gen. ii. 5. House; Acts xvi. 34. "Many days"; Acts xxvii. 7, 1 Kings xvii. 15.